



FOR THE CHILDREN



GRANDPAPA'S LIONS

By LUCILE LOVELL.

ALL the way along the winding drive which leads to Grandpapa Minot's house in the wood, Bob and Betty sat on the very edge of the carriage seat. It was nearly dark. There was nothing to see except the brown road which ran on and on, and finally went out of sight in a little point far ahead. Yet there they sat; peering out, straining their round and eager eyes for the first glimpse of Grandpapa's lions. Once, Grandpapa, who was driving, had to caution them. "Not quite so far," he said. "Grandpapa doesn't want to spill his Bob and Betty out."

"They're not used to carriages," said Mama. "It isn't that—" Betty began, but Bob nudged her and she stopped short.

"Don't you know you mustn't?" he whispered. "Didn't Carroll make us promise not to say a single word about Grandpapa's lions till we saw them?"

"Oh, yes," Betty whispered back. "What else did Carroll say, Bobby? I've most forgotten."

"He said that they were bigger, oh, ever so much bigger, than Tommy Theodore's big St. Bernard dog; and that just as soon as the carriage makes the last turn there they'll be—standing right there, looking at us!"

Betty drew in her breath in a long o-oh. "Do you suppose they'll growl at us?"

"Lions don't growl—they roar," corrected Bob. "Carroll said these didn't, for I asked him, but he said I'd better not try any nonsense, such as pulling their tails or tickling their noses."

"Oh, I'm so afraid they'll growl!" And Betty sat very close indeed, to Bob.

"I'm pretty sure they would if we were by ourselves, for they wouldn't know we belonged to Grandpapa any more than Carroll did, only this is the first time we've ever been on from the West. But you needn't stop your ears, Betty. They won't roar when Grandpapa brings company to his house; they're too well-trained for that. Besides, I'm here!"

Just at that very moment, while they were whispering, Grandpapa Minot pulled up the horses, and called out in his big, cheery voice:

"Here we are!"

Betty caught her breath and shut her eyes. And in spite of his brave words Bob couldn't help hoping that those lions would stay where they belonged, and not follow on behind the aunts and uncles who were now pouring down the steps, eager to welcome Mama. Not that he was afraid. He had seen lions before, at the circus. But Betty hadn't, and he thought she might be frightened. "Don't lions b-bite s-sometimes?" whispered Betty, her teeth chattering.

"Only in the countries where they live," Bob said.

"These live here," said Betty, quickly.

"I meant only where they're born," Bob hastened to say.

"Weren't they born here?" Betty questioned. "Mama was—and all the aunts and uncles. Can you—see them? Or hear them?"

"No; it's almost too dark," Bob said; "and there are so many people, all talking at once."

"Bless me!" Grandpapa suddenly cried. "I quite forgot those children!"

Uncle John caught them, one in each arm, with a "Hello, kids!" and swung them to the ground. Then everybody seemed to forget them again in bearing Mama off along the garden walk. Bob grasped Betty's hand and they kept close to the grown-ups' heels till they came to the stone steps

which led to the front door. As he put his foot on the first step Bob swallowed hard.

"Come along," he said, manfully; "I won't let them hurt you."

Betty shut her eyes again and stumbled up the steps, clinging to Bob's hand. When they got to the top the door was open and the big lamps in the hall shone out brightly and made it as light as day.

"I see them!" Bob cried, in a voice that did not sound a bit frightened. "And they're only just door-step lions!"

Betty opened her eyes. "Why," she exclaimed, "they're made of stone!"

"Grandpapa's lions are just another of Carroll's jokes on us," said Bob.—*St. Nicholas.*

* * *

HOW JACKY LEARNED OBEDIENCE

ONCE upon a time there was a mother pig who had several little pigs. They lived in a pig-pen. All were good but Jacky—and I will tell you how he learned obedience.

One day his mother went away from home, and told the little ones that they must stay at home. But, after his mother had gone, naughty Jacky thought he would take a walk. His brothers begged him not to go, but he crawled under the gate in the pig-pen yard and ran along the road until he came to a great mud puddle. He ran into it and got his pink-and-white coat all dirty and had a big mud spot on the end of his pink nose. He lay down in the water and played that he was a fish. Very soon a big dog came running down the road and Jacky was so frightened that he squealed, "Please don't hurt me!" The dog laughed and said he would not hurt him, but told him that he ought to run home to his mother. Still Jacky would not obey, but when he came out of the water he crawled under a fence and ate green leaves. Suddenly something came "bang!" right on his poor little back. It was a stone. Jacky saw a cross-looking woman running toward him, calling "Get out of my garden, you bad pig!" He squealed again, crawled under the fence, and ran off down the road as fast as his short legs would carry him.

Just then along came a big bear, who picked Jacky up and put him in his bag and started off down the road with him. But just then along came the dog

who had seen Jacky in the puddle. He was afraid of the bear, but as he heard Jacky squealing he wanted to help him. So he ran along behind the bear, where the bear could not see him.

When the bear came near a stream of water he laid the bag down and ran to the stream for a drink. This was the dog's chance. He came up quickly and quietly, bit a hole in the bag, and helped Jacky out. He told him to climb on his back, and ran off with him so fast that the bear could not catch them. The dog carried the little pig right home to his parents, who had been very anxious about him. Jacky was so glad to get back home that he never ran away again.—*The Circle.*

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MARVELOUS MOTHER

A prancing pony gay
Comes galloping my way;
And with a playful slap
I take him in my lap!

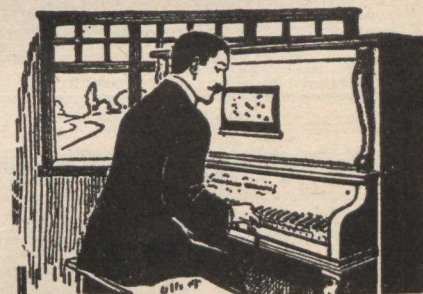
I scorn the tiger's wrath,
And put him in his bath!
And kiss the bear good-night
Without a quail of fright!

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