

For Girls and Boys.

HOW MABEL LEARNED A LESSON.

BY MARY L. DICKINSON.

"I can't help feeling vexed at myself, mother. I almost knew Auntie wouldn't like it. She's rich and has everything pretty, and it was very silly of me to stitch and stitch, just to send her a present. I've learned a lesson, anyway," and Mabel dashed away some angry tears.

"Hush, my child; that lesson of ill-temper is not the one for you to learn. Just because Auntie wrote to me and did not mention your gift, you have no right to think her unkind. She has always been good to you."

"Yes, I know it; always sending me clothes and things, just, as I suppose, she sends them to beggars or children in a mission-school."

"Well, Mabel, I am not surprised that you are disappointed, for you did deny yourself in order to send that gift—"

"Yes, I scrimped and saved and wore my old gloves," interrupted Mabel.

"And you did work very hard to embroider the table-cover,"

"Yes; and now she don't think it's worth a civil thank you."

"But you did not do it for thanks. I thought you did it to show you loved her and appreciated all her kindness to us all. Remember, brother could never have gone to college but for his aunt."

"Yes, mother, I did do it for love," said Mabel, slightly softened. "and often when I worked at it I was very happy, and it was so pretty, those lovely apple blossoms on the green. But I don't care—I don't care at all. She has taught me a lesson."

"I am sure you are all wrong, my daughter, and very unjust to your aunt. I can't understand why she has taken no notice of your gift; but I think we shall have to leave all that. We haven't anything to do with the way she receives it, only with the spirit in which you gave it. That was a spirit of love. Don't spoil it all now by bringing in a spirit of anger and pride."

Mabel dropped her eyes, already a little ashamed of her outbreak, and turned back to the lesson she had been studying when her mother came in with the letter from her auntie. The day was fine, and her brother Alfred was at home for a short vacation, and hardly had she fixed her attention again upon her book when his whistle under the window called her.

"Hallo, sister; we are off to the skating pond, Bob and Tom and myself. Don't you want to go?"

"No, Fred, I don't care to go."

"Oh, yes, do come. It will be fun; the first skating of the season."

Now, if there was any sport in the world that Mabel loved it was skating, and above all things, to skate with brother Fred. But her old skates were too small, and she remembered with bitterness that the money that would have bought new ones had been put into the present for her rich and ungrateful aunt. But she drove back the angry tears; she would not have Fred see her cry, and only shook her head at him.

"Better come. No? Well if you won't, just get my gloves out of the pocket of my overcoat and toss them out of the window."

Mabel ran across the hall to Alfred's room, felt in the pocket for the gloves, and drew forth with them a letter in her aunt's handwriting, and addressed to Fred. She took it along.

"Fred, Fred; here's a letter from Auntie. You didn't tell me you had one."

"No, I didn't, and I don't want you to read it. It's only for me."

Quick as a flash she threw out the gloves, and the letter too, and shut the window with a bang.

"Whew!" said Alfred, "What's the matter with the girl?" and after a whistle or two, to which she did not respond, away he went to the pond.

Poor Mabel! Here was another blow! Aunt Kate could write to mother and to Fred, but not a word for her. She felt like a martyr, and for some time, I am ashamed to say, she frowned and sulked: but by and by better thoughts began to creep in, and she began to feel the silent rebuke in her dear mother's troubled face. Dear, patient mother, who took all her poverty so sweetly, and father, who went on preaching, Sunday after Sunday, a gospel of kindness and love to people who only half paid him, and were far enough from being lovable and kind.

By and by, under the influence of these thoughts, she grew ashamed of herself, and when once her mother, passing through the room, just laid her hand gently on Mabel's head, she broke out:

"Mother, I'm just the meanest girl! and I have got just what I deserved! I expected to be praised and made much of, and I've got instead just what I deserved," and she gave her mother a hug.

"Well, then, we ought to be satisfied, darling; for usually we all get so much better than we deserve. So it's all right, and we are happy again."

"O, here you are," broke in Fred, just back from the pond, and bringing in with him a rush of fresh air. "Run away, won't you, sister? I want to consult mother, and it's something about Aunt Kate."

Here it was again. Everybody else's Aunt Kate, and she left out, but suddenly she recollected herself, and rising briskly, put her hands playfully to her ears and ran out of the room. But before she reached the door Fred caught her.

"Stop, stop, Belle, it's a shame to tease you. That letter in my pocket enclosed this one for you, only Aunt Kate said to wait to give it till I had had time to talk with father and mother. She wants you to come and spend the winter with her and go to school, and she thought perhaps that mother could manage things so that I could take you before I have to go back to college, and stay and have a little visit myself. And she has sent a cheque for the journey, and said not to wait to get you ready, for she would get all you needed after you came to New York. So what do you think of that, little Belle?" and he gave her a whirl round the floor. "I think it's the jolliest kind of a plan," he added when he stopped to take breath. "But read your letter. Perhaps she has changed her mind and don't want you, after all," and he ended by pinching her cheek.

"My Little Apple Blossom."—so the letter read—Your lovely gift—that made me think of the days when I was a little country girl, and playing with your dear mother on the grass in the orchard, gathering pink and white apple-blossoms—makes me feel that it is time I had you, when you are young and like the flowers, in my own rather lonely home. I have written my plan to the family. See if you would like to come and brighten the house for your Auntie, who values the loving work of her sister's child more than she could the costliest gift. Try to persuade your dear mother to come with you, and stay till you are all settled and feel at home with your loving Aunt,
KATE CRAWFORD.

"And was your letter all about this, mamma?" asked Mabel, with happy eyes.

"No, dear; it was an invitation to be ready to come and visit her, if she found she could send for me."

"And will you go?"

"Yes, dear. Do you want to go, too?"

"Want to go! I? Well, I should think I did! But O, mother, mother, haven't I learned a lesson?"—*American Reformer.*

THE DUDE AND THE INDIAN.

It is easy to decide which of the two young men was the gentleman, in the following story from an exchange:

"On a Fort Wayne train approaching Chicago there was a short-statured, straight-haired, copper-colored Indian, going back to the reservation after a trip to the Indian school at Carlisle, Pa. He wore a nice suit of clothes which fitted him badly, and a paper collar without any necktie. He attended strictly to his own business, and was unmolested until a young sprig came into the smoking car from the sleeper. 'An Indian, I guess,' said the young chap, as he lighted a cigarette. And then, approaching the son of the plains, he attracted general attention by slouting with strange gestures: 'Ugh, heap big Injun! Omaha? Sioux? Pawnee? See great father? Have drink firewater? Warm Injun's blood!'"

"The copper-colored savage gazed at the young man a moment, with an ill-concealed expression of contempt on his face, and then he said, with good pronunciation: 'You must have been reading some dime novels, sir. I am going back to my people in Montana, after spending three years in the East at school. I advise you to do the same thing. No. I do not drink whiskey. Where I live gentlemen do not carry whiskey flasks in their pockets.'

"The cigarette was not smoked out, and, amid a general laugh, a much cres fallen young man retired to the sleeping coach."—*Presbyterian.*