



A CHINESE STREET BARBER.

Here is a very earnest-looking fellow. He seems to mean business and to be waiting earnestly for his next customer. I dare say the customer will not be long in coming, for in China, I am told, the street barbers drive a most thriving trade. For, do you see, the Chinese are a great people to have their heads shaved. Why, some of the men go almost every day to the barber to have their crowns closely scraped.

This barber seems to be pretty well fixed up, only that stool of his must be rather an uncomfortable seat without any back. And there is a glass too, very conspicuously displayed. I dare say that is for the dandies. But then other people besides the dandies like to see themselves in a glass. I believe that it is that way in civilized America as well as heathen China. What do you think about it?

HOW MARION GOT READY.

BY E. P. A.

"What was all that noise I heard in the hall, Marion? I thought the cars must have run away from the conductor and broken into our house.

"Oh, that was just me and Frank and Benoir, playing war, mother, didn't we make a great row, though?"

"Yes; war is a sort of out-door game, don't you think?"

"But it's raining out of doors, and you see I was in a hurry to practise."

"What was your hurry?" laughed his mother.

"Why," said this big-eared little pitcher,

"I heard papa read out of the paper that we might have to fight Chili, and I want to get ready to help."

"Poor Chili!" said papa, laying down his paper, and looking with laughing eyes at his three volunteers. "But, Marion, let's think about this thing of getting ready. Who was the biggest general this country ever had?"

"George Washington," answered the play soldier, loyal to his "History of the United States."

"Well, now, how do you think he got ready to be a hero? Not by drilling in a uniform or shooting at a mark, but by taking care of his mother, studying his lessons in engineering, and being a good boy generally."

The little warriors trooped out to the hall again to make some more noise, and papa and Frank and Benoir forgot this little talk, but Marion did not.

Friday night he brought home his weekly card, showing him to stand first in all his classes except one. "Good

for you," cried the delighted father; "I wish it was the other one too."

"I'll get head in that one next week," said the boy resolutely. "Do you think I'm getting ready, father?"

"Ready?" asked his father.

"For the war with Chili, you know."

"Oh, for the war. Yes, my boy, you are getting ready to be a hero in the biggest fight there is; but not with spunky little Chili. We call it the Rattle of Life."

HOW TWO BOYS SHOWED THEY WERE SORRY.

BY DAISY RHODES CAMPBELL.

It was Saturday, and Max and Don were hard at work in their shop in the attic. Three weeks before, their father had given them a box of tools—not toy ones, but of fine steel, like carpenters' tools. Then their mother gave them the attic room for their shop.

"What makes you look so solemn, Max?" asked Don at last.

"It's about Jean," said Max. "Mother feels so badly about our teasing her so much. I just told her I was sorry, but she says we say that every time and then turn right around and tease Jean again. She thinks we don't love her a bit."

"But we do," said Don; "she's the best sister to us. She's nicer than any other boy's sister I know. She'd give us anything."

"Yes, but we do treat her worse than we would any other girl," Max went on. "We must do something. I'd like to buy

her a new doll, but we haven't enough money for that, even between us."

"Oh!" said Don, with a bright idea, "we can make her a house for her dolls anyway. I know father would help us make both it and the furniture——"

"After we finish our boat. We must sail it next Saturday," Don said quickly. "And we haven't even made the sails yet. Mother cut them out for us last week, but we've never finished them. And then there's the rigging not half done, and then the boat has to be painted, and the name put on in big letters. We have lots to do, and——"

"No, we're going to work for Jean, this very day," Max said decidedly. "The boat will have to wait."

It is another Saturday and the boys are finishing their work. The house is done; their mother made curtains for the windows, and their father showed them how to make furniture. Right after tea Jean will be shown her new present. The boys' hands are sore and black and blue in spots, their boat is not done yet, but they feel very happy.

"I know what she'll say," said Don excitedly: "she'll open her big brown eyes and say, 'Oh, oh, I'm so exprised!'"

And that is just what Jean did say, only she added, "You're the best brothers a girl ever had." And that made the boys feel quite ashamed.

A ROOM FULL OF SPARKS.

Gussie and Fan and little Sam had a most beautiful playhouse built in the yard, and furnished with toys enough for a world's fair. It was such a fine place that visitors came to Rose Glen just to see it. Perhaps you think these three little people were always to be found there? No; I looked there for them yesterday, but the playhouse was empty: the dolls stood in lonely silence against the wall, except those that were lying flat on their faces; the hobby-horse stood still in his stall, the cooking-stove was cold and black. At last I found them on the gardener's bench, delighted with what they had found to play with. It was an old newspaper, torn across the middle!

Gussie, who did not know A from Z, was reading the news aloud. "Once there was a little girl," I heard her say, "and every time she opened her mouth, a whole lot of sparks flew out and burnt people up."

"Where did they come from?" questioned Sam, never doubting the truth of the story.

"From her ugly temper," said I, coming up behind so softly that Fan tumbled off the bench with surprise. "When a little girl gets angry and says cross things, they are just like sparks,—sure to burn somebody."

That newspaper reading proved a useful one. After that, when my little people began to quarrel, I would cry out, "Oh, the room's getting full of sparks!" and you would be surprised to see how quiet they would all get to be.