

LITTLE FOLKS

An Outcast.

(By Bunnie Bickford, in the 'Cat Journal,' Rochester, N.Y.)

A wanderer by the wayside,
Sick and without a home
Chased about by the dogs and boys
With never a call to 'come.'

A lady one day in passing
Heard my wee little cry of pain;
Her heart was touched with pity
And my cry was not in vain.

To her home in mercy she took me
'A barn cat, you shall be
To chase away the rats and mice.'
My new mistress says to me.

And never into the parlor
Did she ever mean me to go,
But all the same I said to myself
'We'll see, ha, ha, ho, ho.'

And in time my lady loved me.
And into the house I went,
The rats and mice forgotten,
I was so very content.

So now into the parlor,
With independent air,
I walk all times of day or night
And take the softest chair.

You see I am no longer
A straying homeless cat;
I have a home a good one,
And all that goes with that.

A True Story of Two Lands.

(By Elizabeth M. Clark, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

It all began with a doll.
And what better beginning could there be for a story? so Mary Louise would have said, or at least thought, in those days just after the wonderful birthday when she had received Evangeline—and many others. To be sure, beside that beautiful baby-doll, with real hair that curled up in a natural sort of way under its baby-cap, there were Lizette and Ida and Dinah and Esmeralda, and two or three others with such marvellous names that Mary Louise used to forget, and name them over again. In her own mind, she classed them as 'Evangeline—and the others.'

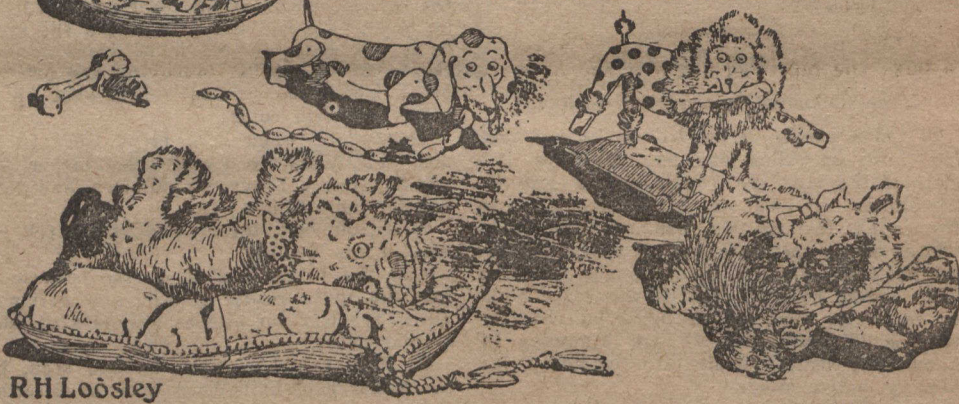
How did she come to get so many new dolls, all on one birthday? Why that is a story in itself, but after all, there is no reason why it should not be told.

That story begun farther back still, with the birthday of the year before. It was early in December that her birthday came, and Mary Louise's papa and mamma did not have so very much money, while they did have a great many children, and so it came about that some nice, warm Winter clothes used to be done up in neat looking parcels, and put with her other gifts in the room which she shared with



Growley Bark was a woolley dog
Who was selfish, cross and bad.
He'd never let the other dogs
Have anything he had.
Although he'd always lots to eat
And plenty he could spare.
No hungry puppies would he help
Or for their troubles care.

But when at last old Growley grew
So old he couldn't move
He didn't have a single friend
To help him or to love.
This old, mean, selfish Growley Bark
To be kind had never tried,
And now he lay alone and sad
And starved until he died.



RH Loösley

—'Christian Age.'

Dorothy. After breakfast, Mary Louise would go upstairs and open the bundles.

But on that particular birthday no calls of delight were heard from the bedroom, and her mother, going in, saw Mary Louise untying the strings of the last parcel, looking as if the tears were just ready to fall. The rest of the family followed Mrs. Hughes into the room, and Mary Louise, smiling up through her unshed tears, said bravely:

'It—it doesn't look like a doll, but perhaps it is.'

Her mother looked at Mary Louise's grandmother; Dorothy looked at her father; big brother Philip looked at the cook; the younger children looked at Mary Louise. Then the little girl whose birthday it was pulled off the brown paper, saw the pair of Winter leggings and threw herself sobbing into her grandmother's arms.

'I wanted one doll, oh! I did. I

know it's nice to have good, warm clothes, and I know lots of poor little girls would be glad to have them, but oh, dear! I wanted one new doll, and I wanted to call her Evangeline.'

Grandma took Mary Louise up in her arms and cuddled her, and Papa Hughes looked at Dorothy, who went out to the nearest toy-store and soon came back with a wax doll that had a card tied around its waist. On the card was printed:

I'm not the prettiest doll ever seen,
But still my name is Evangeline.

'Why, isn't that funny,' exclaimed Mary Louise, drying her tears with one of her birthday handkerchiefs. 'And wouldn't it have been dreadful if her name had been something else?'

But July brought a great sorrow. Evangeline was taken out in the heat of the day to watch the firecrackers, and in some strange way was left out