

THE EVENING TIMES, ST. JOHN, N. B.

# OUR FAIRY TALES

## LITTLE MIKE'S LAMENT



"If I could do just what I like,"  
Said little Mike one day,  
"I'd eat sweet popcorn and ice-cream,  
And then run out and play.  
"I'd have a dog, a kite, a drum,  
And would a swimming go;  
And then I'd fish sometimes between,  
For it's great fun you know.  
"I'll never go to bed at night;  
I'll stay up late and play;  
But I would sleep, and sleep, and sleep  
Each morning every day.  
"And for my breakfast I would have  
An apple pie and cheese,  
Some pickles and a raisin cake,  
And anything I'd please.  
"Oh, it would be so very fine  
To do just what I like;  
And then the folks could all call me  
That happy-hearted Mike."

## CONCERNING CHARADES.

Young folks take great pleasure in acting charades or pantomime, and no game is more appropriate for parlor entertainment than the old-fashioned charade. A list of words, which lend themselves nicely to the charade, is given here:  
Air-gun, cross-bow, horse-chest-nut, horse-man-ship, Idoll (idol), foot-man, farm-house, breakfast, bull-rush, hard-ware, game-keeper, cross-bow, cross-patch, bride-cake, ball-ground, eye-glass, plum-pudding, draw-bridge, band-box, court-ship, foot-pad, leap-frog, and-clopes, blue-bay.

## NARLY WON THE BET.

Pat bet Mike that he could carry a hot brick to the top of a 50-foot building. Mike sitting on top of the hot brick, he nearly dropped the hot brick with his human burden to the stone pavement below. But arriving at the top safely he said: "Reggie, Mike, I've won the bet."  
"You have that," confessed Mike. "But when I slipped I thought for sure I had lost."

## BRAVE BILLY BITMANN

Billy Bitmann was an orphan. He lived with an aged great-uncle, a cross-grained old man, who had no regard for the rights of youth. All day long Billy was obliged to work, waiting on the old man, who was forever finding fault with all that he did and never having one word of praise for the orphan child, who was little more than his slave.

On the death of Billy's mother, which occurred when Billy was an infant, his father had taken him to the home of this aged uncle, and there they had lived in comparative peace and comfort till the death of Billy's father, which had taken place a year before this story opens. And up to that time Billy had attended school, his father being a man of some means and able to give his only child all the comforts of life and many advantages of education.

But as soon as Billy's father was taken away from him and he was left without a single sympathetic soul to look after his welfare, the ill-tempered old uncle began his tyrannical rule. Billy was kept from school, and he was made to do all the housework, and he was made to express a wish to continue his life quite remote. What he did was to wait on the old man, whose selfishness had so warped his life that there was nothing lovable or inviting about his personality.

Thus passed a year of misery for Billy Bitmann. And then he passed his twelfth birthday. And soon after that he began to realize the enormity of the wrongs done him.

"What right has Great-uncle Jim to keep me as his body servant?" he asked himself one night as he lay in bed. "My father left plenty of money to educate me and keep me till I am of age. And Great-uncle Jim was appointed my guardian. He couldn't take me from school and keep me as a slave to wait upon him? I shall investigate this matter. But how am I to do it?"

Thus Billy lay thinking and planning far into the night. Then suddenly he recalled to mind that he had an aunt living somewhere in a state joining the one where he now lived. He couldn't quite remember her last name—it was Thompson or Johnston; but her first name he knew very well; it was Aunt Maggie. And she was his own dear mother's sister.

Several times during his father's life Billy had received nice, loving letters and little gifts from this aunt, but he had taken little notice of them, not having felt the need of her then as he did now. But if he could find those letters anywhere about the house he would write

his aunt of his condition and beg her to look into his affairs for him. The next morning he began search for the letters before his aged uncle was out of bed, and to his joy he found a rack of them addressed to his father, all tied up and stuck from sight in a box on a closet shelf. Billy untied the packet and opened the first letter that came to hand. It bore the postmark of a little town in an adjoining state, and the letter began: "Dear Brother and Nephew;" but Billy did not get beyond the first sentence, for a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder and his old uncle seized the letter from him. "How dare you to sneak into my private affairs?" he exclaimed, angrily. "Don't you ever dare to touch papers or letters in this house without my orders."

