

AT THE DOOR.

"We will watch the old year out to night,
And the new year in," Ned cried.

Then three year old Baby Winnie
Crept up to her mother's side,
And out from under her curly pate,
Where queer little questions grow,
Came. "Mamma how do ve new years
come?
And where do ve old ones go?"

And mamma, with a bright smile, told her,
"My dear little Winnie-
wee,

"That is very hard to
answer.

You shall watch with
us and see."
And so when night drew
the curtains dark
And snug upon every
side,
Little Win climbed into
her high chair,
Her blue eyes bright
and wide.

But the minutes passed so
slowly,

With so many in an
hour,
That long before it was
over

She felt the Sandman's
power;
And two little fringed
white curtains
Were drooping low and
lower,
When there came a timid
summons
Against the outer door.

She was wide-awake that
instant,

And gazing all around
When once again she
heard it

That gentle, asking
sound.
Mamma knew 'twas Dog
Rollo;

Not so did Baby Win
"Oh, mamma, hear ve
New Year
A stratchin' to get in!"

"Yes," said Betsy, "and we will have
to talk in our sleep. And that will be
ever so jolly, too."

The tired mother overheard every word
said, and smiled at their loving thought-
fulness. "How kind of them!" she said
to herself. "I must be very careful not
to go out and startle them. If they should
become frightened when asleep, with dishes
in their hands, then in all probability they
would drop them; and what a calamity
that would be! I think I had better stay

have been a fairy? Surely it could not
have been Betsy and Peggy, for they—
are fast asleep! Just hear them snore!"

Then how the little girls laughed!
laughed right out in their sleep.

"Aro you saro, mamma," asked the
roguish Betty, "that you did not wash 'em
up, and not know about it?"

"Quite sure!" laughed mamma.

Then the little girls got up and danced
about. "We know, mamma!"

"O, do tell me, quick!" said mamma.

"Why two little girls
dreamed they were awake,
and did them up with their
eyes closed."

"Well, that was nice!"
said mamma, taking the two
little girls in her arms and
hugging them. "You helped
mamma lots to-day."

Then the two little girls
went out to the barn to hunt
for eggs.

"Wasn't it splendid?"
said Betsy.

"O, it was just lovely!"
responded Peggy.

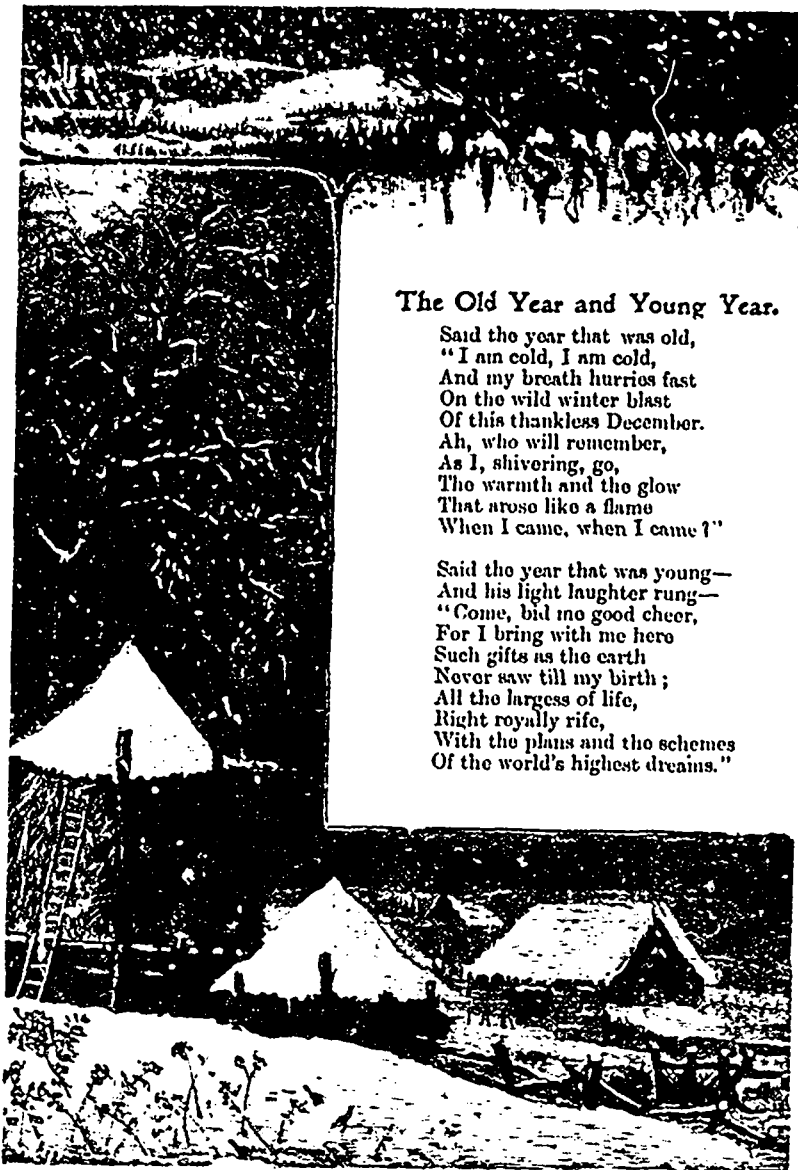
And that is what mamma
told papa at night when he
came home.

