

LITTLE FOLKS

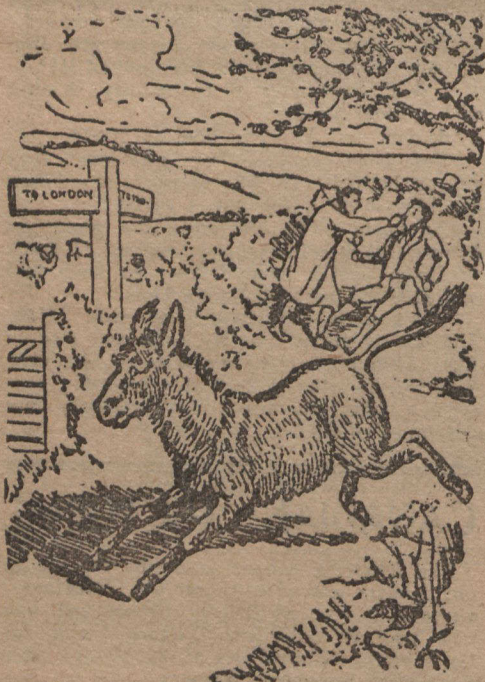
The Ass's Shadow.

Or, Quarrellers Losers.

A youth, one hot summer's day, hired an Ass to carry him from Athens to Megara. At mid-day the heat of the sun was so scorching, that he got off, and would have sat down to rest



himself under the shadow of the Ass. But the driver of the Ass disputed the place with him, declaring that he had an equal right to it with the other. 'What!' said the Youth, 'did I not hire



the Ass for the whole journey?' 'Yes,' said the other, 'you hired the Ass, but not the Ass's shadow.' While they were thus wrangling and fighting for the place, the Ass took to his heels and ran away.

THE BEST PLAN.

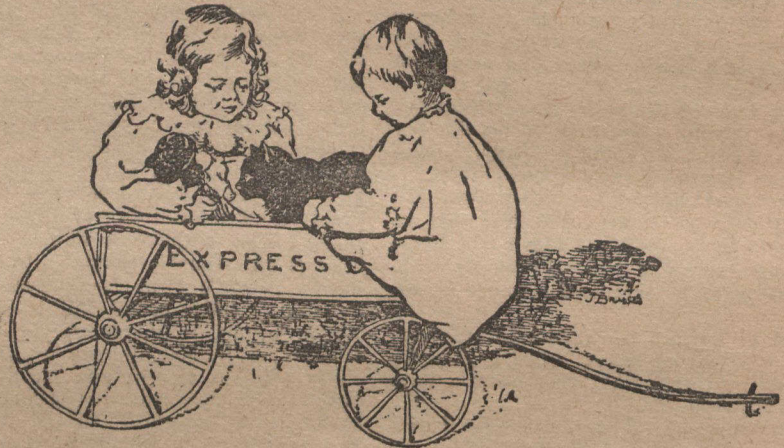
'Mother,' said Cliff, 'what am I going to do with Joe Blair?'

'What's the matter?' asked his mother, looking up from the work in her lap. The salt air blew freshly in her face, and her eyes roved past the angry little questioner to the shimmer

The Sunshine Dray Line.

'Oh, Uncle Bob!' begged Katie, 'please buy me a little waggon.' 'Katie,' said Uncle Bob, solemnly, 'if you can tell me one thing that that little waggon is good for, I will buy it for you.'

Katie's face grew radiant. 'To pick up baby's blocks with,' she answered.



'Uncle Bob, I think we really need that waggon to amuse baby.'

'Very well,' answered Uncle Bob. 'I will buy the waggon. You can set up a teaming business and call it the Sunshine Dray Line. If mother tells me it has been worth it to her, I will pay you five cents a week for running it. But it must do work that is really useful.'

Katie went home with a face like a sunbeam, dragging the little waggon behind her, and that very day the Sunshine Dray Line began to run. It soon became so useful that the household would not have known what to do without it.

It was the Sunshine Dray Line that gathered up all the scattered toys and took them to the toy cupboard. It was

the Sunshine Dray Line that hauled Teddie's luncheon to kindergarten the day he forgot it. It was the Sunshine Dray Line that carried the croquet balls to the box.

Uncle Bob concluded that he had never made so good an investment as when he bought the little waggon.

—'Child's Hour.'

of sunlit waves and the gleam of white sails.

'Why, we are building a fort, mother; and Joe will build it so near the water that in a few minutes it will all be washed out at sea.'

'Why don't you get him to build it higher up, then?'

'I can't make him do it,' cried Cliff, stamping the pebbly shore in vexation. 'I've tried and tried, and I can't.'

'How did you try?' asked the mother.

'Why,' said Cliff, hesitating a little, 'I first said that he mustn't.'

'And then?'

'Why, then I told him that he was a big goose.'

'And then?'

There was a little pause before this answer came, 'I jerked his paddle a way.'

'And then?'

This time his mother thought she would not get any answer at all; but at last Cliff said, hanging his head, 'Then I knocked him over and made him cry.'

'O my, my, my!' said the mother, shaking her head sadly; and Cliff felt very mean indeed. 'You have tried your own naughty way and failed, now suppose you try God's plan. He says that you must suffer long and be kind; go back and try that, little son.'

Cliff went back slowly. He didn't

at all like God's plan of treating Joe; but he must have tried it after all, for the two little boys built their fort without any more quarrelling, and it lasted a whole fifteen minutes.—'Sunbeam.'

ONE STALK OF WHEAT.

A bell hangs in the church tower of the little town of Grosslasnitz, in the north of Germany. On it is engraved its history, a bas-relief representing a six-eared stalk of wheat, and the date, October 15th, 1729.

A bell was needed in the village, because the one already there was so low of tone that it could not be heard at the end of the town. But the people were so poor that their united offerings did not amount to nearly enough.

One Sunday, when the schoolmaster, Gottfried Hahn, was going to church, he noticed a flourishing green stalk of wheat growing out of the church yard wall, the seed of which must have been dropped by some passing bird. The thought came to him that perhaps this one stalk of wheat could be the means of getting the bell they wanted so much.

He waited till the wheat was ripe, and then plucked the six ears and sowed them in his own garden. The next year he gathered the little crop thus produced and sowed it year after