

STORIES
POETRY

The Inglenook

SKETCHES
TRAVEL

THE GIFT OF GOLIATH.

By Alice E. Allen.

"I am sorry, dear," said mother, "but it's been a hard year, you know, and we must have the money."

Davy choked back a sob, for there were tears in mother's voice. "Never mind, mother," he said. "I'll get along some way."

Mother went back to her work. Davy sat down in the window. Of course it was all right. But whatever should he do without Goliath? Goliath was only a turkey. But when a little boy has nothing else to pet—well, a turkey isn't so bad. And such a turkey! White, plump and bristling with importance from his earliest days—"a regular giant of a turkey," Mr. Mason had said.

"Let's call him Goliath, father," Davy had said. Davy—never quite strong, like Ben and Dan—read a great deal, and his head was full of Bible stories.

From the time Goliath was named, he seemed, somehow, to belong to Davy. The two were always together. Goliath ate from Davy's hands. Then many of the turkeys had been taken sick—Goliath among the rest. Davy had carried him into the house and given him the best of care. Goliath got well, but many of the other turkeys died. That was why there were so few for sale this year. Goliath was by far the fattest and finest every way, and there were father and mother and Ben and Dan and Davy to feed and clothe and keep warm. Of course Goliath must do his part. He must be killed. Davy's tearful thoughts followed the big turkey to the city. It was a big place, he supposed, with many stores and houses and people and schools and books. Just here it was that a big thought came into Davy's head. It took a front seat there, and wouldn't leave.

The next day Davy went out where the turkeys lay waiting to be packed. Quickly, he recognized Goliath. Davy took a piece of folded brown paper from his pocket. With a piece of string he fastened it around Goliath's neck.

"What you doing, Davy?" called father from the barn.

"Just giving Goliath a letter to take to the city," said Davy. "It's all right. I've told mother. You can read it, father, but please don't take it off."

Davy went slowly back to the house. Wonderingly, father read the letter. He didn't take it off. Instead he added an extra knot to Davy's three hard ones.

Three days later, Goliath lay in the great roaster in Grandma Burton's cheery kitchen. In the parlor were all the Burtons. First, there was Grandpa Burton, the little round, rosy, bustling old butcher. Then there was Grandma Burton, almost as round and rosy. Then there was Papa Burton, the little plump, pink-cheeked, bustling young butcher, and there was Mamma Burton, herself as plump and pink cheeked as a peach, and there were five plump pink little Burtons. The biggest little Burton was just big enough for his first real birthday party with an iced cake and eight pink candles. The littlest little Burton was too little yet for any name except Baby. He crowed and kicked in Mamma Burton's lap. Mamma Burton unfolded a piece of wrapping paper. It was Davy's letter. Safe and sound, Goliath had brought it straight to Grandpa Burton's butcher shop, and Grandpa Burton had brought it straight home to Grandma Burton.

"Listen," said Mamma Burton. Then she read:
Dear Man or Woman who Buys My Turkey:

This is Goliath. He belongs to me. We love each other very much. I've taken good care of him ever since he was little. But this is a hard year for us farmers, and we've got to sell him. I shall be awful lonesome without Goliath. So I'm writing this letter to say won't you please, whoever gets Goliath, send me a story book with pictures in it? I can't do much but read, and there's only mother's Bible. Most any book will do, but I would like "Robinson Crusoe," if it don't cost too much.

Respectfully yours,

DAVY MASON.

"Bless his precious little heart," said Grandma Burton. Grandpa Burton wiped his glasses. Papa Burton wiped his eyes.

"I've got lots of books," said Bobby.

"So've I," said Dolly.

"Me's dot books," said little Dan.

"Books," said the Next-to-the-Baby.

"Boo-oo," cooed Baby.

"I'll tell you what," said Mamma Burton, "let's every one of us, from Grandpa down to Baby, send Davy a book."

Such selecting of books as followed! Such buying of books! Such packing of books! Such sending on of books!

Away off in the lonely little farmhouse among the hills Davy waited. And one day the box came.

