

FRIDAY, MARCH 8, 1902.



CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT

Grimalkin's Feast.

"For a nap!" Grimalkin said—
The thought passed through
her head
From her plate she turned aside,
The sumptuous dinner satisfied,
She slowly climbed the kitchen stair
To seek the old ancestral chair.
She sat; and, at ease reclined,
Contemplation gave her mind,
And soon for sleep prepared the
way.

It was a brilliant summer day;
The sunbeams through the window
Scattered themselves in search of shade;
The curtains stirred a breath the sweet contentment pussy purred,



Grimalkin started to her feet.
Perplexed, entranced, she looked
around
For spectacles, could they be found;
She could not trust her ears, her eyes
In this glad instand of surprise;
Then to the open casement went,
To give her wonder wider vent.



The mystery at a glance she saw,
And raised in ecstasy her paw
As if to hush all other sound;
Then swift leapt forth with noise-
less bound
A cage was fastened to the wall
Beneath the branching creepers tall,
And there, embowered in leafy shade,
A little bird sweet music made.

Sweeps through the palace courts
along;
The startled bearers pause; a crash,
A thousand squeaks, a general smash!
The dream had vanished, but the
strain
Rose thrilling to the skies again;
Was ever minstrelsy so sweet?



The cool water of the tiny stream
babbled all-day long, as it tumbled
over grey boulders, and well-washed
stones to the lake; and in it, and
above it all creeping, crawling things
could bathe and bask according to
their own sweet will. Then there
were delicious nooks in the loose
stones of the walls which enclosed
fields of corn or grass, growing tall
now—as June had come—around
cherry and mulberry trees, against which
and across which the vines twined—
such walls as only lizards and ants
could thoroughly appreciate.

Well, you see, there was everything
to make the lizard happy, but he
was unhappy; and the reason lay,
not in things around him, but in him-
self; and go where he would, and
do what he would, he could not get
away from himself. So unless some
great change came to him, he must
be always unhappy.



But you will want to hear what he
was like that he should be so miser-
able. The hero of a tale is always
described sooner or later, and though
the lizard was not a hero, you will
like to have a description of him.
Well, then, he had a tail like a rat,
a head like a frog, a body marked and
speckled like a toad, a gliding move-
ment like a snake, two eyes like
beads, a temper like a crab's, a na-
ture like a slug's.

Now you can see him externally
and internally, better than any pho-
tograph could show you. But I want
you to pity him, for all misshapen
things need the pity, not the ridicule,
of the well-shapen.

Too late, too late, the bird was
dead!

Whatever may your love engage,
Be careful where you hang your cage.

A Tail With a Moral.

In the south of Europe, in the
north of Italy, on the west of Lake
Maggiore, on the east of Monte
Mottesone, once upon a time there lived
a little lizard. It was a sad little
lizard; it was a deformed little lizard,
but that did not make it sad,
it was deformed in mind, and that
was the cause of its sadness.

Poor little creature! It had lost
its mother early in life, and had a
distorted spine. So life looked dis-
torted to it, though it lived in the
rocky bed of a mountain torrent,
nearly dry in summer, with the deep
blue Italian sky above it, and the
green slopes of the wooded Mottesone
on each side of it reaching down to
the tranquil Lake Maggiore.

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We none of us made ourselves, or
you may be sure the deformed little
lizard would have had as straight a
spine as any other. He did envy the
lizards who could dart and glide
about at will, without ever thinking
of their bodies. He never did so
without pain.

He tried every kind of amusement.
He went to hear the music of the
waters, and to see the dances given
by the fire-flies; but he took his mind
and body with him, and came home
as sad and dissatisfied as he went.
I am sorry to say his companions

did not treat him as kindly as they
should have done. They were young,
and did not realize that his body was
sickly.
They only knew he was always
cross, and teased him accordingly;
and one strong, healthy lizard, who
was light of heart and light of body,
and teased and bullied him more than all,
and the crooked one thought he
should never be really happy till he
had paid him out. But life, mean-
while, grew so burdensome to him,
he felt he must unburden himself to
some one wiser than himself.

