

came. Do you wonder that Mary Louise and Toby were the best friends in all the world?

And one day something happened which made everybody in the neighborhood talk. Mary Louise had a little baby sister, whose name was Marguerite, and who did not know how to walk, but she could stand up by a chair. One morning, as she stood holding on to the chair with her little hands, Toby walked up to her side and looked into her face, just as if he said, 'Do not be afraid, baby, for I will protect you.'

Baby Marguerite at once put her little arm over Toby's neck and held closely to him, just as if she understood what he wanted to say. Then Toby began to walk slowly away from the chair, and little Marguerite took her first step, then another, and another; and all the time Toby kept his eyes on her little feet, watching her so she could not fall.

Presently Mary Louise came into the room and saw it, and clapped her hands in delight, and cried out, 'O mamma! O papa—grandma, grandpa—all of you come here! Toby is teaching the baby how to walk!'

Then papa and mamma and grandma and grandpa came running into the room. But Toby did not condescend to take notice of them, but walked along very slowly, watching the baby's steps as she walked along at his side with her arm over his neck.

After they had walked across the room the baby sat down on the floor, and Toby stood gazing at her and wagging his tail, as much as to say, 'If you are tired, dear little Marguerite, we will rest a while, and when you are ready I will give you another lesson in walking.' And so in the afternoon the baby took another walk with Toby, and the next day she walked round the room; and the day after she walked alone.

Now do you not think Toby was a good teacher? And would it not be funny if Toby should advertise to give lessons in walking, and send his card to all the babies of his acquaintance? Perhaps he would sign his name Professor Toby, and I do not believe his prices would be very high, because he is so fond of babies. I am sure they would be quite moderate. Do you think a bone a lesson too much? I am sure it would be a good way to pay him.

'Brave Mac!'

Poor little crippled Ettie had a great many friends. One of them had given her a present she grew to love very dearly. It was a tiny Persian kitten. A little soft thing with beautiful silky fur, that Ettie fell in love with directly she saw.

She called it Fluff, and all day long Fluff played about upon her couch and Ettie never seemed happy unless she had her dear little kitten with her.

Now the next door people had a large collie dog, whose name was Mac. Sometimes Mac would run in and see Ettie,

'Dorothy Ann, are you sleepy?' asked Dollikins.

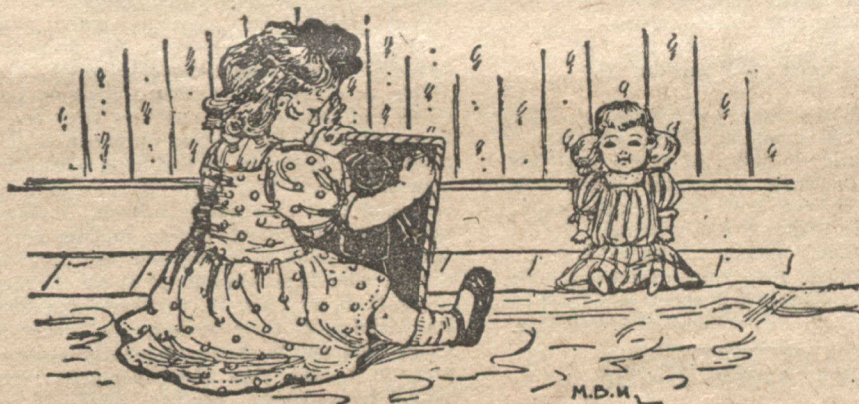
Dorothy Ann did not answer, but went on smiling with her red, wax lips.

Dollikins gave her a little shake. 'Dear me!' she said. 'I do wish you could talk! I am so tired having a doll that never answers, no matter how much

'And I didn't have anything but mashed potatoes for my dinner!' cried Dorothy Ann. 'I don't like mashed potatoes. Why don't I have things that I like, mamma?'

Dollikins's cheeks grew quite red. She remembered saying something very like this at luncheon the day before.

'I'm not a bit sleepy!' wailed Doro-



DOROTHY ANN AND DOLLIKINS.

I say to her. It is very stupid of you, Dorothy Ann. There, go to sleep.'

Dollikins turned her back on Dorothy Ann and went to sleep herself. Then she began to dream. She thought Dorothy Ann sat up in her crib and opened her blue eyes wide.

'Mamma!' she said.

'Oh, you can talk,' cried Dollikins joyfully.

'Mamma, my pillow is not at all soft,' said Dorothy Ann in a complaining voice; 'and you forgot to take off my shoes.'

'I am sorry,' said Dollikins.

thy Ann. 'Why do I have to go to bed at seven o'clock, mamma? Other little girls don't. I wish—'

'Dorothy Ann,' said Dollikins, 'will you please not talk any more? It makes my head ache.' Then it was very still.

In the morning Dollikins went over and took up Dorothy Ann and looked at her. The red lips were smiling as ever, but tight shut.

'Good morning, Dorothy Ann,' said Dollikins. 'I am very glad that you do not know how to talk, my dear, for then you might be a sore trial to your mother.'—'Babyland.'

and that was how he met Fluff. At first Ettie was afraid he would hurt her tiny pet, for Mac was such a great big fellow! But she soon saw he was as gentle and kind to Fluff as she was herself, so the dog and kitten grew to be great friends, and Ettie would lie and watch them play together, and often wonder how Fluff dared to pat Mac on the nose in such a cheeky manner. But Mac never minded what she did to him. Only now and then he would turn her gently over with his big paw and roll her about. Fluff seemed to enjoy that more than anything.

One day Ettie had a great shock. She had fallen asleep with Fluff by her side, and when she woke up her kitten had gone. She was nowhere in the room, and though her little mistress called her she did not come. All at once Ettie saw her from the window. She was actually running about the road. The poor little girl was filled with fear lest her favorite should be hurt and longed to be able to run and fetch her. Just as she was going to call her mother to do so for her, a cart-horse came trotting down the road with a boy on its back. Fluff did not seem to hear

it, and as it drew near her, Ettie grew cold with terror, for she thought her beloved pet must be trodden under the horse's hoofs. As she was about to shut her eyes, because she could no longer bear to watch, Mac ran out, barking loudly, as he often did when anything passed down the road. He ran to the side of the path, and then Ettie knew he had seen Fluff, for he stood still and left off barking. The next minute he had the kitten in his mouth, and had carried her safely out of harm's way. Ettie clapped her hands for relief and joy.

'O, dear, brave old Mac!' she cried.

'Then she called 'Mac! Mac!' and he came running in and laid Fluff down beside her.

Ettie did not know which to kiss first, Mac or Fluff! so she put one arm round each, and told Mac what a noble dog he was; and after she had given Fluff a good hug, she scolded her for running away in such a naughty manner.

Both dog and cat seemed to quite understand, for Mac looked very proud indeed, and Fluff never ran away again. —Edith Roberts, in the Northwest Christian Advocate.