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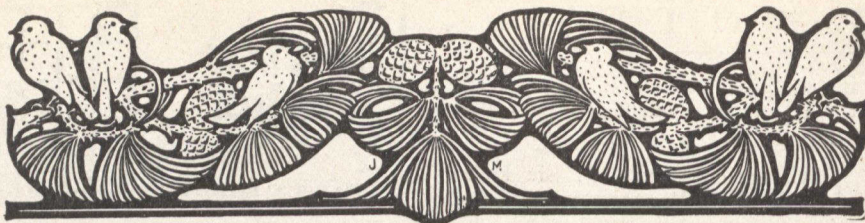
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FOR THE CHILDREN

THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN.

There was an old woman called nothing at all,
Who rejoiced in a dwelling exceedingly small.
A man stretched his mouth to its widest extent,
And down at a gulp house and old woman went.

* * *

BEDTIME.

THE short hand of the clock had crept round to seven, and Aunt Alice came to take Harold to bed. There was a nice, snapping log on the grate, and he was sitting cross-legged on the rug, watching it burn. He begged hard to sit up a little longer, although his eyes blurred often and his neck ached from trying to hold his head upright. But he said he was not sleepy.

"I will tell you a story," said Aunt Alice, "about some little people who have to find themselves a place to sleep every night instead of having a nice, warm bed, as you do."

This made the little snarls leave Harold's face, because he loved the stories Aunt Alice told.

"I have told you about the flock of English sparrows that huddle in a bush near my window, but this story is about the dear little British blue butterflies."

Harold followed Aunt Alice up the stairs, and was not long in cuddling down in his own little bed, waiting for the rest of the story.

"These butterflies," continued Aunt Alice, "have gray spotted wings, and are seen flying over the downs all day, and when it comes night they go in great numbers to a sheltered place, where the grass is tall, and each one chooses a separate blade of grass on which to make his bed. Each butterfly turns his head downward and folds and lowers his wings, so that he looks exactly like a seed growing on the grass. If the night is cold, they creep down lower and lower on the blade, and as the wind blows the grasses to and fro they are rocked to sleep."

"I should like to see them," said Harold, sleepily, "but I am glad that I have a bed—and an Aunt Alice." And while he was thinking about the little butterfly brothers, all sleeping together, he made his journey to dreamland.—Youth's Companion.

* * *

A LIZARD WHO LEARNED TO FLY.

(Adapted from the London Magazine.)

SOME two million years ago, in a cosy little marsh near the shores of the Bay of Biscay, lived a lizard family, Strong-Arm, Long-Beak and their son, Wing-Finger. Now, there was just one thing that made Strong-Arm and his family any different to the hundreds of their tribe that lived along the Biscay shore, and that was the fact that Wing-Finger, their small son, instead of just being a thin, bony little lizard as baby lizards always are, was covered with a fine, filmy web stretching right from his long arms down to the tips of his toes. And his tail, too, was draped with this fine, silky skin. At first his parents were afraid that he was going to be a freak baby, but as time went on and he grew into a big, strong fellow,

catching his own flies and behaving just as any other healthy young lizard should behave, they became rather proud of this distinguishing mark of his, and often boasted of it to their less fortunate cousins whom they met in their rambles on the beach.

For a time Wing-Finger became a very spoilt lizard, much petted and fussed over, with no one to take him down a peg or two, which was what he very much needed.

When he had quite grown up he fell in love with a dainty young maiden-lizard called Rush-Green, who lived in the next marsh to theirs. But Rush-Green would have none of him. "No," she said, when he asked her to marry him, "if you think yourself so splendid with your funny little webby wings, why don't you do something splendid?"

Rush-Green had romantic notions of her own about the lizard she would marry.

Sooner than he thought Wing-Finger had an opportunity of distinguishing himself.

One day, when he had just crawled



Katsu Mogi, a little maid from Japan who now resides in Toronto

up to the top of the hill above their home, what should he see right in front of him but a huge animal with a long, thick neck and heavily mailed body. Cruel teeth, and sharp and angry-looking claws made him indeed a terrible sight, and Wing-Finger knew there would be very little hope for him if this monster took it into his head to make a meal of him. And sure enough that is what he decided to do. Poor Wing-Finger was rooted to the spot with terror, as the great head moved nearer and nearer, jaws open ready for the trembling prey.

And then a very wonderful thing happened. With all his force Wing-Finger pushed himself from the ground with his feet, spread out his arms, and lo! and behold! Wing-Finger flew. Far off he went into the air, the great animal staring after him in amazement, till he landed in front of his own door.

The news soon spread through the lizard world and from all around lizards came to see Wing-Finger fly. He never tired of showing what he could do, and of course it was very wonderful, for in those days there were no birds, and most things only crawled.

Rush-Green married him, and they lived happy ever after.

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