

fish. Oh, how dark it was inside the fish! a great deal darker than in the tunnel, and narrower too, but the tin soldier continued firm, and lay at full length, shouldering his musket. The fish swam to and fro, making the most wonderful movements, but at last he became quite still. After a while a flash of lightning seemed to pass through him, and then the daylight appeared, and a voice cried out, 'I declare, here is the tin soldier!' The fish had been caught, taken to the market, and sold to the cook, who took him into the kitchen and cut him open with a knife. She picked up the soldier and carried him into the room. They were all anxious to see this wonderful soldier who had travelled about inside a fish; but he was not at all proud.

They placed him on the table, and—how many curious things do happen in the world!—there he was in the very same room from the window of which he had fallen; there were the same children, the same playthings standing on the table, and the pretty castle with the elegant little dancer at the door; she still balanced herself on one leg, and held up the other, so she was as firm as himself. It touched the tin soldier so much to see her that he almost wept tin tears, but he kept them back. He only looked at her, and they both remained silent. Presently one of the little boys took up the tin soldier and threw him into the stove. He had no reason for doing so, therefore it must have been the fault of the black goblin who lived in the snuff-box. The flames lighted up the tin soldier, as he stood; the heat was terrible, but whether it proceeded from the real fire or from the fire of love he could not tell. Then he could see that the bright colors were faded from his uniform, but whether they had been washed off during his journey, or from the effects of his sorrow, no one could say.

He looked at the little lady, and she looked at him. He felt himself melting away, but he still remained firm with his gun on his shoulder. Suddenly the door of the room flew open, and the draught of air caught

up the little dancer; she fluttered like a sylph right into the stove by the side of the tin soldier, and was instantly in flames and was gone. The tin soldier melted down into a lump, and the next morning, when the maid-servant took the ashes out of the stove, she found him in the shape of a little tin heart. But of the little dancer nothing remained but the tinsel rose, which was burnt black as a cinder.



ONLY A LITTLE TIN HEART.

—From 'Books for the Bairns' 'Review of Reviews' Office.

Alicia and Whisk Broom.

Dear, sweet little squirrel, please let me stroke you!' begged Alicia.

For answer the reddish-brown beauty jerked swiftly along the top of the wall, which was his Main Street.

'He might know that I wouldn't hurt him,' sighed the little maiden, 'but then, Cousin Harold is drestly fond of shooting things with that horrid airgun of his, and I s'pose poor squirrely won't trust people very easily.'

'Hello, Thimbleberry,' called father from the piazza. 'What are you up to now?'

Alicia told him.

'Never mind,' he said, taking the child into his arms. 'Perhaps the squirrel was running away from his own tail.'

'It is an awfully big tail,' agreed Alicia, sitting up straight, 'I should think that it would frighten him all the time.'

'Let's go a-hunting without a gun,' suggested father. 'Dearie, suppose you ask cook for half a dozen nuts.'

Father and Alicia softly and whisperingly laid four nuts on the wall top. Then they sat down under a tree near by and tried their best not to budge.

In a few moments the squirrel came bobbing and jumping and chirping along the wall, and Alicia nearly burst with delight when he tucked two nuts into his cheek pockets, and carried a third in his front paws! Soon he was back again, more quickly and confidently than before, partly because he noticed that father did not have a gun nor a stone in his hand. The next morning father had to go to the city, but Alicia sat for a long time under the tree near the wall. In each of her little hands was a rich walnut, and there were a dozen nuts in her apron pocket. After awhile the squirrel took his usual stroll down Main Street and, finding that the nuts were in the hands of a dainty and a quiet little maiden who wouldn't harm a potato bug, the nimble creature crept up to her lap and tucked away the first two nuts. Again and again he went from Alicia to his tree and back again—the little girl panting with excitement all the time. In this way began her long friendship with Whisk Broom, as father called him.—'The Child's Hour.'

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CHILD DOLL'S OUTDOOR SUIT.