

ONE WAY OUT OF IT.

FORLORN little boy was Teddy March that morning. He went to school without any breakfast. Perhaps if you had been hungry, you would have been cross: at any rate Teddy was cross, and he felt that he had a right to be. To be sure, he might have had hasty-pudding, which was what the others ate; but Teddy did not like hasty-pudding and as there was nothing else, he put his hands in his pockets, and scowled fiercely at his empty plate, as if scowling might fill it.

When the teacher spoke to him for shuffling with his heavy shoes across the schoolroom-floor, he looked more sour and surly than ever, and got a bad mark in deportment for his rudeness. This did not improve matters; and when he went into the spelling-class and missed two words in succession, he exclaimed aloud, "Well, I don't care, any way! which meant, you know, that he did care a great deal.

The teacher did not know what to make of it. Teddy was generally a good boy, and she did not like to punish him, but something must be done.

She looked thoughtful for a moment, and then calling Teddy to her, she wrote a little note for him to take to his mother. Perhaps she could have done nothing which would have seemed so severe a punishment to poor Teddy.

"I wouldn't have minded a whipping," he said to himself, as he trudged slowly homeward; "any fellow that isn't a baby can stand a whipping." But to be sent home in disgrace, with the story of his wrong doing written out in the teacher's clearest, neatest hand, seemed almost more than he could bear. He pulled his cap down over his eyes, but he could not shut out the sound of the birds singing in the trees, or help catching a glimpse now and then of the bright June sunshine.

Everybody and everything has a good time except me," said Teddy.

He felt as if he were the most abused boy in the world, and he was naughty enough just at that moment to wish that there was somebody he could fight.

"I should just like to pitch into somebody," he said, half aloud.

But luckily for Teddy there was no one to fight, and I don't believe that he was really half as bad as he imagined; for just then, as he was passing an open field, he noticed a dog running about under the trees, and behaving in such a strange manner, that he forgot for the time his own special grievances, for it was evident that the dog was torturing something. He would toss it into the air, then jump after it, knock it down with his paw, let it go for a moment, and then dash after it again. Now he would pretend to take it in his mouth, and then as the poor thing struggled to get free, he would hit it with his paw, and bark and snap.

Teddy leaped over the fence.

"Why," he exclaimed, after he had taken a few steps, "it is a bird! It is a robin!"

Walking slowly towards the dog, whistling and talking to him in a way that every dog in town knew and liked, he finally approached so close that he could pat him on the head.

"Doggie, this will never do, said Ted stooping down and taking the bird from between his feet. To his great astonishment, though trembling with fright, it was uninjured. Teddy unbuttoned his jacket and put the little creature inside, the dog meanwhile watching the proceedings with a shamefaced air.

Teddy smiled. He forgot that he was hungry; and as he placed his hand over the tiny creature that nestled against his breast and looked up at him with soft round eyes, a warm feeling sprang up in his heart which almost made him forget the little note which he carried in his pocket. But when he saw his mother he remembered it, and decided not to give it to her till after dinner. Pretty soon she came to the door to call him. He brought the bird in his hand, and told her how he had found him; but the robin had recovered his courage now, and did not seem inclined to make new acquaintances.

"Let him go," said Teddy's mother; he would not be happy in the house. But you must come in, dear," she added laying her hand on his shoulder; "I have such a nice dinner for you, and such good news. Your father has found regular work again, and you won't have to go to school hungry any more."

A lump rose in Teddy's throat, but he swallowed it bravely, and hastily pulled the note from his pocket.

"I didn't mean to give it to you till after dinner," he said: "but you might as well know the worst of me now. And, oh, mother dear,"

he added brokenly, "I never will be so cross and hateful again. When I saw that young robin struggling to get away from the dog, I said to myself, 'There's somebody having a harder time than you are, Ted March. Go and help him.'"

Teddy's mother did not scold him; did you think she would? No; she only said, "God sent you the bird to teach you a lesson, dear, and I don't think you will forget it."

As for the robin, he remained in the neighborhood all summer, coming sometimes at Ted's whistle to perch upon the fence, and to glance at him with the same bright eyes that had first looked up at him from under the folds of his jacket. And whenever Teddy saw his little friend, and remembered that day when everything seemed to go so wrong, and then when all at once everything went right again, he said to himself,—

"Well, there's always one way out of it when you're in trouble; give somebody else a lift."

A SUNBEAM.

A GOLDEN Sunbeam in the sky
Said to itself one day:
"I'm very small, but why should I
Do nothing else but play?
Down to the earth I'll go and see
If there is any use for me."

The violet beds were wet with dew,
Which filled each drooping cup;
The golden Sunbeam darted through,
And raised their blue heads up.
They smiled to see it, and they lent
The morning breeze their sweetest scent.

A mother 'neath a shady haw
Had left her babe asleep;
It woke and cried, but when it saw
The golden Sunbeam peep
So slyly in, with glance so bright,
It laughed and chuckled with delight.

On, on it went—it might not stay—
Now through a window small
It poured its glad and tiny ray,
And danced upon the wall.
A pale young face looked up to hail
The beam God sent to still her wail.

