

LITTLE FOLKS

Granny's Story.

(By Mrs. Geo. Paull, in 'Churchman')

Flossie was always happy when she was invited to spend the afternoon with Granny, as she called her dear grandmother, and she was a happy little girl very often, because Granny loved Flossie just as much as Flossie loved her, and whenever she felt able she always liked to have Flossie come and pass her Saturday afternoons with her.

Granny had so many delightful stories to tell about when she was a little girl, and so many curious things to show her, that had been brought to her by her sailor son. There were quaint sandal-wood boxes, with their delicate perfume, rare cups and saucers that were as fragile as egg shells, and beautiful fans that Flossie delighted to take into her own hands, and gently wave to and fro. One afternoon she brought the top drawer of the tall cabinet that stood in the corner of the parlor to Granny, and took up a gold chain that was nestled in a little jewel case, faded and worn with age. 'That looks as if it would make such a nice story, Granny,' she said, and the old lady smiled as she passed it through her fingers with a loving touch.

'There is indeed a story that I can never forget about that chain,' she said, laying her work down in her lap, with the thoughtful look upon her face, that Flossie knew meant a story.

'Please tell me about it Granny,' Flossie said, resting her face on her hands and leaning her elbows upon the edge of the table.

'Get your little chair, dear, and come and sit down by me, and I will tell you what a naughty little girl your Granny once was.'

'When I was a little girl,' Granny began, 'I was invited to go and pay a visit to my grandmother. I was not as glad as you always are to come and see me, for my grandmother was a very strict old lady, who thought that little children should be seen and not heard. I tried to persuade my father to let one of the other children go in my place, but he said no, that my grandmother had asked me to come, so I must go.'

'At my grandmother's I had no playfellow but the green parrot, and he was a very bad-tempered bird, and not at all fond of children, so I did not have very much pleasure with him. I think I was quite a careful child, for I know that after I had been there a few days, my grandmother gave permission to go to her cabinet and look over the things one rainy afternoon, and I am sure she would never have let me do that if she had not thought

put this pretty chain around my neck, that I ventured to ask her permission. I knew she would not be pleased if I did it without asking her first, but surely she would be willing if I asked.'

'Chains are not suitable ornaments for little girls to wear, Priscilla,' she answered. 'Put it back into the case and do not ask such a question again.'

'Probably she thought it was vanity that made me want to put it



that I was to be trusted. I remember as well as if it had been only yesterday, how I stood on tip-toe and looked at the things in the top drawer, and how I did wish that grandmother would let me have some of the pretty things to play with up in my own little room. I took a great fancy to this chain, and thought it was so pretty I would like to put it on.'

'I did not very often speak to my grandmother, unless she spoke to me first, but I was so anxious to

on, and so of course she would think it was right not to indulge me. I obeyed her and put the chain back into the little case, and shut the drawer up, but the more I thought about the chain the more I wanted to put it on. I thought I would go into the parlor some time when my grandmother was taking her afternoon nap, and take the chain out of the cabinet and slip it round my neck, just for a moment. I was sure I could not hurt it, and I did want to put it on so very, very much, that