



DO I LOVE BUTTER?

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THE grandmother sits by the window,
And dreams in her easy chair;
The curtains away in the soft June wind,
The sunlight touches her hair.

She hears the birds, the whisper of leaves,
The hum of the wandering bee;
And all sweet sounds of summer blend
In a subtle harmony.

And sounds come ever floating up
From the place where the children play;
Clearer than voice of bird or bee,
And sweeter far than they.

The grandmother's eyes are dim, but she
sees
The gleam of golden hair,
A flutter of white, a twinkle of blue,
And she knows the children are there.

They are down by the seat at the foot of
the walk,
Where the garden edges the mead;
Where the dear little blossoms that never
were trained,
But sprang from a fugitive seed,

Come peeping out from the choking grass
To gaze at the stately flowers.
"O would we were tall and fair," they sigh,
"And grew in the garden bowers!"

"Buttercups! buttercups!" Jessie cries,
And "Buttercups!" Fred and Grace;
And Jessie, folding her chubby arms,
And lifting her fair round face.

"Do I love butter, Fred?" she asks;
And under her dimpled chin
The buttercup sheds its golden glow,
As if from a light within.

So the buttercups run like a golden thread
Through the grandmother's memory-
dreams,
And the summer of seventeen ninety-six
Like a beautiful yesterday seems.

And in summer time, through the fields of
Lynn,
She wanders a child again,
As the past lights up from a buttercup,
And is spanned by a daisy-chain.

BRIBES.

"JUMP up, Dickie, do, there's a good
boy!" said poor patient Agnes, as Dickie
lay on the floor and kicked and roared.

"I won't get up! and I ain't a good
boy!" snarled Dickie, and he kicked at
the piano, and roared louder than ever.

"That last is true, anyhow," said his
older brother, from the sofa where he was
lounging.

Then Agnes said: "Please don't, Henry,
you make me so much worse; and I can't
do anything with him when he gets in one
of these spells, and mamma is away.
Dickie, dear, if you will get up this minute
and be a good boy, I'll give you a great big
orange."

"I want two oranges and a bunch of
grapes," said Dickie, stopping his roaring
long enough to consider.

"Very well. Jump up, then, and I'll
get them."

S. D. kie jumped up.

"The Empress Agnes," said brother
Henry, "I declare, the name is all right,
too, look out for yourself, my empress,
the story has a bad ending."

"What story," said the kilt-suited boy
of six.

"The story of the Empress Agnes and
her son Heinrich. Your sister is the em-
press, and you are Heinrich."

"Tell about them," said this young
"Heinrich."

"Why, when he was five years old his
father died, and his mother, the empress,
had more than she could do to manage him
and the nobles too, she used to hire them
to behave themselves, just as Agnes hires
you with oranges and grapes, only, instead
of those things, she gave them money and
land. They grew worse and worse, just as
people always do who are hired to do right,
and by and by they resolved to take the
little boy away from his mother, and refuse
to obey her any more. So, when he was
about thirteen they invited him and his
mother to a beautiful island to spend some
weeks, then they asked Heinrich to take a
ride in a boat, and he was no sooner in
than they started for the main-land, leaving
his mother and her maids all alone on the
island. Heinrich tried to jump overboard
and swim back to her, but he was caught.
Those were the very people she had coaxed
and hired to do right—doing as wicked a
thing as they could."

"I wouldn't have done it," declared
Dickie.

"I don't know about it; you think you
wouldn't; but, you see, people who are
never good unless they are hired with
oranges and things never amount to much."

"What became of Heinrich?" said
Dickie.

"O, Heinrich grew up to be a bad man,
a very bad man; and he had plenty of
trouble, just as bad men are sure to have."

"He wasn't the one that they coaxed to
be good," said wise-eyed Dickie, who,
though a naughty boy, was a quick-witted
one.

"I'm not sure of that. If he had a
mother who did not know any better than
to try to hire her nobles, don't you believe
she managed her little boy in much the
same way?"

"My mother doesn't," said Dickie, and
he took his grapes and oranges and went
off to the front porch to watch for her
coming.

"Henry," said Agnes, "do you think I
hurt Dickie by trying to hire him to be
good when mother is away?"

"I shouldn't wonder if you did. The
Empress Agnes certainly injured her boy
in some way. Dickie mends mother with-
out bribing."