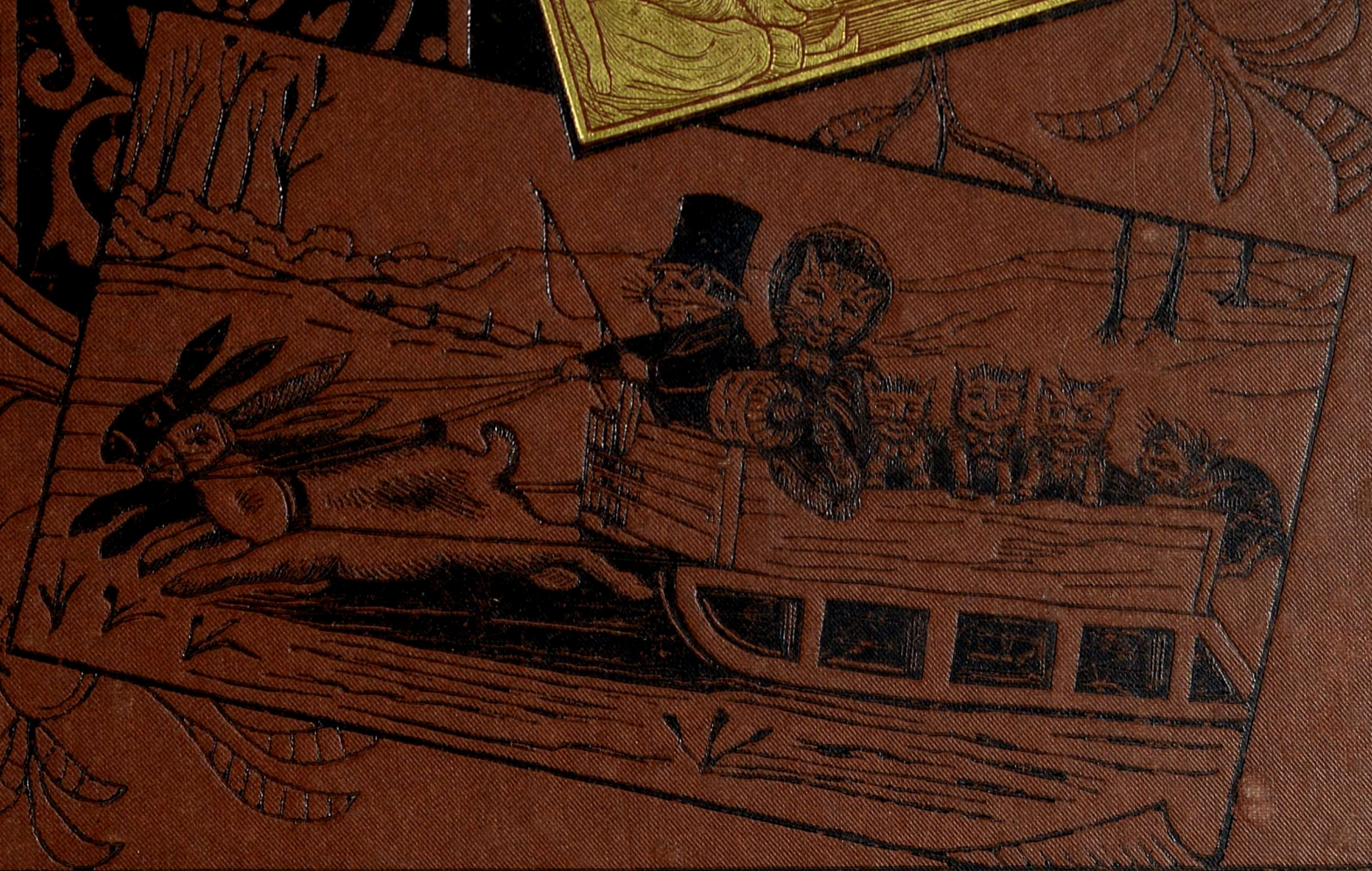
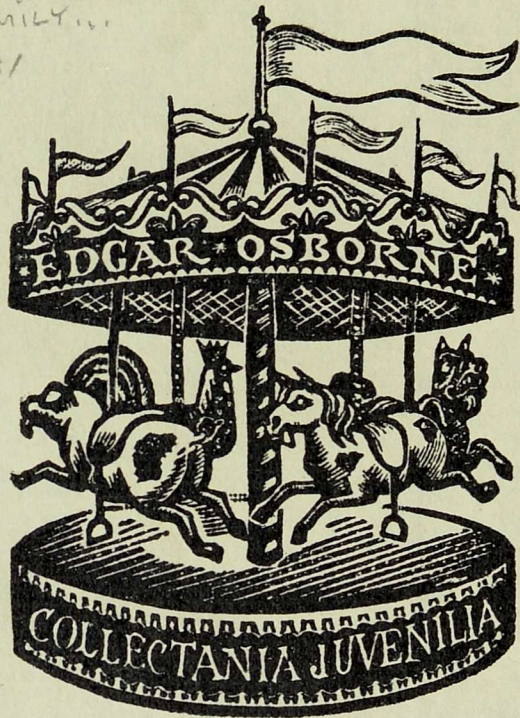


