

Betty worked industriously, and soon she had painted a 'sign.' It read:

'Kepe out Of the GarDDen.'

This sign she pinned on the outside of the gate. She was about to put away her paints when she thought of the need of another sign. 'Ned Noddy will prob'ly see this sign,' she said, 'but I better have another one inside should he get in.'

So she took up her paint brush again, and presently she was pinning to one of the stakes which upheld the tomatoes a sign which read this way:

'Do not Pik Eny OF tHE thinGS.'

'There,' said she, as she wiped her dauby hands on her apron, 'that will make it all sure! Grandmother will be glad I thought of it. I'll run and tell her this minute.'

But though she called and searched the house, no grandmother could be found; so she ran to the orchard to tell Alice. Alice could not be found, either; and Betty sat down on the bank of the shady stream, took off her shoes and stockings, dabbled her feet in the cool water, and listened to the birds singing in the orchard, until, before she knew it, she was fast asleep.

She was just dreaming that a row of donkeys stood in front of the gate reading the sign and shaking their heads, and that Widow Dobson's gander was blowing the whistle for the geese to come and read it too, when she was wakened by a shrill shouting and halloing, mingled with the sharp notes of the whistle, and heard close by her the sound of scampering feet. She opened her eyes just in time to see Ned Noddy capering down the orchard with his mouth full of juicy corn leaves.

Betty jumped up. Something must have happened to her signs! Grandmother's garden would be all eaten up! Never heeding the pebbles and thistles which scratched and bruised her little bare feet, she flew up the orchard path to the garden.

There was grandmother and Alice shoing Widow Dobson's geese thro' the open gateway, the gander protesting with his loudest hiss. With her help Ned Noddy was cornered in the orchard, a halter put on him, and then he was led meekly back through the rows of

vegetables, and turned out again into the highway.

'O Betty, Betty,' said grandmother, as she set up the gate and tied the rope again about the posts, 'what made you leave the gate?'

'Why, grandmother,' said poor little tearful Betty, 'I put up the signs as they do in the city to tell 'em not to come in!'

There was a funny twinkle in grandmother's eye as Betty pointed out the fluttering signs.

'My child,' she said, 'did you really think donkeys and geese could read?'

'Maybe donkeys and geese can't in the country,' said Betty slowly; 'but I know city donkeys and geese can, for there are never any at all where the signs say: "Keep off the grass!"—"Little Folks."'

A Missionary Lesson.

A ragged little group of newsboys and boot-blacks was gathered near the entrance of one of our railway stations a year or two ago, and as I came near I saw that they all felt bad about something. I didn't know what it was, and I don't know now; but I guessed, and so can you. This is what I heard:

'He was always for given' the other fellers a bite, Jimmy was!'

The boy that said it was a little smaller than the rest, a little dirtier, a little more ragged. As he rubbed the tears away with his little black fists, I couldn't help thinking that it was some mate of theirs that had just died that made them look so sad and sober.

Always for giving the other fellows a bite! 'Oh,' thought I, 'what an epitaph!' Could you think of anything grander to put on your tombstone when you are dead? People who have done great things in the world often have their goodness or greatness written out in marble and set up over their graves for all the world to read. I'd rather be my little nameless newsboy, with somebody to say that loving sentence through his tears.

You see it is something that anybody can earn. It doesn't need a penny of money. It is just simply sharing what you have. 'Not what we give, but what we share,' is the real charity. I suppose Jimmy's 'bite' was the bite of an apple, or

of an orange, that somebody gave him, or maybe a piece of his own crust of bread when he was hungry. Don't you have things to give a 'bite of?' play things to lend, if you can't give them away? books? papers? sweetmeats? 'Go shares' with people in all of your good times. You don't need to have me tell you how.

A baby told me how, once, in the sweetest, funniest way! He was eating bread and milk, and made me take every other spoonful 'to sweeten it,' he said. 'Oo has to div somebody else a taste to sweeten it!' he kept telling me over and over. I thought of sour, wrinkled men and women going through life with their unsweetened pleasures, and I wished—oh, how I wished!—that I could set my sweet, wise baby preaching at them! And I will, too, if you'll only take this motto of his and practice it everywhere you have a chance and tell people about it. That's the way all the sermons get preached. One or two or a hundred people hear a thing, and they go out and tell the others. Are you sharing the story of Jesus' love with anybody? God didn't mean His gospel feast for you alone. Every time you give a missionary penny you are giving somebody a 'bite' like 'Jimmy.' It will make your own feast all the sweeter.—'Missionary Dayspring.'

Rules of Politeness for Children.

1. To be polite is to have a kind regard for the feelings and rights of others.
2. Be as polite to your parents, brothers, sisters, and schoolmates as you are to strangers.
3. Look people fairly in the eyes when you speak to them, or they speak to you.
4. Do not bluntly contradict any one.
5. It is not discourteous to refuse to do wrong.
6. Whispering, laughing, chewing gum, or eating at lectures, in school, or at places of amusement, is rude and vulgar.
7. Be doubly careful to avoid any rudeness to strangers, such as calling out to them, laughing, or making remarks about them. Do not stare at visitors.
8. In passing a pen, pencil, knife, or pointer, hand the blunt end toward the one who receives it.—'Pacific.'