And on it travelled to and fro,
And frisked and danced about,
And not a door was shut, I know,
To keep the Sunbeam out;
But ever as it touched the earth,
It woke up happiness and mirth.

I may not tell the story
Of all that it could do;
But I tell you this—that you may try
To be a Sunbeam, too,
By little smiles to soothe and cheer,
And make your presence ever dear!

JOHNNY'S MATHEMATICAL CALCULATIONS.

JOHNNY was poring over his mental arithmetic. It was a new study to him, and he found it interesting. When Johnny undertook anything he went about it with heart, head and hand.

He sat on his high stool at the table, while his father and mother sat just opposite. He was such a tiny fellow, scarcely large enough to hold the book, you would think, much less to study and calculate. But he could do both, as you shall see.

Johnny's father had been speaking to his mother, and Johnny had been so intent upon his book that he had not heard a word; but as he leaned back on his high chair to rest a moment, he heard his father say, "Dean got beastly drunk at the club last night; drank ten glasses of wine. I was disgusted with the fellow."

Johnny looked up with bright eyes. "How many did you drink, father?"

"I drank but one, my son," said the father, smiling down upon his little boy.

"Then you were only one-tenth drunk," said Johnny, reflectively.

"John! cried his parent, sternly, in a breath; but Johnny continued, with a studious air:

"Why, yes; if ten glasses of wine make a man beastly drunk, one glass will make him one-tenth part drunk; and"

"There, there!" interrupted the father, biting his lip to hide the smile that would come; "I

guess it is bed-time for you. We will have no more arithmetic to-night."

So Johnny was tucked away in bed and went sound asleep, turning the problem over to see if he was wrong. And just before he had lost himself in slumber he had thought, "One thing is sure, if Dean hadn't taken the one glass he would not have been drunk. So it is the safe way not to take any; and I never will." And the next thing he was snoring, while Johnny's father was thinking, "there is something in Johnny's calculation, after all. It is not safe to take one glass, and I will ask Dean to sign a total abstinence pledge with me to-morrow." And he did so, and they both kept it. So great things grew out of Johnny's studying mental arithmetic, you see.—*Selected.*

A BABY THAT LIVED IN A SHOE.

FOLLOWING is a curious story told in the Brooklyn "Citizen": A peasant woman in France had a baby so small that the clothing she had made ready for it was of no use and she was obliged to dress it in some doll's clothes. When she was going to take the little creature to be christened she was in fresh difficulty, for he was too small to be carried on the arm in the usual way. But a happy thought struck her. The French peasantry wear shoes made out of wood, which they call sabots. Taking one of her own shoes, the woman made a little bed in it, in which she placed her tiny son, and so carried him to church. Finding that the wooden shoe was better than anything else for the purpose, she used it for his cradle, and there he usually lay and slept until he was six months old.

UNCLE JOHN'S SPELLING-BEE.

IM GOING to have a spellin'-bee to-night," said Uncle John, "and I'll give a pair of skates to the boy who can best spell 'man.'"

The children turned and stared into each other's eyes.

"Best spell 'man,' Uncle John? Why, there's only one way!" they cried.

"There are all sorts of ways," replied Uncle John. "I'll leave you to think of it awhile;" and he buttoned up his coat and went away.

"What does he mean?" asked Bob.

"I think it's a joke," said Harry, thoughtfully, "and when Uncle John asks me, I'm going to say, 'Why, m-a-n, of course.'"

"It's a conundrum, I know," said Jo; and he leaned his head on his hand and settled down to think.

Time went slowly to the puzzled boys, for all their fun that day. It seemed as if that after supper time would never come; but it came at last, and Uncle John came, too, with a shiny skate runner peeping out of his great coat pocket.

Uncle John did not delay; he sat down and looked straight into Harry's eyes.

"Been a good boy to day, Hal?"

"Yes—no," said Harry, flushing. "I did something Aunt Mag told me not to do, because Ned Barnes dared me to do. I can't bear a boy to dare me. What's that to do with spelling 'man'?" he added, half to himself.

But Uncle John had turned to Bob.

"Had a good day, my boy?"

"Haven't had fun enough," answered Bob, stoutly. "It's all Joe's fault, too. We boys wanted the pond to ourselves for one day, and we made up our minds that when the girls came we'd clean them off. But Jo, he—"

"I think this is Jo's to tell," interrupted Uncle John. "How was it boy?"

"Why," said Jo, "I thought the girls had as much right to the pond as the boys. So I spoke to one or two of the bigger boys, and they thought so, too, and we stopped it all. I thought it was mean to treat girls that way."

There came a flash from Uncle John's pocket. The next minute the skates were on Jo's knee.

"The spelling-match is over," said Uncle John, "and Jo has won the prize."

The three bewildered faces mutely questioned him.

"Boys," he answered, gravely, we've been spelling 'man,' not in letters, but in acts. I told you there were different ways, and we've proved it here to-night. Think over it, boys, and see."

Chimney-sweep to old lady: "Want your chimney cleaned, mum?" "No, thankee; we had it cleaned in the old house before we left."