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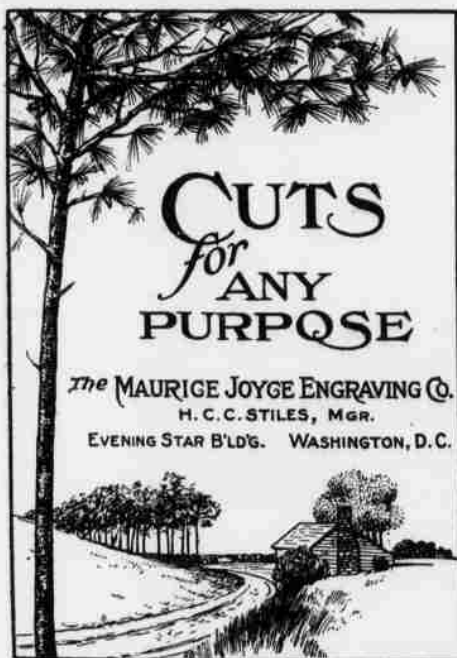
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FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

Selfish Ormond, the Boy Who Didn't Believe in Fairies



BEFORE them on the road which wound up the steep hillside, toiled an old woman. Wrinkled was she with age and bent almost double by the heavy burden of fagots she had gathered in the forest and

was now carrying home. But it was not pity for the old woman's feebleness that moved one of the lads to quicken his pace so that he might overtake her.

"She looks like a witch, or she may be a fairy in disguise," said Ormond to himself; "and should I help her with the fagots she may reward me well."

Thereupon he stepped to the woman's side and asked, politely:

"May I not relieve thee of thy burden for a distance?"

Gratefully the aged peasant surrendered the bundle to him.

summit of the hill. There he opened the bag, discovering that it was filled with shining golden coins of much value.

"Heaven has given it to thee for thy kindness!" exclaimed the old woman.

And the lad, after generously bestowing upon her a share of the coins, took his way joyfully home to bear news of his good fortune.

MORAL: Kindly acts should not be performed for reward.

How Pussy Fooled the Cow

There was once a very smart cat who was very, very fond of milk, as all cats are. Now, this cat was accustomed to go into the dairy and help himself to the milk that stood there in the pails. When the milk was so low that she could not reach it he would deliberately upset the pail and then lap the milk from the ground.

"What are you doing there?" cried Mrs. Cow one day when she found the cat taking his daily midday meal of milk.



"SHE MAY BE A FAIRY IN DISGUISE"

Anxious to gain his reward, the youth strode forward quickly and soon arrived at the top of the hill, where he gave the fagots back to the woman. Then, after bowing low, he stood expectant.

"I thank thee again, young sir. God will reward thee," quavered the peasant.

"What!" the boy cried. "You are not a fairy nor a witch, and you have nothing to give me?"

In a furious rage he seized the bundle of fagots and hurled it far down the steep bank. And as he walked angrily away, he cried:

"No more do I believe in fairies. I've done with such foolish fancies."

The old woman was still gazing despairingly at the fagots, wondering how she could recover them, when along came the other lad. No sooner did he observe her trouble than he set about helping her.

Pluckily descending to where the bundle had been stopped in its downward flight by a clump of bushes, he raised the dead branches and twigs to his shoulders. Just then, what should he see but a leather bag, the contents of which chinked musically as he raised it.

With great eagerness he regained the

"Don't you know who I am?" cried the cat, in mock surprise.

"Of course I know who you are," replied Mrs. Cow. "You are the cat."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the cat. "You are altogether mistaken. I am a calf, and I have perfect right here."

"Then I must be growing blind" said the cow. "There is only one calf in this dairy, and you do not look anything like him to me."

"That is because your eyesight is so very poor," replied the cat, with a chuckle. "I am the calf, but you cannot see well enough to recognize me."

"It is very strange," mused the cow. "But then, I guess I'm getting old and am not able to see as well as I could when I was younger."

So the cat continued to drink the milk, and every day would come back and get more, while the old cow looked on and wished she had a pair of spectacles like the dairymaid's father always wore.

But one day while the cat was drinking and the cow was looking who should come in but the calf himself!

And then didn't the old cow look! She looked the calf over well, and then she turned and looked the cat over well.