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Little Pets, by Oscar M. Dunham**

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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK NOON-DAY FANCIES FOR OUR LITTLE PETS ***

**NOON-DAY FANCIES FOR OUR
LITTLE PETS**

By Various

Edited by O. M. Dunham

Fully Illustrated

Cassell Publishing Company

1888

NOON-DAY





Went to Grandpa's



Grandpa's



Thanksgiving Dinner



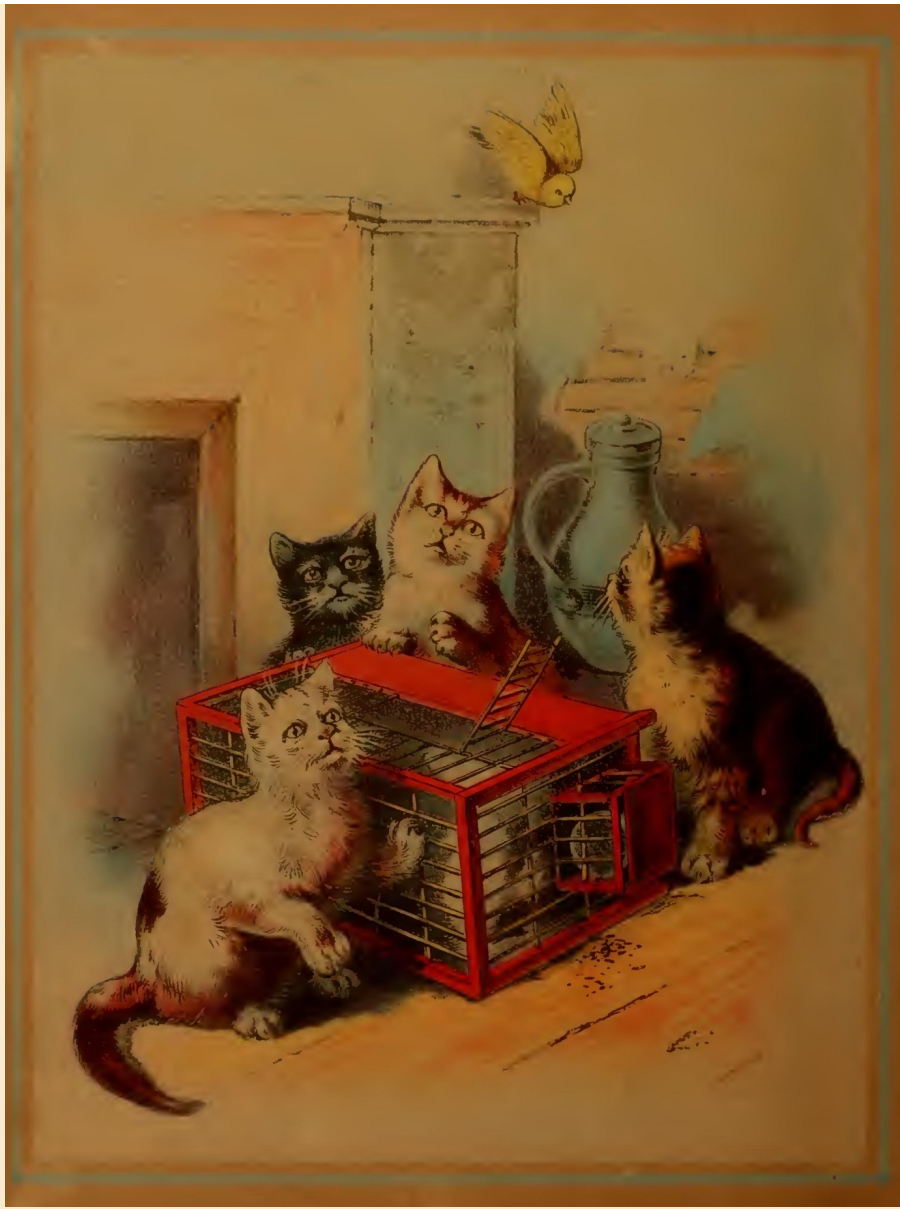
Blind Man's Buff



London Bridge

THANKSGIVING AT GRANDPA'S.





NOON-DAY FANCIES

FOR

OUR LITTLE PETS



FULLY ILLUSTRATED

NEW YORK

CASELL PUBLISHING COMPANY

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KITTY'S BASKET RIDE.



KITTY'S BASKET RIDE.

ONCE I had a little black and white kitten. She was very cunning and playful, but not very wise.

On one side of our house was a high grape trellis. One morning kitty went out and began to climb this trellis. She put one little paw before the other, and went bravely up, up, up, till she reached the top. Then she looked down to the ground and mewed piteously. I supposed when she looked down and saw how very far off the ground was, she was frightened and dizzy.

When I heard her cry, I ran out to see what was the matter. The top of the trellis was so frightened.



There stood kitty on the very trellis, clinging to the slats with her little fur stood up all over her back and tail, she was so frightened. "Mew! mew!" she cried.



Once I had a little black and white kitten. She was very cunning and playful, but not very wise. On one side of our house was a high grape trellis. One morning kitty went out and began to climb this trellis. She put one little paw before the other, and went bravely up, up, up, till she reached the top. Then she looked down to the ground and mewed piteously. I suppose when she looked down and saw very far off the ground was, she was frightened and dizzy.

When I heard her cry, I ran out to see what was the matter. There stood kitty on the very top of the trellis, clinging to the slats with her little paws. The fur stood up all over her back and tail, she was so frightened. "Mew! mew!" she cried.

I saw how badly she felt and how afraid she was of falling.

I tried to think of some way to help her. I got a basket and tied the handle to a long pole. Then I took hold of the pole and held the basket up as high as I could reach. Then I called, "Kitty, Kitty," and with a spring, down she came into the basket.

I took her down and into the house. She seemed so glad to be safely on the ground once more that I thought she would never do that foolish thing again.

But every morning this stupid little kitten would climb the trellis just the same, and have to be taken down in the basket. I suppose she thought it fun to climb up, and rather enjoyed the ride down in the basket.

—FANNIE G. DOWSE.




TIME.

Sixty seconds make a minute;
Use them well, you will win it
Sixty minutes miles an hour;
Use them well while in your power.

THANKSGIVING AT GRANDPA'S.

Where we live, it snowed from morning till night on the day before Thanksgiving. Papa and John, our hired man, got the double sleigh down from the loft, where it had been resting all summer. I don't think it was tired, but it rested all the same.

Old Kate and Charley were harnessed, and they were as frisky as young lambs. They seemed to know it was Thanksgiving, and were as happy as the children. We were all wrapped up in thick, warm clothes, and packed in the sleigh. Large as it was, we filled it quite full.

 We all went to church first. Do you know what Thanksgiving means? The good people who first came to make their homes in New England set apart a day and called it by this name. In the autumn, after the corn had been gathered, the apples picked, and the vegetables put in the cellar, they felt very thankful to God for all these good things. They fixed a time to meet in the churches to give thanks to God. They gave thanks in prayers, in hymns, and in sermons. They had a good dinner on that day, and were as happy as they could be. The children and the children's children went home to spend the day. It was the home festival.

People do not go to church so much as they did, but it is still the home festival. We went to church; and after that we all had a long sleigh-ride to Grandpa's. Uncle George and Aunt Lucy were there, and cousins were almost as plenty as the snowflakes the day before.

We played "blind-man's buff" before dinner. We laughed and screamed, and rolled and tumbled on the floor. Grandpa and Grandma sat laughing at us, as happy as we were.

The great event of the day was the dinner. Grandpa sat at the head of the table in his arm-chair. Some of the children thought he never would get his knife sharp enough to carve the turkey. Flora, the maid, brought it in. All the little ones screamed when she put it on the table. It was a very large turkey, and was nicely browned. We never saw anything that looked so good.

The turkey tasted as good as it looked. For ten minutes the children did not scream or laugh out loud. I suppose their mouths were too full. Then we had to eat plum pudding and four kinds of pies. We did not feel so much like it as we did. I am afraid we ate all we could rather than all we needed.

After dinner Grandma told us about her little ones. We all wanted to know where they were now. Grandma laughed, and pointed to Uncle George, Papa, and Aunt Lucy. We could hardly believe they were ever little things like us. Then Grandpa told us how he killed a great bear near the old house ever so many years before.

Uncle George showed us how to play "London Bridge." Some of us were parts of the bridge, and some of us went under it. After that we played "snap-apple." Aunt Lucy tied an apple by a string to the ceiling, and we bit at it. Every time we bit, the apple flew away from us. It was great fun.

After supper the "day was over" with the little ones. We could not keep our eyes open, and some of us slept all the way home in that double sleigh. I know I dreamed about that long table at dinner, and thought we were playing "snap-apple" with the big roast turkey.

That Thanksgiving was many, many years ago, and some of those mites of little ones that played "London Bridge" are grandpas and grandmas now.

—UNCLE FRED.

A QUEER PLACE FOR A BIRD'S HOME.

One evening last summer a tramp, who had travelled many miles, lay down on the leaves in a pleasant wood. Before he went to sleep he pulled off one shoe, for it had chafed his foot till it was very sore.

A QUEER PLACE FOR A BIRD'S HOME.

ONE evening last summer a tramp, who had travelled many miles, lay down on the leaves in a pleasant wood. Before he went to sleep he pulled off one shoe, for it had chafed his foot till it was very sore.

In the morning he rose, and prepared to go on to beg his morning meal. When he tried to put his shoe on, it hurt his foot so badly that he groaned aloud. He gave up trying to wear it, and threw it into the bushes.

The shoe caught in the fork of a young maple-tree, and hung fast by the heel, with the toe downward. The tramp limped away on his journey and went I know where.

Before many days a bright-eyed little bird spied the shoe. She thought it would be a fine place to build a home in. So she and her mate brought fine twigs and straw and leaves in their bills. They placed them in the shoe in pretty nest-shape, and lined their new house with soft hair and wool.

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Beth and her papa were out searching for wood-flowers one day. The shadow of the shoe fell on the moss beneath the little maple.

Looking up, Beth saw the nest. Her papa bent the maple down, and Beth looked in. She saw five cunning little blue eggs lying cosily against the gray lining.

Beth is a tiny girl, just past being rocked to sleep in mamma's lap. She laughed aloud, and clapped her fat little hands for joy, when she saw this dainty sight.

I think there were some little birdies in that shoe before long, don't you?—

—J. G. FORD.



LITTLE FIDGET.

My restless little boy,
You can't sit still a minute;
Your mug is upside down,
And not a drop is in it.

—LOUIE BRINE=.

THE GOOD LITTLE MILKMAN.

One morning last week I was walking along the street, and I saw a kitten on the pavement. It was white, with black spots on its head and neck. It sat as close to the fence as it could get, and looked very lonesome, as if it did not belong to anybody.

Every time a person went by the kitten would lift up its head and mew. I knew quite well that it was hungry and did not know where to get any breakfast. I wished that I had something with me to give it to eat. Just then a boy came along with a milk-can in his hand. He looked like a good boy. He had pleasant blue eyes and rosy cheeks. He was whistling a lively tune, as if he was very merry and happy. When Kitty saw him, she lifted up her head and gave a loud mew. The boy stopped and noticed her.

"Kitty!" said he; "I believe you are hungry, and are asking me to feed you. I wish I had a dish, and I would give you some milk."

He looked all around. By and by he saw a little hollow place in one of the stones of the pavement. Then he said, "Come here, Kitty; I have found a basin for you."

He poured some milk out of his can into the hollow, and Kitty ran and lapped it up as fast as she could.



Then he poured in some more, till Kitty had eaten all she wanted. When he had done this, he said, "Good-morning, Kitty," and he went on his way whistling.

Was n't he a good boy? I watched him till he was out of sight, because I was so glad that I had seen him. It is so pleasant to meet people that are kind and thoughtful, whether they are old or young.

I was very glad for Kitty, too. When I left her she was washing her face and stretching herself in the warm sunshine. She seemed to feel so comfortable now that she had eaten a nice breakfast. It was a real pleasure to look at her.

I hope Kitty will find such a good friend as this little milkman every day.

—HATTIE WAY.





SIX NICE DUCKS

There were six nice ducks that I once knew,
Fat ducks and pretty ducks they were too.
And one had a feather curled up on his back,
And he ruled the others with his
"Quack! Quack! Quack!"

Across the green fields those ducks would go,
Widdle, waddle, wuddle, all in a row;
But the one with a feather curled up on his back
Was always ahead, with his
"Quack! Quack! Quack!"

Hero a fat bug, and there a small toad,
They snapped up quickly while on the road;
But his broad bill would smack
As he ate with his
"Quack! Quack! Quack!"

Into the brook they went with a dash,
They swam through the water with many a splash;
But the one with a feather curled up on his back
He swam the fastest, with his
"Quack! Quack! Quack!"

Some dove to the bottom, pink feet in air,
And grubbed in the mud for fat worms rare.
But the one with a feather of worms had no lack;
For he stayed the longest, with his
"Quack! Quack! Quack!"

If I told you all that these ducks did,
What nice times they had in the meadow hid,
The one with a feather curled up on his back
Would fill half the story with his
"Quack! Quack! Quack!"

—AUNT SALLY.—

ROBBIE'S DRUM.

One afternoon little Robbie Fales came home with a very sober face. Charley Allen, one of the school-boys, had just had a present of a handsome drum. Robbie wanted one, too. He wanted one so much that he could not think of any thing else all the evening. At last Grandma began to wonder if he was sick; so he had to tell her what he was thinking about.

"I wish father could buy one for me; but I know he can't afford it," said Robbie, with a long sigh.

"Perhaps I can fix up one for you," said Grandma.

"Oh, I should be so glad if you could!" said Robbie. "I know you can fix lots of things; but I don't believe you could make a drum."

"Well, I can try," said Grandma; "and I think I can fix something for you that will make a noise, if it should n't be like a real drum."

So the next day, when Robbie was away at school, Grandma Fales went to work to make a drum for him in a way she had thought of. She found a wooden box that was light but strong, and about the right size.

She put some straps of red cloth around it to make it look gay. Then she fastened a long strap to it so that Robbie could hang it on his neck. For the drum-sticks she found some spokes that had been broken out of an old wheel.

When Robbie came home and saw what Grandma had done for him he was quite delighted.

"Why, this is a first-rate drum!" he exclaimed. "And it did n't cost a cent, either. I did n't think you could make any thing so good," and he thanked her over and over. He hung the box on his neck, and beat a lively rub-a-dub on the ends.

He liked the sticks very much, because they were so round and smooth. The homemade drum was greatly admired by the school-boys. Each one of them took his turn at playing on it; and they all agreed, that if it did not look just like a real drum, it did make a splendid noise.

Robbie said he was sure that he enjoyed it as much as he should if it had cost several dollars; and Grandma was very glad that she had been able to make him so happy.



—MARY E. NATHE.



LITTLE MISS SONNET.

Prim little Miss Sonnet
Once ordered a bonnet;
The biggest and grandest that ever was seen.
And little Miss Sonnet
She said, "I will don it,
For I am quite sure it is fit for the Queen."
Then little Miss Sonnet
She put on her bonnet,
And tied a true lover's knot under her chin;
And this wonderful bonnet
Had red roses on it,
With all of them fastened in place with a pin.
So little Miss Sonnet
Went out with her bonnet,
And strutted about for a while in the park;
When the wind took the bonnet
With little Miss Sonnet,
And blew them both up in the sky, like a spark.

—ALBERT H. HARDY.



LITTLE MISS SONNET



THE PIPPIN-TREE.



THE PIPPIN-TREE.

Karl and Christina were little German children. It was summer when they came to live in the house by the bridge. As soon as they were settled in their new home they began to go to school. The road that led to the school went by Farmer Grün's orchard. The trees in the orchard were full of apples. Karl and Christina would look at them when they were going past, and they longed to have some of them to eat.

"You must never go into the orchard," their mother said; "but if any of the apples should fall into the road, it would not be wrong for you to pick them up."

There was one tree that stood nearer the roadside wall than the others did, and it had bright red pippins on it. The children called this their tree, and every time they went by it they would say, "Pretty pippins, please to fall into the road."

Several weeks passed, and the pippins grew larger and redder; but they did not fall into the road. Some of them dropped off; but they fell into the orchard. By and by the harvest-time came, and Karl and Christina began to think their tree would never give them anything.



One day Farmer Grün was in the orchard as they were going by. He heard them say, "Pretty pippins, please to fall into the road." So when they were looking the other way he threw a number of the pippins over the wall. The children were delighted to see them, and ran to pick them up. Then they said, "Thank you, good tree."

Farmer Grün laughed to hear them, and wondered who these queer little folks were. He inquired about them, and found that they belonged to a poor but honest family that had lately moved into the town. After this he was often in the orchard gathering the apples for market. When he saw the little brother and sister coming, he would always toss some of the pippins over the wall where they could get them.

At last he spoke to them, and told them they might come into the orchard on Saturdays, and pick up as many apples as they could carry home. So Karl and Christina went many times, and worked as busily as two bees till they got a barrel of apples for winter. Farmer Grün liked the children because they were so honest and so willing to work.

—M. E. N. HATHEWAY.



MOUSIE'S MATCH.

A little gray mouse was out on his travels. He wanted to see the world and get some supper. It was late in the afternoon. It was growing dark, and mousie lighted a match.

You don't believe it?

