

For the Children

ALL ABOARD FOR THE LAND OF NOD.

There's a popular train to the Land of Nod
On the Sunset Limited Line;
It's timed to leave as the sun goes down
And the lamps begin to shine.

It is known on the road as "The Babies' Own,"

And it gets the right of way;
From dusk to dawn it makes its run,
For it seldom runs by day.

It's a "Limited Special for Little Folks,"
With a Buffet Car behind
That carries the things all babies need,
In charge of the Dustman kind.

Sugar sticks and griddle cakes,
Plum jam and cambric tea,
Marmalade and penny buns,
Can be had for a nominal fee.

The Dustman rides on the engine's back;
He lives in the big Sand Dome;
He walks through the aisles of the cars at night
And croons the songs of Home.

He gently scatters the dust that soothes,
Like talcum powder sweet;
Then, when all are asleep, he takes a peep
For something nice to eat.

"All aboard for the Land of Nod!
This way, please, for the Sleepers.
Supper is served in the Buffet Car;
Eat hearty, and close your Peepers."
—Lippincott's.

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JAMIE'S MAPLE.

Jamie stood looking on with great interest while his older brothers tenderly lifted the young maple into the cart in which it was to make its journey from the woods to the schoolroom yard. Nestled at its root was a seedling maple about ten inches high.

"Oh!" cried Jamie. "The dear little baby tree. Oh, please may I have it for my own?"

"I guess so," said good-natured Bob, carefully pulling it out. "Perhaps it will grow, Jamie." He laid the baby tree in Jamie's arms.

Proudly the little fellow bore his precious burden almost home, and then he suddenly remembered that mama had complained of there being too many trees about the house.

"I will take it to Miss Mary," he said to himself; and soon afterward he appeared at that lady's door, and informed her that he was going to celebrate Arbor day by planting a maple tree in her yard.

"Where would you like me to put it?" he asked politely.

Miss Mary threw her apron over her head and came out to consider the subject. "I think," she said, at last, "that it would be very nice to have it in front of my sitting-room window, don't you?"

Jamie agreed with her, and getting a spade from the wood-shed, they planted the wilted "treeling."

"What makes it droop so?" asked Jamie. "I think we ought to put an umbeerella over it."

"There!" cried Miss Mary, when the um-
brella was fixed to their mutual satisfaction. "In ten years it will give nice shade."

"Ten years!" cried Jamie, in dismay.

"That's only a short time, my dear. I am only seventy-three now, and I expect to live until I am ninety, and it will be so delightful when I am an old lady to come out here and knit under this beautiful tree."

"And I'll come, too!" cried Jamie.

"Yes, indeed," said Miss Mary, kissing him.

"Perhaps there'll be a bird's nest!"

"Yes, indeed, there will, and we will listen to the birdies singing."

"Perhaps 'twill be a golden robin."

"I shouldn't wonder."

Jamie called to his father, who was passing, "O papa, come and see, but don't step on the bird's nest!"

"Where is it?" asked papa, stepping back quickly.

"It's going to be in the maple tree."

"What maple tree?"

Jamie looked reproachfully at his father. "Hush, papa! It's under the umbeerella—fast asleep!"—Youth's Companion.

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126

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