

# FOR EVERY BOY AND GIRL

## The Little Boy And The Elephant.

**M**AMA!—mama!" cried a little boy. But she could not hear him, nor could he see her; but what he did see, and it frightened him very much, was a big crocodile. The little boy hardly had time to be in real danger before he saw a large elephant come from the bushes. Coiling its trunk around the tail of the crocodile, the elephant flung him into the air.

The little boy—Prince Nooro was his name—forgot his fright, and jumped up and down, laughing and clapping his hands to see the reptile go up, turn over and over, and come down splash! into the water. It was on the bank of a beautiful river, and they stood looking at each other, little Nooro and the noble elephant that had saved his life.

The elephant gently wound its trunk around the body of the little boy, and, taking him up, went away through the thicket into the deep jungle. Nooro had seen tame elephants, and was at first not afraid; but as he was carried along through the forest he became uneasy.

"I want to go to my mama!" he cried. Of course, the elephant did not know what he meant. Besides, he had his own notions of what he ought to do with the boy; and so he went on.

Over high hills and across deep valleys went the elephant with long, swinging steps until they were under some tall trees bearing fruit. Nooro knew the fruit quite well, and was fond of it. The elephant, too, liked sweet fruit, and, reaching high up with his trunk, brought some of it down, while the boy, and to him he gave fruit as fast as he could eat. And now more than ever was the elephant pleased—not so much because he was eating what he himself liked, but because the child ate also. Besides fruits, they also had nuts of several sorts.

When the sun went down and the darkness came on, Nooro once more began to think of his mother, and that made him cry; but at length he fell asleep. When he awoke in the morning the little boy again thought of his mama and cried; but as each day passed, he cried less and less.

The elephant had placed him in a large pelican's nest, made of a great many sticks, and so high up in the branches of a tall tree that he could just reach it with his trunk and put Nooro into it. But when it rained very hard the elephant would take Nooro from his nest and place him under his body, closing his huge legs around him, and setting up great, broad palm-leaves on each side of him, and it was a rare thing that a drop of rain fell into the snug shelter where Nooro was cozily nesting.

Sometimes these heavy showers lasted for hours. While the rain came down in torrents he would peep out to see the monkeys and the squirrels running for shelter among the trees and branches.

With these creatures he soon was on the best of terms. The monkeys grew very fond of him, and when he was up in his nest they would come to him with choice fruits and nuts, on purpose to see him eat. Besides, they brought the little baby monkeys to play with him; and nothing afforded them greater sport than to see him try to climb after the young monkeys as they bounded from limb to limb; and, out of sheer joy, the older ones themselves would scamper up and down among the branches.

Nooro had by this time quite forgotten what few words he had learned when at home with his mother; but he naturally fell into a kind of language of his own, and he had names for the different foods. The fruit he liked best of all he called "keekee." His good friend the elephant, who took such good care of him, he called "Popo." He would say to the elephant: "Popo,—kee-kee."

It was when Nooro was about eight years old that he saw, one day, while aloft in his tree, a lot of elephants not far off.

"Popo! popos!" he cried out, in his queer invented language. "More popos! I thought there was only one Popo!"

so weak. The people of that country were kind to elephants and prized them highly. These two men took pity on him, dug up certain roots, pressed out the juice, and with it washed his wounds and bound them up. They tied a rope to one of his legs, that he might not get away from them; but he was ready to follow, for their kindness made him already love them; and this elephant, by far the largest and shrewdest that had ever been seen in that part of the country, whom no

any of the people. She bestowed upon him the title of the "Children's Elephant."

Popo, however, never forgot the little boy, and the pleasant place in that lovely forest where Nooro, on the day that Popo had been waylaid by the wicked elephants, anxiously awaited his coming. Nearly the whole morning Nooro thought only of the delicious fruit; but when the day began to wane he thought only of Popo. As the sun went down the full moon rose, and Nooro, high up in his tree, saw an elephant coming. His heart beat faster.

