

FOR EVERY BOY AND GIRL

LOST AND FOUND

By Lynn Roby MEEKINS.

WHEN Mr. and Mrs. Morrow moved to the city, the most troublesome things to manage were Miss Helen Morrow and her cat "Buzz"; but finally they reached the house, and were placed under strict orders never to leave it. All went well for some time, when one day Helen put on her bonnet, and she and Buzz began to play they were going somewhere. They visited various parts of the world in the different rooms, and finally reached the front hall. While they were standing there the door blew open, and they got a look at the street. All at once Helen's heart seemed to stand still, for Buzz walked right out on the step.

"Come back, Buzz," she cried; but Buzz just turned his head and walked on down.

"If you don't come back, you'll get hurt!" But Buzz walked on, and Helen, not knowing what to do, and being afraid that Buzz would get hurt, followed him. Buzz began to trot a little, and Helen began to run, and so they went up the street until they turned the corner, and then they kept on until



"COME BACK BUZZ" SHE CRIED.

they turned another corner, and after that they kept on until Buzz stopped and allowed Helen to catch him.

"You're a bad cat, and you must come right home," said Helen.

Buzz meowed again, and looked around at the strange sights, and Helen did the same,—that is, she looked around; of course she did not meow,—and calling Buzz to follow, she started back. By this time she was very unhappy, because she knew it was not right for her to be out on the street without anybody but Buzz, who was not a "body" at all, but only a cat, so she hurried as fast as she could; but somehow it seemed a very long journey.

"It takes an awful time to get back," said Helen, and she and Buzz looked around again to find out just where they were. They did not know the houses at all, but Helen felt sure that if she turned the corner and kept right on they would soon be home. She said to herself and to Buzz that as they had come so far, they must certainly be nearly home, for if they walked so much how could they be anywhere else except almost home?

Well, they turned the corner, and there in front of them was a large, beautiful square with flowers and grass and baby-carriages, and a fountain playing in the middle of it.

Buzz acted badly again. He ran right away from Helen to where the green grass was. Helen felt like crying, she was so tired and so scared; but it did not last long, and she went after Buzz once more,

and when she caught up with him they were under a tall tree that reminded her of the days when she used to live in the country. They got near the fountain and saw the goldfish, and Buzz wanted to get one of them, but he was afraid of the water; and somehow Helen forgot all about home, because there were so many new things for her to see.

Then after a while she sat down, and Buzz arched up his back and meowed just as he always had done when he wanted something to eat.

This made Helen think of dinner, and all at once she realized that she was lost, that she did not know where she was, and that all the people she saw were strangers, and that her father and mother were not anywhere near to lift her into her chair at the table, and after dinner to carry her upstairs and put her to bed.

She could not help it any longer; she cried and cried and cried, and Buzz purred and rubbed his head against her hand without making her feel a bit better. But when the tears came running down her cheeks as if they'd never stop, she took Buzz in her arms and held him for fear that he would go away and leave her all alone.

Just then she felt that somebody was standing over her, and when she looked up she saw a big, tall man wearing a broad hat and a linen duster, and before she could think of anything to say to him he was talking to her.

"Little lady," he said, "that's not the way to laugh."

The man looked kind, but she could not say a word, for the tears choked her so.

"What's the matter? Are you lost?"

Helen swallowed down some lumps in her throat and answered: "N-no, sir. Buzz's lost, a-a-and I don't know how to get him home."

"That's bad. That's very bad," said the old gentleman. "Now be a brave little lady, and tell me where you live, and maybe we'll manage it."

"I'm Helen Morrow," she said, "and I live in a brick house with stone steps, over—over—and she began to cry again."

The old gentleman looked around and said kindly, "There seem to be two or three brick houses in this town."

Just then a policeman came up, and Helen's eyes got larger, and she was so scared that she forgot to cry, but she clung to Buzz all the harder.



JUST THEN A POLICEMAN CAME UP

"Officer," said the tall old gentleman, "this little lady is lost, or rather her cat is lost and she does not know how to get it home."

"It's against the law to bring cats into this square," said the officer.

This frightened Helen more than ever, because she thought that something unpleasant might happen to Buzz; but the tall old gentleman was taking her part.

"Oh, she did not bring it, I guess. The cat ran away, and you came to take it back, did not you,



"WHY UNCLE BEN! HOW DID YOU GET HERE?"

little lady?"

Helen could not reply, but she bowed her head.