THE
FAMILY CIRCLE
PICTURE BOOK



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FAMILY...
1881



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Miss H. Neville Wolfe

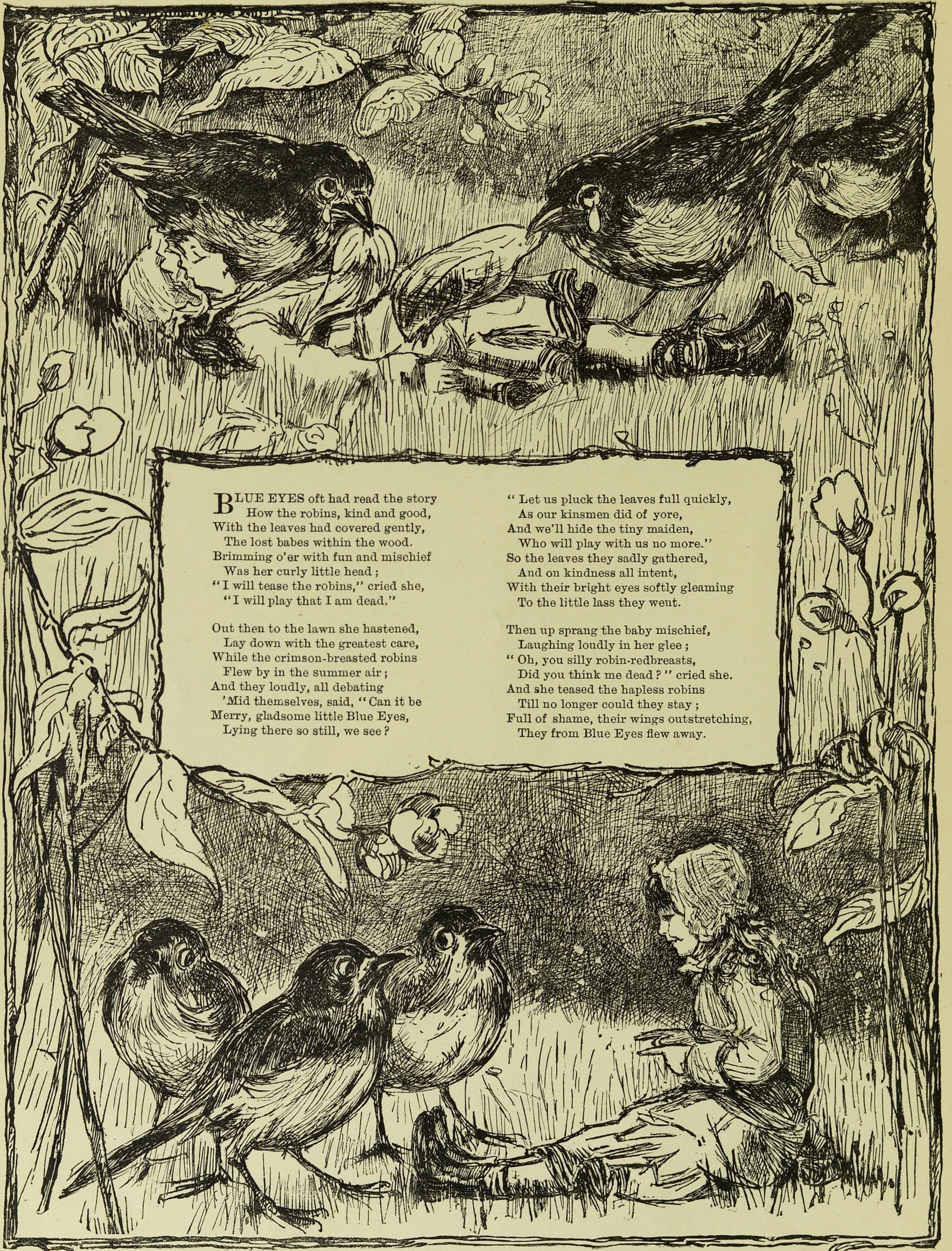
With loving Xmas Wishes

from

Maggie Symington

THE FAMILY CIRCLE PICTURE BOOK.

Joy Cottage
Hunstanton
1880



BLUE EYES oft had read the story
 How the robins, kind and good,
 With the leaves had covered gently,
 The lost babes within the wood.
 Brimming o'er with fun and mischief
 Was her curly little head ;
 "I will tease the robins," cried she,
 "I will play that I am dead."

