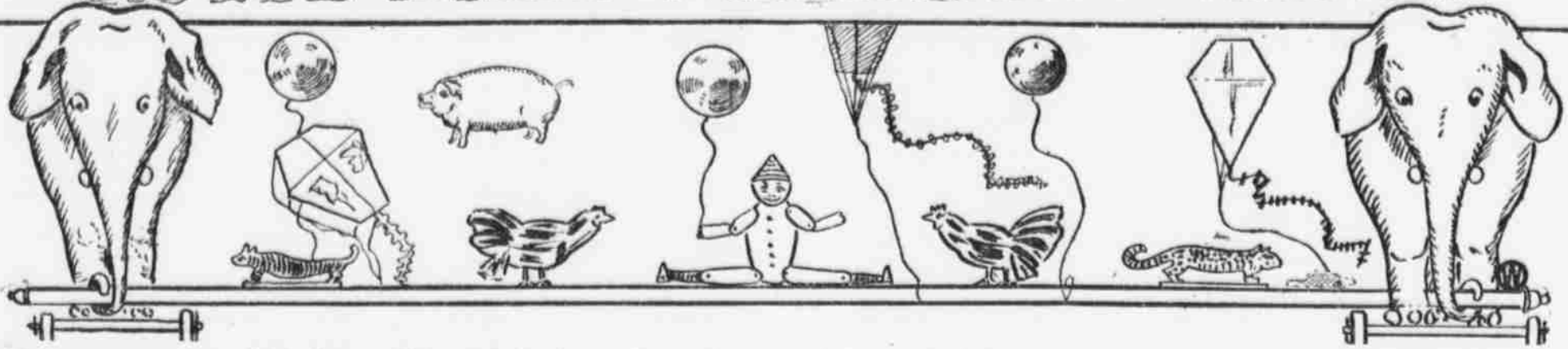


LITTLE TALES FOR LITTLE PEOPLE



D ID you ever stop to think how pussy feels when you go away and shut her up in the house? Here is the experience of a very cute cat, told by herself in the London Telegraph:

There's the door shut now. I suppose they're all away. Yes, that's the cab now. Oh, I'm in a rage. Mamma said: "That's the worst of spending holidays with relatives; you can't take your live stock." "Live stock," indeed! I'll just have a good old howl.

Mawawow-ow-ow! Don't be silly. What's the good of howling when it don't annoy anybody? I'd like to know who's going to feed me. The person from next door, I suppose. Well, I don't like her. I'll terrify her when she comes in.

Now, what on earth can I do? Oh, here's a jug of cream. What a nuisance! The neck's too narrow. I wonder if I could put my hand inside; I'll try. Oh, now I've broken it. Well, it serves them right for leaving me.

Really, they seem to have a peculiar idea of my value. Fancy leaving a prize Persian unprotected to the mercy of a neighbor! I could howl again. Mawawow-ow-ow.

Oh, here she's coming in. I'll sit on the dresser and glare at her.

Good morning, Mrs. Smith. Oh, you may well look scared. I can scratch. What's she saying?

"I don't like the look of that beast. He has nasty yellow eyes. I wish he wouldn't look at me. I think I'll run in for Tommy." If she fetches Tommy Smith inside this door I'll go for him.

That's rather a nice little green leaf in the vase. I'll have a bit. My! it's tough. There, I've broken it. Well, it serves them right for leaving me! Aha! here's Tommy.

Pht, pht! Ssagrrrrr! "Oh, the fiend, the tiger! He's scratched Tommy. I'll wire to Mrs. Jones to come for him. He's not safe."

Hurrah! That's done the trick. Now mamma will come home and take me with the rest of the family. I must do something mad. Here's the darling bag. I love wool. I'll wind a few balls round the table.

Now, where did Mrs. Smith put the milk? In the blue tureen? She might have known I could lift the lid. Bother, I've pulled it all over. It does look a bit messy, but it serves them right for leaving me.

That's the key in the door. Has Mrs. Smith ventured back? No, it's mamma.

Prrrrr! "My sweetest wee pussums. Was it left by itself, then, with a nasty old neighbor! Did it miss its mammy, then?"

Quite delighted, quite delighted, mamma. Do go into the dining room. No, not the kitchen, it's so cold. Gracious! If she sees the mess I'll get spanked.

