

tablet, which she took from a bag on her arm.

After riding a few blocks she left the car, but she had not left the little ones comfortless. Half the bouquet of violets and hyacinths was clasped in the sister's hand, while the sick boy, with radiant face held in his hand a package, from which he helped himself now and then, saying to his sister in a jubilant whisper:

"She said we could eat 'em all, every one, when we got to the park. What made her so good and sweet to us?"

And the little girl whispered back: "It's 'cause she's beautiful as well as her clothes."

When the park was reached the five girls hurried out. Then the gentleman lifted the little boy in his arms and carried him out of the car across the road into the park, the sister, with a heart full of gratitude, following. He paid for a nice ride for them in the goat carriage; and treated them to oyster soup at the park restaurant.

At 2 o'clock sharp the next day the two gentlemen, as agreed, met again.

"This is my wife," the host said, proudly introducing the comely lady; "and this," as a young lady of fifteen entered the parlor, "is my daughter." "Ah," said the guest, as he extended his hand in cordial greeting, "this is the dear girl whom I saw yesterday in the street car. I don't wonder you call her a darling. She is a darling and no mistake. God bless her!"

And then he told his friend what he had seen and heard in the horse car.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Happy New Year! That is, what we are all saying to each other, and that is what the Children's Corner says to all its readers.

"Beginnings are so nice," a little girl once said with a sigh, as she was given a fresh piece of patchwork.

The beginning of a new year is especially nice; we wipe the slate clean and start on a fresh sum; and

we feel that if we only take pains we can surely get it right, even though we got the last one all wrong.

We are still in the Christmas season. The 1st of January is the feast of the Circumcision; when the child Jesus was eight days old. He was circumcised, according to the Jewish law. The great lesson of the circumcision is the lesson of obedience, obedience to the law of God and the law of man. It is the best lesson we can learn for the new year; and if we learn it well, it cannot fail to be a happy year.

THE KODAK.

John and his sister were sitting on the grass in the front yard, playing Jack stones. It seemed impossible for these two children to be together any length of time without having what their big sister named their "differences." Across the street stood a large hotel, always well filled during the summer months with people who came to enjoy the sweet country air, and tan themselves on the lakes until their faces look like mulattoes.

John looked up and saw a tall boy coming across the street. In his

hand he carried a curious-looking box. He coolly stepped over the low iron fence that surrounded the yard and seated himself on the grass a few feet from them. He did not seem inclined to talk, so the game proceeded the same as if he had not been there. Flora was tossing the jack-stones when John exclaimed:

"There! that's a miss."
"Well, it wasn't but a little one," said Flora, holding it away from his outstretched hand.

"A miss is a miss, big or little," said John, getting very much in earnest. "Come, hand it over. It's my turn."

But Flora only shook her head defiantly, and put her hand behind her.

"You're a cheat—that's what you are," exclaimed John, angrily.

At this Flora raised her hand and struck her brother on the arm. He resented it by making an ugly grimace at her.

Snap, snap, went the box in the strange boy's hand.

Both turned in wondering surprise.

"What makes that thing do that? What is it anyhow?" John demanded.

"I'll tell you to-morrow," said the tall boy, and stepping over the fence he walked quickly away.

"Queer chap, isn't he?" said John, looking after him uneasily.

Next day when they were playing in the yard they saw the tall boy again crossing the street, but this time he had some cards in his hands.

"Here, sis," said he, holding one toward Flora. She took it curiously, gazed at it in blank amazement, then her face flamed with shame and mortification.

There she was, photographed, her clenched fist raised, and in the act of striking her brother, while on her face was a most unbecoming expression of rage and revenge. Never before had she seen herself in a passion. Her mirror always reflected her face when in a complacent mood, which at such times was not uncommon. She had no idea it could become thus transformed.

John stood silently looking at it over her shoulder. The tall boy then handed the other card to John.

He would have laughed outright had it not been a photograph of himself. The deep frown and the distorted features were anything but pleasant to look upon. He felt deeply chagrined and humbled.

"You see, I took you yesterday when you were fighting," explained the boy, leaning against the fence. "You fight a great deal, don't you? I have tried several times to take you from my window across the street, but failed. Kodaks are getting to be quite common playthings now-a-days. We shall have to tidy up our manners, for there's no knowing when we are going to be photographed. I have a stack of pictures of people who little dream that I have photographed them in all their moods and tenses. It's a fine way to study human nature. You may keep those pictures," and so saying he walked away.

John and Flora looked at each other. The defeat was for both of them. "Say, Flora," said John at length, "let's not fight any more."

"I won't if you won't," answered Flora, who stood regarding her picture with decided ill-favour.

Ever after that day, when they felt that they were getting angry, the remembrance of a picture which the

sister had tacked up in each room caused them to change their tactics instantly.

NEATNESS IN GIRLS.

Neatness is a good thing for a girl; and if she does not learn it when she is young, she never will. It takes a great deal more neatness to make a girl look well than it does to make a boy look passable. Not because a boy to start with is better looking than a girl, but his clothes are of a different sort, not so many colors in them; and people don't expect a boy to look as pretty as a girl. A girl that is not nearly dressed is called a sloven, and no one likes to look at her. Her face may be pretty and her eyes bright; but if there is a spot of dirt on her cheek, find her fingers' ends are black with ink, and her shoes are not laced or buttoned, and her apron is dirty, and her collar is unbuttoned, and her skirt is torn, she cannot be liked.

LOOKING YOUNG.

As a rule, other things being equal, happy people keep the appearance of youth longer than others. Jane, although several years younger than her sister, looks really older, because of her different disposition. There are deep lines about the mouth and eyes which tell of a sharp temper, and suggest frequent scoldings. She is greatly offended when strangers address her as "the elder Miss Jones," or speak of having met her younger sister; she can-

not in the least understand how they could make such blunders. But it is plain enough to others.

The querulous spirit will leave its impress and when scolding and fault-finding become a habit, it is impossible to hide the fact. Powder and gaslight may conceal it for an hour, company manners may change the face for the time, but the smile will be forced and unnatural, and in a moment of forgetfulness the face will settle back into its every-day expression. If discontent rules in the home-life, it will leave its stamp wherever the face is carried. In the street-cars, or in the crowded stores, it will shine out, that all who look may see.

Of course ill-health, care, and sorrow too, leave their impress, but their traces are different. Let no one imagine that if he constantly gives way to outbursts of passion, is in fact a family tyrant, the world will not know it—aye, and the cold features after death will tell the story.

We have all noticed how "very natural" our loved ones look to us after death. Have we ever thought why? The reason is simply this: The muscles which holds the features in place, and which during life are brought into active play, retain after death their accustomed tension. Thus the old smile, the sweetness of expression, appear "natural."

Truly indeed is the face an index of character. If we would appear to the world pleasant and sweet, we must be what we seem, for the world is not deceived.

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