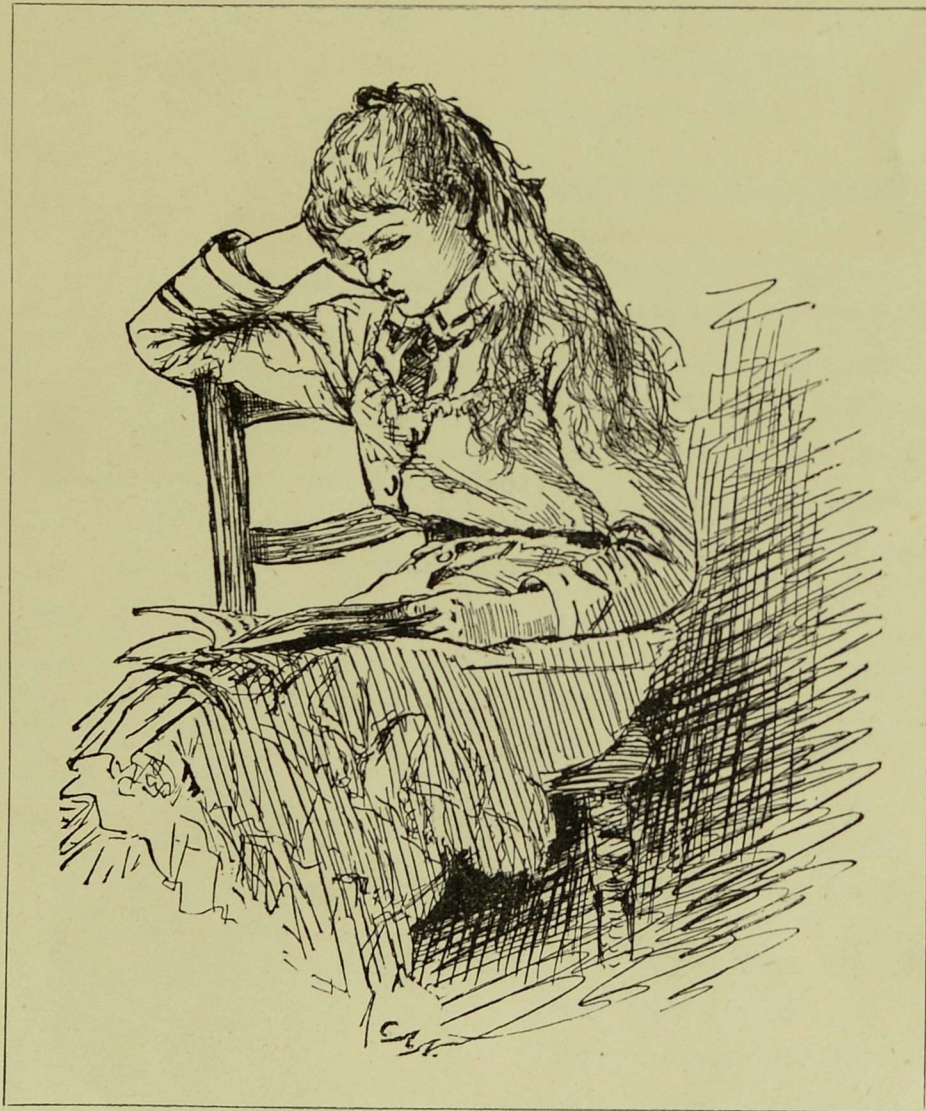
Out then to the lawn she hastened,
 Lay down with the greatest care,
 While the crimson-breasted robins
 Flew by in the summer air ;
 And they loudly, all debating
 'Mid themselves, said, "Can it be
 Merry, gladsome little Blue Eyes,
 Lying there so still, we see ?

"Let us pluck the leaves full quickly,
 As our kinsmen did of yore,
 And we'll hide the tiny maiden,
 Who will play with us no more."
 So the leaves they sadly gathered,
 And on kindness all intent,
 With their bright eyes softly gleaming
 To the little lass they went.

Then up sprang the baby mischief,
 Laughing loudly in her glee ;
 "Oh, you silly robin-redbreasts,
 Did you think me dead ?" cried she.
 And she teased the hapless robins
 Till no longer could they stay ;
 Full of shame, their wings outstretching,
 They from Blue Eyes flew away.

THE

FAMILY CIRCLE PICTURE BOOK.



CONTAINING ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY ILLUSTRATIONS.

London:

JAMES CLARKE & CO., 13 & 14, FLEET STREET, E.C.

1881.

LONDON:

W. SPEAIGHT AND SONS, PRINTERS,
FETTER LANE.

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THE
FAMILY CIRCLE PICTURE BOOK.

HOW TROTTY GOT HIS JUMPING-JACK.

BY AGNES CARR.



TROTTY sat on the nursery floor, gazing sadly at a broken jumping-jack, with only one leg, no arms, and not much of a head to speak of. It was weeks since Christmas, and all the toys Santa Claus had stuffed into Trotty's little striped stocking were cracked and broken, and now this jumping-jack, the last and dearest of all, had gone to pieces too.

"I sink it's time Santa Tlaus tomed aden," remarked Trotty at last.

"Oh no," said nurse, who was holding baby by the window; "he is busy now, making toys to give the good children next Christmas."

"Where does he live?" asked Trotty.

"In a house set in a garden of Christmas trees," began nurse; but just then somebody called her from the room.

"I b'lieve I'll try and find dat house," thought Master Four-year-old, "and ask Santa Tlaus to div me anodder jumping-jack."

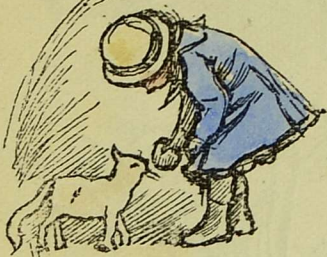
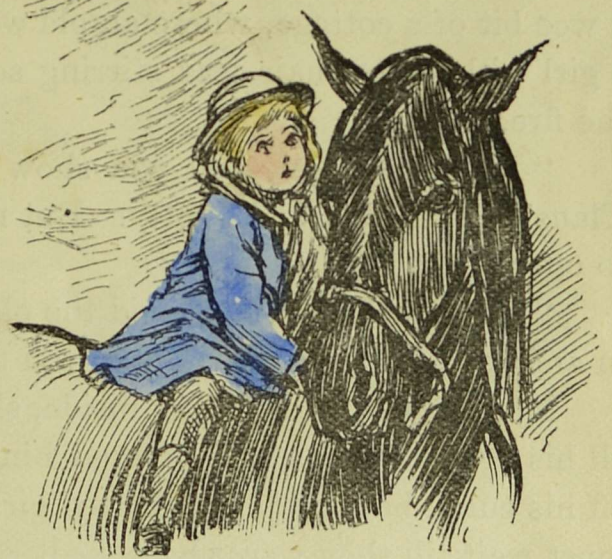
To think, with Trotty, was to do, and five minutes later he had on his beloved new rubber boots, and was running down the road as fast as his little fat legs would carry him, with a big apple in his hand to eat on the way.

