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scrubbed the kitchen floor every night just before she went to bed. One night she forgot that her husband was at work in the barn, and just as she got the floor "clean enough to eat off" she heard his steps at the door. Rather than let him soil the floor she made him spend the night on the haymow.

Are there any floor-worshippers in—well, let us say the room where you are reading this paragraph?

Mother Stories

By L. C. from "Under Mother's Wing."

The Donkey

There was once a poor little Donkey on wheels. It had never wagged its tail, or tossed its head, or said "Heehaw!" or tasted a tender thistle. It always went about anywhere that one pulled it on four wooden wheels, carrying a foolish Knight who wore a large round hat and a long cloak, because he had no legs. Now a man who has no legs and rides a Donkey on wheels has tangled meadow grass, he landed little cause for pride; but the Knight with all four feet on a family of

American Indian Folk Tales

The Raccoon and the Bee Tree

The Raccoon had been asleep all day in the snug hollow of a tree. The dusk was coming on when he awoke, stretched himself once or twice, and jumping down from the top of the tall, dead stump in which he made his home, set out to look for his supper.

In the midst of the woods there was a lake, and all along the lake shore there rang out the alarm cries of the water people as the Raccoon came nearer and nearer.

First the Swan gave a scream of warning. The Crane repeated the cry, and from the very middle of the lake the Loon, swimming low, took it up and echoed it back over the still water.

The Raccoon sped merrily on, and finding no unwary bird that he could seize he picked up a few mussel-shells from the beach, cracked them neatly. and ate the sweet meat.

A little farther on, as he was leaping hither and thither through the long,



A Fishing Pool on the G.T.P. East of Winnipeg

suffered sorely, and in many ways.

One day the Donkey and the Knight were on the table in front of the child to whom they both belonged. She was cutting out a little doll's frock with a

large pair of scissors.

"Mistress," said the Knight, "this Donkey tries my temper. Will you

give me some spurs?"

"Oh, no, Sir Knight," the child answered. "You would hurt the poor Donkey; besides, you have no heels to put them on."

"Cruel Knight!" exclaimed the Donkey. "Make him get off, dear mistress; I will carry him no longer.

"Let him stay," said the child gently: "he has no legs and cannot walk." "Then why did he want spurs?"

"Just the way of the world, dear Donkey; just the way of the world."

"Ah!" sighed the Donkey, "some ways are very trying, especially the world's." And then it said no more, but thought of the folds it would never but thought of the fields it would never see and the thistles it would never

was haughty and seldom remembered Skunks — father, mother and twelve his circumstances. So the Donkey little ones, who were curled up sound asleep in a soft bed of broken dry grass. "Huh!" exclaimed the father Skunk. "What do you mean by this, eh?" And he stood looking at him defiantly.

"Oh, excuse me, excuse me," begged the Raccoon. "I am very sorry. I did not meant to do it! I was just running

along and I did not see you at all." "Better be careful where you step next time," grumbled the Skunk, and the Raccoon was glad to hurry on.

Running up a tall tree he came upon two red Squirrels in one nest, but before he could get his paws upon one of them they were scolding angrily from

the topmost bough.

"Come down, friends!" called the Raccoon. "What are you doing up there? Why, I wouldn't harm you for anything!"

"Ugh, you can't fool us," chattered the Squirrels, and the Raccoon went on. Deep in the woods, at last he found a great hollow tree which attracted him by a peculiar sweet smell. He sniffed and sniffed, and went round and round till he saw something trickling down a



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