

CRYING FRANK.

ing habit was so strong upon him, that he was soon at it again. The moment Poll heard him, she set up her cry too; and there would be such a dreadful racket, that even Frank would be tired of hearing it.

His mamma so often said to him, "Don't cry, Frank; let Poll cry," that the bird learned to say that. She would call out, "*Don't cry, Frank; let Poll cry:*" and then would come her dreadful, "*Oh, dear! oh, dear!*" always ending in a hearty laugh, and a call for a cracker, as if she were exhausted by her labor.

Poll soon learned to cry so exactly like Frank, that his mother could hardly tell the difference; and this made the crying boy so ashamed, that he would stop as suddenly as if he had lost his breath.

At last he got so tired of cutting his cry off short, that he thought he might as well not begin it at all; but, as a boy must have *some* amusement, he took up laughing instead, and he and Poll always kept on good terms about that.

He soon came to the conclusion, that it was much better to be laughing than crying; and when, at the end of three months, he returned to his city home, he did not take back with him his old habit.

He left that with Poll as a thank-offering for the good she had done him.

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