

For the Little Folk.**The Story of Raggles.**

Raggles was only a scrubby little Indian pony. His owner had evidently considered him of no use, and had cruelly turned him loose on the bare prairie to shift for himself.

He was a sorry-looking little fellow, as he stood one morning at the gate to Mr. Hudson's large cattle ranch, in Western Kansas, shivering in the wind, and looking with wistful gaze at the sleek fat ponies inside.

Mr. Hudson noticed him and started to drive him away. But his little daughter Lillian said, "Let him in, papa; he looks so hungry." Mr. Hudson opened the gate, and the pony walked in just as if it were his home.

As no owner came to claim him, Lillian claimed him as her special property, and named him Raggles on account of his long tangled mane and tail.

He was a docile little creature, unlike the rest of the ponies on the farm. He soon came to regard Lillian as his mistress. She learned to ride him, and could often be seen cantering over the prairies with her father.

But Raggles seemed to consider that she was not much of a rider, for he would carefully avoid all the dangerous looking places and holes in the ground, made by coyotes and prairie dogs, which are very plentiful in Western Kansas.

When the next spring came, Raggles did not look like the same little scrub. His rusty brown coat had all come off, and a new black one had taken its place.

By the next fall the neighbourhood could boast of a public school, and when Lillian began to go Raggles found he had a regular duty every day.

Lillian would saddle him and ride to the school-house, which was two miles away, then tie up his bridle and send him home. At about half-past three Mr. Hudson would saddle him again and send him for Lillian.

He always arrived on time, and if a little early would wait patiently by the door until school closed.

In the blizzard that struck Western Kansas in 1885, many people lost their lives and thousands of cattle were frozen to death. The storm commenced about noon, and the weather grew steadily colder.

The snow blew so thick and fast that Mrs. Hud-

son was afraid to trust Raggles to go for Lillian, but Mr. Hudson was sick and there was no one else.

She went to the barn, put the saddle on him, and tied plenty of warm wraps on. Then she threw her arms around his shaggy neck, and told him to be sure to bring Lillian home.

He seemed to understand, and started out with his shambling trot in the direction of the school-house.

One hour passed slowly to the anxious parents. When two had passed, they saw through the blinding snow his shaggy form bringing their darling safely home.

The teacher had fastened her on the pony and given him the rein; and so he had brought her safely home, none the worse for her ride except being thoroughly chilled.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

"When you smile
Another smiles;
And soon there's miles
And miles of smiles,
And life's worth while
If you but smile."

I am a little fellow, (February,)
Though I'm always up-to-date.
The days I hold within my hand are only twenty-eight;
But I just save my moments up,
And count them o'er and o'er,
Till in four years I've saved enough to make up one day
more.
But little folks that kindly are, and pleasant in their play,
May save enough in far less time to make a happy day.
—*Pauline Frances Camp in St. Nicholas.*

"Up in the attic where I slept,
When I was a boy, a little boy,
In through the lattice the moonlight crept,
Bringing me pleasant dreams that swept
Over the low, red trundle bed,
Bathing the tangled curly head;
While moon beams played at 'hide-and-seek,'
With the dimples on the sun-browned cheek.
When I was a boy, a little boy.

- (a) What do you think "the attic" is?
- (b) Tell how the moonlight got into the room.
- (c) Name two things that were in the attic.
- (d) What is said about the boy's hair?
- (e) What game did the moonbeams play?