

LITTLE FOLKS

A Severe Epidemic.

(By Lily Manker Allen, in the 'Child's Hour.')

Good morning, Mr. Doctor Man;
I'm coming to you quick
Because I am so dreadful 'fraid
My dollies will get sick.

Ruth's doll has got the fever,
An' Flossie's has the mumps,
An' Stella's has a hook in' cough,
An' Beth's some awful bumps.

Clarissa's has a broken leg,
An' Faye's has lost one eye,
An' Susie's has some chicken pox
An' measles, too—oh, my!

So hurry, Mr. Doctor Man,
An' blaccinate my two,
For if these dreadful things should
spread,
What should I ever do?

The Little Black Hen.

(By Temple Bailey, in the Brooklyn 'Eagle.')

'I am going to travel,' said the Little Black Hen.

'Where will you go?' asked the Gray Goose.

'I am not sure,' said the Little Black Hen, 'but there must be some good that I can do in the world. Here in the barnyard I eat and lay eggs, and there are fifty other hens that do the same thing. The farmer has more eggs than he needs. I am going to seek some one whom I can help.'

'You'd better stay right here,' advised the Gray Goose; 'the world is big and you may have to go hungry.'

'Hunger is not the worst thing in the world,' said the plucky little hen. 'To-night I shall slip out quietly, and in the morning I shall be far away.'

Now, when the little hen had travelled many miles, she came to the edge of a lake so wide and so long that she could not fly across.

'Alas!' said the Little Black Hen, 'here I must stay on the edge of this lonely lake, or go back to the farm where no one needs me.'

All day long she wandered up and down, envying the wild geese who swam in the deep waters of the lake.

'If I could swim,' sighed the Little Black Hen; and just then, from out of the rushes, floated a strange flat boat with a red sail, and in the boat was an old, old man with a long gray beard.

The boat came very close to the shore, and the Little Black Hen flapped her wings and flew over the rushes and alighted on the bow of the flat boat, right in front of the old, old man.

And the old, old man said: 'Here is a little hen who will lay an egg for my

breakfast.' And he made her a nice warm nest in the bottom of the boat, and the next morning the Little Black Hen laid a round white egg, and then she sat in the bow of the boat and cackled a song of triumph.

And every morning the old, old man had an egg for his breakfast, and in return he gave the Little Black Hen all the corn that she could eat.

And when they had sailed and sailed

And the little girl put a basket in the corner of the fireplace and filled it with straw, and said: 'This is your nest, Little Black Hen, and here you can stay and keep me company when my grandfather goes out to fish.'

And there for a time the Little Black Hen lived happily, for the old, old man and the little girl were very poor and needed the eggs she laid for them.

But one morning the old, old man was



SHE SAW THE TWO EGGS, SIDE BY SIDE.

—Brooklyn 'Eagle.'

for many days, they came to the other side of the lake. And on the shore was a little gray hut, and out from the hut came a little girl, who ran down to the boat.

'Grandfather, grandfather,' cried the little girl, 'what have you brought me?'

'I have brought you a little black hen,' said the old, old man, 'and every morning she will lay an egg for your breakfast.'

And the little girl clapped her hands, and the little hen cackled, and all together they went into the little gray hut.

ill, and could not go out to get fish for them to eat, and the little girl gave him the egg that the Little Black Hen had laid, and went without any breakfast.

'If only I could lay two eggs every day,' sighed the Little Black Hen, 'so that the little girl might be fed.'

And the next morning the little girl went without anything to eat, and the next, and she grew thin and pale; and at last the Little Black Hen made up her mind that something must be done.

So in the night she went down to the lake and called to the wild geese who flew overhead: 'Take a message back