



AN OLD-TIME SCHOOL.

## WHAT LITTLE HANDS CAN DO.

BY E. H. T.

Dear little hands, so soft and small,  
That set with loving care  
Beside the little schoolhouse wall  
These saplings brown and bare;  
That plant them by the roadside, too,  
And all along the dusty way—  
What loving thoughts will follow you  
For what you do to-day!

The traveller in the burning heat  
Will thank the hands that made,  
Above the dry and sultry street,  
A green and pleasant shade.  
Beneath these maples and these oaks  
The children of a coming year  
Will dream about the little folks  
That set those old trees here.

The squirrel, chuckling all the way,  
Will frisk the branches through,  
The robin on the topmost spray  
Will sing a song of you;  
And all the tall and stately trees,  
Each gently bowing as it stands,  
Will murmur in the merry breeze,  
"Thanks to the little hands!"

## DOING AND UNDOING.

"Now we have paid Eddie back for being mean to us," said little Emily; but she did not look very happy.

"He'll be just awful mad!" said Margaret.  
"I don't care," said Emily. "He teased us like everything, and we've paid him back."  
"Emily! Margaret!" they heard their mother calling, and ran to find her.

"Eddy looked for you to say good-bye, little sisters, but we couldn't find you. Were you hiding?"

"Yes, mother," said Emily. "Eddy teased us, and we wouldn't tell him good-bye."

"O, you mustn't mind a little teasing," said the mother. "Eddy loves his little sisters dearly, and he left word that you might have his white rooster and two white hens for your own. Won't that be nice? Now you'll have two eggs a day to sell to the cook, or you can set your hens and have a whole lot of little chickens."

Mother expected her two little girls to dance for joy, but, instead of that, they stood and looked at one another most dolefully.

"Bless my heart!" said mother, suddenly. "What is the matter with your hands, and what are those black spots on your dress?"

Mothers have to be told things when they ask; so the two little girls explained after a good deal of hanging back, that they had been mad at Eddy for teasing them, and that they had taken the ink-bottle off the study table and splashed the ink on his white chickens.

"And some on ourselves," added Margaret, mournfully; and then both little girls began to weep and wail.

"I wish I hadn't spoiled the pretty chickens," sobbed Emily.

"I wish I hadn't been mad with Eddy," wailed Margaret.

When they looked up, mother had gone out and shut the door, and it really sounded as if she were laughing; but that could not be.

Mother did laugh, though, the next time she saw her little girls; for they had the "poor white chickies" in the nursery bath-tub, trying to get them white again. The chickens nearly died from that bath, and it did not make them white either.

Mother managed to stop laughing long enough to preach Emily and Margaret a little sermon about how easy it is to do things when you are mad that you can't undo when you pleased again.

## DIDN'T PAY.

"Rollo, Rollo, Rollo! Come here, sir!"

Neil waited while the big dog came bounding to him. Then they ran off the terrace together, and leaped in and out of the watering trough. You see, there was no water in it, of course. Papa kept the plug in to keep back the water while the big trough "sweetened" in the sun.

What fun it was! though who would have thought so but a small boy and a big dog? In and out they hopped until they had to stop for breath. Then it was that mischief crept into Neil's brain. "I'll play a joke on Rollo," he thought. "He's dreadfully afraid of water."

He stole down the bank and pulled out the plug. When the trough was partly full, he called to Rollo again; but this time he took care to run down sidewise, just so the lilac bush hid the trough most of the way. And Neil didn't jump in this time—O no, indeed! Poor, unsuspecting Rollo did, though, and splashed out again, disgusted and dripping. He looked reproachfully at Neil and walked away; and not once again that day could Neil coax him to race and play.

"I can't trust you any more," Rollo's big, grieved eyes said, and his big tail spelled out the words one by one on the floor, in slow, solemn thumps: "I—can't—trust—you."

Dottie: "Mamma, I guess my dolly's mamma must have been a very unpius lady." Mamma: "Why so, Dot?" Dottie: "Why she made her so her knees won't bend, and I have to put her on her stummick to say her prayers."