



The air is rather  
chill, my Love —  
It means a spell of weather!  
But many a cold and cheerless day  
We've braved — Dear Heart — together  
So storms may come and winds may blow  
The sky will soon be clearer  
And every wintry blast you know  
But brings the springtime nearer!

Jessie B. McClure

#### 'IN A MINUTE.'

(By Florence B. Hallowell.)

Anna sat by one of the windows of the kitchen, absorbed in a book of fairy tales which had been sent her as a birthday gift. She frowned when she heard her mother call her from the sitting-room, for she didn't like to be disturbed.

'Anna,' Mrs. Rule said, 'look in the oven at the pies. I don't want them to burn.'

'Yes'm,' answered Anna, but to herself she said, 'In a minute; as soon as I get to the bottom of this page.'

But by the time she had read to the bottom of the page she had forgotten all about the pies. She did not remember her mother's order until she had turned three or four pages. Then, of course, she jumped up, dropped her book, and ran to the stove in a great hurry. She threw open the door of the oven, and there was a rush of smoke in her face which almost took her breath away. The four pies were burned black!

She turned with a frightened look to meet her mother, who had just entered the kitchen.

'Anna, can I never trust you at all?' she cried.

Anna burst into tears. 'I am so sorry, mamma,' she sobbed.

'Your sorrow does not help matters in the least,' answered her mother. 'Had you obeyed me at once, when I spoke to you, there would have been no cause for either sorrow or tears.'

'I will next time—I really will,' said Anna. 'I will mind the moment you speak,' and she meant to keep her promise.

But a bad habit is not easily broken, and Anna's had grown strong from long custom. She had answered, or thought, 'in a minute,' whenever given an order since she was able to talk plainly. Reproof and punishment had never done much good. She easily forgot both.

The evening of the day after the pies had been burned Anna was sitting on the back porch dressing a doll, when she heard her father call to her from the stable, where he was harnessing the horse to go into town.

'Run out and see if the front gate is closed, Anna,' he said, appearing at the door of the stable a moment.

'Yes, sir,' answered Anna, adding to herself, 'In a minute—as soon as I get this sash tied.'

But when the sash was tied to her satisfaction the bows had to be pulled out and pinned, and then, just as Anna was ready at last to do her father's bidding, there was a mad rush of heavy hoofs, a great shout from someone in the road, the loud barking of a large dog, and around the house rushed half-a-dozen wild-eyed cattle, pursued by a big mastiff. They tore through the shrubbery like mad things, trampled down the flower beds, and knocked over the big urn of geraniums and Indian yucca before Anna had fairly comprehended what was taking place.

Of course, Mr. Rule heard the racket and rushed out of the stable with a stick, and with the help of a boy who came in from the road he succeeded in driving the cattle out to join the rest of the drove.

But the beautiful garden was ruined. The heliotrope, verbenas, and mignonette in the circular beds were crushed into the earth and cut to pieces, and a valuable shrub which Mrs. Rule had raised from a slip sent her from Japan was broken short off, while the big urn, broken into four pieces, lay prone on the ground.

'I saw the herd coming down the road,' said Mr. Rule, 'and thought of the front gate. How I wish you had minded me instantly, Anna!'

What could Anna do but cry and make fresh promises?

But this incident did more to cure her of her bad habit than anything else that had ever happened. All

summer long she was reminded whenever she looked into the garden of what her habit had cost. The beds had been repaired as far as possible, but the broken urn, by Mrs. Rule's order, lay just where it had fallen, and Anna did not need to ask why.

'It shall be taken away whenever we all feel that you can be trusted to obey an order as soon as it is given,' her mother said. 'It will depend upon yourself how long it lies there, an eyesore to us all.'

So Anna set a watch upon herself. Whenever she caught herself beginning to say, 'In a minute' she sprang up to obey at once; and soon it grew easy to do so.

And she had no chance to forget, for she saw the broken urn fifty times a day, and often was mortified to hear people ask about it, and wonder why it was not removed.

But one morning in the early winter when she came down to breakfast and stopped to look out at the hall window, she saw that the urn was gone.

Her face was radiant as she entered the dining-room, and her mother smiled as she kissed her.

'I think I know why you look so happy, Anna!' she said. 'You know that at last we feel that we can trust you.'

Anna laughed joyously, but there were tears in her eyes as she raised them to her mother's face.

'I believe I have almost forgotten how to say "In a minute," mamma,' she said. 'The old urn cured me.'—  
'The Freeman.'

#### 'ME TOO' AND 'YOU TOO.'

(By Clara J. Denton.)

One cold spring morning Mr. Locke came into the house carrying something well muffled in an old blanket.

'Lambs?' said Mrs. Locke, a little impatiently, as she looked up.

