

## A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.



## TIMID LITTLE BETTY.

Don't be frightened, Betty dear,  
 Nobody can harm you here.  
 Mother is not far away,  
 And she told you you must stay  
 Quietly and without fear  
 Till she came and found you here.  
 So be patient, dear, and wait,  
 For though mother may be late,  
 Yet you know she's fond and true,  
 And you know that she loves you.  
 So cheer up, don't be afraid,  
 Betty, bonny little maid!

## A LITTLE PEOPLE.

Have you seen very many little people?  
 Of course you have, and you think you  
 belong to the little people, and so you do.  
 Perhaps you remember seeing a dwarf or  
 the little persons called midgets, but there  
 are other little creatures who are not  
 human beings, who live in tribes and set-  
 tlements and build houses for themselves,  
 so we may call them a little people.

When you see a whole tribe of ants  
 working steadily to build a house, do you  
 not think they deserve to be called a little  
 people? In the country you can often see  
 a big mound which these little people have  
 built. They are never idle, and the Bible  
 speaks of their industry, and tells the



stuggard or very lazy per-  
 sons to learn a lesson from  
 them.

In some countries they  
 eat ants. The Africans  
 eat them, stewed in butter,  
 but the ants are much  
 larger than those we have  
 here. But what do you  
 think of a dish of buttered  
 ants? No doubt you would  
 be very hungry before you  
 would eat of this dish, but  
 in our country the ants eat  
 up many of the good things

we keep in the store-room and  
 pantry. Do they not eat your  
 mother's preserves? Watch the orchards  
 and see how they gather on the fruit and  
 even on the vegetables.

But these little people have a great deal  
 of wisdom. They make plans and travel  
 from place to place and build houses for  
 themselves, which shows that they have a  
 great deal of sense for such small bodies.

I must tell you something which proves  
 that they have something very much like  
 what we call reason. A lady found one  
 day that the ants were in her preserved  
 peaches and blackberry jam, and to save  
 her peaches she set the legs of the table  
 on which the jars stood in pans of water.  
 One day, when she was in the pantry, she  
 saw a long procession of ants marching in  
 single file, one behind the other, toward  
 the table which held the jars. Of course  
 they meant to crawl up the legs of the  
 table and eat the sweets in the jars. But  
 when the ant who was at the head of the  
 line saw the water, and knew that he could  
 not cross it, for ants cannot swim, he  
 turned round and faced the others, and  
 acted very much as if he said, "We cannot  
 eat these sweet things because we cannot  
 cross the water." The news must have  
 been told all along the line, for every ant  
 turned round, and the pro-  
 cession marched back the  
 way they came. In hot cli-  
 mates the ants grow to a  
 large size, and sometimes  
 you will see a great many  
 mounds all in a row,  
 or grouped together like  
 houses in a city. Some men  
 who have studied the habits  
 and nature of ants, say  
 that they are deaf and do  
 not hear the loudest sounds,  
 but this is not known to be  
 a fact. They do have smell  
 and taste: see how soon  
 they will find a lump of  
 sugar if you leave it on the  
 shelf in the pantry. There  
 are red ants and black ants,  
 but all of them have a  
 sting. Did you ever feel it?



## ONLY A CENT.

Uncle Harris was a carpenter, and had  
 a shop in the country. One day he went  
 into the barn, where Dick and Joe were  
 playing with two pigeons.

"Boys," he said, "my workshop ought  
 to be swept up every evening. Which of  
 you will undertake to do it? I am willing  
 to pay a cent for each sweeping."

"Only a cent?" said Dick. "Who  
 would work for a cent?"

"I will," said Joe. "A cent is better  
 than nothing."

So every day, when Uncle Harris was  
 done working, Joe swept up the shop.

One day Uncle Harris took Dick and  
 Joe into town with him. While he went  
 to buy some lumber, they went to a store  
 where there were toys of every kind.

"What fine kites!" said Dick. "I wish  
 that I could buy one."

"Only ten cents," said the man.

"I haven't got a cent," said Dick.

"I have fifty cents," said Joe, "and I  
 think I will buy that bird kite."

"How did you get fifty cents, Joe?"

"By sweeping the shop," answered Joe.  
 "I saved my pennies, and did not open  
 my bank until this morning."

