

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.'