He came first to a pond where a duck was swimming. "Quack, quack," said the duck; which meant, "What a nice red apple! I wish I had some."

"I will div you a bite," said Trotty, "if you will show me the way to Santa Tlaus's house."

"I don't know the way," said Ducky; "but give me some, and I will take you to the cat, and she will tell you."

So Trotty gave her a bite, and the duck came out of the water, and waddled along in front of Trotty till they came to a barn, where the cat and her five kittens were playing in the doorway.



"Please, Mrs. Pussy," said Trotty, "show me the way to Santa Tlaus's house, and I will div you a bite of my apple."

"Mew, mew," said the pussy cat; which was, "I don't know the way; but give me some, and I will take you to the dog, and he will tell you."

So Trotty gave her a bite, and she led him to the dog-kennel, where Towser the dog was snapping at flies in the sun.

"Please, doggy," said Trotty, "show me the way to Santa Tlaus's house, and I'll div you a bite of my apple."

"Bow, wow, wow," said Towser; which meant, "I don't know the way; but give me some, and I will take you to the horse, who can tell you."

So Trotty gave him a bite, and together they went on to a green field, where a horse was feeding, and Trotty asked him to show him the way.

"Neigh, neigh," said Horsy, "I don't know; but give me a piece of your apple, and I will take you to the boy, who will surely tell you."

So Trotty gave him a bite, and the horse took him on his back, and galloped away, until they came to a nice little boy sitting on a fence whistling. There was nothing now left of the apple except the core; but Trotty said, "Please, boy, show me the way to Santa Tlaus's house, and I'll div you the tore of my apple."

"I don't know the road," answered the boy; "but give it to me, and I will take you to the little old woman who lives under the hill, and she will tell you."

So Trotty gave him the core, and the boy took him to a wee bit of a cottage, where an old woman was spinning, and a girl with yellow hair was stirring something in a pot over the fire.

"Please, ma'am, will you show me the way to Santa Tlaus's house?" asked Trotty. But now he had no more apple to offer.

"Yes, my little dear," said the old woman, sweetly. "Come in and rest, and then I will take you there."

But the moment he was inside, she caught hold of him, took off all his pretty clothes, and dressed him in old rags, and would have cut off his curls, but the yellow-haired girl said the scissors were rusty, and she must wait till they were sharpened.

Trotty was dreadfully frightened, and thought he should never get home again; but when it grew dark the old woman went to sleep on a bed in the corner, and then the girl with yellow hair dressed him in his own clothes again, opened the door, and let him run away.

Trotty ran along in the dark until he saw a light, and found it came from a large house, and all around the house grew beautiful evergreen trees.

"Dis must be Santa Tlaus's house," thought Trotty, "for there are the Tismas trees." So he trotted up to the door, and knocked. It was opened by a big man with bushy whiskers.

"Is you Santa Tlaus?" asked Trotty.

"Bless us!" said the man. "And if I am, what do you want?"

"I wants a jumping-jack," sobbed Trotty. "And oh! I's tired, and I wants my supper."

"Bless us!" said the man again. But he caught Trotty up in his arms, carried him in, and set him in a high chair in front of a great bowl of bread and milk.

Trotty went to eating right away, for he was very hungry; but before he came to the bottom of the



bowl his head nodded, his eyes closed, and he was fast asleep. He never knew how long he slept; but when he woke up he was in his own little white bed at home, and papa, mamma, and nurse were hugging and kissing him.

But on the pillow by his side lay a beautiful new jumping-jack; so he knew he had found the house in the garden of Christmas trees, and seen good old Santa Claus himself.

BEGGARS.

“IT’S too bad of you,” said little Tommy Grey, “I declare it’s too bad of you. I’ve only got one bowl of bread and milk, and here are seven of you wanting some. If I give you all only a little there won’t be any left for me. Aren’t you ashamed of yourselves? I should be if I went and asked a poor little boy to give me his breakfast when I knowed he hadn’t got enough for himself. S’cat! get away. Why, she’s actually stealing, and sticking her nose into the basin without waiting to be helped. It’s wicked to steal, and you must learn to know better. That’s what mamma says. And if I stole a lump of sugar out of her basin, she wouldn’t give me any, I know. And that’s just how I will serve you, Miss Pussy cat, then p’raps you’ll know better next time. Why don’t you behave as good old Carlo does? He sits so patiently and so quietly, only he hangs his tongue out, and I know what that means. Good old dog! I’ll leave you some in the bottom of the basin, Carlo, see if I don’t. And you five little kittikins, sitting in a row with your tails stuck out, just as we’ve taken such pains to teach you. I’ll put a spoonful of milk down on the ground for you, but you must be quick and lick it up before nurse comes, else she’ll say I’ve spilt my milk. There now, won’t you let me get my breakfast in peace? I’m so hungry. Be quiet, Carlo, your turn’s coming very soon. I’ve promised, you know, and I don’t forget my promises. I should be as wicked as this naughty Pussy cat, if I did. Don’t you think so?”

