

plants. So he tried to run off, but the Great Spirit put out his hand to catch him just as he jumped, and caught him only by the end of his tail, which was then long and bushy like the squirrel's.

"Why did you eat my cabbages, knowing they were not for you?" Clote Scarpe asked again, and Mr. Rabbit worked his jaws mighty fast, but he never said a word till the Great Spirit pinched his tail hard, and then he said, whimpering as if he was ready to cry:—

"I didn't count on going into your garden, but my tail was heavy with mud, and when I got near the gate it dragged so badly on the ground that I was turned completely around without knowing it. I began to eat, believing I was in the woods far from your lodge."

"You are telling me that which is not true," Clote Scarpe said, and he pinched an inch off Mr. Rabbit's tail.

"The sun had blinded my eyes, and I didn't know I was in your garden," the old fellow said while the tears ran down his furry cheeks.

"You are telling me that which is not true," and Clote Scarpe pinched another inch off Mr. Rabbit's tail.

"I saw the cabbage, and thought it was an herb you kept for sick animals, so I ate some because I had a pain in my stomach."

"You are telling me that which is not true," Clote Scarpe said, and he pinched off another piece from Mr. Rabbit's tail.

"By that time Mr. Rabbit didn't have much of any tail left, only the little nubbin such as you see him with now, and being afraid that the next time Clote Scarpe pinched he would take off one of his legs, he told the truth.

"The Great Spirit said, as he turned Mr. Rabbit's head around so that he could look him in the face:—

"Had you told the truth you might still have your tail, but he who speaks a lie must expect to suffer for it in some way, because none can do wrong without paying a price. Now all my people, and those men who are to come, seeing you so shorn, will know that you have spoken with a double tongue in order to hide your wickedness."

"Then Clote Scarpe put Mr. Rabbit down on the ground; and the old fellow went hopping off without any tail, just as he has done ever since that day, and just as he will do long after the last Indian has gone to the happy hunting ground."

The Frogs' Contest.

There was once a grand contest announced for all the young frogs in Marsh's pond. The oldest bullfrog was coming to decide the matter. Young Peter Frog had always been good from the time he was a polliwog, and he made up his mind to win the prize and wear the medal. For weeks the other frogs were practicing diving off a log, and it was very much the way they had always played before the contest was announced. Peter Frog refused to join them. He carried a toadstool for an umbrella, so afraid was he that a drop of water might spot his carefully rubbed green coat, and he stood far away from the happy, splashing young frogs for fear they should spatter mud on him.

And Peter Frog felt very superior to

the other frogs, and he went home with a nice little roll of music under his arm which a linnet had written out for him on a leaf, intending to practice bird songs, while all the other frogs were bellowing and shouting in chorus. At last the day of the contest came. The oldest bullfrog announced that there would be diving, swimming and shouting contests. Peter Frog was his own nephew, and he had hoped that Peter might win the prize. "Get in there! Why don't you jump in?" he shouted, as Peter stood about with his toadstool umbrella over him and his little roll of music under his arm.

"I'm afraid I'll soil my clothes," replied Peter. "I'm afraid I'll drown. I don't like the water—nasty wet stuff! But I can sing a song just like a linnet," and he swelled with pride.

"A song! Sing like a linnet!" boomed the old bullfrog. "Well, who ever heard the like of that? You're a disgrace to your name, Peter. You may leave the pond and live with the birds."

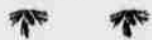
I have no idea which frog won that contest—perhaps they all did—but Peter is living with the birds to this day, and if you ever meet a delicate little frog with a toadstool held over him for an umbrella and chirping as nearly like a bird as he can you will know it's Peter.



Letter Enigma.

My first is in joy, but not in grief;
My second is in want, but not in relief;
My third is in pride, but not in crown;
My fourth is in arrogant, but not in renown;
My fifth is in narrow, but not in tall;
My sixth is in error, but not in fall;
My seventh is in stupid, but not in bright;
My eighth is in enemy, but not in fight.
My whole spells a people, though small they may be,
Who made a throne tremble beyond the great sea.

Answer: Japanese.



Freddie's Candy Cane.

Little Freddie had a cane,
A candy cane had he;
He walked about the house with it,
'Twas a pretty sight to see.

He leant upon this candy cane,
Red-striped and very neat,
And once or twice he took a bite,
And found it very sweet.

So sweet it was that Freddie smiled,
And gally shook his head:
"I'll eat it up and then 'twill be
My staff of life," said he.

—MAUD WALKER.



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