



CRYING FRANK.

FRANK was a fine little fellow ; but he was most undeniably a cry-baby. He would cry when he was washed, cry when he was dressed, and cry for this, that, or the other thing, many times a day.

How to cure him of this habit, his parents did not know ; for neither kindness nor severity seemed to do him any good. When his mamma was obliged to go out of town for the summer, she hardly knew how to manage. She could not leave Frank behind ; and she felt very unwilling to take him with her to disturb a strange household. At last she engaged board in a quiet country-place, with a family who had no small children either to tease or be teased.

Frank got through the journey very well, and when he reached his new home was too tired to entertain the