The policeman and the old gentleman talked several minutes, and asked Helen many questions, and then the policeman said:

"We have cases like this almost every day. I'll take her to the station, and by and by she'll be called for. There's no other way to get her back to her folks."

"Oh, yes, there is, unless I am greatly mistaken," said the old gentleman. "It would be a shame to take such a little child to a police station. Now, you city men don't know it, but a cat is worth more than a guide-book for finding a house. Little lady, is it time for your pussy to have his dinner?"

"Yes, sir," said Helen. "He's crying for it now."

"Well, it stands to reason that you can't live far from here, and if pussy is crying for his dinner, pussy is going to find the place where he usually gets his dinner. Now I'll carry you, little lady, and, officer, suppose you come along and act as an escort for the procession."

The policeman laughed out loud. "Well, if that does not beat the Dutch!" he said. "I never heard of such an idea."

"That comes of living in the city all your life," said the old gentleman. "Come to see me in Kansas and you will learn a lot of things you can't find out by living here."

Buzz started as soon as Helen let him go, and trotted along ahead, followed by the procession. It was certainly very funny, and the policeman and the old gentleman laughed so much that Helen, nestling in the great big arms, forgot all about crying. They went from one street to another. Sometimes Buzz paused and looked back, but as soon as he got a good view of his surroundings he at once went on again.

At last they turned one more corner and saw Buzz lift his tail in the air and make a leap forward and Helen's heart gave a bound, for she knew where they were. It was her papa's square, and right near was her house.

The policeman rang the bell, and when Mr. Morrow came to the door, he took Helen in his arms and hugged and hugged her as if he'd never stop. But after a while he looked up and exclaimed in the greatest surprise: "Why, Uncle Ben! How did you get here?"

"I missed you at the station," said the tall old man, "and I thought I'd walk to your house, but I became turned round and lost, and I found this little lady crying, and so we persuaded the cat to show us our way home, and this officer came along

to see that nobody stole us. It's dangerous for little children like us to be going round a great city without our papas and mamas, is n't it, officer?"

The policeman laughed, and Mr. Morrow and Uncle Ben thanked him, and when he went away they entered the house, and Uncle Ben would not allow anybody to even scold Helen.

Buzz had the biggest dinner that night he ever had in his life. The next evening Helen was heard saying to him: "Pussy, why can't you be a little

girl, 'cause if you were, Uncle Ben'd give you whole lot of things, but as you are only Buzz, he got this for you to wear around your little neck, so if you get lost, the policeman'll know where you live; but you must n't run away any more."

And so saying she fixed a band around Buzz's neck. On it was a little pla with these words:

My name is Buzz
and I live at
471 Hollis Avenue.

