

# For LITTLE MEN and LITTLE WOMEN

(Photo by Harris-Ewing.)

## FRED'S ERRAND.

Fred had been staying at the post a year before it happened. The death of his mother, the colonel's sister, had left the poor boy stranded in the strange western town, until the colonel sent for him. They were very kind to him at the post, and they would have spoiled him by too much petting had it not been for his own sturdy nature. His great love for horses threw him much with the men who had them in charge, and Tony, the horse Fred loved best, was from the colonel's own stable, a beautiful bay, spirited yet gentle, with wonderful brown eyes, full of intelligence. The boy and the horse took to each other at once, and even the Indians in the neighborhood knew the pair, and a grin would often come over their stolid faces as they watched them going across the plain.

One evening on reaching home after a long chase, Fred found the colonel in the library. He looked up as he heard his nephew's footsteps. He had been bending over a huge map and had been jotting down his calculations on a pad. Fred stood watching his uncle's quick movements. Finally the colonel tossed his pencil aside.

"What is the use of calculation when the enemy may be lurking within ten feet of us?" he exclaimed.

"The enemy?" echoed Fred, pricking up his ears.

"Yes, the Indians. I have word that they

## A FORTUNATE DELAY.

would be unconscious of any trespassing. Fastening his cartridge belt securely about his waist and rolling up the sleeves of his sweater, to give his arms more room, Fred soon had the coveted articles from under Barnes' pillow and was off for Tony.

The horse saw him coming, through the little window of the stable, and whinnied expectantly. He, too, was eager to be out, so the putting on of saddle and bridle was a thing of a moment. Fred stuck the pistol in his belt, pulled up his high moccasins more securely, and springing on Tony's back, they were off like a flash.

The returning troopers could not be more than ten miles to the south, and, Tony being fresh, they might cover the ground in an hour.

Sure enough, within that time Fred saw the smoke of camp fires, and plans soon among his friends, giving a breathless account of the colonel's predicament.

"It was so blazing hot we halted for a time, and the Indians around here have been so friendly we didn't scent any danger. We'll break camp and start at once," said the lieutenant in charge. "Stay here and go back with us, youngster."

"No, uncle would miss me, and he can't spare me to send out searching. It's 6 o'clock now; just give me a drink of water and a biscuit, and do the same for Tony; we must be back at the post for our 8 o'clock breakfast."

"Hug the hills as close as you can, you'll find plenty of Indians on the plains, and it's just as well to dodge 'em. I'd send some one back with you, but that might look suspicious. Tell the colonel we'll be

## A FORTUNATE DELAY.

Tottie was quite an old dog; his hair was rough, his eyes were bleary and his legs were "wobbly." His days of usefulness were over, but he was still the idol of the Brown family; and now that he could no longer crunch bones it became an unwritten law that some one should cut up his food in small, easily swallowed pieces. Likewise, since he could no longer run, some one took him out each day, at the end of a string; and since he was no longer useful as a watchman, the two Brown girls, Elsie and Jennie, made a soft bed for him in a corner of their room. Tottie was asthmatic, sleeping restlessly and breathing heavily, and Jennie often arose in the early hours to see that he was comfortable.

They were all prepared for his approaching end, and after serious consultation the family decided that he should not die in pain. At the first sign of collapse a merciful dose of chloroform would be more humane than to let him live and suffer.

The old fellow'll give us plenty of warning," said Frank. "He'll roll over on his side, curl up his legs and turn up his eyes. He'll try to crawl over into a corner, that's the way they do; then it's all up, and it's best to slip him out of the world."

So it is hardly to be wondered at that when Jennie, awakened one night by a queer gasping sound, arose and saw Tottie in a hunch upon the floor, she woke Elsie in an agony of alarm.

The poor old dog certainly seemed in a pitiable state, and Elsie and Jennie looked at each other in dismay. It was one of those rare occasions when Mr. and Mrs. Brown had left the young ones. They had gone to stop over night with a friend in the city, and Frank was at college, and here was Tottie lying perhaps.

Jennie looked at the clock; it was long after midnight.

"I'll hunt for some chloroform," she said; "there may be some in mother's medicine chest. Wait here, Elsie, I'll be back in a moment."

Slipping on her dressing gown Jennie ran across the hall, but soon returned, shaking her head.

"There's none to be found; what shall we do?"

