

That was the way with Jimsie, he listened while the woman with the flowers told where she had found the lovely pink and white blossoms. "Just outside the gate," she had said. Such a little way. Surely Jimsie could find the place, and how much nicer to pick the flowers for dear mamma than to buy them.

Away trotted the little man. His heart filled with joy at the thought of the lovely surprise. Down the road by the power house and the laundry. Up the hill by the house where the dogs live—right along, way up to the fence, and then—there was no gate. Must he give it up now! Through the fence he could see the dry leaves, and yes, there just a little way out of his reach, he could see the little faces of the flowers peeping from under the warm covering. Jimsie took hold of the fence with both hands and tried so hard to climb over. No, it was too high. He walked along by the fence hoping he could find a place to crawl under.

Oh! but here was something even better. A broken place just big enough to squeeze through. In a minute he stood on the other side. His little hands grasped the pretty flowers. He ran on through the brush finding here and there, under the brown leaves, clusters all pink and white. His hands were full—when—oh, what was that! The most dreadful noise! Little Jimsie's heart stood still. "Could it be a pig!" It seemed half squeal, half grunt. Again it came, very near this time. Jimsie waited no longer, he closed his hand tightly upon mamma's flowers, and plunged down the bank into a little nest of leaves. Quickly he covered himself and lay perfectly still. On came the scratching and squealing and grunting. Jimsie was a brave little boy. He peeped from under the leaves, just a tiny little hole, but he did see—what do you suppose? A pig! Yes, a mother pig, long and thin and almost black, with two little white piggies just big enough to run.

Jimsie had seen pretty white pigs with pink noses and very fat faces, but nothing like this fierce, long-nosed animal. He put his face down among the leaves again and was so very, very still that even that mother pig did not dream a little boy was hidden in that big pile of leaves into which her babies were rooting. Jimsie felt the touch of their cool noses but he did not move and soon the mother pig called her children to another pile of leaves where she had found a few acorns.

After they had gone Jimsie lay very still. He did not move. It was nice and soft and warm and he was resting after his long walk and great fright.

The next he knew some one had him. A big man was holding him closely in his strong arms. Some one said, "Here he is safe and sound." There was much talking and laughing as Jimsie was carried back to the hotel and put into mamma's arms.

"I did not mean to go far away, mamma dear, I just found these flowers for you," and Jimsie put into mamma's hand the beautiful Mayflowers that he still held so tightly.

As mamma gave her little boy his

good night kiss she said, "God was very good to bring my little son safely back to me."

"Yes, mamma, and I think it very kind of Him to give us pretty white pigs and keep those terrible pigs just outside the gate of Heaven so He can look after them Himself."

Soon after this Jimsie returned to Boston. His cough was entirely well. When he reached home he found the grass green and birds singing. While he had been in the Southland spring had come again to the cold North.

Proverb Puzzle.

In the following six sentences is hidden a well-known proverb, one word of the proverb appearing in each sentence. Write the correct words in the order in which they appear and you will obtain the answer. If you fail to find the proverb look in next week's page for it.

If each would do his duty all would be happy.

Virtue is its own reward.

We never miss the water till the well runs dry.

It is selfishness that makes so much misery in the world.

He ends a good life who is just to his fellow man.

If one would be well in body let him be sound in mind.

Riddles and Answers.

Two letters often tempt mankind,
And those who yield will surely find
Two others ready to enforce
The punishment that comes, of course.
ANS. X-S AND D-K (EXCESS AND DECAY.)

My first of anything is half,
My second is complete;
And so remains until once more
My first and second meet.
ANS. SEMI-CIRCLE.

Enigmas.

The cat did may first with a curl of her tail,
When the game she had made quite secure.
By means of my second, and not of my whole,
As she ought to have done, I am sure.

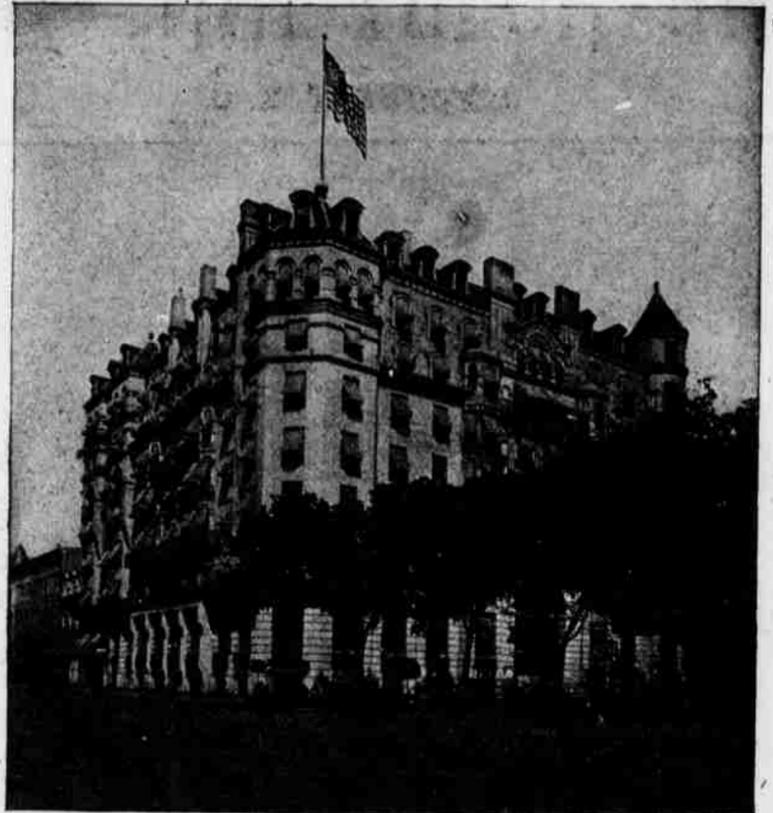
My first's a dirty little brute,
My second's at the end on't,
My third, like many an honest man,
Is on a fool dependent.

Answers will appear in next week's page.



LUCKY JIMSIE.

Jimsie's caught a black bass,
See him writhe and squirm;
John is not so lucky
But 'twill soon be his turn.



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