Lazy Coomarasawmy

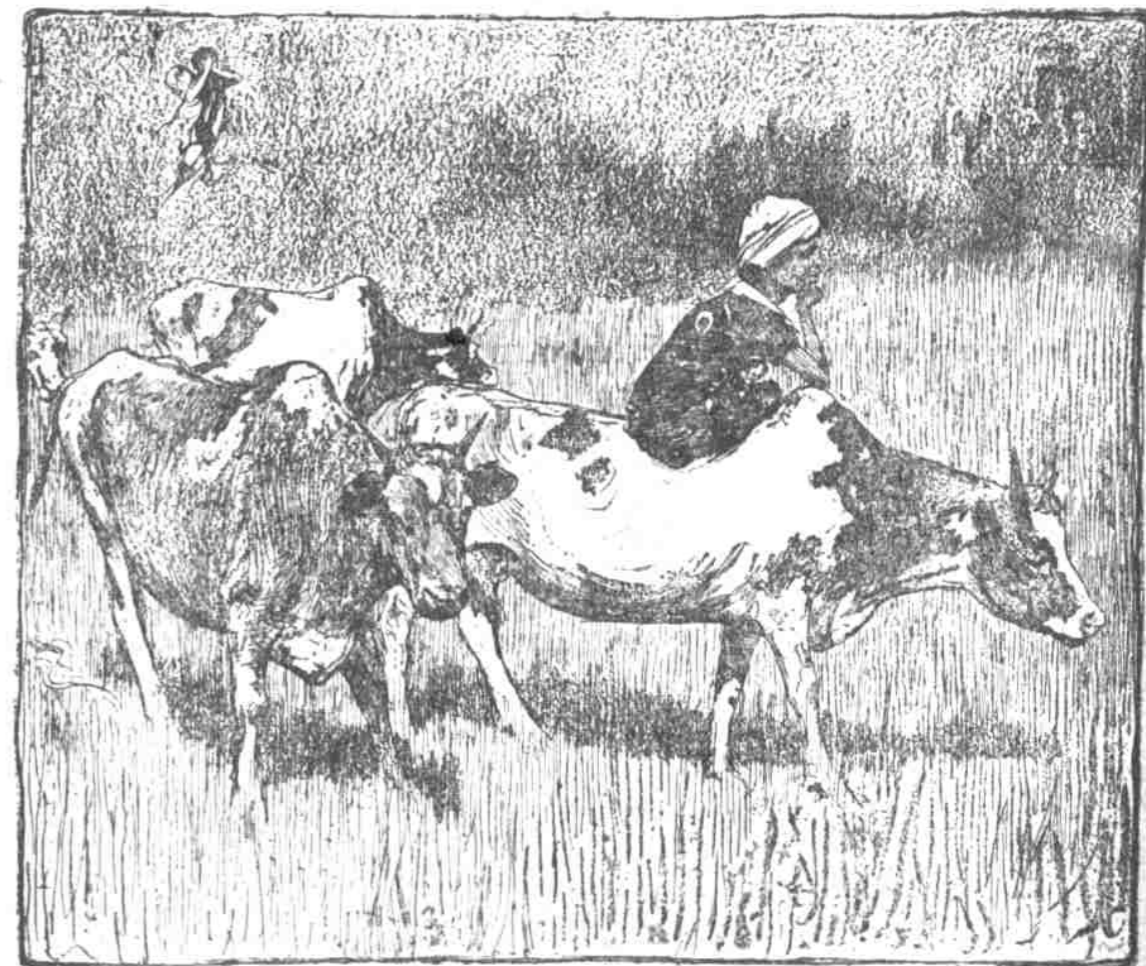
By GEORGE SYLVA.

MAN years ago, before the king of monkeys, Hanuman, had assisted Krishna to drive the fairies out of India, there lived outside the village of Pandinagar (near Belgaum) an old Hindu of the *koombi* or cultivator caste, with his large family of sons. One fine night, after the old man had been working hard all the day long, he lay down to rest at last; but first he said to his sons, "What work will you boys do this moonlight night? It is as bright as day, and young men must work whenever there is light."

So the oldest said, "Father, I will plow all night long, and never feel tired"; the second said, "I will make willow baskets to sell"; the third said, "And I will twist a coil of yarn into rope." So six of the

missed the boy she guessed what had befallen him; so she went out to seek him, and soon found him lying like a fallen statue of stone, on the south side of the forest. There she offered a basket of champak and rosary flowers to Parvathi, the goddess who controls the fairies, and on the third day the boy came to himself again. The old woman warned him that the fairies would now always have power over him unless he could get superior power over them, and she said: "You must return to-morrow to this place, and again take the fairy's wand; then, when she calls you to look back, you must shut your eyes, and she will have no power over you; and whilst you keep the wand, the fairy will be as your slave and you as her master."

All happened as this old woman predicted, and when



HE RODE ON THE BACK OF ONE OF THE COWS UNTIL THEY CAME TO THE PASTURE.

sons answered cheerfully, "We will work all night long for our good old father."

But lazy Coomarasawmy, the seventh son, only yawned as he replied, "I would like to lie on my back all the night in the moonlight, with a fairy to fan me, a fairy to light my hooka for me, a fairy to give me lemonade to drink, and a very pretty fairy to talk to me."

So the father said, "You are a good-for-nothing vagabond!" and turned him out of the house with these words:

"Do not come back until you have cut three mounds of wood, eighty-four pounds each, and brought them to me on your back."

The boy replied, "I will cut no wood, and you shall see my face no more." And then he wandered along without food or shelter till next morning, when he reached an old woman's cottage. Being too lazy to go farther, he sat down there. She invited him in, but would give him food only after he had promised to go and watch her cows during the day. "I don't object to that," said Coomarasawmy, "because I can lie on my back in the shade of the mango tree, and perhaps a mango will fall into my mouth without my troubling to pick it." So he ate the food and went with the cattle; but when he was out of the old woman's sight he rode on the back of one of the cows till they came to the pasture; there he lay down in the shade, and ate fallen mangoes and drank milk from the fallen cocoanuts, and rode back at nightfall. "This work will suit me very well," said Coomarasawmy, "only there are no fairies." The old woman said, "There are plenty on the south side of the forest, but you must not go there." On the following day he rode on the cow to the north side, to the east, and to the west, and on the fourth day the cow took him to the south side.

