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The Little Ones.

Cold and Heat.

By Arthur Macy.

Said the North Pole Man to the South Pole Man,

"And how is the weather with you?"

Said the South Pole Man to the North Pole Man,

"There is something wrong with the dew.

It ought to be wet, but it's frozen yet.

And I don't know when it will thaw.

My spirits are low; and I'm tired of the snow,

And the weather is chilly and raw.

We both live alone in the Frigid Zone,

And I think it's a horrible plan,

So one of these Spring's let's pack up our things,

And visit the Equator Man."

"O Equator Man," said the North Pole Man,

"We're longing to live with you."

"O North Pole Man," said the Equator Man,

"You'll never be glad if you do."

"O Equator Man," said the South Pole Man,

"We're tired of living so far."

"O South Pole Man," said the Equator Man,

"You had better stay where you are,

You'll burn to the bone in the Torrid Zone,

And it's never the place for you,

For the sun's as hot as a boiling pot,

And will roast you through and through."

So the North Pole Man and the South Pole Man

Both said, "That's very good advice."

They cling to the Poles, and the earth still rolls

With the Leaf, the snow and the ice.

Bertrand's Valentine.

By a School Girl.

Bertrand had only been in London a few weeks. He talked such broken English that when he went to school the boys all laughed. "We'll have lots of fun out of him," Dick Steele observed. "Oh, my! ain't he a picture?"

Yes, he certainly was a picture—the sleeves of his old coat out at the elbows, patches on his knees, and his tattered shoes tied to his feet with strips of leather. A sturdy little form, a pleasant face with honest blue eyes, an obedient son, a kind brother, a true, brave boy—that is a picture of Bertrand. He did his best to master the English language, and the other boys did their best to torment him. But he did not mind their teasing.

One day, after morning school, he saw Herbert Downing and Dick Steele looking at something which he thought was very beautiful.

"Hello!" cried Herbert, "watching us, are you? Want to see what we've got?" and he displayed a wonderful silken fringed valentine, with cherubs floating about in a blue sky, underneath which flowers bloomed and birds fluttered. "I'm going to send this to my sweetheart, Dutchie. Where's your valentine for your sweetheart?" laughing as if his question were a good joke.

"I haf got a sweetheart—my Gretchen," said Bertrand seriously; "but I not buy de valentine—haf no money"—and the boy turned away from the merry, laughing boys with a misty look in his big blue eyes.

On the way home Dick and Herbert with two other boys, stopped to look at a shop window in which were displayed valentines of all kinds. "I saw," said Dick, "let's hunt up a comic valentine to send Bertrand tomorrow—a ragged boy bowing down to a ragged girl."

"Good! so we will," assented Herbert.

The valentine was bought—a ludicrous thing—and stored away in the coat pocket of Herbert until morning. But the boy whom it was intended for

did not arrive at school, much to Herbert's and Dick's regret. They found out from one of the scholars where he lived, and after school they raced out to the dingy old tenement.

A sweet-faced cripple girl opened the door in answer to their rap. "We'd like to see Bertrand," they said.

"Come in," she said politely; "mine brudder is ill." They stepped within and stood mute and motionless at the scene before them.

A sick woman was lying on a cot looking very pale and weary. A young woman, with one arm in a sling, seemed to be waiting upon her; and Bertrand sat before a smouldering fire with bandaged throat and head. "I'd get up if I could," he said; "but my head feels as if 'twould split when I move. You're good to come and see me. Please sit down."

The boys felt as if they were anything but "good." But they found their voices. "What's the matter?" asked Herbert.

"I haf taken cold some way," and he shivered. "'Tisn't very warm in here, is it?" asked Dick, wondering why the folks did not stir up the fire. 'Tis bitter day.

"No, 'tisn't very warm," Bertrand said.

"We can't have it any warmer," put in the little crippled girl. "We're out of coal."

"Hush, Gretchen!" and the boy's face flushed. The boys had heard and seen enough. In another moment they were out of doors. Their eyes looked rather red and misty.

"I believe there never was a meaner fellow than I've been," said Herbert. "Unless I am," added Dick. "And the poor little chap got cold going without an overcoat! And Gretchen isn't a sweetheart, but his own sister."

Daylight was just fading into night when a package was left at Bertrand's door. It was marked "Bertrand's Valentine." It was opened quickly.

Ah! Bertrand would not take cold so easily again, for there was a warm overcoat and cap and shoes—all new—a nice suit partly worn, a book with pictures, some delicacies, and other things. But there was another rap at the door, and a man put inside the door a sack of coal and some provisions, with the sententious remark—"More to follow."

There were smiles and tears and prayers in the home that night, and as for Herbert and Dick, they learned a lesson worth a great deal, and in the future they never treated unkindly "one of the least of these."

The Little Girl's Necklace.

The children lived in a house with white pillars in front, where the box bushes grew in line from the gate to the porch. The box and the lilac bushes in the yard and the big magnolia that had branches drooping down to the ground, were very important, when the Neighborhood Children came over after supper to play hide-and-seek.

There were three of the children: Peggy, who studied geography; the Boy, who had been to school one year; and the Littlest Girl, who was learning to make colored mats in kindergarten and still wore white socks when it was hot. On the place also lived Father and Mother, Nurse Sally, the cat, Alexander and Mosquito, the dogs and the cook and some others; but excepting Mother, they did not much matter.

This story is about the Littlest Girl's necklace.

One day when the Littlest Girl was getting over the measles it was damp and Mother wouldn't let her go out with the other children. It happened she didn't want to play dolls, or be read to, or even "dress up," so she sat on the floor in Mother's room and sulked, and because Mother looked sorry at her she sulked all the more. You see she was very little. And while she was sulking the door opened

The Eye

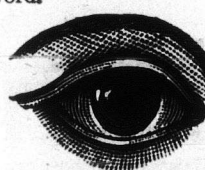
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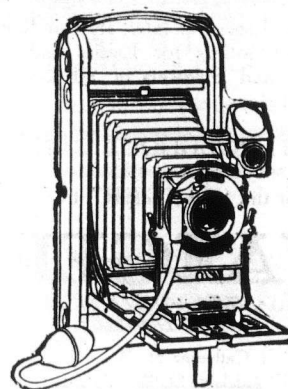


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