

FAIRY TALES.

Little auburn-haired Mildred is a regular young book-worm. She is never more happy than when reading a book. Of these she has quite a number, many of them won as prizes at school. But the one she is most fond of is a book of "Fairy Tales." This the little girl sits by the hour and reads. She loves to fancy that the lovely princesses and brave knights, the fairies and little dwarfs are real people, and to her bright imagination they really seem to be so.



THAT ROSY PEACH.

That peach did look so nice, so round, so rosy and ripe. Grandma had brought it home for grandpa. Fred Perkins stood looking at it; he walked toward it; he touched it; then he smelled it; and, alas! he bit it; then he ate it all. He threw the stone out of the window, and it fell at the foot of an evergreen hedge. But Fred was very unhappy; he wished he had not touched that peach. Next year, at vacation-time; Fred went again to visit his grandparents. "Fred," said grandpa, "come into the garden and see how things have grown since you were here." Soon they came to the evergreen hedge. "Why, what is this?" asked grandpa; "a peach-tree; a little thing, indeed, but it will make a large tree some day." "Why, how did it come here?" exclaimed Fred. "I don't know," said grandpa; "I haven't had a peach in the house since one day last year grandma brought home a fine one; but I never had a chance to try it, for it disappeared mysteriously—why, Fred, what is the matter?" he suddenly exclaimed, for Fred looked strangely confused, and was blushing warmly, while his heart thumped away at a great rate. Then he confessed that he had taken the peach, and was forgiven. His wrong-doing came from coveting the peach when he first saw it.