"If only Frank were here we could send him to town for it," said Elsie. "Tottie seems to be in a bad way."

"Maybe there's some across the street at the hospital," said Jennie, making a hasty toilet. "I'll run over and see."

As she opened the front door, Patrick, the night watchman, came along.

"What's the matter?" he asked. He had known the Brown family from infancy, Jennie explained.

"Shure, you're trying to kill him; lave him to me, an' git the chloroform."

Much relieved, Jennie went on her errand, and returned with a bottle of chloroform at the hospital, and the girls were at their wits' end.

The Browns lived on the outskirts of a country village, and the nearest drug store was at least two miles away. It was useless to wake the servants, who would sleepily refuse to go; still more useless to rouse Miss Cornwall, the governess, who would peremptorily order them to bed. There was only one thing for them to do—to leave Patrick in charge and slip away to the dark places, and, having each other for company, it was not so lonely as usual.

But all their trouble went for nothing. After roving the drugist and explaining their need, they found there was not a drop of chloroform in the drug store.

"But you mustn't go home alone," said Patrick, he went back with them.

"Patrick may have to shoot the poor beast, he said, as they neared the house. His dog gave a deep bark, and a quacking echo came from Brown's front porch, where Tottie stood wagging his feeble tail.

The girls gave a shout of joy.

"Tottie, Tottie," they called, and Tottie came wearily down the steps, after the manner of the very old.

"He's all right," said Patrick, with a grin. "Up to some of his old tricks, I guess, playin' dead an' the likes o' that. He was holdin' in his paw, kind o' limp; I think he'd bin slappin' on it. But when I said, 'Git up, Tottie,' he got, as spry as the youngster."

"Dear old Tottie!" and Jennie cast her arms around his venerable neck, Elsie following suit. Tottie blinked and actually smiled over the demonstration. He barked loudly to the red retriever, who barked back, while the girls shook hands with the good-natured drugist. Then they all went to bed once more, and Tottie was carefully tucked up and left to slumber blissfully, little dreaming how near he had been to his last sleep.

## THE GREAT HOUSEBUILDING ASSOCIATION.

A STORY WITH A PROVERB.

"I have found it! I have found it!" cried Chirpy Sparrow to his mate, "Really enough material, my dear, to last us for the building of many homes."

"We want only one," said Mrs. Chirpy, who was a practical housekeeper.

"Yes; but we can store away any quantity for next year."

"What is it?" inquired the lady.

"Come, I'll take you to see for yourself," and, spreading his wings, Mr. Chirpy flew straight to the top of a nearby house, alighting on a clothes line, which swayed to the motion of his body. Mrs. Chirpy followed him closely.

"Well!" she said, just like a woman, "I prefer straw to new rope; all the pecking in the world would scarcely get a strand."

Mr. Chirpy winked, and pointed to a hard-looking knot toward the end of the line. Mrs. Chirpy went over to inspect.

"Oh, this is different!" she called over her shoulder, then she went at it with beak and claw, and Mr. Chirpy came over to help.

"Isn't this a find?" he asked, as they flew together with a generous supply to the stone cornice where they had decided to build.

"I should say so, but what is the use saving it? We may find something better next year. If you were a man of business, my dear, you'd make something out of this discovery."

Mr. Chirpy smiled, as if women understood about business.

"Oh, you may laugh!" said his wife, who had started work meanwhile, "but if you organized a great housebuilding association you could receive payment in early morning worms. You know how you hate to go up and how necessary an early worm is to me while I am brooding. Besides, which, Sparrowville would be so much improved if the houses were better built and this material is too lovely for anything."

"Well—well—well!" said Mr. Chirpy, "I'll consider it."

Mrs. Chirpy smiled to herself; she knew the early work she had "fetched" him. And she was right.

By noon the news had spread and the great housebuilding association was organized with its pockets full of promissory notes for early morning worms there was a lightning rush for the knot of rope. It was scarcely large enough to hold more than half a dozen workers at a time, so, having nothing else to peck at, the onlookers pecked at one another.

Mr. and Mrs. Chirpy looked on aghast.

"I never imagined this sort of thing," said Mr. Chirpy.

"How could you be such a stupid?" said his wife. "You should have delivered all the rope yourself. It would have saved you end of trouble and bad feeling."

Mr. Chirpy threw back his head and laughed until he nearly fell off his perch.

"But each day the trouble increased, until only three worms left as payment at the Chirpy's door."

