

She opened the box, and Molly saw the contents — tablets about the size of a peppermint lozenge, clear, and of a lovely deep red. They did not look as though they would taste bad.

'Take one,' said Aunt Frances. 'My prescription would include one at bedtime. So you might as well begin the treatment right away.'

Molly obeyed. The temper tablet was sweet and tasted of winter-green.

'Don't try to bite it,' cautioned the prescribing physician. 'Let it dissolve in your mouth. And now, Niceums,' she continued, 'when you feel a quarrel coming on, I want you to take one of these tablets. Don't crush it with your teeth — just let it melt in your mouth. And be careful not to speak until it is all gone. Do you fully understand the directions?'

Molly nodded solemnly. The responsibility of being a 'first case' rather awed her.

'Will you treat Mabel, too?' she asked.

'It won't be necessary,' said Aunt Frances, gravely, 'if you take the tablets as I prescribe. And, if I were you, I wouldn't tell everybody I was being treated.'

The next morning Molly started for school with a temper tablet neatly wrapped in tinfoil in her small pocket. That day passed peacefully. So did several others; and Molly had all but forgotten that she was being treated, when, suddenly, one Saturday afternoon, she felt a quarrel coming up. Mabel had made a dress for her doll. Molly didn't think it fitted very well, and said so. Mabel answered tartly that she guessed Molly couldn't do as well; and Molly had just opened her mouth to say something peppery, when she remembered the temper tablets.

Hastily laying her beloved Florimonda Isabelle face down on the floor, she ran out of the room. The temper tablet was at the very bottom of her pocket; but she picked it out, unwrapped the tinfoil and popped it into her mouth. The rosy bit of sweetness tasted very nice; and she went back to her doll, feeling better already.

'Thought you'd gone home mad,' remarked Mabel, with her small nose in the air.

Never a word from Molly.

'I didn't care if you had,' added Mabel with a sniff.

Molly rolled the temper tablet under her tongue, but answered nothing at all.

'Well, you needn't talk if you don't want to,' snapped Mabel; and she gave her entire attention to putting the new dress upon its owner, Evelyn Kathryn Olivia.

Little by little the temper tablet dissolved in Molly's mouth; and, strange to say, her anger melted with it. It was worn to wafer thinness; and Molly was wondering just what she should say when the 'treatment' was over, when she heard a faint sound of music far down the street.

'O Mabel!' she cried, excitedly, 'there's a grind-organ; and maybe there's a monkey! Let's go and see!'

'Oh, let's!' exclaimed Mabel, jumping up eagerly; and a moment later Florimonda Isabelle and Evelyn Kathryn Olivia were left to be company for each other, while their respective mothers raced hand-in-hand down the street in search of the probable 'grind-organ' and the possible monkey.

That night Molly told Aunt Frances the whole story and that young lady listened with genuine professional pleasure. Her first case was doing remarkably well, she said; and the patient was advised to continue the use of the invaluable temper tablets in all similar emergencies. Molly followed the prescription faithfully, and before spring both she and Mabel were completely cured.

After a while Molly discovered the reason why the temper tablets had such a soothing effect in the first stages of a quarrel. I wonder if you have guessed it, too.—Ida Reed Smith, in the 'Advance.'

Rosa Bonheur.

There are few of our mercy folk who have not seen some of Rosa Bonheur's wonderful pictures of animals. One great picture, entitled 'The Horse Fair,' when exhibited in America, brought twelve thousand pounds; the artist received two thousand pounds, and it was worth the money. Rosa Bonheur had a royal pet, a splendid lion called 'Nero,' who loved her for her gentle kindness. She had occasion to leave Paris and so sent him to the Paris Zoo, expecting he would be well cared for. After two years' travelling, she returned and went to see her old pet, but to her great

grief she found him very sick and quite blind. He was lying all alone in a corner when his mistress said 'Nero.'

Up sprang the poor forlorn fellow, and with a great roar of welcome he dashed himself so eagerly against the cage, to greet his beloved mistress, that he fell nearly stunned. Rosa Bonheur took her faithful friend home again, and cared for him till he died.

Mr. Claretie gives an account of Nero's death. When the big lion died in the arms of the painter, at the foot of the staircase, his tongue, rough as a rasp, feebly licked, and the huge claws closely held, the kind hands of her he loved, through the death agony, these last caresses seeming to say, 'Do not abandon me!' Thus love rules the hearts of even the fiercest creatures.—'Band of Mercy,' (Sydney).

Some Good.

(Mrs. A. R. Perham, in 'Good Cheer.')

When I see what so many are doing for God.

With their five or ten talents or more,
I feel, as I think of their blessed reward,

More useless than ever before.
Still, if but one talent to me has been given,

I never will hide it away,
But use it for Jesus; it may do some good

To somebody, somewhere, some day.

While many have dollars which they can bestow

In hundreds or thousands for God,
I will not complain, but be glad it is so,

And joy in the work for the Lord.

But if only dimes unto me have been given,

With pleasure I'll give them away.

If Jesus will bless them, they may do some good

To somebody, somewhere, some day.

While many are bringing their sheaves one by one,

To lay at the dear Master's feet,
Receiving with pleasure the plaudit, 'Well done,'

In accents so tender and sweet,
Though I may not gather the sheaves of ripe grain,

I'll scatter some seed by the way,
If Jesus will bless it, it may do some good

To somebody, somewhere, some day.