

"Lucy, Lucy!" I had no sooner shut the doors and retaken my seat, than she returned and, slamming the door after her with great violence, seated herself at the window to watch her cousin's return, for Lucy had not yet come from school. After waiting a few minutes she went to Lucy's neatly arranged book-shelf to look for something to read, but while there she heard her cousin's voice, and, throwing the book she had in her hand upon the table, she ran into the entry.

In the afternoon the children all went out to play, for there was a warm sunny yard adjoining the house. There were Jane, and Lucy, who was about a year younger, George and William, little brothers of Lucy, one six and the other four years old. They had not been there long when we heard a loud screaming, so that we thought some dreadful accident must have happened to one of the children. All the family ran to see what was the matter, and there was Jane laughing heartily to see how she had frightened poor little William by putting a spider on him and saying it would bite him.

Lucy knew that common house-spiders never bite, and she had brushed it away and was trying to comfort her brother, but he still feared the spider was on him. His mother took him into the house, and again left the children to themselves.

Presently Jane burst into the parlour: "Oh! aunt," said she, "see what I have done!"

"What is the matter now?" said her aunt.

"Oh! I have torn my new frock by an ugly nail in the fence!"

"But how could you do that?"

"I was only climbing over into the garden, and I did not see the nail."

"Climbing over the fence! I do not think that is a very pretty play for a little girl. I hope this will teach you a good lesson. Lucy will help you to change your dress, and perhaps you will like to take a walk together."

Away went the two little girls. Jane walking in her usual manner, for it really seemed as if she did not know how to move lightly.

When they returned it was time for tea. In the evening Lucy took her books and went away to learn her lessons for the next day. She first gave her cousin a pencil and paper to draw, and some pretty picture-books to look at. A bright fire blazed upon the hearth, the astral-lamp was lighted, the room looked pleasantly, and I thought, "Now how happy we should be, if Miss Troublesome were not here!" She scratched a little with the pencil, turned over a few leaves of the books, saying ten times in the course of a quarter of an hour, "I wonder when Lucy will have finished her lessons! Aunt, do you think she has almost learned them?" Then she said she wanted some work. Her aunt gave her a little apron to hem for her doll. She worked on this ten minutes, dropped her needle three times, kept breaking her thread and getting out of patience with it, and completely prevented my having any quiet conversation with her aunt. At last her cousin returned, and eight o'clock soon came, when it was time for them to go to bed. The next day I left the house to make a visit to another of my friends, determining not to return till Miss Jane's vacation was over. Now if you, my little reader, see anything in your character which resembles Jane's, I advise you to set about correcting it as soon as possible. Depend upon it you will never be beloved as long as you resemble her in any of the respects I have mentioned. All who knew her cousin Lucy loved to have her with them, because she was mild and amiable, and considerate in respect to the rights and enjoyments of others.—*Abbott*.

LOSING A HEAD.—"That's capital ale!" said a fuddler to a teetotaler. "See how long it keeps its head!" "Ay," was the reply, "but consider how soon it takes away yours!"