

LITTLE FOLKS

Long Ago.

(By M. L. Attwell.)

Of a little Princess my song shall be,
Who lived in the long ago.
Ah! she was as fair as a flower to
see—

And what about
None could make out—
'Dear, dear!' said
the old black crow.

Now this little Princess just longed
to be—

Tommy spied them as he came home
from school that noon, and then the
scowls came to make him a visit.

That new boy has everything!' he exclaimed, crossly. 'He has tops an' balls an' a bicycle an'—an' now he's got the horse-chestnuts? 'Tain't fair, so it isn't!' Then poor little discontented Tommy looked crosser than ever. Tommy didn't realize that down in his garden grew something that the new boy Teddy had always wished for and longed to have—a bouncing yellow pumpkin. How Teddy did wish that his papa had bought Tommy's house and Tommy's garden and Tommy's pumpkin—all three! Teddy sighed, as he thought of the Jack-o'-lantern that he could make if he only had one of those wonderful yellow treasures for his own. It was a very loud and sorrowful sigh. Tommy heard it; and then he discovered the new boy peeping through the fence.

'Hello!' called Tommy, quickly.

Teddy jumped. He didn't know that anybody was near.

'Don't you like living here' enquired Tommy. 'You look as if you were home sick. Won't you come over and look at my pumpkins? I've got such a lot of them; and they are all my own, every one.'

Teddy sighed again. 'I've been a-wishin' for a pumpkin for years an' years,' he said, sadly. 'But they don't have gardens with pumpkins in the city, an' so I never had any.'

Tommy looked surprised. 'Would you like one?' he asked, quickly. 'Cause I'd be delighted to give you one of mine if you would. Come over, an' I'll give you one now.'

Teddy climbed over the fence in a hurry; and he smiled as Tommy took his jackknife out of his trousers' pocket and cut off one of his biggest pumpkins with a snap.

'You have everything, don't you?' said Teddy, regretfully. 'You have pumpkins—whole garden full of them—an' apples an' grapes an'—'

This information was a great surprise to Tommy. 'I have everything!' he said in astonishment. 'Why, I thought you were the one that had everything a few minutes



All princesses are, you know—
With golden locks
And lovely frocks.
'How sweet!' said
the old black crow.
With a sad little tune my song
must start,
And set to a metre slow;
It tells of a poor little longing heart,
All heavy with grief and woe,

O! never mind how I know—
Just a plain little child like you
and me,
In the days of long ago,
To make mud pies
'Neath summer skies.
'Non-sense!' said
the old black crow.

—From 'Father Tuck's Annual,' Raphael Tuck & Sons, London.

A Great Surprise.

It was just too queer for anything! Tommy was walking slowly down behind the barn with his usually merry face all scowls; and Teddy was peeping through the latticed fence into Tommy's garden, with a whole great family of wrinkles in his little forehead. Now

what do you suppose it was all about? Out in Teddy's yard grew a great, tall horse-chestnut tree; and one crisp October morning a shower of pretty brown nuts came tumbling out of their thick green shells—down, down, down, until at last they reached the broad gravel walk and smooth green lawn.