



THE SICK LAMB.

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Here is a sad case, indeed. The little girl's pet lamb has lost its appetite, and something must certainly be very much amiss with it, when such an alarming symptom as that appears. But the little nurse will no doubt manage the cure successfully. Don't you think, at any rate, she is in a fair way of coaxing the sulky appetite of the little creature into active service again?

PAUL IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

Once there was a little boy who all summer long had been very anxious to camp out over night. Behind his mother's house was a large garden—as large as a whole city block—and at the far end of it was a little knoll or hill, with rocks cropping out. It was behind this hill that little Paul wished to camp, for from there the house would be out of sight and it would be “just like truly camping.” So his mother gave him a large old crumb-cloth for a tent, a pair of blankets and a sofa-cushion for a bed; a tin pail full of bread, cold meat, hard-boiled eggs, and some gingerbread and apples for his breakfast; also a bottle of milk, a tin cup, a wooden plate, and a small package of pepper and salt. She then gave him some cotton to

put in his ears—to keep out little bugs and things.

She had the hired man help drive the stakes and fasten the crumb-cloth over them. The hired man of his own accord brought from the barn a large bundle of hay to spread under the blankets, so as to make a comfortable bed. By twilight everything was ready, and Paul kissed his mother, his aunt and his big sister good-bye, and shouldering his cross-bow, marched away to the “Rocky Mountains,” as he called the little knoll.

He pinned back the doors of his tent with big catch-pins, and then sat down on the ground. Everything was very still, but the bright tin pail and the bottle of milk looked very comfortable in the soap-box cupboard; the brave cross-bow, with its pin-pointed arrows, promised safety; while the blankets, sofa-cushion and the soft hay were all that any reasonable camper could ask for.

But it was so dreadfully still! Not even the smallest baby-breeze was stirring; through a hole in the crumb-cloth shone a star, and the star made out-doors seem stiller yet. Paul unbuttoned one shoe and then the other and sat for a while listening. Then, suddenly kicking off his shoes, he scrambled under the blankets and lay quite still. He was a very small boy, and somehow camping out wasn't delightful in every way.

It was nearly half-past eight. Mamma was knitting, the aunt was sewing, and the big sister was standing on the dictionary rehearsing her elocution exercise. Nobody but mamma heard the back hall door open and the tiny feet go stealing upstairs. When the elocution lesson was over, mamma said she must go and find the mate to the stocking she was knitting.

So she went up-stairs; but before looking for the stocking, she went into Paul's room. There in the starlight, she saw the

brown curly head cuddled into its customary pillows. She was a good and faithful mamma, and so she did not laugh—out loud. She stooped over the half-hidden head and whispered, “Were you lonesome, dear?” and Paul whispered back, “Kind of lonesome—and I heard something swallowing very close to my head. And so I came in. And—you won't tell, will you, mamma?”

Faithful mamma didn't “tell”—not until long afterward, when Paul had grown to be so old and big that he went “truly camping” far away to the Rocky Mountains.

And what was the “swallowing” that Paul heard so close to his head? I think it must have been an imaginary noise. Don't you?

THE DROPPED STITCH.

Grandmother sat in her easy chair,
Knitting a little girl's stocking;
And she didn't know that she dropped a
stitch,
While she sat there knitting and rock-
ing.

But by and by, when the stocking was
worn,
There appeared a great hole in the knee
of it,
Which grew till the little girl found to
her shame,
The hole was all people could see of it.

A little girl went to school one time,
But to study she didn't feel willing;
So she sat and played without thinking
then
Of how much time she was killing.

But when she at last to womanhood grew,
She found too late to her sorrow,
That the lessons unlearned were the
stitches she'd dropped,
And no mending time could she borrow.

So, now, little friends, you'd better take
heed
And improve every hour with its
niches,
For life is too short for you to make up
For any lost time or dropped stitches.

FRETTERS.

A little girl who was a fretter had been visiting me. She fretted when it rained, and she fretted when the sun shone. She fretted when little girls came to see her, and she fretted when they did not. It is dreadful to be a fretter. I have lately come across a short rule for fretters: Never fret about what you cannot help, because it will not do you any good. Never fret about what you can help, because if you can help it do so.