"Poor wee lovie, then, could it drink some cream?"

Prrrrrrr!

She Knew How.

He was a curly headed boy with life before him. She was a little girl with a saucy pug nose, but wise, it would seem, beyond her years. The fact that she was nursing a doll with eyes that opened and shut with a click may have been his inspiration.

"Say, sister, I t'ink I'd get married if I knew how."

"Oh, that easy," replied the owner of the pug nose. First, you buy a diamond ring and give it to her; then you buy a gold ring, like mamma's got, and give that to her. And then you must buy her a watch for her birthday."

"An' what she give me?" expectantly asked the little chap.

"Why, nuthin', of course," smartly replied his little companion.

"Say, sister," he added, "I guess I won't marry."

St. Saturday.

Oh, Friday night's the queen of nights, because it ushers in the Feast of good St. Saturday, when studying is a sin; When studying is a sin, boys, and we may go to play Not only in the afternoon, but all the live-long day.

St. Saturday—so legends say—lived in the ages when The use of leisure still was known and current among men; Full seldom and full slow he toiled, and even as he wrought He'd sit him down and rest awhile, immersed in pious thought.

He loved to fold his good old arms, to cross his good old knees, And in a famous elbow-chair for hours he'd take his ease; He had a word for old and young, and when the village boys Came out to play, he'd smile on them and never mind the noise.

So when his time came, honest man, the neighbors all declared That one of keener intellect could better have been spared; By young and old his loss was mourned in cottage and in hall, For if he'd done them little good, he'd done no harm at all.

In time they made a saint of him, and issued a decree— Since he had loved his ease so well, and been so glad to see The children frolic round him and to smile upon their play— That school boys for his sake should have a weekly holiday.

They gave his name unto the day, that as the years roll by His memory might still be green; and that's the reason why We speak his name with gratitude, and oftener by far Than that of any other saint in all the calendar.

Then, lads and lassies, great and small, give ear to what I say— Refrain from work on Saturdays as strictly as you may; So shall the saint your patron be and prosper all you do— And when examinations come he'll see you safely through.

—St. Nicholas.

Where the Fireflies Come From.

Once upon a time, many centuries ago, a woodchopper, returning at dusk from his long day's labor, saw, as he passed through the forest, a soft-shining light on a bamboo branch.

Surprised, he hastened toward it and found there a tiny baby girl surrounded by a radiance like moonlight.

Now the woodchopper and his wife were often sad because they had no little one of their own, and the baby was carried to their humble home, where you may be sure she had the most loving attention.

She grew rapidly and the light that the woodchopper had seen around her when he found her in the forest grew brighter and brighter until at night the whole cottage was filled with its glow.

It even shone through the paper screens that formed three of the outside walls of the cottage—for all this happened in Japan, where the houses are made of bamboo and paper screens.

People called the little girl by the pretty name of Princess Moonlight, for, as they saw the light about her increase, they knew that she must be a moon-child.

The woodchopper and his wife felt very sad. They knew it was not often a moon-child came to the earth, and, when it did, it was obliged to go back to Mother Moon when 29 years old.

Years passed, and Princess Moonlight, now a lovely young woman, sat on the veranda one dark night, shedding a soft light all about her.

It happened that that very night the emperor and his courtiers were returning from

a day's sport in the forest. Afar off they saw what seemed like moonlight, and, filled with wonder, they went to see what it could be, for the moon would not be up for several hours.

When the emperor beheld the beautiful maiden in the midst of the light he fell in love with her at once, and begged her to be his wife. But alas! though the princess loved him dearly she knew that she could never be his queen, and that in three days she must leave the earth forever.

The emperor was filled with grief when she explained to him that she was a moon-child, and he sent his courtiers home; but he himself stayed with the princess, dreading to leave her for even a single hour, knowing how soon he must part from her forever.

The last night came all too quickly, and Mother Moon sent down her moonbeams that were to carry the princess away. The emperor clasped his arms about her, and, though he held her firmly, the moonbeams drew her away from him. Up she floated, her tears falling back to earth all the way, until she was folded close to the heart of Mother Moon.

But from every tear that fell back to earth wings sprang, and the shining tears flew here and there, looking for the emperor; and still are they searching for him, though he died, an old, old man, long ago. And people call those tears fireflies.—Ohio State Journal.

The Little Old Lady.

