

An Animal Story For Little Folks

A Sad End to a Courtship

One beautiful spring day Mr. Caterpillar put on his high silk hat and strolled down through the meadow.

He had not gone very far when he met Miss Spider, and she was attired in a magnificent picture hat, while her dainty feet were incased in the dearest little shoes imaginable.

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Caterpillar. "Isn't she perfectly lovely? Surely there can be no danger of her doing me harm!"

"Good morning, Miss Spider," said Mr. Caterpillar, who was delighted that she noticed him. "You are truly beautiful today."

"Oh, thank you!" said Miss Spider. "May I hold your hand?" he asked.



MR. MET MISS SPIDER.

"You may," she said, and he grasped her hand lovingly.

"May I tell you that I love you?" he asked.

"You may," she said, and he drew closer to her.

"Will you be mine?" he asked.

"I will," she said, and he threw his arms about her.

"And will you be mine?" she whispered in his ear as her head rested on his shoulder.

"I will," he answered.

"Then I guess I'll eat you at once, for I am mighty hungry," said Miss Spider.

So she spun a web about poor old Mr. Caterpillar and had him for a meal.—Atlanta Constitution.

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The Swimming School

The bullfrog sat upon a rock and croaked aloud, croaked he: "I'm tired of banking work; I'm tired. More useful I will be."

"I'll stop this croaking all day long. With greenbacks all around." And then he left the bank and walked until a duck he found.

"I, too, am sick of quacking round," said Doctor Duck, with vim. "Let's start a swimming school and teach the birds to float and swim."

Said Mr. Frog: "I'll teach the birds to dive and swim, no doubt. And you can float and swim as well. 'Twill be the best thing out."

They built a bath house large and bright. Down by a running stream. And hung up placards all around. To advertise the scheme.

The sparrow, crow and robin came. With oriole and jay. And all were entered on the books. For lessons every day.



"I'll teach the birds to dive."

The frog stood on the roof and cried, "Now, pupils, dive like me!" Then sprang eight feet into the air. And came down gracefully.

The duck said, "You must float like this."

And he glided all about.

The birds then all jumped in at once. And none of them got out.

In vain the teachers tried to teach. But every bird they found. Could not be taught to swim like them. And every scholar drowned.—Detroit Journal.

A Sadly Mercenary View.

"You say that you do not favor an increase of the salaries of members of either house of congress?"

"That is my position," replied Senator Borah.

"If the salary gets large enough to amount to anything some of my friends among the corporations may assume that I ought to be satisfied with it and not expect any further consideration from them."—Washington Star.

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The Cat School

From Pittsburgh and from Boston, From Springfield, too, as well, The cats came to the cat school To learn to read and spell.

It's kept by Mrs. Scratchers, A cat of mighty brain, Who teaches them their lessons. Well aided by her case.

Beneath her sage tuition In course of time you'll see The malice, if he studies, A clergyman will be.



TO LEARN TO READ AND SPELL.

Young Tab will be a soldier, A captain bold and true, And Jack will be a lawyer, And make a good judge too.

The teacher's kind and gentle, Although severe she looks; She makes them pay attention And stick well to their books.

—Detroit Journal.

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The Mice Who Would Be Frogs

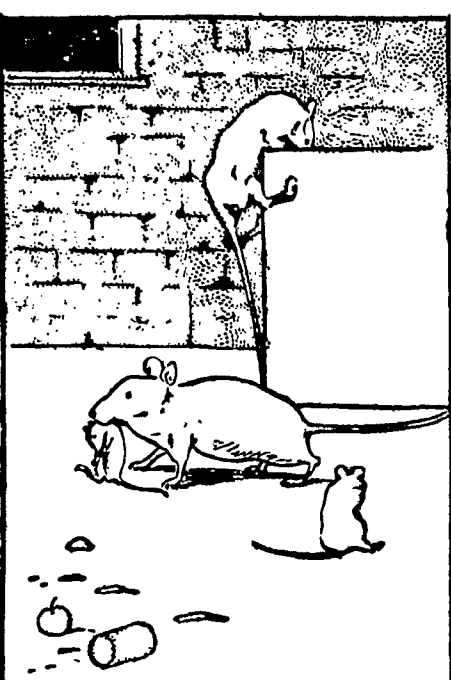
Mr. Bullfrog sat sunning himself on the bank of the pond and wiggling his throat to get it in good shape for the evening concert at Lily Pad Opera House.

Three young field mice came sauntering by looking for grasshoppers. They soon spied Mr. Bullfrog and were much attracted by the funny wiggle in his green throat. "I wish I could do that," said No. 1.

"Easy enough," granted Mr. Bullfrog.

"Yes, but we haven't the kind of throat," said No. 2.

"It's all in practice," commented Mr. Frog. "All in practice, I assure you."



FATHER AND MOTHER PULLED HIM OUT. Practice, my dear young mice, makes perfect. See! I do this every day for ten hours."

"Whew!" gasped No. 3. "I don't think it's worth while. I'd rather be a frog out and out and swim around in the cool pond. It's so hot out here in the fields! How do you learn to swim? Is that just practice too?"

