

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

Jack and Jill.



AMONG recent contributions received in THE OUTLOOK'S prize competition for children is the story of Jack and Jill, told in a novel and interesting way by a daughter of one of the cottagers.

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down and broke his crown
And Jill came tumbling after.
—Mother Goose.

Jack and Jill were brother and sister. They lived in a little country village. Their farmhouse was on a hill. It was a lovely old place; a fine well near the barn.

Today Jack and Jill were at a picnic. The water had given out and Jack had offered to run home and get a bucket full. Jill, who always went where her brother went, followed him up the hill to the house.

Together the two were dragging a great pail. In front of them about a hundred feet was the barn, and outside of it, the well.

The house was not in sight. It was hidden by the bushy garden.

These children were not often allowed around the barn, and when they did come, it was their greatest pleasure to climb up the old ladder into the loft. There was a skylight in the roof. Here was where one could see the whole country; the pretty farms with the hills in the distance.

When the children were almost there, Jill asked: "Don't you suppose that we could go up into the loft? I want to see the picnickers from there." Jack thought they had better do their errand and go back, but he hated to refuse Jill; so after reflection, he consented.

They left a bucket full of water ready to take when they came back. Then the two ran up to the loft. Jill said: "Let's slide down the roof. See! There is a gutter at the bottom, which will stop us. Come on."

Not able to persuade her not to, Jack said that he would go first to see if it were safe.

He went, and,—alas!— he fell off and Jill, frightened, went down the roof after him.

Thus it was that Jack and Jill fell down the hill.

They went right into the midst of the picnickers, who, much astonished, dressed their wounds and carried them home, where they remained until well, and then for all I know they may have done it again.

—ROSAMOND CUMMINGS.

(14 years old.)

The Crab's Revenge.

Once upon a time there was a crab and a turtle who took to living together. The turtle was master and the crab was servant, and when Crabbie didn't do

things exactly to suit Mr. Turtle he got a good beating.

One morning the turtle came to his breakfast in a bad humor. "Are these worms," he shouted, "or are they rubber bands such as the men people put around packages?" And he beat Crabbie with some of the tough breakfast which had been provided.

The little crab took his beating so meekly that the turtle might well have been frightened, but he wasn't. He went grumbling off to sit with some other old fat turtles on a log where they had their club and grumbled about the misdoing of everybody. Crabbie wasted no time. He scrambled out of the water and up to a little cottage which stood on the bank. "What was that I heard the man say?" he muttered to himself. "That he liked turtle soup! Aha, my cruel master, I'll soon see you in the soup!"

Five minutes later Crabbie was scrambling down the bank with a man following him. "He'll make a rich soup," the little crab was saying. "I've kept him fat grubbing for worms all summer."

The man picked up old Mr. Turtle without the least trouble and put him in a basket. Then he looked at the little crab. "What do you get out of this?" he asked.

"Me?" said the crab. "Oh, I get revenge—unless you want to give me something for it," and he looked hopeful.

"I will," returned the man thoughtfully. "I want to give you a nice warm home. I'm very fond of deviled crab."

And that heartless man walked off chuckling. But the crab had his revenge, which paid as well as revenge generally does.

—UNCLE GEORGE.

The Foot Race.

N. B.—The following is a story by a native lad, and with local color—EDITOR

Once two old men took a notion to have a race. They decided to race from Aberdeen to Ashboro, with a barrel on their heads and one under each arm.

As they were climbing the hills about five miles from Ashboro one got so tired and thirsty that he had to stop and get water, but the other one had water in his eyes and outran the other one because he did not have to stop to get water.

—HENRY B. FRY.

(12 years old.)

My Robin.

Sing me a song little Robin,
A song of the days long ago;
A song that was sung by your fathers
That only you Robins can know.

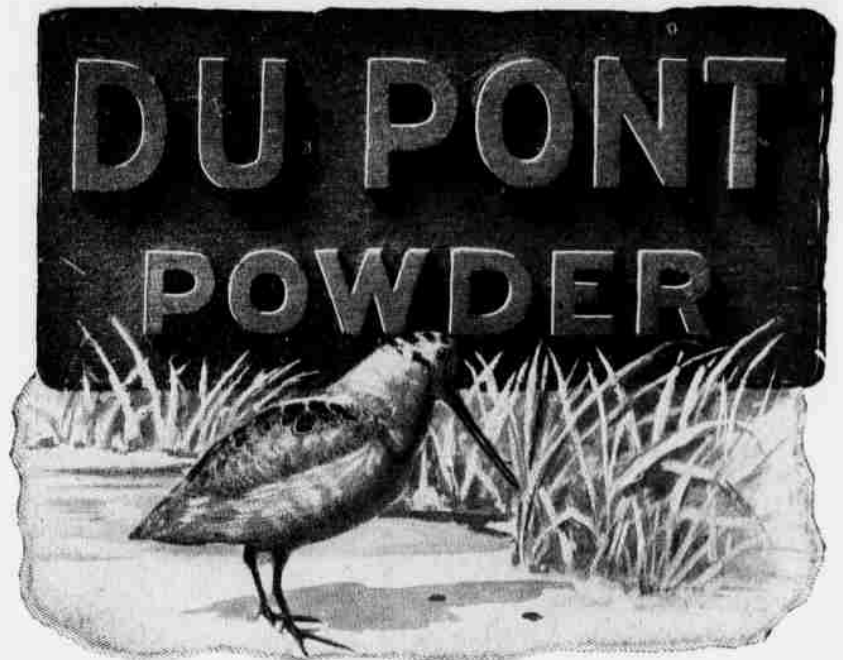
Let thy voice be blithe and cheerful,
And your heart be light and gay,
For that is the way my Robin
Must sing to me every day.

For the dark and dreary winter
Will soon again be here,
And you will fly away, my Robin,
And your song I cannot hear.

—DOROTHY GRACE POOL.

(12 years old.)

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