

took such pride in keeping full of the richest honey were almost empty, and poor Clover himself hung limp and weak, leaning against a ragweed for support.

Down came a big raindrop right in a but-tercup's heart; eagerly it drank the cool liquid. Faster and faster fell the rain. "How lovely!" cried the parched flowers, as they raised their drooping heads and felt the moisture sinking into their green leaves.

"Pour, pour! wish it would pour!" croaked a fat little tree frog, who had been hiding under the shadow of a big leaf all day. "My coat is so dry I'm afraid it will crack unless there is a good heavy shower."

The sparkling brook sang a happy song as it danced over the white pebbles: "How fast I grow! If the rain will only keep falling, I will soon be a river, and ships with white sails will glide over my shining breast."

Ah! the rain had given everything outside a new lease on life.

I think little Beth must have seen how glad the flowers were, for the thunder clouds had rolled away from her face: it was bright and smiling. "Grandma, dear," she said, "I'm so glad the pretty flowers have had their faces washed! The grass smells so fresh and sweet, and the birds are singing. I was sorry when it rained, but now I'm as happy as I can be."

"Yes," replied grandma, "the good Lord knows best what we need, and for sunshine and rain we, too, will give thanks."—Out-look.

STORY OF THE DANDELION

Once upon a time, in a tiny green camp by the roadside, lived a soldier all alone. He had traveled a long way from a dark underground country, bent on seeing the world. The first thing that he saw was a broad field, full of waving banners, and he thought, "What a beautiful place I have discovered!" and pitched his tent among the green grasses.

The raindrop elves saw how sad and tired and dirty he was from his long journey northward, and soothed him with stories and refreshed him with a shower bath. Through the clouds came the sunbeam

fairies, bringing him a handsome uniform of green and gold, and a quiver of golden arrows. Then the soldier was very happy, and smiled out at many a weary traveler with a glimpse of his sunny face.

By and by spring went away over the hilltops; the birds that finished building their nests and the butterflies and grass-hoppers came to herald summer. Then the soldier began to feel tired, and knew that he was growing old. His gay uniform had faded, and the golden arrows had turned to silver, and the wind brownies shot them far away. So the soldier crept down among the green grasses, and his little camp was left empty. Everywhere that his silver arrows fell there blossomed bright golden flowers—"dandelions," children called them.

A YOUNG MOTHER'S PERPLEXITY

"I am one of your married girls. My question concerns the future of my little daughter who is five years old, and most untruthful. Gladys comes in from play with the most wonderful stories. When investigated they prove to have no foundation in fact. I am at my wit's end. So far as I know, all our people have been truth-tellers.

"ELEANOR."

So writes a young mother to the Editor of the Ladies' Home Journal. We wonder if it is the same little Gladys about whom a correspondent of the American Mother tells. It is of her own little girl she writes:

"A great deal of the time during the year Gladys was three, she imagined she was some other little girl. She would tell me about her mama and papa, and where she lived, and would ask me questions about my little girl. Sometimes she would say, 'Do you suppose Gladys would care if I play with her dolls?' Often she would come with a piti-ful story: 'My mama is dead, my papa is dead, and I haven't any place to stay. Can't I stay with you a little while?' Then she would burst out crying, as though the whole thing was true. Quite often she would cry over her own stories.

"One morning she began, before getting up, to tell one of her stories, and became very eager and excited over it. She said