Mousie really did it, though he did not mean to; and this is the way it happened: Mousie crept through a little hole into a nice, cosy room. It was very quiet and warm. Grandpa West sat there writing. There was a little pile of chips and bits of paper on the hearth, ready to light the fire next morning.

Mousie smelt crumbs of cake in one of the papers. He crept in and found them. They were very nice, but he wanted something more to eat. He nibbled some of the chips. There was a match among them.

Mousie found the match. He did not know what it was. Mousie never smoked, and never lighted fires. So he thought matches were of no use; that is, unless they were good to eat. He would try and see; so he nibbled the match.



Snap! went his wee white teeth. Up jumped a little flame right in his face.

"Quee!" screamed mousie, and ran back to his hole.

If no one had been in the room, mousie's match might have set the house on fire. It caught the papers and chips, and they blazed up in a second. But Grandpa took them up on a shovel, and threw them into the fireplace. Then he sat down in his easy-chair, and laughed to think how fast mousie ran. Mousie reached his nest in safety; and very likely he told his wife that the world was burning up.

—MRS. MARY JOHNSON.



DENNY O'TOOLE.

Have you seen Denny,
My dear children all?
With lips like a rose,
And head like a ball,
With eyes like the sky,
When they sparkle in
school,
O, a prince among boys
Is Denny O'Toole.

His hat is in tatters,
But his young heart is sound,
And his shoes, though his
best,
Let his toes on the ground;
But who cares for tatters!
He keeps every rule,
And is kind to the smallest,
Our Denny O'Toole.

Then cheer for young Denny,

And cheer, too, for all
Who are honest and true,
Who defend weak and small
Cheer on and cheer ever,
At home or at school,
Each manly young hero
Like Denny O'Toole.



AFRAID OF SPIDERS.

Carrie jumped from her seat because a spider was spinning-down before her from the ceiling. "They are such hateful black things!" she said.

"They are curious things," said Aunt Nellie. "They have eight fixed eyes."

"Dear me! And maybe she's looking at me with all eight of them," groaned Carrie.

"They are very fond of music,"

"I shall never dare to sing again, for fear they 'll be spinning down to listen."

"They can tell you whether the weather is going to be fine or not. If it is going to storm, they spin a short thread; if it will clear, they spin a long one."

"That's funny."

"They are an odd family," Aunt Nellie went on. "I saw one on the window-pane the other day. She carried a



little gray silk bag about with her wherever she ran. She had spun the bag herself. When it burst open, ever so many tiny baby spiders tumbled out, like birds from a nest, and ran along with her. Perhaps you did n't know that the spider can spin and sew, too? She spins her web, and she sews leaves together for her summer house."

"What a queer thing a spider is," said Carrie, beginning to forget her dislike.

"Yes, and she has a queerer sister in England, who makes a raft, and floats on pools of water upon it in search of flies for her dinner."

"I should like to know what it's made of."

"She binds together a ball of weeds with the thread she spins."

"I wish we could go to England."

"And there's another of the family who lives under water in a diving-bell, which she weaves herself."



"How

I should like to see her!"

"Maybe you would rather see the one in the West Indies who digs a hole in the earth. She lines it with silk of her own making, and fits a door to it, which opens

and closes when the family go in and out."

"Yes, yes," said Carrie, "how delightful!"

"But you would be afraid of the inmates?"

"Perhaps not, now I know their family affairs."

—MARY N. PRESCOTT.

WHAT BECAME OF THE SUGAR-PLUM?

Little Fannie said she did wish her aunt wouldn't have a headache when mamma was busy, for then there was nobody to play with her. Perhaps the headache was better. She would go and see. So she tiptoed softly up the stairs, and rapped at aunty's door with the back of her hand; but it was just like rapping with a little pink cushion. No answer; and then she rapped with her finger-nails.

Aunty raised herself on one elbow and listened. She thought it might be a mouse nibbling at her Albert biscuits in the closet. Then she heard the noise again, and it seemed like two mice.

"O," said she, laughing, "I do believe it's Fannie. Come in."

"How you do?" said the little girl, walking up to her and looking very sorry. "How do you do? I have n't seen you since day 'fore yes' d'y to-mor' mornin'."

Then she searched in her pocket a long time, and at last found a red sugar-plum.

She gave it to aunty to cure the headache.

"Don't you think," said she, tucking it into her aunt's hand, "that will make you mos' pretty well, and you can comed down nex' week las' year?"

Aunty said she hoped so, and laid the sugar-plum on the table. But, strange to say, she never saw it again. Perhaps a mouse may have got it. What do you think?



—ELIZABETH A. DAVIS.

GOOD WORK FOR LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

I am the mother of three little children, not three chickens. I am quite sure the little chickens would be easier to take care of, for all they wish is plenty to eat and drink, and a warm nest to sleep in.



I never heard of a chicken that wished to be amused or played with. They never say, "Mamma, what can I do no!" I wish to help the little girls and boys, who, like my own, are sometimes at a loss what to do. I must first of all ask one question. Can you use scissors?

I wish you to make a book, not to write it, but to make it all of pictures. This is the way to go about it. Ask your mother and friends for illustrated papers and books which they would be willing to give you to cut the pictures from. Black and white pictures are as good as colored, and the two look well together.



Cut these out neatly and carefully, with smooth edges. Torn and worn-out picture-books usually have something left which will do to cut out, and thus save from being wholly lost. Then there are the Christmas, New-Year, and Birthday cards, of which nearly all of us have some.

Take for the pages of your book paper, muslin, or common glazed cambric; cut this into pieces ten inches long and eight inches wide. Three or four pages will make a book large enough to begin with. The cambric may be all white, or any color you prefer; pink, blue, red, or a part of each color.

On these pages paste the pictures neatly, on both sides, using your taste as to which pictures look well together and fit in nicely.

For the covers, take light pasteboard covered on both sides with cambric and sewed together over and

over, or, what is better, in buttonhole stitch with colored worsted.

Then with the scissors make holes through all, and tie the covers and pages together with a narrow ribbon or twisted worsted. Children like this kind of book very much, as it is full of variety, and every page gives many a new thought.

It is also very strong, so that mischievous little hands cannot easily tear it, and so light that feeble and weary little hands can easily hold it. To the poor little children in hospitals nothing could be more welcome.

All it costs is patient and loving work. Then there is the pleasure of doing it. There are the happy moments spent in making a really useful and pretty thing. To this may be added the well-known pleasure of giving.

For God has placed us side by side
In this wide world of ill,
And that Thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.
Mean are all offerings we can make;
But thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Saviour's sake,
They lose not their reward.

—M. F. K.

THE WREN'S NEST.

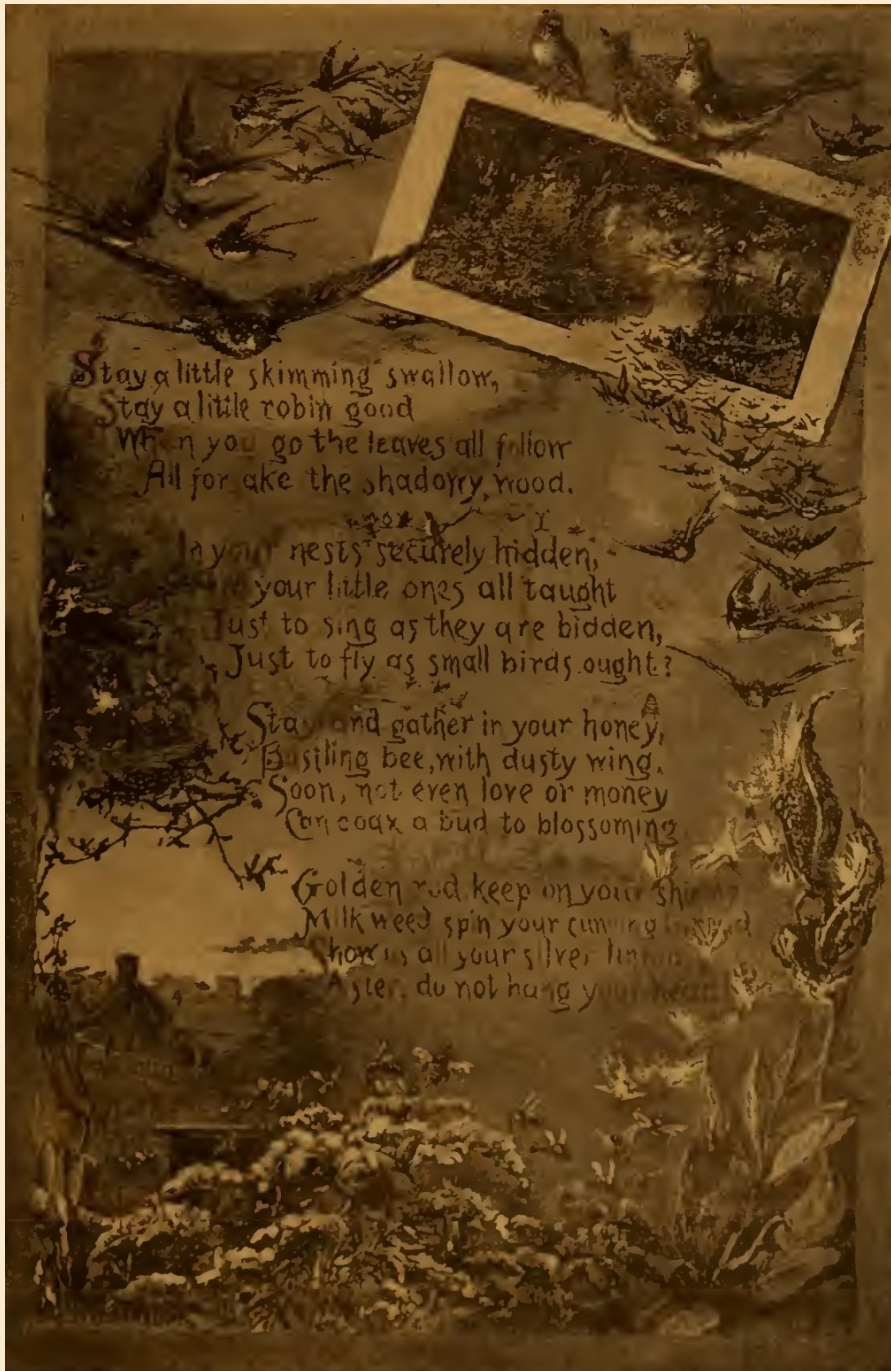
"Come, come, Mrs. Brownie," says young Mr. Wren,
"T is time to be building our nest;
For the winter has gone, the spring blossoms have come,
And the trees in green beauty are dressed,
Dressed, dressed,
And the trees in green beauty are dressed.

"O, where shall we build it, my dear little wife,
O, where shall we build it?" says he,
"In the sweet woodbine bower, in the rose by the door,
Or way up in the old apple-tree,
Tree, tree,
Or way up in the old apple-tree?"



"From woodbine," says Brownie, "my dear Mr. Wren,
The sparrows would drive us away,
In the rose by the door cats would eat us, I'm sure;
Let us build in the apple-tree, pray,
Pray, pray,
Let us build in the apple-tree, pray."
So away high up in the old apple-tree
Mr. Wren built Brownie a nest,
And't is there she sits now, in the white-blossomed bough,
With the baby birds under her breast,
Breast, breast,
With the baby birds under her breast.

—NELLIE M. GARABRANT.





BE GOOD, PAPA.

Two voices cry, "Be good, papa,
Don't work too hard to-day!"
And I turn to see the waving hands
Of my little Beth and Faye.

Two girls of bright and sunny hair,
Of deep and thoughtful eyes;
And in their voices, touched with love,
What tender magic lies!

All day, along the crowded street,
Within the busy town,
I seem to hear their voices sweet;

They chase me up and down.



And their dear words of
warning love
Pursue, where'er I
go;
They mean far more,
far more to me
Than those who speak
them know.

Have I no helping hand to reach
Out to my brother's need?
Do I seek my gain by others' loss?
Am I led to some wrong deed?

Do temptations press, within, without?
Do wrong impulses urge?
Of some dishonorable act
Stand I upon the verge?

Then comes that message, soft and clear,
From the dear home, miles away.
"Be good, papa! be good, papa!"
The childish voices say.

There rise before my faltering eyes
My little Beth and Faye.
I feel I dare not do the wrong;
I dare not go astray.

—FRANK FOXCROFT.



THE SNOW FAMILY.

It was a very small family, only three; Mr. Snow, Mrs. Snow, and the baby. Mr. Snow did not look like other men. Mamma Snow did not look like your mamma. And their baby was such a funny one!

Where do you think I saw this strange family? It was in our school-yard, last winter. There had been a long snow-storm. Great piles of soft white snow were in the yard. Boys like to play in the snow. They are not afraid of the cold.

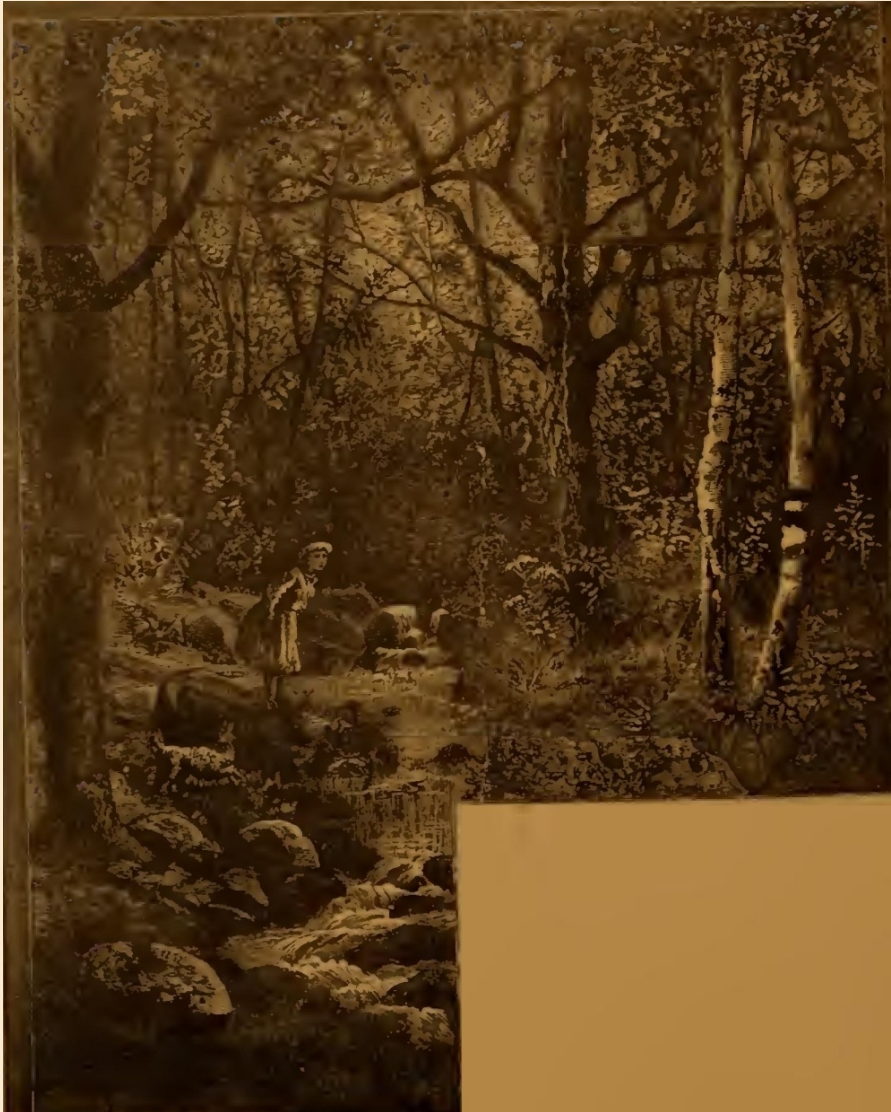
Well, my boys made a great snow-man. This they called Mr. Snow. Then they made a lady out of the snow. They called her Mrs. Snow. They said she was Mr. Snow's wife. At last they made a baby out of the snow. The baby stood beside Papa and Mamma Snow.



Then they called me out to see this family. I told them Mr. Snow was very pale for such a large man. One boy said, "Yes; it is a very pale family. We think they are not very well." Another boy said he was sure they would not live long.

Every day I asked my boys about Mr. Snow and his wife and baby. But one morning every one of the Snow family was gone. Where was Mr. Snow? Where was Mrs. Snow? And where was the funny little baby? They had lived in our yard just one week. No one knew where they had gone. No one but the south wind and the sun, and they would not tell.

—S. E. SPRAGUE.



CROSSING THE BROOK.

O dear little rill!
Why don't you keep still!
I never can cross,
To that bank of moss,
With you racing past
The smooth stones so fast.

Are you ever still,
You swift little rill?
Don't you sometimes stay
In cool nooks to play,

For days or for hours,
With bees, birds, and flowers?

If only I knew,
I'd come and play too,
I don't think you'd mind,
Your voice sounds so kind.
Who taught you to sing,
You dear little thing!

And now for the moss!
I'll toss you a bit,
You good-natured chit.

There! bear it away—
Since you will not stay—
And give it, for mo,
Dear rill, to the sea,—
The great sea so wide,
With ships on its tide!

Now please don't be rude,
Though I must intrude,
And wade fairly through
Your ruffles so blue.
How pretty they look,
You dear little brook!

Come on, Snip; don't fear!
You can't drown in here;
And, if you do get
Your dainty toes wet,
'T will not make you sick:
So come along, quick!



