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looked at the pan of peppers and then at each other.

"What did mamma mean by 'making us smart'?" said Donald.

"I guess she meant learning things easy," said Marguerite, wisely. "I heard Ethel Greene say that Jimmy was real smart at *riffentick*."

"Sh'd think mamma'd want us to be smart," said Donald, in injured tones.

"Well"—and Marguerite's little brown face, with its black eyes and red cheeks, glowed with a sudden adventurous spirit—"well, anyhow, I'm going to see what those peppers taste like! Let's each take one of the seeds—such teeny-tawnty things can't do any harm."

Two pairs of fat little hands rummaged among the peppers until they found one with the lid off, and a seed was selected.

But the seed got no farther than the two red mouths—and then, oh, then, how they bit and stung and burned like fire! Then the peppery hands rubbed lips and chin, and that made matters worse!

"Oh! oh! oh! It's hot!" howled Donald.

"Boo! hoo! hoo! It's burney!" sobbed Marguerite.

At the sound of the wails, mamma came running out—and Peggy, and even the minister and his wife; and everybody talked, and one person advised one thing and another said something else, and Rover got up from his rug and barked loudly, so you can imagine the confusion. Presently Peggy brought a big piece of ice from the refrigerator, and Donald sucked one end of it and Marguerite the other, and that cooled the pain somewhat, though the tears still rolled down their cheeks, and their lips were red and swollen.

And after a little, when vaseline and cold cream had made them still more comfortable, Marguerite said, in a quivering little voice, "You—you said it would make us 'smart.'"

"Well, it did, didn't it?" said mamma, and then everybody, even the two little pepper victims, laughed.

Star-Eyes.

Now, little star, I'm tucked safely in bed; There you are shining far over my head, Shining and peering right into my eyes, As though you were laughing up in the skies.

I'm wide awake, too, and as glad as can be, There are so many things you can tell to me; Oh! how I've puzzled to know what you are, And now I shall ask you, dear little star.

They say God sees all in His wondrous night, Did He put you there to watch us all night? And all day long, though we can't see you, Do you still shine aloft watching us, too?

Tell, do you know when I'm naughty or good? And where do the daisies hide in the wood? When it rains so hard is it that you cry? Or do you always laugh, bright little eye?

Sometimes the sky is so still and so blue, Say, little star, do you ever peep through, Peep at the angels in garments of white? Are their harps of gold and their crowns of light?

Perhaps you're our eyes, and when we're asleep You fly to the skies in a shiny heap; All that we dream is, perchance, what you see, And when daylight appears away you flee?

Now, pretty star, I'm going to sleep, You can have my two eyes, but not to keep; I want them again with the morning light; Good-bye, little eyes—little star, good night.

The Music Lesson.

Annette Harrison was a clever little girl, but (you know there always must be a 'but' with all of us), she had one great fault—she could not keep her attention to the matter she was engaged upon. If she was sewing and the baby toddled into the room, down went her work on the floor, and she must chatter to him and show him pictures till the afternoon was gone and no work done.

If she was practising, and she was very fond of music and likely to become a good performer, the mere sight of the black puppy, Fuss, would distract her mind, and she must take it up and make pretence to teach it its notes, forgetting all the while that time was passing, and she had not even played her scales through.

So it came to pass that, though she was clever and could do anything she chose at her lessons, she never managed to keep much ahead of her next sister Rose, and indeed was often found to know some of her lessons much less thoroughly.

"Never mind, I can soon pick all that up," thought Nettie to herself; "a month's real work will see me far ahead of good old Rose." So she dashed through her scales and fluttered through a new piece of music, and then took up Fuss again, to her brother Arthur's grave delight. Nettie ought to have been learning a stiff bit out of her book on the theory of music, but she put that off to another day.

The Harrisons were a very musical family; Nettie, Rose and Arthur could already sing trios very prettily, and one or two knowing people had prophesied that they would make a name for themselves some day. But meantime there was a great deal of hard work to be got through first.

When Nettie was twelve years old and Rose eleven, a grey-haired, grey-eyebrowed gentleman came to the house, and Mr. Harrison received him with great respect. He was an old friend, a celebrated professor of music from Munich, and he very soon confided his wish to Mr. Harrison of carrying off one of his little girls to Munich, to make a thorough musician of her.

"Both have good voices, I care not which it is," said Professor Harol; "but let it be the one whose industry is greatest: she will profit most. Stay, it shall be an examination: they shall play, they shall sing, I will ask questions."

Can you guess the result? Nettie sang as sweetly as Rose, she played more brilliantly, though every now and then came a false note, when the Professor shrieked like a parrot and stopped his ears; but—ah, the but again!—she had very little head knowledge of music, she had always found that dull and allowed her attention to be distracted from it.

So the Professor singled out Rose to

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take to Munich, and Nettie was to be left at home.

It was a severe trial to the little girl; but she had a sweet temper and bore it bravely, helping pleasantly in the packing of Rose's treasures and showing no envious spirit.

"I shall be too busy even to want to be at Munich," she said at parting, "for do you know, Rose, I mean to work dreadfully hard now, and keep the strictest guard on myself; father says that is the rock where I make shipwrecks—letting my attention wander from my work."

Nettie did work as she said, and she was rewarded, for two years later the Professor and Madame Harol came to England on a visit, bringing Rose with them; and they were so pleased with Nettie's proficiency in all branches of music that they begged to take her, too, back with them, to Rose's great joy.

"They shall come back to you famous, dear sir," said the good Professor, his eyes brightening under his big eyebrows; "for, see you, both have talent, and now both have industry and application to increase that talent."

**BEST FOR WASH DAY**

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### DEATH.

June 1st: At Crouch End, England, Jean, widow of James Waugh, of Crouch End; aged 70. R. I. P.

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