



WALTER WISP'S DRUM.

THIS LITTLE Walter Wisp for a long time had longed to be the owner of a drum. Every time he passed the village toy-shop his eyes feasted on the prettily ornamented drum which stood so temptingly in a window. I fear that he almost envied every boy he knew who called

himself the owner of a drum. Drums floated before him in his dreams. He talked of drums daily. In a word, his heart was set upon becoming the owner of a drum.

One merry Christmas morning Walter found a drum hanging beside his stocking on the bed-post. Happy Walter! He capered round the room like a fairy in a frolic. He ran and