It almost seemed that the little old house couldn't hold the joy inside it. The doors banged merrily. The windows danced and rattled and sparkled. Down on the floor among the precious books sat Davy. Of such riches he had never dreamed. — "Robinson Crusoe" in red, "Rip Van Winkle" in blue, "Swiss Family Robinson" in blue, and a half-dozen others, all fresh and new with crisp leaves asking to be read.

Out from "Robinson Crusoe" fell a little note. It was written by Mamma Burton, and signed by all the Burtons except Baby. It said:

Dear Davy:

Goliath brought your letter straight to us, and we're all so glad you thought to write it. If you're half as happy when you get these books as we are when we send them, we'll be satisfied. And some day, Davy Mason, you must come and make us a nice long visit.

Davy hugged the letter. Then he hugged "Robinson Crusoe." "Dear old Goliath," he said.

AN OLD SONG ENDED.

By Alfred Noyes.

(Another Version.)

How should I your true love know,

From another one!—

By his cockle-hat and staff,

And his sandal shoon.—

Wherefore hath he roamed so far,

Lady, from your hand!—

Love's a pilgrim, and he comes

Out of Holy Land.—

Nay; but he is dead, lady,

He is dead and gone!—

Seek his grave and lay your face

Down upon the stone.—

Shall I find him if he sleep

In a nameless grave,

Where over many and many an one

The tall wet grasses wave!—

Breathe my name whereas you go,

If you hear a sound

Struggling like a stifled cry

Underneath the ground.

Whisper but a word to him,

Tell him my despair,

If he riseth from the dead,

Then my love is there.

—From The Nation.

THE COW THAT LIKED COMPOSITIONS.

By Emma C. Dowd.

Caro had never written a composition. At the city school nothing had ever been said about them. But here in the country, where they had lately come to live, every Friday was composition day, and Caro was expected to write something on the subject printed upon the blackboard. "Cows" she read, and felt perplexed at once.

"Make your compositions this week humorous, or funny, if possible," the teacher said, which sent Caro home in a puzzle. What was funny about a cow!

After school the little girl took a paper and pencil, and went out into the pasture back of the house to study their cow, and to write her composition.

Billy Carpenter had told her that cows sometimes chased people; but this cow that her father had just bought looked too clumsy and too lazy to run after anybody. So Caro sat down upon a big stone, and wrote "Cows" in big letters at the top of her sheet.

The cow switched her tail from side to side, to drive off the flies; so presently Caro wrote:—

"Cows are big animals, with long tails that go wiggly-waggle."

Then she watched to see the cow do something funny; but all she did was to nibble at the grass.

Pretty soon this went down on Caro's paper:—

"Cows eat all the time, and never stop. They have big eyes that stare at you, and they have horns to let down the bars with, when they go home at night. Our cow is reddish, and isn't funny at all."

Just then the cow walked off under a tree, and lay down chewing her cud.

"Oh," thought Caro, "that is funny! They do their eating first, and then they go and chew and chew and chew!" So she wrote down her discovery, adding, "I wish I could do that way; but Mama makes me chew as I go along."

A railway passed near the farm, and just then a whistle sounded shrilly not far away. It frightened the cow, and getting on her feet in a hurry she came bounding in Caro's direction at a lively pace.

"Oh!" screamed Caro, and dropping paper and pencil she scrambled away towards the fence. Safely on the other side, she ventured to look back.

The cow was inspecting the composition.

"Oh!" cried Caro again, and then louder, "Oh, my!" for the paper had vanished in her mouth!

Caro went sadly home, to re-write her composition in a safe place, and she added this to the first part:—

"Cows like compositions, for ours ate mine up."

The next Friday afternoon, when all the twenty compositions were read, the scholars voted Caro Clyde's the very funniest one there.

A clockmaker had placed the following notice in his window:

"The misguiding creature who removed the thermometer from this door had better return it, for it will be of no use where he is going, as it only registers 125 degrees."

Uncle—"What is this supposed to represent?"

Freddie—"Engine!"

Uncle—"Why don't you draw the carriages?"

Freddie—"The engine does that."