

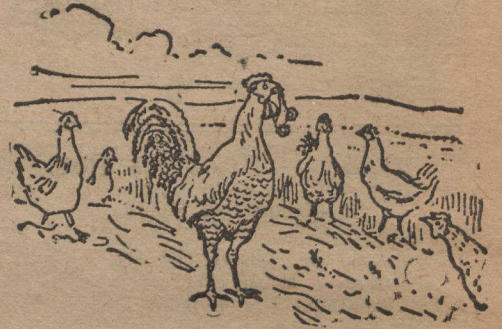
# LITTLE FOLKS



## The Cock and the Jewel;

Or, we value only what we can use.

As a Cock was scratching up the straw in a farm-yard, in search of food for the hens, he hit upon a Jewel that by some chance had found its way there. 'Oh!' said he, 'you are a very fine thing, no doubt, to those who prize you; but give me a barley-corn before all the pearls in the world.'



## Chief Pale Face.

(By Hilda Richmond, in 'Western Christian Advocate')

If I didn't have to be washed and dressed and combed so many times a day, I'd be happy,' said Harry, after mamma had called him three times to wash his hands after playing in the sand pile. 'I don't see why my hands won't do this way.'

'Because you touch and handle books and papers and furniture and leave marks,' said mamma. 'It is so much nicer to be clean that I should think you would be glad to get your grimy fists into this warm, soapy water.'

'Then I wish I didn't have to live in a house,' said naughty Harry. 'I'd like to be an Indian and live in a tent where there are no books and papers. I'm tired of sitting up to a table and being careful not to spill things.'

'You may live in a tent if you like,' said mamma, putting away the hair brush. 'We will make a nice little Indian hut with the strips of old carpet in the back yard and you may live there without washing as long as you please.'

'Goody! Goody!' cried Harry, dancing up and down. 'I'll be the Chief Pale Face, and have the best times you ever heard of. When may I begin?'

'Right away,' said mamma, and in half an hour the carpet tent was ready.

Harry carried out the old blanket and made a bed of straw in one corner, but then there seemed to be nothing else to do. He thought Sarah was baking cookies, but she said she could not have dirty Indians about her clean kitchen, so he was forced to run away though he was very hungry.

'Mamma!' he called, running up to the sitting room window. 'Where do Indians get things to eat?'

'The little Indians have to take what the big ones give them,' said mamma. 'Presently dinner will be served and you can have something in your tent.'

Once or twice Harry thought of washing his hands very clean on the back porch and asking Sarah for cookies, but he felt that no Indian would do such a thing, so he wandered about the yard with the little bow and arrow Santa Claus had brought one Christmas and he played he was shooting bear for Winter. Going hunting is very hungry work, and by the time his mamma came out with some dinner on a tin pan he thought he was starved.

'You may eat with your fingers, Chief Pale Face,' said mamma. 'That is the way Indians do,' and she walked away, leaving the dinner on the ground floor of the hut.

'I can't eat rice pudding and mashed potatoes without a spoon, mamma,' he said; but his mother

only said: 'You surely must be mistaken. Your mother is a squaw wrapped in a blanket. I am a white woman.'

Chief Pale Face was not very pale when at last he finished his dinner. He managed to eat part of the food, but most of it he spilled on the ground and great swarms of flies gathered all about making the hut a very unpleasant place to be. The food on his face and hands also attracted the insects, so that he had a hard time indeed. He tried to get into the kitchen to wash his hands and face, but the screen door was latched and Sarah called him to hurry away as she was afraid of Indians.

'Mrs. Smith, won't you please let me have some soap and water?' asked Harry, going to a neighbor's, with tears making white streaks on his dirty cheeks, after he had wandered forlornly around for several hours. 'I have been playing Indian and I don't like it a bit.'

'Why, how do you do, Harry?' said Sarah, as he appeared at the kitchen door all cleaned up and happy. 'Come right in and try some of my warm doughnuts. I missed you all morning.' And Harry has never wanted to be an Indian since that day.

## The Little Fawn.

The fawn was born in a quiet valley in the great forest, and where the bushes grew thickest he had