

FOR THE JUNIORS.

The Dream Cake.

YOU have seen a birthday cake, all creamy icing and candle-trimmed and looking almost too good to eat! Such a cake it was that John had on his eighth birthday, with a dozen friends invited in to make a party. There had been noisy games in the afternoon, and fireworks in the evening, with such a wonderful birthday tea in between. John went to bed that night with not a real care in the world, and only just a faint regret that he had not punched Bussy Thompson's head for making fun of their old one-eyed cat, and something inside of him, his conscience possibly, telling him that it really had been unwise to eat seven pieces of birthday cake at tea, to say nothing of the three

darkness came the light of a thousand blazing eyes, not two eyes together, but single eyes like that of the old cat at home. And, then, so a fierce yowl went up into the quiet night that John quickly covered his ears, not so quickly that he could not hear the words that were screamed at him in cat language. YOU LET BUSBY THOMPSON LAUGH AT ME! Oh! why hadn't he punched Bussy's head, even if it was at his own party! He would run home and tell the old cat he was sorry. But it was no fun running down a dark hill at the foot of which a thousand angry eyes glared up at you. How slippery it was. John fell. Then he rolled and rolled and rolled and the hill seemed made of gravel (How did the crumbs get in your bed,



Six Little St. John Sisters Delighted with the New Playground Opened in Their City Last Summer by the Kindness of Mr. Walter C. Allison, a Generous Merchant.

he had later managed to slip into his pocket and dispose of during those undisturbed moments when he was supposed to be engaged in evening prayer.

As soon as John fell asleep that night he had a dream—not just an ordinary dream, but the kind of a dream almost any small boy would have after he had eaten ten pieces of birthday cake. In fact, it might almost be said that John had a nightmare. However, this was what he dreamed, and you can judge for yourself whether it was a nightmare or merely a bad dream.

JOHN thought he was standing on the peak of a high hill that pointed its nose up to the sky. It was night and he was alone. The Man in the Moon looked patronizingly down at him, and John distinctly heard him say, "Who in the moon can this rude earth-child be who stares at me so impudently?" The little stars that flickered all about the sky, like candle flames, seemed to have their eyes all fixed on him, which gave him an uncomfortable feeling and made him stand first on one foot and then the other and shove his hands down into the pockets of his knickerbockers—what was that he struck! A sky rocket and a roman candle. Now how did they come to be there? He'd like to blow one up into Mr. Moon's face and see what would happen. A rocket might really hurt him, so perhaps he would just tickle his face with a roman candle. He had matches in his pocket, too. John was never allowed to carry matches, but it's strange how these things seem to happen so naturally in dreams. So he quickly lit the roman candle and after it had phizzed a bit and the sparks began to fly, he turned it upward right into Mr. Moon's big yellow face. Phew! but he looked mad. Then all of a sudden his mouth opened wide, his nose screwed itself up into a little round ball and John roared with laughter because he knew Mr. Moon was about to sneeze. P'choo! It was the loudest sneeze John had ever heard. The hill on which he stood fairly quivered, and the force of the sneeze blew out every one of the little candles of stars that had shone so brightly down on him. Then everything was dark. But suddenly out of the

Johnny?) and there was no foot to it. Bump! There it was at last, but instead of being the foot of the hill it was the foot of John's bed and his curly head was lying where his feet should have been.

So you see just exactly what ten pieces of birthday cake did for John.

M. H. C.

The Butterfly's Fad.

I HAPPENED one night in my travels To stray into Butterfly Vale, Where my wondering eyes beheld butterflies

With wings that were wide as a sail. They lived in such houses of grandeur— Their days were successions of joys, And the very last fad these butterflies had

Was making collections of boys.

There were boys of all sizes and ages Pinned up on their walls. When I said, 'Twas a terrible sight to see boys in that plight,

I was answered, "Oh, well, they are dead.

We catch them alive, but we kill them With ether, a very nice way; Just look at this fellow, his hair is so yellow,

And his eyes such a beautiful grey.

"Then here is a little droll darkey, As black as the clay at your feet. He sets off that blonde that is pinned just beyond

In a way most artistic and neat; And now let me show you the latest, A specimen really select, A boy with a head that is carrot red, And a face that is funnily specked.

"We cannot decide where to place him— Those spots bar him out of each class; We think him a treasure to study at leisure,

And analyze under a glass." I seemed to grow cold as I listened To the words that those butterflies spoke,

With fear overcome, I was speechless and dumb,

And then, with a start—I awoke.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

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