

added, looking into the boy's fine, open countenance, "is it very business-like to point out the defects of your fruit to customers?"

"It is better than being dishonest, sir," said the boy, modestly.

"You are right, little fellow; always remember that principle, and you will find favour with God and with man also. I shall remember your little stand in future. Are those clams fresh?" he continued, turning to Ben Wilson's stand.

"Yes, sir; fresh this morning. I caught them myself," was the reply, and, a purchase being made, the gentleman went away.

"Harry, what a fool you were to show the gentleman that spot in the melon! Now you can take it home for your pains, or throw it away. How much wiser is he about those clams I caught yesterday? Sold them for the same price as I did the fresh ones. He would never have looked at the melon until he had gone away."

"Ben, I would not tell a lie, or act one either, for twice what I have earned this morning. Besides, I shall be better off in the end, for I have gained a customer and you have lost one."

And so it proved, for the next day the gentleman bought nearly all his fruits and vegetables of Harry, but never spent another penny at the stand of his neighbour. Thus the season passed; the gentleman, finding that he could always get a good article of Harry constantly patronized him, and sometimes talked with him about his future prospects. To become a merchant was Harry's great ambition, and when the winter came on the gentleman, wanting a trusty boy for his warehouse, decided on giving the place to Harry. Steadily and surely he advanced in the confidence of his employer, until, having passed through various posts of service, he became at length an honoured partner in the firm.—*Selected.*

WHAT LAURA'S DOLLS DID.

By MARGARET HOLMES BATES in S.S. Times.

"I'm tired of these old things. I'm going to take them to the basement, and let Nora put them in the range for kindling," and Laura

gave a disdainful little kick at a collection of toys that had cost many dollars.

True, they were very much the worse for wear. There were dolls that lacked an arm, or a leg, or a wig. There were doll's clothes, soiled and torn; there were pieces of china, remnants of pretty "full sets," tiny spoons, knives and forks, as well as kitchen, parlour and bedroom furniture, all in a heap on the nursery floor.

Laura's brother was not a year old. These things were of no use to him. He was being dressed in a sunny window while the mother listened to Miss Dayton telling about a school she was forming for crippled children who were very poor.

Laura heard Miss Dayton say: "You see, these little unfortunates are not able to go to the public schools for many reasons. So I'm having them come to my house from nine in the morning till four in the afternoon."

"Isn't that a long session?" Mrs. Hale asked.

"It's not all study. I've had six children come, every day in the week, for the last month. I can take as many more as soon as I get the chairs. You know, I'm a kindergartner. The little ones have exercise in the motion songs. I have a substantial luncheon for them between twelve and one o'clock. Then lessons again, and after that I try to teach them to play with each other. I really know very little about playing. They've never had playthings like more fortunate children," and Miss Dayton glanced at Laura standing with hands clasped behind her as she looked discontentedly at the heap of damaged toys.

Laura's attention had become divided. What Miss Dayton was saying sounded like a story. She walked slowly toward her, and Miss Dayton drew her close, and held her in her arm, as she said:

"I wonder if Laura wouldn't like to come some day, and see these little folks of mine?"

"Oh, yes!" Laura answered eagerly. "Can't they walk at all?"

"Yes, all of them can walk, and all have the use of at least one hand. If mamma will bring you some day,

I'm sure they'll be glad to see you; and don't send your broken toys to be burned until after you've seen these little people of mine."

It was a clear, frosty morning when Mrs. Hale took Laura to Miss Dayton's school of crippled children. There were ten, and Miss Dayton was giving them the exercise of a bird song. Laura knew it well, and tears came into her eyes when she saw one little boy going about with a crutch, one little girl with a big hump on her back, another with a poor, lifeless-looking arm that hung by her side; a boy with one leg that was like a straight stick, it was so small, and seemed so weak that it looked as if he might fall at any instant. Every one was crippled in some way. But their faces, though pale and pinched, possibly by the pain they had suffered and were still enduring, were happy and bright.

When the song was finished, the children had a reading-lesson, then some practice in counting. After that, Miss Dayton said:

"I must show our visitors the toys we have for our amusement when lessons are over. The children stay with me until nearly dark."

She brought forward a basket,—not a big one,—and Laura caught her breath short and set her teeth on her lip. Such a few old broken toys! And yet these little ones looked with brightening eyes and cheeks as Miss Dayton held up an old doll, saying:

"This is the baby of the school, and the girls take turns owning it. Here's the waggon that the boys take the doll riding in."

She went through the list of all the basket held, and she watched her little-girl visitor. She saw something that her pupils did not. She saw tears in Laura's brown eyes, and she noticed, too, that she was in a hurry to go away.

As soon as they were out of the room, Laura said:

"O mamma! I'm going to pick out my broken toys, and take them to Miss Dayton's children. Poor little things, to be glad of having such old broken toys! The worst of mine are not so bad as theirs. Do you think Ellen will help me fix the dolls while baby's asleep? I want their clothes clean and nice,