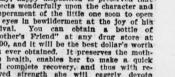


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Aunt Este's Stories For Children

D

My dear little ones:

I know you all love Queen Summer--with all her beauties and her games, and her good things to eat--and I think you really all love King Winter too, with his ice and snow and sleet. So I am going to tell you the story to-night of

aii love schness, and her good things to eat-and I think you really am going to tell you the story to-night of
How Queen Summer Discovered King Winter's Beauties.
Once upon a time Mother Nature was visiting Queen Summer. She had just asted some of her splendid cherries and eaten a bite of her red strawberleas. If or splendid cherries and eaten a bite of the red strawberleas. If or splendid cherries and eaten a bite of the red strawberlear and or splendid cherries and eaten a bite of the year-and visited other parts only a part of the land all the year-and visited other parts only a part of the land all the year-and visited other and had not wanted him to ever visit her lands where the flowers bloomed and the trees bore fruit.
"I didn't want him to spoil your good work, Queen Summer." She shad. "I didn't want the good fruit spoiled nor the lovely flowers destroyed. But I soon found that the lovely seed bables had all the nice, warmer beds in which to sleep; I soon found that the hick (ce coats he put on the lives bables well. I found that the in lick soft of a soft your and good at heart—and so now I am glad to let him way into store houses to keep the milk from the see us once a year."
"On see us once a year."
"On the naw good at heart—and so now I am glad to let him wate in mine." and the heart and so forwers, no brander the hear of he has no flowers where the has moderful "Why, Mother Nature" and so forwers, no birds, no fruit, no leaves.

Then Mother Nature smiled a broad binne as she answere Gueen Summer. "My dear Queen," said she. "You have a beautiful Kingdom over which to rule. I do not know but what you do have the more beautiful of the two. But when you say King Whiter has nothing beautiful—nothing to make him happy, you are mistaken. There is no Kingdom under the sun, however bleak, but has its beauteous things."

"But," said Queen Summer, "what can the beauties in his

Kingdom be? When I leave those parts of the earthland where he takes up his rule. I see nothing but sadness. Bare, lifeless trees, dying grass, drooping flowers, fleeing birds, I hear no music. Nothing but the bleak call of the wind as he blows and blows_nothing but the rustle of the poor leaves as they scurry over the ground trying to find beds before everything is frozen. I tell you what, I get away before I can see much of it."

I tell you what, I get a way before I can see nuch of it." "And that is where you make your mistake," said Mother "If you would stay a while longer you might see some of entirely inter's beauties. Dear Queen Summer, I cannot take you entirely into King Winter's Domains-but if you will come with me and rive of a Sunbeam we will peep down into his kingdom whether King Winter's and the you may judge for yourself whether King Winter's and the you may judge for yourself and so it happened that one you may judge one min-mer, as she rode on a Sunbeam, just risked one as the you will come that whether king Winter's and the leaves were gone, true it was the trees were bare, true it was the leaves were gone. But she you here some snow bird's home, true it was the sparkling, laughing waters of the rivers and streams were frozen. But she saw many wonderful things she had never dreamed of. As she jooked it seemed all the very gems of the entit were sining and sapphires and pearls-all seemed to melt into one great mass of beauties."

sapplifies and pearls—all seemed to melt into one great mass of beauties "What are all those sparkling things?" asked she of Mother Nature, who hovered close by her side." "They are King Winter's beauties," said Mother Nature. "Only in his Kingdom can they be. Along with the cold and the biting wind come the icles—those long sparkling jewels like earrings you see hanging from every possible place; along with the chilly air and the dampness come the snowflakes — those becuteous creatures, sparkling like gems of all colors in the sun-light; along with the bitter bleakness and the dying of the sing-ing of the waters come the thick ice—coats which stretch like sheer mirrors over the landscape. These are King Winter's wineders. And you can no more have these beauties in your waters in his." "It is wonderful," sighed Queen Summer, as she sank back into Mother Nature's arms from the subeam. "I will not stay too long lest I spoil his beauties for him. I see now we must each pleasures and blessings." "Yes," said Mother Nature. "There is nothing on earth with-out its beauty—no matter how drear and bleak it may seem." Lovingly, AUNT ESTE.

