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his soft, scuffling me across the hall. ttiest sights we res his sitting in the stone outside the by side with the

er-Hedgehog, out He earned his very honestly, for seen in the garden s with us, and we s pretty trust and 'did his job," and

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we looked on him as part of the household. But perhaps it was wrong of him not to go to sleep throughout the winter; perhaps he missed a mother's care; perhaps—— But we shall never know what was amiss. All we know is that one sad day Master Hedgehog was seen lying in the sunshine, and we knew that he was ill, for he never came out by day as a rule. We offered him his saucer of milk, and he tried to take it. We called him with the usual call, and he stirred and moved his funny little

fellow was lying dead. He was a gentleman among animals; he gave us gentleness and good manners, and an honest return for his board and lodging, and his short life of eight months will not quickly be forgotten.

sharp-nosed head. But he was sick

unto death really, and before an hour

was over the friendly, confiding little

OUR GREAT-AUNT ANN.

Marian Warner Wildman.

Our great-aunt Ann is at our home, She's kind as she can be. She brought my brother Dick a comb.

And a needlebook to me. She says the little boys she knows Are always trim and neat; They don't forget to brush their

clothes And wipe their muddy feet. The little girls she knows can sew Almost like women grown;

There's one of them-why, do you know.

She's pieced a quilt, alone! Once, when it snowed all nice and

Just splendid for our sled, But Dick had measles and must keep All snuggled up in bed,

Our great-aunt Ann told how she knew

A boy that had to stay Indoors a whole year, maybe two, And not go out to play!

And when we had our Christmas tree And such a lot of toys,

She said she wished that we could see Some little girls and boys

She knew, who had no gifts at all, Because the times were hard; Or maybe just a rubber ball

Or picture postal card! Oh, dear! Sometimes our great-aunt Ann

Is jolly and makes jokes; I really don't see how she can, And know such wretched folks! It makes us feel so sad and sick

To hear her tell how she Knows boys so much worse off than

And girls worse off than me! 8 8 8

THE WILD STRAWBERRY SHORT-CAKE.

By Ruby Holmes Martyn.

Katie lifted her head and mother tied the blue sunbonnet strings snugly under her chin.

"You're going to make the short-

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cake while I'm gone just the same as you did yesterday, aren't you, mother?" asked Katie.

"Yes. And we'll have a lovely fat cake for supper," declared mother as she hooked the screen door on the inside after Katie had gone out.

The basket which Katie carried in her hand held more than a quart, and she ran across the field until she came to the pasture bars. It was easy enough to lie down and roll under those, and then Katie was right where the wild strawberries grew so plentifully in the short pasture grass.

Yesterday she had come here with the same basket, meaning to fill it full so they could have a wild strawberry short-cake for supper. But the berries smelled so good that Katie picked first one and then another and put them in her mouth, and she kept right on putting so many there that the basket didn't get full at all.

After awhile she had heard mother calling to her, and then when Katie had looked in the basket she was so ashamed of the few little berries in it that she turned them out on the ground and ran home.

And when Katie got home she found something which made her still more ashamed than the poor berries in the bottom of the basket had done. She found that mother had the cake all made and was waiting to hull the wild strawberries and put them between the

layers. It made Katie feel very sorry that her basket was not full when she saw how mother had trusted her.

"I thought every minute I'd begin filling the basket," she said.

But there was not time before supper to go back to the pasture and pick the berries, so mother had managed with a few cultivated ones she had in the ice-box, and said Katie might try again some other day.

So this afternoon Katie had come to the pasture again. The berries smelled just as tempting as they did yesterday, but she did not put a single one of them in her mouth.

Mother came and unhooked the screen door when Katie called. She took the basket and set it on the kitchen table.

"Those are splendid ones!" said

"I didn't eat a single berry!" declared Katie.

"It is a good way, dear, to work busily when the time is to work, and play with all your heart when your time is to play. Now, while you're washing the stain from your fingers, I'm going to hull a saucer of these berries for you to eat right off, and there's a bit of whipped cream in the ice-box to put on them, and a plate of warm cookies!"

"I guess I'm hungry!" laughed Katie. "And there isn't anything better than strawberries and cream and cookies!"

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Weak, worn-out nerves keep one in a constant state of irritability and excitement. The eyes are sensitive to light, and every noise jars on the overwrought nerves.

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