

LITTLE FOLKS

A Little Dear.

For me to have another doll
I somehow felt the time had come
For Adeline had lost her hair,
And Jane, the one that cried, was
dumb.

Of hearing me explain the case
Papa grew weary, it was clear;
'You're tired?' I asked, and he replied,
'A little, dear!'

That very day, when he got home,
He had parcel in his hand,
And mother smiled, and I did, too,
For I began to understand.
'With her extravagance,' he said,
'This child will ruin us, I fear;
Some toys are cheap, but this one came
A little dear!'

I clapped my hands, and hugged
And then, when he'd the string un-
tied,

I took the paper off and found
A dainty cardboard box inside;
And when I pulled the lid off that,
I saw a lovely face appear—
And there I saw my doll, and she's
A little dear!

—Felix Young, in 'Little Folks.'

The Nest in the Tree.

The sun was just peeping over the
hills. The leaves on the trees stirred
gently, and a sleepy voice among the
branches said: 'Mother, I am so hun-
gry. When may we have something to
eat?'

'Yes, mother, dear,' came a chorus of
voices, 'we are so hungry. May we have
some breakfast?'

'Yes, my dears,' replied the little
brown mother bird, 'you shall have
something just as soon as I can go out
and get it.'

Poor little mother! She had five hun-
gry mouths to fill. But they were a
happy family. Soon each of them
would be able to fly and get his own
breakfast.

'Oh, mother,' cried one of the little
ones, 'you said you were going to teach
Bright Eyes to fly to-day.'

'Yes,' said the mother, 'I am. When
I return, and we have eaten, I will teach
your sister Bright Eyes to fly.'

'Oh!' cried Bright Eyes. 'How hap-
py I shall be, for then I may help our
dear mother to feed the rest of you un-
til you are also strong enough to fly.'

'Good-by, mother, dear!' cried the
birdies, as she kissed each of them be-
fore leaving.

'I'll return soon, children,' and away
she flew as happy as could be.

A little boy stood by the roadside.
He held a little air gun in his hand.

'Oh, I see something at which I can
shoot!' he cried, and pulled the trigger.

There was a soft flutter and down fell
the poor little mother bird with a shot
through her brave little heart.

'Oh, oh, oh!' cried the birdies. 'Why

Kitten's Complaint.

'How do you think you would like it,'
Said the little black cat to me,
'If you in your bed were lying
As cozily as can be,

'How would you like it, I wonder,
With never a hint before,
To find your bed rising and walking
To find yourself out on the floor?



'With your nose on your forepaws rest-
ing,
And dreaming of mice and things,
Of whole pans of cream you were lap-
ping,
Of birds with the weakest of wings—

'If you were a sensitive kitten,
You'd think it a great mishap;
You'd wonder if it quite paid you
To sleep in Miss Jennie Brown's lap.'

—Cincinnati Commercial 'Tribune.'

doesn't mother come? We are so hun-
gry!'

They waited until the sun was very
high. 'Oh!' they cried.

'What is keeping our dear mother so
long?'

The sun went down in the west and
still she had not returned. Poor, little
birdies! How they cried! At last
Bright Eyes, who was the strongest,
said she would try to fly and find the
mother. But poor, little Bright Eyes
fell over the edge of the nest and lay
very still upon the ground. She never
opened her bright little eyes again.
Then, one by one, the others grew too
weak to cry any more and each tucked
his little head underneath a wing and
lay quiet in the nest. They never woke
again.

The little boy who made all this sor-
row was not really cruel; he was very
thoughtless, dear children, just tell him
about the poor little mother bird and
her babies and beg him to be kind.—
'Child's Hour.'

The Hawk and the Mother Teal.

Ernest Seton-Thompson tells the story
of a fight between a green-winged teal
and a hawk. After her brood was
hatched, she started to take them across
a pond.

'This was a mistake,' Mr. Seton-
Thompson writes, 'for it exposed them
to enemies. A great marsh hawk saw
them, and he came swooping along, sure
of getting one in each claw.'

'Run for the rushes!' called out the
mother Greenwing, and run they all did,
pattering over the surface as fast as
their tired little legs could go.

'Run! run!' cried the mother, but
the hawk was close at hand now. In
spite of all their running, he would be
on them in another second.

'They were too young to dive; there
seemed no escape, when just as he
pounced, the bright little mother gave a
great splash with all her strength and,

using both feet and wings, dashed the
water all over the hawk. He was aston-
ished. He sprang back into the air to
shake himself dry.

'The mother urged the little ones to
'Keep on!' and keep on they did. But
down came the hawk again; again to be
repelled by a shower of spray. Three
times did he pounce and three times did
she drench him.

'Now all the downlings were safe in
the friendly rushes; the angry hawk
made a lunge at the mother, but she
could dive and, giving a good-by splash,
she easily disappeared.'

Robert's Snowball.

(By Annie Louise Berray, in 'Sunday-
School Times.')

Robert was eight years old and had
never seen a snowball. He had seen
snow, but it was miles and miles away,
on the top of Mt. Lowe, and Robert lived
at the foot of the mountain. Roses blos-
somed out of doors all winter in Rob-
ert's yard, for this was in Southern
California.

Papa had promised him that as soon
as he was big enough he would take him
up the mountain to see the snow. There
was a railway going up part of the way
and then a long walk took them to the
top.

Robert used to sit under the orange
tree by the porch and look at the snow.
He wondered what it tasted like. It
looked so much like sugar that he
thought it must be sweet.

One morning after it had rained hard
for three days Robert came out of doors
to find the sun shining and Mt. Lowe
white at the top.

'How would you like to climb Mt.
Lowe to-day, Robert?' asked his father.

Robert was too happy to say any-
thing, so he turned three handsprings
and ran into the house for his mittens.
His grandmother, who lived in the East,
did not know how warm California is,
so she had sent Robert a pair of red mit-