

Jones' Little Girl.

(By Catharine Young Glen, in the 'Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine'.)

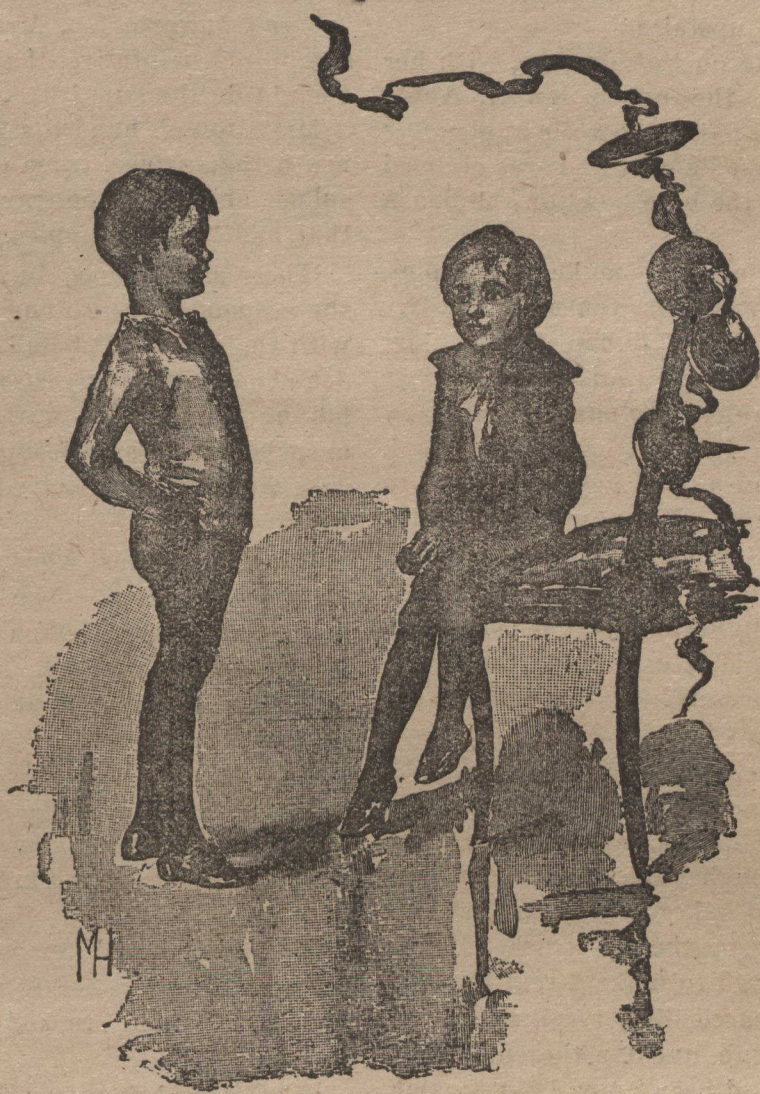
Annie and her mother had had a difference of opinion, and spanking had been mentioned as a probable result. It was all a matter of some few scraps upon the floor. To Annie's mother's mind there were reasons why the scraps should be picked up; while to Annie's and doubtless from her point of view as logical, there were reasons why they should lie where they were. Annie did pick them up, as spanking is not agreeable to contemplate; but she uttered, rising on her short legs from the task, an awful threat.

'I won't be Annie Lowe,' she said, 'a minute longer! I'll go be Jones' little girl.'

Now, this, as she knew, should have brought any proper-feeling mother straight to terms; but instead of begging her to stay, Mrs. Lowe continued dusting, and said cheerfully: 'Very well, Annie; run along!' Unable to believe it, Annie stood staring, first in sheer surprise then in astonished wrath and grief. She had not in the least intended to carry out the threat, but after that there was only one course left to take.

Without another word she walked upstairs to her little corner in her mother's room and took out her dolls. These, Big-Dolly and Little-Dolly, with Little-Dolly's clothes, and as many of her own as she could find, she packed, with an occasional jolting sob, in a valise. Big-Dolly had only one dress, and that was fastened on—facts which Annie, as she squeezed the satchel to upon her, was for once too much engrossed with other matters to regret. Putting on her best hat, a straw with brown ribbons down behind, and crown scooped out to accommodate a brown silk pompon on the top, she descended with her burden bumping after her, and walked out through the kitchen, without a glance in the direction of the room beyond, in which her mother was. A little gate in the fence between led from their yard into the Jones'. Opening it, she went through, and reached up from the other side, to hook it fast behind.

Mrs. Jones was sitting on her



Good for Nothing.

(Mary L. Wyatt, in 'Little One's Annual'.)

'Just look at these pennies,' said roguish Dan

To his sturdy companion, Roy;
'My mother gives me a penny a day
Whenever I've been a good boy.'

'I wouldn't be paid just for being good,'

Said Roy, with a toss of his head;

'I'd just as soon, and a little rather,
Be good, for nothing,' he said.

back stoop, peeling apples for pies, when she looked down and saw Annie, whose tear-wet eyes were trying to regard her with a smile. The small person looked up bravely, realizing that something might depend upon a good impression in this her new start in life.

'I'm not Annie Lowe any longer, Mrs. Jones,' she hastened to explain. 'I've come to be your little girl.'

Mrs. Jones went on with the apple, and Annie thought she caught on her new mother's round good-natured face a suspicion of something like her late mother's smile. But her words belied her looks.

'Well, now,' she said, 'if that isn't nice! I've always thought I'd like to have a little girl. Come right in, Annie, and take off your hat.'

Annie climbed the steps with some difficulty, and when she reached the top set the valise down, for she was warm.

'What all,' Mrs. Jones demanded with a return of the expression which had troubled Annie at first, 'have you in there?' The tone, too, was just the least bit disconcerting.

Annie edged up closer to her bag.

'I have Big-Dolly,' she said, a little timidly, 'and Little-Dolly, and my clothes and Little-Dolly's clothes. I think,' she added, with another very pleasant smile, lest Mrs. Jones should feel that she had brought too much, 'they'll all go in one drawer.'

'Oh, don't you worry over that,' Mrs. Jones answered reassuringly; 'I guess we'll find a place for them. There's a great big empty bedroom up above the porch that's been