"There!" said the little wife, "I told you so. What are we to do? It's only an early bird that catches the worm, you know."

Mr. Chirpy shifted uneasily from one leg to the other, and calling his pet sayings, it was one of Mrs. Chirpy's pet sayings. He glanced at the tired, anxious face of his mate, at the new-lined nest, ready for the eggs which must soon be laid, and his duty was plain.

"Call me at sunrise," he said, as he tucked his head under his wing.

## FABLES OF TOYLAND.

The Unassuming Jack-in-the-Box.

BY W. L. LARNED.

Covered with the cobwebs and both victims of long neglect, the Jack-in-the-Box and the Spring Lamb sat side by side. This was in a very obscure part of the attic, where children scarcely ever cared to go, and in consequence it looked very much as if the two toy friends would remain there until the children's children should discover them.

"I certainly regret to see that you are so mild in your manners," said the Spring Lamb one evening. "These rats have been playing all over you for days now, and you agreeably submit to it without a protest. I can understand sweet amiability and a desire to meet the trials of this world with fortitude, but you take things too far."

The Jack-in-the-Box made no reply; he was wise enough to realize that a life in the attic had made the Spring Lamb somewhat dyspeptic and sour. Argument would have gone no further than his own red-banded box.

"Take a lesson from me," went on the Spring Lamb, with evident irritation. "Do I allow familiarity? Not a bit of it! Whenever the members of that detestable Mouse family meddle with me up I jump and frighten them away. As for YOU—you let them crawl over you and around you without a wink of the eye."

Even as he spoke Mr. and Mrs. Mouse, with quite a gathering of youngsters, came out of a hole in the floor and went squeaking across to the Jack-in-the-Box for a peep.

"Just stay here awhile and amuse yourselves, said Mrs. Mouse, waving a warning with her tiny foot. "Don't meddle with anything that doesn't concern you, and, in any case, do not think of touching the paint on yepder one of my neepsons' children went into rags from it yesterday."

It has grown to be quite a custom nowadays for young people to annoy their parents, and this trait is not confined to two-legged creatures, for no sooner had Mr. and Mrs. Mouse gone down into the next wall than their association, out of making a running start for Mr. Jack-in-the-Box and began tugging the paint with which his severe woman overcoat was made.

The Spring Lamb began to snicker.

"I knew it!" he declared, cutting across the darkened attic room. "I knew it—you are a full-fledged grandfather for ever animated creature in this section, be it mouse or silver bug. Look at 'em—they're gnawing at you in the most impudent fashion imaginable."

All went very well with the infant members of the mouse family, until, in their merriment, the little Willie Mouse unfashioned the catch that held down the top of the box. With all the concentrated force of a year of confinement, Jack pushed himself upward, and in four weeks' time a tangle of spider webs. An hour later Mr. and Mrs. Mouse returned for their children, they found that three were lame and one had been bitten by Sir Spider as it hung, head downward, from the web.

The Spring Lamb gave no more lectures—he looks with the greatest respect upon his neighbors; for now even silver bugs walk by the ceiling-rod when they want to cross the room.

Moral—Because some people are most inconvenient to us and permit of many inconveniences in their good nature, do not suppose that they will stand for everything. When you play with an innocent little toy be careful that you do not strike the spring.

## LITTLE ARTISTS.

Written for The Star by Marietta M. Andrews.



When people "paint from Nature" they sit down on the ground, And never pay attention to any sight or sound, But stare and stare at "Nature" and squint and squint and squint, And study every "value" and every tone and tint. When people "paint from Nature" they let mosquitoes bite; Endure fatigue and hunger, if but the sketch comes right; Forget their nearest relatives, hear not their supper-gong. Forget that time is passing and the homeward way is long— When people "paint from Nature" they really do not care For their most fascinating friends, should such, by chance, appear; And all they ask of man or beast, is to be let alone, To stare and squint at "Nature" and study tint and tone.



HE TURNED IN HIS SADDLE AND FIRED.

intend to attack the post. I wish I had all the men here—perhaps that is why the Indians are rising—they know I'm short."

"But they've been gone two weeks," said Fred, "they ought to be back by now. They only went to A—for provisions."

"That is what I have been calculating," the colonel spoke quite as gravely as if he was consulting with his officers. "They should have been here yesterday at the latest. I wish I knew what was the matter, but I cannot spare a man."

