

roses from Lillian's new bush; she is so fond of them, you know.'

'You are very kind,' said Grace, stiffly, without pausing.

When she reached the house her mother said: 'Grace, dear, I supposed you and Jessie would have had a long chat when you met.'

'Oh, mamma, I didn't feel like talking this afternoon,' replied Grace.

'Very well, dear. Now go into the house and dress for tea.'

'Yes, mamma,' said the little girl, with a sigh.

At tea Brother Jack looked over at her and asked: 'Grace, have you seen Jessie William's new doves? Her brother, Will, was showing 'em to me.'

'Jack, you're the meanest boy I ever saw,' snapped Grace.

Jack, who had asked the question kindly, started in surprise, then turned his attention to his plate.

Afterward, Grace went into the parlor, where she sat down at the piano, but it seemed out of tune. She was drumming idly when the door opened and her mother entered.

'Grace,' she said, 'I want you to apologise to Jack for the way you spoke to him, and also to answer his question civilly. He is on the front piazza.'

'But, mamma,' began Grace, tearfully.

'Go on, Grace,' said her mother, sternly. 'I cannot understand this rudeness from you.'

Grace slowly rose, and went out to the piazza. Jack lay in a hammock reading.

'Jack,' said Grace, slowly, 'will you please excuse the way I spoke to you at tea?'

'All right,' answered Jack, engrossed with the story.

'And I saw the doves, Jack.'

Grace went and sat down on the steps. She felt better, but still there was a weight at her heart.

She soon went into her room, where, after a little, her mother came and sat down, drawing her to her side.

'My dear,' she said, 'are you well to-day?'

'Yes, mamma,' said Grace, hanging her head.

'What is it, then, dear? Something is troubling you.'

'O mamma! I told you a dog broke the eggs, but I did not say that I went to see Jessie's doves,

and left the basket on the sidewalk when I knew her puppy was in the yard; and I have felt wicked all day. Mamma, dear, won't you forgive me?' sobbed Grace.

'Indeed I will, dear,' was the reply. 'And now ask Jesus to forgive you, too.'

Grace dropped on her knees, and, when she arose, her face was bright and happy.

'O mamma,' she exclaimed, 'I feel so good now, and I don't think I'll ever keep back a part of the truth again.'

What Annie Found.

'Oh, Bertie!' said Annie, as she came running in from the garden, 'what do you think I have found?'

'I can't think at all,' said Bertie; 'do tell me.'

'Well, then, look at this!' and



ANNIE SAT ON A CHAIR TO THINK.

Annie took out of her pinafore a bird's nest with some pretty little eggs in it.



'PERHAPS THE POOR BIRD IS LOOKING FOR IT NOW,' SAID BERTIE.

'It is very pretty,' said Bertie; 'but it is not yours, you know, Annie.'

'I found it in the bush at the

bottom of the garden,' said Annie; 'and I'm going to keep it.'

'But you didn't make it,' said Bertie. 'It is the bird's nest, not yours. It is stealing to take what is not your own. Perhaps the poor bird is looking for it now.'

Annie sat down on a chair to think. She said to herself: 'Perhaps I ought to put it back; I will go and do it now.'

And Annie felt much happier than she would have done if she had kept it.—'Our Little Dots.'

The Doll That Talked.

'Dorothy Ann, are you sleepy?' asked Dollikins. Dorothy Ann did not answer, but went on smiling with her red wax lips. Dollikins gave her a little shake. 'Dear me!' she said, 'I do wish you could talk! I am so tired of having a doll that never answers, no matter how much I say to her. It is very stupid of you, Dorothy Ann. There, go to sleep!'

Dollikins turned her back on Dorothy Ann, and went to sleep herself. Then she began to dream. She thought Dorothy Ann sat up straight in her crib, and opened her blue eyes wide.

'Mamma!' she said.

'Oh, you can talk!' cried Dollikins, joyfully.

'Mamma, my pillow is not at all soft,' said Dorothy Ann, in a complaining voice. 'And you forgot to take off my shoes.'

'I am sorry,' said Dollikins.

'And I didn't have anything but mashed potato for my dinner!' cried Dorothy Ann. 'I don't like mashed potato. Why don't I have things that I like, mamma?'

Dollikins's cheeks grew quite red. She remembered saying something very like this at luncheon the day before.

'I am not a bit sleepy!' wailed Dorothy Ann. 'Why do I have to go to bed at seven o'clock, mamma? Other little girls don't have to, I wish—'

'Dorothy Ann,' said Dollikins, 'will you please not talk any more. It makes my head ache!'

Then it was very still.

In the morning Dollikins went over and took up Dorothy Ann, and looked at her. The red lips were smiling as ever, but tight shut.

'Good morning, Dorothy Ann,' said Dollikins. 'I am very glad you do not know how to talk, my dear; for then you might be a sore trial to your mother!'—Margaret Johnson, in 'Babyland.'