

LITTLE FOLKS



A Domestic Tragedy.

(By Lucy Fitch Perkins, in 'Congregationalist').

My doll, my doll, my Annabel!
She's really feeling far from
well—
Her wig is gone, her eyes are out,
Her legs were left somewhere
about,

Her arms were stolen by the pup,
The hens ate all her sawdust
up;
So all that's really left of her
Is just her clothes and char-
acter!

Trix and Nix.

(By Isla May Mullins, in 'Youth's
Companion'.)

While mama, papa, grandma and
Trix were at breakfast one morn-
ing there was a sudden tap, tap at
the outside door of the dining-room,
which opened on a portico.

'Trix, see who it is,' said mama;
and when he went to the door,
there stood a little Scotch terrier
with bright, knowing eyes, ears
erect, with a fringe standing out
round them, and a brisk, stubby

tail. He was saying 'Good morn-
ing!' just as well as he could.

Trix was so astonished he could
not say a word for a minute; then:

'O mama, mama, it's a dear, nice
doggy!'

'Well, drive him away,' said
mama, 'for he belongs to somebody,
you know.'

Just then Bridget came in, and
seeing the dog, said, 'Sure, ma'am,
and that dog have worrit the life
out o' me these two days. I have
drove him from the kitchen duer
twenty times the day.'

'O mama,' said Trix, 'he doesn't
belong to anybody, then, and he
wants to stay with us, you can see
he does.'

There was not much doubt about
that, but the trouble was, the feel-
ing was far from being mutual.

The little terrier stood, eager,
doubtful, beseeching, waiting his
fate, which he knew hung in the
balance.

Then grandma said, quietly, 'I
think he is 'a stranger at the door,
and needs refreshment,' gathering
up a plateful of scraps and going to
the door with them.

Somehow that seemed to settle
it, and with a look of relief papa
said, 'No doubt he will find his
home, or his owner find him, in a
few days.'

Trix was almost as happy as if it
were Christmas, and the dog seemed
equally so.

'What is your name, dear doggy?'
said Trix, over and over, but he an-
swered nothing, so papa said he
guessed they would have to call
him 'Nix,' and he thought Trix and
Nix would make a good team.

About ten o'clock, as the two
played together on the porch, the
postman's whistle suddenly sound-
ed, and Nix fairly flew round the
corner of the house to the front.
Then, almost before Trix could
wonder why, he bounded back and
laid a little pile of letters at his
feet. At the same minute the
postman was ringing the front door-
bell furiously, and soon was telling
mama how her dog had seized the
letters from his hand.

Then mama had to explain all
about Nix, and the postman said he
probably came from the country,
and had been in the habit of taking
letters from the rural free delivery
postman. He knew a dog that did
it regularly. Sure enough, when
the whistle sounded next day he
rushed to the front again, and this
time the postman had ready just
the letters which belonged there.

One Friday morning, a week
from the day when he first appeared
to Bridget, mama stood at the
window about five o'clock, for it
had been a very warm night and
she had not rested well. She was
just in time to see a market-waggon