

once, and her countless posterity have felt the fearful consequences resulting from so rash an act. Reader, remember, *once—Times of Refreshing.*

A DAUGHTER WORTH HAVING.

Two gentlemen, friends who had been parted for years, met in a crowded city street. The one who lived in the city was on his way to meet a pressing business engagement. After a few expressions of delight, he said :

"Well, I'm off. I'm sorry, but it can't be helped. I will look for you to-morrow at dinner. Remember, two o'clock sharp. I want you to see my wife and child."

"Only one child?" asked the other.

"Only one," came the answer, tenderly; "a daughter. But she's a darling."

And then they parted, the stranger in the city getting into a street-car for the park. After a block or two a group of five girls entered the car; they all evidently belonged to families of wealth; they conversed well. Each carried a very elaborately decorated lunch-basket; each was well dressed. They, too, were going to the park for a picnic. They seemed happy and amiable until the car again stopped, this time letting in a pale-faced girl of about eleven and a sick boy of four. These children were shabbily dressed, and on their faces were looks of distress. They, too, were on their way to the park. The gentleman thought so; so did the group of girls, for he heard one of them say with a look of disdain :

"I suppose those ragamuffins are on an excursion too."

"I shouldn't want to leave home if I had to look like that: would you?" This to another girl.

"No, indeed! But there is no accounting for tastes. I think there ought to be a special line of cars for the lower classes."

All this was spoken in a low tone, but the gentleman heard it. Had the child, too? He glanced at the pale face, and saw tears. He was angry. Just then the exclamation, "Why, there is Nettie!"

Wonder where she is going?" caused him to look out upon the corner, where a sweet-faced young girl stood beckoning to the car-driver. When she entered the car she was warmly greeted by the five, and they made room for her beside them. They were profuse in exclamations and questions.

"Where are you going?" asked one.

"O, what lovely flowers! Who are they for?" asked another.

"I'm on my way to Belle Clark's. She is sick, you know, and the flowers are for her."

She answered both questions at once, and then glancing toward the door of the car, saw the pale girl looking wistfully at her. She smiled at the child with a tender look beaming from her beautiful eyes, and then, forgetting she wore a velvet skirt and costly jacket, and that her shapely hands were covered with well-fitted gloves, she left her seat and crossed over to the little one. She laid one hand on the boy's thin cheeks as she asked of his sister :

"This little boy is sick, is he not?" and "he is your brother, I am sure."

It seemed hard for the girl to answer, but finally she said :

"Yes, miss; he is sick. Freddie never has been well. Yes, miss, he is my brother. We're going to the park to see if 'twont make Freddie better."

"I am glad you are going," the young girl replied in a low voice, meant for no one's ears except those of the child. "I think it would do him good: it's lovely there, with the spring flowers all in bloom. But where is your lunch? You ought to have a lunch after so long a ride."

Over the girl's face came a flush.

"Yes, miss, we ought to, for Freddie's sake; but, you see, we didn't have any lunch to bring. Tim—he's our brother—he saved these pennies so as Freddie could ride to the park and back. I guess, mebbe, Freddie'll forget about being hungry when he gets to the park."

There were tears in the lovely girl's eyes as she listened: and very soon she