TRAINING TIME.

Supper is over, Now for the fun, This is the season Children must run. Father is reading, Says of those boys " Pray did you ever Hear such a noise?'

Riding on " mels" See, one's a squirrel. Climbing the door. There goes the baby Flat on his nose, Brother was trying, To tickle his toes.

Little he minds it, Though he would erv. Changed it to laughter, As Lyn galloped by. Order is nowhere. Fun is the rule, Think, they are schildren Just out of school.

Home is their palace, They are the kings, Let them be masters Of just a few things. Only one hour Out of all day, Give them full freedom. Join in their play.

Do not be crusty. Do not forget You like to manage-Sometimes do yet. Home will be sweeter, Till life is done, If you will give them One hour of fun.

## ROBBIE'S BET.

BY HENRIETTA H. HOLDICH.

"Robbie, I want you to go down town and get me a pint of milk. Here is the pitcher.'

Robbie Grav was trying to mend his little cart, which the baby had broken, when his mother spoke. He was very busy indeed, but he didn't grumble or little while.?" That wasn't Robbie's way. He just jumped up and said cheerfully:

"O yes, mamma! I'll go." Then he caught up his little cap in

one hand, and the pitcher in the other, and started off.

He was in a great hurry to get back to his cart, though, so as soon as he got out of the little brown gate he began to run. It was down-hill all the way, and his yellow curls streamed out behind pass. The Judge looked at him and smiled.

"I'll bet you a quarter you'll fall down and break that pitcher, little, boy," he said. "I'll bet you a quarter I won't,"

Robbie called back, as he ran on. Just at that minute-how did that stone got in the way?—whack went Robbie's head against the ground, his striped legs flew up in the air, and the pitcher was six feet off, broken into a

thousand pieces! own handkerchief.

"Don't cry, little boy," he said. " It though.'

"I s'pose I oughtn't to have betted," thought poor Robbie, as he walked sadly home; "but I did, and now I've got debts. Papa always did, for mamma home with a light heart. has often told me so, and that was the about it, that's sure, or she'd go and though, for all that." pay it, and she has n't got any more

Robbie looked quite sad when he got broken pitcher that weighed upon his told her the story of the bet. worth twenty-five cents to any body but | made a proposition:

keep the black wolf, famine, from her he should be old enough to be taken into door; but, so far, she had done it; and, the Judge's affice. clothes at a less price than she could it to him.

afford to make them for. So it grew worse and worse, and Mrs. Grav's heart often failed as she found her earnings fell off and thought of the long, cold-Winter that was coming so fast.

Robbie knew all about it, and if he was not saddened by it, as his mother was, it was only because he was a child, with a child's light, carless heart. He did all he could to help though; took care of the baby and ran on errands and picked up chips, and every thing else that a boy six years old could do. But Robbie had money troubles of his own, now, you see, and he felt that his good name was at stake, the name that his father had borne so honestly before and heavy as he thought about it.

Robbie had one treasure, which he wore on a little silk cord around his neck. It was a little gold dollar, and Robbie had worn it for a year, because almost the last thing papa had done was to bore a hole in it and hang it around his little boy's neck, laughing as he did so, and saying:

"There, my boy, if you are not bigenough for pockets yet, you shall have a pocket-piece all the same.'

Then he had gone away to his work among the great, whirring machines in the factory, where he was overseer; and | it, when Cecil said: two hours afterward all that was left of Robbie's papa was brought home to his and I comed out with my knife to kill it widow and orphans.

Robbie never could forget that day and the gold piece was a sacred relic to him. He had never even thought, of it as money, until one day, when he was brooding over his troubles, an idea flashed into his mind. He did not stop to consult anybody, he was too much prize. afraid his courage would ooze out before he had done what he had to do. bit for dinner?" said he. 'God sent it, He just seized his little cap and trotted off, as fast as he could go, to Judge Graham's great white house, with tall elm-trees nodding before it, and the bitter-sweet vines, with their bright scarlet berries, clambering over it.

Judge Graham was rathered surprised to see a strange little boy usher. look black, or even say, "Can't I wait a ed into his library, and still more so when Robbie, stammering and frightened, but determined to go through with what he had undertaken, pulled the gold coin out of his boson, and fumbled with trembling little fingers at the knot.

"What is it, my boy?" said Judge Graham, kindly; and then Robbie's tongue was unloosed.

