

His meals were never to suit his taste ;  
 He grumbled at having to eat in haste ;  
 The bread was poor, or the meat was tough,  
 Or else he hadn't had half enough.  
 No matter how hard his wife might try  
 To please her husband, with scornful eye  
 He'd look round, and then, with a scowl  
 At something or other, begin to growl.

One day, as I loitered along the street,  
 My old acquaintance I chanced to meet,  
 Whose face was without the look of care  
 And the ugly frown that it used to wear,  
 "I may be mistaken, perhaps," I said,  
 As, after saluting, I turned my head ;  
 "But it is, and it isn't, the Mr. Horner  
 Who lived so long on Grumble Corner !"

I met him next day ; and I met him again,  
 In melting weather, in pouring rain,  
 When stocks were up, and when stocks were  
 down ;

But a smile somehow had replaced the frown.  
 It puzzled me much ; and so, one day,  
 I seized his hand in a friendly way,  
 And said ; "Mr. Horner, I'd like to know  
 What can have happened to change you so ?"

He laughed a laugh that was good to hear ;  
 For it told of conscience calm and clear,  
 And he said, with none of the old-time  
 drawl :

"Why, I've changed my residence, that is  
 all !"

"Changed your residence ?" "Yes," said  
 Horner,

"It wasn't healthy on Grumble Corner,  
 And so I moved ; 'twas a change complete :  
 And you'll find me now on THANKSGIVING  
 STREET."

Now, every day as I move along  
 The streets so filled with the busy throng,  
 I watch each face, and can always tell  
 Where men and women and children dwell ;  
 And many a discontented mourner  
 Is spending his days on Grumble Corner,  
 Sour and sad, whom I long to entreat  
 To take a house on THANKSGIVING STREET.

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### The Story of the White Violets.

BY BLANCHE ORAM.

But the elves all stood in a row  
 and shook their heads, and looked  
 very important indeed. And one  
 of them who was spokesman, made  
 the violets a little speech :

"We are afraid," the elf said,  
 solemnly, "that you have been

naughty, and so we are obliged to  
 punish you. We have resolved  
 that you shall stay in bed all day.  
 So we have taken away your  
 clothes."

"But," objected the violets, "we  
 shall catch cold."

The brownie shook his head,  
 and one little violet began to cry.

"I want to get up," she sobbed,  
 "and I—I—don't like sitting in  
 my night gown !"

"We are very sorry," said the  
 brownie, and indeed he did look  
 troubled and tearful. "But we  
 think that it is for your good."

"And then, because they were  
 very tender-hearted, and could not  
 bear to see anyone in trouble, the  
 brownies all went sorrowfully  
 away, telling one another that it  
 was for the violets' good, and per-  
 suading one another not to go right  
 off to fairyland and fetch the lit-  
 tle purple frocks away from the  
 queen's wardrobe.

And so all the violets sat in  
 their little white night-gowns un-  
 der the hedge. They felt, oh, so  
 ashamed of themselves ! The ro-  
 bins gazed at them in such amaze-  
 ment, and the bullfinches positively  
 blushed pink up to the ears. Even  
 the May blossoms took a rosy tinge,  
 and one little briar-bud, peeping  
 out upon his beautiful new world,  
 went quite red with the shock to  
 his feelings. But the violets them-  
 selves were beyond blushing, and  
 only drooped their heads lower  
 and lower, and wished that the  
 earth would open and swallow  
 them up.

And so they drooped and wept  
 all day, and when evening came,  
 and the brownies hastened to them,  
 the tender-hearted little elves could  
 do nothing but kiss the sweet