Our Boys and Girls

It finally stopped raining, so Peggy and Cuthbert continued their travels. They traveled far into the night, until they came to a deep cave. Peggy climbed on Cuthbert's tail to look in at the window.

Whom have we here? None other than Joe Miller, the movie star, and his three assistants who recently arrived from Borneo. Borneo, by the by, would seem to be an appropriate place to be born in.

There they saw two Robbers Bold seated at a table. "Let's scare them off" said Cuthbert. 'You hop on my head, tie your handkerchief around my neck and watch them run." And they did.

The Princess Who Loved

ONCE on a time, many, many years ago, there dwelt a little girlie who enjoyed seeing and conversing with a lovely Fairy Queen.

One day this little girl, who was named Floretta said to her brother, "I am very tired of never being able to go to school. I am weary most of the time because I have to work so hard! The weeding and raking and hoeing of our flower and vegetable garden is very tiring, and then there is the daily trudging after our silly, selfish geese!

"I'm going to call for the Queen of Fairyland and ask her to have some of her subjects help me with my work."

"You must be dreaming, dear sister," cried her brother, "to think that the Queen of Fairyland will listen to the complaints of a poor woodman's daughter who lives in the old tumbledown cottage."

"Brother, I am going to call and see if the lovely Queen will come," answered Floretto, 'because one day after I had worked very hard in the woods, gathering fagots for another to cook with, I fell asleep, and when I awakened I saw a number of sweet fairies, dancing in a ring around and around the loveliest Queen that ever ruled in beautiful Fairyland. I was so surprised that I cried, 'Oh, the darling!' and the fairies were so surprised at seeing and hearing a really truly child so near them that they said, 'Dear Queen, and would it not be better if we should vanish at once?'

"But she answered, "This child who is standing near us is well versed in fairy lore. I can tell that by looking in her clear, truthful eyes. I have often watched her when she has been working in these woods, and have always found her mind and heart filled with truth, honesty and love. So do not vanish and I will talk to her.'"

Floretta, after having her brother promise that he would not follow her, walked to the very deepest part of the woods.

Going near the fairy wing, she called in sweet childish tones: "Please, please, Queen of Fairyland, come to me, your Floretta, I need you, oh so much."

And in a moment there was a rustling of gauzy wings and the lovely Queen attended by her two handsome elves stood before her and the Queen said:

"Why do you need me, dear child?"

Then Floretta told the Queen of her great wish to attend the village school. "But I can not do so because there is always so much work to be done," she explained. "My mother can not spare me, you see, my brother is far too small and weak to do any heavy work. And my father labors hard in the woods Winter and Summer, cutting down trees and chopping them into lengths so they can be sold My mother washes our cloth s and keeps the cottage clean and does the baking and brewing until she is ready to drop with fatigue."

The Queen placed her magic wand on Floretta's sunny curls, and said:

"Dear child, you shall obtain an education, for my fairies unseen by any one but you will assist you every afternoon when you return to the cottage after attending the village school."

The next morning Floretta said:

"Mother, today I start for the school. I promise you that I will do the garden work and allow the geese to take their daily walk."

Every afternoon at 4 o'clock the flowers and vegetables were attended by Floretta and assisted by the fairies and elves, the garden flourished as well and even better than it had ever done. And the geese trudged over hills and dales and were fat and strong.

With the extra work of the long walk to school, Floretta could not understand why she no longer felt fatigue.

Until the Fairy Queen told her one day in the woods that her little heart was so full of sunshine and happiness that her body grew stronger every week.

Great was the wonder in the humble cottage of the poor woodsman that the child was able to accomplish so much, and great were the praises given to her at the village school.

The little brother was not forgotten either by the lovely Queen, for she and her fairies healed his many ills and he, too, grew stout and strong.

Floretta, after years of constant study, became an educated, gifted woman, instead of an ignorant child.

When she was grown she met a really Prince one day in the woods near the fairy ring. And the next week he married her, and she became a lovely, beautiful Princess.

Why Stories

HATIM was a famous Persian hero, and many and various were the adventures in which he was engaged, for he was very brave and never shrank from danger.

One day, while journeying atong, he came to a village in which all the people were standing or walking about, wringing their hands and raising up their voices in loud and bitter bewailings.

"Why do you lament and weep so incessatntly?" asked Hatim.

"Alas, O stranger!" was the reply, "cause indeed have we to weep and lament."

"And what may this cause be?" asked Hatim.

"It is a terrible, a ferocious monster such as was never seen before," cried the weeping villagers, "and once in every week he comes and demands that someone of the village must be given to him for a meal."

"That is very bad, indeed," said Hatim, "and when does he come next?"

