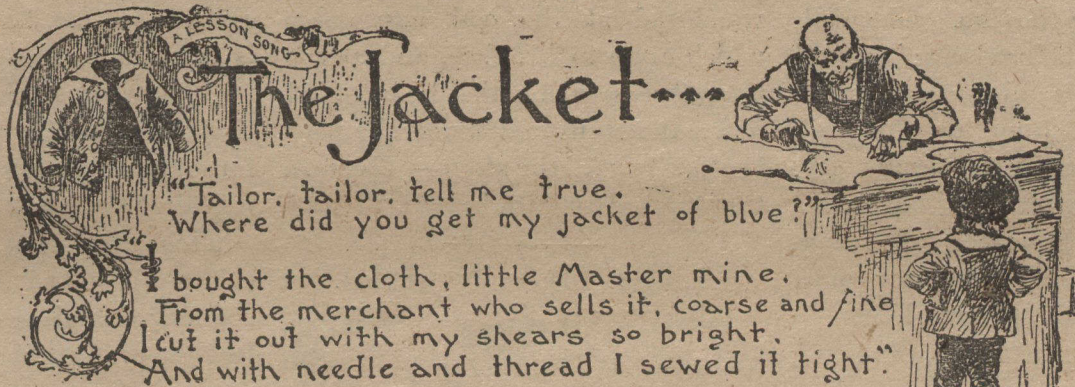


LITTLE FOLKS



"Tailor, tailor, tell me true.
Where did you get my jacket of blue?"

"I bought the cloth, little Master mine.
From the merchant who sells it, coarse and fine
I cut it out with my shears so bright,
And with needle and thread I sewed it tight."



"Merchant, merchant, tell me true,
Where did you get the cloth so blue?"

"The cloth was made, little Master mine,
Of woolen threads so soft and fine.
The weaver wove them together for me,
With loom and shuttle his trade plies he

"Weaver, weaver, speak me sooth,
Where got you the threads so soft and smooth?"

"From wool they're spun, little Master mine,
The spinner carded the wool so fine,
She spun it in threads, and brought to me,
Where my sounding loom whirrs cheerily."



"Spinner, spinner, tell me true,
Where got you the wool such things to do?"

"From the old sheep's back, little Master dear,
The farmer he cut it and washed it clear;
The dyer dyed it so bright and blue,
And brought it to me to spin for you



"Now tailor and merchant and weaver too,
And spinner and farmer, my thanks to you!
But the best of my thanks I still will keep
For you, my good old woolly-backed sheep."

Charlie's Indecision.

Charlie was in a state of uncertainty. He wanted a ball, and he had no money except what was in his mite-box. He was now trying to decide whether to borrow or to wait, and he shoved his hands deep down into his pockets and looked very intently at the box. Of course, he could not wait; that was out of the question; so all there was to do was to bring himself into a state of mind to borrow. It would only be five cents, and he could pay it back the next week when he would have

his regular monthly allowance of twenty cents. But still his hands remained in his pockets, and still the wrinkles of uncertainty remained on his forehead.

At length he turned abruptly and went outside. He could think best when lying at full length under the apple trees. But he soon found that even his favorite position failed to bring what he wanted. Birds sang merrily above his head, and insects chirped and hummed and buzzed in the grass around him. Bees were industriously gathering

honey from clover-blossoms a few feet away, and he idly watched them as they flew back and forth between the blossoms and their hives. He knew that they had an abundance of honeycomb stored away in their hives, and yet here they were working as industriously as though they had nothing ahead. Then his gaze wandered down the slope to a small heap of stones beside a path, and he flushed impatiently. His father had told him several weeks before to carry them away, and had promised him five