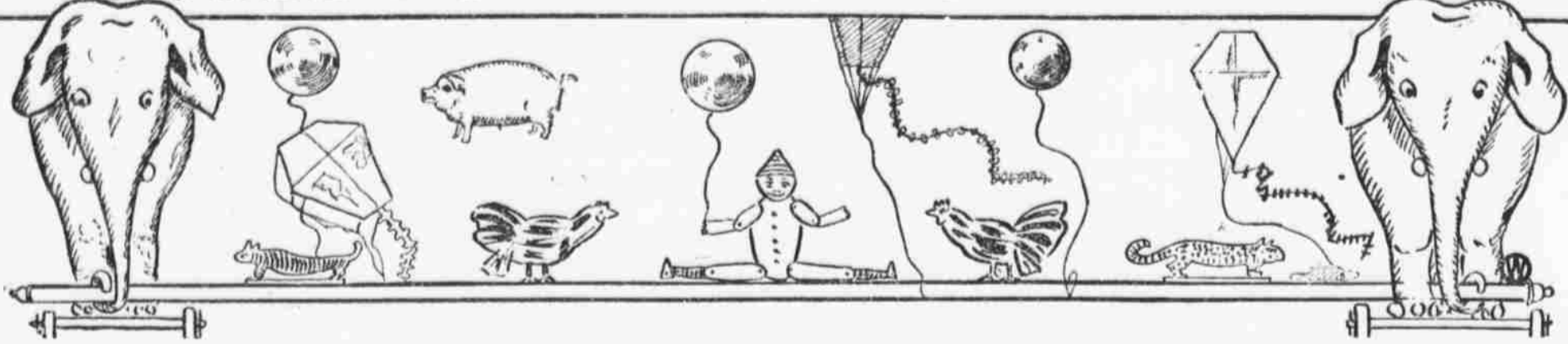


# LITTLE TALES FOR LITTLE PEOPLE



## Dolls at the Boarding School.

**T**HE family of dolls were silently contemplating their young mistress at her nursery tea, when Miss Fanchon, the Parisian beauty, began rolling her eyes at the Young-Brave-of-the-Wabash, as the Indian doll was called. The Young Brave returned the glances with interest, and Miss Fanchon whispered:

"Do you know, I think she seems disconsolate tonight!"

When the dolls said "she" they always meant Mary Marcella, their little mistress, so the Young-Brave-of-the-Wabash looked over at Mary Marcella and grunted as intelligently as a brave might do.

"An affair of the heart?" questioned the sentimental German gentleman doll, who reclined in an attitude of careless ease on the hearth rug.

"He, he, he," laughed the Dinah doll, whose duty it was to sit beside the infant in long clothes.

Just then Marcella finished her tea and came over to where the dolls were gathered. "I suppose I must begin packing you away," she said, looking sadly at the dolls, "for tomorrow will be the last day." She picked up Miss Fanchon tenderly, and two large, round tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Yes," she continued, "I must pack you away forever, for I am going to boarding school, and one is not supposed to take dolls to boarding school."

The speechless agony with which the dolls suffered at this revelation will perhaps never be understood. Dinah fell out of her chair in a faint, the infant uttered a shriek and Fanchon forgot for once to roll her eyes, and shut them instead.

But the India rubber doll took no part in their demonstrations, for he had rolled into the passage on an exploring expedition and was just in the path of Marcella's papa and his guests when they passed on their way to the laboratory, where Marcella's papa worked out all manner of wonderful things, which were so far ahead of the times that he forgot all about the present. Although he stumbled over the rubber doll, he would have passed it by had it not squeaked loudly and bounced very high when the professor took his foot away.

Even a professor cannot help being a trifle disturbed at such a demonstration.

"This must be one of Marcella's dolls," he said, as he picked the rubber doll up, and the remark seemed to recall something to his mind, for he added rather abruptly to the younger professor who was with him:

"My little daughter, you know, she's going away to boarding school in a day or two. I'll leave this to the nursery." He was so much aroused by the rubber doll, which continued to squeak even after it had been picked up, that he actually noticed, while he was handing the doll to Mary Marcella, that she had been crying.

"Why, what's the matter?" he asked, and he looked in a puzzled way at the large packing case and the dolls on the hearth rug. "Are you packing your dolls to take to boarding school?"

"No," said Marcella, bravely, "they are not going. Great-aunt Caroline says that one is not expected to take dolls to a boarding school. They make one's room so disorderly."

