

## Children's Department.

Miss Careless.

Miss Careless was in many ways a very nice little girl, but, as her name will tell you, she had one great fault—she was hopelessly untidy. In vain she was hopelessly untidy. In vain her mother warned, scolded, and racked her brains to invent new and appropriate punishments to cure her little girl of her fault. If Miss Careless' bed was left untidy she was made to wear her night-cap all day. Each time she upset the ink-bottle, and that happened very often, she was rewarded by a dab of ink put on the end of her nose. When she left a handkerchief or scarf lying about it was pinned on the back of her frock. But all these punishments had very little effect beyond making Miss Careless think that every one was very hard upon her.

The fact was, her brother Paul, who was a year older than herself, had just begun to go to school, and had there learnt that it was very unnecessary and babyish to be neat, and to keep things in their proper place. He heard the big boys say that men of genius were generally absent and untidy, and this, with a good deal of more of the same kind, he had repeated to his little sister. Accordingly, Miss Careless felt that it was too absurd to expect her to attend to such insignificant trifles as keeping her room in order, or putting away the books and toys she had been using during the day.

At last, one day, when Master Paul was at home for a holiday, the two children turned the whole house so topsy-turvy, that Miss Careless was sent to bed and condemned to stay in her own room until dinner time the next day. This was a severe punishment, for now that Paul was a schoolboy he was a very great personage in the eyes of the little sister, whom he patronized and domineered over as if he had been the Sultan of Turkey at the very least. Early the next morning Miss Care-

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St. George, New Brunswick.

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J. W. DYKEMAN, St. George, New Brunswick.

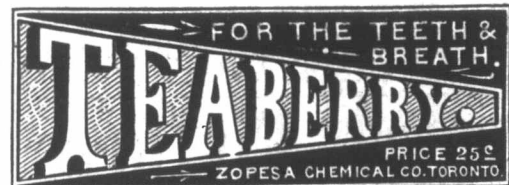
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less might have been seen sitting on her bed, and gazing with tearful eyes round the room which was to be her prison until dinner-time. Her pretty new frock, worn for the first time yesterday in honour of her brother's arrival, had been thrown into a corner, half on a chair and half on the floor. One of her shoes was under the bed, and the other against the door. Two pretty grey silk mittens were vainly seeking each other at opposite ends of the chimney-piece; and her smart black-velvet hat was hanging on the water jug, with the white feather trailing in the basin.

Miss Careless looked at all this confusion with the utmost indifference, and only wondered how she could get through the long hours all alone in a room where there was nothing to do.

"How unhappy I am!" she cried. Every one is unkind to me. Nobody understands me except Paul, and I am not allowed to play with him."

At this moment the fairy Settorights happened to be going the round of the house. She had never before set foot in the neglected room, because she particularly disliked untidy little girls. Now, however, hearing the sound of crying in the room, and fancying the occupant must have begun to repent of her misdeeds, she opened the door; but when she saw the frightful confusion which reigned within, she advanced to the bed with a terrible frown.

"Aren't you ashamed, young lady?" she demanded in a severe tone.

"What of?" inquired the little girl, not without an inward tremor.

"Be so good as to look round the room."

"Well, what is the matter with it?"

"What! you don't see what terrible disorder it is in? Why, not one of your clothes is in its right place!"

"Oh, is that all?" said Miss Careless, innocently; "there is no harm in that. Paul says it doesn't matter about one's things being put in the right place, as long as one knows where to find them."

"Oh, so the right place doesn't matter, doesn't it?" replied the fairy, who had grown very angry indeed. "And you believe what Paul tells you. Well, you shall see." With these words she touched the little girl with her ring, when, lo and behold, Miss Careless, or rather her limbs, suddenly flew in half a dozen different directions! Her head went under her hat in the water-jug, and her body into the frock which lay across a chair. Each foot found its shoe, one under the bed, and one by the door; while her two hands thrust themselves into the mittens. All this was the affair of a moment.

"Now," said the fairy, "I will send Paul to put you to rights again. You will soon see whether the proper place matters or not."

She then went down into the garden where Paul was making the best of his time while his mother was in bed, by trying to smoke one of his father's cigar-ends.

"Paul," said the fairy, "go up to your sister; she wants you."

Perhaps Paul was not sorry to be interrupted in an experiment which did not promise to turn out very well. Anyhow, he laid the precious cigar-stump down on the window-sill, and, with rather a heavy head, went up to his sister's room.

"Well," he said, as he marched in, "what's the matter?"

Apparently no one was in the room. "Where are you?" he cried angrily,

for he fancied a trick had been played on him.

"Here," moaned the head. "Come quickly, Paul. I am so uncomfortable on the water-jug."

"No, here," cried the body; "the corner of this chair is running into me."

"Don't leave me under the bed," said the right foot.

"Look by the door," said the left foot.

And the hands shouted with all their might, "Don't forget us on the mantel-piece."

Any other little boy would have been frightened out of his wits, but school-boy Paul was quite above anything of the kind. He quickly gathered the head, feet and hands together, saying, as he did so, "Don't be frightened, my dear. I will soon put you to rights."

As Paul had promised, it did not take long to join the different members of the body; but when he had set his sister on her feet again, and glanced at his handiwork, he uttered a cry of horror. And no wonder! For the head was turned wrong side before; one of the feet in its boot hung at the end of the right arm, while the leg it belonged to was only supported by a trembling little hand.

"Oh, Paul, what have you done?" wept the unhappy Miss Careless. And as she tried to wipe her eyes the shoe got entangled in her curly hair. Paul stood horror-struck in the presence of

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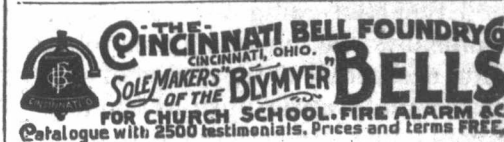
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