In four days from now, and we can do nothing but mourn, for this time the lot has fallen on the best-loved son of our chief, and we grieve to lose him," was the reply.

"But,' said Tatim, "that must never be allowed to go on. I must save this youth."

Loud were the acclamations of the people at this declaration of Hatim's, for they did not know that he was such a famous hero.

"Oh, stranger, how will that be possible? You have never seen this demon monster, which we are sure no human being can overcome."

Hatim only smiled at their fears, but inquired:

"What does the monster look like? can anyone describe it to me?"

"We can show you a picture of him, which was made by one of our young men," they answered.

"Let me see it then," said Hatim.

When the picture was shown to him he looked at it very attentively, and said:

"I think I recognize this monster. It must be Haluka, a terrible demon, indeed, and against whom no weapon known to man can prevail!"

"Alas!" cried the villagers on hearing this; "then are we doomed indeed with an invulnerable fiend taking us away to devour."

But Hatim did not join in the lamentations; instead, he ordered the villagers to make him a great mirror and place it in a place that the monster must pass before he could seize his weekly prey.

The immense mirror was constructed and placed in the designated spot and Hatim went forth to meet the expected monster.

At the appointed time it came, and frightful, indeed, was it to behold, with a great mouth in the midst of an immense bladder-like body

Rapidly it advanced until it came directly in front of the great mirror, when it suddenly stopped.

Never had the monster seen anything so dreadful looking as its own reflection in the glass, and he gave a great roar of anger and amazement.

The very earth shook with the sound, and so angry and enraged was he that he actually swelled up with such wrath that his bladder-like body burst and he fell down lifeless before the wondering and rejoicing villagers.

And so Hatim destroyed this monster and freed the grateful people from their fearful tribute.—Philadelphia Record.

PRIDE.

Little Buddy's heart was sore,
And many tears were shed
"Because my bestest shoes no more
Will squeak today," he said.

THE LIVE NOAH'S ARK.

My grandma's farm has ducks and geese,
And little lambs with snowy fleece;
Pigs, cows and horses, oxen, too;
And squirrel and rabbits not a few.
They have a cock that always crows
At dawn. Who wakes him? Goodness knows!
I failed—so leave that task to you
To get them marching—two by two.
A farm is better than a park,
It is a living Noah's ark!

WE'RE SURPRISED AT HER.

Mollie got a cracker crumb,
In the nail of her small thumb;
"Oo!" she cried, "it won't come out,
Wonder what I was about;
Maybe it will swell up so
That my thumb will bigger grow,
And they'll cut it off and then
It will never grow again."
She cried and then in some strange way
The crumb upon her apron lay.

THE LAKE'S EYES.

The lake is blind by day,
It can not see
The white clouds as they play
Nor graceful tree
Reflected in its pool;
But twilight cool
Opens its eyes. It sees afar
With many a golden shining star.

MAKING MUD PIES.

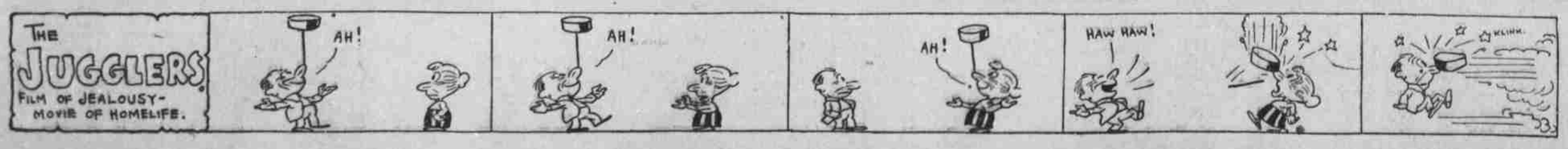
Making mud pies in the sand,
Bill and Betty, too,
It is just the nicest thing,
That the children do.
Then, if mother lets them, they
Take their shoes off, and
Dig their toes away down deep
In the nice cool sand.

THE BUTTERMILK COW.

Grandma churns butter fine as silk,
And then pours out the buttermilk.
Until I saw this, I do vow,
I thought it, too, came from a cow!

The Little Lily Sprite

Down along the river's edge
Right on a stone;
There saw a little elf
All, all alone.
She was dabblin' of her feet
When I caught her;
Dabblin' of her tiny feet
In the water.
Then she spied me where I was.
Splash! Gone was she;
Lillies, water, rock and reeds,
And—oh, yes—me.

Powder-Puff Pixies

Where do powder-puff thistles go?
The prickle-proof pixies? Don't you know?
As night comes on, in the dark and gloom,
Come and cut off each lavender bloom;
With the yellow pollen soft and sweet,
They powder each other's backs and feet.
Look in the grasses at end of day,
And you'll catch them at their pixie play.
—Dorothea Dallett.