

What Kitty Missed.

"I'm going to read to my dollies, as papa does," said Kitty.

So she got her dolls, and placed them in a row against the wall.

Near by she stood the pussy cat that was made of cotton flannel and stuffed with bran; and the donkey who could move his head up and down, but was hollow inside.

Kitty took up the paper and began to read. It was a wonderful story about a little girl who had a pair of red shoes, who went out to walk and got into the mud; but the story was hardly finished when she heard her mamma calling: "Come upstairs, Kitty; I wish to see you."

But Kitty went on reading, as though she did not hear. Then her mamma called again: "Come upstairs, Kitty, I wish to see you."

And the little girl answered: "I'm reading a story to my dollies."

Then once more she heard her mamma call: "Come upstairs, Kitty; I wish to see you."

But the little girl would not move. She waited a long time. Then, when she was tired of playing with her dolls, she threw aside her paper and went slowly upstairs.

"Do you want me, mamma?" she asked.

"I did want you, but it is too late now."

"What did you want me for, mamma?"

"I wanted to dress you in your new dress, so you could go out walking with Aunt Carrie. She wanted to take you down the street to see the man who had the performing bear, and then she wished to take you to get some ice-cream."

"Oh!" cried Kitty, dancing for joy; "I'm glad! I like that!"

"It's too late now," answered mamma; "Aunt Carrie has gone. I called my little girl three times, and she answered, but did not come. So she has lost the treat Aunt Carrie wanted to give her, and must stay at home. Besides, Kitty has done wrong; she has not obeyed her mamma."

After that Kitty was more careful, and when she heard her mamma call, she obeyed. As she grew older, she learned that to obey her mamma is the very best way to show true love for her; and that any other kind of love is only "make-believe," and not real love.—Sunshine.

Will weary hours never leave the earth?

O doubting heart!

The stormy clouds on high

Veil the same sunny sky

That soon (for spring is nigh!)

Shall make the summer into golden mirth.

—Adelaide Procter.

Place not thy amendment only in increasing thy devotion, but in bettering thy life.—Fuller.

Old Age the Happiest Period.

That old age, after a well spent life, is the best and happiest period of human existence, is the conviction of a well-known man who has himself already lived beyond the allotted span. "To me," he writes, "old age has come in such a pleasant guise that I have no cause to quarrel with it."

"If peace may be called happiness—and I think it may—then the last years of one's life are the sweetest, for then comes the tranquil period. The blood has cooled, love has become purified, ambition is no longer insatiate; there is no longer the hot rebellion against fate."

"In youth we feel there is so much to be done. Love, ambition, fame, wealth, all seem to beckon to us and we rush madly in pursuit of them, but with old age comes the sense of well-earned rest; the veteran of life's wars has found peace, and knows how to appreciate and enjoy it."

"He has reached the time for reflection and for intellectual pleasures. If he has resources within himself he may now enjoy them to the fullest extent."

"It is very true, as was said long ago, that old age is the consummation of life. All men wish to attain it, and yet they complain of it when they have attained it. Of course every time of life has its own peculiar pleasures, but old age fewer desires."

"I can conceive of no greater blessing than to live to a ripe old age, surrounded by those we love, and looking back on the panorama of life as at something pleasing passing before us on the stage, while we are merely interested spectators. And then comes what has been called the happiest end of life. 'When the mind and other senses being unimpaired the same nature which put it together takes asunder her own work.'"

Character in Photographs.

Even at a glance we may see the qualities of a person in a photograph. Not by formation of feature, but by the pose and expression.

When the mouth looks unnatural, there is something of conceit in the nature of the person photographed. There is a forced, stern expression, too, and a supernaturally energetic look in the eyes. Conceited persons rarely have a pleasant, peaceful expression when photographed.

Those people who are to be failures in life have a look of patient suffering, which gives one the idea that the man at the camera has expended much time in trying to take a good photograph of his subject.

The easy, natural, modest expression shows the best character. It is alike in persons of great attainments and those of small ones. When the expression suggests that the sitter has been taken "just to oblige the photographer," you have the person who finds life interesting.

Sport That Kills.

When Turgenieff was a boy of ten his father took him out one day bird shooting. As they tramped across the brown stubble a golden pheasant rose with a whirr from the ground at his feet, and with the joy of a sportsman, he raised his gun and fired, wild with excitement, when the creature fell fluttering at his side. Life was ebbing fast, but the instinct of the mother was stronger than death itself, and with a feeble flutter of her wings the mother bird reached the nest where her young brood were huddled, unconscious of danger. Then, with such a look of pleading and reproach that his heart stood still at the ruin he had wrought (and never to his dying day did he forget the feeling of guilt that came to him in that moment) the little brown head toppled over, and only the dead body of the mother shielded her nestlings.

"Father, father!" he cried, "what have I done?" as he turned his horror-stricken face to his father. But not to his father's eye had this little tragedy been enacted, and he said: "Well done, my son; that was well done for your first shot. You will soon be a fine sportsman."

"Never, father; never again shall I destroy any living creature. If that is sport I will have none of it. Life is more beautiful to me than death, and since I cannot give life, I will not take it."

Something for Girls to Do.

Turn down the front side of the printed paper cover of a pin-book so that the entire cover can be laid down smooth and even; then place it flat on a piece of writing paper, and with a lead pencil draw a line round the cover of the pin-book, making an outline on the writing paper the exact size and shape of the cover.

Cut out this pattern, and, with strong paste, fasten it on the cover of the pin-book. When dry, encase the pin-book in bright colored silk by covering both sides with the silk, which must be neatly over-handed together along the edges. Turn the front side back in place, and pierce two holes through both book and cover; then run a silken cord through the openings, and tie it in a bow on the front of the pin-book. Next thread another piece of silken cord through the top of the cover, to form a loop by which to hang up the wall pin cushion. Fringe out the ends of the cord, and wind silk thread around the cord where the fringe begins to form the tiny tassels.

Hammer a little brass-headed nail into the wall of your bed room, or wherever you wish the pin cushion to go, and hang it up by the loop.

Rats do not like chloride of lime and avoid places where it is placed.