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Boys and Girls.

A Problem.

Sandy and Ned were brothers;
Ned was older than Sandy;
And they were busy dividing
A stick of peppermint candy.

Ned was earnestly trying
To make the division true,
And he marked the place with a fish-
hook,
Where the stick ought to break in
two.

But, alas, for little Sandy
And his poor painstaking brother!
It was a long and short division—
One piece longer than the other.

Ned gravely looked at the pieces,
And their quite unequal length
And he wrestled with the problem
With all his mental strength.

And, at last, he said: "O Sandy!
I can make it come out right,
If I take the piece that's longest,
And bite off just one bite."

Their four eyes beamed and
brightened
At this plan, so very handy,
Of disposing of the problem
And distributing the candy.

So Ned ate the pieces even—
'Twas the simplest way to do it;
And he cheated little Sandy—
And they neither of them knew it.
—Bessie Chandler.

A Tale of a Proud Pin-Cushion.

Once there was a Pin-Cushion who
was exceedingly proud of herself.
Her coat was made of rich silk, with
a pattern of roses over it; true, it
was faded, but it had once been part
of a Court train, and the Pin-cushion
gave herself airs in consequence.

"It is a great thing to have moved
in royal circles," she told the nearest
Scent-bottle; "one never forgets the
experience."

"So it seems," answered the Scent-
bottle pleasantly, and when she spoke,
it was as if the breath of violets were
wafted through the room.

"But you were trailing along the
ground on that occasion, and there
is not much honor about that!" ob-
served the Nail-scissors, who was
fond of saying cutting things.

"Some people are so jealous," mut-
tered the Pin-cushion, vexed, for she
was vain of her former position, and
expected her companions to treat her
as a lady of rank. They had never
been to Court, poor things!

There were two Scent-bottles, twin
sisters, and both tall and handsome.
By nature they had such sweet dis-
positions that they never quarrelled
with the Pin-cushion, but the Button-
hook secretly made fun of her. He
was a tall, slim young gentleman,
and found the Pin-cushion too plump
for his taste.

"She has absolutely no waist," he
whispered to the Scissors, "and I
dare say it was in the reign of good
Queen Anne that the poor old thing
made that wonderful journey to
Court. Look at her roses; they are
quite faded."

The Pin-cushion did not hear this,
and continued to look down upon her
neighbors, until one day there was a
new arrival.

This was a Hat-pin, straight in the
back, as if he had been drilled by a
sergeant, who glittered and shone in
a way that quite dazzled the Pin-
cushion.

"How delighted I am to see a dia-
mond once more," she observed in
her grandest manner. "There were
so many at the Queen's Court which
I had the honor of attending in
former days. It is hard to come down
in the world, is it not? However, I
see that you are of high rank like
myself, so pray let us be friends; we

shall have so many things in com-
mon."

The Hat-pin mumbled something
in reply, and felt rather confused, the
real truth being that he knew nothing
of high life, and was not a diamond
at all. His glittering top-piece was
merely a bit of glass, and he had not
cost more than a shilling.

The Pin-cushion, however, thought
his manners quite distinguished, and
the Hat-pin, who had not much
sense in his glass head, felt flattered
by her notice. She talked so much,
and so grandly, that he fancied she
must really be a great lady, so he
paid her a good deal of attention.

It's quite a charming romance,"
said the Scent-bottles, who always
made agreeable remarks.

"Snip, snap!" went the Scissors;
"has my lady really got a heart under
that tight silk jacket?"

"The two seem much attached to
each other," said the Button-hook,
and this was true, for when the Hat-
pin was off duty, he never quitted the
Pin-cushion's side.

The Looking-glass was silent; he
was a thinker, and reflected a great
deal, but seldom said anything, origi-
nal or otherwise.

Time went by; the Pin-cushion
did nothing but talk of that "polished
nobleman," as she styled him—the
Hat-pin.

For his part, he was beginning to
persuade himself that he was really a
diamond, and had been to Court, too.

Then suddenly a dreadful thing
happened. The Lady of the Dress-
ing-table was in a hurry one day, and
pushed the Hat-pin so quickly into
her hat, that he could not bear it and
snapped in two.

"Never mind," said his mistress
carelessly. "It is not worth mend-
ing," and the Hat-pin found his way
into the dust-pan.

The whole Dressing-table heard
the speech, and the Pin-cushion was
so much upset by it that she could
not utter a word for some time. To
think that she, who had been in the
presence of Royalty, should have
been so deceived as to take a com-
mon bit of glass for a precious stone.
It was such a shock that she faded
even more rapidly than before.

"My heart is broken," she told the
Scent-bottles, who besought her in a
fragrant whisper to be comforted.

But in reality it was only her
vanity that was hurt. She had taken
up with an ordinary Hat-pin costing
only a few pence, and this was
enough to disturb anyone as con-
ceited as she was.

At length the Lady of the Dress-
ing-table, who was a practical per-
son, observed, "That Pin-cushion is
too shabby to be here any longer;
You had better cut it up, and see if
any needles have slipped through."

The maid did as she was told, and
there were actually twenty-six
needles concealed inside the silk coat
with the faded red roses!

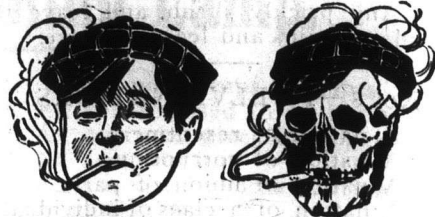
"Well, I never could think where
all my children went to!" called the
Needle-book. "Now I know!"

The Pin-cushion said nothing; she
had, indeed, ceased to be a Pin-
cushion at all, which probably ac-
counted for her silence.

How the Woodpecker Got His Red Head.

At last spring has come and the
birds have returned from their winter
homes in the south. Have you ever
heard how the head of the wood-
pecker became topped with its red
spot? Of course, there may be many
stories, but here is one. Long, long
before the white man drove the In-
dian from his hunting grounds back
into the far north and west, there
lived a happy tribe on the shores of
a beautiful lake. Nothing troubled
them for they were a peaceful tribe
and spent their days in fishing and
hunting. But one day a strange
animal of enormous size and shaped

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