Once a little old lady lived near a wood. She loved the birds and the squirrels. Every morning she threw out crumbs for the birds to eat. She also gave corn and nuts to the squirrels. One day she saw two of the birds building a nest. Then she put bits of wool and cotton on a branch of a tree.

She even put some of her own soft, white hair upon the tree. How glad the birds were! They put the hair into the very best place in the nest.

"There is no other nest so dear as ours in all the woods," they said to each other.

One day the little old lady put some corn on the doorstep. Then she sat down to wait. It was very still. She sat there for a long time. All this time Frisk, the squirrel, sat on the stone wall and looked at her.

He saw the corn, but at first he did not dare to go upon the doorstep.

"She is a kind old lady," thought he. "I am sure she will not hurt me. I think she wants me to come."

So Frisk came slowly up to the doorstep. At last he came up close to her.

Soon his little cheeks were full of corn. Then he ran away, but he soon came back.

After this Frisk and the little old lady were the very best of friends.

Height of the Clouds.

Some observations recently made in India answer partially questions often asked about the height of clouds. At Simla observatory, in India, a series of photogrammetric measurements have been made during a period of twenty months, and the results are reported in "The Indian Meteorological Memoirs." Simla has an elevated situation on a mountain ridge, and the observatory is placed at an altitude of 7,224 feet, which is above the ordinary lower clouds. Hence the observations made relate to the lofty cirrus clouds, the mean height of which above Simla, in forty-seven measurements, was found to be 30,449 feet, or nearly six miles. The maximum was 28,440 feet. Of the thicker cumulus clouds the mean was 7,304 feet—over a mile and a third—and the maximum was 14,318 feet. In the warmer climate of Simla these figures are naturally larger than

would be given by average measurements of the altitude of American clouds.

Plenty of Boys.

"Grandpa," said the children, "tell us another story about the time when you were a young man and traveled with the show."

"Well," said Grandpa Dutton, "when I was with Nixon & Kemp's circus forty or fifty years ago, one of my great acts was to get a boy to put an apple on top of his head, and then I would stand ten paces away and shoot a rifle ball through it."

"But didn't you sometimes miss the apple and shoot the boy?"

"Not often, but it happened once in a while, of course."

"What did you do then?" they asked breathlessly.

"Do?" said Grandfather Dutton, shrugging his shoulders. "Why, sometimes I had to wait two or three minutes before I could find another boy, but not often. There was always plenty of boys."

A Heap of Pennies.

During the past five years the mint in Philadelphia has ground out 3,000,000,393 pennies. Between July 1, 1902, and June 1, 1903, 89,800,000 pennies were coined.

If all these pennies were collected in a heap it would make quite a mountain. It would reach as high, for it would not be less than 2,400 miles from the bottom penny to the top penny.

From his present stock of pennies Uncle Sam would be able to give each child in the world 10 copper keepsakes and have enough left over to fill a good-sized savings bank besides.

An Unsentimental Fence.

Representative Joseph Sibley of Pennsylvania, the millionaire oil man and horseman, who came to congress once as a democrat and returned the next session as a republican, has a beautiful summer home on the shore of Lake Champlain, not far from Plattsburg, N. Y.

It is Sibley's delight to take a party of congressional friends up to Lake Champlain with him and keep them as long as they will stay.

John Sharpe Williams, the Mississippi statesman, was one of Sibley's guests and never ceased to talk of the beauties of the place.

On a dull day in the latest session of congress Williams wrote busily at his desk for an hour and then walked over to Sibley.

"Joe," he said, "here's some poetry I've written about that place of yours."

"Let's see it," demanded Sibley.

"It's about a pair of lovers sitting on the fence in your park, repeating their vows while the moon rises over the lake." Sibley laughed immoderately. "It can't be done," he gasped.

"Why not?" asked Williams indignantly. "Are the residents of that region so lost to sentiment that such an episode is impossible?"

"It isn't that," Sibley replied, between laughs, "but, you see, all my fence is made of barbed wire."—Saturday Evening Post.

Wasn't that Kind?

"Oh, John!" exclaimed the better half of the combine, as her husband staggered up the front steps, "I do hope you will swear off at the beginning of the new year."

"Not on your (hic) tintype m'dear," replied the jovial John. "I got my (hic) faults, all ri', but betcher life I ain't no (hic) quitter."—Chicago News.

