

LITTLE FOLKS



Naughty Frisk.

(Joanna McKean, in 'Sunday Reading for the Young'.)

A little fox terrier, happy and gay,
Went out with his mistress one fine summer day,
The woods were so pretty, the trees all ablow,
That down by the chestnuts she thought they would go.
'And Frisky,' she said, 'I'll be "Mother" to-day,
And you the kind nurse by my dollies to stay;
So mind you must guard them, and never be rude;
I think I can trust you, you're always so good.'
So away they set off, the carriage and all,
Where Tottie had seated each beautiful doll,
Till they reached the fine trees at the end of the road,
Where the 'Mother' could rest her dear little load.
'Now, Frisky,' she said, 'I will gather some flowers
Before they are wet with the soft summer showers.'
So down 'Nursie' sat with a dutiful air,
Determined to watch the dollies with care.
But alas! but alas! puff! puff! went the wind,
Never heeding the dollies, it was so unkind,
And upset the small carriage, so airy and light,
Which gave the poor nurse a terrible fright.

When Tottie came back, with her blossoms so sweet,
Expecting to find her children quite neat,
Frisk was tearing a doll, enjoying the fun;
And she cried, 'Naughty Frisk, oh, what have you done?'

Then Frisk was repentant, and down went his ears
And never in all his after long years
Did he do such a thing to vex Tottie again,
Or give his small mistress a heart-ache or pain.

How Dorothy and Madge Played School.

A True Story.

'You know I was 'most late this noon,' Dorothy began, putting her arm around Madge in confidential fashion as they were walking home from school one bright summer afternoon, 'because I had to go 'round by Mrs. Drew's to carry a pattern for mother. I just stepped into the kitchen to rest a minute, and right on her big table was a box of honey. I guess she saw me looking at it, for she asked me if I liked honey, and I said, 'Yes'm, I do, but I don't have any very often, for we don't keep bees at our farm.'

'You know she keeps 'em, and I guess she has lots and lots of honey, for she told me if I would come again some day she'd give me some. She said I might ask another little girl to come with me, and of course I should ask you, for you are my very dearest, most intimate friend.'

Madge responded to this affectionate compliment by a hug which nearly stifled Dorothy, and exclaimed: 'Let's go next Saturday!'

'All right,' said Dorothy, 'cause it's four days before then, and that's long enough to wait, isn't it?'

Accordingly, the next Saturday afternoon saw two expectant little girls, in the cleanest of gingham dresses, and brand-new sunbonnets just alike, going along the country road to Mrs. Drew's big white farmhouse. Past the long meadows white with daisies and sweet with