Thanks, kind little rill!
Though you can't keep still,
You did n't get cross.

—Mrs. M. J. TAYLOR.

GRANDFATHER'S SPECTACLES.



One day Grandfather Shriff lost his spectacles. "Where can they be? Maybe they are on the mantel." So he hunted, but could not find them on the mantel.

"Where can they be? Perhaps they are among the books." So he hunted and hunted, but could not find them among the books.

"Perhaps they are in the other room." So he hunted and hunted and hunted, but could not find them in the other room.

"Perhaps they are up-stairs." So he hunted and hunted and hunted and hunted, but could not find them up-stairs. "Perhaps I dropped them somewhere in the front yard." So he hunted and hunted and hunted and hunted and hunted, but could not find them anywhere in the front yard.

"Perhaps they are out in the dining-room." So he hunted and hunted and hunted and hunted and hunted and hunted, but could not find them in the dining-room.

At last he asked old Aunt Harriet, the cook. "Why marster, there they is, right square on the top of your head." And, sure enough, there they were. Did n't we all laugh at grandfather!

—R. W. L.



FINDING BABY'S DIMPLES.

See my baby brother
 Sitting in mamma's lap;
He's just getting ready
To take a little nap.

But before to dreamland
 My baby brother goes,
I want to count his fingers,
 And see his chubby toes.

Mamma, can't you make him
 Just talk and laugh again,
So we can find the dimples
 In his sweet cheeks and chin?

His eyes shine like diamonds
 When he looks up so glad.
O, he's the dearest brother
 A sister ever had.



Now he talks a little,
And laughs, come quick,
and see
My baby brother's dimples,
As cunning as can be.

The angels love our baby,
He is so very fair;
And so they came and kissed
him,
And left the dimples there.

—MRS. T. S. LOVEJOY.

KITTY'S FRIEND TOAD.

A great fat toad and Prim, my white kitten, are very good friends. He stays in the barn shed, where her milk-saucer is kept.

When the cows are milked, Prim always expects her saucer will be filled. If Fred forgets to give her any, she cries, "Mee-ow!" Then he remembers and gives her some milk.

Kit's friend, the toad, gets into her saucer and sits, and she doesn't mind it at all. She laps what milk she wants, and leaves the rest for him.



One day, when she went to eat her dinner, the toad put his foot up on her face lovingly, as you would pat and smooth your dear mamma's face.

Sometimes I bring the saucer and Toady into the parlor to show my visitors. He likes it, and winks his bright eyes at them.

He never tried to get out but once. Then he swung his long legs over the side of the dish, and was just going to jump, when I put my hand on him.

The ladies all screamed and ran. Then they all laughed.

—MRS. J. A. MELVIN.



PLAYING HORSE.

Out in the fields to have some fun
With the soft green grass, the breezes and sun,
And the sweet new flowers, and birdies gay,
On this frolicksome, sunny, glad spring day.
Sister Nell is willing, you see,
A steady, gentle "old horse" to be.
She has carried her driver far and fast,
And now she is ready for rest at last.

Give her some grass, and take good care
Of your pretty horse with the golden hair;
Then off she'll go for another run
With her little driver, till play is done.
O, the breezes, how soft they blow!
Through the tree-tops singing they go:
And, chasing Maudie adown the hill,
Play with her glowing hair at will.

Hither and thither the birdies fly,
Glad in the freedom of earth and sky;
And blossoms open their eyes to see
How joyous and fair the day can be.
But there are no things so glad and gay
As our little ones at their merry play,
When sister Nell a pony will be,
And "make good times" for her darlings three.

—M. D. BRINE.

NINE LITTLE PIGS.

We have nine little pigs. One is all white. One is light brown. The rest are spotted. These nine pigs live in a pen. It is in a yard near the barn. The pigs like to run in the yard. They turn up the soft dirt with their noses.

NINE LITTLE PIGS.

WE have nine little pigs. One is all white. One is light brown. The rest are spotted. These nine pigs live in a pen. It is in a yard near the barn. The pigs like to run in the yard. They turn up the soft dirt with their noses. One day they made a hole under the fence. Piggy White got out of the yard first. The little brown pig came out next. Then all the spotted ones came out. Piggy White stopped to look around him. "Wee! wee! what a big world this is!" he said. Then all the other little pigs

said "Wee! wee!" just like Piggy White.

Piggy White was larger than any of the others; so of course he



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Piggy White was larger than any of the others; so of course he knew all about it."

"Where shall we go?" said the little brown pig.

"Let us go up the hill," said a spotted one. The other little pigs said "Wee! wee!" again. That is the way they said yes.

So they started up the hill. It was a very small hill; but the pigs said, "What a large hill this is!" They were only baby pigs, you know. This was their first walk, out of their yard. By and by they came to the top of the hill. They saw a large house in a large yard "What a big pen!" said all the little pigs. "Do you think we shall find more pigs there?" said the brown pig. "Wee! wee!" said the others. You see, a pig thinks the whole world was made for pigs. Some one had left the gate open. The nine pigs went into the yard, one after another. No

one was in sight, so they went on. They were still looking for pigs.

Before they got to the door, the cook came out. The pigs gave her one look. "That is no pig," said Piggy White.

Then they all ran back to their pen. But they knew more than when they left it. They had seen the world, and they had found that there are more than pigs in it.

—S. E. SPRAGUE.



CONFIDENTIAL

O yes, it was lovely down there at
Cape May,
And I s'posed I should never be
tired of play;
And Auntie was sweet as an auntie
could be;
But some one was homesick, you
s'pose it was me?
Such elegant ladies and beautiful

girls
All asking for kisses and praising
my curls;
But no precious papa to hug me, and say,
"Has dear little Kitty been good all the day!"
And mamma, dear, when they turned out the light,
And no blessed mamma to kiss me good-night,
Cuddled down in the pillow, with no one to see,
Was a little girl crying you guess it was me?

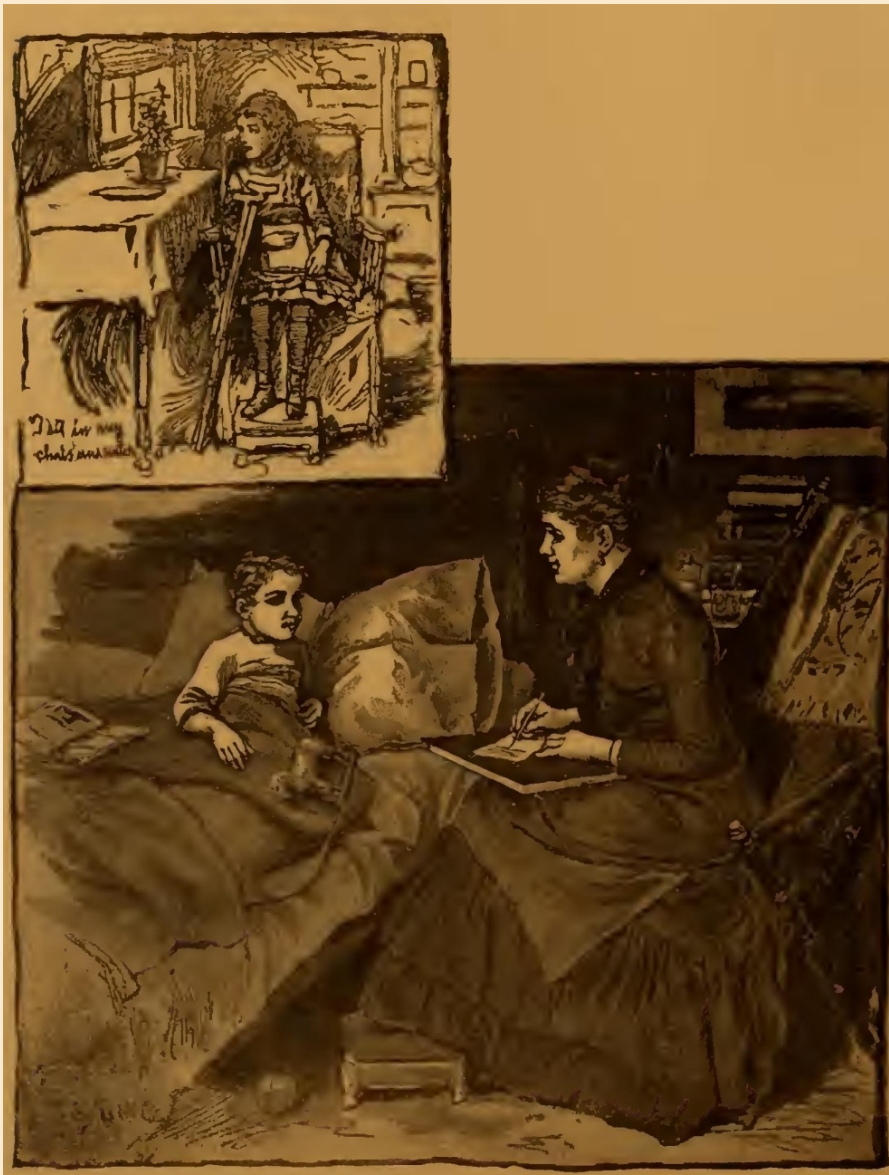
—EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

A ROSE THAT WILL GROW FOREVER.

Roger Daland was sick. He was just sick enough to be cross.

His picture-books fell off the bed. His playthings hid under the bedclothes, and Roger cried. His mother read aloud to him, but he did not like the story. Then she told him a true story about the "Mission for the Sick."

"Kind ladies met in a hall," she said, "and took with them fruit, flowers, and good things for sick men, women, and dear little children."



Roger was pleased. He thought about the mission some time; then he said, "I wish I could send my rose-bush in the little red pot."

"You can if you wish," said his mother, "and I will write a note for you."

Roger's eyes grew bright. His mother wrote, "Roger Daland sends this rose to some sick child."

Then it was sent away in a nice basket. Three days after, the postman brought Roger a note; it said:—

"Dear Little Boy, I am lame. I can never walk. My mother goes out washing. I am alone all day. I used to cry. I never cry since the rose-bush came. I sit in my chair and watch it. I thank you, and my mother does too. I learned to write before I fell down on the ice. My mother cannot write, but she says she will ask God to bless you. She can work better, for the rose keeps me company. She used to cry too, when I was all alone.

"The rose will grow forever,' she says. I hope it will not die.

"My mother says 'if it does die in the pretty pot, the goodness will keep on growing.' I shall not let it die.

"Your friend,

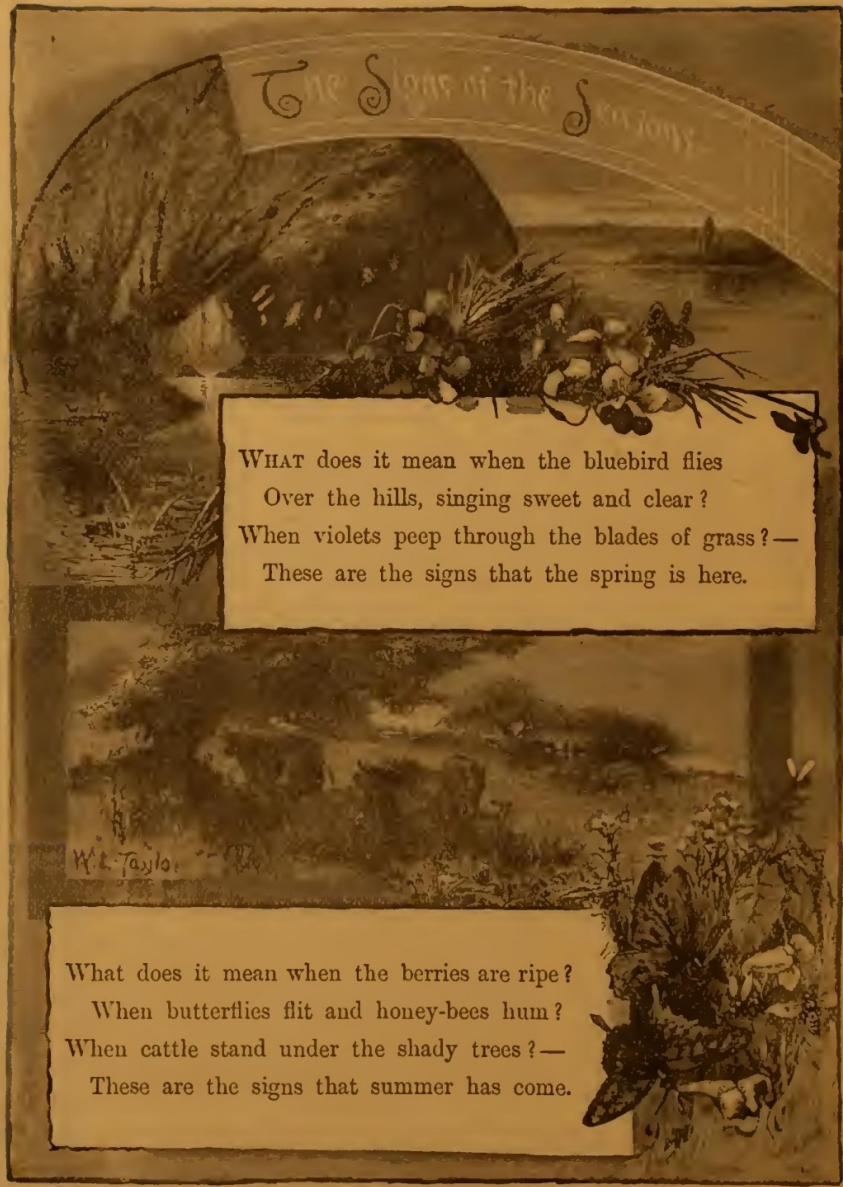
"Mary Brennan."

When Roger's mother finished reading the note her little boy looked very happy. After that he sent little Mary some of his toys. He is well now; but he never forgets the Mission for the Sick.

—KATE TANNATT WOODS.



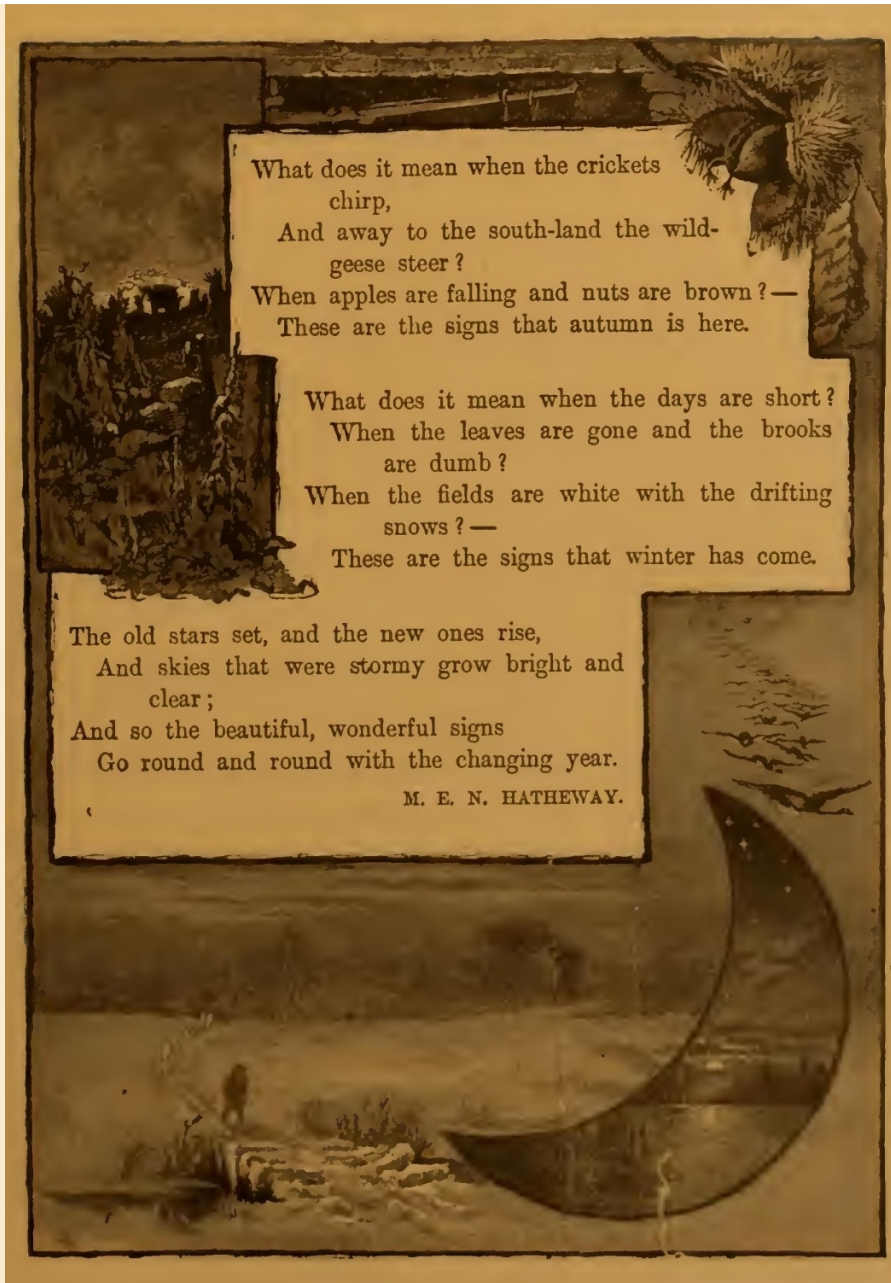
THE SIGNS OF THE SEASONS



The Signs of the Seasons

WHAT does it mean when the bluebird flies
Over the hills, singing sweet and clear?
When violets peep through the blades of grass?—
These are the signs that the spring is here.

