

“You must have fallen asleep in the woods, dear, come and have your tea.”

“Grown-ups never understand”! sighed Anne. “Oh, but I had a lovely time.”

—VAL ROWLAND.

HOW THE FUSCHIA GOT HER DRESS

A little girl was crying miserably, as she walked along the dusty road. Hurrying along the same road behind her came a throng of fairies, laughing and chattering gaily.

One of the foremost of these fairies, namely, Fairy Fuschia, saw this little girl, and ran to ask her what was the matter.

“I f-fell down,” sobbed the girl, pointing to her knees. Fairy Fuschia looked down, and saw that her knees were all scratched and bleeding. She led Betty—for this was the girl’s name—to a little creek nearby.

As she bathed Betty’s knees, she looked back, rather wistfully at the happy fairies, who were gaily skipping on.

There was to be a dance that night, and everyone was going to get new petal frocks. However, she looked away again rather quickly, and went on bandaging Betty’s knees with two clean handkerchiefs, which Betty had brought.

Betty thanked Fairy Fuschia, and went on her way happy once more. But the other fairies had left poor Fairy Fuschia far, far behind. She flew as fast as she could, but found that the others had all been before her. When she went into the room where all the dresses were, she found only little scraps of purple and pink; just enough for a dress, if she used them together. Never before had a fairy worn a dress of two colours. She had to appear at the dance that evening, and she did not know what to do. However, she made the prettiest dress she could from the petals, and trimmed it with dark green.

That night, as she journeyed to the ball, she was sadly depressed.

“What will Fairy Queen say to this dress, she will think it hideous,” she said to herself. When she arrived in the ball-room, she crept in, hoping she would not be noticed.

Before there was any dancing, there was a prize to be given for the prettiest dress. Great was Fairy Fuschia’s surprise and joy, when she was called up before the Queen, and presented with a dear wee pot of the rarest wing-polish. When she entered the ball-room again, all the fairies exclaimed at her beauty, and her pretty frock; and all the handsome young elves asked her for a dance. Even the Fairy Prince danced twice with her.

That evening as she returned home, she said to herself, “How lucky it was that I bathed Betty’s knees!”

—JUDITH SMYTH.