

THE LITTLE ONES.

Heaven bless the little ones,
Beautiful and fair;
Needing all a mother's love
All a father's care.

Ever asking questions hard,
That confuse the wise;
Peering into mysteries,
With their truthful eyes.

Lovers of the beautiful
Found in field or book;
Searching for the pictures there
With the earnest look.

Setting us examples good
Ever, day by day;
Teaching us the way of life,
In their simple way.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 2, 1901.

THE LITTLE APPLE GIRL.

BY ALICE HAMILTON RICH.

"Mother, dear, may I have a basket of apples to give away? The grocer has just brought a new barrel of big red pippins." So said Frances Jackson, as her mother stood at her mirror, tying on her bonnet to go out.

"Give away apples, Frances? To whom?" asked Mrs. Jackson.

"Why, mother, only a few blocks away in Slab Alley, there are children who never have apples to eat unless they are those they pick up in the street; so Sally said. Please, mother, may I take them some?"

Mrs. Jackson was about to say, "Yes, if Maggie (the maid) can go with you," when she remembered something she had heard at the Associated Charities the day before, and so replied, instead: "No, Frances, I

cannot allow you to give to the poor. It will pauperize them. They must pay in some way for what they get."

"But Sally's poor people haven't any money to pay for things."

"All the more reason they must not be given things, but be taught to work and earn money."

"But, mother, you haven't time to-day to teach them to work, and I want to take them the apples now."

"Frances, you must not give away a single apple. I'll talk with you when I come back, but now I must catch the next car," and Mrs. Jackson closed the hall door, while Frances, from the window watched her mother take the car a block away.

"It's too bad," said the girl to herself. "There is my basket all ready for the apples. I could wear my new red hat, and oh! how the children would crowd round me and say, 'Thank you, kindly, miss!' as they did to the little English girl who carried cakes and apples into that dreary court, in the lovely story I read yesterday. And now mother says I cannot give away anything. Not that mother cares for the apples. We have ever so many, and mother isn't a bit stingy. But she said it isn't best for poor people to have things given them," and Frances stopped talking aloud and fell into a brown study. All at once she sprang off the window seat, exclaiming, "Mother said I couldn't give away. I'll be an apple girl, then, and sell so cheap that even poor folks can buy."

Away flew Frances for her basket, and, filling it to the brim with big red apples, was soon on her way to Slab Alley. How pretty she looked! Red hat, dark green coat, plaid dress, rosy cheeks, and rosy apples to match.

Reaching the corner that turned down the alley, the cheery voice piped up, "Apples—a-a-p-puls! Six and six for a penny!"

How the children crowded round her! Then, swarming up the stairs to the upper rooms where they lived, whole families in a single room, they told the news, and mothers with babies in their arms followed the older children to see the little apple girl who sold a dozen apples for a penny. So many pennies were found that there were quick sales, indeed, and the basket was soon empty. Back to her home ran Frances to refill her basket, and this was repeated until Sally chanced to see her standing on a box to reach in the barrel and looking in, was surprised to find the barrel nearly empty.

"Why, Frances Jackson, where are all the apples gone?"

"It's all right, Sally. Mother didn't say I couldn't sell the apples, and I have a big lot of pennies."

The astonished Sally was nearly speechless when she heard Frances' story, and wisely concluded to leave the whole matter to her mistress.

On Mrs. Jackson's return Frances met her at the door with a china cup in her hand nearly full of pennies, and exclaimed, "I didn't give away the apples, but I sold

them to the poor folks, and it's lots more fun. Besides, it pays better," and she held up her cup of pennies.

Just then Mr. Jackson came in, and he, too, listened to his little girl's story, laughing heartily as he asked, "But what made you think of speculating on my apples?"

Frances answered: "I didn't sell the specked apples, father, if that's what you mean. I left them in the barrel, and only sold the good ones."

"But what made you think of selling apples at all?" repeated Mr. Jackson.

"Why, mother said it would 'pauperize' the poor children to give them to them. I didn't know what that word meant, but I suppose it is something dreadful."

Father and mother both smiled, and then father explained the word that had puzzled their little girl.

However, good came out of Frances' apple sale, although she did not continue in the business, and no more apples were sold in Slab Alley at a penny a dozen, somewhat to the disappointment of the children. But Mr. and Mrs. Jackson interested themselves in the people who lived in the alley so near their own home, and, by helping them to help themselves, made it possible for them to buy apples occasionally for their children at reasonable prices. But for a long time Frances was called, "The Little Apple Girl."

HOW EDISON LEARNED TELEGRAPHY.

Mr. Thomas A. Edison, who is known all over the world as a great electrician, was a poor boy. He sold newspapers, he ran errands, he did everything an honest boy could do to support himself. The following story, relating an event in his boyhood, shows that he was a brave boy:

One summer forenoon, while the train was being taken apart and made up anew, a car was uncoupled and sent down the track with no brakeman to control it. Edison, who had been looking at the fowls in the poultry yard, turned just in time to see little Jimmie on the main track throwing pebbles over his head, utterly unconscious of danger.

He dropped his papers upon the platform, seized the child in his arms, and threw himself off the track, face downward, in sharp fresh gravel ballast, without a second to spare. As it was, the wheel of the car struck the heel of his boot.

"I was in the ticket office," says the child's father "and, hearing the shriek, ran out in time to see the train hands bringing the two boys to the platform."

Having no other way of showing his gratitude, the agent said, "Al, if you will stop off here four days in the week, and keep Jimmie out of harm's way until the mixed train returns from Detroit, I will teach you telegraphing."

"Will you?" asked Edison.

"I will."

He extended his hand and said, "It's a bargain," and so Edison became a telegrapher.

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