"Popo! Popo!" he cried. But there were no tusks. Then came another elephant, and all at once appeared a whole herd. They were the same that had troubled them before. There were the same four young ones.

"Those bad popos again!" he thought. They stood all night under the trees, but did not try to break them down, knowing them to be altogether too large for their strength. The next morning Nooro was afraid to come down, and all that day he waited for them to go away, hoping every moment to see Popo coming. But the elephants knew that Popo had been



NOORO IS FED BY THE ELEPHANT

traps could catch, no fences could hold, and no drums, sticks, trumpets, or fires could frighten, was now led captive to the town.

The town was the royal residence, and the sovereign was a good, wise queen. She was called the Daughter of the Sun and the Sublime Ruler of the Elephants.

Popo was led before the queen. On seeing him her large and beautiful eyes sparkled with delight. She rose from the throne and, speaking not a word, stood wondering.

"Glorious elephant!" at length she said; "thou art indeed the King of Elephants!" Orders were immediately given that Popo should at once receive the best attention of the highly skilled elephant-doctors of the royal household, and by the care of those renowned physicians he soon recovered.

The royal stables, splendid as they were, were not deemed worthy of so grand an elephant. Therefore a magnificent structure, ornamented with gold and precious gems, was built for him in the choicest spot of the royal gardens.

He was arrayed in robes the most costly, and was admired wherever he went.

And there they stayed. For two or three days Nooro was distressed for want of food and water, and had it not been for his friends the monkeys, would have been forced to come down from his tree the very first day; but they seemed to know just how he was placed, and brought him not only food, but water also, in cup-shaped shells. Besides, they detested those meddling elephants as much as Nooro feared them, and from high up in the trees pelted them with sticks, of which they could get plenty, by pulling the pelicans' nests to pieces.

But the elephants, although they would have liked to punish those saucy creatures, were not to be driven away by any such paltry warfare, and bided their time. They knew that Nooro would have to come down, which, indeed, he did about midnight of the fourth day, the moon being above an hour high. He let himself down by long strips of vines he had tied together, and tried to run past, thinking the elephants might be asleep. But straightway one of them seized him with his trunk; at the same time there was a twittering noise, as of birds, made with their lips, and of a sudden a dozen or more came running up, and, gathered together in a body, they made off, full speed.

It was daylight before they halted in a beautiful grove of tall palms, which had grown up in the depth of the wilderness, where no man for years upon years had set his foot.

Here the elephants put Nooro down. He could not run away, for they were ready for him on every side, and having seen Popo play with him so prettily, they thought they would have their sport, too. So one of them raised him on his trunk. But Nooro was both afraid and sullen, and would not stand on the end of it. Then another elephant took and reached him over to a third; and so they passed him round. Even the four little young ones took part in this play, and enjoyed it more than all the rest. Placing a guard around him, they presently brought him sweet fruits,

which they could easily pluck with their trunks. He ate with relish, and naturally began to be pleased with such good elephants; and the more he ate the better humor he was in. When the little ones came and gracefully swung their trunks toward him, he pulled at them playfully, and they, growing bolder, placed him on their backs, and were delighted with his skill in riding them.

One day while the herd was away, he saw an elephant afar off, and thought one of them was coming back.



## THE WEDDING.

By Katharine Pyle.

What's all this stir in among the toys?  
The rustle and stir? The donkey creaks,  
The paper rattles, the little ball rolls,  
The round drum rumbles, the rabbit squeaks.

There's not a toy but means to see,  
In all the closet from wall to fall,  
The wedding between the Jack-in-the-box  
And the prettiest china doll of all.

She looked so timid, and he so proud,  
And both were as happy as they could be;  
And the Moon shone in through the closet door—  
It was really a beautiful sight to see.

But when it was over, and all the toys  
Had settled again upon the shelves,  
Where Jack and the dolly could not hear;  
They talked about it among themselves.