What does it mean when the berries are ripe?
When butterflies flit and honey-bees hum?
When cattle stand under the shady trees?—
These are the signs that summer has come.



What does it mean when the crickets
chirp,
And away to the south-land the wild-
geese steer?
When apples are falling and nuts are brown?—
These are the signs that autumn is here.

What does it mean when the days are short?
When the leaves are gone and the brooks
are dumb?
When the fields are white with the drifting
snows?—
These are the signs that winter has come.

The old stars set, and the new ones rise,
And skies that were stormy grow bright and
clear;
And so the beautiful, wonderful signs
Go round and round with the changing year.

M. E. N. HATHEWAY.



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And away to the south-land the wild-geese steer?
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SEEING FOR GRANDMA.

Grandma Farn is getting old, and has a disease of the eye. She will be seventy at her next birthday. She cannot see to read or to sew as well as she used to. But she has a number of grandchildren.

She calls them her eyes. She says that they must do her seeing for her; and they do, for they are good boys and girls, and love her very much.

The boys are larger and older, and they read aloud in the evening by the light of the lamp. The girls are younger, and cannot read yet; though Lucy, the eldest of the four girls, is now going to school.

The girls have found out a nice way for seeing for grandma. They take a spool of cotton and a paper of large needles. They thread every needle and leave it hanging on the spool. This saves their grandmother's eyes. All she then has to do is to put away the needle when she has used all the cotton. Then she takes another, and another, till the whole twenty-four are used.

Then the girls thread the twenty-four again. In this way they "see for grandma."

Grandma makes clothing for the poor. She can see enough to sew, but not enough, even with glasses, to thread her needle.

—R. W. LOWRIE.



"My Dollie likes butter."



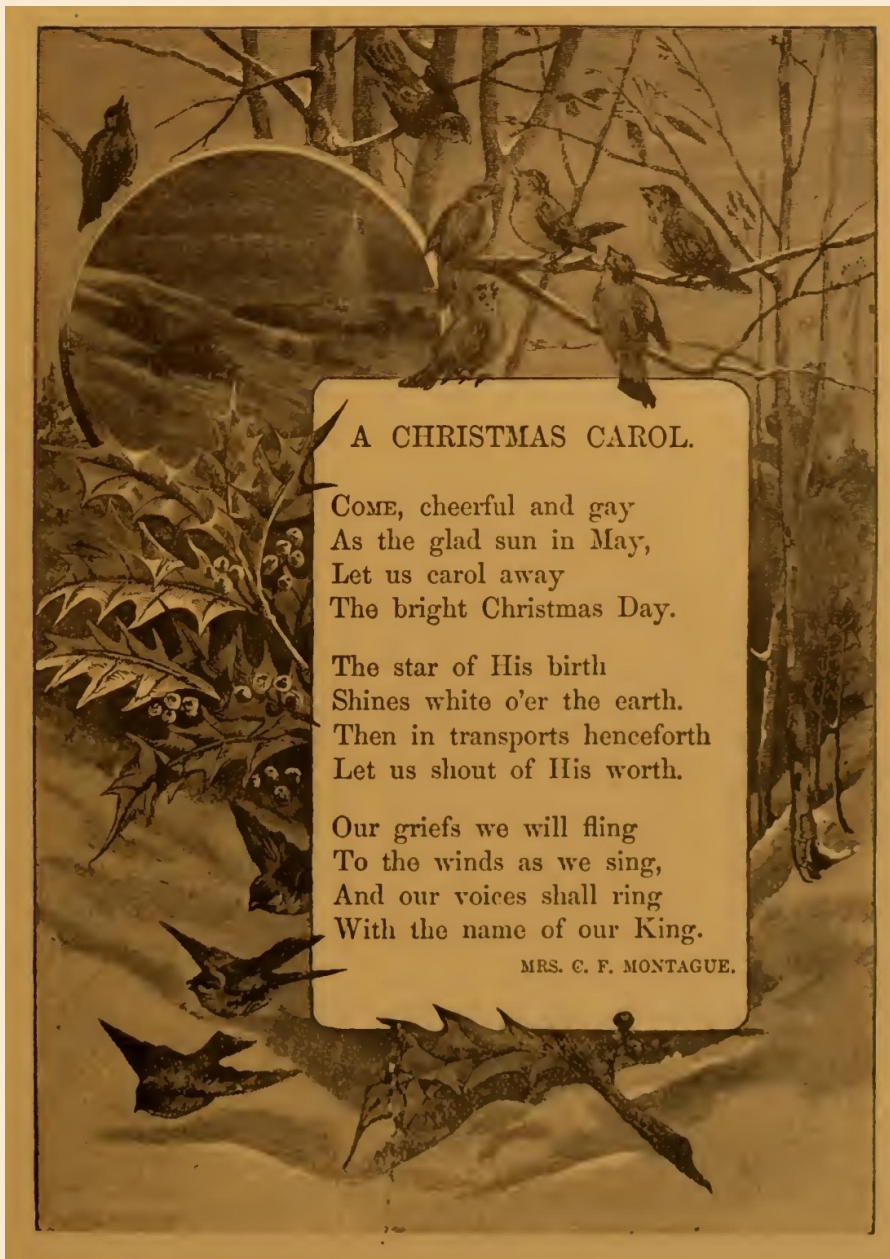
Such a little woman,

Busy little fingers,

Such a little woman,
Busy little fingers,
 Gravely shelling beans,
 Eyes of sweetest blue;
Kitty looks as she would say,
"Don't you bother, kitty,
 "Tell me what it means!"
 I have work to do.

"You may sit and watch me
 While I'm shelling beans;
I am helping mother,
 That is what it means."

—LUCY R. FLEMING.

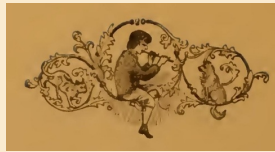


A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Come, cheerful and gay
As the glad sun in May,
Let us carol away
The bright Christmas Day.

The star of His birth
Shines white o'er the earth.
Then in transports henceforth
Let us shout of His worth.
Our griefs we will fling
To the winds as we sing,
And our voices shall ring
With the name of our King.

MRS. C. F. MONTAGUE.



ZIP IN TROUBLE.

As Uncle Will was going home one noon, he saw a crowd in the street near his house. There were about fifty boys, and they were standing about something that seemed to please them. Their shouts of glee could be heard a long way off.



Uncle Will walked up to find out what was the matter. What did he see but his tame crane, Zip. He was perched on one foot in the midst of the boys, pecking at them right and left. Not a boy could come within six feet of him without feeling the point of his sharp bill.

The boys thought this was great fun. They never had seen so strange a bird. But poor Zip did not enjoy it. When he saw Uncle Will he ran to him, and tucked his head under his arm. He was glad enough to be taken home.

Zip was very fond of music. When the piano was played, he would stalk into the house, if the door stood open. If the door was closed, he would tap on the window till he was let in. Then he would dance up to the piano, and strike upon the keys with his beak. If the tune was a lively one, he seemed to enjoy it all 'the more; he would tap faster and faster; his bill would come down, pounce, between the fingers of the player, but it never hit them.

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KHAM.



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LITTLE BY LITTLE.

When Charlie woke up one morning and looked from the window, he saw that the ground was deeply covered with snow. The wind had blown it in great drifts against the fence and the trees.

Charlie's little sister Rosey said it looked like hills and valleys. On the side of the house nearest the kitchen the snow was piled higher than Charlie's head. Mamma said she did not know how black Aunt Patsey could get through it to bring in the breakfast.

"There must be a path cleared through this snow," said papa. "I would do it myself, if I had time. But I must be at my office early this morning." Then he looked at Charlie. "Do you think you could do it, my son?"

"I, papa! Why, it is higher than my head! How could a little boy like me cut a path through that deep snow?"



"How? Why, by doing it *little by little*. Suppose you try; and if I find a nice path cleared when I come home to dinner, you shall have the sled you wished for."

So Charlie got his wooden snow-shovel and set to work. He threw up first one shovelful, and then another; but it was slow work.

"I don't think I can do it' mamma," he said. "A shovelful is so little, and there is such a heap of snow to be cleared away!"

"Little by little, Charlie," said his mamma. "That snow fell in tiny bits, flake by flake, but you see what a great pile it has made."

"Yes, mamma; and if I throw it away shovelful by shovelful, it will all be gone at last. So I will keep on trying."



Charlie soon had a space cleared from the snow, and as he worked on the path grew longer. By and by it reached quite up to the kitchen door. It looked like a little street between snow-white walls.

When papa came home to dinner, he was pleased to see what his little boy had done. Next day he gave Charlie a fine blue sled, and on it was painted its name, in yellow letters, "*Little by Little*."

The boys all wanted to know it came to have such a name.

And when they learned about it, I think it was a lesson to them as well as to Charlie.

—MRS. SUSAN ARCHER WEISS



WHAT THE SNOW-FLAKES SAY.

Bright, beautiful snow crystals,
 Filling the air,
Why do you come dancing,
 From homes so fair,
To fall and be trodden on everywhere?

"We hurry, we scurry down,
 From regions bright,
To clothe the murky old town,
And bare hills, bleak and brown,
 In garments white.

"And when we are trod on and black,
 Our sweet task o'er,
We joyously hasten back,
Dance o'er the homeward track,
 More glad than before."

—M. J. T.

A DANGEROUS FRIEND.

A TRUE STORY.

Once there was a little boy named Charley, who was not afraid of anything. He would pick up frogs or bugs, or walk up to a dog or goat and pat him just as if he was an old friend. But he was a good boy, and never hurt any creature.



He drove the cows home every evening. Charley loved the cows that gave him such good milk, and he used to talk to them as he drove them along.

One day Charley thought he would cut across a lot that was fenced in. He had only walked a little way when he saw a big bull trotting towards him. Do you think Charley was frightened? Not a bit. He knew it was of no use to run. As quick as he could, he pulled up a handful of grass and held it out to the bull.

The bull was feeling very ugly, for the men who put him in the field had beaten him, and choked him with the rope around his neck. But when he saw Charley standing there so bravely, he knew the little boy did not want to hurt him. He stopped, looked at Charley a moment, and then quietly ate the grass, from his hand.

Charley pulled some more grass and gave him, and then some more, and more, until the bull had enough. Charley walked away, with the bull following him to the fence.

The next evening he pulled some turnips and carried them to the bull. He liked them very much. Every day after that Charley carried something good to his big friend.



But one day Charley's father passed by the field. He was terribly frightened to see his little boy on the bull's back, riding around the lot. He shouted to him, but turned pale when he saw Charley take hold of the horns and let himself down over the bull's head. He expected to see the animal toss the little fellow in the air; but he only rubbed his black nose against Charley and let him run to his papa.



The next day the bull was taken away, for Charley's papa did not want him to have such a dangerous friend. I do not believe the bull would ever have hurt the kind little boy; do you?

C. H. B.

THE PET FOX.

Hardie had a funny present once. It was a little fox. The man who gave it to him found it when it was a small cub. He tried to tame it as it grew older, but he could not make it very tame.

The man belonged to the army, and soon he had to go away. Then he gave his fox to Hardie, who was glad to have it for a pet. He wanted to keep it in the house. But his mamma said Foxy was not a nice pet to keep in the house. So Hardie made him a kennel out doors. Foxy had a collar on, with a strong chain.

His young master fastened him by this chain; and then he gave him chicken bones, and other good things, to eat.

Foxy seemed quite happy for a time; but one day the dogs found him, and they teased him so that poor Foxy worked out of his collar and ran and hid in the house. Hardie was sorry for his pet, but he knew he must not stay in the house.

So he made the collar and chain fast once more, and put the fox back in his kennel. Then he fenced it up so that the dogs could not get in, and said, "There, poor fellow! You need not be afraid!"

But when Foxy heard the dogs bark he was afraid. He was sure they would get at him, and he worked so hard at his collar that he got it off again. Then he ran away to the woods, Hardie was very sorry to lose his fox; he asked all the boys if they had seen it.

Down the road there lived a blacksmith who had two pet raccoons. They were tame, very tame. They had a place to live in which they had fixed as they liked it. They used to run across the road from their home to a spring, to drink.



A boy who did not know about the blacksmith's raccoons saw one of them as it ran to get a drink. He chased it and caught it. Then he came up to find Hardie.

"Hardie, I've found your fox!" cried the boy. Hardie ran in haste to look; but when he saw what the boy had brought he said, "O dear! That is no fox at all. It is one of Mr. Gunn's raccoons."

The boy took the raccoon back, and Hardie never found his fox.

—MRS. D. P. SANFORD.

PLAY-TIME.

PLAY-TIME.

THE boys were in the garden,
Digging little wells;
The girls were at the sea-side,
Hunting pretty shells.



The boys were in the school-
room,
Sitting all in rows;
The girls were in the ball-room,
Standing on their toes.



The boys were in the wild
woods,
Picking sweet red berries;
The girls were 'neath the fruit-
trees,
Shaking down the cherries

PLAY-TIME.

The girls were in the old swing,
Getting many a fall;
The boys were running swiftly
After bouncing ball.



Tired out, both girls and boys
In bed are sleeping sound.
May Heaven's brightest angels
Their dreaming couch sur-
round!



CELIA LOGAN



The boys were in the garden,
Digging little wells;
The girls were at the sea-side,
Hunting pretty shells.

The boys were in the schoolroom,
Sitting all in rows;
The girls were in the ball-room,
Standing on their toes.

The boys were in the wild woods,
Picking sweet red berries;
The girls were 'neath the fruit-trees,
Shaking down the cherries.

VACATION TRIALS.

JOHNIE'S STORY.

I wanted to be good. I wanted to have lots of fun.

When I got up in the morning I said, "Here's another long day, and no school." I did n't have to hurry up. Mamma let me take as long as I liked to eat my breakfast.



After breakfast was the worst. We wanted to do the biggest lot of things you ever knew, but we could n't.

We began to play store. That was fun for a little while. Then Susan scolded because we took her new pie-pans for our angleworms. We sold the worms ten for a cent for the boys to fish with.

When we were tired of the store, we had to put things all back in their places.

We wanted a circus. Wo made a good one with our cat Mopsy for a tiger. Six boys gave us five pins each to see it. They found the pins in their mothers' cushions.



Edgar Lane's mother bought a ticket. We made tickets out of pretty colored paper.

I lost mother's best scissors somehow. It took all the money in my bank to pay for them.

When we were having some jolly fun Susan called out, "You bad, wicked children, you've got your ma's best shawl for a curtain."

We did n't know it was her best shawl. It didn't look nice. Papa said it was camel's hair. We never thought camels had such queer hair.

We didn't play circus any more.

We went in the garden and camped out. We played the trees were high mountains. I was on the Alps. My sister in the grammar school told me about the Alps.

Edgar was in the same tree on another limb.

He called his "The Catskills." He went to those mountains once. We had a splendid time. Pretty soon Grandpa came out and said, "Here, you young rascals, come down, you will shake off all my nice fruit!"



as they do.

My papa and mamma don't, but grandma and aunties and my big cousins do. They make you feel prickly all over telling you about proper things.

I tell you it's real hard to feel full of fun and not let it out. It's hard to be a boy in vacation unless you can go off in the country or down by the sea.

There don't seem to be any place for boys.

I told Susan so, and she said boys were always in the way.

If we could only leave things around it would be better.

It spoils vacation when some one keeps saying, "Don't do that!" or, "O, dear, those boys!"

Edgar says clothes are hateful things. His mother wants him to look pretty. He wants to roll on the grass, but he can't. My mother lets me. I have some overalls and stout shoes, and I roll.

My papa says boys have to climb and roll and keep busy if they want to grow strong.

When we got tired of our mountains we went fishing. I tumbled in and spoiled my straw hat. It was not deep, only the mud.

Vacations would be nice if it wasn't for the big folks. They want you to do



THE VOYAGE OF THE BLUEBELL.

One rainy day papa made two ships for his little girls. They were about a foot long. They had little white sails, and tiny flags floating from the tops of the masts. They were gayly painted.

Sixon put his nose into the paint pail, so he was painted too. But it soon wore off.

Mabel's ship was decorated with blue, so she called it "The Bluebell."

Nelly's was bright with scarlet trimmings. A fine sounding name would be best she thought She named hers "The Pride of the Seas."

When the pleasant weather came again, they had fine times sailing them. As they were always careful they were allowed to go down to the lake. There was a little cove, with a bright sandy beach where they played. They sent the ships across this cove from one side to the other. Back and forth they went, in safety, for a while.

There is sometimes danger for ships, however. This the children soon realized. One day a stray breeze caught the little "Bluebell."



She did not sail across to the other side as she had done before, but out by the point, and away into the great, wide lake.

The wind was strong; the blue streamers fluttered bravely in the sunshine. She sailed far away, and at last was quite out of sight.

"Let's play she has gone to California," said Nelly, as they stood watching her.

"She will come back some time with a load of gold," added Mabel.

"The Pride of the Seas" stuck fast on a mud bank. John, the hired man, with a long pair of rub-
cued her.
many a day.

used often to
from pieces of
dolls for sailors.
out to find the missing

ber boots on, res-
And she sailed
pleasant summer

The little girls
make little boats
shingles, with paper
These they sent
ship. It is many years now since the "Bluebell" started on her long
voyage, but she has never returned.