"How about Tony and me, uncle?"

"The colonel wheeled around and knit his eyebrows.

"Look here, Fred, no nonsense! Tony and you must keep out of all this; there's no West Point for you. If you disobey orders, I won't disobey orders if I can help it," said the boy, "but some one has to go, and the Indians are so used to seeing us scamper over the country that they will take no notice. Let me go, uncle. I can shoot, Barnes taught me. I'll put on my cartridge belt, and Barnes will lend me his pistol."

"Never!" declared the colonel. "Now hurry and dress for dinner. I'll manage the best way I can."

After dinner, Fred roamed restlessly about. No one knew the resources of the post better than he did. Men and provisions were short; even the ammunition might give out, and, as the colonel said, there was no one to send.

"No one but Tony and me!" he repeated. "No one!"

All that night he lay awake, but when the first pale streaks of dawn appeared he could stand it no longer. Hurriedly dressing, he stole downstairs and let himself quietly out. He knew Barnes slept with the key of the stable door under his pillow, also the pistol which Fred missed himself many a time. Barnes was a heavy sleeper, and with a little care

in tonight by the hill road and give the red rascals the slip. They think we're going tomorrow across the plains."

So Fred set out on the horse ride, but from the start Tony was restive—snorting, rearing and shaking his head, till once Fred was forced to use his spur. But a glance down at the plain below convinced him that Tony's scent was keener than his, for two Indians were racing there, within shooting distance, their carbines pointed at him.

"Go it, Tony, go it!" he cried. Tony laid back his ears, stretched out his legs and the wind fairly whistled as they ran.

Fred gave his pistol ready, and trusting to Tony's sure feet, turned in his saddle and fired. One of the riders dropped; the other gave a yell that rolled over the plain. The horse and the boy sped faster. Fred still turning in his saddle with his pistol ready. They were a mile from the post now, but well ahead of the pursuing Indians, who could be seen in great numbers darting over the plain.

Fred raised his voice and gave the well-known cavalry "Hullo!" It was answered so quickly that the boy knew he was close to the post.

Five minutes later they dashed into the stockade, dusty, hot and breathless. Fred waved his arms as he saw the colonel.

"It's all right, uncle, they'll be in to-night. Couldn't help it, sir, there was no one but Tony and me, and—"

But the shouts of the men broke loose and the colonel's stern face relaxed.

"How about West Point?" asked Fred, anxiously.

"What's the matter with West Point," asked some one in the crowd.

"Oh, it's all right," and there was such a cheer that even the colonel was borne before it.

"I'll forgive you—this time," he said, smiling down into the upturned face.

## A GAME.

ANY PORT IN TIME OF STORM.

Let the players sit in two lines opposite each other at some little distance apart. Then two members stand between one of whom is blindfolded; the other, in a whisper, gives the players on one side of the line the names of vessels, for instance, "S. S. Kentucky," "The Maine," etc. The other side he names as different ports, such as Liverpool, Boston, New York, etc.

## THE SAD CASE OF TOMMY DCHOOL.

BY MARY ALDEN.

Little Tommy Dchool had a dreadful time at school. For spelling and pronunciation made him sad. When they taught him rough was ruff He insisted fough was duff. When he found that tough was tuff He replied that tough was huff. And he wept upon his desk when others roared. When he said that cough was cort And rough was surely ruff. Her wrath the patient teacher on him poured. But when Tommy was a man, Believe me, ye who can. He made a dictionary all himself. And every fearful word he found. Was spelled as it was heard. And the volume brought him hoards of honest peep.

## POOR BOBBY LINKUM.

Old Bobby Linkum hung in his cage feeling decidedly ill, and mother watched Donald and thought how best she could comfort him in case Bobby Linkum should die. Finally she said:

"Donald, you know Bobby is very old, and he may not live long, but he has had a plentiful, happy life, and when he dies we will put him a pretty box, cover him with flowers and plant him under the rose bush."

While mother was speaking Donald's face lost the woe-begone look, and an expression of intense interest followed. He took to standing beside the cage eyeing Bobby Linkum with an anxious gaze. Finally he gave a deep sigh and turned away.

"Well," he muttered, "if you are going to be silly enough to keep on living when you might have that lovely funeral, I'm going to play horse!"

