

when I took it up it didn't shake at all.'

'Maybe it's too full to shake,' said Clyde.

'No, it isn't; for the last time I lifted it the box was real heavy, an' now it's as light as light. It will be too bad if somebody has stealed your money, when you was saving it for a new baseball and bat.'

Clyde was so busy pushing the lawn-mower that he only had time to answer, 'Well, I'll see about it.'

That afternoon Elsie was out again admiring lilies when she saw her brother with something in his hand. 'Grandma told me to bring this out to you,' and he handed her a long white box.

'A box for me? Why, it isn't my birthday.'

'It says "Elsie Lillian Grey," so I guess it's for you.'

With that Elsie lifted off the cover of the box, and the sheet of white paper tucked under it. 'Oh, oh!' and she gave a little cry of delight, for there lay a beautiful new doll, her flaxen hair curling about the pinkest of cheeks, and her white silk dress lace trimmed. 'Look, Clyde, will you?'

Clyde was already down on his knees looking at the doll, and now he asked, 'Is it as pretty as the old one?'

Elsie gave a little gasp. 'You bought her for me; and that's where the money in your bank went.'

'Well, you see,' explained Clyde, 'I was to blame for Rover spoiling your other one, though I never thought of his doing it, and then when you didn't get mad, why, I felt pretty mean. I'm glad if you like this.'

Elsie reached up and put her arms around his neck. 'She's a darling; and you're just the dearest brother in all the world; and it was all the lilies did it.'

Clyde didn't understand, but the lilies nodded as if they did.—'The Child's Hour.'

#### The Four Leaf Clover.

'One is for hope and one is for faith

And one is for love, you know,  
And God put another in for love,

If you search, you will find where  
they grow.'

—'Farming World.'

#### Rules For Dolls.

'A wooden headed doll should be careful not to hit her head against her mother's, lest she should hurt her.'

'A wax doll should avoid fire, if she wishes to preserve her complexion.'

'Often an old doll with a cracked head and a sweet smile is more beloved than a new doll with a sour face.'

'It is a bad plan for dolls to be stretched out upon the floor, so people may tread on them; and a doll that is trodden on is sure to go into a decline.'

Madge was reading these rules to her dolly, with a very sober face. Then she laughed.

'Dolly,' she said, 'it's funny; but I really believe these rules are more for me than they are for you.' —'Sunday School Advocate.'

#### A Little Runaway.

Ethel Royal ran away from home one day, and her mamma searched for her several squares up and down Third street before she found her. She had been playing all the time with Tottie. The innocence of the child subdued the mother's excitement of the lost lamb. But she was quite sensible of her duty to punish the child in some way, in order to improve the little one's sense of right and duty. She told her how God looked on her wicked act, and shut Ethel alone in the room. After a time the child was heard to pray aloud to God. In her trustful, confiding way she asked him to keep her from running away, and had the sweet faith that he would do it because she had asked him to do it. When her mother asked her, 'What about it, Ethel?' she answered:

'I think now you can let me out, mamma, for God's going to keep me from running away.'

But she ran away again in a day or two afterward. Her mamma asked her:

'Why did you run away again, Ethel? You asked God to keep you from running away.'

'Don't know why he didn't do it—I asked him,' she said. She looked her mamma, child-like, in the eyes, and kissed her with art-

less love. But her mamma had no arm around her.

'But, Ethel, when you ask God to help you, you must do a little something to help, too. He expects you to help him keep you at home.'

Then her mamma shut her up alone again, and the child prayed God to keep her from running away. When her mother asked her whether she could give her liberty again, Ethel said:

'Yes; now I'll be good, and God will keep me; and I will help him this time.'

She never ran away again.—'S.S. Messenger.'

#### The Aged Dandelions.

One day when Susie was in the park with her mother she saw a man with very white hair.

'Why is his hair so white?' she asked.

'He has had a great deal of trouble, poor man,' answered her mother, for she knew the gentleman well. 'That may have something to do with it.'

Susie did not say anything, but looked very serious for a few moments. Then she left her mother, who seated herself on a bench to read, and ran to play with some little friends. It was a beautiful warm spring day, and the grass was covered with dandelions. Susie and her friends had great fun picking them and making long chains with the stems. She thought they were very beautiful, and picked a large bunch, which she carried home.

A few days after she was again in the park with her mother, and was surprised to see that most of the beautiful dandelions had turned white. She picked one or two and carried them to her mother.

'Is it because they have had a great deal of trouble that their heads have turned white?' she asked.

Her mother laughed, and kissing, the grave little face turned up to hers, said she did not know.—'Ram's Horn.'

THAT small things make the great things

Is true as true can be;

'Tis just a lot of little drops

That make the great blue sea!