EMERY LYNN.



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The wind was strong; the blue streamers fluttered bravely in the sunshine. She sailed far away, and at last was quite out of sight.

"Let's play she has gone to California," said Kelly, as they stood watching her.

"She will come back some time with a load of gold," added Mabel.

"The Pride of the Seas" stuck fast on a mud bank. John, the hired man, rescued her.

THE TWINS.



Do you know our Peter and Polly,
So pretty, so plump, and so jolly!
One with merry blue eyes and lips like a cherry,
And one with dark hair, and cheeks brown as a berry!
Then this is our Peter and Polly!

Do you know our Polly and Peter?
One a little and one a great eater;
One with jews-harp and whistle and hammer
Just making a houseful of clamor;
And one with her dollies and stories
And lapful of blue morning-glories?
Then this is our Polly and Peter!

J. P. R.



THE EVENING LESSON.

Let me show you, babies dear,
How to act when Puss is near.
In this manner run to hide:
Dodge around and jump aside;
Don't be slacking in your pace,
Thinking she'll give up the chase.
You may scamper as you will,
She 'll be close behind you still.
When she tries to use her claws,
Then be lively, never pause;
Though you leave your ears behind,
Squeeze ahead and never mind.

Now, Suppose the cat were here,
Show me how you'd disappear.
Are you ready? One, two, three!
Good enough! she'll hungry be
Ere she catches you or me.

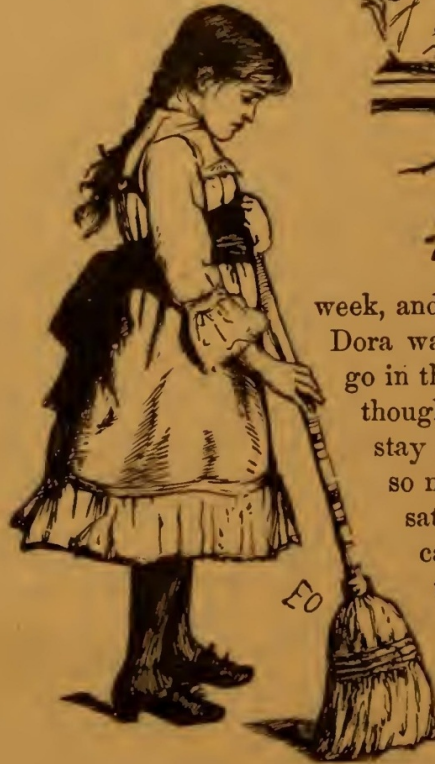
—PALMER COX.

DORA'S HOUSEKEEPING.

One morning Dora's mother was going away to the next town. She was going to bring grandma for a visit.

DORA'S HOUSEKEEPING.

ONE morning Dora's mother was going away to the next town. She was going to bring grandma for a visit. The carriage was waiting before she was quite ready. "Now I shall not have time to finish my work," she said. "I will let you sweep the sitting-room, Dora. You did it very nicely last



week, and I know you want to help me."

Dora was pouting because she could not go in the carriage with her mother. She thought it was very cruel that she must stay at home when she wanted to go so much. So she did not answer, but sat by the window pouting till the carriage was gone. Then she said to herself, "I don't feel like sweeping, and don't care how I do it. I think 'tis too bad that I can't go to ride!"

So she swept the sitting-room in a very heedless manner. She



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So she swept the sitting-room in a very heedless manner. She did not get the dust-pan and take up the litter; she only brushed it together and left it under the hearth-rug.

When her mother came home she praised her for making the room so neat. Grandma praised her too. She said, "I like to see children do their work well. Then I feel sure they will do their work well when they are grown up. I am glad if our little girl is going to be a good house-keeper."

O, how Dora felt! She was so ashamed of what she had done. She felt worse because they praised her. She kept thinking of the litter under the hearth-rug. She was afraid some one would move the rug and see it. She was unhappy all the rest of the day. When she went to sleep at night she dreamed that she could not find the dust-pan.

She woke very early the next morning and went down stairs alone. She found the dustpan and brushed up the litter as carefully as she could. It seemed easy enough to do it now. She wished that she had done it at first; then she would have deserved praise from her mother and grandmother.

Dora remembered this for a long time. I am J not sure if she ever forgot it; and it taught her a good lesson. She found that wrongdoing made her very unhappy. When she grew older she learned to be a neat housekeeper.

—M. E. N. HATHEWAY



OUT IN THE RAIN.




OUT IN THE RAIN.

Down in the meadow, one summer day,
Went two little cousins, Clarrie and May.



They skipped and they laughed, nor
lifted an eye
To see the dark clouds gather fast o'er
the sky.

Down in the meadow, all in the sweet
hay,
Who are so merry as Clarrie and May!



Down in the meadow, one summer day, Went two little cousins, Clarrie and May.
Pitty-pat, patter, came drops one by one
Two little cousins beginning to run.

Over the stubble the little feet go,
Rain-drops are drenching from top to toe.

Dripping and tired, they enter the gate;
Two watching mothers the little strays wait.

Wet skirt and jacket are off in a trice,
Two little cousins are soon dry and nice.

Down in the meadow, when ceases the rain,
Two little cousins will frolic again.

—LUCY RANDOLPH FLEMING.



THE LITTLE CHIMNEY-SWEEPS.

One rainy day Tommie was standing by the window watching the great drops roll down the window-panes. He did n't like rainy days.



All at once he heard a great noise in the fireplace. Such a chattering! The screen was taken down, and there were four poor little swallows clinging to the sides of the chimney. Tommie called them "chimney-sweeps," and tried to catch one. It clung so fast to the chimney sides that he could scarcely pull it off.

There was no nest to be seen. Tommie and his mamma thought the poor little sweeps must have been frightened by the storm.

Tommie wondered what he could do with them. They could not go up the chimney, and the old birds would never come down. If he put them in the yard the cat would catch them.



Then Tommie told his mamma that he could carry them to the observatory on the house-top, and got his papa to put them in the chimney. He got a little basket, caught the poor little birds, and put them in it. His mamma tied a handkerchief over the top of the basket to keep the birds in. By noon the sun was out, and Tommie's papa came home to dinner. They went to the observatory, Tommie carrying the basket of "chimney-sweeps."

The little boy held the basket while his papa put the birds in the chimney-top, one at a time. They clung to the bricks and began to cry again.

Tommie was held up to see the little birds, and then they went down stairs, so that the old birds might take care of their little ones and not be frightened.

After Tommie had gone, the mamma and papa birds came up and showed the little ones how to get to their nest again.

—AUNT NELL



"ROCK-A-BYE BABY ON THE TREE TOP."

"ROCK-A-BYE BABY ON THE TREE TOP."

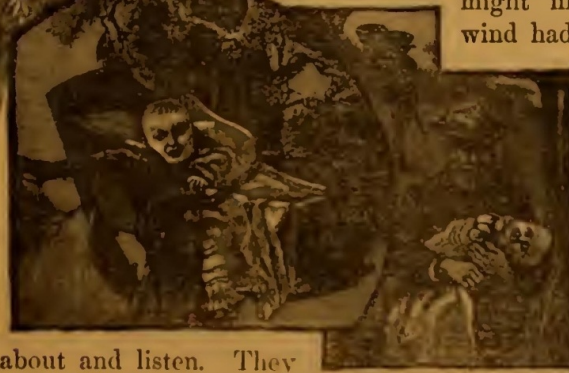


ONE day last summer, down in Texas, there was a fearful storm. It was a wind-storm. The wind was so strong that it carried roofs of houses, and such things, a great way.

When it was over, some men set out to follow the track of the storm. One of them told this true story. They thought they might find things that the wind had dropped; and they might find some one hurt and in need of help.

It was near night, and quite dark in the woods, when they heard a cry. They stopped to look

about and listen. They again; and then they saw some dark thing up in a tree.



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It was near night, and quite dark in the woods, when they heard a cry. They stopped to look heard the cry and then they saw some dark thing up in a tree.

"It is a panther!" said one. "Stand off! I will shoot!"

"No; stop!" said another; "it is not a panther. I will climb up and see what it is."

Up he went; and what do you think he found, lodged in the tree!

A cradle with a dear little baby in it! The fearful wind had blown down the baby's home. It had carried off baby, cradle and all. The cradle was caught by a branch of the high tree.

Then the wind blew against it so hard that the cradle was wedged in a crotch of the tree. It was so fast that the men had to saw away the boughs to get it down.

There was the dear baby, all safe and sound, in its cradle nest No one knew where the baby's friends were, or where its home had been. The men carried it to their home, and a kind woman took care of it.

Are you not glad that the poor little baby was saved in the tree? If the cradle had fallen to the ground, you know, the little one might have been killed. Was it not a good thing that the men heard the baby cry?

—MRS. D. P. SANFORD

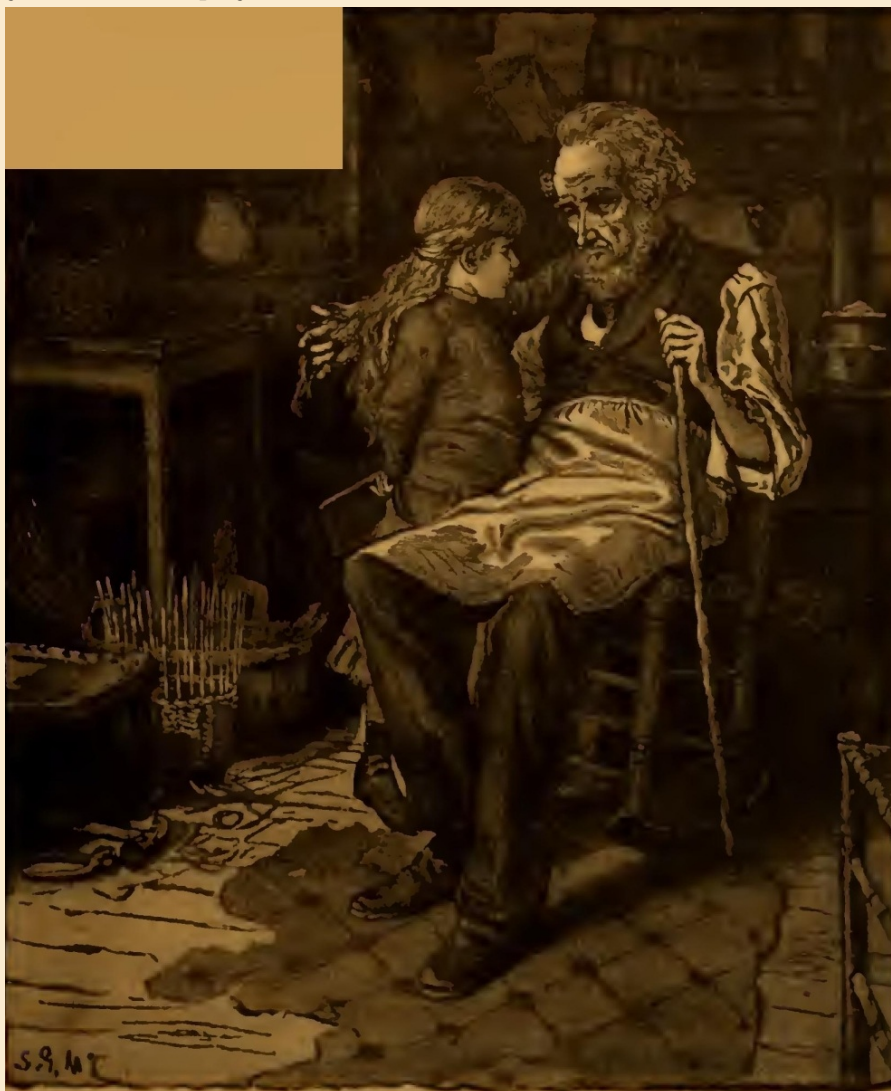
THE BLIND BASKET-MAKER

Henry, the basket-maker, is sitting at the door of his house. He is now nearly sixty years of age. With Fido his dog, and Lucy his granddaughter, he goes from place to place and gets work. Lucy finds it very tiresome to go every day with her grandfather, but Fido is very fond of going.

The old man has not seen the sun, or his own face, or the trees, or anything at all, for more than twenty years. He does not know what Lucy looks like. He only runs his fingers through her golden ringlets and calls her his Sunshine.

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He can make a basket in one morning. He makes it of willow branches that are of several colors. How does he do that? Why, Lucy puts all the willow that is of the same color in one pile, and then tells him. He says Lucy is his eye. Lucy would rather play than sort willow.



If Fido could only be taught to know colors, would it not be nice? There, that basket is done, and off walks the old man, cane in hand, and the basket on one arm. Lucy leads him, and Fido follows close.

—R. W. LOWRIE.



"GO HALVES!"

Little Fred Mason's father took him to an exhibition of wild animals. After they had looked at the elephants, lions, tigers, and bears, they went to see the monkeys. On the way, Mr. Mason bought two large oranges and gave them to Fred.

There were six cages of small animals. One of them was for the "happy family." Fred thought the creatures in it must be called the "happy family" because the dogs, cats, and monkeys were all the time teasing and plaguing one another. One monkey had a rat in his lap. He tended it as a mother does her baby. The monkey was happy, but Mr. Mason did not think the rat liked it very well.

Fred put one orange into his side pocket. He could not wait until he got home to eat the other. As he walked along among the cages he seemed to care more for the fruit than for the animals. He sucked the orange with all his might, till he came to a cage with three monkeys in it.

One of them looked very sober and solemn. One opened his mouth and seemed to be laughing. All of them looked at Fred and held out their hands. They could not talk; if they could, they would have said, "Go halves!"



The orange was nice and sweet; Fred did not wish to "go halves." he turned away, for he did not like to be asked for what he was not willing to give. The monkeys put their hands out for some of the orange, but Fred looked the other way.

Fred should have looked at the monkeys, for the one nearest to him put out his long arm and snatched the orange from his hand. Fred tried to get it again. While he was doing so, the solemn monkey reached down and took the other orange from his pocket Fred did not think how near he was to the cage.

Fred began to cry. The laughing monkey had no orange. He was afraid of the solemn monkey, but he chased the one that had stolen the orange Fred was eating, all over the cage. He got it at last.

Fred's father bought two more oranges for him, and he did not go so near the cages again.

—MARY BLOOM.



A NICE ORANGE.

"If you don't think so, smell of it!"



A Nice Orange.

"If you don't think so, smell of it!"

FREDDIE'S BAGGAGE.

The ship "Ocean Queen" sailed into Finnport harbor and anchored a little way from the wharf. It looked very grand with its tall masts.

A boat rowed to the wharf, bringing Uncle Robert. He was master of the ship, and a nice man he was. All the boys liked Uncle Robert. He always brought them queer things from China and Japan.

One day Freddie climbed up on his uncle's knee and asked if he would not take him to sea. Uncle Robert stroked the little boy's curly head and said, "Yes, Freddie boy, you shall go some time." Every night Freddie dreamed he was sailing on the water. Every morning he would look to see that the "Ocean Queen" had not gone and left him.

One day Freddie thought he must get his baggage ready. So he took his mamma's rag-bag and emptied all the rags under the sewing-machine. He took his little nightdress from under his pillow and put it into the bag. Then he put in a ball of knitting-cotton. That was for fishing-lines. He took some pins and bent them into hooks. Lastly he put in his little Testament.

Then he started for the wharf. He called at several stores on the way, and said lie was going to "ship to sea." The men laughed, but Freddie went along all the same.

On the way he met his uncle, to whom he said, "I'm all ready; here is my baggage, nighty and Testament, and a whole lot of string and pin-hooks to catch fish."



Uncle Robert looked into the bag, and sure enough Freddie was "all packed."

"Well, Freddie," said his uncle, "I am not going now. When you are older you shall go."

Freddie did not at first want to give up the idea. Uncle Robert talked kindly, and gave him a gold dollar. So Freddie behaved like a good little boy, and waited until he was older.

—ELIZABETH ORR WILLIAMS.



MAKING MAPLE SUGAR.

Let's go down in the wood-lot," said John to his little brother Tim, one day, "and tap a tree and make maple sugar. I can't find the gimlet, but I've got a big nail and the hammer."



So down they went. John pounded the nail into a tree, and pulled it out again, till he had made quite a hole. Then he made a little wooden spout for the sap to run in, and hung his pint kettle upon it.

"By to-morrow," said he, "that kettle ought to be full of sweet sap, a lot nicer than any honey the bees ever thought of."

"O," cried Tim, "I thought it would be full of maple sugar, all ready to eat!"

"You *didn't* suppose that maple sugar ran out of a tree all ready made, did you, Tim?" said John. "You don't know much. You ought to study trees and things. You see the sap runs out when you tap the tree. Then you build a fire and boil it down. When it's cool, there's your sugar, sir."

"We'll boil it down to-morrow," said Tim.

But it was a long time till to-morrow! Tim and John went to bed early and got up early. As soon as school was done they ran to the wood-lot to boil the sap down. But there was not a drop in the little kettle! Tim almost cried. "What a stingy tree!" he said.

Miss Smith, who was gathering autumn leaves in the woods, came along while they were talking. "Are you tapping for maple sap?" she asked. "This is the wrong season of the year, John, you know."

John didn't know.

"The spring is the time, when the sap runs up. And when you want to make maple sugar, you must tap a maple-tree. This is a birch! You ought to study about trees, John."

And they went home, sadder and wiser boys.