"O Judge Graham! I haven't forgotten my debt. I was afraid you'd think I had, but I didn't know how in him as his little striped legs flew over the world to pay it. I thought and the ground. Judge Graham, the rich- thought, and then I remembered papa's est and grandest man in the village, dollar, that he gave me the day he was was just crossing the street, and Rob- killed," and Robbie choked down a big I saw death before my eyes. But this medicine has bie had to wait a minute to let him sob. "I meant to keep it always, but raised me to the eujoym then I knew papa would rather I should a good appetite, am free from pain, sleep soundly, and am doing well. I have no fear of consumption be an honest man, like he was, and I sort of felt as if I was paying papa's money to keep his name the way he left it. And so, Judge Graham, if you " would " just take the money and give me the change," and Kobbie held out the dollar and looked up wistfully into in the Lungs, Nausea at the Stomach Inaction of the Bowels, and Wasting of the Muscles. the Judge's face, with his blue eyes.

The Judge had forgotten all about the bet, but, when he had drawn the whole story out of the little boy, a queer smile came over his face, and his eyes Judge Graham picked Robbie up, glistened suspiciously. He did not take wiped off the dirt and tears with his the dollar, but he laid his hand upon the boy, s head as he said:

" My dear child, I can not take your hurt pretty badly, didn't it? Be a man | money. I did not seriously mean to make a bet with you; it was only a "I won't cry for the hurt," said Rob- careless form of words which I never bie, struggling bravely with his tears; would have used had I supposed you "but I don't know how I'm ever going | would take it seriously. Keep your father's money, my boy, and keep your The Judgethought Robbie meant the own fine sense of honor. If you go on pitcher, but Robbie was talking about as you have begun, you will do henor to your father's name, and make your mother's heart light."

Robbie didn't quite know what he meant, for he didn't think he had done to pay. Honest men always pay their any thing remarkable, but he went

"The little rogue!" laughed the reason people always thought so much Judge, to himself, as Robbie went out. of him, if he was poor. Every body re- "To think of his proposing to pay a spected him, mamma says, and she tells gambling debt to me, a magistrate! me to be like him; and I can't unless I A nice time it would give me if the pay my debts. I must n't tell mamma story got out! He is a brave boy,

That night the little brown house on than enough for her and baby and me the hill had a new visitor; no other quired, in price from than Judge Graham himself.

"You have a noble little son, madam," Mamma thought it was the he said to Robbie's mother; and he

mind, and tried to comfort him, but "A boy with such a high sense of Robbie was turning over plans in his honor, even though in this case it was a little curly head. He could n't think mistaken one, deserves to be looked of anything he could do that would be after," added the Judge, and then he

his mamma, and she could n't afford to His wife was an invalid, and they lived alone in their great house on the Life was a pretty hard affair in the hill. Mrs. Graham had often spoken little brown house on the hill. Robbie's of engaging a housekeeper, but had papa had died only a year before, leav- never yet found one that suited her. ing his widow scarcely any thing but an Now the Judge proposed that Robbie's honest name and the cottage in which mamma should take the position, proshe lived, a tiny, four-roomed affair, mising her a good salary, and also ofbut her own. She had to work hard to fering to send Robbie to school until

if they did not live luxuriously nor Of course, Mrs. Gray was only too dress richly, at least they were neat and glad to accept so good an offer; aud so comfortable. But now times began to peace and plenty and prosperity came growlaharder. Some of the widow's to mamma and Robbie and baby, all best customers moved away; others because a little boy tried to keep his found that they could buy ready-made name clear and pure as his father left

## CECIL'S "WABBIT."

'I'm so hungry, mamma!' pleaded sick little Jennie, raising her head from her pillow.

'Yes, darling, I'll bake some nice cornoread,' said her mother, 'and there are a few potatoes I saved for you. I will bake them, and you shall have as good a dinner as I can get for you.'

So saying, the mother made preparations for their noonday meal.

'I don't like Kansas one bit," said Jennie, pettishly. 'It's grasshoppers, grasshoppers, nothing but grasshoppers! and we can't eat the ugly, long-legged things! him; and poor Robbie's heart grew sad I wish God would send some quails to us, as he did to the Jews." Little Cecil, the youngest child of the

> family, was standing by the window, flattening his nose against the glass. 'There's a wabbit. God 's sent a wab-

bit!' he said. 'I'll go and kill him for you!' and, seizing a case-knife, he rushed out of the house to kill the "wabbit" for

He had gone but a little way, when he met a man with a gun.

The man saw the rabbit, shot it, and, taking it up, was about to walk away with

'That's my wabbit, mister. I seed it,

for my dinner."

'Did you?' said the man. 'Did you ever kill a rabbit?'

' No, sir, I never did before.'

The man smiled, gave Cecil the rabbit, and he returned to the house with his

' Mother, will you please cook this waband I killed it; but that man out there helped me a little bit.'-Mary Montreal, in the Companion.

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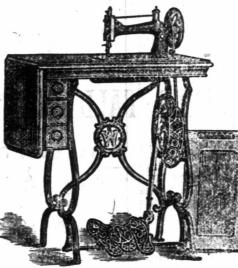
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