

out to try them, but she did not enjoy tumbling on haystacks without Theodore.

When she had tried five, she went into the house and asked mother if it was not almost four o'clock.

"No, dear, it won't be four o'clock till after luncheon," mother said.

"Then, mother, won't you please have luncheon pretty soon?" Dorothy urged.

Mother kissed her and told her that they would have it just as soon as it was ready, and that she might go out in the kitchen and help Augusta shell peas. So Dorothy went out into the kitchen, and sat down on the doorstep and shelled one hundred peas.

After a while they had luncheon, and after that mother said that, if she would take a little nap, when she awoke, it would be nearer the time for Theodore to come.

Dorothy lay down, and shut her eyes very hard for a long time, and by and by she went to sleep. When she awoke, mother was just coming into the room with some clean dresses that Augusta had been ironing.

She let Dorothy choose which she would wear that afternoon, and Dorothy chose a muslin with a vine of small blue flowers, because she knew her brother liked it.

As soon as she was dressed she went out to the gate to watch for Theodore. In just a little while she saw him coming up the hill with father, and ran to meet them.

She took hold of father's other hand, and all the time she was wondering hard what Theodore had brought her, but of course she could not ask.

When they reached the piazza, Theodore told her to shut her eyes, and, when Dorothy looked, she was holding in her hands—well I know you will be as surprised as Dorothy was—a baseball bat!

Dorothy's eyes opened wide.

"Is it for me, Theodore?" she asked doubtfully.

"Yes," said Theodore, nodding to make her sure, "and it's a fine one! Just let me show you." He took the bat and swung it over his shoulder, whirling round on one foot. Then he handed it back to Dorothy.

"Thank you, Theodore," Dorothy said slowly; and then she ran and climbed up in her mother's lap for a little while.

The next day it was Dorothy's turn to go to town. Theodore went out and tumbled on the haystacks, but he did not enjoy it very much alone, either. It was so much more fun with Dorothy.

Dorothy came home at noon, and, when she came, she handed Theodore a box wrapped in light brown paper.

"I've brought you something, Theodore."

Theodore undid it. You may guess three times what it was.

A doll's tea-set,—cups and saucers and plates, and the dearest little cream pitcher and sugar-bowl and teapot, with pink roses on every one!

"Isn't it beautiful, Theodore?" Dorothy asked, looking up into his face for approval.

Theodore hesitated. "Quite," he said slowly, then added, "Thank you, Dorothy!" and put the box on the step.

Dorothy sat down and arranged the dishes on the piazza floor, while Theodore stood on the walk, swinging Dorothy's bat. Dorothy had told him he might take it.

They were both very quiet for a few minutes. Then Theodore said, "What let's play?"

"And Dorothy said, 'What let's?'"

Then Theodore said, "Let's play for a little while that I brought you those dishes yesterday and you brought me this bat today."

Dorothy nodded. "Yes," she agreed. She went to him, and threw her arms impulsively about his neck.

"O Theodore, you were lovely to bring me those dishes!" she said. "Thank you!" Theodore laid his arm on her shoulder.

"I'm glad you like them," he said. "But this bat's fine. I'm much obliged Dorothy!"

"Is it a real good one, Theodore?" Dorothy asked anxiously.

"Fine," he repeated, "and just what I wanted!"

Dorothy looked at the dishes, and then at the bat, and after a few minutes she said, "Let's play this all the time, Theodore."

And Theodore said: "All right. We will."—*Youth's Companion*.

### Talk Happiness.

Talk happiness!  
Not now and then, but every  
Blessed day,  
And let your life reflect, at least,  
The half of what  
You say.  
There's no room here for him  
Who whines as on his  
Way he goes.  
Remember, son, the world is  
Sad enough without  
Your woes.

Talk happiness every chance  
You get—and  
Talk it good and strong!  
Look for it in  
The byways as you grimly  
Pass along;  
Perhaps it is a stranger now  
Whose visit never  
Comes;  
But talk it: Soon you'll find  
That you and happiness  
Are chums.