—MARY N. PRESCOTT.



WEEZY'S SAMBO.

Little Weezy Haynes had more dolls than she could take care of, and they were always falling into mischief.

Her china twins had but one leg and one arm between them, and not a sign of a head. Her pretty wax Rosa was without a nose.

And as to her guttapercha baby, it was so wrinkled and ugly that Weezy rubbed the window-panes with it when she played at cleaning house. Phebe Redlan cut paper dolls for her by the hour, but these frisked out of the window or into the fire; and of Weezy's large family there was left only one sound child.

This was little Sambo, knit of worsted; black face, scarlet jacket, yellow trousers, and all. When he tumbled into the wash-bowl Weezy squeezed him out, and dried him over the register. When lie ravelled mamma darned him, and made him as good as new.

O, he nicest kind of a doll! and from his white sewing-silk teeth to his black stocking-yarn toes, Weezy loved every inch of him. Yet she did love to punish him. One morning when she found him in papa's boot she shook him till one of his bead eyes dropped out.



"What for Sambo run away and hide?" cried she. "Now mamma mus' tie Sambo, 'cause Sambo did n't mind."

She looked about the hall for something to tie him to, and saw papa's overcoat on the hat-tree. The buttons on the back of it were just within her reach.

"There! Sambo must be tied till he is a good boy," said she, winding the ends of his tiny scarf round one of the buttons.

Then, leaving the poor doll hanging by his neck, she danced off to the kitchen to tease Bridget for "two big plums."

Pretty soon Papa Haynes came out of the sitting-room to go down town. It was rather dark in the hall, and he put on his overcoat without seeing the doll. Next he drew on his gloves, and walked briskly into the street with Sambo bobbing up and down from the button at his back.

It was funny enough! One little boy laughed so hard that he rolled off the doorstep. Some school-children on the corner shouted, and clapped their hands. Papa Haynes wondered what all the noise was about. He could n't see anything to laugh at.

He might have gone on right through the village with Sambo's yellow legs dancing a jig behind him, if the minister had n't called to him.

"Sir?" said papa, wheeling in front of the minister's gate so suddenly that the doll bounced against him.

"Why, what is this?" he went on, reaching his hand behind his back.

"Something that belongs to Weezy, I fancy," laughed the minister, unwinding Sambo's scarf.

When Papa Haynes saw the doll he could n't help laughing too.

"Well, I must say I've cut a pretty figure," said he, with a very red face. "No wonder the boys shouted!"

He felt like tossing Sambo over the fence, but then he thought of his little daughter.

"I suspect Weezy is crying this minute for her lost baby," said he, cramming Sambo, head first, into his pocket. "I'll take it home to her this time, but she must look out how she ties it again to my coat-button!"

—FENN SHIRLEY.





O, HOW IT RAINS!

The wind it is roaring,
The rain it is pouring,
And Sissy and I have been out for a walk;
But is n't it lucky,
We both are so plucky,
The rain cannot scare us from laughter and talk?

I am her big brother
(She hasn't another),
And she's all the sister that ever I had.
No girl could be nearer,
Or sweeter, or dearer:
She's my little lassie, I'm her little lad.

It was in December
(We both can remember)
I drew her about o'er the snow on my sled.
But all fun won't be going,
For though it's not snowing,
There's rain to be kept from my wee Sissy's head.



ROVER AND THE CATS.

Rover was a large black Newfoundland dog. He weighed one hundred and sixty pounds. But he knew more than he weighed.



When he wanted to come into the house he would ring the front door bell. The knob pulled down, so that he could press on it with his paw. How many times black Sally brushed her hair in a hurry and ran to the door! There she would find Rover, who said "Bow-wow" very politely. It is a pity, but Sally was not always as polite as Rover. Sometimes she said cross words to him.

One day Thomas, the gardener, shot a woodchuck on the hill back of the house. He brought it down to the garden, where the four children were playing with Rover. The little ones flocked about him, greatly pleased to see the strange animal. Then Master Minot spoke up, and said he thought there ought to be a grave for the woodchuck. He would be captain, he said, and they would all march to the grave and bury the animal.

** A small burrowing animal, a pest to farmers in America.*

And so they did. Thomas dug the grave near where the beans grew. The woodchuck was put in an old raisin-box. Minot was captain, but then he drew the woodchuck in his little cart. He also played a tune on his tin whistle. Thomas went first, and then the children. Rover marched behind. The raisin-box was put in the hole near the beans and covered up. An old shoe was set up as a tombstone. Then the children all scampered back to where they had been playing "I spy."



But Rover sat by the grave a long time. After dinner he went there again. Two or three times in the afternoon Thomas found him there. At supper time he was nowhere to be seen. "Dear old Rover," Captain Minot said, "has he run away?"

To bed they all went, but there was 110 Rover to watch over them. The first thing in the morning the children heard him barking in the with a dear little pussy cat which he had killed. He had brought it to the place where the woodchuck lay the day before. Captain Minot scolded Rover, you may be sure, the cruel dog that he was! And then they buried poor kitty. But that night Rover was gone again, and in the morning he brought another dead pussy. And so he did for three or four nights. Then he stopped, for there were no more cats near by.

You see, poor Rover loved to march after Captain Minot. He knew no better way to make Captain Minot

march than to bring home something to bury. This was very bright of Rover; but it was cruel, and a very bad example for other dogs.

—C. BELL.



HOW THE TEAKETTLE WENT TO PARIS.

The children had been playing house out in the back shed. Joe and Susie were Mr. and Mrs. Primrose, Nellie was Aunt Daisy, and Pink and Ducky were the little Primroses.

Susie had a real cooking-stove, and a teakettle. She saved all the burnt matches for firewood. They had hot water and sugar for tea. Toasted crackers did duty for beefsteak, hot rolls, and potatoes. The very brown ones were chocolate cake.

They had a merry feast' until Mrs. Primrose's health failed. Then Mr.

Primrose thought they had better take a trip to Paris.

There was a brook at the bottom of the garden, with two boards across it for the children to walk over. On the other side was Paris.

Mrs. Primrose said they ought to take the furniture, but she left it all behind except the teakettle. She was sure to want some tea on the voyage.

Ducky had fallen asleep, and they concluded to leave him at home. He was only three years old, and could not enjoy the sights. Joe put him in the hammock, and the rest started on their journey. Aunt Daisy was to take care of Pink, who was four years old, and as playful as a kitten.

The family reached the other side in safety, except poor Mrs. Primrose and her teakettle. When she was about half way across, Ponto, the great house-dog, came rushing down the hill to go with them. He struck against Mrs. Primrose, and over she went into the brook; but her beloved teakettle flew over to the other side of the stream.

Just then there was a dreadful clap of thunder. It frightened the children so, that they ran up to the house as fast as they could. Susie did not remember until the next day what became of the teakettle, but it had reached Paris in safety.

—ANNIE D. BELL.



THE CAPTIVE BUMBLE-BEE.

In a milk-white prison, with only one
Round window opening to the sun,
Raving and raging in vain despair
Like a wounded lion in his lair,
I have a captive. He can't get out,
For I hold the door with my fingers stout.

"But how can you hold this captive wild,
You, who are only a little child?"
Ay, that's the riddle, how can I, say?
And I had another yesterday..
You'll never guess, I'll have to tell;
You don't read riddles very well.



By the garden-walk I chanced to see
In a foxglove flower a bumble-bee;
And when he was fairly sipping the honey,
I fastened him into this prison funny.
It's long and hollow and flat, you see,
The very jail for a bumble-bee!

Yes, it is a pity to shut him up,
Though his jail is a lovely foxglove cup!
So I 'll toss the flower that I picked, away,
And I won't catch another bee to-day;
For he beats so fiercely his prison-wall,
I know that he doesn't like it at all!

—MRS. KATE UPSON CARLSON



LONDON TOWN.

Which is the way to London Town?

'Over the hills, across the down;
 Over the ridges,
 Over the bridges,
Over the hills, across the down,
That is the way to London Town."

And what shall I see in London Town?

"O, many a building, old and brown,
 Many a neat
 Old-fashioned street,
And many a building, old and brown,
You 'll be sure to see in London Town."

What else shall I see in London Town?

"Many a maiden in silken gown;
 Pretty pink faces
 Tied up in laces,
Many a maiden in silken gown,
You'll certainly see in London Town."



Then onward I hurried to London Town;
Over the hills, across the down,
 Over the ridges,
 Over the bridges,
Over the ills, across the down,
Until I found me in London Town.

—ALBERT H. HARDY.



LOOK AT BOTH SIDES.

Two horsemen met near the statue of a knight with a shield. One side of the shield was of gold, the other of silver. One said the shield was gold; the other that it was silver. They got angry about it and fought till both were badly hurt. An old priest came along and told them they should have looked on both sides of the shield. We should always look on both sides of the question.



ABOUT A QUEER MAN.

Many hundreds of years ago lived a very strange man whose name was Diogenes. His home was in the city of Athens, in Greece. The people of Athens were very polite; but this strange man took pride in being very impolite. He made himself very disagreeable.

People stared at him and laughed at him. This was just what pleased Diogenes. Many people called him a great man. This pleased him more yet. He was so odd, and behaved so strangely, that after a while a good many tried to imitate him and to act as strangely as he did. This pleased him, perhaps, most of all.



Sometimes Diogenes slept in the sand, and sometimes on the verandas of houses or in doorways. Sometimes he used to take a tub around with him. When night came he would curl himself up like a kitten and go to sleep in the tub.

One bright sunny day, when the city was full of people, he took a lighted lantern and walked down the street. He looked as if he were hunting for something. "What are you looking for, with your lantern in this bright daylight?" the people asked. "I am looking for an honest man," growled Diogenes.

At this time there lived a great warrior and emperor who had made himself more famous than any one else in the world. Great crowds followed him, and threw up their hats, and cheered. His name was Alexander. Perhaps he was really the greatest man in the world. So he was called Alexander the Great.

One day Alexander marched by where Diogenes sat sunning himself in the sand. The people were cheering as usual and making a great noise. But Diogenes sat quite still, caring nothing about the emperor. When Alexander passed before Diogenes he noticed this. He wondered why this poorly clothed man paid him no attention.

Then he turned to Diogenes with a frown, and said in a very haughty manner, "Do you know that I am Alexander?"

Everybody thought that Diogenes would turn pale and be very much confused. But he only looked up and answered with as much pride as if he were an emperor himself, "Do you know that I am Diogenes?"



Perhaps we may all admire his independence as much as Alexander is said to have done. Diogenes always lived this queer sort of a life. He was an old, old man when he died.

CHARLES T. JEROME.

TRADE.

In the village sell your hay;
Then for food and clothing pay.

BETTY AND BRINDLE.

Betty was a nice little girl about six years old. She lived in the country on a pleasant farm. She went out to the barn every day and helped her brother scatter com to the hens and turkeys. She liked to give handfuls of hay to the horses when her father was close by her, but she did not dare to go near them when she was alone.

One day Betty was in the orchard picking up apples.



Below the orchard there was a field where the cows were feeding. One of the cows was named Brindle. She stood with her head over the fence as if she wanted something to eat. Betty saw her, and she thought, "Poor old Brindle is tired of grass; she wants me to bring her some of my apples."

So she filled her apron with sweet apples and went up to the fence. Brindle took the apples from her hand and seemed to think they were very good. The fence was low and broken where she was standing, and she pushed against it hard because she was so glad to get the apples. She wanted more and more, and pushed against the fence till it was almost thrown down.

When Betty saw the fence falling she felt frightened a little, and stepped away. Brindle had not got apples enough, so she jumped right over the fence and came towards Betty. Then Betty was frightened a good deal, and she started to run as fast as she could.





When Brindle saw her going off she began to run after her. She did not wish to hurt or frighten Betty, she only wanted to get what she carried in her apron.

Betty was very much afraid, so she ran faster and faster. By and by she let go of her apron and the apples rolled down to the ground. Then Brindle stopped and went to eating them. She was quite satisfied now, and did not go any farther.

So Betty got away and was not harmed at all. She found her father and told him about it, and he drove Brindle back to her pasture. Then he put up the fence so that she could not get out again.

—M. E. N. HATHEWAY.

JACK AND JIMMY.

Almost every morning last winter, unless it was very cold indeed, I looked out of my window hoping to see Jack and Jimmy. I wanted to find out, if I could, what they were doing.



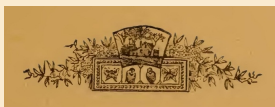
If I saw them first at one end of the garden, on a fence, this was the very reason for thinking they would soon be at the other end. Their little legs were seldom at rest, and carried them about very fast.

They did n't get up very early. After their breakfast, when the sun began to get warm, and they were once out in the fresh air with the warm gray coats that covered them all up, they were wide-awake enough. They never went to school, and they were such funny little fellows I am sure I don't know what they would have done with themselves if they had gone.

But they knew things that not even the brightest little boys know. Though they did run about so much they were not idle, but worked hard sometimes. I know they must have done so last autumn. And what do you think they did? They picked up nuts, and hid away enough to last all through the long, cold winter.

Have you guessed who my little friends were? Did you think they were boys? Why, no! They were two gray squirrels with great bushy tails. As I have n't any little boys to have a good time with them, I was glad to have such bright, frisky, graceful creatures to watch and talk to every sunny day.

—MARY L. HALL.



BESSIE IN THE MOUNTAINS.

Bessie Lee was six years old when she went to the mountains of North Carolina with her father. What Bessie liked best of all were the nice donkey rides every morning.

The poor donkeys didn't get much rest, for the little folks kept them busy all day. Bessie was kind to them, but some of the children were not. Bessie liked a donkey named Kate best of all. One day Bessie's father put her in the saddle, and Kate kicked up. When Bessie was lifted off, and the saddle removed, a great bleeding sore was found on the poor donkey's back.

Bessie felt very sorry for poor Kate, and said, "Papa, I don't want to ride to-day, but please do not send Kate back to the stables."

"Why not, Bessie?" said Mr. Leo.

"O, papa, the man will let her to some of the rough boys, and they will hurt her back."



Mr. Leo was pleased to see his little daughter's kindness to the poor dumb donkey; but he wished to know if Bessie would deny herself for Kate.

"Well, Bessie," said her father, "if you have any money, give it to the man when he comes for the donkey. Tell him you wish to keep Kate all day."

"I have the money you gave me for ice-cream," said Bessie. "Will that pay the man?"



It was enough, and was given to the man. Bessie kept the donkey all day. She led Kate to the greenest places in the yard, and let her eat the grass. She divided her apples with Kate, and carried her a little pail of water.

At night Bessie told her father she had been happy all day. He made her still happier by telling her she could keep Kate every day while she was in the mountains.

Bessie kissed her father and was soon fast asleep. She dreamed of riding in a little carriage drawn by six white donkeys.

—AUNT NELL.

SCAMP'S RIDE WITH BUTTERCUP.

I was sitting at the window one day.

SCAMP'S RIDE WITH BUTTERCUP.

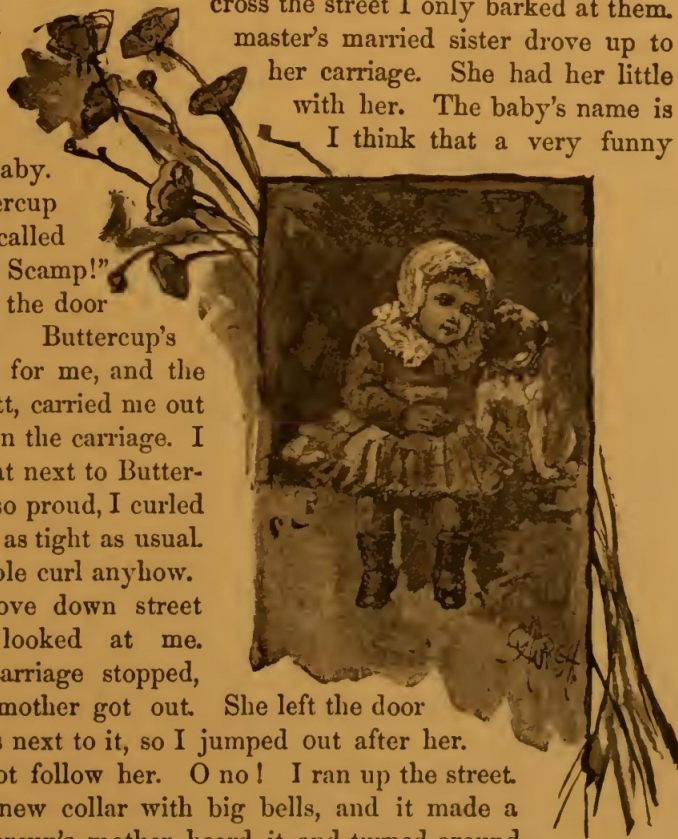
I WAS sitting at the window one day. My master had gone out. He told me to be a good pug-dog while he was gone, so I was trying to mind him. I was good at first, for when I saw two cats and a kitten

At last my
our door in
girl-baby
Buttercup.
name for a baby.

When Buttercup saw me she called out, "Scamp! Scamp!" I ran out to the door to see her. Buttercup's mother sent for me, and the waiter, Wyatt, carried me out and put me in the carriage. I sat on the seat next to Buttercup. I was so proud, I curled my tail twice as tight as usual. It has a double curl anyhow.

