

LITTLE FOLKS

My Little Gray Kitten and I.

(Florence A. Jones, in 'Pets and Animals.')

When the north wind whistles 'round the house

Piling the snowdrifts high,
We nestle down on the warm hearth rug—

My little gray kitty and I.
I tell her about my work and play,
And all I mean to do,
And she purrs so loud I surely think
That she understands—don't you?

She looks about with her big round eyes,

And softly licks my face;
As I tell her about the word I missed,
And how I have lost my place.
Then let the wind whistle, for what to us

Matters a stormy sky?
Oh, none have such jolly times as we—
My little gray kitty and I.

What Happened to Jimmy.

Rain or shine, Jimmy, the carrier of the 'Evening Sentinel,' took the paper to Mr. Dalton's door all through the long winter. A bright little fellow he was, raised on the streets, but he could remember just a little of how once he wasn't just a little street boy carrying papers and doing odd jobs; of a time when he lived in the country, where the grass was green and there was plenty room to breathe.

And how he longed to go back! But there seemed no way now, since he had no father and mother. As the birds began to sing in the city parks and the flowers to bloom, it made him wish to go all the more. And one evening fate, when he carried the paper to Mr. Dalton, he heard a cheery voice saying to him, 'You needn't bring the paper for two weeks, lad; we're all off for the woods,—a camping trip, fishing and hunting for all those days.'

And the boy's heart felt like a load in his breast. Mr. Dalton saw his face, and then clapping his hands together, said:

'The very thing! Take you with us. I can see you're hungry for the woods, too. Could you get off for a few days and help me about the camp, carry fish, dig bait, and all such things?'

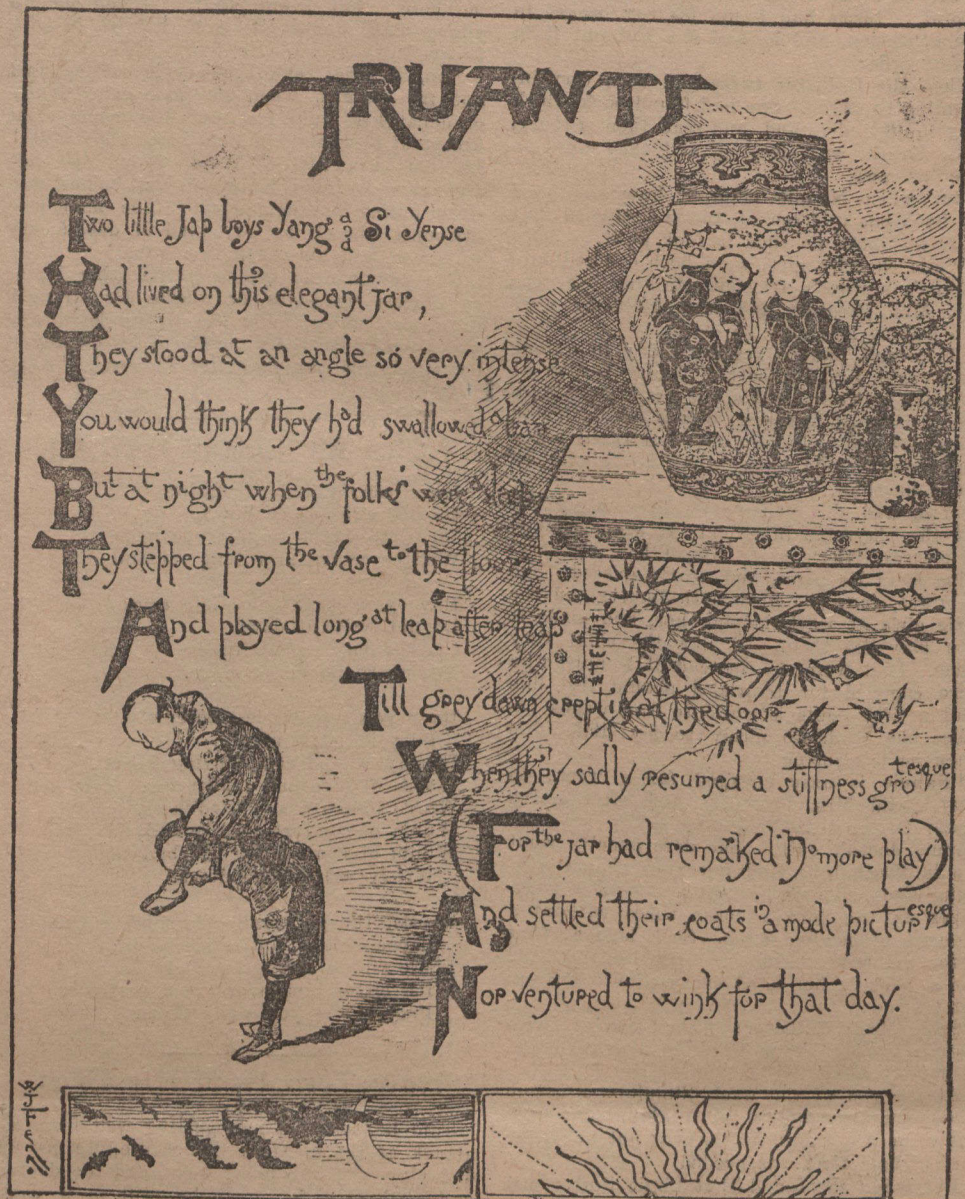
He needed no answer, for big tears were rolling down Jimmy's face.