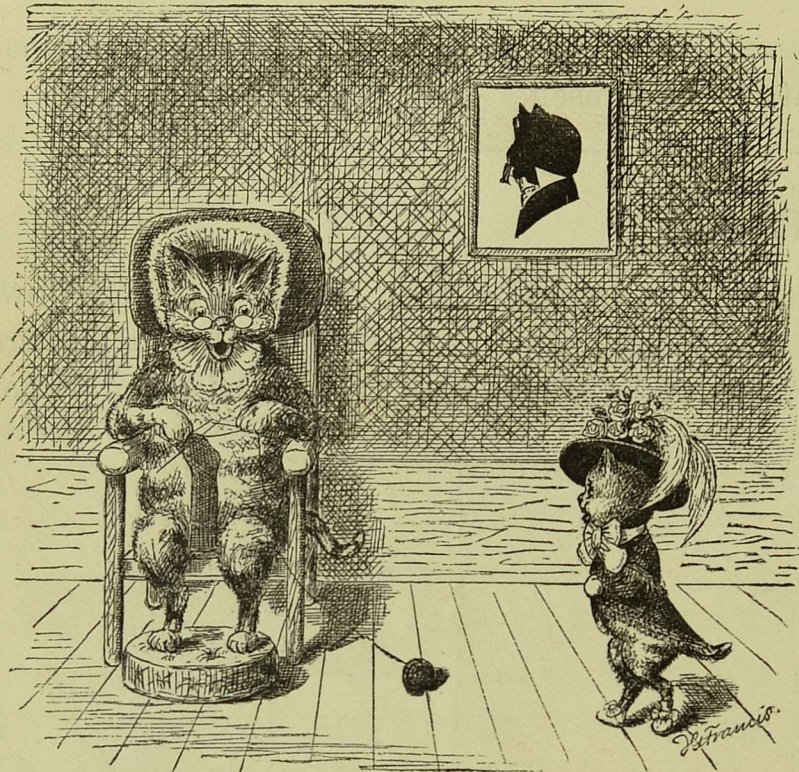


“PLEASE, GIVE ME SOME!”

There now, won't you let me get my breakfast in peace? I'm so hungry. Be quiet, Carlo, your turn's coming very soon. I've promised, you know, and I don't forget my promises. I should be as wicked as this naughty Pussy cat, if I did. Don't you think so?"

M. S.

THE KITTY KEEPING HOUSE.



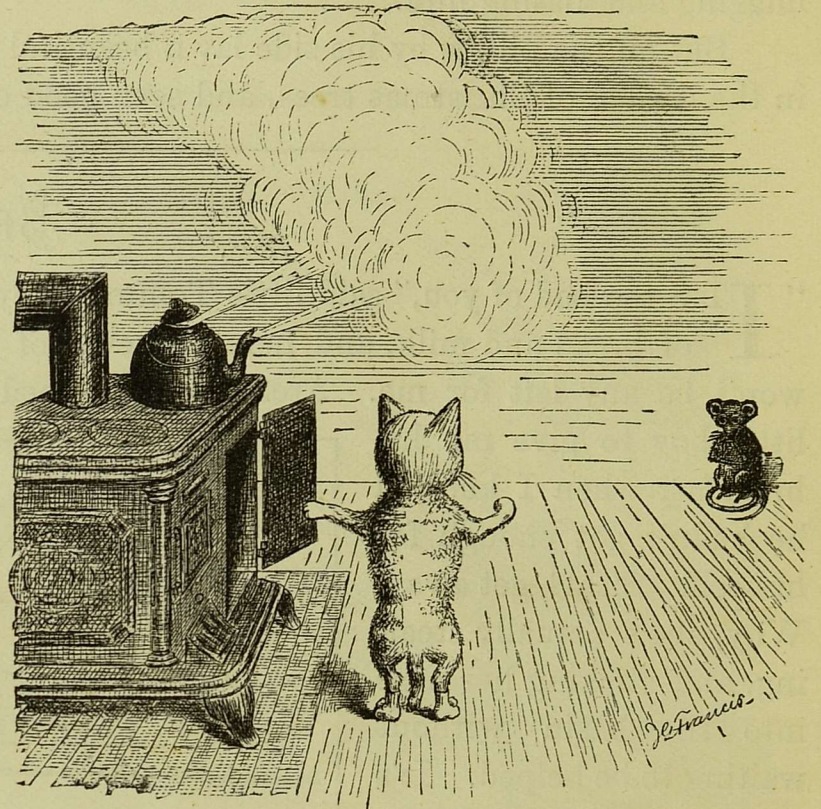
TABBY CAT HAS A VISITOR.

KITTY-PUSS, oh, Kitty-puss,
 Don't you want some shoes
 To keep the little tooties warm
 And drive away the blues?
 You could have some little mittens,
 And we'd walk out on the street,
 And everybody'd whisper
 "Look at Kitty's hands and feet!"

Kitty-puss, oh, Kitty-puss,
 Don't you want a hat
 And have it trimmed with feathers
 And visit Tabby-cat?



