

LITTLE FOLKS

A Wild Indian.

When I was a very little girl I lived with Grandpa and Grandma Smith, in a little log-house, in the wild woods.

One evening grandma and I sat on the doorstep waiting for grandpa to come home. He was off in the forest chopping down trees.

It was almost sunset when some one walked out from the trees and stood before us. Was it grandpa? Oh, dear, no; it was a big, tall Indian, with his blanket wrapped around him, and moccasins on his feet.

He had a bundle of willow twigs in his arm.

Grandma turned very white, and

poor Indian. Indian never forget.' And he turned away, and went off into the woods.

When grandpa came home, he told us that there was an Indian village about seven miles back in the forest. The Indians made baskets, and took them to town to sell or trade for other things. He thought this must have been one of them.

We often saw Indians after that, but we were not afraid of them.

Long after, when I was about eight years old, an Indian basket-peddler came to our house. Grandma bought a basket from him, but when she offered him the pay for it, he would not take it.



trembled, while I clung to her, too frightened to cry. We had never before seen 'a wild Indian.'

He looked at us very solemnly for a moment, and said, 'You frightened? Me no hurt.'

Then he told grandma that he had broken his knife cutting the willow twigs to make baskets; and he asked her to give him an old knife.

She went into the house and brought him out an old knife and a bowl of sweet milk.

He drank the milk; then took the knife, examined it, and stuck it into his belt.

He then looked at us and said, 'You good woman. You kind to

'No, no,' he said; 'one day a long time ago you gave an Indian a knife, and milk to drink when he was tired. He told you the Indian never forgets. Here is this basket for the little girl. She was a baby then.' And he gave me the loveliest little basket you ever saw; I have kept it ever since.—'Our Little Ones.'

A Bunch of Hollyhocks.

(Mary Joanna Porter, in 'Christian Intelligencer.')

Grandma Byrnes lived in a small unpainted house by the roadside. Behind it rose abruptly a rocky hill and beside it was a narrow strip of land cultivated as a vegetable gar-

den. This was the whole of the Byrnes estate—a humble bit of property indeed.

Yet here Grandma Byrnes had spent many years (of both happiness and sorrow). She had gone to it a bride, fond and proud of her husband, although he was only a day laborer. She was glad to do the work of the house while he dived in the soil and when her little Clara came to increase her cares and her joys, she was a proud and happy mother.

Contentment reigned in the cottage, for the peace of God filled the hearts of both mother and father. Clara grew up and married and left home, and after a few years died, leaving three little girls whose father was supposed to have been lost at sea.

'We must take care of the children,' said Mrs. Byrnes to her 'man,' as she called her husband, and he answered, 'Yes.' There was no hesitation in the matter. The children came to the little house by the roadside and thereafter it was their home. Grandpa Byrnes indeed worked a little harder and his wife saved a trifle more carefully, but the children never knew it, for they were not allowed to feel that they were in any wise a burden.

One sad day saw the grandfather overcome by heat and taken from them at a blow. Then they began to realize how much he had done for them. Mrs. Byrnes showed a brave, determined spirit. She would take in washing; she would go out by the day; she would do any honest work in order to keep the family together.

The girls, Delia, Rosa and Clara, were by this time grown large enough to help. They carried baskets of clothes back and forth! they picked berries in the season; they sometimes cared for young children out of school hours, so that in these and other ways they were able to add to the scant family store. Few wants though they had, it was difficult to supply them.

Still they had been taught the duty of gratitude, and having food and raiment they were therewith content. Cheerfulness was the rule in the tiny cottage. The girls attended the district school and were fortunate in having a good teacher who took charge of them for years.