

# LITTLE FOLKS

## Old Friends in New Places.

Did you ever hear of cats collecting money for sick people? It sounds very odd, doesn't it?

We have often seen pictures of dogs with collecting boxes round their necks, standing, with or without some person in charge at a busy



corner in London, ready to receive gifts for the sick or poor; but we hardly thought cats could be taught to do anything of that sort.

They can, for at a certain railway station in England there are two cats who sit patiently on the counter of the news-stand, their boxes tied

of money in their boxes, to say 'Meouw,' which of course, in pussy language means 'Thank you very much.' From time to time the boxes are opened and the money given to one of the hospitals in the city.

Here is another old friend in a very new place. You never thought to see Mr. Grunter as a pony, I am sure. There was a little city boy once, who spent a few weeks in the country, where there was a litter of the 'dearest, sweetest little pigs you ever saw'—so Bobbie called them. When the time came to go home he whispered to mamma one night that if they didn't cost too much, he would like to buy one from Farmer Brown.

'What would you do with it?' said mamma.

'Oh!' said Bobbie, 'I thought I could fix up a little box and teach it to pull a cart.'

How mamma laughed! Yet one little boy in England managed to make a pig serve him as a pony. The 'Sunday Magazine' gives a picture, taken from a photograph,



on with pretty ribbons. There they stay looking at passers-by, and in their silent way asking for help. These clever pussies have been taught, when anyone puts a bit

of the plucky little chap who owns the pig and who is as proud to drive round the town in his comical cart, as any one could possibly be in a grand carriage drawn by fine horses.

## Aunt Greta's Will.

(By Mrs. S. A. Siewert.)

'Greta, don't pass between your father and the stove; go around.'

'Mamma, I wish you wouldn't pester the life out of me. I'm not hurting father.'

'No, my dear; but you are hurting yourself. If you're not polite at home, you'll not be polite else-

where; and you can't expect people to like you.'

'Then let them dislike me,' replied Greta in a short, hateful tone, which she frequently allowed herself to use. 'I'll soon be eighteen, and then father's aunt Greta will make me just as good and so rich that people will be glad enough to be my friends without any coaxing.'

'I have never seen Aunt Greta,'

said Mrs. Fairbanks. 'But I do not expect her to bestow her hard-earned fortune upon you.'

'Well, I do. She told Uncle Nate that because you and father named me for her, she intended to will at least a large share of her property to me, when I became of age. I'd like to know what more evidence you would want?'

'Uncle Nate said,' replied the mother, 'that Aunt Greta expected to favor you, if you pleased her, my dear.'

'Well, I'm sure your insinuations are not very flattering. Just as though I would not have sense enough to make a good impression on her. If she sends for me to go out to Nevada and visit her, I'll make over her until she will give me twice as much as she previously intended. You may trust me for managing that,' was the reply.

'Greta, if I were you, I would begin trying to make a good impression upon those around me, so as to be in practice. I'm sure we would all appreciate it,' suggested the mother, whose ironing had been laid aside at the demand of the daughter, that a dress might be finished which Greta had suddenly decided that she wanted to wear on the following day to a picnic to which she had been invited.

Presently Mrs. Fairbanks said, 'I must have some more thread, or I can not finish this. Will you go to the store and get me some?'

'Well, if I didn't just have to have that dress, I wouldn't. Why didn't you order the thread when you bought the goods?' snapped Greta, as she put on her hat and went out into the hall.

At the door she met an old woman wearing a black sun-bonnet and a plaid shawl. In her hand she carried a small bag. 'Is this where Lawyer Fairbanks lives, and is Mrs. Fairbanks at home?' enquired the stranger.

'Yes, but she's no time for charity people to-day,' replied Greta as she pushed roughly past her. 'Mother would be angry,' she thought to herself as she went on her way, 'if she knew I didn't let that thing in; but I do get so everlastingly tired of that mission gang, that I