

LITTLE FOLKS



The Sailor Boy.

The winds they blow, ho! ho!
A sailing I will go.
A sailor boy am I,
I watch both sea and sky.

I'll seek the water's brink;
My good boat ne'er will sink.
I'll hoist the mast and sail,
Nor fear the raging gale.

I'll skim the water free,
As happy as can be,
But what is that to lee?
The whitecaps from the sea?

I think I'll hie me home,
I will not seek to roam.
I'm sure the boat for me
Is my dear papa's knee.

The Friends of Buttons.

(Louise Octavian, from 'Children's Magazine'.)

Hilda was in the kitchen cooking Buttons's dinner.

Buttons was a beautiful black cat with lustrous golden eyes and a tiny dash of white upon his breast. A very dainty puss was he, and in the matter of eating sadly spoiled. He would eat nothing but liver and canned salmon—liver one day, salmon the next.

This was his day for liver, and

he sat in front of the stove, patiently waiting till it was done to just the turn that suited his catship. Hilda opened the oven door anxiously.

'Dear me, this fire is so slow!' she sighed. 'Buttons, you're the sweetest little kitty-boy in the whole world of kitty-boys but I do wish you could cook your own meat!'

Just then Buttons saw a fly. His whiskers quivered. A fly in January was an unexpected luxury. Buttons sprang after it, followed it

across the room, from a chair to a table, from the table to a shelf, and from the shelf, with a flying leap, to the top of the open pantry door. There he perched and watched the fly crawling just out of reach upon the ceiling.

Upon the table was a large kettle of molasses. Hilda looked at it affectionately. Her sister Ruth was going to have a candy pull that evening.

'We'll have lots of fun to-night, Buttons,' said Hilda.

Buttons's gleaming eyes were fastened upon the fly. Suddenly a sizzling sound came from the oven.

'The liver is burning! The liver is burning!' cried Hilda.

In her headlong rush for the stove she knocked over a chair which fell with a thump against the pantry door. Buttons lost his balance, slipped from his narrow seat, clawed wildly at the shelf, turned an agitated somersault, and fell—O, poor, poor Buttons!—right into the kettle of molasses!

Hilda's shrieks brought the entire family to the kitchen as Buttons, his heavy fur soaked through and through with molasses, leaped from the kettle and whirled madly round the room, leaving sticky footprints everywhere.

'O, he's spoiled! He's spoiled!' wailed Hilda.

'Before I'd have such a looking cat!' jeered brother Ned.

'It will never come off,' declared Ruth.

'Put him out in the yard,' said mamma. 'He'll never be fit to come into the house again.'

'Someone must wash him,' said Hilda.

'Sure, and I'll niver touch the crathur!' declared Norah.

'I'm busy, Miss Hilda,' remarked the housekeeper.

'Then Josephus must,' cried Hilda.

Josephus was a queer old soldier with one eye and a wooden leg. He took care of lawns and paths and furnaces for a living. Hilda could see him now, shovelling a path at the Dudleys' just opposite. She threw open a window.

'O Josephus. Josephus!' she