"These letters were written to my father," declared Billy, his face proud and

"It's my last day of slavery and abuse," said Billy as he hurried out of the grounds of his uncle's house and made off toward the railroad station. "I'll set to Dasher, and there find my Aunt Maggie." At the station he saw the trainmen making up a freight train to take out. Going to the man who seemed to be in charge, he told a part of his story, saying, in conclusion: "Now, I'm not running away, sir; I'm just going to visit an aunt of mine without my guardian's leave, for, as I have told you, he'd never give his consent. He's abused every right of an uncle and guardian, and I must see my aunt to get matters straightened out."

"You're an honest youngster," said the man to whom Billy had confided his story, "and I know old Moneybags Bitmann by reputation, which corroborates all that you say of him. We're taking



Looking in the direction of his eyes defiant. "I wouldn't touch any of your letters or papers, sir, and what belonged to my father belongs now to me, his only child."

"Ah, you are inclined to show your teeth, are you, young piece of impudence?" and the uncle shook a threatening finger in Billy's face. "Well, get you to the kitchen and tell the cook to eat up my breakfast, and, mind you, fetch it at once, too. Now, because you young sneak!"

Billy gave the old man just one look—a look of scorn; then he withdrew, going down stairs and out of the front door, instead of to the kitchen, as his uncle had ordered him to do.

he was horrified to see a little girl in a terrible predicament. This freight train to B-ville, about 10 miles from Dasher, the place of your destination. Now, if you want to ride in the caboose with the men, all right. I'll take the responsibility."

"But I'll pay my way all right as soon as my aunt attends to my business for me," declared Billy in a manly way. "I'll see that the railroad company is paid in full for carrying me to B-ville, sir, and thank you very much for your trust in me and your extreme kindness to an orphan boy who needs a friend just now."

There was real emotion in Billy's voice, and his eyes were dim as he expressed his gratitude to the good-hearted man who was so ready to help him in an hour

of need. Soon Billy was speeding away from the place where he had spent such an unhappy year. And the following day about noon found himself a stranger in a strange land. The train drew into the freight station at B-ville, and after heartily thanking all the trainmen with whom he had travelled Billy said good-bye and started off down one of the principal streets of the town, heading westward. He had instructions as to how he should reach Dasher. He had determined to set out on foot, and if by chance a wagoner should come along now and again he might beg a ride for a few miles.

And so he passed the forenoon of that day, walking through a fine country, where hedgerows gave him shade when he felt tired enough to rest by the roadside. He had a bit of lunch that the

near to the edge of the very steep and crumbling bank, and the loose clay soil had crumbled away, allowing her to fall half way to the water's edge. There, apparently suspended in air, but hanging on to a twig which projected from the perpendicular bank, the little girl hung, crying for help. Below her the water spread, and Billy's eye, educated in such matters, told him that it was quite deep, probably over the little miss' head.

Instantly Billy was on his feet. Then in another minute he had divested himself of coat, hat and shoes and was wading into the creek, going toward the opposite shore. Yes, it was as he had feared; the water was too deep for wading, and he had to swim. But he called out to the girl in peril to keep up courage and hold to the twig for dear life; that help was very near. Then with a few good strokes he was at the opposite bank, but there was no place to land. At this place in the stream the water had cut into the bank, making it rise perpendicular from the bed of the stream. There was not even a foothold. Billy looked over the ground, as he termed it to himself, and decided there was nothing for the little girl to do but allow herself to drop as gently as possible into the water below. But just as he was about to give her this suggestion he heard her give a frightened cry, heard a snapping of timber, and lo! down the crumbling clay bank came the little figure, holding tightly to a broken bit of twig.

Billy was ready to receive her, and the moment she struck the stream he had caught her arm and was holding her above water. Then cautioning her not to struggle, he held her hold tightly to his shoulder and made her take her upon terra firma at the opposite bank, where there was a splendid landing place. The little girl, much frightened, but cool-headed, did as her strange rescuer bade her do, and within two minutes they were standing on dry land, themselves dripping.

Then the little girl looked at Billy inquiringly, wiping the water from her eyes. "Oh, thank you, boy, whoever you are," she said. "If you hadn't happened along just as you did I would have been drowned, for I can't swim a stroke. But I wonder where my brother is? He and I were out hunting for wild flowers. I saw you and hid among the trees. When I thought he was about to find me I crept closer to the bank and—well, you saw the rest. But I wonder what I'm doing all dripping and a mile from home?"

