

Children's Department.

The Tame Bird.

Florry had been ill such a long time, but now she was getting better, though still very weak. She was obliged to rest a great deal on the sofa or armchair, and keep very quiet. But she was so happy to think that every day she was gaining a little strength, and would soon be able to play with the little sister who asked so wistfully, "when will you be strong enough to run, Florry?"

While Florry was ill, Uncle James had brought her a dear little canary as a present, who soon grew so tame that he would hop out of his cage on to his little mistress' hand, and peck at the lump of sugar she held out to him. He would never have done this if Florry and her sister had not been very kind to him. But they were always gentle and good to dumb animals.

A Boy to be Trusted.

"Take these letters to the post-office."

"Yes, sir."

"Get a postal order to this address," indicating one of the letters, "and inclose it in it."

"Yes, sir."

"Carry these papers over to Mr. Hill's office."

"Yes, sir."

"Stop at Mr. Grant's in the Jefferson block and ask him to step around to see me."

"Anything else?" as the lawyer paused in his directions.

"Be lively about it."

No need to tell Jim to be lively. He had within a week been raised from his position as newsboy to the dignity of office boy to Mr. Lane, the lawyer. A proud and happy boy was Jim, as he dressed himself in the new clothes which Mr. Lane had given him as an advance on his wages.

"Clean all over!" he said, surveying himself with an air of great satisfaction.

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Dyspepsia

And Indigestion, try a bottle, and before you have taken half a dozen doses, you will involuntarily think, and no doubt exclaim,

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faction. "Clean from top to toe. And I'm going to keep clean, too, now that I've got a chance. No more rushing 'round the streets and settin' 'round on curbstones. No more sleepin' in alleyways. No more goin' barefoot and wearin' rags. Clean all over! And," Jim's face grew sober as he stood reflecting, "I'm going to keep clean inside as well as outside. He's given me a chance, and I'm going to show him I'm worth it. Yes, I am."

With a jump and a whoop, Jim sprang into his new life full of new resolutions. Mr. Lane had met him limping forlornly on the street, and overburdened with an armful of newspapers, while still weak as the result of a long illness, he having just been discharged from the hospital. The young lawyer was struck with pity at the sight of the appealing eyes and the sound of the quivering voice, which seemed full of a wordless craving for help, which no hand seemed ready to give.

"Seems to me you are not fit for such work," he said, kindly, as he bought a paper.

"I'll be stronger soon, I guess," said Jim, as he gave the change.

"He doesn't look as if he had much chance of that," said the lawyer, looking after him as he staggered wearily on. "Here!"

Jim turned at the sound of the voice which had spoken so kindly to him.

"Can't you find something easier to do than this? No, of course he can't, poor little scalawag." This in a lower tone, as Jim approached. "If you'll come around to my office, I'll give you some work," he said, as Jim, from very weakness, leaned heavily against a lamp-post. "Can't you sweep out an office, and set things in order, and go errands—when you feel better?" he asked.

"Yes, I know I could," said Jim, in a flush of hopefulness.

"Take this, then. Go out to the park and lie around in the sunshine for a couple of days. Then come to see me, and we'll fix it."

"It's taking things on trust, I know," said Mr. Lane to himself. "But what's the world good for if you can't take a few things on trust?"

Better to be fooled a few times than not do it."

A Wonderful Story.

Well, what shall I write
For my darlings to-night,
As I sit here alone—
All alone?

Shall I tell them a story,
A wonderful story,
How meat is made
Out of stone?

Once a little white banty,
A prettier can't be,
Went scratching around
For some grain.
She picked up some corn,
And sure as you're born,
She picked up a stone,
That is plain.

She strutted away,
And the very next day
Performed a most
Wonderful feat;
For the wisest of men
May scratch hard with their pen,
But never turn stones
Into meat.

Now this cute little banty
Went into a shanty,
And hid herself
Slyly away.

And each day, at her leisure,
She added one treasure
To these little pearls
In the hay.

Then by day and by night,
Through the darkness and light,
She quietly sat
On the nest,
Protecting from harm,
And keeping it warm
With her wings, and her soft,
Downy breast.

And what happened one day
To that nest in the hay,
And the little white pearls
It inclosed,
Is more strange, by far,
Than steam horse or car,
Or anything man
Has proposed.

O, the sweet little things,
Peeping out from her wings,
So cunning, so dainty,
And small;
With eyes quick and bright,
Looking out on the light,
From the top of a soft
Little ball.

O, miraculous change!
Most wonderful strange!
This something no
Mortal can give.
This spirit that quickens
The dear little chickens,
Breathes into them life,
And they live.

The Little Goat-Herd.

Lucia was a little girl with a very large family, not of brothers or sisters, nor of dolls, such as so many little English girls possess. Hers was a family of goats, to whom she acted as a sort of mother, and of whom she was very fond. She had lived among them ever since she was a baby, for her mother had been a keeper of goats like herself, and long before Lucia had been able to walk, her mother would take her out to keep her company while she watched the goats—out into the Roman *campagna*, where the long-haired silky goats, with their wise, sad faces, would browse all the pleasant sunshiny day among the ruins of great cities and beautiful palaces. These are now only big mounds of brick-work, over which soft green turf and

all manner of sweet wild flowers grow, with here and there a grand old arch or pillar peeping out, to tell of bygone glories.

Here, with the goats for playfellows, little Lucia grew from babyhood into girlhood, scampering about with the merry little kids, till she was as active of foot as they, gathering great bunches of wild flowers, which she would twine into long garlands, to deck the necks of her favourites, and into fragrant girdles for herself and her mother, as they lay, all through the heat of mid-day, on the soft turf, with the goats gathered about them, under the shadow of the old ruins.

Those were merry times, and, except when the sun scorched them too fiercely, or the north wind drove over the plain, how happy they were, the mother and child together! Little Lucia never thought the plain desolate, or the ruins sad to see. As for that, she scarcely knew the ruins were ruins. She had never known them otherwise than they were, and for anything she knew, thought they might have been built or perhaps had grown on the

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