LITTLE BUDS AND BLOSSOMS

Compliments of
E. W. GILLETT
Manufacturer
MAGIC YEAST
CHICAGO
MAGIC YEAST

QUICKEST AND BEST IN THE WORLD.

Works quicker, rises higher, and makes better bread than any other.
Makes the lightest, whitest, and sweetest bread. Does not give a sour yeasty taste to the bread. Will keep good one year; always reliable.
Makes bread which keeps moist longer than any other. Makes the only bread safe for dyspeptics to eat.
Always ready for use, saves time, trouble and money.
A Beautiful Picture or Picture Book with each package. Each package contains 10 cakes, enough for 60 loaves.
If your grocer don't keep it, have him order from his wholesale dealer.

E. W. GILLETTE,
MANUFACTURER,
CHICAGO, ILL.
HOLDING COURT.

E. EGAN.

I AM going to tell you something about sparrows. It looks funny enough, what I am going to tell you, but I guess it’s cruel. You see, they are such cross-tempered, fussy little things that they just make us laugh, when they ruffle up their feathers and scold, but I guess it is different among themselves; for if one of their number does any thing that don't suit the rest, they all fly at him and pick and beat him. I suppose they call it “holding court,” for they gather together in great numbers to talk the matter over, and they do make a terrible racket with their jabbering. Once I saw them punish a poor little fellow, and if I hadn’t felt so sorry for him I should have laughed, for they hopped about, bristled up their feathers to make themselves fierce, and scolded all the time at the top of their voices. It was funny, but when they all flew at him and commenced to pull out his feathers, and beat him with their wings, then I didn’t think it looked so funny, I don’t know what they were punishing him for. I noticed one thing, when he got away, and had flown off out of sight they didn’t follow him, so I guess they didn’t mean to kill him. They just went back to the place where they held court, and scolded as hard as ever they could for a minute or two. Well, I guess they dismissed court then; for they all went off in different directions.
Hello, farmer Allen, you are just the man I want to see," said farmer Brown, as they met before the office of the Bucks County paper. "Come down to my house to-night. I am going to teach that little colored chap, Jack, who works for me, a lesson. He has been helping himself to my melons without my leave, and I am going to put a stop to that." "All right, I'll be round," said farmer Allen. That night as Jack slipped over the fence into the melon-patch, if he had not been in so great haste, he might have seen a dark object in the far corner. As soon as his back was turned, this object moved toward him, and just as he was cutting off a melon, something from behind gave him a push, and over he tumbled. Before he had time to scream, or even move, he was picked up and bundled into a bag, which was lifted up to the sky, he thought, and then quickly dropped down. "Oh! oh! mammy, mammy," yelled Jack, "the bad man's got me sure, oh! oh! I'm going down, down! oh! mammy, mammy," and harder than ever he screamed, for now he was being rolled along the ground. "Oh! Mister Bad Man," (oh! that will make him mad, thought Jack), "oh! Mister Good Bad Man, please don't take me away. I was only going to take a little melon. I'll never touch one again; oh! oh! oh!" and Jack grabbed at the bag, trying to tear a hole in it, but it was no use; he could do nothing. Suddenly the bag stopped rolling, and Jack heard a gruff voice say, "Where shall we put him!" and another gruff voice answered, "Put him down in the dungeon." "Oh! I'm going to be killed! oh! oh! mammy, mammy, I'll never see you any more. Oh! if I could only get out of this I'd never do anything bad again," and poor Jack cried harder than ever. Just then a great, big hand was put into the bag, and grabbed his woolly head. "Oh! mammy, mammy, good-bye, I'm dead, I'm dead," yelled Jack. But he soon found he was very much alive, for as soon as he was lifted out of the bag, he gave himself an awful jerk, and slipped out of the big hand that was holding him, and ran so fast toward home, that neither farmer Allen nor farmer Brown had any chance of catching him. "Well," said farmer Brown, laughing, "I think my melon-patch won't be troubled any more." "Not by Jack, I'm certain," replied farmer Allen.
Come, Dob and Doll, come get a drink,
You must be very thirsty, I think,
You have worked hard all the day,
Take your drink and you shall have some hay.

Now, Doll, do keep your head away,
I've no time for you and Dob to play:
Boss wants her feed, the chicks want corn,
All must be done when Poll blows the horn.

The horses fed, cows in the shed,
The chickens at roost, "All's done," Tom said,
And away home, whistling he goes,
For there he will be welcome, he knows.

A happy farmer boy is he,
Busy all day as a humming bee;
Doing each task that is given him,
With hearty good-will, and steady vim.
Frank looks earnest, busy and bright,—
Though he is nearly out of sight;
And his basket he means to fill,
For he works with right good-will.

Fred keeps looking round to find
The very largest of their kind,
And holds them up, and shouts in glee,
"O boys, look! just look and see!"

Ray is holding tight his pail;
He doesn't mean, I know to fail
To fill it up to the rim—
I like that best, 'tis right of him.

That is good of our sweet Blanche
To shake the cherries off the branch,
That enough of them may fall
To fill the basket full for all.

And thoughtful Maud will not forget,
There is at home the sweetest pet,
The brightest laughing baby brother,
And her gentle loving mother.

Ah, what about that greedy May?
What for yourself have you to say?
"I like to eat 'em myse'f ve best,
And let ve uvers do ve rest."
Now do just look at Uncle Rod,
See him give his head a nod,
He seems to be saying to me and you,
"Young Massa and Misses, how-dye-do?"
Isn’t he a queer old colored man?
He is trying to walk, fast as he can.
That dish of fruit he is going to carry
To treat the company of little Harry.
For Harry has some friends to-day,
Who have come in to sport and play;
And old Uncle Rodney climbs up the tree,
And gets the pears which here you see.
Look at the smile on the old man’s face,
As he carefully walks along to his place;
He put on a clean coat and a new white tie,
And delight and pleasure dance in his eye.
For he thinks a lot of hungry boys,
Will be quite pleased, and make a noise,
To see such nice, large, juicy pears,
And to be told, that every one is theirs.
When summer comes, with its warm days,
Johnny Brown at the seashore stays—
For his mamma and papa do not like much
the town,
When it is so warm and the sun shining
So they all go down, not far away
To Sea Isle City, there to stay,
They can watch the ships far out at sea,
How very tiny they seem to be.

But the thing that Johnny loves the best,
Better indeed, than all the rest,
Is to walk along slowly, on the seashore,
And find the shells, and search for more.

He carefully looks along on the sand,
And stoops to pick one, with his hand,
The waves dash up so very high,
And Johnny runs back to keep his feet dry.
THESE LITTLE BOOKS SELL AT .
FIVE CENTS EACH
But for the present we are
GIVING THEM AWAY
With a package of
MAGIC YEAST CAKES,
Quickelest, best, and most reliable Yeast made.
Take the place of any and all other kinds of
Yeast.
Never fail to make the best bread used by any
process.
Keep your little ones healthy by giving them
good bread to eat. You can make it with
Magic Yeast.
Preserve your own health by eating bread made
with Magic Yeast.
The best bread makers always use Magic Yeast.
Always ask for Magic Yeast and take no other
kind.
If your grocer has not got it, have him buy it.
Sold by all wholesale and retail grocers in the
United States.

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10 CAKES IN A PACKAGE
MAKES 60 LOAVES OF BREAD

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