### A New Cinderella.

Mamma was sewing a button on Marjorie's jacket. "There is something inside the lining," she said, "which evidently slipped down this little hole in your pocket. See, Marjorie, it is your silver penknife."

"Why-ee, Mamma Merrill! And I thought"—Marjorie's face grew red, and tears filled his eyes. "Oh, I've been a drefly wicked girl! But I thought she took it, or I never would have been so mean to her; and now I guess she's sick. Oh, dear!"

The words fairly tumbled over each other, and finally lost themselves in a burst of tears.

"Tell me all about it, dear," said mamma drawing the little girl into her lap.

"I thought I left it on my desk at school—the knife, you know—and Flossie Spooner said she was sure she took it—the new little girl, I mean. She wears 'n old brown dress 'n little tight pig-tails stickin' out each side her head 'thout any ribbons on, an' none of the girls'll play with her."

Mamma's eyebrows went up inquiringly, and Marjorie hastened to add:

"Flossie Spooner said that girls that didn't have any nicer cloths than that ought not to come to a private school. And the little girl knows we think she took the knife, 'cause one day May Wilder said so real loud, and the little girl went to her seat and cried."

"But," interrupted mamma, "what does Miss Steadman think about this way of treating a stranger?"

"I don't think she knows how rude we've been. Perhaps she does, though, 'cause last Friday, when she let me say to help her, she talked about Helen Bright—that's the little girl's name—and she told me that

### An Aid to Mothers.

It doesn't help a sick baby to give it soothing drugs. On the contrary, it lessens a baby's chance of recovery. If your little ones show any signs of being unwell promptly give Baby's Own Tablets and see how speedily they will be bright, cheerful, well and happy. This medicine is sold under a guarantee that it contains no poisonous soothing stuff, or hurtful drug, and it cures all the little ills of babyhood and childhood. Mrs. W. H. Austin, Farmington, N. S., says: "Baby's Own Tablets are just what every mother needs when her little ones are cutting their teeth. When my little one cries I give him a tablet and it helps him at once. Mothers who use the Tablets will have no trouble with their babies." Baby's Own Tablets are sold by all medicine dealers or can be had by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Helen had no mamma. Then I felt ashamed of myself, and 'cided to be just sweet and nice to Helen the next Monday; but she didn't come, and she hasn't been all this week. Just s'pos'n she's sick—'thout any mamma, too! I think I ought to go to her this very minute, and beg her pardon! Don't you, mamma, dear?"

"Yes, sweetheart; and you may take these as a peace-offering." And mamma took from a vase a large bunch of beautiful fresh chrysanthemums and put them in a box.

Two hours later Marjorie came back with sparkling eyes and dimpling smiles.

"Helen isn't sick at all!" she announced, cheerfully. She lives with her great-aunt. But her papa came last Saturday; and what do you s'pose he brought? You never can guess in this world!"

"Then I shall have to give it up," laughed mamma.

"He brought her a new mamma—such a lovely, pretty lady! And Helen loves her just like—like everything! 'N' I'm so glad I went to tell her I was sorry!"

"So am I," said mamma, softly.

"Course 'twas pretty hard telling Helen about the knife. We cried—the new mamma, too—and then we all kissed each other."

Marjorie stopped to give mamma a loving little squeeze.

"Helen is going to school again to-morrow," she went on, "and I'm going round that way to call for her. She isn't going to wear the ugly brown dress any more. Her great-aunt never had any little girls, and she didn't know how much they liked pretty dresses, Helen says; but now Helen has loads of pretty clothes! Her new mamma bought 'em for her this week. Isn't that puffyly splendid?"

"Splendid!" laughed mamma. "It is a little fairy tale in real life, with a kind fairy godmother to change the poor little Cinderella into a beautiful princess."

"Why-ee, so 'tis! Only think, mamma, I didn't know Helen when she opened the door this afternoon! She looked such a dear in a pretty new dress, and her hair in wavy curls with a pink bow on top. She's the sweetest, prettiest little girl in my school!"

—Every Other Sunday.

Reform is always progressive. The Israelites start for Canaan. They are not going to get there, but their children will. Such is true of all reform. Not a single step, but a journey.