



BABY'S FIRST RIDE.

## TWO SIDES.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

In their nest of twigs three young storks lay;

Tired of waiting and hungry were they;

Their bills snapped with delight

When Dame Stork came in sight

With a treasure picked up on her way—

With a fine, fat young frog,

Just fished out of the bog.

But the frog was not happy that day.

At play on the carpet baby sat,

Rosy, mischievous, dimpled and fat;

When puss ventured too near,

One hand seized a soft ear,

And then, finding the other, pulled that.

Next, he pinched the long tail,

Till poor puss raised a wail.

Fun for the baby, but not for the cat!

What's sport for one may not be for two,

So here's a hint for me and for you,

To take care that our gain

Is not somebody's pain.

For all the world round this rule holds true,

That if what we call fun

Will hurt some other one,

Why, then, it isn't the thing to do.

## "MY TURN FIRST!"

"Oh, isn't it high!" cried Fred.

"I'll be afraid to get up there," said Alice, with a little shiver of curiosity.

"Even if you fell, it wouldn't hurt you, because the grass is nice and soft," said little David, which made the other children laugh.

They were all standing under a big maple tree on the lawn, looking up with eager eyes at the swing which Uncle Harry was making for them. The rope was fresh and strong, and the board for the seat was a nice new one, and Uncle Harry was tying the knots so tight up there among the branches that there was no danger of their slipping. When every-

thing was ready, and Uncle Harry had come down safely to the ground, the children were ready to begin the fun right away; but the difficulty was that each one wanted to be first—Fred because he was the oldest, and David because he was the smallest, and Alice because she was the only girl.

It was Uncle Harry who found a way of arranging the matter. "Here is the one who has the first turn!" he cried, going to the

gate and opening it to admit a ragged little boy of Fred's size, who had been silently and wistfully watching the group for some time.

The new comer was at first shy and bashful, but his cheeks flushed with pleasure when Uncle Harry placed him in the swing, and gave him a strong starting push. Back and forth went the swing, and the poor boy's teeth flashed and his eyes sparkled as the breezes swept past him, while all the other children forgot their little disagreements and laughed, too.

Uncle Harry's kind deed had chased all the selfishness away, and there was no more trouble after that. When the boy was helped down, little David's turn came, and then Fred gave way to his sister; and finally he clambered into the seat, and Uncle Harry swung him higher and longer than any of the others, because he had waited until the last.

## NOT SO STUPID AFTER ALL.

It was Saturday afternoon, and one of those dismal rainy days that come so often in November. Mother thought the children ought not to go out, so they had spent nearly all the afternoon in the library making scrap-books for the Children's Hospital.

"I wish I was an English girl," sighed little Alice.

"Why?" asked Norman.

"'Cause then maybe I could have a dear little donkey to ride," she answered, looking at a picture she had just cut from a paper. "What do you suppose this donkey is doing, mother?" she asked, turning the picture so the others could see.

"Why, he's opening that gate, isn't he?" said Norman.

"Yes, I think that is what he is trying to do," answered Mrs. Blakely. "I remember reading a story, too, that just fits that picture. It was about a farmer who had several horses and one donkey. He said the donkey was always the ringleader in any piece of mischief. Once he fas-

tened the horses in a field next to one where there was a fine crop of oats, but as they could not jump over the gate, the oats were safe.

"But the donkey managed to get into the oat field, and then he went straight to the gate and pulled and tugged with his teeth at the pin in the ring until he got it out. The gate swung open, and the delighted horses trotted gaily into the field.

"When the farmer saw the horses galloping about and trampling down his oats, he could not imagine how they had gotten in; he supposed some mischievous boy had been playing a trick on him. He never thought of the little donkey; but when the same thing happened three times running, he decided to catch the tricky person, whoever he might be.

"So early one morning he went out and watched, and you can imagine his surprise when he saw the donkey walk up to the gate and pull out the pin while the horses stood looking on, ready to trot in as soon as the gate swung open."

"Well," said Norman, "I always thought donkeys were stupid, but I don't see anything stupid about that little fellow."

## ALEC AND HIS PETS.

Alec Fite had two pets; one was his donkey, Stonewall Jackson, and the other was his dog, Maceo. Alec bought this dog for a dollar and a half from a boy on the street. He was an intelligent creature, and he and Alec became fast friends. Stonewall Jackson, Maceo, and Alec were inseparable; and as Maceo was the last to join the firm, he had to be trained. One of the tricks he was taught was to ride on Stonewall Jackson's back. It takes a great deal of patience to teach a dog tricks; and when the dog is full of mischief, as was the case with Maceo, it takes more than usual.

Alec kept at it, day by day, until he had taught Maceo many tricks not usual in dogs. Stonewall Jackson would stand still for a while; but when he got tired, off he would trot, leaving Alec to run after him, and sending Maceo flying to the ground. It would all end in a great frolic, in which Alec, Maceo, and Stonewall Jackson would join. But the next day the lesson would have to be gone over again, for Alec was determined to make something of Maceo. He finally succeeded, and the three gave no end of amusement to all who came to the house.

## SUNSHINE MAKING.

Put a bit of sunshine in the day;

Others need its cheer and so do you,—  
Need it most when outer sky's dull gray  
Leaves the sunshine-making yours to do.

Give the day a streak of rosy dawn;

Give it, too, a touch of highest noon;  
Make the ones about you wonder why  
Sunset crimson should appear so soon.