

he could tear 20 packs of cards between his fingers.

But, somehow, he was weary of sweet things, and he was tired of doing strong things, for somehow there seemed no satisfaction in doing them when he had only to wish in order to be able to do them; and he was tired of perpetual skies, and he wished he could unwind them, but it was a peculiarity of the ring that what the owner had once wished must remain.

Soon nothing seemed worth doing, and nothing seemed worth wishing for, and in time he could not wish at all. Moreover, he was haunted by the thought that in a few years he would have to give up the ring, and then everything would vanish. And so, in the end, he enjoyed nothing; and his life was full of disgust, and weariness, and fear.

Meantime, Prince Endeavour was working and loving.

At last, however, the 30 years were done, and the brothers met again at the Court of King Deepheart.

Prince Easy was a big, powerful, handsome man, with tremendous muscles; but he looked selfish, and weary, and miserable; whereas Prince Endeavour, though not so big and strong and handsome, looked much happier.

"Now, my sons," said the King, "tell me how you have fared. How have things gone with you, Prince Easy?"

"Father," replied Prince Easy, "I am tired of everything; I am sick of life!"

"What?" exclaimed the King; "a big, strong, handsome man like you tired of life! We must have a feast and a dance to-night to cheer you up."

"Alas!" said Prince Easy, "I have feasted and danced every night for 30 years, and every year I enjoyed the feasts and dances less, for I grew tired of dainties and dancing, and I was disturbed, too, by the thought that every year brought the end nearer. Now I can feast and dance no more."

"Are you tired of life, too, Prince Endeavour?" asked the King, turning to his other son.

"Nay, nay, father," replied Prince Endeavour; "life grows to me more beautiful every day; there is so much to do, and so much to learn and so much to love. The pearl has made everything seem beautiful. The stars and the flowers and the hills are all glorified by the love which gave them and the rivers and the seas and the winds all sing of love. Eternity is too short to exhaust the wonder of everything! My food is simple but it is sweet for I have earned it by my work, and my friends are few, but they are true, for I have won them by my love."

"Wisely didst thou choose," said the King; "for there can be no beauty and no lasting happiness without patience and love." Then, turning to Prince Easy, he said—

"Give me the ring."

Sadly the Prince gave it to him, and at once his strength and his beauty departed, and he became a poor, weak thing, with trembling legs, and thin arms, and narrow shoulders, and a low brow.

"Foolishly didst thou choose," said the King; "for thy strength and the beauty were merely superficial, and thy wealth and thy possessions could bring thee no happiness, since thou thyself, in thyself, hadst no love, and no patience, and, therefore, no real beauty, nor strength, nor wealth, nor joy. Thou thyself art a poor, feeble, withered thing, able to do nothing, able to enjoy nothing. Life is to you vain, and tiresome, and empty."

But Prince Endeavour pitied his brother, and he cried—

"Father, may I give Easy my pearl, and then he will grow strong and happy, and will not need sweet things, and glittering things, and hard, cold gold?"

The King smiled, and said—

"Yes, give it."

And Prince Endeavour, not without sorrow, gave it.

But to his great surprise, he found another pearl in his hand at once, and history says that this pearl gave birth to many more, and that Prince Endeavour went about distributing them, and making people happy.

This is the story of Prince Easy and Prince Endeavour. "Little Folks."

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OUR PUPPY:

HOW HIS CONDUCT BECAME QUITE HORRID.

With mud upon his clumsy feet,
He jumped on Auntie Jane,
And Father said, "I'll have to whip
That troublesome dog again."
We said, "Oh, don't!" But Father did,
And filled our hearts with pain.

Just after this, for chastisement,
He showed he didn't care,
By worrying a goat-skin rug,
And robbing it of hair.
To "punish him for that, we thought,
Was shockingly unfair.

While burying a bone, last week,
He wrecked a garden-bed.
Once more, with grief, we watched our pet
To execution led.
"He didn't mean the slightest harm!"
Among ourselves we said.

But now we're satisfied he should
Be smacked till black and blue.
What do you think the wretch has had
The wickedness to do?
He's gone and chewed up Buster Brown,
Before we'd read it through!

—FELIX LEIGH.

A Seaside Amusement.

Have you ever tried drawing houses, etc., on the sands? I expect so. But have you made a clock face? It is great fun, and looks most imposing when finished. You must first of all collect a heap of little round pebbles, and this will take some time. When all is ready, choose a piece of smooth, firm sand, and draw two big circles, one within the other. Then divide the circles into four equal parts, and begin putting in the Roman figures, in pebbles, beginning with the twelve to six, then the nine and three, and so on. The figures should be marked on the sand with a stick, before "pebbling" them. Draw in the hands, and put two little pebbles to imitate the winding-up holes of the clock, and your work is finished. People always find pleasure in looking at anything of this kind at the seaside, and if the hours of high or low tide are indicated each day by beans of movable hands, formed by sticks, a useful and novel feature is added to this ingenious idea.

An Eastern Puzzle.

An old Persian died, leaving seventeen camels to be divided among his three sons in the following proportions:—The eldest to have half, the second a third, and the youngest a ninth. Of course, camels cannot be divided into fractions, so, in despair, the brothers submitted their difference to a very wise old dervish.

"Nothing easier!" said the wise Aq. "I will divide the mfor you."

How did he do it? The old dervish divided the seventeen camels into the desired proportions by adding one of his own to the number, thus making it eighteen. The eldest brother then took his half—nine; the second his third—six; the third his ninth—two, making seventeen in all, and giving back the one camel over to its owner, the wise dervish.

His Sixth Birthday.

He has given up his cradle and his little worsted ball,
He has hidden all his dolls behind the door;

He must have a rocking horse,
And a hardwood top, of course,
For he isn't mamma's baby any more.

He has cut off all his curls—they are only fit for girls,
And has left them in a heap upon the floor;
For he's six years old to-day,
And he's glad to hear them say
That he isn't mamma's baby any more.

He has pockets in his trousers, like his older brother, Jim,
Tho' he thinks he should have had them long before,
His new shoes lace to the top,
'Tis a puzzle where they stop;
And he isn't mamma's baby any more.

He has heard his parents sigh, and has greatly wondered why,
They are sorry when he has such bits in store;
For he's now their darling boy,
And he will be their pride and joy,
Tho' he cannot be their baby any more.

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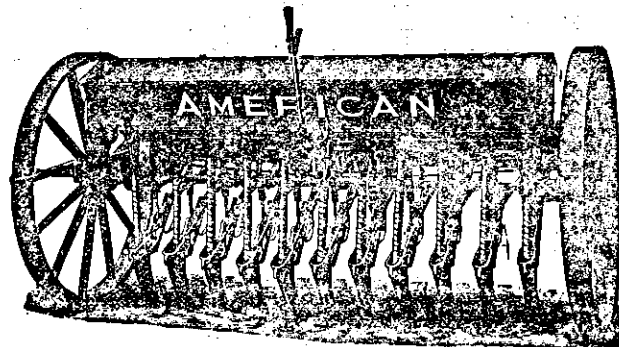
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