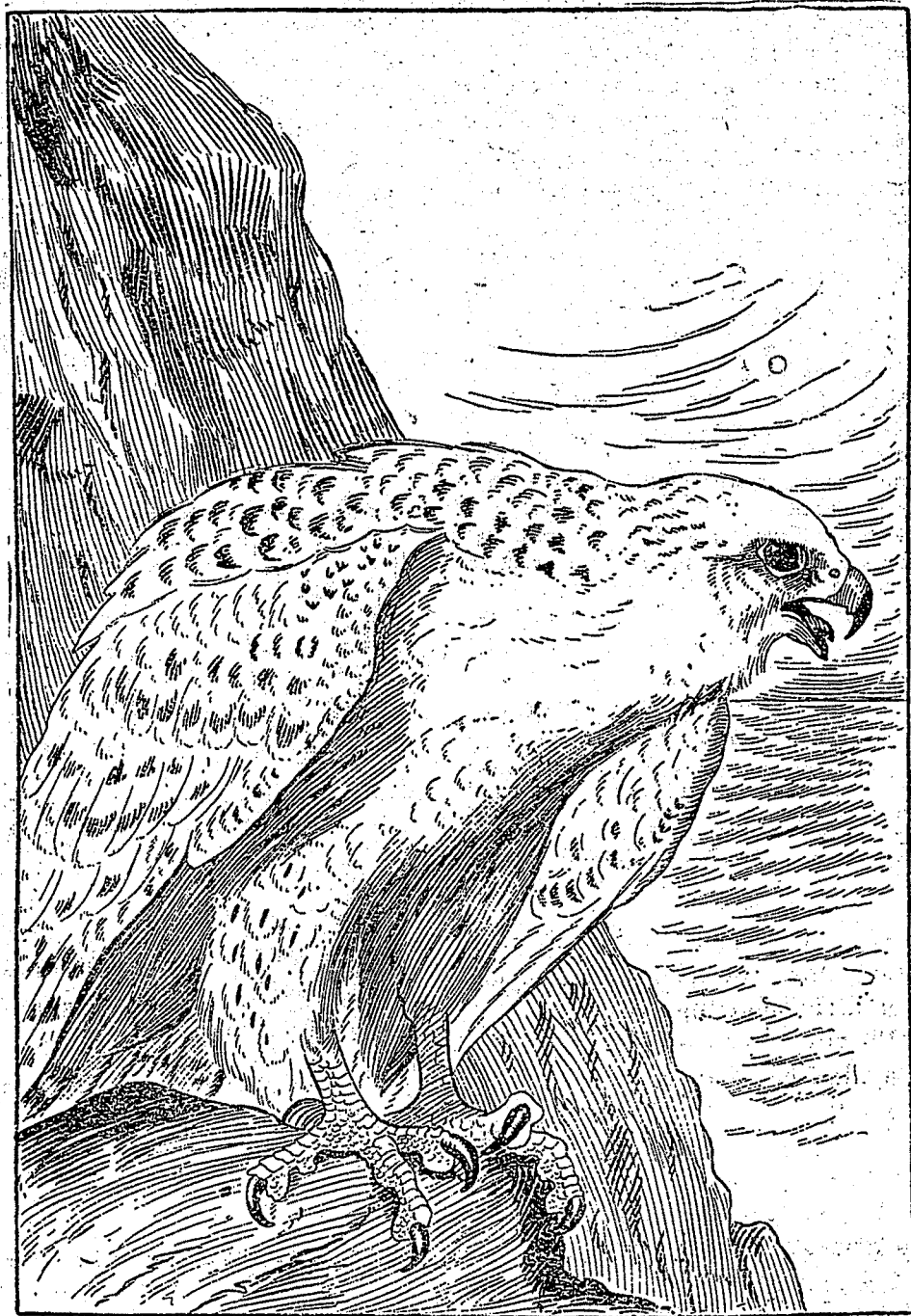


••• LITTLE FOLKS •••



A FALCON.

Indoor Sunshine.

'Old Uncle Zeke thinks he knows all about the weather, mamma,' said Jessie.

'Yes, he is what people call weatherwise.'

'He says he can tell by the shape of the clouds when the weather is going to change.'

'Yes, dear, many people can do that.'

'I can tell things about the weather, too,' said Faith. 'When the sky is bright and red at night it's going to be a fine day to-morrow.'

'Susan has her way of telling about the weather,' said Jessie. 'When I was in the kitchen to-day the cat was washing her face, and she said that was a sure sign of rain.'

'I know another of Susan's signs,' said Harry. 'She says, "If it rains before seven, it'll clear before eleven."'

'I know a pretty one that Cousin Grace told me,' said Jessie. 'She says that when the robin redbreast flies straight to the top of a tree and sings and chirps with all his might, the next day will surely be fine.'

'That is pretty,' said mamma, 'but I know a prettier sign than that.'

'What is it, mamma?'

'Only my sign is not a mere out-of-door weather sign. It means the weather in the house.'

'What do you mean, mamma?'

'When Jessie and Faith laugh and sing merrily over their little work in the morning, it is a pretty sure sign of fine, bright, weather in the house all day.'

'Oh, mamma!'

'Yes, indeed, my dearies. For when you laugh and sing it means that you are kind and cheery. That makes little brother glad, too, so he laughs and crows. And when all

the little ones are glad, it makes mamma glad, too. So the song and the laugh and the gladness go back and forth from one to the other until the whole house is full of sunshine. And one good thing about it is, that while we cannot make the outdoor weather what we like, we can always make sunshine indoors.

'Oh, why don't we do it always?' said Faith.

'Let's try,' said Jessie.

Couldn't other little ones try it?

—'Mayflower.'

A Very Short Fable of a Foolish Fly.

A silly young fly once fell into a pail of rich cream. Greatly frightened, he put forth a strong effort and flew up again; but in so doing he got a taste of the cream, which was so good he hesitated as he neared the top of the pail.

'Ah!' he said, 'that was pretty good, and I got out pretty easy. I believe I'll try for another taste. It's a little dangerous, I know, but my feet are nimble, I think I can keep my balance, and my wings are quick, I can easily get away if there is any danger.' So he made a dive back to the inviting feast.

But, alas, this time, he went too eagerly, and before he knew it he jumped in head first. His 'nimble feet' sank into the soft, yellow crust and his 'quick wings' when once wet were too heavy to do his bidding. The foolish fly was in a fair way to perish from his rash greediness, had it not been for a not too friendly hand that fished him out just then and flung him far out into the grass.

As he sat drying his wings he muttered to himself: 'What has been done once cannot always be done again and I see plainly that when one once gets out of danger, the safest plan is to keep out.'—'Christian Observer.'

'What's the Use.'

What's the use of fretting?

What's the use of crying?

What the use of dreading?

What's the use of sighing?

What's to come will come—

Now that there's no denying;

And what is past, is past—

To that there's no replying.

To make the present beautiful.

Is what we should be trying,

In kindly words and noble deeds

With one another vying.

So let's have smiles instead of sighs,

And all our tears be drying.

—'St. Nicholas.'