

had been made cosy and comfortable, he began to speak. His first words surprised me.

'Fred,' he said, 'get my best tennis-ball and my new racket. Then fetch my bag of marbles and my yacht.'

I brought them, wonderingly, and could not help asking the question:

'Whatever do you want them for?'

He took up the things, and gave me a queer, shy look.

'I'll tell you afterwards,' he said,

them all, and keep them for my very own!

'Oh dear, Jack!' I said. 'Whatever for? You won't have anything left.'

'Never you mind that,' he answered. 'You must take them. I want you to—'

What was he blushing for, and why did he stammer so after the next words? I soon knew.

'I—I'm sorry,' he said, turning his face away. 'I—I didn't want

'Oh, Jack,' I said, softly, 'what a boy you are! I won't take these things, but I'll use them all the holiday-time. Will that do?'

Well, he said it would at last, and we settled it so. Then Fred came in and we told him all about it.

'That's splendid,' he said, in his quiet way. 'You'll write home to-night, Alys, and tell your mother what a jolly time you're going to have—all through Jack's sulks.'

'No,' answered Jack, blushing again. 'Not through my sulks, but through my conquering them. Isn't that it?'

We soon agreed upon that, and now they are going to help me to write the letter. It will be a very happy letter, and as my story ends here, I suppose I shall be able to call it a sequel. Mother will be glad to get it.

### Tommy and Bobby.

I knew two little boys who can never agree. At school, a morning seldom passes without cross words and angry looks between these silly little boys. Tommy pulls Bobby's hair, or Bobby steals Tommy's reading-book.

One day, Tommy was in such a bad temper that he gave Bobby a hard thump on the top of his curly head. Bobby went at once to his teacher, and said, angrily, 'That horrid boy has hit my head, and it hurts!'

Then the teacher was obliged to punish Tommy, and she did so by making him sit in a corner with a cap on, so that the whole class might see the naughty boy.

She would not let them sit together, or play with one another, for a whole month, and after that time they were much better friends.

It is wrong, as well as silly, when little boys quarrel, and fight, and say unkind things to each other. I hope Tommy and Bobby will become wiser as they grow older. Don't you?—A. C., in 'Our Little Dots.'

### Spelling Kittens.

A dear little girl,  
With her brain in a whirl,  
Was asked the word 'kitten' to spell.  
'K-double i-t—  
'T-e-n,' said she;  
And thought she had done very well.

'Has kitten two I's?'  
And the teacher's surprise  
With mirth and patience was blent.  
'My kitten has two,'  
Said Marjory Lou;  
And she looked as she felt—quite content.  
—'Ladies' Companion.'



'IT WAS ALL DONE IN A MOMENT.'

slowly. 'But I say, Fred, do you mind asking Alys to come here? I want, her.'

### CHAPTER III.

#### ALYS REED'S STORY.

It was so good of Jack. When Fred told me, I went in, and found that he had all his best things spread out on the table: his marbles, his tennis-ball and racket, and that lovely little yacht. And what do you think? He wanted me to take

you to come. I didn't want you at all—and all the same I might have been drowned but for you.'

That was the secret. He was sorry for his anger, and wanted to make up for it by giving me the things he valued most.

So it was all right now. There would be no more loneliness for me, no more fear of being in the way. We would have such times together.