

LITTLE FOLKS



The Fate of the Greedy Turkey

(J. Torrey Connor, in 'Sunbeams.')

Of all in mother turkey's brood
The greediest was chick;
He ate enough at every meal
To make four turkeys sick.

In vain the mother wrung her
claws—

She knew not what to do.

In vain the younger turkeys cried:
'Your brothers hunger, too.'

He ate, and ate, and ate and ate,
And fatter grew each day;
Until one morn at breakfast time
I heard the farmer say:

'To-night we'll kill that greedy
bird—

The thieving little sinner,
He is just fat enough to make
A fine Thanksgiving dinner.'



reaching the place of safety. There was a part of the shed which was filled with straw and there Sammy made a little house, and wrapping the blanket around himself, he snuggled down in the straw, while Pat was happy eating the corn Sammy had brought for him.

Sammy thought of many strange things. He almost felt as though he was a boy in a story book. He tried not to think of the nice hot breakfast at home and he wondered what his mother would say when she found she had no little boy.

Mr. Harding, Sammy's father, was up early too, and he and John had planned to kill the turkey before Sammy was awake. They, too, stole quietly out of the house and hurried to the granary, but were surprised enough to find the turkey gone.

'Someone has stolen him, all right,' John said. 'He was the finest bird in the county.'

While they were talking, Sammy's mother called to them in a frightened voice that Sammy was not in the house. Where could he be?

Mr. Harding smiled. 'That explains matters,' he said pleasantly. 'Poor child! I did not know he thought so much of the turkey. He must have heard us say something about Thanksgiving dinner. Well, we must hunt the runaways. It's too chilly for them to stay away long.'

Such a hunt as they had, calling, 'Sammy! Sammy!' everywhere they went. The work of the morning was forgotten; the cows were not milked, the breakfast grew cold, and still no trace of the truant. It was almost dusk before anyone thought of the shed in the meadow. Sammy's mother was almost frantic, thinking something dreadful must have happened to him, but when Mr. Harding and John opened the door to the sheep shed, their fears were forgotten. Sammy was sound asleep, as warm as toast in his bed of straw, and Pat, standing on one leg, was perched above his head. Sammy was holding on to the string and Pat seemed to know that he must be on his good behavior.

'Well, well, well,' Mr. Harding said as he looked in the door. 'If here isn't Little Boy Blue. Come,

How Pat Was Saved.

(L. B. L., in the 'Union Gospel News.')

Pat was the biggest and the finest turkey in the neighborhood. Everyone who saw him said so, and Sammy was very proud of his pet. He had put the turkey egg in old Biddy's nest, and there hatched out the cutest little turkey you ever saw. But that was in the spring time and during the summer days Pat had grown so large that he was a wonder.

Sammy was in trouble and as he shelled corn for Pat he talked to him about it. He had overheard his father and John talking that morning and they said Pat would make 'fine eating.' He knew then it was settled that Pat should be killed for the Thanksgiving dinner. Sammy was heart sick.

'I just won't let them kill you, Patsy. We'll hide, you and I; we'll run away and I guess they'll be sorry.'

Pat did not seem to understand how serious the trouble was, for he kept on eating corn as fast as Sammy could shell it.

The day before Thanksgiving, Sammy was out of bed almost before it was light. It was colder than he had thought it would be, but he took a blanket from his bed, and a few doughnuts and apples which he had taken up stairs the night before, and stealing quietly out of the house he hurried to the granary where Pat slept and unlocked the door.

'You must be quiet Patsy, or they'll hear us,' he said softly, then filling his pockets with shelled corn, he picked up the turkey and started. It was quite a long ways to the further meadow where there was an old shed which had once been used for sheep. Pat was not easily carried, but Sammy had tied a string to his foot, so he could not get away, and after a while he succeeded in