

LITTLE FOLKS

The Boy's Gift.

(By M. E. Foster-Comegys, in 'The Presbyterian Banner'.)

It was when Lee was getting over the measles. For three weeks he had been dosed and made to stay in bed with the cover up to his chin, and still 'they' had not quite gone.

Perhaps the reason was, that sometimes Lee had not taken his medicine as he ought, and once had slipped out of bed, at night, when he was oh, so thirsty, and had gone out to the back hall, where the ice water was, and had drank and drank as if he never expected to get any more, while a delicious breeze fanned his wet little body.

Next morning 'those' measles had all gone in, and not one little red spot was visible.

Lee's sister, who came to ask how he felt, thought he was well, but his mother, when she felt his head, and noticed how restless he was, looked anxious, and sent for the doctor right away.

I can tell you, for the next few days, Lee was a very sick boy indeed, and he felt very guilty, down in his heart, about the ice water, and the breeze.

The doctor was Lee's uncle, and his two little sons and Lee were fast friends. These boys were named Holly and Bennie, and to them, nothing was as nice as a day in the country with Lee. There they could run and whoop to their hearts' content; could hunt rabbits and squir-



A QUIVERING WET NOSE WAS THRUST AGAINST HIS CHEEK.

rels with Lee's smart dog 'Mike' could swim in the bayou, and fish; could climb tall trees, and have many other sports, not to be enjoyed in town.

When they knew that Lee was sick, and saw their father mixing

up medicine to send him, they made bad faces, and felt very sorry for their poor cousin, for they had had the measles, and knew all about the troubles of being sick.

One day, while they were spinning their tops on the sidewalk be-

range a surprise for Lee, flew into the house and quickly reappeared with a small tin bank, the contents of which he poured into Bennie's grimy hand.

'Tain't 'smuch ez I ast,' said the man, counting the dimes and quar-



THE MOTHER'S SURPRISE.

fore their home, a man drove by in a waggon, with a fawn tied in the back, and which was crying pitifully.

Bennie, who always wanted everything explained, called to the man, to know why he had the little deer in the waggon.

Stopping his horses, the man replied that he wanted to sell it, for its mother was dead, and he did not have the time to 'bother' with it. Besides, it had been hurt, he said, and he was afraid it would die before he could get it home again, for his cabin was many miles away in the heart of the forest. He would sell it cheap, he said, on that account.

The boys' soft little hearts were filled with pity for the poor little animal covered with dust, and looking wildly from one face to another.

'Run, Holly,' cried Ben, 'and get our money; we can buy it for Lee—it'll make him well quicker'n ole medicine will!'

Holly, as anxious as Ben to relieve the suffering animal, and ar-

ters, 'but bein's ez it's all you've got, and bein's ez the critter's like to die on my han's I reckon you kin hev it.'

An hour later, when the boys' mother came in from a call, she was almost transfixed to behold a young deer, scampering about her room, jumping on her bed and over chairs, in order to escape from the chasing boys who, with their hands filled with hay, were vainly attempting to force the little thing to eat.

'Oh, boys,' she exclaimed, after the story had been told, while she strove to hide a funny smile that would creep into the corners of her mouth, though she was used to many queer things that her little sons sometimes did, 'you will frighten it to death. Bring some milk for the poor thing; it's only a baby deer and can't eat rough food yet.' And while the boys ran for a pan of warm milk, she coaxed the fawn to lie still while she bound its hurt leg with a strip of old linen.

Under gentle treatment the young animal grew quiet and docile