

# LITTLE FOLKS

## A Winter Riddle.

(Carolyn S. Bailey, in 'New England Homestead.')



He loves a snowy garden,  
He really likes the cold,  
He doesn't mind a snowball,  
So brave is he, and bold.  
He wears an ermine ulster  
With buttons made of jet;  
His gun is on his shoulder;  
A soldier he, and yet—  
There's something makes him  
tremble,  
There's something makes him cry,  
A little dancing sunbeam  
From out a winter sky.

## The Reason

Grandma Gruff said a curious thing,  
'Boys may whistle, but girls must  
sing.'

That's the very thing I heard her  
say  
No longer ago than yesterday.

'Boys may whistle.' Of course  
they may,  
If they pucker their lips the proper  
way;

But for the life of me I can't see  
Why Kate can't whistle as well as  
me.

'Boys may whistle, but girls must  
sing;'

Now I call that a curious thing.  
If boys can whistle, why can't girls,  
too?

It's the easiest thing in the world  
to do.

So if boys can whistle, and do it  
well,

Why cannot girls—will somebody  
tell?

Why can't they do what a boy  
can do?

That is the thing I should like to  
know.

I went to father and asked him why  
Girls couldn't whistle as well as I,  
And he said, 'The reason that girls  
must sing

Is because a girl's a sing-ular thing.'

And grandma laughed till I knew  
she'd ache,

'When I said I thought it all a  
mistake.

'Never mind, little man,' I heard  
her say,

'They will make you whistle enough  
some day.'

—'New Orleans Picayune.'

## Coals of Fire.

(F. M. Wells, in 'Cottager and  
Artisan.')

They say Bill Price is turned out  
of his house, seein' as how he h'aint  
paid his rent. And they tell me  
his wife and children would have  
had no place to lay their heads if  
Tom Hales had not come along and  
give 'em all a night's shelter.'

'You mean to tell me Tom Hales  
has done that!'



'YOU MEAN TO TELL ME TOM HALES HAS DONE THAT!'

'Yes, mate; if it had been me,  
I would ha' seen Bill Price and his  
family a dyin' of starvation before  
I would have crossed the road to  
help them.'

'I should like to know what was  
in his mind to make him do it. He  
must have a very tender conscience.'

From Tom Hales, however, his  
friends were never likely to hear  
what had prompted him to hold out

a helping hand to one who for no  
reason had always been his enemy.

But the truth was this: Tom  
Hales had heard the news that Bill  
was to be turned out of his house,  
and, as he was returning home, he  
saw Bill moving out the few shabby  
bits of furniture that belonged to  
him. He noticed that Bill was  
looking sullen, the poor wife mis-  
erable, and the four children cold  
and hungry. Tom knew his enemy  
had been out of work for six or  
seven weeks, but he was horrified  
to see the children's pinched, starved  
looks.

For many years Tom had read  
his Bible and gone to Church. Now  
the time had come when he must  
show if he were a Christian in deed,  
or only in word.

'Bill, I'm thinking me and my  
missus could put you up for the  
night, and to-morrow you can look  
round and see what is best to do.'

'Do you know who you are  
a-speakin' to?' the other said after  
a long pause, and bitterly enough.  
'It's me, Bill Price, who have al-

ways maintained as how you're a  
hypocrite, and who can't abide  
hypocrites.'

'I mean what I said,' Tom Hales  
answered quietly.

The sullen look suddenly van-  
ished from Bill Price's face.

'Then I be altogether wrong,  
Tom; altogether wrong. I ask your  
forgiveness; if you'll give it to such  
as me.'