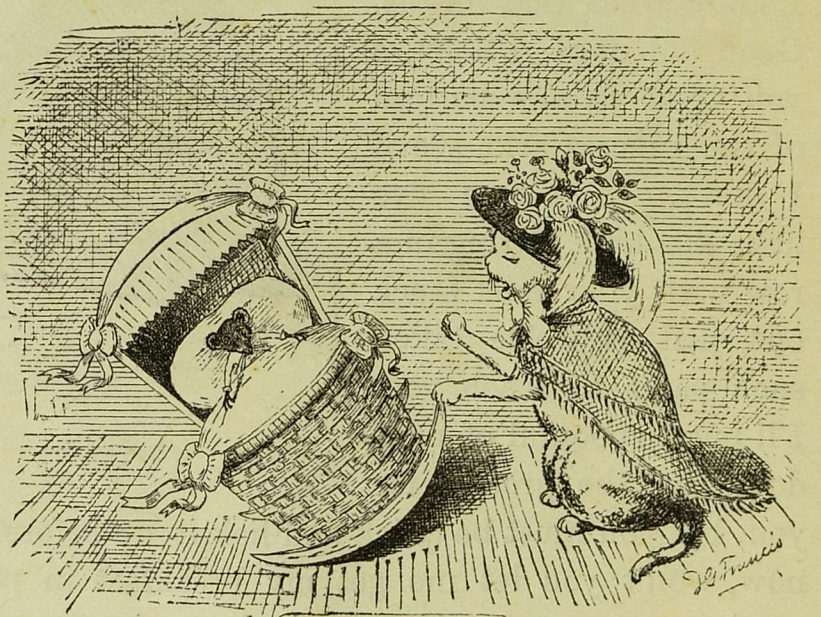
ISN'T IT SWEET?



HOW TO WARM THE BABY'S TOES.

She would look and see us coming,
 But she wouldn't know at all
 The Kitty with the mittens
 And the hat and shoes and shawl.

Kitty-puss, oh, Kitty-puss,
 Don't you want a mouse
 And have it for a baby,
 And keep a little house?
 I'd rock it in the cradle,
 And I'd bump its little nose,
 And I'd put it in the oven
 Just to warm its little toes.



DON'T WAKE WHILE MAMMA'S GONE!

Then we'd climb up in the stable,
 And as soon as we were able,
 We would set a little table
 With the dishes in a row.

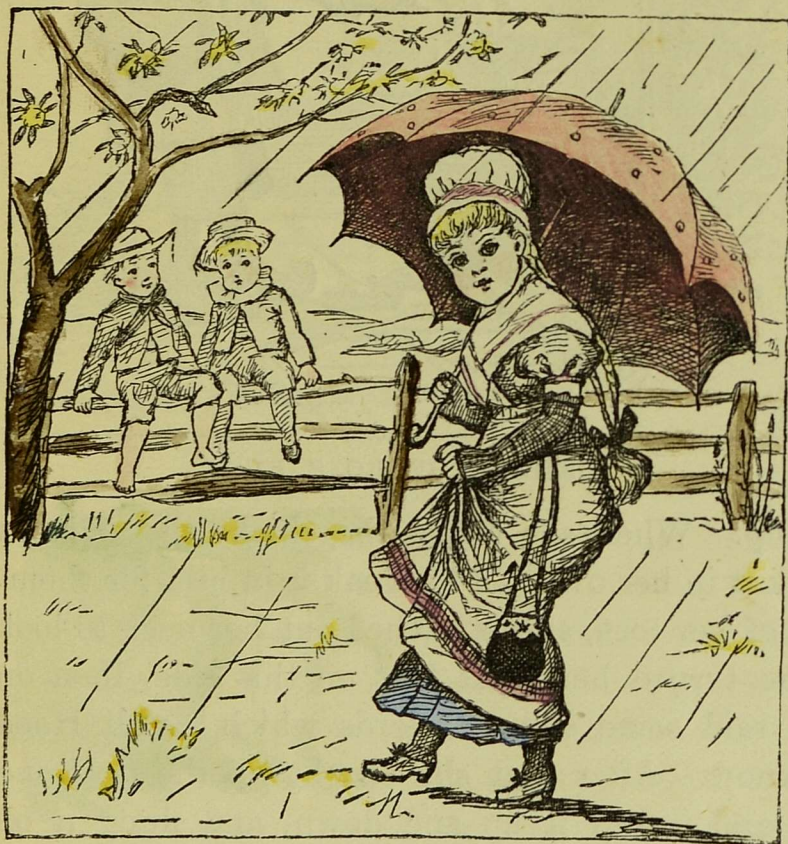
Then I would pour the coffee,
 And Kitty'd carve the meat;
 With mousie in the high chair—
 Oh, wouldn't that be sweet?

Then we'd get the carriage, Kitty,
 And we'd ride into the city—
 But oh, 'twould be a pity
 If the mousie couldn't go.

I'll tell you what we could do—
 Just put the mouse in bed
 And fix the little pillows
 And cover up its head.

Then we'd sing "Bye baby bye,
 You must shut your little eye,
 And you mustn't, mustn't cry,
 While your mamma's gone to town;
 For if we took you, mousie,
 Why you might get away,
 And we want to keep our baby
 To play another day."

A LITTLE RHYME OF A LITTLE MAID.



A LITTLE wind was blowing, blowing, blowing;
 A little rain was falling in little drops adown;
 A little maid was going, going, going,
 Across a little meadow to reach a little town;
 A little umbrella—brella—brella
 She held within her little hand above her little head;
 And little Isabella—bella—bella
 Felt quite a little touch of pride to see the little spread.

She turned a little corner, corner, corner,
 A little peal of thunder made just a little flash,
 And before I'd time to warn her, warn her, warn her,
 That little umbrella was just a little smash!

WHAT HAPPENED TO SMALL HOOD.

WE Small Hood sat on the floor of the front porch. It was New Year's Day, and a great rose dropped its leaves right on the top of his head.

The sun came in so warm that Small Hood took off his blue shoes and red socks. Then he put one of his pink toes in his mouth—it was the big one. By-and-by he heard a noise at the gate, and he took his toe out of his mouth and looked up so quick, that he almost fell on his back.

It was the man who sold peas and beans who made the noise. He had come to sell some to the folks in Small Hood's house.