The little boy doll who came from France  
Sighed as he shook his flaxen head;  
"T would have been all right for a wooden doll,  
But she might have done much better," he said.

Said Mrs. Noah, "I really think  
"T was a very stupid and slow affair;  
I hope we shall find when we reach the ark  
The animals all in order there."

But Jack-in-the-box and the little doll  
Smiled at each other tenderly;  
They did not hear, and they did not care,  
But both were as happy as they could be.

Popo, kneeling, then set Nooro down before the queen; and she, placing her royal hand upon his head, said:

"Welcome, Son of the Clouds! You have fallen to us like a beautiful thought from heaven. The palace shall be your home, we shall be your friends, and my children shall be your playmates."  
He was dressed in royal garments, and the queen, calling the princesses, her little daughters, said to them:

"This is the Son of the Clouds! He has fallen from heaven like a beautiful dream. He is a bright, good boy. Shake hands, little children. There, now! be good friends."  
They shook hands and looked into each other's eyes. Then the younger of the little girls stepped up and, grasping Nooro by the arm, said:

"Oh, we've been playing such a nice play! Come!"  
And long before the sun went down they were playing hide-and-seek in the palace corners.  
When children play they learn—learn fast and well. Scarce a year rolled round, and Nooro learned all that his little playmates knew, and could speak almost as well as they.

And now that she could talk to him and he to her, the queen loved him still the more, and more than ever did he seem not only like a beautiful dream, but like a bright reality fallen from heaven.  
One day she took both his hands in hers, saying to him:

"Once we had a little boy—a lovely child. That child, seven years ago, was lost to us. We called him Nooro. He would be your age now, and we shall call you Nooro in his stead—Nooro, Son of the Clouds."  
When he heard the name "Nooro" the sound was like the echo of a forgotten dream. His eyes were full of thought, and on his lips was the play of innocence. He knelt before the queen and wept.

Then did she raise him, and, in all the joy of a mother's fondness, kissed him tenderly.  
"Oh," she said, "maybe you are my Nooro!"  
And he, forgetting that she was a queen, placed his little arms around her neck, and sobbed the only word of love he remembered:

"Mama!"  
From that time they loved each other as mother and son. Sometimes she would say to him:  
"I do not know that you are my son; neither can you know that I am your mother; but we will believe, Nooro, we will believe!"  
And the love which was between them grew yet deeper by the charm of mystery.

The wise men of the court taught him good and useful knowledge, and early childhood not having been forced with too much learning, he grew up a healthy, strong, and active man. Like the queen, he was loved by the whole people, and the princesses, his younger sisters, by their modest bearing and womanly goodness, won the hearts of all.  
Peace, good will, and happiness reigned in the land for many years.

One day the queen, now old, called Nooro and said to him:  
"My son, death will come ere long to take me away from you all. The crown shall be yours. These people wish it."  
But Nooro answered:  
"We do not know that I am your son. I do not desire to be king. The wise and beautiful princess, your eldest daughter, ought to be queen. The people honor and love her. I like the palace because in it live my dearest friends; but I love the sweet wild woods. There, in that beautiful forest, where the faithful Popo cared for me so long and well, I long to end my days."

Then the queen said:  
"I wished you to be king; but I know that you love the freshness and beauty of nature better than all things on earth, and that you do so love them because there dwells in you a noble and exalted soul. It shall be, then, as you wish."  
The good queen died. The people wanted Nooro for their king; but when they saw that he would in no wise wear the crown, they said:  
"The princess, the eldest daughter, will be to us a good ruler, and give us peace and happiness."  
Nooro, with his good friend Popo, went to that old forest where nature was yet so charming as when he was a child, and building with his own hands a modest shelter from sun and rain, he dwelt for many happy years in union with nature's truth and glory.  
Popo lived there with him, and when Nooro, full a hundred years, sank sweetly into the arms of death, the faithful elephant stood by his side.  
And daily at sunrise, Popo, bringing flowers, knowing that Nooro had loved them, would spread them on his grave.