

"Go right to your room, my young man, and don't let me set eyes on you again until supper time!" his mother commanded. This the young man proceeded to do with so much alacrity that he knocked over a fancy flower pot and broke it into little pieces that scattered over the floor.

"Oh, my goodness, my goodness!" cried his distracted mother, and she boxed his ears soundly, while Phyllis ran to rescue the plant, turning reproachful eyes upon poor Jack who stood with red ears, staring miserably at the mischief he had done. If he had been a girl he might have defended himself, but being a boy he only scowled at his mother and sister and sullenly walked off, muttering under his breath:

"It isn't my fault. I didn't mean to break it. Nor I didn't mean to break that Fowlers' window nor stay away late nor nothing. Can't help it!"

It was practically the same thing with him the next day, and the next, and so on. He was always late for his meals, he never could be found when he was wanted and there was no use trying to keep him indoors for any length of time.

"I will send him away next year to a good strict boarding-school where he will get some hard discipline," said his father one evening as they sat talking over the manifold shortcomings of the Pariah, but the mother's heart melted towards her boy.

He is really a good little fellow at heart, John," she said. "He is so affectionate in spite of everything."

"That may be true," answered the father, "but he needs taming down a bit, and nothing but good discipline will do that. I love him almost as much as you do, but it will be for his own sake that I will do it."

"Yes, perhaps that is so," answered the mother hesitatingly, and Phyllis chimed in:

"Really Jack is awful. I saw him coming out of the Brown's back yard to-day. They would get mad at him running in there, if they knew it." (Oh, Phyllis, what are you becoming!)

As the little girl crept up to bed that night her brother called to her in a stage whisper:

"Philly, come here a minute, won't you?"

"What is it?" she asked impatiently.

"I've got a secret I want to tell you."

"Oh, well you'd better go to sleep now and tell it to me to-morrow. Mamma doesn't like us talking and staying up