

# LITTLE FOLKS



'Good Morning!  
'How do you do, little boy?  
'How do you do, little girl?  
'It's very bad weather,' said she.  
And the little boy said,  
With hair all a-curl,  
'It's just as bad as can be.'

'Put up your umbrella, little boy,  
Or I'm afraid very damp you  
will get.'  
'I would,' said the boy, and he  
smiled in his joy.  
'But, you see, it would get so wet.'

—'Leading Strings,' Wells Gardner, Darton & Co.

## The Sign of the Stork.

In a certain town in Norway the figure of a stork appears on the church and over many of the houses. Tourists who go there often find on sale on every hand images of the stork in silver and gilt, or carved in wood. The story of the origin of this sign of the stork is unusual and most interesting. The hero of the tale is Conrad Jonassen, whose name, in that district, will be always associated with the stork.

Many years ago, when Conrad was a boy, a stork built its nest on the roof of his house. Conrad and his mother fed the bird, and so encouraged its return.

In time the boy went to sea. One day the ship fell into the hands of pirates, and Conrad, with his shipmates, was sold into slavery in Africa.

Hardships and indignities of all

sorts were heaped upon them for three years. One day Conrad saw a stork flying about overhead, and was filled with homesick longings. He whistled to the bird as he used to do at home, and to his delight the stork came near and finally alighted, as if expecting to be fed.

He had nothing to give the bird then, but the next day he saved a part of his breakfast, hoping that the stork would come again. It did, and for several days it continued to come.

At length it occurred to the

homesick slave that the stork would soon be flying north again, and like an inspiration came the thought that by means of the bird he could send a message which might possibly fall into the hands of friends.

He wrote a few lines on a bit of tough paper and bound it fast to the stork's leg. A few days later the bird disappeared.

One day Mrs. Jonassen noticed the stork, which had returned again to its nest on the roof, picking at something on its leg. She fed the bird, caught it and removed the bit of paper. Fancy the mother's feelings when she found it to be a message from her own son, long since given up for lost!

It would be too long a story to tell of the interest of the parish, of the money raised, the expedition sent to rescue Conrad and his mates. All this took place, however, and Conrad Jonassen came home. In after years he became a rich man, and did much for the welfare of his native town. The stork was never forgotten, and it is small wonder that it became the emblem of the Norwegian town.—'The Child's Companion.'

## A Little Girl With Three Names.

(By Helen M. Richardson, in 'The Child's Hour'.)

When she was good her mother called her Helene; but if she had done anything very naughty, it was always her whole name, Helene Zeniade, that she heard.

She liked her father's name for her, 'Little Miss Mischief,' better than either, because there was always a twinkle in his eye when he said it. 'Helene Zeniade' suggested naughtiness, 'Little Miss Mischief' meant fun.

It wasn't much fun to hear her mother say: 'Helene Zeniade, I am astonished! Somehow the little girl had got to feeling that she was always doing astonishing things, now-a-days, because her mother said 'Helene Zeniade' so often.

One day Helene went into the dining-room after dinner, and discovered some pretty new dishes on the sideboard. There was a mug, and a bowl, and a pitcher, and a

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