'Yes,' was the reply; 'two poor little brothers. Their mother is dead, and they are very weak.'

Mrs. Locke had evidently raised motherless lambs before, for she rose from her sewing and made brisk preparations for feeding them. First she put some milk in a basin, sprinkling it well with cayenne pepper, and then she set the basin on the stove. Little four-year-old Lella was sent into the woodshed after a large basket, while her mother brought a nursing-bottle (such as you have seen some unfortunate babies using) from the pantry. The lambs were put into the basket, and placed beside the stove. The warm milk was put into the bottle, and then the poor little mouths and throats were set to work upon it. They were so very weak that at first only a spoonful or two could be taken at a time. But after a while the eyes were slowly opened, and the heads feebly raised. Then they were covered up warmly and left to themselves. Half an hour or so afterward, when a faint little bleat came from the basket, Lella begged that she might be allowed to feed them.

'It would be a great relief to me if you can do it properly,' said her mamma.

Lella succeeded so well in her first attempt that the lambs from that hour became her sole charge.

In a day or two they were strong and active enough to be turned into the front yard, where the young grass was timidly showing itself. Here they seemed very happy. When they were hungry they clattered up and down the porch using their young throats well, or if they discovered Lella anywhere about they chased her until she came with their bottle.

One day Mrs. Locke stood on the porch watching Lella feed them. The smaller one was very busy with the bottle, while the other was frisking his tail, and impatiently bumping his naughty head against Lella.

'That's the way he says "Me too!"' said the young shepherdess.

'Yes,' said Mrs. Locke; 'and he acts very much like a little girl of my acquaintance who is most impatient when her wants are not attended to immediately. I think it would be well for you to name him "Me too," and

perhaps when this little girl hears his name she may be reminded of her troublesome fault.'

'But what shall I name the other one,' said Lella, flushing and hanging her head a little.

'O call him "You-too,"' said her mamma. So the lambs were named.

After a while, as the warm summer days came in, and the lambs grew apace, they were sent to the barnyard, and were fed milk only in the morning and at night.

One morning Lella was later than usual in getting to the barnyard with the bottle of milk (she carried a large one now). The lambs were so glad to see her, and so clamorous for their breakfast, that she did not notice her papa and a stranger standing before a photographer's camera a short distance off. The stranger was about to photograph some rare cattle that Mr. Locke had raised.

As Lella stood holding the bottle for 'You-too' to get his breakfast, while 'Me-too,' as usual, impatiently pushed his head against her, the stranger chanced to look that way.

'O,' he exclaimed, 'tell your little girl to hold perfectly still; I must have that group on this plate that I had prepared for the "Short Horn."

So the picture was taken, just as they looked on that bright summer morning.

When the lambs had grown large, and ran with the flock, and at grass like the others, they still remembered Lella, and would come running at her call. Although others might call at their loudest, 'Me-too,' 'You-too,' the wise creatures would not heed them. So you may know from this that sheep are not so stupid as they look, since they know and remember their friends.

Lella is quite a large girl now, and I have reason to know that she has profited by the lessons of patience learned by her while feeding 'Me-too' and 'You-too.' Often, when she feels an impatient impulse, she drives it away by a glance at the photograph (which hangs in a conspicuous place), where she sees the blurred head of naughty, impatient little 'Me-too.'—  
'Christian at Work.'

#### WHY HE WAS ADVANCED.

A business firm once employed a young man whose energy and grasp of affairs soon led the management to promote him over a faithful and trusted employee, says a writer in the 'Popular Science Monthly.' The old clerk felt deeply hurt that the younger man should be promoted over him, and complained to the manager.

Feeling that this was a case that could not be argued, the manager asked the old clerk what was the occasion of all the noise in front of their building.

The clerk went forward, and returned with the answer that it was a lot of waggons going by.

The manager then asked what they were loaded with, and again the clerk went out and returned, reporting that they were loaded with wheat.

The manager then sent him to ascertain how many waggons there were, and he returned with the answer that there were sixteen. Finally he was sent to see where they were from, and he returned saying they were from the city of Lucena.

The manager then asked the old clerk to be seated, and sent for the young man, and said to him:

'Will you see what is the meaning of that rumbling noise in front?'

The young man replied: 'Sixteen waggons loaded with wheat. Twenty more will pass to-morrow. They belong to Romero & Co., of Lucena, and are on their way to Marchesa, where wheat is bringing one dollar and a quarter a bushel for hauling.'

The young man was dismissed, and the manager, turning to the old clerk, said:

'My friend, you see now why the younger man was promoted over you.'

If you don't know from experience that it is more blessed to give than to receive you had better try it.—  
'Ram's Horn.'