



PUNCH AND JUDY IN CHINA.

I don't know whether the Chinese borrowed Punch and Judy from England or England from China. I rather suspect the latter. As our almond-eyed friends possessed the art of printing, and knew all about the mariner's compass, and how to make gunpowder before Europe, why should they not have known Punch and his termagant wife as well? Certain it is that they have a sort of puppet show worked by a concealed man, quite like the English Punch performance. In the picture the Evil One seems to be after his victim in earnest, which doubtless conveys a wholesome moral to the young Celestials who are such interested spectators.

THE GOOD FAIRY.

Once upon a time, as most fairy stories begin, there lived in a large city, a little girl who was very much dissatisfied because she could not have her own way in everything; and she was very selfish, too, giving no thought to the comfort of others until she was first attended to.

One day the little girl came to her mother, and said: "Mamma I want a new cloak; for, you see, it is getting cold, and the snow will be here before you know it."

"But I cannot afford to buy you a new cloak," said the mother.

"Why not?" asked the little girl, pettishly.

"Because I haven't the money to spare. Besides your brother needs an overcoat. Wear your old cloak for a little while longer, my dear."

"Well, I won't, and so there!"

The little girl had no sooner uttered these words than she slammed the door and went upstairs to her room. For a long time she lay on the bed crying with vexation. Finally she arose, went to the closet where she kept her clothes, then took down the old cloak, and flinging it across the room, exclaimed: "Hateful old thing! I'll never, never wear you again!"

At that moment she caught sight of her own reflection in the looking-glass over her bureau, and she was so startled at beholding such a face that she did not recognize herself at all.

"Keep on, keep on," said a tiny voice; "You'll soon make yourself old and ugly."

The little girl was surprised but not frightened, for the voice did not sound harsh.

"Speak again, please," she begged, "and let me see you."

"Not until you smile," said the mysterious voice.

"I don't feel like smiling, for I am very much vexed," said the little girl. "Are you a fairy?"

"Yes."

"Oh, come quickly and let me see you!"

Then she smiled very sweetly, and the fairy showed herself—a tiny creature, all dressed in white—and she stood on a pin-cushion.

"Pick up the cloak, little girl, and hang it on its hook."

The little girl obeyed.

"Now, then, listen to me," went on the fairy. "Remember that the cloak you so much despise has given you much comfort."

"Yes, but it's old now," said the little girl.

"True, but not too old to give you still more warmth. Would you have your little brother go out without an overcoat and freeze?"

"O dear no!"

"Then have patience. Think of your mother and your brother, and not of yourself. Above all things, don't get angry again."

"Why not?" asked the little girl.

"Anger brings wrinkles and unhappiness. Shall I come again?"

"Yes, indeed! Come often; and, dear little fairy, forgive me for acting so."

"I will. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," answered the little girl.

When she went downstairs again, she took the cloak, and said, as she entered the room: "Mamma, why, my cloak isn't so old as I thought. I'm not going to get angry again, because I don't want to be naughty and have wrinkles before I get old—truly old, you know."

The little girl kept her promise and was very happy, because she thought more of others than she did of herself.

SOME QUEER FLOWERS.

One day Florence ran into the garden and came back holding up her dress skirt with both hands. It was so full of something it looked like a little balloon.

"Guess what I have in here, mamma," she cried, running to her mother on the porch.

"A lapful of kittens," her mother guessed.

"No, a lapful of flowers," Florence answered. "Aren't they lovely? I wish I could make a flower, mamma."

"Only the dear Lord can do that," her mother answered; "but you can change the colors of your flowers if you wish."

"O mamma, can I really? Please show me how."

"If you will run into the house and bring me the bottle of ammonia, I'll show you," her mother answered.

Away flew Florence and brought the ammonia and a cup.

"Now pour a little ammonia into the cup and dip the flowers in it."

Florence did this very carefully, for she knew that ammonia has a very sure way of putting tears in little folk's eyes if it can only creep up their pink noses.

After she had poured the ammonia into the cup, she began dipping in her flowers. The first she tried was a pink verbena, and when she took it out it was a bright green one.

"O mamma, isn't that queer?" she cried. "It really did change; it did!"

A white rose turned yellow when it had had a drink of ammonia, and a yellow pansy turned brown, while a purple one turned green, and a red geranium turned purple.

"Now I'll have some queer flowers to show grandpa," cried Florence, gathering up the strange bouquet, and she danced off into the house.