

LITTLE FOLKS

First Lesson.

(M. S. Humphreyville, in the 'Youth's Companion'.)

Priscilla went to school this week
She's only five, you know,
And for a very little girl,
She has not much to show.
The teacher gave her picture-books,
With cats and mice and birds;
She thought she knew them all by heart,
But oh, those horrid words!
She saw a big red cube
Along with yellow blocks;
She spelled out cube, but said it was
'A little baby box.'
A frisky lamb was a speckled calf,
The hammer was a hatchet.
Whenever she was in much doubt,
She took a word to match it.
The spade she knew was a little hoe,
The brook looked like a sea,
And every colored picture there
Was as queer as queer could be.
Next day she would not go at all,
And I heard Priscilla say,
'School may be nice for grown-up folks,
But I'd much rather play.'

Wise Old Henry.

Henry was good and kind, so of course everyone loved him. The children fed him sugar and apples, and he loved them for it. His stall in the stable was a place of beauty.

'Henry likes pretty things,' the children would say. And so his stall was trimmed with flags and bunting and in the summer Henry had fresh leaves and flowers to decorate his stall. To be sure he thought they were to eat, but the children did not care for that.

Henry often wore a wreath of dandelions, or a daisy chain, and he felt quite proud. He never tried to destroy them, but would hold quite still while the children put the flowers on him.

Then how patient he was when Bessie and Bennie and Earl and Nettie all rode him at once. He seemed to be able to count, for you see there were four of them, and Henry never started until all four were on, and then how he seemed to enjoy the fun. But he always went very easy with them. He knew they must not fall off.

But one day Henry was not able to walk. One foot hung useless, and all the children cried.

Poor Henry! He looked at them all so pitifully, as if asking for help. But papa could not tell what was the matter with him.

'To-morrow I will have a doctor come to look at him,' said papa. 'But I will put him in the pasture by the road where the grass is good.'

So all the children followed while papa led Henry very slowly to the pasture. He limped along on his lame foot, and showed that it hurt him greatly.

After dinner the children went out to the pasture to take him some sugar. But Henry was gone! He had pushed down a part of the fence and was gone. Henry had never been known to break down a fence before. Where had he gone?

Papa and Bennie started to hunt



him. They tracked him in the mud down the road toward the town which was only a little way off.

As they went into town, they saw a crowd of men at the blacksmith shop. Papa and Bennie went up to see what was the matter.

And there in the blacksmith shop stood Henry, holding his lame foot up for the blacksmith to look at.

'Why, Henry,' said papa, 'what are you doing here?'

Henry looked around, but still held up his foot.

'I guess he knows what's needed,' said the blacksmith, as he carefully looked at the horse's foot.

'Yes, yes! Just look here!' and the blacksmith pulled a nail from Henry's hoof. 'That's the smartest horse I ever saw,' said the blacksmith, and papa laughed and patted Henry, who understood all about it.—Selected.

Whoops.

(Edmund Vance Cooke, in the 'Circule'.)

Somewhere, where I been a-snoopin',
Papa says, they had the whoopin'—

Cough.

That's the reason how I got it,
But I don't know who I caught it
Off.

Papa says, but he's just funnin',
If 'I' caught 'em, Whoops was runnin'
Slow,

Or, he says, perhaps I met 'em
An' he asks why don't I let 'em
Go!

Seems to me Whoops did the chasin',
An' they go to beat a racin'—
Track.

Wish I knew who made me ketch 'em,
An' you bet I'd go an fetch 'em
Back.

Anyway, we got a card cut
On the house an' kids are barred out
Now.
Wish they'd let in Tom an' Benny,
But 'they' got to go to school, yet, any-
How.

They aint had 'em, but they'd ought to,
So's us three could have a lot o'
Fun.

But their ma's afraid they'll take 'em,
An' you ought to see me make 'em
Run!

Dan's had only mumps, an' Tom an'
Benny never had but common
Croup.
Shucks! They better not come near
'me'—

Wait a minute till you 'hear me'
Whoop!

When Mother Went Away.

(S. E. Winfield, in the 'Child's Hour'.)

The big ocean liner was getting ready for sea. All day heavy drays and teams loaded with trunks and other baggage had rushed down onto the pier, and the tall derricks had swung the freight into the hold, where waiting arms and hands had seized upon it and stowed it away safely for the long voyage. The forward part was full of chattering emigrants, most of them Italians, going back to Italy, while their friends crowded the end of the wharf, not being allowed on board the boat. Aft were the first cabin passengers and their friends passing back and forth through the handsome saloon on an eager hunt for staterooms, or once having found the room, trying to settle things there a bit and saying last words at the same time.

Flowers were everywhere, on the saloon tables, in the staterooms, and loading the waiting people. Some people were crying, others were laughing, some were doing nothing but holding hands and looking farewells which could not seem to be put into words. For after all it is a serious thing to steam out onto that boundless sea and be lost to two continents for seven or eight days.

In the midst of it all, one small girl was crying as if her heart would break. It was Pollie, tucked away in the couch in the stateroom which mamma was going to have and which Pollie was not going to share. She had been overlooked for a few moments and then there was a hunt for her and when she was found mamma gathered her into her arms for a last talk.

'Now, dearie,' you mustn't cry like