"But perhaps," suggested Marcella's papa, who was just as clever about dolls as about anything else when he was once aroused to the sense of their paramount importance, "boarding schools have changed since Aunt Caroline's day. I am quite certain the one to which you are going will not object to dolls."

And when, a few days later, Marcella and her belongings were received at the board-

ing school her papa was particular about a peculiar-looking hamper and an even more peculiar-looking frame box, out of which there emerged the entire family of dolls and a most commodious doll mansion, which exactly fitted into a corner of Mary Marcella's small dormitory division, and in which, at her papa's request, a particularly elegant apartment was reserved for the rubber doll.

## New Kind of Fun.

You see, it started in this way: The real annual county fair was held in September, just before the boys and girls went back to school, and, accompanied by their parents, they attended the fair at least once, some of them twice, and a few of them three times, and even then they did not have enough of it. So it was proposed by some of the older boys that they hold a county fair of their own.

Of course, there was a great deal of preliminary work to be done in the way of printing tickets, making show cards and price marks for articles, as well as selecting the "grounds" and arranging the locations for the various attractions.

Fifty tickets were issued, and, as school had begun again, the entire lot was sold out on Friday preceding the first fair day, but that did not limit the attendance, and nearly as fast as the tickets were collected they were resold at the gateway, having been marked to show how many times they were thus resold. They were printed on stiff cardboard, with a rubber type hand press, and duly signed by the treasurer to give them the stamp of genuineness.

Then the construction of the "catch-pennies" and the "free shows" required time, so that nearly three weeks of afternoon labor were devoted to the work.

It was decided that all the "attractions" should be well made, so they would last for another season, and for that reason care was taken to make each article as strong and durable as possible.

Two o'clock was the hour at which the gateway was to be thrown open to the wondering crowd; and at which time it was announced that there was to be a balloon ascension, with others to follow, and that parachutes were to drop from the balloon as it ascended.—St. Nicholas.

## When Papa Was a Boy.

When papa was a little boy you really couldn't find in all the country round about a child so quick to mind. His mother never called but once, and he was always there. He never made the baby cry or pulled his sister's hair.

He never slid down banisters or made the slightest noise, and never in his life was known to fight with other boys. He always rose at 6 o'clock and went to bed at 8, and never lay abed till noon, and never sat up late.

He finished Latin, French and Greek when he was 10 years old, and knew the Spanish alphabet as soon as he was told. He never thought of play until his work was done. He labored hard from break of day until the set of sun.

He never scraped his muddy shoes upon the parlor floor, and never answered back his ma, and never banged the door.

"But, truly, I could never see," said little Dick Mollay, "how he could never do these things and really be a boy." —The Gentleman.

## The New Arithmetic.

If Henry, who has seven marbles in his pocket, has forty rods to go, and William, who has a broken top, has fifty-five rods to go, how much faster must William run than Henry to make an exchange?

A villager has a well twenty-two feet deep and a son four feet long. The son falls into the well while looking for his ball and only a foot of him sticks up above the water. What difference remained?

Milton is sent to the grocery store after two dozen eggs at 17 cents a dozen. On the way home he sucks two, throws three at a dog and falls down and breaks four others. How many were left, and how much would they come to at the price named?

Every blow that a mother strikes with the bootjack she exercises a pressure of seven pounds to the square inch. Supposing that Tommy had forty-four square inches to cover, what would the total pressure be? Suppose he was covered twice a day for a week what total would you have?

Jane has a new spring hat costing \$3 and her brother Frank has a puppy which didn't cost a cent. After the puppy and the hat have played together for a quarter of an hour, what is Jane's loss?—Boston Globe.

## Little Millionaires.

Twenty little millionaires  
Playing in the sun;  
Millionaires in mother-love,  
Millionaires in fun,  
Millionaires in leisure hours,  
Millionaires in joys,  
Millionaires in hopes and plans  
Are these girls and boys.

Millionaires in health are they  
And in dancing blood;  
Millionaires in shells and stones  
Sticks and moss and mud;  
Millionaires in castles  
In the air, and worth  
Quite a million times as much  
As castles on the earth.

Twenty little millionaires  
Playing in the sun;  
Oh, how happy they must be,  
Every single one!  
Happily any years have they,  
Hardly any cares;  
But in every lovely thing  
Multi-millionaires.

