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The Jolly Animals' Club
By LILIAN LEVERIDGE

II.
MRS. BLACK BEAR'S EXPLOIT.

ONE noble deed! It had seemed such an easy thing last night at the great meeting; but now, when Mrs. Black Bear took a drink at the Silver Stream—its silver braided with gold from the setting sun—and thought of how all day she had been trying unsuccessfully to do that one thing, she began to think that Professor Owl had intended the Jolly Animals' Club to be a very select circle; and forthwith she determined to be one of that select circle, let it cost what it might.

While these thoughts were passing through her big, clumsy brain she suddenly heard a noise that made her sit up and take notice with eyes and nose and ears. It was the sound of a footstep in the bushes a little way down the stream. She hoped it would be something good to eat, for she was frightfully hungry. When presently a tiny girl, a very tiny one, came out into a little grassy spot beside the stream, she smacked her lips and crept cautiously forward through the shadows. "What a tender morsel!" she thought.

"Mama! Mama!" the wee one cried. There was such a pitiful, pleading note in the voice that it somehow reminded Mrs. Bear of her

own two children she had lost a year ago. Still, she went forward, slinking slyly through the lengthening shadows.

"Mama! Mama!" called the little one again. "Mama, I seepy. Want to do to bed."

But no mama came. The baby dropped her flowers on the grass and sat down beside the stream, and, holding her wee chin in her wee hands, looked up into the sky, where one Big Star was budding into light. Nearer and nearer crept the Bear. Little Blue-Eyes knelt on the grass, and, clasping her wee hands, whispered something ever so softly.

Mrs. Bear didn't understand a word, but in the flash of a moment she forgot her hunger, and her mother-heart was filled with tenderness and pity. She sat down and thought a minute, then went a little nearer to the baby, who had now fallen asleep.

Only a few moments had passed when there came another stealthy step in the bushes across the stream. Presently from among the willows emerged a lank, lean lynx, its fierce eyes gleaming like coals of fire from out the shadows.

The cruel creature spied the baby, but not the bear. Uttering a shrill scream, it sprang across the stream, alighting in the grass just a few yards from the baby. Immediately, Mrs. Bear, with fierce eyes and bristling hair, rushed forward to meet this new enemy.

Little Blue-Eyes awoke with a start, but was too frightened to move or cry. She heard a lot of fearful snarling and growling, and, though she didn't understand a word of it, this is exactly what was said:—

"What are you doing here?" demanded Mrs. Bear.

"Is that any business of yours?" the lynx asked.

"Yes, it is."

"Well, then, I'm going to eat my supper. Have you any objections?"

"I have, as you'll find to your cost if you come a step nearer."

With a choking scream of rage the lynx sprang at the bear. With heated breath and gaping jaws the bear reared and clinched. Wildly the big cat bit and clawed and fought for his life. Wildly at last he begged for release, but in his heart he knew that he was locked in an embrace from which only death would loose him.

"There, I guess that settles you," said Mrs. Bear, as she laid her limp and lifeless burden on the grass.

"This is no place for you," she said, advancing toward the baby. "I'm sorry to frighten you any more, but there's no other way out that I see. I must take you home."

Blue-Eyes cried out in terror, for she thought, poor mite, that the fate of the lynx was to be her own.

Mrs. Bear lifted the shrinking, trembling child very, very gently in her great, furry arms. "I think I know where you live. I'll take you home," she said, but Blue-Eyes heard only a growl. Too terrified to struggle, she dropped her tired head on the great black breast, and was carried gently and tenderly through the shadowy, starlit wood, over rocks and logs and tangled bushes, the bear carefully shielding her face from the springing boughs.

At last a lantern flashed through the trees just ahead and a voice called out, "Marguerite! Marguerite!"

"Daddy! Daddy!" Blue-Eyes answered.

Mrs. Bear set her down at once, and, drawing back in the bushes, watched until a man came hurrying up, and, snatching the baby to his heart, showered kisses on the little, tear-wet face.

Mrs. Bear went back to her den very hungry, and wished her stupid brain could think of one noble deed that would gain her admittance to the Jolly Animals' Club.

Boys and Girls
Polly and Her Goat

Polly had a little goat,
A goat with silky hair;
It loved to eat the strangest things,
But Polly didn't care.

The goat was much like Mary's lamb,
The one with fleece like snow,
For everywhere that Polly went
The goat was bound to go.

One day Miss Polly sallied forth,
A-walking through the town;
She wanted all the folks to see
Her polka-dotted gown.

And as she tripped her dainty way
Along the village street,
The fragrant posies that she bore
Were not a bit more sweet.

And, lo! there followed close behind—
Of course, it wasn't right—
The little goat with silky hair—
And wondrous appetite.

They passed a garden by the way,
Wide open was the gate;
The goat would fain have gone within,
But Polly couldn't wait.

A little farther down the street
A dump of rubbish lay;
The goat would fain have feasted there,
But Polly couldn't stay.

And then the little breezes blew
Her ribbons, flying free;
The goat beheld them, and it thought,
"This is the chance for me!"

Straightway it seized them and began
To chew and chew and chew;
But Polly blithely tripped along,
And never, never knew.

And when she saw them smile at her,
The people of the town,
She thought, "How much they all admire
My polka-dotted gown!"

—John Clair Minot, in The Youth's Companion.

Johnny and Sammy

(By William Gordon Edson, an eight-year-old boy of Braintree, Mass.)

Johnny-Jump-Up.

Once upon a time there was a little boy, and his name was Johnny-Jump-Up. One morning he jumped out of bed. It was winter, and he jumped into his clothes and downstairs. His mother said for him to get his breakfast. So he jumped into his chair. After breakfast he jumped down cellar and brought up the coal and wood. Then he jumped down cellar again, and brought up his double-runner, and went outdoors to coast before school. He saw another boy without a sleigh.

"Get on with me," said Johnny. After half an hour's coasting he put his double-runner away and jumped off to school. Everywhere he went he went with a jump. He was never idle, and always on time. Everything went with a jump that day, and every day. That was how he got his name, "Little Johnny-Jump-Up."

Sammy-Wait-Awhile.

When he was grown up, he was never idle and always on time, so everything always went well with him.

There was another little boy, and his name was Sammy-Wait-Awhile. He never did a thing on time. He always said, "Wait awhile." He never got to school on time. He dawdled all the way. He never got up when his mother called him. He always said, "Wait awhile." He didn't bring up the coal and wood for about two



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hours after his mother told him to, sometimes not at all.

"You're a lazy boy," said his mother; "you'll never be any good at all if you don't do things on time more than you do now."

One day his mother had some ice cream for him. She called, and he said, "Wait awhile." So he lost the ice cream, for it melted away.

When he was grown up he was always idle, and never on time, so nothing ever went well with him.

Which would you like to be, Johnny-Jump-Up or Sammy-Wait-Awhile? — Boston "Congregationalist."

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