As we drove down street everybody looked at me. When the carriage stopped, Buttercup's mother got out. She left the door open. I was next to it, so I jumped out after her. But I did not follow her. O no! I ran up the street. I had on a new collar with big bells, and it made a noise. Buttercup's mother heard it and turned around. She saw me running away, so she ran after me.

I ran as fast as I could; so did she,— up one street, down another. At last I came to a butcher's shop. I saw some meat



My master had gone out He told me to be a good pug-dog while he was gone, so I was trying to mind him. I was good at first, for when I saw two cats cross the street I only barked at them, master's married sister drove up to her carriage.

When Buttercup saw me she called out, "Scamp!"

I ran out to the door to see her. Buttercup' mother sent for me, and the waiter, Wyatt, carried me out and put me in the carriage. I sat on the seat next to Buttercup. I was so proud, I curled my tail twice as tight as usual It has a double curl anyhow.

As we drove down street everybody looked at me.

When the carriage stopped,

Buttercup's mother got out open. I was next to it, so I jumped out after her.

But I did not follow her. O no! I ran up the street I had on a new collar with big bells, and it made a noise. Buttercup's mother heard it and turned around.

She saw me running away, so she ran after me.

I ran as fast as I could; so did she, up one street, down another. At last I came to a butcher's shop. I saw some meat inside and ran in. A nasty big dog was sitting at the back of the shop. He scared me, and I ran behind the counter.

The big dog started to follow me. He would have eaten me up, I know. Just then Buttercup's mother came in. She left the door called to the butcher to stop his dog. The butcher caught him just in time to save me. Then Buttercup's mother took me from under the counter, where I lay trembling. She carried me in her arms to the carriage. Buttercup was crying, for she thought I was lost.

When we got home my master talked to me. He spoke so kindly that it made me ashamed of my wicked deeds; so I have come into this dark room to think over my bad ways and to try and be good.

—JOHN S. SHRIVER.



THE BOY AND THE BIRD.

Boy.—Dicky-bird, dicky-bird,
 whither away?
Why do you fly when I wish you to
 stay?
I never would harm you if you would
 come
And sing me a song while you
 perch on my thumb.

THE BOY AND THE BIRD.

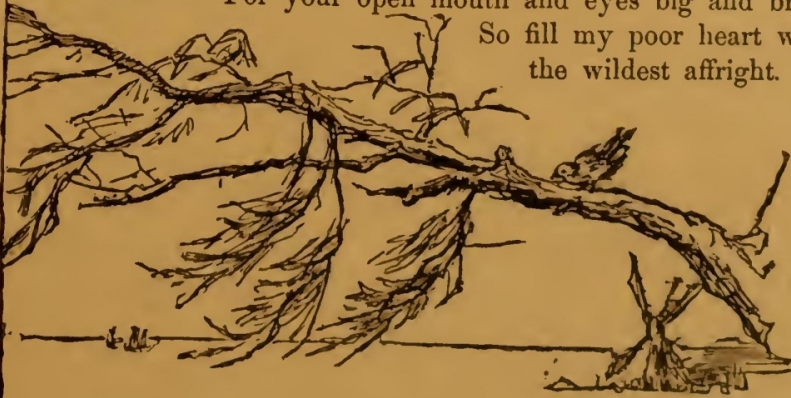


Boy.— DICKY-BIRD, dicky-bird,
whither away?
Why do you fly when I wish you to
stay?
I never would harm you if you would
come

And sing me a song while you
perch on my thumb.

BIRD.— Boy, I will sing to you
here in the tree,
But pray do not come any
nearer to me;

For your open mouth and eyes big and bright
So fill my poor heart with
the wildest affright.



Boy.— I love you, dear dicky, why should you fear?
If you'll come with me, my sweet pretty dear,
You shall live in a house of silver so gay,
And feed on a lump of white sugar each day.



Bird.— Boy, I will sing to you
here in the tree,
But pray do not come any
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You shall live in a house of silver so gay,
And feed on a lump of white sugar each day.

THE BOY AND THE BIRD.

BIRD. — But, my dear boy, I've a nest in this tree,
And three little baby birds waiting for me.



I should pine in a house of silver so gay,
And starve on a lump of white sugar each day.



I love the fresh air, the sunshine so free,
My swing in the rose-bush, my home in the tree.
My birdies are calling me, so I must fly,
And sing as I leave you, Good-by, good-by.

NELLIE M. GARABRANT.



I love the fresh air, the sunshine so free,
My swing in the rose-bush, my home in the tree.
My birdies are calling me, so I must fly,
And sing as I leave you, Good-by, good-by.

—NELLIE M. GARABRANT.



SCAMP'S SURPRISE.

I had a surprise to-day. When I got up I was surprised too. It is Christmas, so my master tells me. I expect Christmas means having a good time. Don't it mean that?



The first thing I saw when I came into the parlor was a big tree all full of pretty things. It's funny to see a tree all fixed up like that. Then my master said, "Scamp, come here, I have got a surprise for you." What do you think it was? Why, a big box. It was marked, "To Mr. Scamp." My master told me it came from New York. Now my cousin Amy lives in New York. Of course, she is not my cousin, only my master's; but it is all the same. I knew she sent me the surprise.

My master opened the box and took out the surprise. What do you think it was? Why, a blanket for me. It was all trimmed with ribbons, and inside it was all fur. My master put the surprise on my back and tied the ribbons. The fur tickled me, and I laughed. They all thought I barked, but I did not; I was laughing.



My master said I looked so fine he would let me go out on the sidewalk.

When we got out of the house, a boy came along the street, with a tin horn. He blew it right in my ear, and it scared me so I fell off the pavement into the snow-drift. I rolled over and over. I felt myself going down, down, down, and I barked. My master whistled to me, but I could not get out.

At last he came and lifted me from the snow-bank. You should have seen "the Surprise." It was all wet, and the fur was spoiled. My master, as he took me into the house, was saying something about "Pride getting a

fall." My name is not Pride, but Scamp.

—JOHN S. SHRIVER.

CHARLIE'S RIDE IN THE PARK.

A TRUE STORY.

Charlie visited a park with his mother and younger brothers. It was a pleasant place. There was a high tower, and stands, and pavilions, and it was well shaded.

It was just as he was ready to leave the park that he saw a deer. The deer came towards him.

He seemed very tame. He licked Charlie's hand and the hands of the others. He seemed delighted at being caressed.

But somehow he really seemed to be most pleased with Charlie's attentions.

He rubbed his head against Charlie, as if he wanted to say, "I love you." Sometimes his manner was a little too earnest to be quite agreeable. There was, perhaps, just the least hint in the world of bunting; but Charlie thought it only the deer's way of showing his love. "O mamma," he cried, "he loves me better than any of you!"

Then mamma and the children walked slowly towards the gateway. Charlie followed, still playing with the deer. She was startled by a sudden sharp cry of distress: "Mamma, mamma, help me!" All looked. There was the deer bounding off at full speed with Charlie on his back. And Charlie could not even held on to the deer's neck, for he was riding backwards.

The deer was frightened, and was making his best jumps. He went like the wind. No one laughed, for it was a very dangerous ride. In a few seconds Charlie was thrown. Over and over he went, and struck on the edge of a muddy pond.



Luckily he was not badly hurt; but he was very much surprised at his ride, for he had not expected it at all.

The deer had suddenly "bunted" under him while he stood facing him. As he threw up his head Charlie was thrown on the deer's back, facing backwards. And then the ride. The deer was frightened. Charlie was

frightened. Mamma and the children were frightened. But what a laugh, all at Charlie's expense, after it was over! A laugh that broke out again and again for hours after. And how many times Charlie's words were repeated with laughter.—"Mamma, he loves me better thar any of you!"

—CHARLES T. JEROME,



PAWS AND MILK.

The dogs Fern and Fan
Are a lovely young span,
With their ears just as soft as silk.
But queer little Fem,
O, when will she learn
 To eat as a puppy ought,
 And not
Put her paws in the basin of milk?

Fan growls her advice,
And declares "You're not nice!"
Goes back and sits down in disgust;
Yet of all things to eat,
Paws and milk are a treat
To her sister, Fern by name;
 For shame!
Shall we send her to bed with a crust?

—LAVINIA S. GOODWIN.

A PIG CAUGHT IN A SLY TRICK.

My story is about a potato field in "Old Virginia." It had around it "a stake and rider fence." The potatoes grew and grew, in sunshine, dew, and rain. They were now as big as liens' eggs.

The owner of the field saw that there was something wrong with his potato patch.



The vines were tom up, and the potatoes were gone. But who was the thief? By watching, maybe, the robber might be found out.

The farmer hid himself among some bushes. But he saw nothing, except one of his own little pigs. Piggy was coming slowly, slowly along the big road. He was rooting all the way, and grunting at every step. Did the pig know where he was going?

One corner of the rail fence rested on a large hollow log. That log was just like the elbow of a stove-pipe. One of its ends was outside and one was inside of the potato field.

The sly pig went straight to that log! With a grunt, he crawled in at one end of it, and, with another grunt, he crawled out at the other end, into the field. There he began, at once, to root up the nice potatoes, and to eat them.

The farmer jumped over the fence. In a trice the bars were put down. There was a loud call, "Here, Rover, Rover, seek him! seek him, sir!" And the dog chased the thieving rascal squealing from the field.



The farmer said to himself, "I 'll fix things all right." Then he turned the log so that the elbow was in the field, and both of its ends were on the outside.

Then the farmer hid and watched again. Mr. Pig came along a second time. He thought everything was right. He crawled into the log once more. He crawled through it. But he was still on the outside of the fence!

The pig grunted. He lifted up his head. He looked all around in great surprise. He wondered what was wrong. Then he grunted louder, and tried once more. Again he failed. And he failed as often as he grunted and tried.

The merry farmer laughed loudly at the wicked and astonished pig.

Thieves are sometimes caught in their slyest tricks!

—UNCLE LEE.

WHAT HAPPENED TO BETTY'S DOG.

My cousin Betty had a shepherd dog whose name was Scott. He was a beauty. He followed Betty in all her walks and rides.



He would chase her about until she ran into the tallest tree in the yard; and there she would stay until Scott went home.

One day Scott was out in the street having a frolic with two other dogs. He was run over by a wagon, and one of his legs was broken. Betty and her brother and Bridget all cried when he went limping into the house.

Bridget hid her face in her apron and said, "Sure, the poor beast will be a cripple for life."

Betty soon wiped away her tears, and said she was going after the doctor. The doctor came home with Betty. After looking at the broken bone he said he could set it. He thought in a few weeks his leg would be all right again.



Scott whined and looked very pitiful while the doctor was at work on the leg; but it was very soon bound up, and he was put on the lounge, with his head on a pillow. Betty made a johnny-cake and some porridge for him every day.

Sometimes Betty thought he was going to have a fever. But her brother told her as long as his nose was cold there was no danger of a fever.

Betty took such good care of Scott that he was able to walk out with her very soon. It was some time before he could have much fun frolicking with dogs or chasing cats.

THE LIGHT-HOUSE

Where the solemn waves the whole day long
Seem saying, "Never! Never!"
As they creep to the feet of the hollow cliffs,
Fall back, roll in, forever,
There stands a light-house, white and tall,
That like the house in parable
Stands "on a rock," and braves the shock
When tempests beat and torrents fall.
Ghost-like at early dawn it looms
Above the gray cold ocean;
And, dull and chill, stands gloomy still
When wakes all else to motion.
But when the evening shadows sink,
And all the lonesome stony coast
Is lost to sight, while through the night
Drives in the storm-clouds black as ink,
'T is then that from that silent pile
Darts far a ruddy dawning,
Lighting the gloom, where the breakers boom,
In priceless, ceaseless warning!

—F. H. COSTELLOW.





AN ODD BABY.

It is ten years, and more, since John and Sue Bent went out West to live: they were quite small then. On the way out, in the cars, they had two things to talk about.

John was so glad to hear that they were to go in a boat, "up the great river with a long name," as he said.

Sue added, "O, I do hope we shall see some Indians, out West!" When they came to the river, they found that the boats could not run. It was spring, but the ice was not yet gone; so they had to go up the river in a *sleigh-stage*, on the ice.

John did not like this; no one liked it, for it did not seem safe. All were glad when they were on land once more.

"Well, John," said little Sue; "we did not go in the boat; but maybe we shall see some Indians now!"

This made the rest laugh, for no one thought Sue would have her wish. But, as they rode up the street of the town, some one cried out:

"Why, little girl, there goes an Indian, to be sure!"

"Yes, and his squaw is behind him. Look, Sue! Look, John!"

"The squaw has her pappoose on her back, too!" cried John.

As they came up to the Indians, how they all did laugh! For the squaw had a little dog on her back, in place of a baby, or pappoose, as they say. It rode in a fold of her blanket, as snug as could be.



The old Indian did not turn his head as the sleigh drove past. But the squaw gave John and Sue a look, as much as to say, "I know why you laugh!"

Was n't it odd of the squaw to carry her dog like a pappoose?

If it had been a child, I dare say she would have had it strapped to a board. The Indians treat their babies so to make them hardy, they say.

I think the dog had the best of it: don't you?

—MRS. D. P. SANFORD.



TESSA'S HAPPY DAY.

Tessa was a little Italian girl. She lived with her grandfather, who was an organ-player. They did not have any home. They wandered about from town to town, and Tessa danced while her grandfather played on the organ. In this way they earned all the money they had.

One afternoon they started to go to a place where they had never been before. They did not know the way, and they walked till it was almost dark. They were in the country among the corn-fields and green orchards. Tessa was so tired she could not go any farther; so they stopped, and ate their supper of dry bread and drank some water from a running brook. Then they went into a meadow where there were some heaps of hay, and lay down for the night. Tessa had often stayed out of doors all night, so she was not afraid; and she and her grandfather were soon asleep on the sweet-smelling hay.

The next morning they woke up rested; but they were very hungry. They saw a house near by, and went to it to get something to eat. The house belonged to Mr. Lane. He invited the travellers in, and Mrs. Lane gave them a good breakfast. After they had eaten, the grandfather played on the organ, and Tessa danced.

Martha and Nannie Lane were little girls about the age of Tessa. They were much pleased with these strange visitors. They had never heard a hand-organ before, and they had never seen any one dance like Tessa. They wanted her to stay all day with them, and she was very glad to do so. She had always lived in cities, and it seemed delightful to her to be in the country. So while her grandfather rested and slept under a shady tree, she ran about and played with Martha and Nannie. They danced together in the big barn, and they went into the fields and gathered berries and flowers.

That night Mr. Lane was going to the next town, and he took Tessa and her grandfather along with him in his wagon. Martha and Nannie were very sorry to have them go. They gave Tessa some clothes and a bag of cakes and apples.



It was the happiest day that Tessa had ever spent in her whole life. She wished that she might live always with these new friends. She told them that some time she should come again.

—M. E. N. HATHEWAY.



THE CHILDREN'S PET.

The children had a playmate gay,
I'm sure you would never guess
Who was the little man in gray
That took his turn with the rest.

For, when they played at hide-and-peek,
He'd cover himself with hay
And lie quite still; and then, when found,
Would scamper fast away.

But back he'd come, with eyes so bright,
And try his luck again;
And if they did not care to look,
But let him hide in vain,

He didn't like it, not a bit!
He'd rustle in the straw,
And give a sharp, quick cry, "Quee, quee!"
And show a tiny paw.

My story is short, but true, I say.
Who was the children's pet?
A wee field-mousie, bright and gay,
They never will forget

—MRS. MARY JOHNSON



THE TABLES TURNED.

ROVER's bark, so fierce and loud,
Scares the noisy, cackling crowd.
Silly geese, how fast they run!
Gallant Rover thinks it fun;
Down the road and up the hill
Keeps the chase up with a will.

Suddenly, with rage possessed,
One goose, bolder than the rest,
Turns, and with an angry cry
Puts to flight the enemy;
Up the road and down the hill
Chases Rover with a will!

EVA F. L. CARSON.



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A QUEER BLOSSOM.

In the shine of the merry morning
Of the springtime glad and sweet,
Went Totty and Tom together,
In love with the balmy weather,
As they trod with eager feet
The road to Grandpa's orchard,
Where the apple-blossoms grew
(For dearly did they love them),
And the bright, clear sky above them
Was smooth and soft and blue.

Oh! the fragrant, dainty perfume
Filling all the sweet spring air!
From the trees with blossoms laden
For the little man and maiden
Who were hastening for a share.
But what think you strangely happened?
One great blossom, white and round,
Stirred at sound of Totty's laughter,
And, just a moment after,
Tried to spring upon the ground.

Up, up the tree climbed Tommy,
Mid the blossoms pink and white,
And found a wee, lame kitty

(Oh! it filled his heart with pity)
All trembling with affright.
In her foot a thorn was clinging,
And she could not spring away.
"Ah!" laughed Tom, "you 're good for
showing
What a blossom queer was growing
On the apple-tree to-day."

Then to Totty's arms he bore her,
Poor lame pussy, tenderly;
And, as no one since has claimed her,
"Apple-blossom" they have named
her,
So soft and white is she.
But when blossoms turn to apples,
And the boughs are bending low,
Gentle "Apple-blossom" kitty
Will turn (ah, more's the pity!)
To a full-grown cat, I know.

