

LITTLE FOLKS

The Laplanders.

The Laps, or Laplanders, are a people who inhabit the northern part of European Russia. Many of them live entirely in tents, though the winters are extremely cold, and into these tents, which are only the height of a tall man, and about five or six feet across, an entire family will stow itself away, and will even find room for the dogs (sometimes as many as twenty)

distance at the rate of nineteen miles per hour, which is faster than some railway-trains run in England.

At St. Petersburg the River Neva is frozen over completely during the winter, and people can drive and go about it as they please. It is a busy scene on the ice, and amongst the regular sights are always to be seen some Lap families, who come and set up their reindeer

remind him how pleasant it would be to travel on the cars together; how they would stay at a big hotel and see a new city. He also told Joe that they would be in Decatur long enough for him to write his mother a letter and tell her all about their adventures.

Another strong reason for Joe's not longing to leave home just then was that he had a pet rabbit, which he had had only a few days. Joe thought it hard to part so soon with 'Bunny,' before they were well acquainted. Bunny was the first pet Joe had ever possessed. When Mr. Bock, the kind grocery keeper at the corner, wanted to give Bunny to Joe, Mrs. Priest did not want Joe to have him. She talked to Joe about how little and young the bunny was to leave its mother, and how sad the poor little rabbit's mother would feel without her furry baby. But Joe wanted the bunny and could not feel the force of his mother's reasoning. He was sure that he would take good care of him and feed him well, and what more could any bunny want? So Bunny became his own and Joe was happy.

On the afternoon before Joe left home, his friend, Wells Howard, came over to see the bunny. With Wells came a larger boy, named George. Joe proudly led them out to the little pen he had made for the pet, but no rabbit was to be seen. Bunny had burrowed into Joe's sand-pile to hide his loneliness. They soon searched him out, however, and in turn each of the boys had to hold the rabbit and stroke his long ears and brown back and laugh at his pert little 'cottontail.' But Bunny did not feel at home with boys, and as George held him he drew in his breath sharply and slipped swiftly through George's fingers. Like a flash Bunny sprang to the fence and darted between two pickets. But his choice was unfortunate. Between the pickets two sharp nails projected, and they tore Bunny's pretty fur and the tender flesh all along his little body on both sides. The poor little fellow fled no further, but crouched without the fence, a bleeding, pitiful object.

Poor Joe and the other boys ran to the wounded, frightened animal, and when Joe saw what had happened to his pet he wailed loudly:



who guard their reindeer. In the middle of all they make their fire, and, although some of the smoke from it escapes from the top of the tent, the greater part remains inside; and so between smoke and fire, dogs, papa, mamma and the babies, the tent is usually pretty well filled up.

The Laplanders live upon the reindeer, and not only eat its flesh, and dress themselves in its skin, and make their tents out of its skin, but make cheese from its milk.

The reindeer are everything to the Laplanders, and are of the greatest use to them in dragging their sledges, which commonly weigh, with their loads, two hundred and forty pounds.

They will drag such sledges as much as one hundred and fifty miles in a day, and sometimes more; and with a light sledge they have been known to travel for a short

tents on the frozen river, and sleep on the ice in their reindeer skins, and have their living reindeer round about them.—'Child's Companion.'

Joe's Bunny.

(By Miss Elizabeth Nunemacher, in New York 'Observer'.)

Little Joe Priest was about to make his first visit away from home without his mother. Joe's father had a few days' business in Decatur and he thought it a good time for small Joe to gain a little experience. Joe's mother did not want him to go. Joe was only six years old, and with all her confidence in Mr. Priest, Mrs. Priest thought Joe much better at home under her own care. Neither did little Joe want very much to go, when he thought of leaving mother all alone. Joe was a great mother-boy. So his father had often to