



THE postman brought me a letter just as I sat down to write to my children. I opened the envelope, and found the following little story for our page, neatly written between ruled lines:

THE ADVENTURES OF A PARACHUTE.

There was a Parachute that always was out on Adventures; its entirety made of tissue paper it is a square of paper tied at each corner with a piece of string, with a little weight on the string you have to cut it even you know or else it will not fly, and tie them together. I let it out of a window and it stuck in a tree I and a little friend got it down with a clothes prop. Once I had a Parachute, it was a green one and it sailed over a house and was lost.

This is a very conceited one and was always proud of its fine looks once it was made of a Japanese Hankechef with red stripes.

NORMA M ARMSTRONG age 9

Do you not think it is a clever story for a little girl of nine. Norma has been taught to read by the phonic system, and that is the reason she spells a few of her words just as they sound.

Does it never seem to you that things without life can talk? Did you never see a big easy chair holding open its arms and begging you so earnestly to try it? Does not a grate fire speak to you? I believe it can tell fairy tales as well as true stories. Here is one which a bright fire told me:

CELLAR FOLKS.

Into a cellar was thrown one day the winter's supply of fuel. In one corner was a pile of hardwood, in another some kindling, while the bins were full of black shiny coal.

They had not been long together when they became quite friendly, and began to tell their experiences.

A stick of maple described the beautiful tree from which he came, and spoke of the delicious sugar and syrup made from its sap. A piece of beech told of its pretty leaves, and the dear little three-sided nuts that children so love to gather. A pine knot told how all the year round his tree shook its green tassels in the air, making the woods fragrant with sweet perfume.

A stick of hemlock spoke of its pretty evergreen branches with which, at Christmas time, churches and houses are decked. They all listened attentively to one another, although they had known a good deal of it before, for had they not almost all been neighbors in the same woods?

But it was when it became time for the coal to speak that they felt most interested. They knew they had been storing sunshine every day that they grew, ready to give it up again in the shape of light and heat. But how could this black hard stuff burn?

"Friends," said the coal, "I came from a mine deep down in the earth, but like you I was a tree, and waved my green branches in the sunlight.

"Thousands of years ago I was part of a huge forest; but the earth, you know, keeps changing, and in time this forest became covered by water and filled up with clay, and the gases have

changed me from wood like you, into this black hard stuff that you see. The light and heat I give out when I burn were obtained from the sun ages and ages ago, and have been kept by me, deep down in the earth, all these years."

Just then some one came down to fix the furnace for the night, and the talk ended.

Most of you have likely made or helped to make a snow man.

Is it not fun? And when he is finished do you not feel your man is really "somebody."

Shall I tell you my story of one made by two little boys?

THE SNOW MAN.

Wilton and Hilton had worked hard all the afternoon making a huge snow man. A south wind had been blowing since morning, so the snow was in fine working order. These two little chaps were twin brothers seven years old, and got along happily together in the usual twin fashion. But they had a cousin Jim, a lad of ten living with them, who was the plague of their twin lives. Jim's mother was dead, and his father had gone off to the mines, leaving him in charge of his auntie.

At times the boys were teased out of all patience, and went to mother for sympathy, but the words, "Remember Jim has no mother," and a kiss sent them off ready to forgive him anything.

To-day they worked at their man in peace, for Jim was off somewhere, and by dusk they had him finished. Flower pot for hat, coal buttons down his coat, clay pipe in his mouth—was he not a jolly looking fellow? How they laughed when mother pretended she was frightened by "a man in the yard."

When Jim came home they were both in bed, but it was moonlight, and the man showed up well.

At first he was a little startled, it stood there so big and white; but before he went into the house there was very little of the man left.

Snowball after snowball did Jim aim at Mr. Snow-man. First the hat went, then the head, and soon there was only a white stump to tell of the boys' hard labor.

Then Jim went indoors quite pleased with his fun, and thinking how mad the boys would be in the morning.

That night, when Jim went to bed, his work followed into dreamland. He thought he was going to choir practice, and was taking his usual cut across a big vacant lot; when about the centre of it, coming towards him in the path, was the very snow-man he had destroyed that night; and before he could recover from his surprise at a snow-man walking, the field was full of them. Snow-men of all sizes and shapes. Some with flower pots on their head, some toggled out in old hats, they all came stamping towards him.

Jim was scared and stood still, then their fun began; with one accord they started to snowball him.

It was terrible!

His eyes were full; his mouth was full; it went

down his back; and presently one big ball sent him over; but yet they kept up the attack.

Soon he was under a big bank of snow. He began to smother, and tried to scream, but couldn't. Then he struggled to get under the snow, and—fell out of bed.

In the morning he got up early, and tried to re-build the man, but it had frozen hard during the night, and the snow would not pack.

When the boys came down he confessed to having "done up" their man, and told them his dream. They had a great laugh over it, and somehow have been better friends ever since.

And now we shall have the end of the story I have been telling you from that old book of "Fairy Tales."

MIMI AND THE BUTTERFLY.

(Continued from November issue.)

How thirsty she was—and how noisily the clear little brook gurgled along beside the pathway!

By this time the burning July sun poured its golden rays down upon their heads and Mimi was very tired and faint! But, at no very great distance ahead, she saw the blue gleam of the lake, and she knew that the time was growing short.

But, just as she was whispering a few words of encouragement to the Butterfly, a tall, nodding young man stepped into her path!

"Little lady," he said, "you had better take the path through the woods—there are two savage dragons by the lake who would devour you in half a second!"

Mimi peered through the trees, sure enough, two large dragons were crouched close by the shores of the lake, with a little boat between them, fastened to their necks by silver chains. For a moment her heart stood still, and she resolved to escape into the woods, but she caught the wistful glance of the Butterfly's fast dimming eyes, and it strengthening her failing courage.

"I will go on, come what may," she said, and as she spoke the tall man was transferred into a silver birch, with a crow's nest at the top, exactly like a nodding black cap. As she approached the shores, the two dragons loosened the silver chains from their necks and prepared to launch the little boat, and Mimi knew they were her friends. So she sat down in the boat, and the dragons, half-flying, half-floating, drew it along by the silver chains, and presently they landed at the beautiful Castle garden.

Mimi ran over the velvet turf to where a sparkling cascade was playing in a marble basin, overgrown with water lilies, and laid the Butterfly upon the limpid surface, just as the castle clock struck twelve.

Before the strokes had ceased to echo on the air, the Butterfly had vanished and a beautiful little girl stood beside Mimi, dressed in glittering silver gauze, with hair brighter than the sunshine, and a tiny purple scarf over her shoulder, like the wings of the insect Mimi had carried so long close to her breast.

THE END.