He wore his hair in a long black braid wound round his head, and on his feet he had queer shoes with soles of wood. He half shut his long eyes, and said, "You want buy flute?"

Now Small Hood did want some fruit, so he said, "Oh, gee go me," which meant "Oh, give me some."

Then the man with long hair took a small fruit, which looked like a lump of gold, from his tray and gave it to Hood. Hood took it in his fat hand and put his two new teeth right through the rind and bit out a great piece. Then he made a face and said, "Gee, gee, gee." That meant "Oh, dear me!"

Then Small Hood threw the fruit out in the yard, and a young hen that had five chicks ran and picked it up. When she called the chicks they all ran to her, and she told them it was good to eat. She took it in her own bill to break it in bits for them. But she let it fall quick, and stepped back on the ends of her toes, and stretched out her neck to look at it. She turned her head first on this side, then on that, and said some strange words which Small Hood did not know. After that she caught up the fruit and shook it, and jerked it up and down, and flung it off on the street; and then she and her family all ran back to scratch for worms.

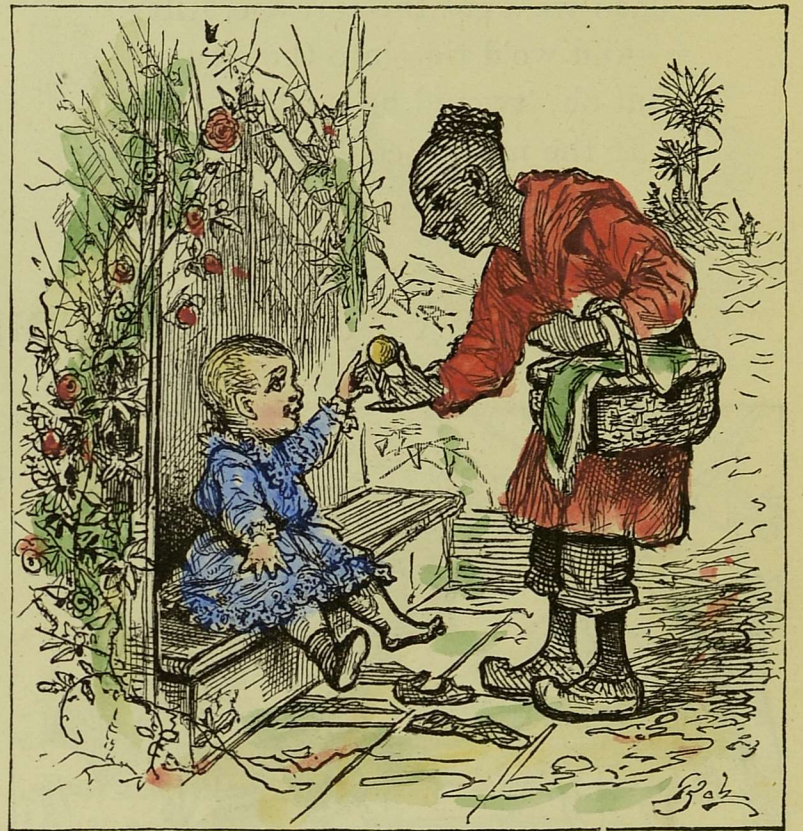


AN INDIGNANT HEN.

Then he stuck his nose in the air, and curled his short tail up tight on his back, and went off as fast as he could go.

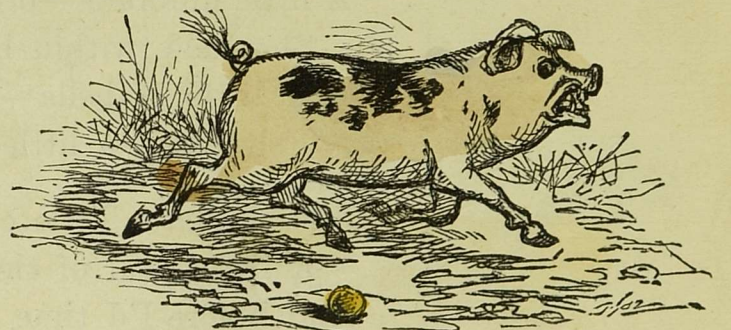
The fruit was a sour lime; and the man who gave it to Small Hood was a man from Hong Kong.

They call that a joke in Hood's land, so the man from Hong Kong laughed.



UNDER THE ROSE BUSH.

There are pigs in Hood's land; and there was one on the grass by the street. When the pig saw the fruit he seized it and bit it hard; and then he said "quee, quee, quee," which was his way to say "Oh, dear."



AN INDIGNANT PIG.

THE CAT SHOW.

BY MRS. W. J. HAYS,

Author of "The Princess Idleways."

"YES, next month comes that old, everlasting Thanksgiving-day. I wonder why we have to spend more than half of it at the dinner table!"

"Suppose we don't! Let us strike out on a new lead."

"What can we do? Grandmother's pumpkin pies must be eaten, and grandfather's great turkey must be carved."

"Well, Charlie, I like originality."

"What is that, Sue?—anything in the candy shop?"

"You dreadful boy! You are just too—"

"Sweet for anything," put in Charlie.

Sue jumped up and tried to box his ears; but she chased him out into the hall, and tripped over the mats, and away he went up the stairs, and stood laughing at her as she gathered up her worsted work.

"If I were a gentleman," said Sue, in her haughtiest manner, "I would assist my friends when misfortune overtook them."

"Hear! hear!" cried Charlie.

"I had the nicest little plan to propose," she went on.