'It's what I've been a-waiting to do, and I ain't got no boss 'cept the Sentinel man, and I can put Joe Trent in my place.'

'All right, then. Show up at daylight in the morning; we start bright and early,' Mr. Dalton said.

And Jimmy showed up. His face was shining, his clothes neatly brushed. Only to think he was going to the country with Mr. Dalton to fish, to hunt, and sleep in a tent!

A glorious time it was, for he was at Mr. Dalton's heels, digging worms.



—From the 'Little Ones' Annual, Published by Estes & Lauriat, Boston.

carrying the poles and often fishing himself all day long. But he loved best of all to see Mr. Dalton in his fishing clothes taking the shining fish off the line, one after another, to be fried for supper in real camp fashion.

He forgot the noisy city, with the jingling street cars and heavy waggons, and would not let himself think of the time when fishing and hunting time would be over and he would be yelling 'Evening Sentinel' along the streets.

At last the two weeks were over and he helped pack up with a heavy heart; yet it had been such a happy two weeks.

'I've been wanting to tell you a plan of mine, Jimmy. Mr. James is a farmer friend of mine near here, and he wants a boy to live with him. I've thought perhaps you'd like to stay rather than go back to the city. There would be cows to milk, stock to water, wood to bring in, but there would be fishing, too, and wading in the creek! A faithful boy like you can fish with me every summer if he wants to!'

For an answer Jimmy gave him a great bear-hug.

And that was how Jimmy Morton came to be Farmer James's little boy and worked and played in the beautiful country.—The 'Child's Gem.'

The Drop of Water.

A little drop of rain fell into the opened leaves of a rose. It was a comfortable, cosy home for it. The bed on which it rested was soft as velvet, and the perfume of the rose was delicious. For a while the drop was as happy as it could be.

By-and-by it grew tired of doing nothing. It is not right, thought the little drop, that I should be idle while there is so much to do. The buds are spreading their leaves to the sun. The vines are hanging out their tiny grapes. The birds are building their nests, singing merrily while they work. The bees are flying off to their hives with heavy loads of honey. Even the sunshine is warming everything into life. But I, what shall I do? I will wait and watch. The great God will find something for the little drop of water to do, in His own good time. See, there is a cloud, no bigger than a man's hand. Some of my bothers and sisters are sleeping in it. Perhaps they will join me in a little while, and we may all work together to do something for this beautiful earth.

While it was speaking, other clouds came up into the sky, until the heavens grew black with them. Then the rain