"I'll go with you," said Billy, much attracted by the pretty little girl who was in such distress. "And we'll find your brother, too." "Hello, there, Sis!" It was a boy's voice from the opposite bank. Then the little girl, assisted by Billy, made some explanations, and the boy on the opposite

## NONSENSE JINGLE



Hey, diddle-de-dumpling,  
Young Charlie Grey  
Got miffed at something  
And then ran away.  
His ma got a switch,  
His pa got a string,  
And Charlie run home  
With his back all a-tingle.

site bank—who was the little girl's brother—went round the curve to a bridge, where he was joined by Billy and his sister. Once the three were together conversation flowed easily, for Billy accepted the boy's invitation to accompany them home, where he might get "dried out" and have something to eat the while. But when Billy came to that part of the story relating to an Aunt Maggie, whose address was Dasher, the boy and girl both stopped short and looked at him. "What's your name?" asked the boy eagerly.

"William Bitmann," said Billy. "And may I ask yours?" "Sure," cried the boy, grasping Billy's hand. "For as sure as we're alive, you are our cousin. Our mother's name is Maggie Thompson, and her postoffice address was till within the past six months Dasher. But now we've moved on to a farm five miles this side of Dasher. If you'd gone on there you'd have missed us, sure. Gee! but it's luck that Bee fell into the creek—since it didn't hurt her any. For in that way we found you."

And the little boy laughed heartily as he shook Billy's hand almost off. "And our names are Bee Thompson and Fred Thompson," explained the little girl. "And I guess Fred is right—for you must be our cousin Billy."

And, sure enough, Billy had found his relatives in a most unaccountable way, saving the life of the little girl who was in doing so. And he found a most cordial welcome at his aunt's house, and really friends who declared that his interests should be attended to at once and that the old uncle should be forced to give an accounting of his cruel conduct.

## NITA, THE SLAVE GIRL, OR THE FAIRY OF THE LAKE

BY MAUD WALKER.

Many, many years ago, before this Continent of America was discovered, there dwelt a strange people in a land south of the Equator. They practiced the slave system and would make raids upon the smaller countries about them and take into bondage the poor victims that fell into their hands. Among the slaves thus acquired was a young girl named Nita, the Golden Hair. She was the daughter of a wealthy prince, but one night during a great carnival in the Prince's palace, adjoining the city of the large domain (the one just alluded to above) stormed and sacked the Prince's palace, and many of its lords and ladies, not mentioning the soldiers and servants, were taken into captivity.

Nita was a most beautiful maiden and

the lake water on her head to the palace, a distance of half a mile.

One morning while resting by the lake shore, for the day was warm and Nita was very tired, a ripple in the lake's surface attracted her notice. As she sat watching the ripple spread and sparkle, there appeared in its very center a white light, which grew brighter and brighter, till at last taking the form of a fairy. Nita was alarmed at the unusual sight and hastily rose to depart, but as she did so the fairy flew to her feet, clinging in the gentlest voice Nita had ever heard: "Do not be afraid, dear, captive princess. I know your story and have come to help you. Now, I shall change myself into your form and take the water to the palace in your stead. Meanwhile, you shall sleep here on the soft grass and

just up and carried them to the palace of the Prince where Nita was held in slavery. The princess of the castle was an angry old woman, and she thought to abuse the fairy, whom she thought to be Nita, in her severest tones.

But the fairy went about her duties with an unruffled mind, for she, unlike Nita, felt no physical or mental hurt. Being a fairy, she possessed the power to banish all human emotions and sense of pain.

At close of day the fairy slipped from the palace and ran with all possible speed to where she had left Nita in the morning. There Nita lay, sound asleep, gathering strength after her long term of slavery. When the fairy touched her on the brow she awoke, and remembering the incident of the morning looked in her own likeness the good little fairy who had come to her aid.

"Oh, how beautifully I have spent the day, dear fairy," said Nita. "I drank from a spring of life and ate of wild berries. Then, between feasting on Nature's own delicacies I napped and rested and dreamed. Oh, how much I am indebted to you, dear little fairy. But tell me of yourself, please. How have you passed the day of toil?"

"Oh, nothing," explained the fairy. "You see, I just waved my little wand when no one was looking and the work they set me to do was performed without my touching it. Oh, I've been putting in my time, though."

## Our Puzzle Corner

BEHEADINGS.  
(1) Beheld a covering for the hand and leave a term applied to deep affection.  
(2) Doubly beheld something used to fasten packages and leave an adornment for the finger.  
(3) Beheld the act of turning wheat into flour and leave a part of a meal.

CURTAININGS.  
(1) Curtail a steady gaze and leave a celestial body.  
(2) Doubly curtail a slight rain and leave the term usually applied to a circus.  
(3) Doubly curtail a feather cushion and leave a dose of medicine.