There the fairies were dancing in a beautiful little glade, having laid their magic wands under a champak tree in full flower. When Coomarasawmy saw them he opened his eyes with wonder, then he directed the cow to the champak tree, and with a lazy movement he picked up one of the magic wands and fled after him, crying, "Presently the fairy whose wand he had taken saw him, and opened her wings and flew after him, crying, 'Turn, Coomarasawmy! Turn and look at my wondrous beauty.' So he turned round to look at her, and when her eyes met his eyes he became like a stone statue and fell to the ground, after which the fairy took back her wand from him."

Now the old woman was somewhat of a witch, and knew all about the fairies and their ways; so when she

Coomarasawmy rode away with the wand and the fairy called on him to look back, he only said, "I saw you once before, and I am too lazy to turn round again."

So he took back the magic wand safely to the old woman, who hid it in a small cranny between the hearthstones of her hut, and covered it over with ashes. But the old witch-woman also had a spell upon Coomarasawmy, so that he suddenly became small like a baby, only with the senses of a man. Next day the fairy disguised herself as a beautiful girl, and came to the old woman's house, saying, "I have lost my magic wand, which your grandson stole while I was dancing." The old woman replied, "Here is no one but me and the baby; surely a baby could not steal your wand." Then the fairy remained in the house as the old woman's servant, and every day while she lived there the white hen laid an egg of pure gold, and the baby grew one inch every day till he was six feet high and a splendid, handsome man, to whom the fairy was as a slave.

The old woman then called the priest to marry them, and, keeping the eggs as her fortune, dismissed the young couple from her house, warning Coomarasawmy never to give back the wand to his fairy wife.

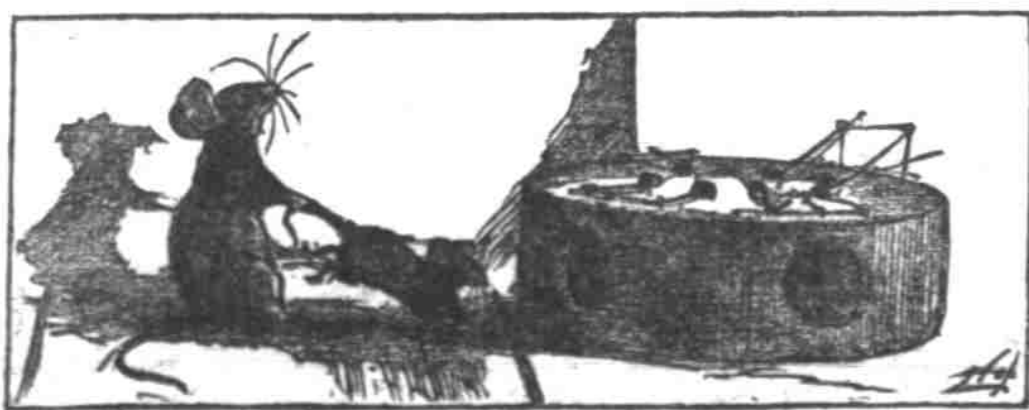
Every day the wife was most obedient to her husband, and every day he succeeded in everything he undertook, because he had the hidden wand and that gave him magic and good luck. He killed every animal when he went hunting; he found sapphires and rubies when he dug in the white sand; the beans which he planted grew into cinnamon and nutmeg trees; the fowls laid golden eggs, and he became the richest man in all the country.

But at nightfall each day his wife said to him: "Light of my heart, where have you hidden my wand?" For one year he refused to tell her, and during that year he was always prosperous and happy. But at last he was too lazy to deny any more, and said: "It is hidden in one of the crannies between the hearthstones of the old witch-woman's hut."

That night, while he slept, she arose softly and stole away to the hut, and brushed the ashes from the hearthstones, and searched in the crannies till she found the magic wand. And then she joyfully flew away as a fairy again.

In the morning Coomarasawmy missed her, but suspecting nothing, he went tiger hunting upon his horse. As soon as the tiger saw him it sprang out and killed him, for his magic power was gone; and at the same time his horse was struck by lightning and every thing was burned.

But the old woman still keeps the golden eggs, and counts her riches carefully every day.



AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION, IS WORTH A POUND OF — CHEESE.