

## LITTLE FOLKS



Parental Devotion of a Thrush.

A cat having destroyed a nest of thrushes, and carried off the young birds in sight of the parents, has since become an object of peculiar attention on the part of the latter.

Whenever pussy appears in the garden the mother bird, ever on the watch, flies round the cat utter-

ing discordant notes; but, strangest thing of all, she drops worms and such other food, with which she would feed her young, within reach of the cat, evidently under the impression that the fledgelings are being taken care of, and that the cat will carry the food to them.

### Aunt Paulina's Nose.

One day, when Cecilia Barrett went to eat her dinner with her grandmother, she talked a great deal about a little sachet she had lost.

'It was a lovely perfume, grandmother,' she said, 'and the dearest little blue silk case—a kind of a pale blue—just lovely. But—she shook her head slowly—I know well enough where it is. Can I have another piece of pie, grandmother? We never have this kind. I know well enough Ruth Pettingill's—well, I'll say found it; for she smells just like it and you can't deceive my nose.'

Grandfather laughed as he pushed back his chair. 'Please excuse me, Calista,' he said, 'but don't let Cecilia go until you've told her about her great-great-aunt Paulina's nose. She may have inherited it.'

'Grandfather loves to make fun,' sighed Cecilia, as he went out; and grandmother began to gather up the forks and spoons and put them into the pitcher of hot water.

'Your great-great-aunt Paulina,' she said—'please hand your grandfather's cup and saucer, Cely—was your grandfather's aunt. You may have seen her picture in some old album, but she died before you were born. She was always discovering

some wonderful thing that never was except in her imagination.'

The little girl at the end of the table grew a trifle pinker than before; but grandmother wiped a spoon composedly and went on without looking at her.

One winter her brother Ezra took in a poor, friendless boy from the state reform school. The boy's name was Henry. Uncle Ezra and his wife were kind to him and he lived with them for years and made a good man; but that first winter Uncle Ezra and Aunt Caroline were both called away suddenly one day and Aunt Paulina went to keep house. The next day she came over here and began to talk about Henry. 'He'd cleaned out the doughnut pot before I got there,' she said; 'and I can't find out what he's done with 'em, either. He can't have eaten 'em all, for Caroline always makes a pot full.' We asked her how she knew there were any, but she said she smelled them. 'Just made,' says she, 'when I got there. Ezra and Caroline hadn't been gone an hour and she must have fried them the last thing. I know doughnuts when I smell 'em,' she said.

'She stayed there a week and she hunted for those doughnuts all the time. Henry was a timid boy, used to a very strict rule and to being found fault with, and he was so afraid of her he wouldn't go into the house if he could help it. He ate scarcely anything, and that made her feel still surer that he had a hoard of doughnuts hidden away. He thought she was crazy, she talked so much to him about eating on the sly and confessing his sins, and we were afraid he would run away. but Uncle Ezra and Aunt Caroline came home at the end of the week and then Aunt Paulina went home, but not until she had found out about the doughnuts.'

'Did the boy take them?' Cecilia had finished the pie and was listening eagerly.

Grandmother laughed softly as she settled the spoons in the holder. 'There were not any to take. Aunt Caroline had put the pot of doughnut fat on to heat when the