"Purely so," said Mr. Frog, drawing himself up proudly. "Purely so. Just jump in like this, then strike out like this, and then like this, and in a few months you will find that your feet will come off. Your feet will become webbed like mine, and your mouths will stretch, your tails will drop out as mine did, for I had a tail once, and you will become frogs. But, my dears, remember, it's practice, practice, practice. Practice will change anything into anything."

"Thank you," said they in chorus, "we will try it at once."

Off they set to the barn where the drinking trough stood.

"Here goes for a frog," said one, and, standing on the edge, he plunged in.

"Oh! Oh! Oh! Help, help!" he squealed piteously. "I'm drowning. I can't practice, 'cause I can't get my breath. Mother! Father! Help!"

Just then mother and father came by and pulled him out, dripping.

"Silly thing," scolded his mother, "to try to be what you can't."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

He Knew Him.

She-George says he feels for you.

He-He always says that after he has made a touch.—Yonkers Herald.

A MILLIONAIRE'S SYMPATHY

Reformed Old Friend Loan of St. Louis, who had been in the city since 1880.

"A man whom I knew well, one who had once been a prosperous business man in St. Louis, but who had just reversed, walked into the office of one of our western millionaires and asked the loan of \$5," said a Missouri congressman.

"The man seeking the favor had been a close friend of the millionaire before he had become immensely rich. The unfortunate one went to the office in fear and trembling, dreading to be turned down, for he knew that the news of his taking to drink had reached the ears of his old time friend."

"He was greeted with cordiality, however, and plucked up heart to ask for the money. Immediately the millionaire's demeanor changed. 'No,' said he, 'I can't let you have \$5.'"

"I hardly expected you would," replied the supplicant, "but thought that maybe for our former friendship you might do me that little favor. However, it does not matter. When a man's luck deserts him he can get no assistance from any quarter," and with an air of absolute dejection he turned to leave the office.

"No, I won't give you what you want, but wait here a few minutes," and the millionaire went into his private room and held a brief conversation with one of his employees. In a quarter of an hour the clerk returned, and held out a big, fat envelope to the miserable being. The latter, hardly realizing that any one should send him a communication, broke the cover and inside found five brand new \$100 bills and a railway ticket to St. Louis, with berth or parlor car. On seeing these and realizing that the man whom he supposed would not let him have \$5 had been his benefactor, the recipient of this unexpected generosity broke down and cried like a child.

"There is not much more to the story except that with the money the man went to his old home and started up a small business, out of which he derives a comfortable living. The moral, if there is one, is that millionaires are often as sympathetic as ordinary mortals. This particular one I know to be the possessor of a big heart, and yet he has the best reasons for never talking about his acts of charity."—Washington Post.

WAYS OF FAILURE.

The selfish mortal who never considers any one but himself.

The young man who always spends his money before he gets it.

The lazy person who dishonestly appropriates praise or commendation belonging to another.

The lazy young man who gets to the office late, leaves early, grumbles continually at the firm that employs him.

The lazy woman who shirks her tasks, whether as wife, mother or wage earner, and slips through life as easily as possible.

The lazy man who allows his faculties to rust, doing as little as possible, allowing ambition, energy and self respect to go up, literally and figuratively, in smoke.

The lazy young woman who arranges her hair, manicures her finger nails, gossips continually and takes but a languid and haughty interest in the wants of the customers.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Know the Formula.

For Quannah, an intelligent and popular Comanche chief, the cattlemen around Fort Worth, Tex., built a house and furnished it. They were rather puzzled when he told them that the first article of furniture he wanted was a roller desk. "What can you do with a roller desk, Quannah?" they said. "You can't write."

"Oh, I want 'em," said Quannah. "You see, I open desk, an' I sit down in my chair, an' I put my feet up on desk, an' I light my seggar, an' I hol' newspaper up front o' me, like this—sabe? Then white man come in, an' he knock at door, an' he say, 'Quannah, I want talk t' you a minute.' And I turn round in my chair an' puff lot o' smoke 'n his face, an' I say: 'Go 'way! I've busy t' day!'"

A Prime Minister's Mistake.

Lord John Russell, when British prime minister many years ago, made the acquaintance of the late Earl of Stair, then Lord Dalrymple, at a country house and was immensely taken with his amiable manners. "I am very pleased to have made your acquaintance," he said, shaking him warmly by the hand. "You must come into the house of commons and support me there." "I have been doing that for the last ten years," was the quiet rejoinder.

The Lady Dentist.

I do not think I could reconcile myself to the ministrations of a lady dentist. The extraction of a tooth is, I should say, the job of all others that requires a masculine touch. There may be "he females," as Artemus Ward called them, who possess this qualification, but it will not be acquired by training. The lady dentist must be born, not made.—London Truth.

His Purpose.

"Bluffly told me he was going out every day this week to see if he couldn't find work."

"Yes, and he was successful."

"That so?"

"Yes. He couldn't find it."—Philadelphia Press.

Only Bad.

