



**SEALY AND THE WHITE BEAR.**

**A**WAY up in the Northlands, where there are snow and ice very nearly all the year round, I used to know Sealy Tot, the little Esquimau girl. She lived in a little town where there were no cable cars, no elevated railways, no streets, no candy stores, or stores of any kind, in fact, and where the houses were funny round-topped little things, built of snow, with window panes of clear ice.

Behind her papa's house there was a stable built of snow, but instead of horses he kept a whole pack of big dogs in it to draw his sleigh; and Sealy's mamma always dressed her in heavy white bear skin so that she could keep warm.

One day Sealy's papa wanted her to go for a sleigh ride with him, and when he found her she was playing a very funny game with the rest of the Esquimau children. In order to understand this game, you must remember that up in the Northlands, where it is usually so very cold, and where there are no smoky chimneys or crowds of people walking about, the snow and ice are both very much more clear and beautiful than that which you see around New York.

In this game which the Esquimau boys and girls were playing they would each hunt about until they found a piece of ice or a handful of snow that suited them. Then they would gather in a circle and hold their ice or snow up in the bright sunlight. Then the leader of them all would pick out the one which showed the prettiest colors. Then the others would throw away their finds and go hunting round to see if they could not secure some that were still brighter, and so get to be leaders.

When Sealy's father drove up in his dog sleigh to where the children were playing she had won the game a number of times, and her playfellows were very sorry to lose her. But she quickly jumped in at the back of the long sleigh and curled herself up in a big fur rug. Then her father snapped his long whip high above the dogs' heads, and they fairly lifted the sleigh from off the snow, they ran so very fast.

Then they came to the edge of the ice, and papa Tot left little Sealy in charge of the dogs and the sleigh, while he walked a mile or more away from her and hid behind a pile of snow and waited for a seal or fish to come near enough to him to hit with his long spear.

Sealy Tot had often been left alone with the dogs before, so she did not mind. Besides she had her own little spear and line, and would make believe that she saw a big fish swimming toward her, and would then throw her spear at him and make believe to drag him ashore.

In fact, she became so interested in doing this that she forgot all about what her papa had told her, and wandered away from the sleigh and the dogs until she came to a big hill of ice. And just as she was climbing up toward the top of it, she heard a great noise and felt it rocking under her feet. When she looked back she saw that the ice had cracked open and that she was drifting away out into the ocean upon a big piece of ice.

Within a few moments after this terrible discovery she heard a most terrific growling and grunting, and she became so frightened that she could only sit perfectly still and hold her breath. Suddenly she saw a big white bear clumsily walking toward her.

But Mr. Bear did not eat her right up, as she thought he would. On the contrary, he smelled her all over, and seeing that she was all dressed in white fur exactly the same as his own, maybe thought that she was a little white bear that had wandered away from her mother. Anyway, he did not touch her. By and by he lay down by her, and she snuggled up to him and kept warm.

At last she fell asleep and dreamed that she was back again in her own snow home, and that her mamma was scolding her for being such a naughty girl. When she awoke she found her papa standing alongside of her, the big bear was gone and the iceberg was bumping against the land.

The Big Bear Thought She Was Only a Little White Bear.



**WAS SHE A FAIRY GODMOTHER?**

**O**f course, I don't suppose she was really a fairy godmother, but anyway, I'll tell you about it and you'll see how funny it was. You know I am a little girl, and I take the laundry work back to the people my mother washes for. Last Monday I went for Mrs. Horton's laces. I like to go there, for she is such a nice lady, and she has lovely pictures and a soft carpet with roses over it. But Monday was cold and it snowed, and I wanted to stay home, only mother would have had to go if I didn't, so of course I went.

It was awfully cold by the time I got to Mrs. Horton's, and she brought me close to the fire, and while I was waiting for her to put the things in a bundle I looked at the pictures hangin' over the mantelpiece. One of them was the sweetest picture you ever saw. There was five little teeny rabbits, all sitting up to smell of a rosebush to see if it was good to eat. Oh, I just wanted to kiss every one of them, and all the way back to the car I kept wishing mother had a lot of money, so that I could have one of those bunnies, a real one. I had a kitty, but somebody stole her, and I did want something to pet. I felt better when I got in the car, where it was warm. I love to ride in cars. I kind of forgot about the bunnies, thinkin' how nice it was to ride. Then I saw an old lady sittin' by me. She acted scared. She had a big basket with a lid to it, and she held it on her lap all the time. She kept askin' the conductor not to forget to let her off. He was cross to her and said he wouldn't forget but he did, for by and by she asked a man sitting opposite if he knew how to get to Fifty-seventh street, near Tenth avenue. He said, "You're going the wrong way." Then the old lady began to cry, and I felt awful sorry for her. The conductor stopped the car and put her off, and set the basket down side of her. The car started up quick. I looked out of the window, and she looked so awful little and scary that I just couldn't stand it to leave her that way, so I jumped off the car, too. Then I ran back, and there she stood at the corner, and tears running down her cheeks.

By the time we got to her son's house, where she was going, she was pretty nearly tired out. All the last part of the way I had to carry the basket and take hold of her arm, too. The folks she lived with in the country hadn't ought to have let her come alone, but maybe she didn't ask them. Of course, I'm only ten years old, but I'm awful strong, lots stronger than she was, anyway. When we found the place it was a flat in a big house. I went up the stairs to ring the bell for her, and she kissed me twice.

Then what do you think? It's the fairy godmother part. She opened the basket and put her hand in underneath some hay, and she said, "I wish you'd take one of these. I haven't got anything else to give you. I brought them over for my grandchildren. I raised them myself."

And she took out the sweetest, teeniest, little white bunny that you ever saw and put it under my cape!

And then her people opened the door and began screaming, "Oh, grandma!" and kissing her, and I ran home.

Now what do you think? Was she a real old lady? Mother only laughs when I ask her, but when I have Bunny cuddled up in my lap, or when I see him sitting up smiling at our geraniums, somehow I believe she was a fairy godmother.



**T**HEOPHILUS Aspasia Sassafras Arrowsmith, He lived alone and by himself; he'd neither kin nor kith; And all his days and half his nights he worked on an idea That made folks think, to say the least, he was a little queer. On wash days they would see big suits of rubber on the line, But what they were intended for they never could divine.

Now Arrowsmith, was very large, and likewise very stout, And walking was a burden, so he seldom ventured out. One day Theophilus came forth from out his cellar door, Enveloped in a rubber suit he ne'er had worn before; It hung in folds about this fat and elephantine man, And wondering what he could be at, the people to him ran. He walked up to a street gas lamp, and, climbing to the top, He screwed a tube upon the dip, then to the ground did drop.

The tube he fastened to his clothes, and in about a minute, When everything was snug and tight he let the gas come in it, He stood awhile with anxious air, but really very soon His rubber suit was filled with gas just like a young balloon. When he had screwed a metal cap to where the pipe had been, The people guessed what he was at, and raised a fearful din.

"Three cheers for the balloon man! That's the way to go around!" Theophilus, he bowed quite low, and then began to bound— Like some enormous rubber ball he rose up in the air, Then sank to earth and never there, bent the flowers growing there. He jumped up to the steeple's top, he skipped right over trees. "I think," he cried, with glee, "I'll reach the stars with ease!"

And as he spoke a fearful wind came sweeping o'er the land. "Hurrah!" he cried, "I'll take a ride! Hi, y! Why, this is grand!" Like thistle-down before the blast up rose the man balloon; At lightning speed he headed for the newly risen moon; He spent a week within the moon, then started for the stars, And now he's living, so they say, just three blocks east of Mars.

CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.