HIDDEN NAME PUZZLE.  
The name of a famous French general is hidden in the following nine sentences and may be spelled by taking the first letter of a one-syllable word out of each sentence, writing the letters in the order in which they appear:  
A dog lay in the manger.  
Go to the ant, thou sluggard.  
France is a country of geniuses.  
All is well that ends well.  
Do not yearn for things unobtainable.  
Lend an ear to good advice.  
Truth is stranger than fiction.  
Always turn a deaf ear to slander.  
Earn your money before you spend it.

LETTER ENIGMA.  
My first is in singing, but not in tune;  
My second is in winter, but not in June;  
My third is in inch, but not in measure;  
My fourth is in merry, but not in pleasure;  
My fifth is the same as my four, you see;  
My sixth is also the same as my three;  
My seventh is in near, but not in far;  
My eighth is in gold, but not in bar;

## SADIE'S FLOWER PICNIC: A STORY FOR THE WEE GIRLIES

BY ANNIE JAMES.

Sadie's auntie said to her one morning: "Do you want to have a picnic on the lawn, girls? If so, we'll spread the cloth on the grass and have some goodies to eat. And we'll invite Grace and Tom Moore over to enjoy the picnic with you."

"Oh, that'll be heaps of fun," cried Sadie gaily, tossing dollie aside and clapping her hands. Sadie loved a picnic better than any other sort of luncheon or treat. To have her food spread on a cloth on the grass, beneath a great shade tree, was such genuine pleasure.

"Well, while I spread the cloth and prepare the sandwiches and deviled eggs, you run over and invite Grace and Tom to come to the picnic," said auntie. "And after the picnic we'll all have stories, Tom and Grace and Sadie each telling one. Won't that be fun?"

"Oh, yes, yes," declared Sadie, jumping up and running to her room for her hat. "I'll go at once and invite Grace and Tom to my picnic. I'm so glad that Grace and Tom live so close to us. They are the only neighbors within a mile; and I couldn't go a mile any day to invite friends to a morning picnic on the lawn, could I, Aunt?"

"No, indeed," agreed auntie. "It's very nice to have Grace and Tom for such close neighbors." But 15 minutes later Sadie came leisurely homeward from Grace's and Tom's house, her face full of disappointment. "They're gone to town with their mamma," she told auntie in doleful tones. "And now I can't have a picnic at all, for it isn't a picnic with just your dollie and your Auntie and yourself, is it?"

"Well, we'll have to invite other guests," promised auntie. "Let me see! How'd you like to give a flower picnic? Suppose we invite several pretty flowers. Wouldn't you enjoy that, dearie?" "A flower picnic? Oh, wouldn't it be great fun!" And Sadie was all excitement and enthusiasm over the idea. "What flowers will we invite?" she asked of her aunt.

that they grew weaker and more defenseless, until at last they begged to be annexed to the very country they had robbed and pillaged so often in the past. And Princess Nita became the great princess of her country, for all knew that it was through her that their dear country was saved. And Nita always held converse once each year with the fairies of lake and dell, for through their goodness one of them she had been able to rescue her beloved people and land from foreign oppression. And each year there came a guest about her, she heard a call that Nita journeyed for the purpose—the one dear fairy who had found the princess slave-girl one morning half dead from the abuses heaped upon her by a wicked mistress of low degree. And during these meetings Nita and the fairy feasted on lake water and wild berries, playing they were young again.



Nita was alarmed at the unusual sight, and hastily rose to depart. At the palace I shall assume your duties till I have learned all the 'ins and outs' of the place. Once I am familiar with the secret passages of the castle and grounds I shall bring an army from your country and they shall overcome their enemy and take from captivity their own flesh and blood and worldly goods, of which they were so ruthlessly robbed; those letters 'cried Nita. "I'm almost dead from the abuse heaped upon me, and you, a fairy, are not so strong as I. Please, dear little fairy, do not go in my place, for, indeed, they may kill you with their blows and cruel words of blame and fault-finding."

"Oh, you do not know my power," laughed the fairy. "I could change all these wicked people into toads were I inclined to do so. But they shall keep their own forms and minds and I'll see to it that you and yours shall win a glorious victory over them for their wicked treatment of you. So rest and sleep."

## HELPFUL HINTS FOR OUR YOUNG ARTISTS

LESSON NO. 18—HOW TO DRAW A TEDDY BEAR.