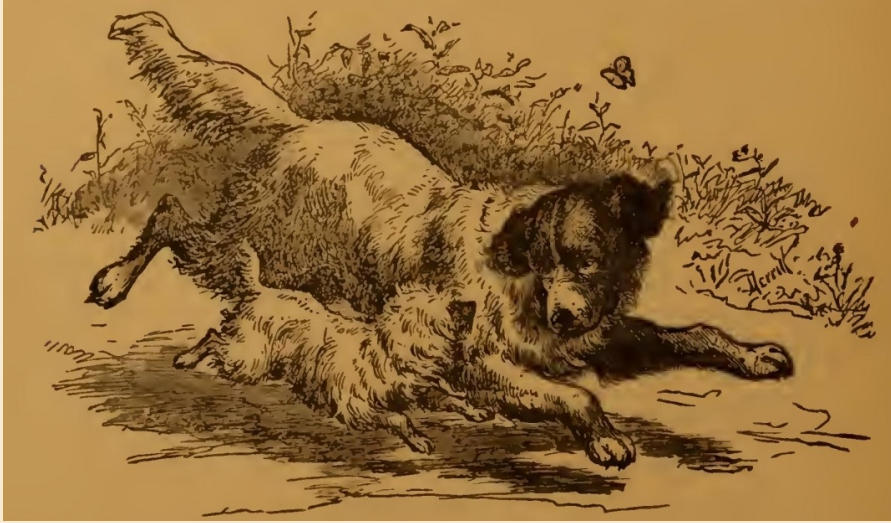
—M. D. BRINE,



My name is Bessie, and I'm looking at you,
As I sit here just like a marble statue.

DIME AND BETTY.

Bow-wow! Who are you? I am only a little dog. My name is Dime. I am not a cross dog. I have been a pet dog all my life. Shall I tell you what I can do?



I can sit up and beg. I can shake hands. I can jump over a stick, O yes; and I can run very fast. I can run as fast as Pomp, the baker's dog; and Pomp is a big dog.

I like to run races with Pomp. He never bites a little dog. We like to run after birds. But we never catch any birds. They fly away when we come near. I wonder how the birds fly. Pomp and I cannot fly.

My master has a cow. Her name is Betty. She is a good cow. She gives nice, white milk. I do not care much for milk. I like a bone better. But old Tab, the cat, likes milk. I like to see Tab drink milk. She laps it up very fast.

I drive Betty to pasture every day. John goes with me to shut the gate. John is the boy who milks the cow.



I wish I could open and shut that gate. Then John would not go to the pasture. I should like to go all alone. I think it would be fine.

I take good care of Betty. When any one comes near her, I say, "Bow-wow" very sharply.

—B. E. SPRAGUE.





BRINDLE AND THE PIGEONS.

Brinkle is the cow. Tom, the milk-boy, milks her twice every day. He feeds her well both night and morning. I really think Brindle loves him: she seems to do so, any how. One day I saw her put out her great red tongue and lick Tommy on the shoulder and face.

But I must tell you about the pigeons. Tom one day put four pairs in the loft. That was a long while ago. We now have over one hundred. Almost any morning, while Tom is milking, you may see dozens of them on Brindle's back in the barn. At first she used to switch them off with her tail; but now they roost all over her, and she seems to like it. Two on her horns, and ten or a dozen on her back, and sometimes one on her ear, is n't it funny? She killed one one day with a sweep of her heavy tail; but that was before she knew what it all meant. She and they are now good friends.

—R. W. LAWRIE.



THREE FISHERS.

Three little fishermen, down by the bay,
Went on a voyage one sunny day;
Dick had the bait in a pink china dish,
Ted had a basket, to bring home the fish,
And Tommy, the captain, went marching along
With a gold-headed rod on his shoulder so strong.

Three little fishermen, out on the bay,
Laughing and shouting, went sailing away,
Sailing away with the wind and the tide,
And the little waves danced as they ran by the side;
But the worms wriggled out of the pink china dish,
And the gold-headed rod only frightened the fish.

Three little fishermen, out on the bay,
Weeping and wailing, went drifting away,

Till a grimy old oysterman brought them to land,
And set them down safe in a row on the sand;
But the gold-headed rod, and the pink china dish,
And the big willow basket were left for the fish.

—EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

KITTY'S FRIENDS.

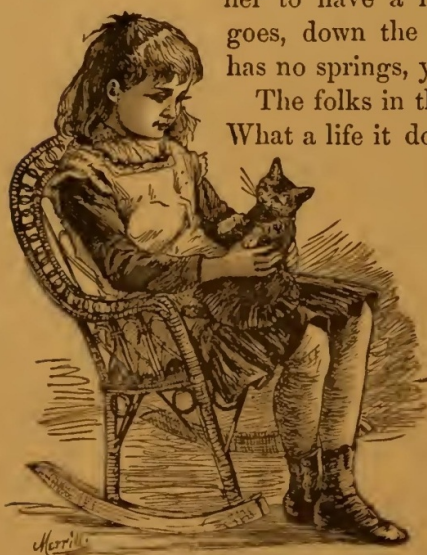
KITTY'S FRIENDS.

ELLIE, Will, and Baby have a kitten. It is their very own, they say. All day long they play with their kitten in all sorts of ways.

Sometimes Will has her for a circus cat; then kitty must jump over a stick, chase a toy mouse, and show off all her tricks. Next, Ellie will take her turn, and rig kitty out in her doll's clothes, and put her to sleep in the doll's bed.



Before poor kit has had her nap out, likely as not Baby will seize her to have a ride in his cart. Then away she goes, down the walk, bump, bump! Baby's cart has no springs, you must know.



The folks in the house say, "O, that poor kitten! What a life it does lead!"

But kit does not seem to mind their play; she likes the children. If they are gone out of sight for a time she runs about the house to find them.

Kitty has to stay in the woodshed at night; she does not like this, but mamma says she must not stay in the house.

One night kitty found out where the children slept. It was a warm night, and the window was open. Kitty ran up a cherry-tree and out on a bough, from which she could jump into the room. She sprang up on Ellie's cot and lay close beside her, and how she did purr! Mamma had to



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The next night the window was left open at the top. Kitty could not jump so high as that; so what do you think she did? She got on the ledge, outside the window, to be as near her little friends as she could.

When Ellie waked in the morning there was the little kit looking in at her. Ellie thought she said, "Mew, mew! Do let me come to you!" And she made haste to let her in, you may be sure!

—MRS. D. P. SANFORD.



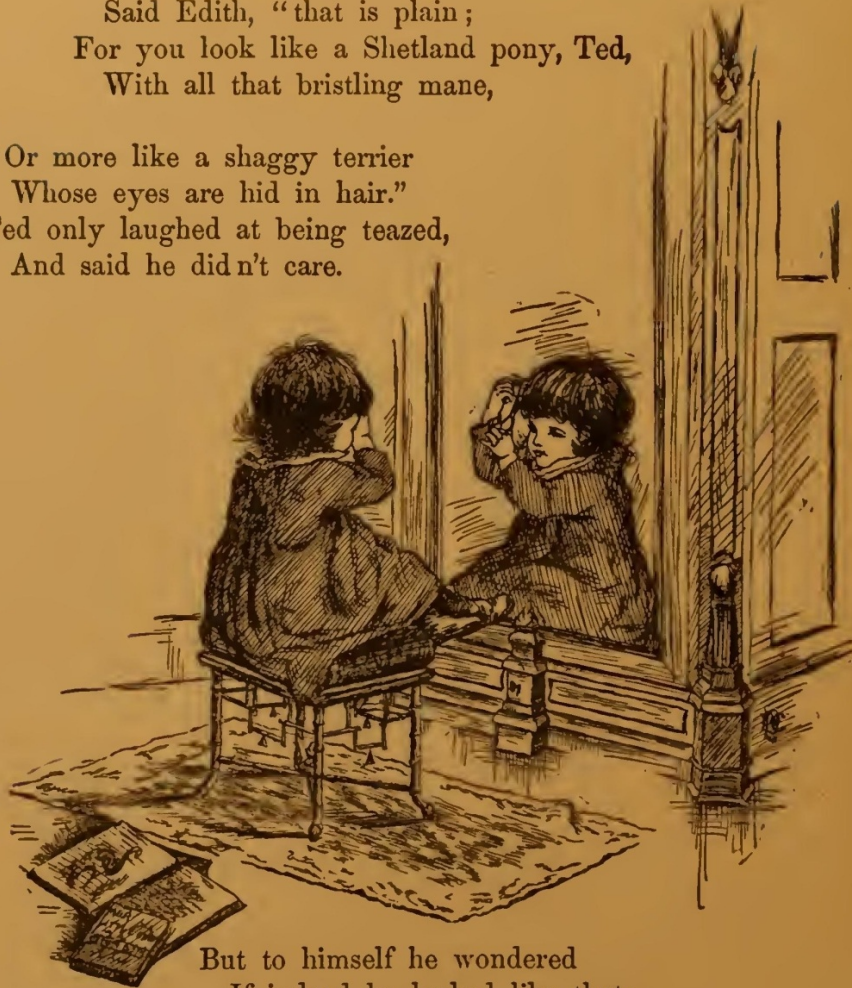
WHAT TEDDY DID.

"Or more like a shaggy terrier
Whose eyes are hid in hair."
Ted only laughed at being teased,
And said he didn't care.

WHAT TEDDY DID.

"You ought to go to the barber,"
Said Edith, "that is plain ;
For you look like a Shetland pony, Ted,
With all that bristling mane,

"Or more like a shaggy terrier
Whose eyes are hid in hair."
Ted only laughed at being teased,
And said he didn't care.



But to himself he wondered
If indeed he looked like that ;
And down in front of a looking-glass
Reflectively he sat.



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And down in front of a looking-glass
Reflectively he sat.

A pair of his mother's scissors
Lay on the mantel-shelf,
And he thought, "I hate a barber's chair,
I can cut it off myself"

So, snipping, snipping, snipping,
The cold keen scissors sped,
Till one whole side of his little pate
Was bald as the baby's head.

Just then the tea bell, ringing
Its cheery call, he heard ;
And he glanced at the uncut side, and said,

"I can do that afterward."

Think what a funny topknot
For company to see,
Brown elf-locks covering half, and half
As bare as bare could be!

As he seated himself at table,
Merrily laughed each one;
And mamma cried, in droll dismay,
"My boy, what have you done?"



—MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES.



WHAT BABY DOES.

This little boy baby
Wants something to do;
So he lifts up his foot
And bites at his shoe.

He plays with his toes,
And is happy and gay

From morning till evening,
The whole of the day.

He eats when he's hungry
And drinks when he will;
When he has all he wants
He lies down and is still.

Then he shuts up his eyes,
And with each little hand
Holding tightly some plaything
He finds by-low land.

THE MOONBEAM.



THE MAGPIE.

The magpie is very watchful and cunning. Its colors are black, white, and blue, and its cry is harsh and unpleasing. Its tail, which is always in motion, is quite long, and its flight is heavy because of the shortness of its wings.

It builds its nest in high trees, towers, and church-steeples. The nest is made of strong twigs and is plastered inside with mud. It lays six or seven eggs, whitish gray in color, mottled and dashed with black.



The magpie is easily tamed, is a good mimic, and can be taught to say a few words; but when tamed it is apt to become too familiar. It is a great thief, and will carry off small articles, especially such as sparkle. Thimbles, ear-rings, silver spoons, bows of ribbon, and pieces of lace have been often found in the nest of the magpie. Children and servants have been charged with taking them, when the magpie was the real thief.

A lady once owned a pet magpie. It would perch upon her shoulders and thrust its bill between her lips, to feed her with ripe cherries, just as she sometimes fed him. But what was her surprise and disgust when one day, instead of a cherry, he dropped a large green fat worm into her mouth.

—FRANK H. STAUFFER.

THE CIRCUS

Iwent over to Mrs. Good's to spend the day. I did not know there was to be a circus that day. After dinner Mrs. Good said it was time to go to the circus.





Mrs. Good had ten children. They were all going to the circus but the eldest.

The circus ring was under the big oak. On one side were chairs and benches to sit on; on the other side were animals in cages.

Walter Good was the showman. He took us around to see the animals. He was a good showman.

"Here," said he, "is the beautiful ostrich of Arabia. Its wings are too small to fly with, but they help it in running. Look at its long legs. The ostrich can run faster than any horse except our Selim. Its feathers are used to trim hats. They cost a great deal. My sister cannot afford to buy one for her hat."

We all admired the ostrich. It was in a cracker-box, with strips of shingles nailed over it.



"And now," said he, "I will show you the greatest wonder of all. A royal Bengal tiger with cubs! Every circus has a tiger, but not the cubs. The tiger, as you all know, belongs to the cat family. It has cat claws and cat teeth. It prowls about in the night for food, like a cat."



He did look very much like a cat.

Then Walter showed us the lion. He was tied to a chair-leg. When the lion roared, it sounded like a dog barking.

When we had all sat down, a pair of ponies came prancing into the ring, Bruno and Bose. Ernest drove them with long lines and a whip.

Then there was a fine trapeze performance by Benton in the swing.

After this we had a beautiful concert, with songs and readings by Alice, Jeanie, and Willie.

It was the best circus I ever went to. It was well worth two pins.

MRS. L. A. B. CURTIS.



These sisters have a brother, John,
Who to a foreign land has gone;
They are much pleased from him to hear
Because he is so very dear.

What a great pleasure 'tis to see

THE DOG THAT RAN UP A TREE.

Spot is a great, good-natured, black-and-white dog, as full of fun as his skin can hold. If there is anything he loves to do, it is to chase a cat, just to see her run. He has not the least wish to hurt her.



One day as he was following his master's team he went by a house where a white cat lay on the porch. Spot made a dash for her. She left the porch and ran like a white streak straight up a large tree in the yard.

Spot was right at her heels. And because she went up the tree, he followed. I suppose he had never thought but that a dog could climb a tree just as well as a cat.

He was running so fast that he did go up the tree, quite a little way, six feet or more. But about that time he began to slip, and then something fell heavily to the ground. It was Spot!

When he picked himself up, he took no further interest in that cat, but just ran on, somewhat stiffly, to be sure, after his master. I think if he could have spoken he would have said, "Let cats climb trees if they wish to, I prefer to run on the ground!"

—C. W. B. Vermont.



PUSSY

Pussy out in the falling rain:—
He's peeping through the window pane.
By staying out too late at night,
He suffers thus in painful plight.
 Learn from this careless kitten's fate
 And never tarry out too late.



THE HEN THAT BROODED KITTENS.

Come with mamma, Willie, and we will hunt for eggs."

We went out to the barn, Willie knew how to find the clean white eggs. I carried the basket, and the little boy hunted. Up and down the barn he trotted, and tumbled into the sweet-smelling hay. He found eggs by dozens.

"Come, Willie! I think there are no more."

"Yes, there are, mamma, for old Blackie is on her nest."

"Never mind, dear. Don't drive her off." I had spoken too late, for "Shoo," said Willie, and away flew Blackie.

"O mamma, mamma! look, look!"

He was bending over the nest, and beckoning to me with one hand. I jumped down into the bin and peeped over his shoulder. There, in old Blackie's nest, were three little kittens that had not "lost their mittens."

Willie was wild with joy, and every day he came to visit them. He always found old Blackie brooding them, while the kittens purred contentedly under her warm feathers.

The old mother cat enjoyed the strange sight as she nestled in the hay near by.

When the kittens' eyes were open they began to wander about at their own sweet will. Then Blackie was in trouble. In vain she clucked and scratched on the barn floor. The strange little nurslings would not come to her.



At last Blackie went away by herself. In a few weeks we saw her proudly marching along with six little downy chickens running after her.

"Cluck, cluck!" said the hen.

"Twee, twee!" said the chickens; and Blackie was contented.

—CHRISTINE GOLDERMAN

THE WHITE BOWL.

A STORY FOR CRY-BABIES.

Little Ned's brother Tom called him a cry-baby, because his eyes were always full of tears. His mother said that Ned had little buckets just back of his eyes that were always in a hurry to tip over if he hurt his toe or his finger, or did not have everything to suit him.

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"Now, Ned," she said, "cry real hard. I want to get the bowl full to-day if I can, so that I may buy the little fish to-morrow morning when I go to market."

Ann came into the room with a big white bowl. When he cried he must put tears into that bowl.

But Ned could not cry any more. The tears would not come. Ann said she would have to wait until the next time Ned cried. So she put the bowl on a table near by, that it might ready for the tears as soon as they started again.

THE WHITE BOWL.

But Ned could not cry any more. The tears would not come. Ann said she would have to wait until the next time Ned cried. So she put the bowl on a table near by, that it might be ready for the tears as soon as they started again. But not a drop of salt water out of Ned's little tear-buckets ever fell into the bowl. As soon as it was put under his eyes Ned always stopped crying. The little fish was never bought. Ann said he could not live in the bowl without any salt water to swim in.

But Ned was cured of crying. Tom could not call him a cry-baby any more. When Ned heard of other little boys who cried very often, he always told their mothers about his sister Ann's big white bowl, and the funny way he had been cured of being a cry-baby.

FLORENCE H. BIRNEY.



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—FLORENCE H. BIRNEY.



THE KATYDIDS.

O little noisy Katydids,
And very plainly you can talk
 Each tree within the glen
 In tones both grave and gay;
A village is, all peopled by
But, "Katy did n't, Katy did,"
 You small green-coated men.
 Is all you ever say.

I very much would like to know
 What did poor Katy do,
That you should quarrel with your friends
 About it all night through.
But though I listen every night,
 And question all I may,
Yet, "Katy did n't, Katy did,"
 Is all you ever say.

—NELLIE M. GARABRANT.

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