

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

DOLLY.

PAPA brought home a big, square bundle one evening. Dolly didn't know what it could be. After supper the strings were untied and the paper carefully taken off.

First came brown paper, two or three pieces of it, and then a lot of soft white tissue paper, and then out came a funny looking thing made almost all of glass. Dolly first looked and looked, but she couldn't make it out a bit.

"Perhaps it's a glass wash tub," she said.

"No," said papa; "it's a little house for fish."

Then Dolly was worse off than ever. She did not see any fish, in the first place, which was certainly a very important thing. Just then Jack, Dolly's brother, came in with a tin pail in his hand.

Now, Dolly," said papa, "do you think you can keep your eyes shut while I count a hundred?"

"Mustn't I peep at ali?" said Dolly.

"No, not a single peep."

So Dolly went and covered her face with the soft sofa cushion, that she might not be tempted to look between her fingers. She heard some one pumping away in the kitchen and making so many noises that it was all she could do to keep her head down.

Papa was counting all the time, but after he got to eighty he went so very slow that Dolly thought she could have counted a hundred between every one. Then there came a great splashing for the last thing, and Dolly was told to look.

There stood the funny glass case all full of water, and in and out among waving green ferns, white shells and little moss-covered stones, fish were swimming—little fellows that looked as if they had some of Dolly's gold paper pasted all over them.

"That is a birthday present for mamma," papa said to Dolly, "but you can have one of them for your own."

So Dolly picked out one that looked a little more golden than the rest, and the way she was going to tell him was by a little black spot on the tip of his nose.

Dolly watched the fish till bed-time, and even then it was very hard work leaving.

But she said good-night to the fish with the spot on his nose and kissed her papa and mamma, and Jack too, and went off with Sarah without a murmur.

In the night Dolly awoke. Sarah was fast asleep, and the chamber lamp was burning low.

"I wonder," said Dolly to herself, "how that dear little fish of mine is getting along;" and the more she thought the more she wanted to know.

She sat up in bed. Yes, Sarah was sound asleep.

"Poor fishie! he must be real cold in that water. I guess I'll go and see."

So she crept out of bed, and, taking the lamp she went softly down stairs.

The hall was dark, and when she got to the door of the dining-room she came pretty near turning back. But there on the table stood the tank, and the fish were swimming about as lively as ever.

"Poor things!" said Dolly, "they're running about to keep themselves warm."

She got a chair and climbed on the table.

"I believe," she said "that if I could catch my fish I would take him to bed with me to keep him warm untill morning."

The little fish rushed about so that Dolly had to work a long time; but she finally caught him. The fish wiggled with all his might.

"There! I knew he must be cold," said Dolly; "just see how he shivers."

She took her lamp and went softly up-stairs again, holding the fish tight in one hand. Then she crept into bed and hugged him up close to get him warm, and pretty soon the fish didn't wiggle at all.

"Now he's comfortable," said Dolly as she went to sleep.

The next morning, when papa came in to kiss his little girl there was the fish, dead as could be, in Dolly's arms.

"Why Dolly," said papa, "how came the fish with the spot on his nose up here? Poor fellow, he's dead!"

"Oh, dear!" said Dolly; "I didn't take him out soon enough, and now he's froze to death!"

THE CHICKENS THAT WOULD NOT BE TAME.

IN a small village there lived an old woman who kept poultry. One day this old woman went to see a little girl, who had some chickens which were so tame that they would eat corn and crumbs out of her hand.

"That's nice," said the old woman; "I shall teach my chickens to do that."

So she went home and got some corn and some crumbs and went out into the yard and called the chickens, but they would not come to her. They were afraid of her, because she used to shout at them and throw sticks at them every time they came into the garden or near the house.

When she saw that her chickens would not eat out of her hand, this old woman was very angry, indeed.

"You bad chickens!" she said, "I'll catch you and make you eat out of my hand." So she ran after them and tried to catch them, but some ran one way and some another, and she could not lay hold of any of them.

The next day she went again to the house where the tame chickens were and this time she saw the little girl's mother and told her about the trouble she had and how her chickens would not let her come near them.

"I don't see why they are not nice, gentle chickens like those your little girl has," said the old woman.

"Well," said the little girl's mother, "perhaps they would be tame if you had always treated them as well as my little girl treats her chickens. She has been kind and gentle with them ever since they came out of their shells, and they have learned not to be at all afraid of her. But I think I have seen you throwing sticks at your chickens and chasing them about the yard. If you do that they cannot help being afraid of you and they will never come to you and eat out of your hand."

What the little girl's mother said was very true, and if any of you have birds or animals which you wish to tame, you must always

treat them so kindly that they will never have any reason to be afraid to come to you.—*St. Nicholas.*

THE BOY WHO DON'T CARE.

"MY son, you are wasting your time playing with that kitten. You ought to be studying your lesson. You'll get a black mark, if you don't study," said Mrs. Mason.

"I don't care," replied the boy.

"You ought to care, my dear," replied the lady with a smile.

"I don't care," said James.

"Don't care will ruin that child," said Mrs. Mason to herself. "I will teach him a lesson that he will not forget."

When noon arrived her idle boy rushed into the house shouting—

"Mother, I want my dinner."

"I don't care," replied Mrs. Mason. James was puzzled. His mother had never treated him so before. He was silent awhile, then he spoke again—

"Mother, I want something to eat!"

"I don't care," was the cool reply.

"But recess will be over, mother, and I shall starve if I don't get some dinner," urged James.

"I don't care."

This was too much for the poor boy to endure. He burst into tears. His mother said—

"My son, I want to make you feel the folly and sin of the habit you have of saying, 'I don't care.' Suppose I did not really care for you, what would you do for dinner, for clothing, for a nice home, for an education? I hope, therefore, you will cease saying, 'I don't care.'"

James had never looked on this evil habit in this light before. He promised to do better, and, after receiving a piece of pie went to school a wiser if not a better boy.—*Myrtle.*

DRUNKENNESS.

WHAT is it that saps the morals of youth, that kills the germ of generous ambition, that desolates the domestic hearth, that renders families fatherless, that digs dishonored graves?—*Drunkenness.*

What is it that makes a man shunned by the relatives who loved him, contemned by the contemporaries who stripped him, reviled by the very wretches who betrayed him?—*Drunkenness.*

What is it that fills our asylums with lunatics, our ponds and rivers with suicides, our jails with thieves and murderers, our streets with vice?—The same destructive habit. But he who by precept, whether oral or written, shall succeed in rendering drunkenness detestable, and make sobriety an inviolable virtue throughout the land, shall confer on society a boon beyond all price.

ADAM broke the first link of the chain, and thereafter all mankind fell from GOD.

FRUGALITY is good, if liberality be joined with it. The first is leaving off superfluous expenses, the last is bestowing them to the benefit of others that need. The first without the last begets covetousness; the last without the first begets prodigality.—*W. Penn.*