## A TRICK WITH A WATCH.

Will some one be kind enough to let me have a watch? Thank you! I take this sheet of paper (a page of a newspaper) and make a cornucopia, in which I place the watch. But how is this? The watch has disappeared. I unroll the sheet of paper and nothing can be seen of the timepiece. Fortunately I possess a sprig of the Australian watch tree, which I insert in it.

Fill a flower pot loosely with dry earth, not quite to the rim, and make a hole in the center. Any sprig is fitted with a hook made of wire (see Fig. II) and stuck into the ground close to the center hole. Tucking up the sheet of newspaper with the watch into the pocket, the performer turns it in such a way that the opening of the bag is toward the flower pot, the watch slides into the hole in the center, indicated by the arrow in Fig. III. The former folds the sheet of paper as shown in Fig. IV, and sticks A and B together (see Fig. V). This cover is laid aside and the watch tree sprig is planted in the flower pot, at the same time the ring of the watch is hooked to the little sprig. Then the plant is covered with the paper cover, which is removed immediately, the sprig is pulled out of the ground with the watch hanging to it.

## A QUEER MUSICIAN.

If any boy or girl who has a garden, and is not afraid of creeping, crawling things, will take a small and plain ordinary pane of glass, he or she will have something amusing when the snail begins to crawl.

## A QUEER WAGER.

A little boy said to his sister the other day: "I bet I can coax you to set fire to your dress."

"Well, I just guess you can't!" she cried scornfully.

"What do you bet?"

"You are silly; of course you cannot. Why should I bet anything?"

"Well, I'm willing to wager my new Jack-knife."

"All right," laughed she, "I'll wager my Paris doll that you cannot." Then the boy began:

"Please set fire to your dress! Please, please do!"

"Are you tired?" asked his sister at length.

"Well, I've won my bet all right; I said would coax you to do it, and I have," said the boy.

And now that brother and sister are trying to decide the bet. And he is wondering if he wants the doll, and she is wondering if she wants the jack-knife, anyhow.

## POSTMAN'S BAG.

1. A part of the year lost a letter and became an insect. 2. A musical instrument lost a letter and became a chime. 3. A tool for shaping metal lost two letters and became a drop.

## HIDDEN BIRDS.

1. I must have that pretty pillow renovated. 2. All the children will be making it on their hands. 3. He was foolish to try to rob Indians.

## BEHEADINGS.

Reheard: 1. To prop and leave to run swiftly; again and leave one. 2. To hand and leave underneath. 3. To smooth and leave to own.

## PIED PROVERB.

"Set her wig at telen het rete al lidellede."

## REHYMING ENIGMA.

My first is in lace, but never in sight; My second is laugh, but never in sight; My third is in can, but never in jar; My fourth is in dirt, but never in tar; My whole is delicious, as you'll all agree.

## WORD SQUARE.

1. Strong cord. 2. To unclose. 3. Hangs. 4. Limits.

## CONCEALED WORD SQUARE.

R I D D L E

A striking clock.

CONCEALED WORD SQUARE.

R A B  
R U E  
R E D  
R I D D L E

DIAMOND.

F O L D  
P L E A  
D R Y  
A

CHARADE.

Concord.

PIED PROVERB.

An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

BEHEADINGS.

1. Read-end. 2. Hour-our. 3. Drake-rate.

## A FAST AUTOMOBILE

1. Paste on a piece of light cardboard and cut out around outlines. 2. Bend on dotted lines and paste flap "B" on the inside of the car "B"; "C C" at "C" and "D D" at "D". Paste in the front seat and floor as marked; also the back seat. Make a small hole in the two front wheels at "A" and fix the spool, using a wheel for the axle. Run the match through the holes "A" and through the spool. Place the car on a large piece of cardboard and tilt it so the car will move about.

## IF I WERE A BEAR.

I do declare, If I were a bear And wanted to creep Away to sleep The whole long season through, I would not go. For the cold winds blow, When there's a heap of snow, When there's skating nights, And snow ball fights, And lots of things to do.

## IF ONLY.

I'd like to be a poet, And I could be every time, If only when I had a thought I'd find a proper rhyme.

I should like to be an artist, Portrait in the Hall of Fame; But the picture that I dream of On the paper's not the same.

I would like to be a singer, With the world by stern I'd take. If only, when I tried to sing, My poor voice did not break.

So, after all, try as I may, With anguish as with joy, I'll have to be content, I'm poor, With being just a boy.

## NEW PUZZLES

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