

The Little Ones.

Three Little Girls.

Dolly, Dot, and Dorothy,
With bonnets primly tied,
With father and with mother, now
Are going to take a ride.

Miss Dolly is her father's girl,
And at the end of day,
The hour before the tea-bell rings,
What fun they have at play!

While Dot is grandma's little pet;
She sits and reads and chats,
And hunts for grandma's spectacles,
And makes rag rugs, and mats.

And Dorothy is mother's girl,
And mother's helper, too.
She dusts, and sews, and mends the
clothes,
As she sees mother do.

But how can all go out at once?
The carriage holds but four,
And grandmother is going, too,
So that will make one more.

They'll be as crowded as sardines,
For all must go, you see.
Well, I'll explain it now, my dears,
One seat will hold all three!

For Dolly, Dot, and Dorothy
Are all one and the same,
And mother, father, grandmother,
Each has a different name!

Teddy's Princess

There was once a little boy whose mother used to read him stories and the ones he liked the best were about brave knights who rescued beautiful ladies from castles of wicked old magicians.

By and by this little boy began to want to be a knight himself and to play that he really was. Sometimes he borrowed one of his sister's dolls, and made believe she was a princess in distress. The nursery table, turned upside-down, was the enchanted castle, and Joey, the Newfoundland dog, made quite a lively dragon, when he was not the terrible magician himself.

This was delightful; and Teddy spent hours riding his fiery hobby-horse through the dangerous paths leading to the up-turned table, and rescued the lovely lady at least a dozen times a day.

But Teddy's mother thought he stayed indoors too much, so one bright morning in spring she took him out to the garden where Higgs, the gardener, had just pruned a stately rose-bush.

"Teddy," she said, "take this bush for your castle, and what do you think will happen?"

"What will, Mother?" asked the little boy.

"If you guard it well, and keep off enemies, some day a crimson-cheeked princess will look out of a window to thank you," said the mother smiling.

"Oh, oh!" said Teddy; "but, Mother, there aren't any windows in a bush."

"No, dear, and neither will it be a real princess; but something prettier than Amy's doll will come to the window."

Just then Joey, who had been looking for his playmate, rushed at them, and would have broken the rose-bush had not Teddy driven him off.

"Mind," said Teddy's mother, "if the old magician breaks down the lady's castle, you will never see her!"

"I will guard her," replied Teddy, almost believing himself a real knight by this time.

That night Teddy's father, who had been let into the mystery, brought him a trowel, taught him how to loosen the earth near the roots of the bush, and pointed out some fat green grubs that destroy rose foliage.

"But do not hurt the earthworms," said he, "for they are the lady's own men, who keep her ground in order."

After this Teddy played his game of Knight and Lady a new way. Each morning he mounted his hobby-horse, and galloped to the garden, brandish-

ing his trowel as the knights in the story books brandished their swords. When he reached the stately green bush he dug with a will; and the little roots never had to make their way through hard, caked earth as so many little roots do.

Sometimes he found the big green grubs stealing a breakfast off the leaves, and these he carried away in a little pail; but the useful wriggling earth worms he treated with respect. Whenever the big dog came to see what was doing, the young knight waved his trowel-sword valiantly, and chased him away from the castle; and as Joey enjoyed the fun Teddy had to make many a rapid charge against this wicked enemy.

It was all so interesting that he had not much time left for watching the windows of the castle; and it happened that a bud formed, and grew big, without Teddy's seeing it. One day, however, the bud leaves opened and showed a little gleam of crimson.

"Oh, Mother, Mother, the princess is peeping out!" the knight called excitedly, as he ran into the house; "I think that by tomorrow morning she will put her head right out of her castle window!"

And sure enough, the next day, as he came galloping towards the castle, he saw a most lovely crimson rose nodding to him, as if to thank him for having taken such care of her.

The Captain.

Jack's father was a captain in the army, so Jack had always lived in an army post, where he saw soldiers all day long. He knew all the bugle-calls, and he loved to go to parade, and when he became a man he wanted to be an officer just like his father. Even now everybody in the post called him "Captain Jack."

Christmas was near, when one clear, cold afternoon Jack started out, his skates slung over his shoulder. At the end of the row of houses where he lived he met his chum, Tommy Drummond, and off they went together to the pond.

It was almost dark when Tommy skated on some thin ice, and went down into the water. He clutched the edge of the ice to hold himself up and shouted: "Jack! Jack! Help! Help!"

Round the edge of the pond Jack ran. "Hold on, Tom; I'm coming," he called. Then he pushed a hockey stick towards Tom and, bracing himself against a tree, called, "Pull Tom; I'll try to drag you out."

Jack pulled with all his strength, and at last Tommy managed to get up on the ice, and then on the bank. As Jack gave a final pull his foot caught on a root of the tree, and became so wedged in he couldn't move. He gave one great wrench and was free, but something was the matter with his foot which hurt him terribly.

"Take my coat, Tom, I'm warm; but I can't move. I think I've hurt my foot; we'll have to stick it out until some one comes to look for us."

"I can't do a thing, Jack, I'm so stiff; but you've saved my life and I'll give you my best knife when we get home," chattered Tommy, and then fainted from the fright and shock.

Jack crawled over Tommy and managed to cover him with the coat, then sat down and waited for the help which he knew would come.

At last came lights, shining through the bushes, and voices, and "Here they are!" shouted a strong, clear voice. Then Tommy's father and Jack's father and some other men came running toward the boys.

Jack cried. He owned it with shame, when the foot was almost well and he was sitting up in bed on Christmas morning, telling his mother all about it. "You see, I was so afraid Tommy would die," he said.

"My dear little son," said his mother, "you were a brave soldier, and you saved a life. I am proud of you."



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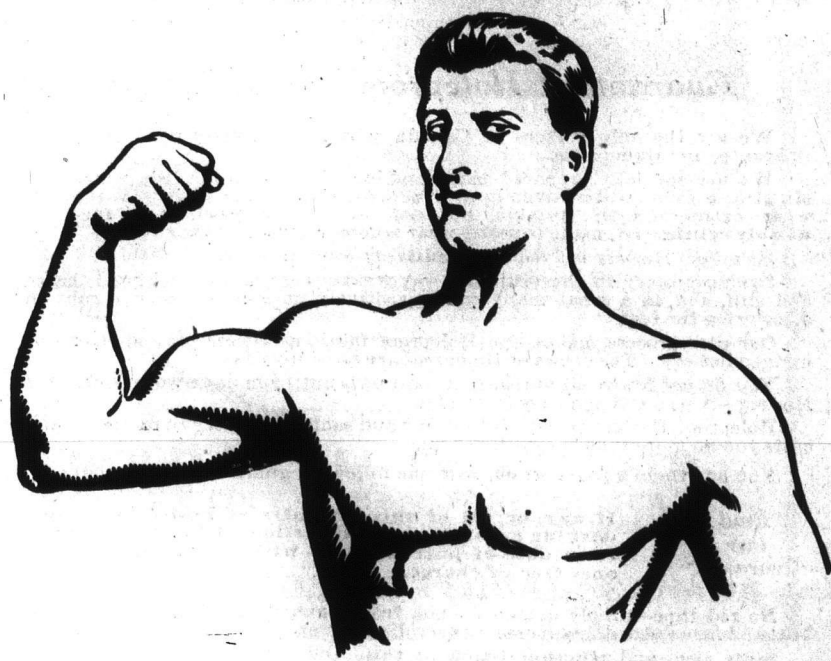
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