

A LETTER-CARRIER.

One day Frank's father came out and said, "Get on, chicks, and I will give you a ride." So they both fixed themselves on the sled, — Frank in front, and Grace holding on behind. Oh! then how rosy their faces were as they glided over the ice and snow, shouting to their mammas to look!

But, alas! by some sudden jerk poor Frank was thrown off; and, as he jumped up, a little red stream was running from his little pug nose. He cried lustily; and, with papa's handkerchief held to his face, he was taken into the house by mamma, who saw the accident from the window, and rushed to the rescue.

Two or three days after this, Frank was on a visit to his cousins; when one of them, a girl twelve years old, said to him, "Come, Frank, *I* will give you a *nice* ride on the sled." — "No," said Frank, "I will not ride." — "*Why* not?" Etta said. "Oh, do!" — "No," answered Frank: "if my *father* would tip me off, so would *you*." And, though he runs and walks on the ice, he cannot be induced to sit on a sled again.

GRACE'S MAMMA.



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FIDO is a little black-and-tan dog owned by a friend of mine in Worcester. He is not usually fond of people out of his owner's family; but he has taken a great liking to a gentleman who lives near, and often goes to see him.

When this gentleman wants to send a message to any one at my friend's house, he writes a note, ties it around Fido's neck, and tells him to go home.

Home trots Fido, never stopping to play, and finds one of the family. When the note is taken, he seems to think he has done his duty, and barks and jumps as if very happy.

M. O. JOHNSON.