

boy mounted to the side of the bed and began spinning me on an old plate which his mother had brought from an old cupboard. And how I did spin! I fairly danced jigs all over that plate, jumped to the floor and ran about like a popinjay, at last tumbling over and lying on my side under the table. At these capers the little girl laughed and laughed till the tears filled her heaven-blue eyes. In fact, when the lady brought a tray of dainty food to her she could scarcely take time to eat, so absorbed was she in me and my antics.

After awhile the little girl's mother came home. She was delighted to see the lady and little boy there, and with tears in her eyes she thanked them for their many kindnesses to her little girl and herself, saying that she did not know how she should have got on without their assistance, seeing that her little daughter had been ill so long.

"Oh, mamma, just see!" cried the sick child. "I can spin the top as well as Johnny can. Just watch it!" And she turned my head between her thin, cold little fingers and set me off on the plate.

"Why didn't I think to get a top for her before?" exclaimed the mother, noting the animation in the child's face. "Why, it's worth more than all the medicine in the world. She will soon be well if that top keeps on spinning."

And you may better believe I kept on spinning. The children who had not cared to come in to sit with a sick comrade came trooping in now to watch the wonderful top and to nurse the pretty doll. Thus the merry companionship of little human beings as well as the performances of myself and the presence of the doll wrought a miraculous change in the sick child. Day by day she grew stronger and would leave her bed to sit on a big fur rug (brought by the lady and little boy) and spin me by the hour. Other toys seemed to have no interest for her. I was her constant companion. I learned to spin on my head and also on my side, just to make her laugh, for I knew that laughter would cure her more quickly than anything else. So there we were, the greatest chums in the world, I cutting up antics and she laughing on to health.

So the weeks wore away, and with the advent of April my little lady was often able to go in the carriage of the good lady and little boy for a drive in the park. But she never went without me, for, as she said one day to the boy, through whose influence I had been given to her: "This little spinner has spun me on the road to health and happiness."

Well, all this occurred a long, long time ago, and my little lady has grown to be a woman now and is married and has a dear little son of her own. But she never has allowed him to play with me, for she declares that I saved her life and brought her a husband, too, for in very truth, that same little boy who took me to her grew up to love her, and when they had both arrived at the proper age they were married.

Now I have a place in a beautiful gilt and glass cabinet among bits of rare bric-a-brac worth their weight in gold; but among all this rare collection I am the one most prized, and proudly I stand in my beautiful case, leaning against a Sevres tray, with all the dignity of a

loved toy who had once been a "left-over" in a department store and who was sold as a five-cent bargain.

And so it was that I spun my way up in life by giving the best that was in me to the little sick girl who was in such desperate need of me.

And now, as I finish this story of my life, let me say that I am not a prisoner. Not at all; I am the favorite of the cabinet, and did I desire it I might be given to the little son of this happy household as a plaything; but I am old now, and, having been a busy top in my palmy days, I am happy to stay in this case of beautiful objects of art and rest in my declining years, enjoying the happiness about me.

#### Spring Flowers in Switzerland.

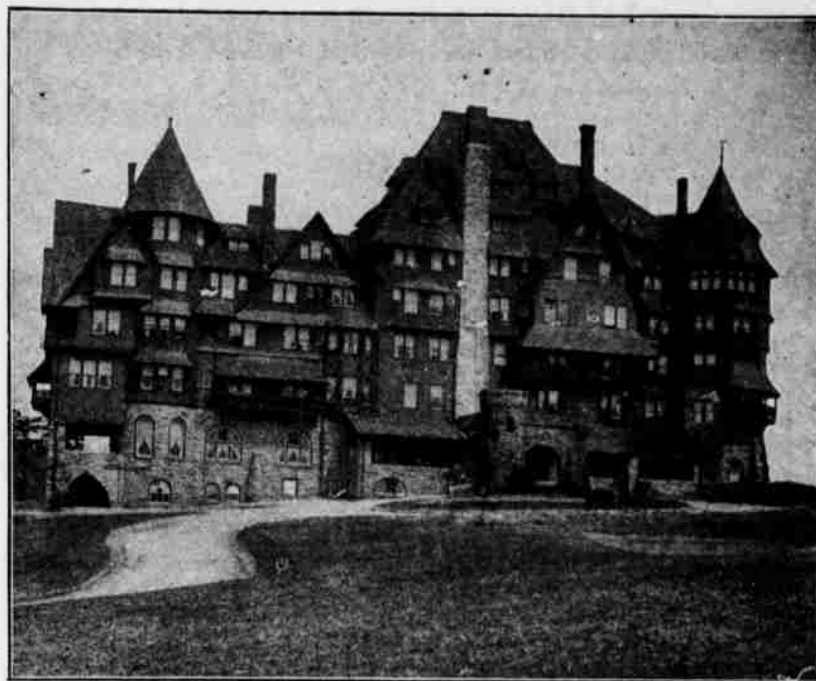
Right in the middle of February they begin to come out over the green hills. First tufts of pale primroses look up from the rain-scented earth to the pussy-willows growing above them, and then in the picturesque gorges between the mountains the snowflakes and hepatica peep out. Snowflakes are something like snowdrops, only larger. But while you are spending the days gathering them yellow cowslips, English daisies and violets have come to join the primroses on the hills. Tiny blue sylvia, yellow celandine, purple and white crocuses and marigolds are there too, even before the last snowstorm has tufted and wreathed the trees, and then, oh, then, come the gentians. There is something about the gentians so different from any flower here in America—they are not at all like the American gentian. It is really thrilling to find the first dark blue and white star looking out of the grass.

Then there are periwinkles, speedwell, white violets and our dear familiar dandelions. But after a while, in early April, you find a little mountain stream some day, and there on the bank you discover truly blue forget-me-nots—wild forget-me-nots! There they grow in the long grass, with the little pink-tipped daisies for companions, and really, can you imagine anything prettier?



The Glorious Spring.

The glorious spring is really here; The gladdest time of all the year. When with our kites and tops we play; Are happy all the live-long day.



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