

wanted to play on the street; but, since the trolley cars had begun to run on their street, his mother was so afraid her little boy would get hurt, she was constantly saying, 'Now, Teddie, you must stay in the yard.'

The day he said he wished they hadn't any yard, his mother remarked:

'I know of a little boy who would be very glad to have a yard even a quarter the size of yours. All the out-doors he can get at is the fire-escape.'

'The fire-escape!' Teddie exclaimed. 'I should like that better than a yard. Does he climb up and down on it?'

'No, indeed. He is lifted out the window to the platform, and there he sits for an hour or two a day, in a little chair, with a pillow supporting his lame back. The noise of the streets comes up to him, and I don't suppose there is a green or growing thing within his sight. But it is the only way he can get any out-door air at all.'

'Who is he?' asked Teddie, much interested.

'His name is Jimmie Cummsky. He lives with his mother and two little sisters in one room, in one of those large tenement houses down town that your papa was telling you about the other day. They are very poor. His mother has to work hard to pay the rent and get them something to eat. She is working for Mrs. Storrs, across the street, to-day, and I've just been over to engage her to work for me Thursday.'

As Teddie went on with his luncheon he did a good deal of thinking. He came to the conclusion that a grassy, shady yard was a pretty nice thing, after all; and he truly pitied the little sick boy whose only chance to be out-doors was to sit on the fire-escape in the midst of the noise and griminess of a miserable part of town. All at once an idea popped into Teddie's curly head, and he exclaimed:

'O mamma! why can't you ask Mrs. Cummsky to bring Jimmie along Thursday, if it's a good day? While she's working he could lie in the hammock, or sit in my little rocking-chair in the yard, and look at the grass and things. I 'spect it would do him lots of good.'

'That's an excellent suggestion,' Mrs. Brownson replied, 'but I have to pay Mrs. Cummsky's car-fare, and, if Jimmie comes, it will take that much more. Who's going to pay that?'

She wanted to see if Teddie pitied the little boy enough to do anything for him himself. Teddie looked very grave. He was saving up his nickels and pennies, and it was pretty hard to give away even ten cents just then. But he had made up his mind that something must be done for the poor little cripple, so in a moment or two his face brightened, and he said:

'I'll give his car-fare as well as the suggestion.'

The result was, the little fire-escape boy, as Teddie called him, had a beautiful day in the yard, which was a perfect paradise to him, besides having a better dinner and supper than he ever

had in his life before. His pinched little face was covered with smiles in the evening, when, with his hands filled with roses and woodbine, Teddie and the Burnside boys took him to the Clay-Street trolley car in the express wagon.

'It's all done him a wurruld o' good!' said the grateful mother, as she picked up her little boy and clambered into the summer car.

Teddie got his father interested in the Cummskys, and they went into a kind of partnership to give the poor family some little outings that summer. Teddie generally paid part or all of Jimmie's car-fare, and Mr. Brownson did the rest. It kept Teddie rather low in ice-cream and merry-go-round money, but he liked to think of the crippled boy speeding away on the swift trolleys to the green and flowery parks.

### The Mutineers.

(By Mary Whiting Adams, in the 'Religious Intelligencer.')

John Henry had ten fingers,  
Two eyes, a tongue and brains.  
But when he started in at school  
He didn't take the pains  
To make them yield obedience  
To what the teacher said;  
And so they quickly learned to do  
Just what they chose, instead.

The fingers would not follow  
The copies they were set;  
The eyes kept wandering here and there,  
The tongue refused to get  
The lessons right, but whispered  
Instead the whole time long.  
As for the brains, they strayed and dreamed,  
And let things all go wrong.

When days of school were over  
John Henry went to work;  
But eyes and tongue and fingers  
And brains still joined to shirk.  
First one job, then another,  
He spoiled, and lost his place,  
While other boys less clever  
Passed by him in the race.

### The Polite Donkey.

(By Mary Mitchell Brown, in 'Little Folks.')

A little gray Donkey lived in a toy-shop window. He wore a russet leather bridle and a red saddle. He had plenty of bright green hay ready to be eaten, though, as a matter of fact, he never did eat; for he rather liked having a 'gone feeling' in his stomach. You see he always had a 'gone feeling,' and he was used to it; if he thought about it at all, he supposed that all donkeys had it.

The other animals who lived in the window were made all in one piece, and stood quite still, staring out into the street with their round eyes. But the

little gray Donkey had his head hung inside of his neck, on a neat gilt hook; and, as he was a very polite donkey, he bowed gently, all day, to the passers-by.

But no one ever bowed to him in return, and the little gray Donkey finally became quite sad.

'Why are you so sad, little gray Donkey?' said his friend, the Jack-in-the-Box, one day. 'You have a russet bridle, a red saddle, a pile of bright green hay, and your head is hung on a shiny gilt hook. Why are you not happy and gay, as I am? I feel like a Johnny-jump-up in springtime!'

And the Jack-in-the-Box stretched himself up, as far as he could, to show how springy he felt.

'Alas!' said the little gray Donkey, 'all day long I bow politely to all who pass our window; but no one ever bows to me in return, and this makes me feel lonely and neglected.'

And he wagged his head up and down very mournfully.

It was just then that little Edward and his nurse stopped before the toy-shop window.

Little Edward wore a white furry coat and a white furry cap. He had curly yellow hair and pink cheeks and big bright eyes.

'Oh, mammy,' cried little Edward, 'see the little gray Donkey! See him wag his head! He is bowing to me!'

Now Edward was a very polite little boy, and, when he saw that the little gray Donkey was bowing, he bowed his own head in return. The little gray Donkey was delighted. He felt very sure that this was the prettiest and most polite little boy in the world, and so he bowed again.

So they stood bowing to each other for some time, and little Edward bobbed his head up and down till his yellow curls flew up in the air and the furry white cap slipped down over his big bright eyes. And the little gray Donkey wagged his head faster and faster, until at last he wagged it off the gilt hook entirely, and there lay the little gray Donkey's head on the floor, in front of himself, with one ear broken off.

'Mamma,' said little Edward to his mother when he went home from his walk, 'a little gray Donkey bowed to me, and I bowed to him, and I bowed my cap off; but the little gray Donkey bowed his head off. I think he was too polite, don't you?'

And, whenever little Edward thought of the little gray Donkey after that, he felt that the Donkey had been too polite.

But the little gray Donkey was quite happy on the shelf where they put him away, after they had hung his head again on the neat gilt hook, because he remembered that, when he made his last bows, a little boy with yellow curls and pink cheeks had bowed to him in return; and it never once occurred to him that he had been too polite.

And the Jack-in-the-Box went on feeling gay and springy like a Johnny-jump-up.