The dragon-flies were too proud,
and the butterflies too frivolous, the
ants were said to be wise, so he laid
his grief before a solemn black ant,
as long as your thumb-nail, as black
as ink, and as busy as a bee.
"The way to be happy," she said,
as she tidied her house and brushed
the dust from her front legs, "is to
to make others happy, to be sure, to
be sure!" And she bustled about so
fast that the sad little questioner had
to bustle too, and off he went repeat-
ing the words of the ant.

"The way to be happy is to make
others so!" And he said the words
so often, they became like a refrain
to whatever he said, and did, and
heard.

The nightingale sang him to sleep
with it; the bees buzzed it in the
cup of the red tiger-lily; the words
shone in the trail of light which the
fire-flies left; they were painted on
the wings of the butterfly. "Whom
can I make happy?" he always an-
swered (sotto voce, as an Italian lizard
would say; under his breath, as an
English lizard would call it).

"It's an odd end to begin at, to
begin with others and end with one-
self. I always like myself better than
any one else, because no one can know
me, or pity me, or be kind to me, as
I can know, or pity, or be kind to
myself." But the sad little lizard
did more than think about the ant's
advice, he acted upon it; and the op-
portunity came as soon as his eyes
were opened to see it.

One day, when the sun was very
hot, a poet crept up to a ledge of
rock above the stream, and under the
shade of the chest-nut trees; and his
fancies took wing and bore him up to
the grand cliff of the gorge, and
across the blue lake to the snow-capped
mountains opposite. But his body
sat still on the rock, his hands and
feet restlessly toying with the loose
stones; he threw some into the mur-
muring water, he dislodged others,
and this made him a very unpleasant
visitor to all the creeping crawling
things about in the valley and stream
beneath him.

They did not know he was a poet,
or they would have made allowances
for the pre-occupation of his mind.

Well, it so happened that a lizard,
light of heart and light of body,
came gliding along in sunny good
temper. He did not heed the restless
poet, till a heavy stone suddenly fell
on him with a terrible noise. He
thought at first that he was smashed
to a jelly, but when he found he was
not dead he gave tongue, and his
moans were heard by the sad little
lizard, who was crawling slowly and
laboriously home. He saw at once
that it was the enemy whom he had
once lorged to pay out as the best
means of obtaining happiness; but
he had since learnt another and a far
better way from the wise black ant.

To make one happy who had ill-
treated you was surely the highest
kind of happiness, then, he thought
as he slowly and painfully set to
work to dislodge the huge stone
which had wedged in the strong
heartly lizard. The poor captive was
surprised to see who had come to his
rescue, but he was so thankful for

any friend, that he trusted the little
deformed lizard would not recognize
it was his enemy whom he was let-
ting out, for then he would be off,
and leave him to his fate. At last,
with a tremendous effort, and by their
combined exertions, he was free; but
he had left his tail behind him. It
was, however, such a relief to be
free, that he did not at first realize
the full extent of his loss.

"You dear little creature!" he said
throwing his front claws round him.
"Thank you a thousand times! I
have treated you so badly. Did you
know you were helping me?"
"Yes."

"Did you mean to help me, then?"
"Yes," said the sad little lizard,
who was by far too much exhausted
with his labors to speak much.
"I will never leave you again,"
said the grateful lizard.

"But you have left your tail behind
you," suggested the other.
"Never mind," said the lizard, who
made little of troubles. "No doubt I
can get on without it; it was often
in my way, and I shall be lighter
now, and it may grow again; but

you and I will never be separated any
more; and I will help you, and take
care of you, because you are not half
so strong as I am."

Echo repeats what is whispered in
the gorge, that the two lived very
happily ever after, and always went
one, claw in claw, except in the
months of July and August, when "le
grand chaleur" prevailed, and it was
found cooler to walk side by side.

If you go to the gorge of Monte
Mottesone and look under the five-
thousandth stone on the right-hand
side of the stream, counting upwards,
you will find the tail of the lizard
and the moral at the end of it; but
if an avalanche should have fallen
and carried away the stone, you
won't find either the tail or the mor-
al.
J.J.H.

If your clothes need pressing, clean-
ing or repairing see R. I. Goldberg,
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You will say so after trying them.
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