



LITTLE MILTIADES GETS LOST IN THE WOODS.

Little Miltiades Peterkin Paul,
Sadly stood at the window and watched
the snow fall,
"O dear! I do wish 'twould stop snowing,"
he cried,
"I'd give all my money and father's
beside."
And just then, all at once, as if quite
overcome
By the offer of such a munificent sum,
The sun shone out brightly, the clouds
rolled away,
And the sky was as clear as you'd see
it in May.

Then little Miltiades Peterkin Paul,
In his overcoat, fur cap, boots, mittens
and all,
Took his sled, the "Jack Frost," and
in merriest mood
Started off for the hill; but in going
through the wood,
The trees were so thick, and the ground
white with snow,
He grew quite uncertain which way he
must go,
And for full half an hour went wandering
about
Without ever being able to find his way
out.

At last poor Miltiades Peterkin Paul,
Standing there in the woods, with no one
within call,
In bewildered despair looked around him,
when lo!
He spied, just before, a fresh track in the
snow.
"Aha!" he cried joyfully, "Who can this
be?
Why, he has rubber boots and a sled, just
like me!
He is going to the same place that I am,
no doubt;
I will follow his footsteps, and find my
way out."

So he kept his eyes fixed on the track on
the snow,
And he hurried along for ten minutes or so,

When, strange to relate, the first
thing that he knew,
Instead of one track he was follow-
ing two,—
Each with new rubber boots and a
sled. "It is clear
That another chap's joined the first
fellow just here—
Well, well, there'll be three to go
sliding, that's all,"
Said little Miltiades Peterkin
Paul.

So he still followed on quite awhile,
till he thought,
"It is time I came out somewhere,"
then he stopped short.
"Hailoo! What can this mean? It
seems there are more;
Instead of two tracks, there are now
plainly four!

Three with new rubber boots, and a sled
just like mine;
And the fourth—zounds! What big feet!
must be number nine!
Never mind! the more of us the merrier,
That's all,"
Said little Miltiades Peterkin Paul.



Just then some one laughed, and there,
close by his side,
Stood Benjamin Franklin, his brother, who
cried:

"Well, where have you been all the morn-
ing, I pray?
You're a pretty young fellow, to get
lost this way!
Why, you surely don't think you
will ever get back,
Walking round in a circle upon
your own track!"
For, you see, young Miltiades Peter-
kin Paul
Had been following himself all the
while—that is all!

A teacher asked a class of boys in a
Sabbath-school what was their idea
of heaven. The smallest one an-
swered: "A place where—where—
you're never sorry."

THE DOLL THAT TALKED.

"Dorothy Ann, are you sleepy?" asked
Dollikins.

Dorothy Ann did not answer, but went
on smiling with her red wax lips.

Dollikins gave her a little shake. "Dear
me," she said, "I do wish you could talk!
I am so tired having a doll that never
answers, no matter how much I say to her.
It is very stupid of you, Dorothy Ann.
There, go to sleep."

Dollikins turned her back on Dorothy
Ann, and went to sleep herself. Then she
began to dream. She thought Dorothy Ann
sat up in her crib and opened her blue eyes
wide.

"Mamma!" she said.

"Oh, you can talk," cried Dollikins joy-
fully.

"Mamma, my pillow is not at all soft,"
said Dorothy Ann in a complaining voice;
"and you forgot to take off my shoes."

"I am sorry," said Dollikins.

"And I didn't have anything but mashed
potatoes for my dinner!" cried Dorothy
Ann. "I don't like mashed potatoes. Why
don't I have things that I like, mamma?"

Dollikins' cheeks grew quite red. She
remembered saying something very
like this at luncheon the day before.

"I'm not a bit sleepy!" wailed Doro-
thy Ann. "Why do I have to go to
bed at seven o'clock, mamma? Other
little girls don't have to. I wish—"

"Dorothy Ann," said Dollikins, "will
you please not talk any more? It
makes my head ache?"

Then it was very still.

In the morning Dollikins went over
and took up Dorothy Ann and looked
at her. The red lips were smiling as
ever, but tight shut.

"Good morning, Dorothy Ann," said
Dollikins; "I am very glad that you do
not know how to talk, my dear, for then
you might be a sore trial to your
mother."

A little one of four years, being teased
because she had a pug nose, climbed up
on a chair and looked in a glass, saying, "I
saw a lady at church whose nose was a
great deal puggier than mine!"

