

# LITTLE FOLKS



## Zip Coon's Ride.

(By Helen Clifton.)

Zip Coon was a dear little Angora kitten; his fur, which was long and soft, was striped like a tiger's; his dainty pointed ears had white linings which grew in little tufts like tassels, and he had the sweetest, most intelligent face you ever saw.

Zip Coon lived in the country on a large farm where there were many other animals; he was fond of them all, but his favorite was Stella, the pony. Marguerite, his little mistress, had named Stella from the pretty white star on her forehead. The pony and the kitten soon became good friends, and Marguerite often found Zip Coon curled up in the manger when she went out to see her pony; but he was not at all like the dog in the manger who made the poor horse so unhappy. On the contrary, Stella seemed to like to have Zip Coon visit her, and she would look at Marguerite as if to say, 'Isn't he cunning? You may be sure I will not let anyone harm him.'

Whenever Marguerite drove out in her pony cart and Zip Coon was in sight, he would run up to his mistress and look up in her face as if to say, 'May I go, too?' Marguerite would lift him up on the seat, but he would sit still only a short time, then he seemed so uncomfortable Marguerite would drop him by the roadside, and he would scamper home.

Dan, the little black and tan house dog, was more fond of driving than Zip Coon, and when he received an invitation from his mistress, he wagged his tail and looked as happy as a dog possibly could. Then he would jump up on the seat and sit beside Marguerite, looking as demure as if he had been trained to ride in pony carts.

Now Stella was also a fine saddle pony, and Marguerite enjoyed a brisk canter across country in the early morning or late afternoon as much as her drives; especially if brother Harold could go with her. But Harold's studies were so exacting since he had entered Technology that he did not always have time to accompany his sister.

One bright October afternoon when all the trees were dressed in their most brilliant colors, Marguerite came home

from school and told her mother that she would like to take a horseback ride, the country looked so pretty and the roads so inviting. 'If only Harold were here to go with me,' she said, 'but I guess Dan will go along for company.' Stella was saddled and led out for her young mistress to mount. 'Wait a minute, Stella, you shall have an apple,' said Marguerite, as she ran out to the orchard to get one.

Zip Coon was lying on the lawn, winking and blinking in the bright sunlight; suddenly he jumped up, and with a spring landed on Stella's back, as he had often done when she was in her stall. But this was a different case; Stella was free, and feeling the weight on her back, she started off at a brisk canter. Poor Zip Coon was terrified; with his fur bristling, his tail erect, and his eyes looking as if they were going to pop out of his head, he clung to the saddle.

Fortunately Stella had not gone far down the road when Harold appeared walking home from the station. He was greatly amused to see Stella with such a strange rider, but he stopped her and lifted Zip Coon gently down. By this time poor kitty's heart was beating wildly, and it was a long time before he regained his composure.

Meanwhile Marguerite had been looking anxiously for Stella, and when she met Harold leading her pony home and heard the story of Zip Coon's wild ride, she said, 'Naughty Stella, to frighten our little kitty so, now I shall not give you the apple. Harold may have it instead, to reward him for his brave rescue.'

Harold had come home early to ride with his sister, so all ended well, but Zip Coon never took an uninvited ride again.—The 'Child's Hour.'

## Great I and Little You.

'How do you like that new neighbor of yours?' asked Herbert Green's big brother Wallace, who had seen the two little boys playing in the yard.

'O, you mean George Worthman?' said Herbert. 'Why, I don't know. I like him and I don't like him.'

Wallace laughed.

'Then you quarrel a little sometimes,' said he. 'Is that it?'

'No, we don't quarrel,' said Herbert. 'I don't let him know when I am mad with him.'

'What does he do to make you mad with him?' asked Wallace.

'O, he says things!' said Herbert.

'Such as what?'

'Well, he looks at my marbles, and says, "Is that all you've got? I have five times as many as that—splendid ones, too. They'd knock those all to smash."'

'Ah, I see!' said Wallace. 'It is a clear case of "great I and little you."'

'What do you mean?' asked Herbert.

'Well, if you don't find out by Saturday night, I'll tell you,' said Wallace.

This was on Monday. On Wednesday afternoon Herbert was out at play, and

presently George Worthman came out. Wallace was in his room reading, with the windows open, and could hear all that was said.

George brought his kite with him, and asked Herbert if he could go to the common with him to fly his kite?

'O, yes, if mother is willing,' said Herbert. 'But where did you get that kite? Made it yourself, didn't you? I've got one ever so much bigger than that, with yards and yards of tail, and when we let it out it goes out of sight quick, now, I can tell you.'

'That ain't the best I can make,' said George; 'but if I had a bigger one I couldn't patch it or hold it after it was up.'

'Poon! I could hold one that pulled like ten horses!' said Herbert; and he ran to ask his mother if he could go with George to the common. His mother was willing if Wallace would go, too; and so, after a little good-natured bothering, Wallace took his hat and Herbert got his kite and twine, and the three boys set off for the common.

George's kite was pitched first and went up in fine style. Then Herbert's went off and soon passed it, for it had a long string, and both were far up in the sky.

'There, now,' said Herbert, 'didn't I tell you my kite would beat yours all to nothing? There ain't another kite in town that will begin to be a match for it.'

'How is this? How is this?' said Wallace. 'Seems to me "great I and little you" are around here pretty thick.'

'What do you mean by that?' said both little boys.

'Why, when a fellow says that he has the best marbles and the best kite and the swiftest sled and the handsomest wheel and the most knowing dog anywhere in town we say that his talk is all "great I and little you."'

Herbert looked at George and blushed a little. The boys had great fun with their kites; and when they got home and Wallace and Herbert went upstairs to put away the kite, Herbert said: 'Well, my kite did beat George's, just as I told you it would.'

'That is true,' said Wallace, 'but you said the other day that you liked George and didn't like him, because he was always telling how much bigger and better his things were than yours, and now today you are making yourself disagreeable to him by bragging about your kite. Now, if you want the boys to like you, my lad, you must give up talking "great I and little you," for it is not sensible nor kind.'—'Round Table.'

## The Runaway Kite.

When John was four years old, grandpa made him his first kite. It was a big one and pulled hard when it was up high, and it was not easy for a little boy to hold it. Grandpa used to help him put it up, and then hold on to the string with him. John wanted very much to hold it alone, so one day, after grandpa had helped him to put it up, he left him