

"O dear!" sighed the fox "if I were only a little younger, what a rare supper I could make off this young thing. But I can't catch her."

Then an idea struck him. "Hend! hend! hend!" said he in a loud voice.

The hare was startled and looked round.

"Sweet miss," said the fox coaxingly, "I'm old and feeble and I can't fetch my supper; will you get it for me?"

"O yes," said the hare, who was a giddy, thoughtless thing, but very goodnatured. "What would you like? Some fresh, dewy clover."

"Dear me, no," said the fox; "that would not suit me at all."

"O, it is delicious!" said the hare; "But what would you like?"

"Just walk into my house," answered the fox; and I will show you the sort of things I like."

Now his den was strewn all over with the bones of rabbits and ducks and pheasants and chickens.

"Wait a minute," said the hare, "till I finish this turnip top." Then she skipped gaily up to the fox, "Now, I'm ready," said she.

And so was the fox. He just gave her backbone one nip and she was as dead as dead could be.

Do not listen to the fine words of strangers, whoever they may be. And do not choose your friends until you know something about them.

SUNDAY EVENING.

The evening shades are gathering,  
And daylight fades anon.  
The Sunday sweet and restful  
Is well-nigh spent and gone.

Have I its moments wasted,  
Or have I gained a store  
Of precious thoughts and blessings  
To cheer me more and more?

Is there a deed recorded  
In God's own book above?  
Have I one soul made thankful  
"By any act of love?"

Or have the precious moments  
Passed on without a trace  
Of earnest thought and purpose  
To grow in faith and grace?

A LEAF FROM MABEL'S LIFE.

It was plain to be seen that something was amiss with my little friend when she took her seat at the lunch-table, for she usually enters her home with a beaming face and bringing with her a fresh breeze from her glad school life.

This day, however, she looked so grieved that it was evident that the lump in her throat made eating out of the question, even before she pushed away her plate, saying, with a sob in her voice:

"I—I can't eat any dinner."

"Why, child, you must, or you'll be sick!" urged grandma, whose sight was so dim that she did guess that her one grandchild was too sore at heart to care for food.

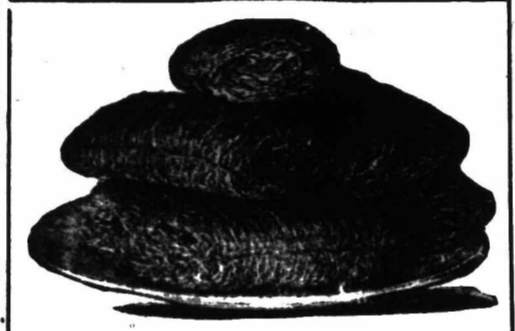
"I can't, grandma, when I feel so—so bad!"

Mabel could control herself no longer; and sobbed as if her heart would break, until her feelings had vent, and then, after much urging, she brokenly told how she had to go home from school all alone,

"Cause not one of my chums would speak to me."

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When Mabel had unburdened her heart to some extent, her wise mother questioned her as to the cause of the trouble, and learned that her impulsive child had brought it on herself by telling her teacher that her best loved playmate had whispered.  
"I didn't mean to be a tell-tale, mamma, truly," sobbed the child,

Teacher looked straight at me when she asked who whispered when her back was turned, and I up and said, "fore I thought. Then Hazel was so mad she began making up faces at me; an' then, at recess, she set all the other girls against me so that not one of them would walk home this noon with me."

Here the child, who is usually the favorite among the little folks, cried again as if quiet heart-broken, saying, between her sobs:

"I can't go to school this afternoon! You know Hazel always calls for me—an'an' it would break my heart to go all alone; and then, nobody will speak to me when I get there, either!"

"But you must, dear," said the mother. "You lose so much time on account of sickness, that it is not best for you to remain at home just because it is trying for you to go alone."

Then, bathing the swollen eyes, and smoothing the tangled curls, the loving mother said:

"Now be a brave child, and start right off for school."

Mabel made an effort to do as she was told, and cried plaintively:

"I can't go all alone!"

Drawing her child to her the mother asked:

"Can you repeat the Golden Text of last Sunday?" and very brokenly came the answer:

"Jesus Christ—the same—yesterday—to-day—and forever."

"That means, dearie, that you have a Friend who never changes. Yesterday Hazel seemed to love you better than any of her playmates, but to-day will have nothing to do with you. You will find it this way all through life, darling; your friends of to-day will turn the cold shoulder to-morrow; but I want my little girl to always remember that Jesus never changes. He loved you

yesterday, he loves you to-day, and you may count on his love as long as you live. So cheer up, and go to school, happy in the thought that Jesus is close beside you, dearie."

"Yes, I know, mamma," said Mabel, with a smile, "but it isn't like having hold of the hand of some one you can see."

Then, kissing her, the mother gave these parting words: "Keep up good courage, and ask Jesus to make you sweet and loving even if the others are unkind to you."

A few hours later Mabel bounded into the room, with radiant face saying:

A FEW FACTS

About the New Catarrh Cure.

The new Catarrh Cure is a new departure in so called catarrh cures because it actually cures, and is not simply a temporary relief. The new Catarrh Cure is not a salve, ointment, powder nor liquid, but a pleasant tasting tablet containing the best specifics for catarrh in a concentrated, convenient form.

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