



FROZEN OUT.

## MILLIE'S BABIES.

Six little timid kittens,  
 Out in the cold alone,  
 Their mother is always gadding about,  
 And brings them not even a bone;  
 She's off in the morning early,  
 She's off till late at night,  
 A mischievous, selfish old pussy,  
 That never does anything right.

The kittens are always hungry,  
 They're too timid to catch a mouse—  
 And their mother is such an old gadder,  
 They won't keep her in the house.  
 She never petted or played with them,  
 Nor washed them nice and clean,  
 Such six little dirty faces  
 I'm sure I've never seen.

Six little sad, sad kittens,  
 All sitting in a row,

Cold, and hungry, and dirty  
 From the tip of each nose to each toe.  
 Twelve little ears and six little tails  
 Hanging and drooping low,  
 So out on the steps I found them,  
 Sitting all in a row.

And Millie begged hard to keep them,  
 And fed them and washed them so clean—  
 Such six bright cunning kittens  
 I'm sure I have never seen.  
 The boys laughed at Millie's babies,  
 She cares not a whit, would you?  
 If she hadn't adopted those kittens,  
 What in the world would they do?

## FROZEN OUT.

These poor little birds seem almost  
 frozen to death, don't they? See how  
 languidly they peep out of their half-

closed eyes. The very severe winter  
 weather is sometimes fatal to the dear lit-  
 tle fellows. Just outside of my window  
 a number come to pick the berries of the  
 Virginia creeper. But when these and  
 everything else are frozen hard, I hope my  
 young readers will scatter some grain or  
 bread-crumbs for these little feathered  
 friends of ours—they will be very grate-  
 ful, I assure you. Remember,

“He prayeth best who loveth best  
 All things both great and small;  
 For the dear God who loveth us,  
 He made and loveth all.”

## ONE NAME FOR ALL CHILDREN.

Just think how funny it would be if all  
 the little boys and girls had no names un-  
 til they were four or five years old, or,  
 rather, if they all had the same name.

There is a tribe of Indians called Mo-  
 haves, who live in Arizona, on the banks  
 of the Colorado River. The little Indian  
 boys and girls play all day long in the hot  
 sands with the dogs, for they are very fond  
 of dogs.

When the big red sun is sinking behind  
 the hills, the Indian mothers come to the  
 doors of the mud houses and call, “Peet !  
 peet ! peet !”

Then all the little Indian boys and girls,  
 if they are quick to mind, leave their play  
 and run home. All are peet—no Willies,  
 nor Harrys, nor Georgies, nor Bessies, nor  
 Marys—all peet. Each little peet knows  
 his or her mother's voice, and knows if he  
 doesn't come home quickly there may be  
 waiting a little osier switch, which will  
 not feel nice to him, for the little peets  
 wear no knickerbockers, nor shoes, nor  
 hats, and it takes them but a very short  
 time to dress in the morning.

When the little Mohaves get to be five  
 years old their playtime is partly over, for  
 the boys must help pick the mesquit beans  
 for food during the winter, and help in  
 the grinding-time, when the beans are made  
 into a sort of flour. The little girls must  
 sit by their mothers and learn to weave  
 strips of bark into a kind of cloth, from  
 which their clothing is made.

Then the boys and girls are big enough  
 for names, and are peet no longer, but such  
 funny names as Puck-ar-roo-too and Musk-  
 to-rook and Mat-ham-oo. But the little Mo-  
 have boys or girls have no kindergarten or  
 school, and never have to learn to write  
 their names, so they don't care. Perhaps  
 they get tired of being called peet.

Sometimes a little Mohave will kill a  
 beaver with his bow, or do something  
 very smart, and then the father will  
 pat him on the head and call him  
 Mat-fa-oo, or something like that,  
 and he will be peet no more. Some  
 boys or girls will be naughty and full of  
 mischief, and will grow to be perhaps ten  
 years old before they will be called any-  
 thing but peet.—*The Youth's Companion*.