

boiter on the way." Off he went running for the store. He entered and purchased half a dozen eggs. On his return home a dog commenced to chase him and he put the eggs in his pockets. He was running pretty fast when he stubbed his toe and fell. The eggs were smashed and he went home and told his mother what had happened. She told him the next time he went to the store to take a basket.

Days went on. One day Bobby's mother said: "Bobby, go the store and get me a needle and be quick." Remembering what his mother had said, he went to the shed and got a basket. He bought the needle and carefully laid it in the basket. When he got home he told his mother what he had done and the needle in the basket was not to be found. "Bobby, Bobby, next time pin it on your shoulder," declared his mother.

Next day his mother said: "Bobby, go to the store and get me a pound of butter." He went his way and purchased the butter. Remembering what his mother had said he laid the butter on his shoulder and started home. All the boys laughed at him. He did not say anything, but the sun soon melted the butter and it ran down his coat. When he reached home he told his mother what had become of the butter. "Bobby! Bobby!" she exclaimed, "What will I do with you. Next time take a plate and cabbage leaf."

Two days after his mother said: "Bobby, go out and catch the little pig. I am going to kill him." He went to the kitchen and got a cabbage leaf and a plate. He found the pig lying in the bushes. Bobby tried to catch him but the pig ate the cabbage leaf and as Bobby was trying to catch the pig he fell and broke the plate. He went back to the house and told his mother. "Bobby! what ever shall I do with you! Next time take a string and tie it to one of his legs," she declared.

A week after Bobby's mother sent him to meet a German girl who was coming to work for Bobby's mother. He took a long string and when he found out which girl was to come he began to tie the string to her leg. He pulled and tugged, but the woman sputtered away and broke loose and walked away. Bobby went home and told his mother what he had done, and that the girl jabbered at him and that he could not make her come, although he pulled. "Well," said his mother, "you should take off your hat and bow very politely. Now go and get the cow." He walked towards the cow and took off his hat and bid her to come to the barn. The cow only tossed her head and went on eating.

He told his mother what he had done and she sent him to school where he would not have to run errands, and I know it improved him.

THE CLEVER CROW

By Esther Tufts

The common crow, about which I am going to write, is to be found in the New England States. There crows are very common and the farmers shoot them whenever they get a chance. Crows are believed to be very silly birds, but they are really very wise. The farmers put out scare crows to frighten them away. I have even heard of a man putting his clothes lines out to scare the crows. When the corn is planted they are very bothersome.

The crow is black and is about a foot long and six inches high. It has ears under the feathers at the sides of its head, and small black eyes. It is very pretty after it has moulted, which it does twice a year. When it is afraid it flattens out its feathers and looks very small, but when cross, it ruffles up its feathers and when pleased it ruffles its feathers a little.

We have a crow which is very pretty. He seems to take a dislike to my brother James, and will peck at him whenever he gets a chance. His name is Rube. We had a dog named Ned and every morning when Ned had his breakfast Rube would be waiting for him, then just as fast as he could, he would bolt Ned's breakfast. I have some guinea pigs and Rube goes around and pulls their hair. He is altogether very funny.

A fat lady was wading in the surf. A young gentleman was sitting near the water's edge. He knew nothing of the tides and as he saw they gradually came nearer him until at last one splashed on him, he hallooed to the fat woman and said: "Hey, you! Quit jumping up and down. You will have me drowned."—E. H. A.

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS

By Mildred A. Rogers

Once upon a time there was a very poor family that lived in the city. The mother had to work out because the father was dead and it was all she could do to buy food and clothes for the children. "Christmas is coming and what can I do. I haven't any money to buy them any presents," she said, "not a thing can I get for them. There is the baby that would love to have a doll, but I can't get her one. Katie would love a book and Ned a sled." So she said: "Tonight I will put the children to bed early and make the baby a rag doll out of some old cloth I have. Mrs. Brown, a friend of mine, gave me some blueberries the other day. I can take some of the juice for the blue eyes and I have one beet in the cellar, the red off of that will make the lips. I can get a book for ten cents, that will be for Katie; she has wanted a picture book so long, and—well maybe Mr. Brown will make a little sled for Ned, as he is a carpenter. I will call in the morning on my way to work and see if he will."

So in the morning she went and called on Mr. Brown and asked him, "Certainly I will," said he "and buy the book for Katie." "I will take the money that was for the book and buy some candy for the children," she said, very happy to think she could give the children a Christmas.

A bishop of a church spoke to a colored minister after church was over. The minister asked the bishop how he liked the sermon. The bishop said he spoke too loud. The minister replied: "What I lack in lightning I makes up in thunder."—E. H. A.

EXPERIENCES

By James Tufts

I just went to bed when I heard a noise in the hall and an Indian came into the room and he saw me and grabbed me. He took me away and ran out of the house and went down into the woods and came to a camp where there were a lot of other Indians. He took me and made me carry a pack. There were two other white boys. They had packs too. Then the tent was taken down and we started away. We went about a mile and then stopped. They didn't give us anything to eat. We didn't care because we had had something to eat.

They set up two tents and then we went to sleep. Once I was waked up and had to tend to the fire. Then I went to sleep again. After I woke up we had to take up our packs again and go. After our hard day's labor we came to a lot more tents. Then we took off our burdens and all of the tents were set up and we saw a river in front of our tents. Then we had to go down and make holes in the ice on the river. We had to make a lot of holes and most of the chaps and a lot of the others, came down with long thin pieces of deer skin with sharp bones on the end. Then they dropped them in the holes and they caught some trout. We had to take the trout up to the tents. They cooked some things to eat and then we ate some of the trout skins. Then we went to sleep and I was waked up and had to tend the fire until morning. We started off again and later on we took some more Indians up. We didn't have all the bands so we didn't dare go to the village. We got half-way past the village when night came. We lit the fire and went to sleep. I was waked up by a great noise and I saw a white man, and I dashed through the Indians and out to the white people.

SANTA CLAUS

By Winifred O. Rogers

Jingle, I hear the bells
On Santa Claus' sleigh.
Listen! again I hear
A reindeer's plaintive neigh.

The children are snug in bed,
Thinking of Christmas trees.
All this month they have been
As busy as little bees.

Hark! I hear again
A sound out on the lawn
'Tis Santa Claus going away.
May the children be happy this morn.

(Concluded on page eleven)



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