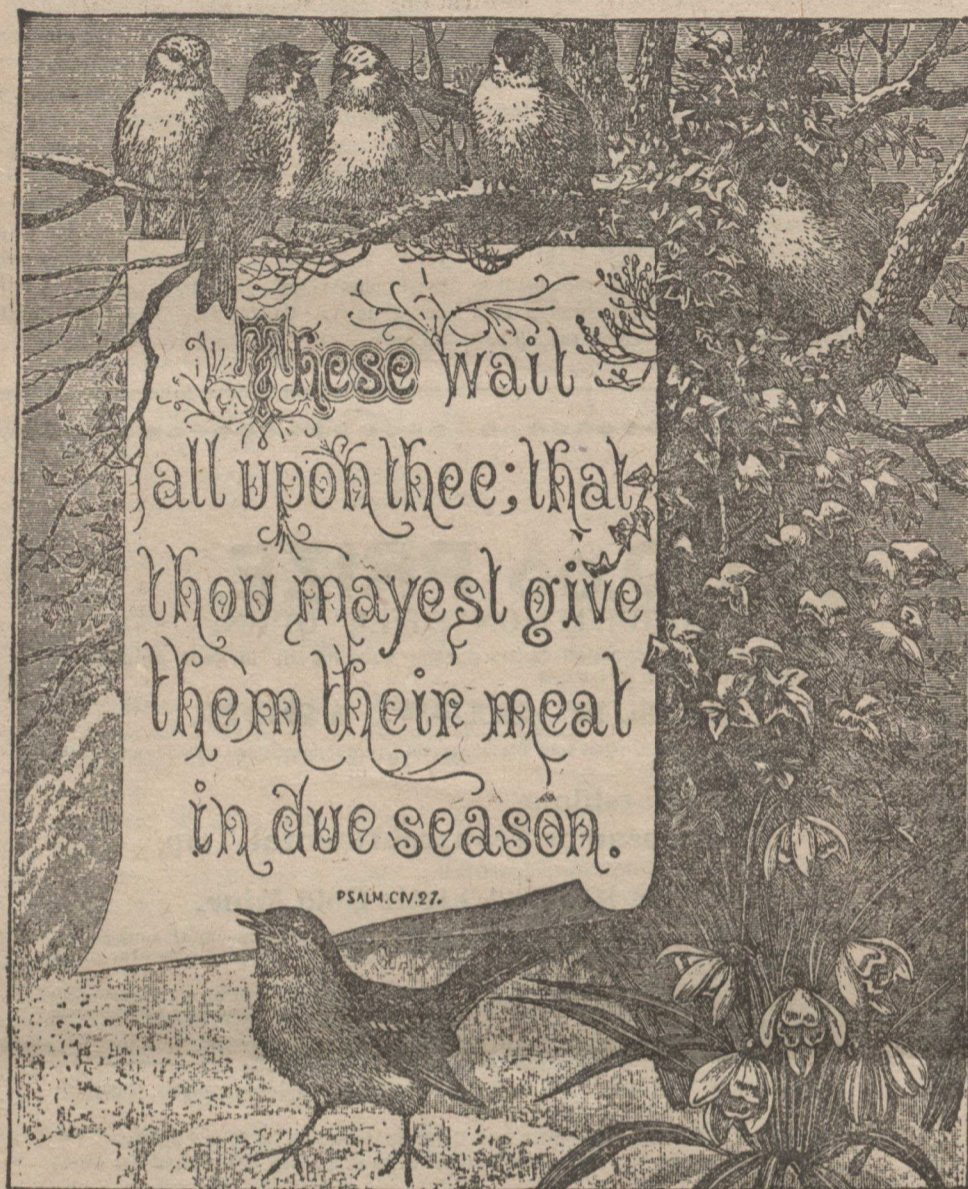


LITTLE FOLKS



Nellie's Gift.

(Concluded.)

From that time the two little girls were fast friends, and Nellie could slide down hill whenever she chose. Some of the others thought May was queer to play with an ugly, poor child, but May didn't care for that.

When her mother told her she could have a sleighing-party for her birthday, Nellie was the first girl she asked to go. And Nellie was wild with delight.

'You can't slide down this time,' May said to her after she had invited the other girls. 'I want to do a circus. You don't mind this once, do you?'

'Oh no,' said Nellie; 'I'd love to see a circus.'

'Ladies and gentlemen, behold Miss Mayflower, the celebrated slider-down-hill-eress,' cried May, and rushing forward, kissing her hands, she gave her sled a little

shove, and sprang on it, standing up.

'O May! Don't! You mustn't slide down standing up! You'll hurt yourself!' cried the girls, but away went May—down—down.—Then came a crash and a cry! The sled dashed into a tree, and May lay motionless on the ground.

The frightened children ran to her, and a man who was passing took the poor little figure up in his arms and carried it home. Next day the little girls told each other in whispers that May had broken her leg, and was all bruised and hurt, and would have to lie in bed for a long time. She could not go on her sleigh-ride, but she had sent word that the rest must go any way. She wanted them to have a nice time on her birthday, if she couldn't.

'Isn't that lovely of her?' said Isabel Gray.

'I'll tell you what we'll all do. Let's each one give her an elegant present, so she won't mind. I'll

send her the very expensivest box of candy I can find.'

The others eagerly agreed to give oranges, bananas, nuts, cakes—everything nice they could think of.

'What'll you send her, beggar-girl?' Isabel asked Nellie.

Isabel did not like her because her clothes were so old and shabby. A very strange reason for hating anybody, Nellie thought. 'Oh, if I could only give May something, to show her how I love her,' she said to herself. But she was so poor she often did not have enough to eat, and never anything to give away, or to spend. So she did not answer Isabel, but stood digging her heel into the ice, and trying hard not to cry.

'Oh, well,' said Isabel, scornfully, 'if you don't love May, I think I wouldn't go on her sleigh-ride if I was you.'

'Why, Belle, you know May wants her to go,' said Alice Gray. 'How can you talk so?'

All the morning Nellie thought of the sleigh ride, and what fun it would be, and how sorry she was because May could not go. They were to start at 2 o'clock, and suddenly the idea popped into Nellie's head that she might go and see May for a few moments before they started. The servant who opened the door stared at the child, and evidently thought she was a beggar, but May's mamma kissed her, and took her right up to May's room.

It was a pretty, dainty place, but Nellie forgot all about its beauty when she saw May on the bed, looking so sad and pale.

May was delighted to see her, and brightened up and chatted gayly, and showed her all her presents, and all the good things the girls had sent her. 'But there didn't one of them come to see me, 'cept you,' she said.

'You've got such loads of presents, and such a beautiful tea-set, and everything, you'll have a nice time, even if you don't go sleigh-riding,' said Nellie.

'You can't have a tea-party with out any party,' May answered, gloomily.

Then another idea popped into Nellie's head. Suppose she should