—o—
THE DELIGHTS OF
BOYHOOD.

"I'd like to be a boy
again, without a wife or
care, with freckles scattered
on my face and hayseed in
my hair; I'd like to rise at
four o'clock and do a hundred
chores, and saw the wood
and feed the hogs and lock
the stable doors; and herd
the hens and watch the
bees, and take the mules to
drink, and teach the tur-
keys how to swim, so that
they wouldn't sink; and
milk about a hundred cows
and bring in wood to burn,
and stand out in the sun
all day, and churn and
churn and churn; and wear
my brother's cast-off clothes,
and walk four miles to
school, and get a licking
every day for breaking some
old rule; and then get home

again at night, and do the chores once
more, and milk the cows and feed the hogs
and curry mules galore; and then crawl
wearily upstairs to seek my little bed, and
hear dad say: "That worthless boy! he
is not worth his bread." I'd like to be a
boy again; a boy has so much fun; his
life is just a round of mirth from rise to
set of sun. I guess there's nothing
pisanter than closing stable doors and
herding hens and chasing bees and doing
evening chores.

Read nothing from which you cannot
learn something.



The Old Year and Young Year.

Said the year that was old,
"I am cold, I am cold,
And my breath hurries fast
On the wild winter blast
Of this thankless December.
Ah, who will remember,
As I, shivering, go,
The warmth and the glow
That arose like a flame
When I came, when I came?"

Said the year that was young—
And his light laughter rung—
"Come, bid me good cheer,
For I bring with me here
Such gifts as the earth
Never saw till my birth;
All the largess of life,
Right royally rife,
With the plans and the schemes
Of the world's highest dreams."

A DREAM PLAY.

BY CHARLES H. DORRIS.

The teething baby boy was cross and
peevish, and a very tired mother was try-
ing to rock him to sleep. Betsy and Peg-
gy, the ten-year old twins, were also put-
ting their children to sleep.

"Peggy," said Betsy, as she laid their
last child in its little doll crib "let's play
we are dreaming, and go out and do up
the dishes for mamma."

"Let's do!" responded Peggy. "And
O, Betsy, we'll have to walk in our sleep.
That will be so nice."

in this room. I shall just drop down be-
side little Frank and take a nap myself."

The little dream workers did beautifully.
Even mamma could not have washed,
rinsed, and set away the dishes any better
than did Betsy and Peggy. When the
last crumb was brushed up and the kitchen
and dining-room put in shape, then the
little sleeping girls went back and lay
down beside their own drowsy little chil-
dren. They snored so loudly that mamma
woke up and came into the dining-room.

"Why! why! why!" she exclaimed;
"who has washed my dishes for me?
Could it have been the dolls? Could it