



THE MOTHERLESS KITTEN.

## THE TOMPKINS FAMILY.

BY LIZZIE DE ARMOND.

The Tompkins family live in a big chestnut-tree right in front of grandpa's house. I may as well tell you that the Tompkinses are a family of squirrels. This is the way they happened to have their name. Papa once knew a man by the name of Tompkins who was a great rascal, and as Father Benny is one, too, we children made up our minds to name him after the one we had heard papa tell about; and when you know our squirrel friends as well as we do, you will say the name is a good one for Papa Squirrel, at least.

Early in the spring a blackbird built a nest in the chestnut tree, and what do you think Mr. Tompkins did? Whenever Mrs. Blackbird would step out for awhile to get rid of the cramps in her legs (I know she had them, 'cause if you just tuck your feet under you, and sit that way for ten minutes, you'll feel all twisted up), that bad Papa Squirrel would run over to the bird-house and suck the eggs.

At last Mr. Blackbird caught him at his

feast, and, oh! what a drubbing he gave him. His hide was so sore that he lay in the leaves in his own house for two days.

Mrs. Tompkins takes her family out every day for exercise, and what fun it is to watch them scampering about, leaping from branch to branch and chattering like so many magpies.

Once I saw one of the little squirrels pull its mother's tail real hard, and she turned round and boxed its ears, first on one side, then on the other, till it ran crying away.

The Tompkins family are very interesting. I hope they will live in the old chestnut tree as long as we stay at grandpa's.

## A TINY FAMILY.

Once upon a time two young people made up their minds that they would go to housekeeping. They had no house. They had to build one. They built it in what you would think a very strange place, and they built it out of what you would think very strange things. As time went on there were four little babies in the

house. Their papa and mamma did nothing but feed them and sing to them.

One day when the parents were away getting food a great creature locked in on the babies. He was a hundred times bigger than they were. What do you think he did? He took that little house, babies and all, and was going away with it. Just then the parents came back. They gave loud cries of distress at seeing their babies carried off. Then the big creature stopped. He thought to himself: "If I take these little ones away they will die. I will not be so cruel." He put the little home back, and their parents chattered their gladness to themselves.

They never fed the babies anything but flies and worms; they never taught them anything but to sing and to fly. Have you ever seen such people? I think you have. Their house was built on the sunny side of a great elm. It was made of twigs and hair and feathers, and bits of string. It was called a nest. The young people were named Mr. and Mrs. Robin Redbreast.

The great creature was a boy. Ah, are you not glad he put that nest back? If he had not, there would have been four creatures less to rejoice in the Lord's sweet sunshine, four voices less to sing among the green branches in the lovely summer days. You would never, never steal young birds from their parents, would you?—*Selected.*

## HIS FEET AND LIPS.

Teddy's a three-year-old, brave and sweet;  
But, O, his lips won't agree with his feet!  
His feet, though small, are sturdy and  
strong,

And mother can trust them all day long;  
But his rosy lips, so dear to see,  
Seldom will with his feet agree.

When mother says, "Come!" the feet  
obey;

But the wayward lips just pout and say,  
"No, no; I can't!" while with patter and  
slide

The feet are nearing the mother's side.

When the lamps are lighted and stars ap-  
pear,

And we say, "It is bedtime, Teddy, dear,"  
The feet submit to be quietly led

Up the long stairs to the little white bed,  
While the naughty lips keep time all the  
way:

"No, no; I can't! No, no," they say.

Those dear little feet are mother's delight,  
For they try to keep Teddy in paths of  
right;

But, O, that day will be glad to see  
When Teddy's lips with his feet agree!

—*Youth's Companion.*

To remember the poor is better than to  
fast and wail.