



### LITTLE MISS MUFFET.

"Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet, sewing and sewing away." She sat cross-legged just like a tailor and made believe she was very busy. Her stitches were awfully long and were not very even, but she did the best she knew how, and who can do better than that? Her poor dolly lay helpless on the floor, deprived of all care from its little nurse. Little Toby, the kitten, had fine fun knocking about her spool, and getting her thread all tangled up. We will see next week what happened to dolly and Miss Muffet.

### THE BABY'S FUTURE.

"I tell you, mamma, it's a good thing we have a baby," said little Harry Willis a few days after the new baby came.

"Yes, indeed," said his mamma. "But why do you think so? You know he has taken your place; you are not the baby any more."

"Why, I'll tell you," said Harry. "When he is four years old, and I start to school and the cows get in the yard, he can make Pomp—Pomp was the dog—get the cows out."

His mamma assented. But when she told his papa about it, she admitted that was a look into the future she had never taken.