

LITTLE FOLKS

Flo's Fairy Day.

(By Effie Heywood.)

'O, dear, it's so tiresome just to be a little girl!' said Flo. 'I wish I was a fairy; then I could do what I liked. I wouldn't have to go to school and learn my lessons or help mamma. I should wear lovely rings and just eat cake and sweet things whenever I was hungry.'

'So you would like to be a fairy?' asked, mamma, who was sewing by the nursery window. 'Well dear—let me see—you can try it to-morrow. You can be a fairy for the entire day.'

'Really?' cried Flo.

'Yes,' said mamma, gravely. 'You can be a play fairy. I will make you some wings and you can do what you like all day.'

'And not go to school?' asked Flo, excitedly, 'or mind baby brother, or anything?'

'No,' said mamma, 'fairies don't do those things. You can tell me about it when you come back as my little girl to-morrow night.'

So mamma made Flo some paper wings, and a gold paper crown for her head, and early the next morning she went out into the garden. When schooltime came, Ellen Dean, who was Flo's best friend, went by alone, and Flo was half sorry she could not join her.

'Aren't you coming to school?' asked Ellen. 'And what are you wearing those wings for?'

'I'm going to be a fairy to-day,' replied Flo; 'it's lots of fun. Mamma says I needn't go to school.'

'O, dear, how foolish!' answered practical little Ellen; 'we were going up to the Benson's pasture at recess and mother baked a little tart for you and me. Well, I'm glad I'm not a fairy.'

Flo watched her until she disappeared down the road, then she turned, half regretted, and walked back to the seat under the apple tree.

About the middle of the forenoon Uncle Dick drove over from the mill in the old depot waggon that Flo enjoyed so much to ride in. He wanted to take mamma and Flo and baby brother to the village, but when he saw Flo he laughed. 'What are the wings for?' he asked.

'I'm a fairy,' said Flo, soberly.

'Oh!' said Uncle Dick, and he laughed again.

'Of course a fairy would never

ride in a depot waggon,' said mamma, 'because it would not be half fine enough and her wings would crush.' Then she turned to Uncle Dick. 'I would like to go,' she said, 'but the baby is fretty this morning, so I couldn't take him, and there is no one to tend him, for Norah is busy with the ironing.'

'Let Flo take him,' suggested Uncle Dick, but mamma shook her head.

'No,' she said, 'Flo is a fairy, so she couldn't care for a baby. I really can't go, although I wish I could.'

So Uncle Dick drove away, and mamma went back into the house. Flo played all the fairy games she could think of, and danced and sang and made flower chains until dinner time. Norah was cooking the very things Flo liked best, but mamma came to the door to say that her dinner would be carried to the summer house, because fairies did not come to the table. She seemed to know all about them. Flo sat down to a solitary meal, consisting of sandwiches, crackers and cake, for mamma said fairies could

never eat beefsteak and vegetables, but even though Flo had her best china set and all the cake she could eat, it did not taste so very good, after all.

The afternoon passed slowly. She saw Norah go out to feed the chickens, and her first impulse was to say, 'I always feed them,' then she remembered she was a fairy, and they never did such things. She began to wish she could finish the square of patchwork that had seemed such a difficult task to her yesterday, and there were berries to be picked for tea, but of course such things were out of the question. She flitted about the orchard on an imaginary horse until she saw the children coming home from school. They were having a merry time and she longed to join them, only she knew they would laugh at her wings. Oh, how tired she was! How still everything seemed, and how the bees hummed—faintly—faintly—

Mamma found her asleep an hour later and carried her up into her own little room. Flo thought she was dreaming when she opened her

