

"THAT HORRID BOY."

"Need we go to auntie's this morning, Mother?" Dottie's rosy face looked quite pleading and pitiful, as she ran out suddenly to detain her mother when the latter was passing the nursery door.

"Why, Dottie? You are not tired of doing lessons with auntie, are you? Besides, I thought you liked going out in the snow?"

"So she does, Mother," put in Dottie's sister Gladys, who was a year older. "Only she's afraid of that horrid boy. Its a boy who has come to live at the big house round the corner," Gladys went on to explain, seeing that their mother still seemed at a loss to comprehend. "He watches for us every morning, and won't let us go past his gate. He throws snowballs at us, and yesterday one went in Dottie's ear."

"Take Snap with you, and then perhaps the boy will be afraid to meddle with you," suggested Mrs. Grant. "Don't take any notice of him, and don't let him see that you are frightened of him. If he continues to annoy you, I must go to the house and complain. Good-bye, dears!"

The little girl's brother, Tom, was slinging his school satchel over his shoulder as they went out at the front door, and they all walked down the path together.

"Look here," he said, picking up two small stones and rolling them up in handfuls of snow, "if that boy throws any more snowballs after you, you just let these fly at him—there's one apiece for you!—and if he says anything, you tell him you've got a big brother, and there's plenty more where those came from."

"But—mightn't it hurt him?" asked tender-hearted Dottie, hesitating.

"No, not that little bit of a thing," Tom assured her. "And, besides, he's got to be taught to leave my sisters alone."

They parted at the gate, Tom going one way, with rather a grand air as champion of the oppressed, and the little girl's the other.

"I wonder if that horrid boy is there to-day!" said Dottie, as they reached the gate of the house where the small boy lived whom they supposed to be their enemy. "Peep

round, Gladys, and see if he is watching for us."

"Yes, he is!" Gladys whispered back. "He's making up ever such a big snowball. Let's throw ours at him both at once, and run across the road as quick as we can."

The two little red sleeves whirled, and the two cruel, stone-hearted missiles were flying through the air, while Snap, the terrier, barked in delight.

Safe in the shelter of their aunt's gateway, the children paused, breathless, and looked back to see what had become of their foe.

He was standing still, just where they had left him, crying bitterly; his hands were covering his eyes, but drops of blood, as well as tears, were oozing between his fingers, and falling on the snow!

Dottie looked at Gladys, and Gladys at Dottie. How dreadful they felt! Then Dottie burst into sobs. Of course, auntie heard all about it as soon as they got inside the house, and she at once put on her bonnet and went across to see how much the little boy was hurt.

It was a long, wretched half-hour

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for the little sisters before she came back.

"Praps he's killed!" suggested Dottie, with white face.

"Oh, I do wish we hadn't done it," said Gladys. "Only Tom said they wouldn't hurt."

When auntie came back, she was looking very grave. "Children," she said, "do you know that you as nearly as possible blinded that poor boy? He has a horrible cut at the corner of his eye, and it is only by God's mercy that the sight is not destroyed. . . . Yes, you may well look sorry! I am ashamed of you. . . . And he had no ill-feeling toward you, at all. He is a little boy over from America, and has neither father nor mother. The housekeeper who is taking care of him assures me that he only threw snowballs at you because he wanted to make friends. He used to say, 'I wish I could get them to throw back and play with me. They do look like such nice little girls.' He had no idea that you were afraid of him."

"Oh, Auntie, what shall we do? What can we do?" asked Gladys, in great distress. "Shall we go and see him? Shall we open our money boxes and buy him some nice new toys? Do you think he will ever forgive us?"

"You must certainly go and tell him how sorry you are," said auntie. "I will go with you."

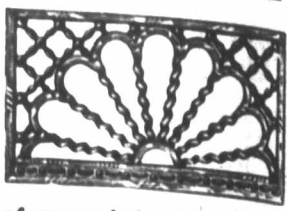
It was sad to see poor Willie—for that was his name—with his eye all bandaged up; but he was very sweet to his little visitors, and quite ready to "kiss and be friends." He believed them when they said that they never really meant to hurt him. They stayed with him a good while, and he showed them his toys, and they came away somewhat comforted.

Next day Tom, who could not but feel that he was far more to blame than the little girls, lent them his new "Bicycle Race" to take to Willie, and they had a lovely time together.

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This was the beginning of a friendship that lasted all through the winter, and the next summer and many a summer and winter to come. They all wished it had been begun in a happier way, for the scar still shows at the side of Willie's eye. But they learned by this trouble never to put stones into snowballs, and never to call anybody "horrid" until they were quite sure.

A NERVOUS WOMAN.

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A LITTLE LADY.

I think a white dress is the prettiest kind of dress a dolly can have,—don't you, Mamie?"

Then she added quickly, before giving Mamie a chance to answer: "Unless it is a brown dress. I think brown is a beautiful color. I hardly know which I do like best,—a white or a brown dress."

There was a happy look on the face of little Jenny Jones, whose plain china doll wore a dress of dark brown print. She stroked it gently, hugged her dear dolly closer, and for a moment almost forgot how much she had envied the daintily white garments of the two handsome dolls belonging to her companions. But this was not all. Lucy's loving little heart was still beating fast as she thought of the mistake she had so thoughtlessly made, or so nearly made, and she hastened to make further amends.

"Why, your dolly is just the size of mine, and its dress unbuttons, I see, and mine does too. Supposing we exchange dresses a little while! Mine has worn this one so long I am almost tired of it."

"Really?" Do you truly want to change dresses?"
The brown eyes opened wide, and the cheeks flushed in joyous anticipation. Her beloved Bessy wearing that embroidered dress, with its sash

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of real silk good to be . . . Of course, beginning with pearl buttons. Jenny's she could dress, but was not asl undergarment work of h guided by were quite dress. W been made spirit of sweetly: "Why, speshly b complexion wear brow you."

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