

SUNBEAM

Vol. XXV.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 17, 1904

No. 19.

DOING AND UNDOING.

"Now we have paid Eddy back for being so mean to us," said little Emily; but she did not look very happy.

"He'll be just awful mad!" said Margaret.

"I don't care," said Emily. "He teased us like everything, and we've paid him back." "Em-i-ly! Margaret!" they heard their mother calling, and ran to find her.

"Eddy looked for you to say good-bye, little sisters, but he couldn't find you. Were you hiding?"

"Yes, mother," said Emily. "Eddy teased us, and we wouldn't tell him good-bye."

"Oh, you mustn't mind a little teasing," said the mother. "Eddy loves his little sisters dearly, and he left word that you might have his white rooster and the two white hens for your own. Won't that be nice? Now you'll have two eggs a day to sell to the cook, or you can set your hens and have a whole lot of little chickens."

Mother expected her little girls to dance for joy, but instead of that they stood and looked at one another most dolefully.

"Bless my heart!" said mother, suddenly. "What is the matter with your hands, and what are those black spots on your dress?"

Mothers have to be told things when they ask; so the two little girls explained, after a good dealing of hanging back, that they had been mad at Eddy for teasing

them, and that they had taken the ink-bottle off the study table and splashed the ink on his white chickens.

"And some on ourselves," added Margaret, mournfully; and then both little

girls cut and shut the door, and it really sounded as if she were laughing; but that could not be.

Mother did laugh, though, the next time she saw her little girls; for they had the "poor white chickens" in the nursery bathtub, trying to get them white again. The chickens nearly died from that bath, and it did not make them white, either.

Mother managed to stop laughing long enough to preach Emily and Margaret a little sermon about how easy it is to do things when you are mad that you can't undo when you are pleased again.



SPLICING A ROPE.

ASLEEP UPON THE TRACK.

A story comes from the Pennsylvania coal region of how a drunken miner wandered away and fell asleep upon the railroad track. His eight-year-old daughter found him there and tried to drag him away, but he was too heavy. As the child bent over him she heard the ringing of the rails that tells of a coming train. She had seen the express pass her home every day, and knew what it meant for her father. She pulled frantically at his coat, calling to him with tears and sobs that the train was coming and he would be killed, but the man did not wake. A red bandana handkerchief peeping from her father's pocket gave her an idea. She had seen trainmen stop a train by waving a red flag. Holding

girls began to weep and wail.

"I wish I hadn't spoiled the pretty chickens," sobbed Emily.

"I wish I hadn't been mad wif Eddy," wailed Margaret.

When they looked up, mother had gone