

# LITTLE FOLKS

## Tibbie and Tittums.

Old Tibbie was the best of cats,  
She worked so hard all day,  
And caught so many mice and rats  
Whilst Tittums was at play.

For Tittums was the baby dear,  
And petted much, you know;  
And always wore, where'er she  
went,  
A bright blue ribbon bow.

And Tittums thought the bright  
blue bow  
Wast just to tell the rest,  
That of all pussies in the house  
They loved herself the best.

Until one day she heard them say,  
'You laziest of cats,  
What should we do if dear old Tib  
Refused to catch the rats?'  
—Floss Grey, in 'Our Little Dots.'

## Old Jack, One of Our Pets.

Jack was the old donkey; how  
old none knew, but, judging by his  
extreme cleverness, he must have  
been very ancient if knowledge  
comes with years. There was not  
a gate or door but what he would  
contrive to open, not a latch but  
what he could unfasten; and we  
had to resort to all sorts of contri-  
vances to keep him out of forbidden  
places.

One morning early I went out to  
water the flowers, feed the poultry,  
&c., when on passing through the  
stable-yard I caught sight of old  
Jack standing by the coach-house  
door, pretending to be sound asleep  
—so very sound that he was abso-  
lutely leaning against the door.  
He looked such a perfect picture of  
an innocent, respectable donkey,  
that my mind misgave me; it was  
so very innocent that it was  
unnatural, especially for him. I  
hurried to my garden, and then  
what a sight met my eyes! Scarce  
an inch of the garden but had been  
trampled on, flower and vegetable  
beds alike; the turf cut up as if he  
had danced on it, which I really  
believe he had, my flowers eaten  
and pulled up by the roots; and  
the vegetables—there was not a  
cabbage, cauliflower, beetroot, onion,  
or hardly one single thing but what  
he had tasted, and not with dainty

nibbles either, but huge bites, so  
that what he did not entirely finish  
he spoilt.

I did not know where to begin  
to repair the mischief, and we  
scarcely knew whether to laugh or  
to cry; I am afraid I did a little of  
both. But we punished old Jack  
by withholding his daily treat of a  
carrot for some days.—'Sunday  
Reading.'

## Nothing To Give.

'I've nothing to give,' said Lina  
Noyes, sorrowfully, as she walked  
home with her brother from church.  
'I wish almost that I had not heard  
that sermon about the sick children,  
for I want to help them, and I  
can't.'

'Why can't you?' asked Alfred,  
kindly.

'Oh, you know,' said Lina; 'I  
never have any money. I know,'  
she added quickly, 'that it is no  
one's fault, for all Father's money  
is spent on us; and it takes a great  
deal to buy my good, warm clothes.'

'Yes,' said Arthur, 'and they  
paid a lot for my premium this  
year; and for nine months more I  
shall earn nothing.'

'Well, then,' sighed Lina, 'we  
can't give anything—can we?'

Alfred thought a minute. 'Mr.  
Ellis said those who had not money  
might give time.'

'Yes, but what could we do with  
our time? If we were near the  
hospital we might go and nurse the  
children, but here in this village—'

Alfred smiled. 'I don't think  
they would let a little girl of eight  
years old act as nurse in a hospital  
ward; but I tell you what we might  
do: we might make some toys.'

'But do sick children want toys?'  
asked Lina.

'Of course they do! You have  
never been ill, you fat little Lina,  
and I suppose you think that sick  
people lie in bed groaning and  
taking medicine all day. But I  
once went over a children's ward,  
and nearly all of them, except one  
or two, were able to look at or even  
play with toys.'

'Well, then,' said Lina, bright-  
ening a little, 'what shall we  
make? I can make a rag ball.'

'You can dress a doll, can't you?'  
said Alfred.

'Yes, but I haven't one,' said  
Lina.

'I'll make one,' said Alfred,  
stoutly; 'a beauty, that won't  
break if it does tumble off a bed  
twenty times a-day.'

'Will you, Alfred? Oh, that  
will be grand! A doll would be  
something worth sending.'

Alfred was as good as his word.  
He got a piece of wood, and really  
fashioned a most fascinating dolly,  
whilst Lina watched him with  
breathless interest.

'It's much nicer than any shop  
doll,' she said. 'it's so good and  
strong.' And, really, when the  
doll was dressed by Lina in a neat  
little baby's cap, and a long white  
nightgown it did look very nice,  
the sort of baby any little invalid  
would like to nurse.

And thus Lina learnt that those  
who wish to give will find a way;  
and in after-life—a life of 'hard  
work, and little of this world's  
goods—she nevertheless found  
numberless ways of helping  
her poorer neighbors.—'Sunday  
Reading.'

## A Proud Frost Princess.

There was once a proud little  
Icicle who stood all alone out in the  
cold. She wore a dress that spark-  
led like diamonds, but for all that,  
no one cared to go near her. The  
Snowflakes were having a game of  
tag in the sky. Nearer and nearer  
the earth they played until some of  
them espied Miss Icicle.

'Do come and play with us!' they  
cried.

But the proud Icicle shook her  
head. 'No,' she said, 'you are en-  
tirely too common to play with me.  
I am a princess.'

'I'll show the world what you  
are, you silly thing!' called Grand-  
father Sun from his cloud chariot.  
So he sent some of his children, the  
Sunbeams, to breathe their hot  
breath on Miss Icicle's head. This  
made her feel so sick that she wept  
great tears. The more she wept  
the thinner she grew, till at last  
a tiny pool of water was all that  
was left.—'Belfast Witness.'