## Where It Comes From.

When you chew those delicious licorice drops did it ever occur to you where it came from?

Well it is made from the root of a southern plant.

These roots are a rich yellow in color, and taste, oh, so good. But they are not used right away. They are mashed until a thick liquid is brought out. This is boiled and boiled until all the water is boiled away and the gummy stuff that remains is cooled and then rolled into sticks as you buy it.

## The Ribulous Fairy.

There is a poor fairy who lives in the moon; 'Tis said he was sent there in a balloon, banished by fairies who live on the earth. Because he indulged in such ribulous mirth. He drank from the buttercup, tulip and rose. Until weak in his knees and red was his nose, And cut up such antics that all thought him crazy. From drinking too much of the dew of the fairy. 'Tis cold where he lives, and no buttercups there, Or tulips or roses or daisies so fair. He lives on green cheese and has nothing to drink, And all that he does is to sit there and think, And wish he'd been good and not acted so. When he lived with the fairies on earth here below.

FRED T. RUDIGER.

## Waltzing Mice.

Waltzing mice are curious and interesting little animals, says a writer in Country Life in America. They are not quite so long as the common gray mouse and much more slender. They are spotted black and white at each end of their bodies, and are clear white in the middle. They whirl around on their four feet as if on a pivot; sometimes stopping and reversing the direction. Frequently I see two or three of

them going around together in a large circle. Although they waltz sometimes as long as five minutes without rest, they appear never to get dizzy. They can, if they choose, run a straight line, but they seldom do. Instead of running away when disturbed or frightened, they begin to waltz. They come out of their nest about sundown, and waltz until nearly midnight. Then they go back to their nests to sleep.

One of the curious things about them is their fighting. They waltz until they run into each other, when they bite, squeal, jump into the air—and then start waltzing again. They keep this up until they are seriously injured, sometimes having their tails and legs bitten off and their skins torn.

There are several theories as to the reason they can whirl around in this way and yet not get dizzy. One is that it is because of a disease of the brain that they inherit. I think that no one knows the real reason.

## Apple Pickin' Time.

'Long in apple-pickin' time there is some-  
thin' 'bout the weather  
That'll set your aprin' dancin' till they're  
lighter than a feather;  
You can hear it in the music o' the neigh-  
borin' rooster's call,  
You can see it in the squirrel carryin' nuts  
'long the wall;

An' the rustle,  
An' the bustle,  
An' the hurryin' in o' crops,  
An' the weedin',  
An' the seedin',  
An' the drivin' o' the hops;

There's a busy feelin' in the air that sets  
your soul a-rime  
In the hearty, healthy workin' days o'  
apple-pickin' time,  
When the crib is full o' corn an' the oastin'  
runtin' over.

An' the crickets finish chirpin' in the straw  
stack an' the clover,  
Then the echo on the mountain sends your  
voice a-callin' back.

An' you hear the far-off rumblin' o' the  
freight train on the track;  
An' the lowin'  
In the mowin'

Where you turned the cows to  
browse,  
An' the hurry,  
An' the hurry,  
An' the bankin' up the house;

An' you'll laugh at what an' weather when  
the snow's a-driftin' in,  
If the cows are full o' fodder an' there's  
apples in the bin.

—Florence J. Boyce in Youth's Companion.

## Her Opinion of Boys.

A little girl wrote the following essay on boys: "Boys are men that have not got as big as their papas, and this are women that will be ladies by and by. When God looked at Adam He said to Himself, 'Well I think I can do better if I try again,' and He made Eve. Boys are a trouble. They wear out everything but soap. If I had my way the world would be girls and the rest dolls. My papa is so nice that I think he must have been a little girl when he was a little boy. Men was made and on the seventh day he rested. Woman was made and she has never rested since."

## Wholly Unaccountable.

"Dis beats me," said Ruddy Pike, who had been reading a paper he had found heads the road.

"Wot is it?" asked Hiber Dill, who sat in the shadow of a pile of ties.

"Here's a sample about a feller dat killed hisself 'cause he couldn't stop drinkin'. I wonder why he didn't drink hisself ' death."—Chicago Journal.

## Two of a Kind.

Wagsley—Did your wife listen to your excuse for not coming home until 1 o'clock this morning?

Jagsley—Oh, yes; she listened patiently for ten minutes.

Wagsley—And then what?

Jagsley—Then it was my turn to listen for a couple of hours.

