

Little Stories for Little Folk.

The Butterfly's Fad.

I happened one night in my travels
To stray into Butterfly Vale,
Where my wondering eyes beheld butterflies
With wings that were wide as a sail.
They lived in such houses of grandeur—
Their days were successions of joys,
And the very last fad these butterflies had
Was making collections of boys.

There were boys of all sizes and ages
Pinned up on their walls. When I said,
'Twas a terrible sight to see boys in that plight,
I was answered, "Oh, well, they are dead.
We catch them alive, but we kill them
With ether, a very nice way;
Just look at this fellow, his hair is so yellow,
And his eyes such a beautiful gray.

"Then here is a little droll darkey,
As black as the clay at your feet.
He sets off that blond that is pinned just beyond
In a way most artistic and neat;
And now let me show you the latest,
A specimen really select,
A boy with a head that is carrotty red,
And a face that is funnily specked.

"We cannot decide where to place him—
Those spots bar him out of each class;
We think him a treasure to study at leisure,
And analyze under a glass."
I seemed to grow cold as I listened
To the words that those butterflies spoke,
With fear overcome, I was speechless and dumb,
And then, with a start,—I awoke.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

What's in a Name?

Her parents named her "Marguerite,"
And friends and kinsfolk said, "How sweet!"
But here I will relate to you
What happened as she upward grew.

Her older sister called her "Meg;"
Her teasing brother called her "Peg;"
Her girlish chums to "Daisy" took;
Plain "Maggie" satisfied the cook.

And "Madge" she was to her papa;
And "Margie" to her fond mamma;
And "Peggie" in her grandma's voice;
And "Magpie" as her grandpa's choice.

With "Margery," her teacher's word,
While "Rita" she herself preferred—
Now, in this list with names replete,
Pray, what became of "Marguerite?"

—American Motherhood.

Jack Frost Comes.

One night in October Jack Frost came to the farm, and
tip-toed around to see if everything was ready for him.

The few plants that had not been carried into the house
were covered over with a large cloth to keep them warm,
and in the vegetable garden there was nothing left but
great bundles of cornstalks standing like Indian tents. He
knew the pumpkins and squashes must be in the barn, so
he scampered there as fast as he could to see if the doors
and windows were shut fast. Indeed they were, for Tommy
and his father had been expecting Jack Frost any night
now, and had worked hard for ever so many days so that
nothing should be left in his way.

But it seems they had forgotten something after all, for
way down in the orchard behind the garden, under the very
last apple tree of all, what did Jack Frost find but a great
heap of red apples!

He knew the farmer must have forgotten them, so he
flew to the house as fast as the wind, and tried to get in
and tell someone about the apples; but the doors and windows
were shut fast. He could look in and see the family sitting
there as cozy and warm as toast; not one of them had any
idea how cold it was outside, nor who was peeping in the
window at them, trying to tell them about that pile of red
apples in the orchard.

After a while Tommy put on his cap, and ran out into
the yard, and the minute the door opened, in flew Jack
Frost as fast as the wind, and jumped right on to the
farmer's ear trying to tell him what he had forgotten. But
it was of no use, for the farmer only clapped his hand to
his ear, and said: "Whew! It is a frosty night. I am
glad everything is in out of the cold."

So Jack Frost had to get out again the best way he
could and find Tommy. It was not hard to find him, but
it was hard to make him stand still and listen; they had
a regular race all over the lawn, and round and round the
barn; then into the garden, and finally away out past the
garden into the orchard.

How they did scamper in and out among the apple trees,
until they came to the last tree of all! Then Tommy stood
still and listened to Jack Frost, for there, right in front of
him was the heap of red apples.

It did not take long for him to run to the house and tell
his father, and you may be sure that in a very short time
every red apple was in the barn and the door shut fast.

Then Jack Frost laughed softly to himself and started in
for a good night's fun.—Selected.

Bedtime for the Leaves.

The leaves had a very happy, busy time all summer.
Sometimes they had company. Birds, squirrels and insects
all came to visit them so they weren't the least bit lonesome.

By and by autumn came. Then the leaves found it so
hard to stay on the old tree. "Something is the matter,"
cried one. "I'm getting loose." "So am I," cried another.
"I can hardly hold on." "There is a little round thing
crowding me off," cried a third. "Can you tell us what
is the matter, Mother Tree?" said a fourth.

"Yes," said the old tree, "I can tell you." "The little