"What am I ever going to do with such a bad, bad boy?" sighed the fond mother.

"Oh, you leave me alone," replied the young hopeful. "I am not half as bad as I can be."—Brooklyn Life.

THEY LOVED CHILDREN

Great Western Union Man, the Member of the Legislature.

It is one of the most lovable traits in many of our greatest men that they are as skillful in winning the hearts of little children as in capturing the minds of their parents.

Was there ever a great man who did not love children? If there was, and we have never heard or read of him, his greatness was by so much the less. Even Sam Johnson, related his grimace into smiles of pleasure when Roosevelt's baby daughter held out her arms to him and pulled his hair when he was not sufficiently attentive to her.

Byron, whose own child life had been so saddened and blighted by a joyless mother, worshipped his little daughter Ada with all his passionate soul, and history has no sweeter picture than that of Southey singing his child to sleep as he paced the floor with his "little burden of love" in his arms.

Lamb's great heart had many a warm corner for his child friends—all the heart, in fact, that his sister Mary did not fill—and when he took his daily walk through Edmonton it was the signal for all the little children to flock to him for a kiss, a kind word, or better than all, to take his hands or coat tails and accompany him on his rambles.

It is little wonder that Charles Dickens, "the great hearted one," was idolized by the little ones; for there never was a more entertaining companion or one who could better "make himself a child again" for their delight. There are many staid men and women of today who recall with pleasure and regret the romps they used to have with "Bo" in the famous nursery at Gads-hill.

Among great men of later days Mr. Lewis Carroll must be counted "king of the children's hearts." That solitary, lovable "mixture of a man," who was wedded to mathematics and to children, had few pleasures apart from one or the other. His study at Christ-church was a perpetual nursery, its corners and cupboards stuffed with toys and sweets and all that appeals to a child's heart, and here or on a river picnic, surrounded by swarms of his young friends, the mathematical professor was always a boy, as full of fun and as ripe for mischief as the youngest of his guests. May his rest be sweet, this chief of children's lovers!

Oliver Wendell Holmes, most amiable of "autocrats," was a lifelong lover of children and could "skip back seventy years" at a moment's notice at a child's bidding. Could anything be sweeter than the letter he wrote acknowledging the photograph of one of his little girl friends? "May those lips," he wrote, "speak what is pure and true; may those ears hear but what is good, and may those eyes always mirror a soul as beautiful as themselves."

The Restaurant Free List.

A Bostonian was in Washington the other day and in asking how he found it as compared with other cities he replied: "Washington is the one town I have visited where bread and butter are on the free list in the cafes. I don't know whether they charge for water or not, as I never drink water away from home, but they come pretty near charging a man for breathing in the national capital. Talking about things on the free list, New York is the only big city I know of where a potato is furnished at a cafe without price. In San Francisco they throw in a plate of shrimps for good measure. I am not acquainted in Philadelphia, but I suppose a man ought to get several things free there. In my own dear town you can get all the brown bread you can eat if you will buy the beans."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Dodging a Lion Hunter.

The fondness that some people have for contact with notables is not always shared by the notables themselves. It is told by the late Baron Huddleston, that he once tried to obtain a seat next to a duke at the table d'hôte in a hotel where both were guests. That this proximity to the great man might be brought about the baron gave the waiter a sovereign. The servant proved a traitor, and, an explanation being demanded, he confessed that the duke had given him two sovereigns not to give the baron the coveted seat.

Mexican Ruins.

Mexico has many ancient ruins, particularly in the states of Oaxaca, Chiapas, Yucatan and Morelia. Those of Mitla, in Oaxaca; Palenque, in Chiapas; Uxmal, in Yucatan, and Xochimilco, in Morelia, are among the most famous and interesting. Some of them represent whole cities and are supposed to be from two to three thousand years old. They all show the most elaborate carvings, which, closely resemble the Egyptian hieroglyphics.

It All Depends.

He—There is nothing that interests a woman so much as a man's love. She—Oh, I don't know. Sometimes there is nothing so disinteresting. He—For instance? She—When he happens to be in love with some other woman.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Daily Guide.

When a man asks you how old you think he is, guess at least fifteen years younger than you are absolutely positive he can't help being, and you have gained a friend for life.—Baltimore American.

What Bothered Him.

Physician—Don't be downcast. You're not dead yet. Patient—That's what bothers me. If I were dead, I shouldn't have to trouble myself about your bill.—Boston Transcript.

The truest wisdom in general is a resolute determination.—Napoleon

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A PUZZLING TRICK

It is done with dominoes and with twenty-four cards.

A good trick with dominoes is performed as follows: Arrange twenty-four dominoes in a circle as shown in the accompanying picture, and tell one of your little friends present that you will point out any domino that he may think of.

When he says he is ready you tell him that you will count round the circle by touching the dominoes, one only, each touch counting one, and that when you have counted twenty including the number of spots on the domino thought of, he must tell you to stop, and your finger will then rest on the piece chosen.

Let us suppose, for illustration, that he thinks of the double seven, you, of course, not knowing that. Begin touching the pieces with your finger, counting 1,