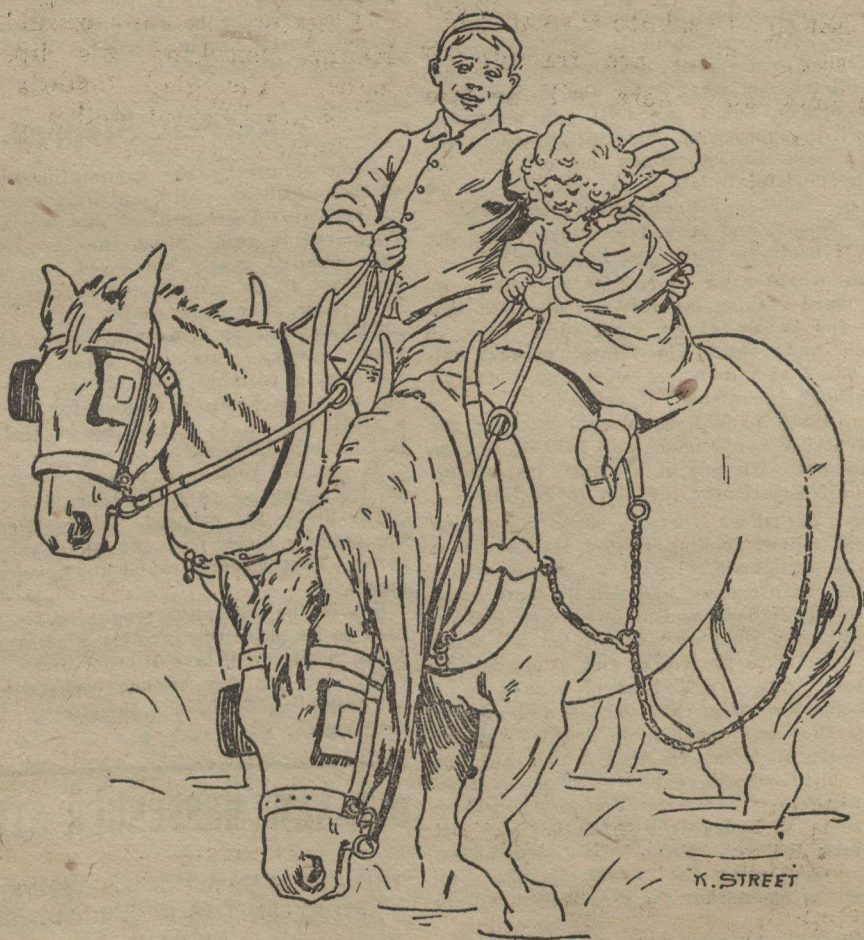


LITTLE FOLKS



Ena's Ride.

From the farmyard little Ena
Came one evening, full of glee;
'I have had a ride on Gipsy
In the meadow pond!' cried she.

'Oh, and mother, it was lovely
When his feet and legs went in,
For the water jumped up quickly,
And the splashes hit my chin!

With a smile her mother answered.
'Yes, and Gipsy bent his head
For a drink, and you were fright-
ened!'

'I was not!' the darling said.

'For the horseman, Ted, was near
me,
And he held me by my dress;
He was in the water also—
He was riding quiet Bess.

'Bess and Gipsy are good horses,
And I gave them each a kiss,
And they neighed and whinnied
loudly—
They were saying, 'Thank you,
miss!'

'And I kissed poor Teddy, mother,
After asking if I might,
And I hugged him for a moment,
As I hug you every night.

'And I whispered as I hugged him,
'Oh, I love you dearly, Ted,'
And I think it pleased him, mother,
For his cheeks got very red!'

'I am sure it did, my darling,'
Mother told her. She was right,
Loving words, a hug, and kisses,
Cannot fail to give delight.
—Aunt Daphne, in 'Child's Companion,'

The Turkey's Rights.

'Gobble, gobble, cackle, cackle,'
such a disturbance in Grandma
Scott's usually peaceful barnyard,
it surely seemed as though all the
barnyard fowls were much excited,
but Mrs. Turkey hopped on a box,
and soon made known the reason
for the commotion.

'Gobble, gobble! It's a perfect
shame the way I am treated, and I

won't stand it. Here I am, the
only turkey on the place; already
I've laid fifteen eggs, and when I
want to have my rights, and raise
a family, I'm put under an old box,
and you hens are given my eggs
and my rights,' and Mrs. Turkey
looked with anger at Plymouth Rock
and Speckled Hen, who had four
tiny turks following them, which
she felt justly belonged to her.

'Dear me,' cackled Speckle, 'it's
not our fault. As for me, I'd rather
have chicks, for they are ever so
much prettier than turkeys.'

Just then Peggie called, 'Kip,
Kip, Kip!' and thus averted a
fight, for in the scamp for
breakfast the fowls forgot their
grievance, still Mrs. Turkey gob-
bled as she ran for her share, 'I'll
have my rights yet, see if I don't.

That night Mr. and Mrs. Turkey
had a private chat, which resulted
in them rising very early in the
morning and taking a long walk.
After quite a search, Gobbler said,
'Here's the very place, dear; she
will never find you here,' and then
they returned to breakfast.

'I wonder whatever has become
of the turkey?' questioned Pollie
of Grandma; 'she hasn't been
around for several days.'

'I hope she isn't lost,' replied
Grandma, 'let's hunt for her.'

So a search was made under the
barn, around the haystack and near
the granary, but all in vain, so she
was given up for lost, and even the
hens decided that in striving for
her rights poor Turkey had died.

One morning Mrs. Turkey re-
turned, but so changed one would
scarcely recognize her. Several
feathers were missing, and she
walked rather lame.

'Dearie me,' exclaimed Grand-
ma, 'if here isn't our turkey, and
she looks like a drowned rat. I
guess she stole her nest, and the
coyotes got after her,' and throwing
Mrs. Turkey a pan of wheat she
remarked to Pollie she guessed the
coyotes had cured the turkey of
wanting to set this year.

Another chat took place in the
hen coop that night.

'Poor dear,' gobbled Gobbler,
'you must have had a hard time.'

'Yes,' indeed, gobbled Turkey.
'I thought the coyote would kill
me. I had a fearful struggle, and
as it is my eggs are all gone; but
I'll try again.'

'I'll come with you, then,' said
Gobbler, 'and come and see you
every day, and we'll try and win
this time.'

So another nest was found in a
much safer place, and Mrs. Turkey
disappeared again. Grandma de-