

The Children's Page

DYING IN HARNESS. Only a fallen horse, stretched out there on the road...

Watchers, he died in harness—died in the shafts and straps—Fell, and the burden killed him...

Passers, crowding the pathway, staying your steps awhile. What is the symbol? Only death—why should we cease to smile...

What was the sign? A symbol to touch the tireless will? Does He who taught in parables speak in parables still?

That gather and sow and grasp and lose labor and sleep; and then—Then for the prize! A crowd in the street of ever-echoing tread...

A LESSON FROM LIFE. The story of the early life of the late Hugh Kelly of New York contains a lesson for boys who are ambitious to rise in the world...

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THE POTATO GIRL. Some of the children in town called Pet "the potato girl." That was because her father sold potatoes...

When Pet's father broke his ankle, almost his first thought was for these customers of his. It would be some weeks before he would be able to go out on his route again...

Pet watched his troubled face, and wondering if the broken ankle pained him very much. "Does it hurt you so much, papa?" she asked wistfully.

"The ankle? Oh, I could stand that all right! It's the route I'm worrying about," groaned Pet's father. "Dave's big enough to take the potatoes around, but he doesn't know the customers and they don't know him."

"But I know them, papa," Pet exclaimed. "and they know me. I can go with Dave."

Pet's father looked doubtful. "You don't mean that you can remember just all mixed up driving around town?"

But Pet was positive that she knew the route, and her father acknowledged that she might as well try it. "Of course, some of the best ones will be left out, and I'll have a hard time explaining when I get back," he sighed.

But even if she remembers a few, it'll be better than nothing. But Pet's memory was better than her father imagined. She forgot no one. She sat by her brother's side alert and eager, giving him directions.

"Stop at the third house, the one with the big piazza, Dave," she would say. And after a moment, "We have no more customers on this street. Turn to your right."

When Pet's father was well enough to take up his rounds again, he did not find any disappointed customers grumbling because they had been overlooked for so many weeks.

Instead, everyone was interested to know whether the broken ankle had mended perfectly and everyone had words of praise for Pet and Dave.

Pet's father came home from that first day aglow with satisfaction. "I declare," he said, "I've been complaining about my bad luck in being laid up for a month, right in the busy season, but now I'm ashamed of myself for saying a word. A man with such a sensible, dependable little son and daughter hasn't any right to grumble, whatever happens."

AMY'S OCCUPATION. The small boy at the corner of the pier began to cry suddenly, digging his knuckles in his eyes, and swallowing his sobs as if he were ashamed of them.

"I do hope he isn't going to keep that up!" she exclaimed. "It makes me so nervous to hear a child fretting. Oh, there goes Amy to see what is the matter!"

As a matter of fact, another girl about the age of the first speaker had detached herself from the group and was bending over the grieving little lad with an air of sympathy which won his confidence at once.

"Lost your mother?" the girls heard her say. "I don't believe she's lost very far. Mothers are likely to keep close to such nice little boys as you are."

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Rochester Editor Dead. Joseph O'Connor, chief of the editorial staff of the Rochester, N.Y., Post-Express, died suddenly while sitting in his chair in his home in that city.

Drinking Among Women (Western Watchman.) There is no denying the fact that the women of our large cities are fast becoming tipplers. They can no longer conceal their penchant for strong drink, and they do not try.

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