

LITTLE FOLKS

Phil's Paper Boat.

(By Priscilla Leonard, in 'The Child's Hour'.)

Uncle Harry made the boat for Phil. He stopped at the house over night on his way to Chicago, and made the Shamrock IV., as he called it, for his small nephew before bedtime. 'Sail it in a tub,' he said, 'and it will last you a good while. It's not a sea-going vessel, you know, but only fit for the coasting trade.'

Phil and Jim tried it next day in a tub that Mary, the cook, put on the wash-house bench for them. They blew it across from one side

He and Jim marched off, carrying the Shamrock IV. and her crew, and were soon by the water. Usually there were ever so many children there, playing and sailing all sorts of boats. But this time it wasn't a very nice day, and there was a good deal of a breeze, and so the lake was deserted. One boy had a wooden boat far out on the water. He was bigger than Phil, and had a dog with him—a pretty black water spaniel.

'You put your boat in here,' he said to Phil, 'and the wind will carry her over to the other side, same as mine is going. Then you

turned and twisted like a weather-cock. The waves tossed her up and down, and suddenly, with a flutter like a hurt bird, she turned over on her side and bobbed helplessly on the water, only a few feet from the shore. Her hapless crew went down as she turned over. Phil was so excited that he waded into the water. It wasn't deep, but then Phil wasn't very big, and a stout park policeman, who saw him, rushed in after him, lifted him up by the collar, and carried him back to the shore.

'Kape out of the water,' said the policeman. 'Is it drownded ye want to be? Now run along home and change yer clothes, or ye'll catch your death of cold, Sonny.'

'I want my boat,' said Phil, shivering, but determined not to leave the shipwrecked Shamrock behind. 'Please let me get it!'

'Well, you'll have to want it,' replied the policeman. 'I can't be wadin' out aafter paper boats, and I'll not let you into the water again. Run along.'

But just then the big boy came up with his dog. 'I'll send Jack in after your boat,' he said, encouragingly. 'He'll fetch it for you. Here, Jack! Go fetch it, old fellow!'

Jack plunged in obediently. He neared the Shamrock IV., caught it in his teeth, and swam back in a trice. Then he stood wagging his tail, as if to say, 'Glad to do it for you. Anything else you'd like?'

'Oh, thank you,' cried Phil to the boy, while Jim patted Jack on the head.

'Now run along, will you!' said the policeman. 'Go right home, and run all the way to keep warm.'

It was good advice, and Phil took it. But as he ran, he and Jim looked ruefully at the poor Shamrock IV. hanging limp and crushed from its owner's hand. Jack's teeth had made holes in its sides; the note-paper sail was a ruin, and the mast was broken in two places. The Shamrock IV. would never sail again, and her two marines lay at the bottom of the lake, beyond all rescue.

A week afterward Uncle Harry came back from Chicago, and stopped



HE CARRIED HIM DRIPPING TO THE SHORE.

to the other, and then they put a crew on board—two of Phil's tin soldiers, who turned out to be very good marines. The Shamrock IV. floated high and gallantly over the waves, and the sheet of note paper that formed her mainsail bore her swiftly along. She was certainly a trim little craft.

'Pshaw!' said Phil, after they had sailed the marines a dozen times across the tub: 'this isn't big enough for such a good boat. I'm going to take her out to the park and sail her on the lake.'

So he went to ask mother, but she was out. Phil was allowed to go to the park, though, and so why not to the lake as well, he thought.

can go round and get her when she sails in. Say, though, I wouldn't try to sail that boat across. Why, she's nothing but paper.'

'She can sail as good as any boat. My Uncle Harry made her for me,' said Phil, proudly. He launched the Shamrock IV. upon the ruffling waves, and at first the two marines sailed her very well. Phil and Jim walked round the lake toward where they thought she would land. But a flaw of wind caught her sail, and she veered round and came in near shore, one marine standing unsteadily by the mast, the other lying flat in the stern. Then she got into trouble. The note-paper sail did not keep in place, but