

FOR THE CHILDREN

SPRING VOICES.

By EMMA L. HAMMOND.

ELIZABETH was wakened one morning by a tap, tap, tap, on her window pane. 'Twas the wind and it was saying: "They're coming! They're coming, Elizabeth!"

"I wonder who is coming," said Elizabeth. "If Mr. Wind raps again to-morrow, I'll ask him."

Then she dressed, and went for a walk down by the brook, and there she heard hundreds and hundreds of voices from the grasses underneath her feet, saying: "We're coming! We're coming, Elizabeth!"

At the same time a timid voice on the bank said: "I'm coming! I'm coming!" and looking down, she saw a blue violet beginning to open.

Very soon there came a cheery song from a robin hopping on the path, and from a bluebird in the willow tree.

They were just home from the south, and they were singing: "We're coming! We're coming!"

The frogs in their yellow and green jackets, the brook itself, the pussy willows beside it, and all the baby leaves were singing the same song.

Then Elizabeth went to the garden, and the snowdrops, crocuses, daffodils, hyacinths, and tulips were all singing together: "We're coming! We're coming! We're coming!"

By this time Elizabeth understood what the wind meant that morning, and she ran to the house, and asked her mother to guess all the things that were coming. — *Kindergarten Review.*

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A HEARTY GREETING.

"How d' y' do, ma'am? I don't know you,

But I'm very glad to show you That my heart is truly grateful for the kind word that you gave; I've but little tail to wag, ma'am— But I'd wag it to a rag, ma'am, Just in order to assure you that I'm utterly your slave.

I'm a homely sort of fellow,— And I can't deny I'm yellow; And there's nothing very stylish in the name of 'Stumpy Mike.'

I never wore a collar, And I'm not worth half a dollar— I am what folks call a mongrel, or a 'cur-dog,' or a 'tyke.'

"But I wouldn't give a penny (Truth to tell, I haven't any!) To be pedigreed and registered and wear a ribbon blue.

I've the freedom of the alleys, And I pity dogs whose valets Lead them out, by strings, a-walking, up and down the avenue.

It is true my home's a shanty, And that bones are all too scanty, But what's the use of fussing over little things like that?"

Au revoir, ma'am! Must be going! Glad we met! Don't mind your knowing

I've 'got a date' down yonder, to exterminate a rat!"

—M. W. in *St. Nicholas.*

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POSING.

When I'm having my picture taken, these are the things they say: "Now Bobbie, you know I can't snap it, when you grin in that awful

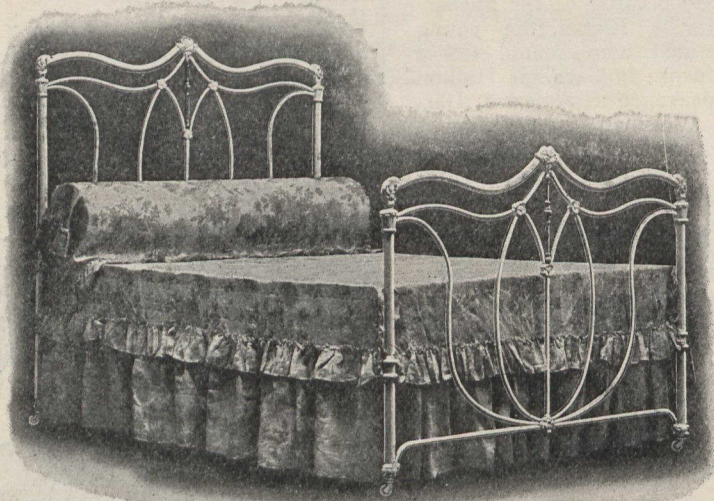
way!" Then when I try to be solemn, "You needn't look scared to death, Nothing is going to eat you, and why are you holding your breath? Now watch right here for the birdie; O that face will never do! Supposing we go and get ice-cream, when the picture-taking is through? That's better; now steady, honey, just a minute and you'll be took!" And they snap what they call my "ice-cream face," and this is the way I look.

M. H. C.

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THE POPE AND THE COUGH-DROP.

POPE LEO XIII. was fond of his joke. Once when he had to receive a large gathering of pilgrims he had a bad cold, for which Dr. Lapponi gave him a box of lozenges, of which he was to take one now and then to soothe his throat. The doctor was present at the reception, taking his stand in a corner where he could easily watch the Pope. After addressing the pilgrims for a short time Leo grew very hoarse, but never took a pastille. In order to remind him, Dr. Lapponi gave a loud significant cough. Thereupon the Pope bade an attendant fetch the doctor. The pilgrims became alarmed, thinking Leo was ill. But when the doctor came up, the Pope took the box of lozenges out of his pocket and said, "We heard you cough, doctor. Will you take a pastille?" — *Little Folks.*



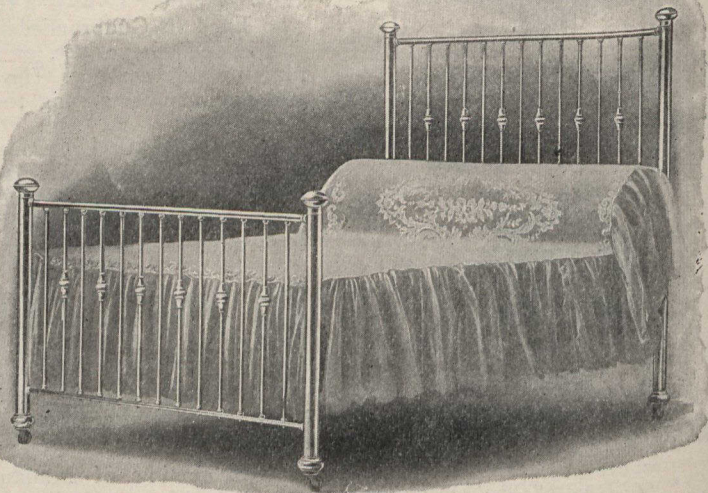
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