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A Mother's Testimony



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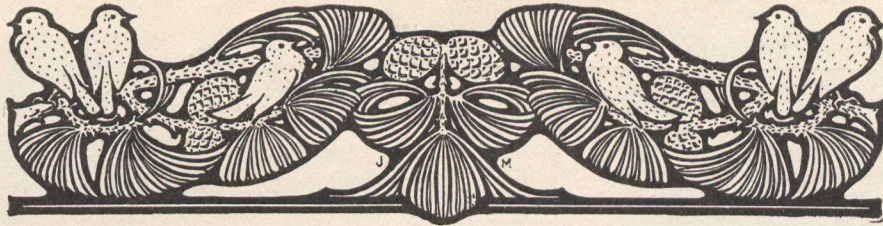
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FOR THE CHILDREN

TOMMY FLITTERMOUSE.

By A. H. Donnell.

WHEN little Tommy Flittermouse woke up from his three months' nap, he was on his head! Sleeping head downward, think of it! But that did not disturb Tommy Flittermouse at all. It was a habit he inherited from Grandfather Flittermouse and great-grandfather. It ran in the Flittermouse family.

But when Tommy Flittermouse had stretched himself and turned himself right side up, he began to feel very hungry indeed. If you slept three or four months, don't you believe when you woke up you would be hungry?

It was dark in the Flittermouse house, but outdoors it was daytime. Now little Tommy Flittermouse never went out daytimes, so, hungry as he was,—poor little fellow!—he must wait till night before he went after his supper. Suppose we examine him.

What a furry, altogether queer little chap! If it was not for his hands we would call him a little red-brown mouse, would we not? But just look at his hands! They spread out and shut together for all the world like two big fans—leather fans. They are bigger than all the rest of him put together! His tiny eyes are set deep in his little furry face. His mouth is full of tiny, pointed white teeth.

Tommy Flittermouse is not handsome, but he looks better than some of his cousins. And, after all, there is something about his funny little pointed-eared fellow, with his great wing hands, that one cannot help liking.

When it comes night at last, little Tommy Flittermouse, I hope you will have a nice supper. I hope you will have plenty of fireflies for first course and a fine fat June-bug for dessert. And then, after supper, you will go off on your queer little fluttery wings for a "constitutional!" In and out among the trees, bumping and thumping against them, you will go, till you are tired enough to go home, at day-break, to bed. And then, you comical little fellow, you will go to sleep again, standing on your head!

Did any of you children ever see Tommy Flittermouse? He lives in that hollow tree close by the stone wall. Look for him some day. You will be sure to find him at home, and asleep, as I told you, upside down.

Youth's Companion.

GRANDFATHER'S NURSE.

"O H, dear!" cried mother.

All the children looked up in surprise.

"What is the matter?" asked Bessie. "Grandfather has been very ill," said Mother, "and now he is better, and wants one of you to go and stay with him."

"But we can't!" exclaimed Willie. "Does he know we are going to the seaside to-morrow?"

"No," said Mother, "and he will be so disappointed!"

The three little faces looked very sober; they were very sorry for him.

"Must one of us go there instead of to the seaside?" asked little Marjorie.

"You are not obliged to, of course, dears, but I know Grandfather would be very kind to you."

"I will go," said Marjorie. "I

don't mind, if you would like me to. Mother?"

"I should, darling!" and Mother kissed her warmly. "That is a good girl! I will take you over early to-morrow."

So Marjorie found herself all alone at the big house, very tearful at the thought of the others going off happily. She went up to Grandfather's room, for he was just well enough to get up for a little while.

"What kind little girl is this?" he asked. "Poor Grandpapa was so lonely. But come along and tell me what those tears are about!"

So Marjorie perched on the bed and told him all about it. "But I'm not going to cry any more. Shall I fetch my dollies to see you? I brought them all."

"Yes!" said Grandfather, and they had a lovely game till the doctor came.

Marjorie ran into the gardens and picked a big bunch of flowers for the in to him he said, "Do you know what my doctor has been telling me?"

"No," answered the little girl.

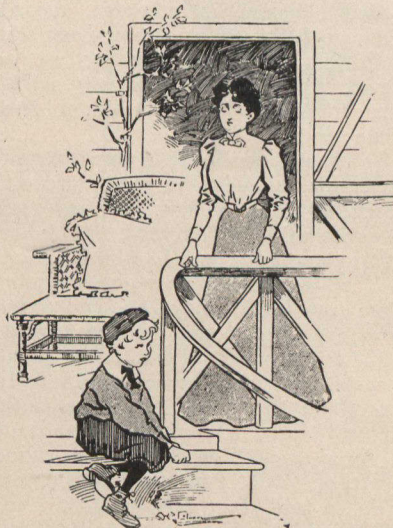
"As soon as possible I must go away for a change," said Grandfather; "so suppose we go to the seaside too, and surprise Mother?"

"Oh, how lovely!" cried Marjorie. "Then you must be quick and get well: won't you come and sit in the garden? I will get you your rugs!"

She took such care of him that the doctor soon said they might go, and one day, when Mother, Bessie and Willie were going down to the sands they met an old gentleman in a bath-chair, and a dear little girl, who rushed up to them with a cry of joy.

It was a surprise, and I don't know who was the happiest.

But I think it must have been Marjorie.—*Little Folks.*



Mother (to son in disgrace): But, Teddy, why did you cut up the best sofa with father's razor?

Teddy: I wanted to see how sharp the razor was.

Mother: And what did you think when you saw what you had done?

Teddy: I thought it was a jolly sharp razor.—*Windsor Magazine.*

WOODEN SHOES.

IN Holland and some other countries in Europe the children, big and little, of the poor people wear wooden shoes. They are shaped like a shoe, and the place for the foot is dug out of the wood. It would hurt your feet to wear them. They make a great noise as the little ones go clumping along on the stones.—*Tiny Tots.*

DO IT NOW

Don't wait to break down before you begin to build up. At the first sign of Indigestion, Biliousness, Headache—take

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25c and 60c a bottle.

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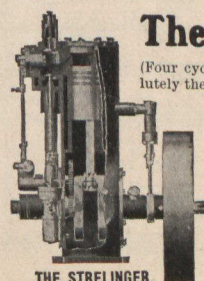


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