

## CRYING FRANK.

strangers with any music louder than a sleepy whine. But the next morning they had a good chance to judge of the strength of his lungs.

He tuned up in his loudest style; but, the first time he stopped to take breath, he heard some one else crying so lustily, that, in his amazement, he forgot to keep up his own cry. His mamma had told him there were no children in the house: who, then, could it be?

After breakfast Frank wanted to go out; but, as it was raining, his mamma thought it best to keep him in. Instantly he set up such a bawling, that his mamma was very much ashamed of him. But he stopped as suddenly as before; for, just in the next room, a voice took up the strain, and sobbed and cried so pitifully, that Frank was quite frightened.

How distressing was the cry! "*Oh, dear! oh, dear! oh, dear! boo-hoo-hoo-hoo! Oh, dear! oh, dear! oh, dear! boo-hoo-hoo-hoo-o!*" prolonged and repeated over and over again, and finally ending in a boisterous, "*Ha, ha, ha, ha! Polly wants a cracker.*"

Frank was at first surprised, and then angry; for he thought some one was making fun of him. He ran into the next room to see who it was; when a little lady, dressed in green, almost over his head, introduced herself as "*Pretty Poll; pretty Poll!*" nodding and bowing as if very glad to make his acquaintance. Frank stood speechless, with eyes and mouth wide open; for it was the first time he had ever heard a bird talk.

Pretty soon, Poll, peering at him over the side of the cage, sang out, "*All right; all right! What's your name? What's your name?*" and then began very soberly to whistle, "*Yankee Doodle.*"

This talking bird amused Frank for a while; but his cry-