

November, 1905

## For the Little Folks.

## Tricky Trixy.

Ruth and Agnes pulled off their shoes and stockings and scampered down the high bluff to the sandy beach. How happy they were—they and little dog Trixy, who had come all the way on the electric car in Agnes' lap.

The spades were soon busy digging caves, which the water rolled over and washed all smooth and even again. Playful little waves came running up on the sand to catch the bare, pink feet. And presently the girls wandered along the shore gathering tiny pocket-shells and rainbow-colored shells. Trixy frolicked around them, barking and yelping to show how happy he was.

Some distance down the beach was a great mound of sand, with a few charred sticks where some boys had built a campfire.

"Let's throw a stick out in the water and see if Trixy'll get it," Ruth suggested.

She sent the stick as far out as she could, and Trixy leaped into the water. His brown head bobbed over the waves and he came swimming back with the stick in his mouth.

"Good dog! Good Trixy!" cried the girls; and Trixy, all smooth and wet and glistening, laid the stick at their feet and shook a great shower of drops over them.

And now as fast as the little dog brought back the stick, the girls threw it in again. He enjoyed the fun, too. But by and by he began to grow tired and cold. He shivered all over, though the day was very warm. He had been in the water too long.

But the girls did not understand, though Trixy tried his best to explain by whining and lagging back. So, like an obedient dog, he went out again and again.

And then suddenly Trixy disappeared. Nowhere was the little brown head to be seen, though the children called and called.

"Oh, he's drowned! I know he's drowned, and it's all our fault!" sobbed Agnes.

"He was too tired to swim any more," cried Ruth. "How could we be so cruel?"

They turned back to the sandpile, crying wildly. Poor, patient little Trixy!

And then Agnes gave a great shout for joy and dropped down on her knees in the warm sand. For around on the sunny side of the sandpile, shivering still and panting for breath, Trixy lay resting and warming himself in the sunshine!

"Oh, you dear, dear little fellow!" cried the girls, piling the sun-heated sand more comfortably around him. "We're so glad, so glad! And we'll never be so cruel to you again—never, never!"

And when Aunt Helen motioned from the bank that lunch was ready, Trixy was all warm and rested and as lively as ever again. He raced up the bluff with Agnes and Ruth, and the caresses and goodies that were showered on him would have spoiled a less sensible dog completely.

## Natalie's Kittens.

One evening when Natalie's father came back from the post-office, where he stayed all day, he said: "Come here, Natalie, and see what I have in my pocket."

Natalie came running to him and stuck her little fat hand into his coat pocket. She thought there would be a bundle of candy there. But the bundle was warm and soft and wriggled. It was furry, too.

"Oh! oh! oh! It's a kitten!" laughed Natalie, clapping her hands in joy.

"Yes, it's a stray kitten," said papa. "I found it in front of the postoffice. Perhaps somebody put it there because they knew that in the postmaster's house there was a little girl who would like a kitten."

Natalie got the kitten some milk and pussy lapped it eagerly with her little red tongue. She drank the water that Natalie gave her, too, and cuddled down to sleep in the basket Natalie fixed for her, as much at home as if she had lived at Natalie's all her life.

"But she may run away," said papa. "Don't feel too bad, Natalie, if she runs away. Kittens of that size often do, and she was a stray when I found her, you know."

But Natalie's eyes filled with tears at the very thought, and papa made up his mind that the kitty should not run away from her if he could help it.

Natalie played with her kitten all the next day, but about the time for papa to come home from the postoffice kitty was put out of doors. When papa came in he seemed to have the same kind of a bundle in his pocket that he had had before, for a little furry head was peeping out of it.

"Here's your kitty, Natalie," he said. "I found her in the postoffice in the very place she was yesterday."

"Where's the pink string I tied around her neck?" asked Natalie.

"Oh, that probably came off," answered papa.

So Natalie sat down with the kitten, but by and by she heard a plaintive little mew at the door. She opened it and there stood a kitty exactly like the one she was playing with, in color and markings, but smaller.

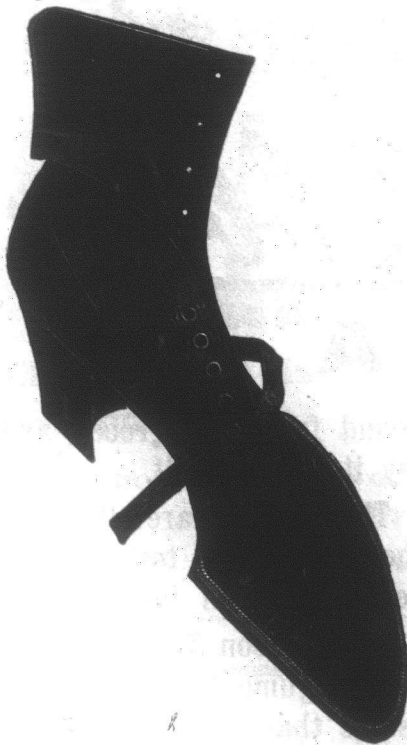
"Oh! oh!" cried Natalie. "This is my kitty. I know her by the pink string around her neck. The kitty you brought home was another, papa."

"Eh? What?" cried papa, greatly astonished. He could hardly believe his eyes. He was so sure that it was the same kitten that he had brought home both days that he almost believed he saw double. But no, there were two kittens, one just a little larger than the other.

"Well, I never!" said papa.

"If you find any more kittens at the postoffice don't bring them home," said mamma. But Natalie was glad, for she thinks that two kittens are just twice as nice as one kitten.

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