

# LITTLE FOLKS

## The Quarrel Cure.

Nine days out of ten there were no better friends in the block than Molly and Mabel. They lived side by side, went to the same school, read the same stories, and wanted their best hats trimmed just exactly alike, even to the number of white spots on the gray quills which made the blue felt sailor hats so very charming in the eyes of both. But on the tenth day — oh, dear, how everything was changed! Molly went to school on one side of the street, with never a glance across at Mabel, trudging disdainfully along on the other; and from breakfast to bedtime the day was out of joint for both. To be sure, the quarrels never lasted long, but they were serious matters while they did last.

In vain the mothers took counsel together. In vain they reasoned, each with her own particular little girl. Both Molly and Mabel protested that they loved each other and never meant to quarrel; but still the quarrels would come and make both miserable. And they arose over such trifling things! After the 'making-up' the two friends never could see 'how they came to quarrel over a little thing like that!'

So things went on until Molly's Aunt Frances came to spend the winter with her sister. Now Aunt Frances was Molly's ideal of everything a young lady should be. So it was no wonder that her niece sung her praises morning, noon and night. Neither was it any wonder that Mabel, who had a young lady aunt of her own, grew tired of so often hearing the same strain, and on the fatal tenth day, chanced to remark that, while Molly's Aunt Frances was very nice, in her opinion, her own Aunt Angie was nicer. This was the thin end of the wedge of dispute; but half an hour later Molly rushed into the house, declaring that she would never speak to Mabel Bye again so long as she lived — 'so there!' The wedge had been driven deep, and friendship was split wide open.

Aunt Frances listened to the tale of Mabel's presuming to think anyone nicer than she with a perfectly grave face, though her blue eyes were dancing merrily. When the story was ended she said soothingly:

'I wouldn't mind it so much, Mol-

ly. I'm sure I don't mind if Mabel likes her own auntie best. But I'm sorry you two should have quarrelled about me. I didn't come all the way from Texas to Minnesota to cause a coldness between friends, and I shall feel dreadfully if you and Mabel never speak to each other again.'

'Well,' said Molly, hesitating between her disposition to "stay mad" and her desire to please Aunt Frances, 'I s'pose I could speak to her — just to 'blige you; but I'm quite sure I shall never like her so well any more.'

But when Mabel's kitten ran away that afternoon, and all the children in the block were looking for it Molly could not help but look too. And when she found it in the coal-bin, it had fallen through the cellar window—of course she had to carry it home. Mabel was so delighted that she hugged both her and the kitten, and the quarrel was over then and there.

That night, after dinner, Aunt

Frances called Molly to her and showed her a small pink box with a druggist's label on the outside.

'Molly,' said she, 'look here! What do you suppose I've got in this box?'

'Not medicine?' questioned Molly, who, having lately recovered from a slight illness, looked with suspicion on boxes of that particular sort.

'Medicine, sure enough,' responded Aunt Frances, cheerfully. 'You shall be my first case. Molly, my dear, I will cure you; and my fame will spread through the length and breadth of the land.' (I forgot to tell that Aunt Frances was studying to be a doctor.)

'But I am not sick any more,' protested Molly, drawing away from the box before she could be asked to take a dose of whatever was in it.

'Oh, certainly not, but I want you to try the quarrel cure, dear. See! These are temper tablets of the very best make.'

