

JOSIE'S TREASURE DRAWER.

JOSIE CARLIN stood before an open drawer in the closet of his mother's sitting-room, and throwing out first one thing, and then another, he cried excitedly, "I just think it's too bad, mamma! Here's a lot of trash that has been put in my treasure drawer! Georgie has been here, I know! There are his old shoes, and the cap that ought to go in the rag-bag; then there are some clothes-pins, an umbrella handle and I don't know what all!"

The articles mentioned were thrown on the floor as soon as discovered, and it was not until the drawer had been closed and the boy had cooled down again, that Mrs. Carlin seemed to give him any attention. Then she said, quietly, "Come, here, Josie."

He obeyed, and stood looking into a very grave face, wondering what the owner was going to say. Having recovered from his excitement, he was inclined to be ashamed of his foolish outburst. The drawer had been devoted to his own especial use, and he had named it his treasure drawer, and kept in it such things as boys are apt to accumulate. There was a rubber ball, some marbles, the works of an old clock, some fancy shells, a brick made, on his grandfather's farm, different kinds of minerals that he had collected, and other articles too numerous to mention.

"I think you had better pick those things up and lay them together somewhere until I have a chance to attend to them," was his mother's first remark.

The boy did as he was told, and then going back to her, said meekly, "I should be so ashamed, mamma, if I invited any of the boys in to see my treasure drawer and found it in that condition."

"Have you found out the state of your other treasure drawer?" his mother asked seriously.

"What other one?" Josie said in surprise. "I haven't more than one."

"Yes, you have another, and I find this morning that somebody (I won't say who) has put in a lot of trash that ought not to be there. If any company had been here, I

should really have been ashamed to have them see it in that condition. Indeed, I was ashamed to witness it myself."

The boy looked puzzled, and after giving him a moment for reflection, his mother went on:

"In the first place, good temper ought to be in that drawer, and instead there was anger, and when it was opened, ugly words came out as fast as they could—"

"Oh, I know!" interrupted Josie; "you mean my heart."

"Then unjust suspicion had found a place," continued Mrs. Carlin, "for accusations came out thick and fast. I say unjust, for your brother had nothing to do with getting those things among your treasures. Our new girl probably was the offender, for she put this room in order a while ago, but of course she didn't know that the drawer was yours. Then disrespect had made its way into that other drawer we were talking about, for words were said that no boy ought to say to his mother."

"Well, mamma, I didn't mean them for you," interposed Josie, anxiously, "but for Georgie."

"As Georgie was not here, and I was, the words were said to me. Besides a little boy ought not to talk to anybody in that way."

"I didn't mean you, anyhow," replied Josie in a very penitent tone.

"What else do we find in this untidy drawer? Oh, yes, here is disorder, and that prompted the boy to throw things all over the floor instead of—"

By this time Josie's arms were around his mother's neck. "Please don't look for any more," he said, pleadingly.

"Well, I don't see anything further just at present, and I will give up the investigation if you are convinced that it is far worse to let rubbish find its way into that treasure drawer of your heart than it is to have a few old things put in that wooden drawer where you can easily take them out."

"Why, of course I see it is worse, mamma, and I am ashamed that you found it that way; but do you know how hard it is to keep such rubbish as anger out of a boy's heart? Why, it flies there before you know it."