

VARIOUS

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TWO EASTER LOVE-GIFTS

"Why, Myra, what is the matter?"

Mabel had found Myra crying in a little sheltered place where the little neighbors sometimes played together. Mabel lived in a big house and Myra in a little one, but they were neighbors, and loved each other just the same.

"I don't mean to cry long," Myra said, "but I couldn't help having a small cry before I began to look pleasant. It's because mother could not make my white dress for Easter. She had to sew for other people till it was too late, and now I have to wear my blue dress when all the rest in our class wear white."

"That is too bad." said Mabel, putting her arm around her small neighbor, "but we'll all love you just the same."

"Yes," Myra said, drying her tears, "and mother said that if I would take it pleasantly, and be happy just the same, because it was right, that it would be like an Easter love-gift. I can't take many pennies, but I do mean to take the love-gift, and I'll begin now, so that's the last tear." Her smile came out like a bright little

rainbow. Mabel kissed her, because she could not help it, and the two little girls went together to look for as many little spring things as they could find. This was the best possible thing to do.

"Mother," said Mabel that night, in the little go-to-bed talk. "Myra has to wear a blue dress on Easter Day, when the rest of us will all wear white. I am so sorry for her."

"Is Myra very sorry, too?" asked mother.

"Of course she is, mother: I found her crying over it this afternoon. But she stopped pretty soon, and said she would not cry any more." Then Mabel told about the "love-gift."

"I wish I could take some kind of a love-gift, too," said Mabel, seeing that her mother thought this a beautiful thing.

"I am sure you could, if you would." said mother.

"Please, tell me how."

"No. it must be your own *love-thought* first. You will have to-morrow to think it out. Good-night, now."

Mabel thought and thought a long time, next day. At last she whispered something to mother that made her look very happy, and say "Yes, dear."

On Easter morning Mabel waited for Myra, that they might go to Sunday-school together.

"Oh, oh!" cried Myra, as she saw Mabel, "you have on your pink dress in-stead of your new white one. Now I don't mind my blue one."

"We sit in the same row, you know," said Mabel, "and we'll be near together." She looked very happy. The two little girls

with shining faces went together to God's house, and One above looked down and smiled upon them.

THE MYSTERY IN BILLY'S YARD

"Something's going on over to our place."

Billy Wells walked into the school yard at noon with a face which showed that the "something" was very important indeed. The other boys gathered in a little crowd about him.

"What is it, Billy?"

"Tell us, Billy."

"It's—somebody that's come there—"

"What for?"

"To stay, I guess. Acts that way."

"Friends of the folks?"

"No, we've never seen 'em before."

"Do you mean some kind of a tramp?"

"What's he doing?"

"Seems to be building a house."

"A house? Well, that sounds queer."

"Whereabouts?"

"In my father's back yard."

"Billy, you're joking."

"It's as true as I stand here."

"Well, go on and tell more about it. Did he skulk 'round as if he was afraid?"

"Not a bit of it."

"Did he see you?"

"Well," Billy hesitated a little. "I didn't go so very near him."

"That's best for you," one of the boys shook his head wisely.

"You never can tell what these tramp fellows may be up to."

"How do you mean—building?"

"Just what I say. He was picking up things in the yard to build with. Stuff to begin with."

"Your father's stuff?"

"Yes."

"What does your father think of it?"

"I don't believe he's seen him. Father goes to work early."

"Of course he'll drive him off."

"Another one came and helped him," said Billy. "They were both working hard when I came to school."

"Billy, you're fooling us."

"You can come and see for yourselves," said Billy. "You can see if it isn't exactly as I've said."

"Let's do it."

It was agreed, and after school a number of small boys took with him the road leading to Billy's home. As they went in by the shady back yard, Billy held up his hand, saying:

"S-h-h-h-h—don't scare 'em! Now—come this way—look up there!"

Billy led the way into a corner and pointed up into an oak tree.

"There—right above that branch—see? They've got their sticks for the foundation, and now they're finishing up. Quick—see that flash of blue just where the sun shines! Look! look!

they're pulling at that bit of red yarn—I put it up there. My mother always hangs bits of string about for 'em. My mother likes blue-birds."—*Written for Dew Drops by Sydney Dare.*

When anyone speaks to us in anger, we should remember that it takes two to make a quarrel, and determine not to become one of the two.

ENID'S FLOWERS

By Mari E. Q. Brush

The first robin had come, so had the first bluebird and the first hand-organ man; caterpillars were beginning to crawl along the sunny side of the fence rails and everybody was housecleaning, so it was quite certain that spring was here.

With it there came to the three little Ashley sisters three packets of seeds.

A lady friend of their mother had sent them. Every one of them had printed on it, "A Surprise Collection."

When the little, light-brown envelopes were opened, they were found to contain several varieties of seeds. Some were like little, round, brown pills—those were "sweet-peas," mamma said. Others were very small indeed, like grains of powder, and some were like tiny, grayish-green sticks—somebody said those were verbena seeds; and, well, dear me, there were all kinds and shapes and sizes and grays and browns.

Three neat, round beds were spaded up on the lawn, and Amy, Enid and Ruth raked them over, smoothed and patted the rich soil, and then planted their seeds.

Of course, you know what happened next. There had to be waiting, watching, weeding and watering. Most of the seeds sprouted and grew, and soon the dark brown earth was covered

by green shoots and trailing sprays.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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