

DEW DROPS

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BABY BELL.

Baby Bell thought she would like a whistle like the boys were blowing yesterday. So she toddled off to the pile of branches and twigs from which they had cut theirs, and selected a small branch which she carried to brother Tom, saying, "Baby have a issle, too." Tom took all the rough bark off and whittled out a nice, smooth, white whistle, which Baby Bell blew to her heart's content.