

can do all this, it is probable that he has enough education to make his way in the world.

THE TWIN'S COMPLAINT.

My sister's Louisa Maria,
And I am Maria Louise
And you couldn't tell one from the other—

We're as like as a couple of peas!

Our eyes are the same, and our dimples,

And so are our noses and hair;
Exactly alike are our dresses
And everything else that we wear.

I'm dreadfully fond of Louisa,
And it's nice for a do'l to be twins
If your girl-mother knows you from sister—

But there's where the trouble begins!

Why, only just yesterday morning
Louisa was naughty and cried,
And mother said she must be punished,
And I should go out for a ride;

But just as the carriage was ready
She bundled me into my bed,
And read me a lecture on manners,
And carried Louisa instead!

It was I had the blister the doctor
Prescribed when Louisa was ill,
And they smothered me, nearly, in blankets
To keep her from having a chill!

I shan't know myself, I am certain
If things keep on longer this way,
And my temper is getting quite ruined—
(I scolded Louisa to-day).

There's only one plan I can think of
To help it, and so I suppose
Though court-plaster's not at all pretty
I'd best put a patch on my nose.

It's hard, but I guess I shan't mind it
If only dear mamma sees
Which twin is Louisa Maria,
And which is Maria Louise.

—St. Nicholas.

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THE BOY NEXT DOOR.

The boy next door was walking in the back yard. Norton spied him, and ran across the room.

"I'm going to get acquainted with him," he told his mother, as he rushed by her.

The boy next door had moved in two days before, but this was the first time Norton had had a chance to be neighbourly.

In three minutes Norton was back in the house, his face dark and scowling.

"Nice boy he is!" was the indignant exclamation. "I climbed up on the fence and said 'Hullo!' and he threw up his hand and wriggled it, and then I said, 'Come on over and play!' and he never answered a single word! Guess I shall run after boys that won't speak to me!"

"Perhaps he is bashful," Mrs. Wilcox said. "I'd try again if I were you."

"Well," Norton replied, "perhaps he is. I didn't think of that."

In the afternoon Norton came by the house as the boy next door was going in. Norton said, "Hullo!" in a most friendly way; but at first the other did not notice him at all. Then he turned his head and waved a greeting.

"I thought he was going to be de-

scent this time," Norton afterward told his mother; "but he just stood there like a dunce wriggling his hand, and never answered a word when I asked him if he was going to my school. I never saw such an impolite boy. I'm not going to speak to him another time. I don't want to stand there and talk to him just to be grinned at"

"It is certainly very strange," Mrs. Wilcox said. "I don't understand it."

After that Norton always walked straight past the boy next door with his head held high.

"I'm not going to be snubbed by him," he told his mates.

Thus it went on for nearly a week. Then a neighbour came in to visit with Mrs. Wilcox. Norton was in the room.

"I called on Mrs. Mansfield yesterday," said the neighbour. "I think we shall all like her. And the boy, Jasper, is a sweet little fellow. You must get acquainted with him, Norton. It is a pity he is deaf and dumb, isn't it? Oh, didn't you know it?"

Yes, he cannot hear a sound. His mother thinks he may be taught to talk, but he is not strong enough to go away to school yet. He could hear as well as anybody when he was little, but just as he was beginning to talk he had this dreadful sickness, and it left him totally deaf. So that ended his talking. He is very lonely, having had to leave all his mates.

They lived away up at the north end of the city. His mother says she hopes he can get acquainted with the children around here, but, of course, they can't talk with him, and it makes it bad. He talks fast enough with his fingers. Dear me, how he makes them fly!"

Mrs. Wilcox turned to where Norton had been sitting, but he was not there. After the visitor had gone, his mother found him crying.

"To think I should have been so mean to him!" Norton sobbed.

"But you didn't know," his mother said soothingly.

Norton started up, and brushed away his tears.

"I'm going straight over to see him!" he cried.

From that hour the two were fast friends, and in time Norton learned to "wriggle" his fingers almost as fast as Jasper himself.

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