"What was it, Sue?" said Charlie, whose curiosity was aroused.

"Not a word more to one so ungallant, so very rude."

"Ah, Sue dear," coaxed Charlie, coming down and putting his arm around her, "you are the nicest little sister in the world, if you did want to box my ears. Now tell us the plan, that's a darling."

"Well, it isn't much, after all; it is only that I want to make Thanksgiving a little more of a reality, and I thought—now, Charlie, don't laugh at me—that if we could do something for somebody, which would make him thankful, wouldn't it be nicer?"

"And who did you think of?"

"I thought of old black Betsey and her husband, they both are so old and so poor. Suppose we give them a dinner?"

"All by ourselves? Where would we get the money?"

"We will have an exhibition of cats. I will borrow Aunt May's old tabby, and John's big Tom, and Lulie Bell's five white kittens, and we have our own, and you can get others, and we will rig up a room in the barn, and put placards up, and I will tie bright ribbons on all their necks, and we'll charge ten cents for grown people and five cents for children, and—oh, I don't know what else."

"Splendid!"

The idea suited Charlie, and no time must be lost. Every day was valuable. Mother was consulted, and had no objections. Father gave permission to use the harness-room. The cats were borrowed: big cats and little cats, sleepy old pussies and lively young kits, gray cats, white cats, and "cherry-coloured cats," as the placard read. "For one day only," was also on the placard. Charlie was doorkeeper, and a busy time had Sue in keeping peace among the pussies; they screamed and scratched, and kept up a perfect *Pinafore* chorus, until the child wished she was deaf, or could give them all opium; but the day wore on, and all the children of their acquaintance enjoyed the sport, and not a few of the elders looked in upon them. By evening Charlie was rejoicing in the possession of a full money box, but his face grew long as he counted the pennies. In reply to Sue's eager query of "How much?"

"Only two dollars and a half," was his dejected reply.

"Well, we can buy lots of things with that," said Sue, whose knowledge of marketing was limited.

"I am afraid it will take all for the turkey."

"Then we'll get chickens," said Sue.

“And how about cranberry jelly?”

“Mother will give us apples from her barrel.”

“And celery, and sweet-potatoes, and all the other goodies?”

“We must make it all do. I will go to Mr. Scott, the grocer, and tell him we want everything at the very lowest price.”

“Well, I leave it all to you,” said Charlie, with masculine disdain of details, and scorn for so small a sum.

“That is right. You’ll see how I will manage,” said Sue, confidently.

And manage she did.

Thanksgiving was a cold, bleak day, and old black Betsey had no idea of leaving her fireside for church.

“I can give my tanks jist as well one place as anodder,” said she, in reply to a sweet, coaxing voice which was urging her to go out.

“Now, please, just go to oblige me, Aunt Betsey,” said Sue; “Charlie and I want you and Uncle Jake to go to church for a very particular reason. You cannot refuse me, I am sure.”

The old woman grumbled and scolded and shuffled about in a discontented way, but the pleading little Sue stood firm, and gave an exulting shout as she finally closed the door upon both of them.

“Hurrah!” exclaimed Charlie, and then they both went to work.

The poor little cabin had to be swept and dusted, and all the cracked crockery well wiped, but Sue had tied on a great big apron, and Charlie pinned on a huge towel, and declared himself head waiter. Then the market-basket, carefully concealed in the wood-shed, had to be unpacked, and Sue’s mother had given a bright red table-cover, and all sorts of nice little things to fill up corners; and when at last everything was set out, and green boughs hung over the doors and the ready-cooked turkey was fizzing over again in the oven, and the dinner was ready, Sue and Charlie hid themselves behind a door and waited for Aunt Betsey and Uncle Jake. Slowly the old people came grumbling home as they had grumbled out. They were old and stiff and poor, and what was there to be thankful for? For the rheumatism? Yes, if God willed it, said Aunt Betsey, who, however, was far from cheerful.

They pushed open the door, and the savoury smell of cooking saluted them.

“Hi, Uncle Jake, what you tink o’ dis? what’s de meanin’ of all dis yer?” said Aunt Betsey.

Uncle Jake’s mouth opened wide, as if the better to inhale the rich odours.

“Who’s bin hiyar? What dose chillen bin about? Good gracious me! if dis ain’t a dinner fit for a king.”

Uncle Jake’s grin burst into a laugh.

“Oh my: dey meant we should hab a Tanksgivin’ in yearnest;” and the two old souls shook their sides with laughter.

“De good Lord bress dose chillen, an’ give ’em as tankful hearts as we hab dis day!” said Aunt Betsey.



“WHAT DOSE CHILLEN BIN ABOUT?”

Sue and Charlie had meant to give a glorious war whoop and shout, but their voices would not come, and when they looked at each other the tears came welling up from their tender little hearts.

“Come, Sue,” said Charlie, “let us get away without their seeing us. Whoever thought a cat show would have made two people so glad!”

They went home to their own dinner with a new idea of Thanksgiving-day; it seemed a better and a fresher feast; and after the day was done and the stars came out twinkling their thanks, and the children, tired with play and glad to rest, laid down their sleepy heads on their pillows, their angels whispered softly dreams of peace and joy.

HAVING A GOOD TIME.



“HAVING a good time,” are you?
 But, ah! what would mother say
 If she knew of the two rogues rummaging
 In her bureau drawer to-day?
 “Mamma’s gone out,” is that it?
 And nurse is “off duty” too?
 And little mice, when the cat is away,
 Find mischief enough to do.

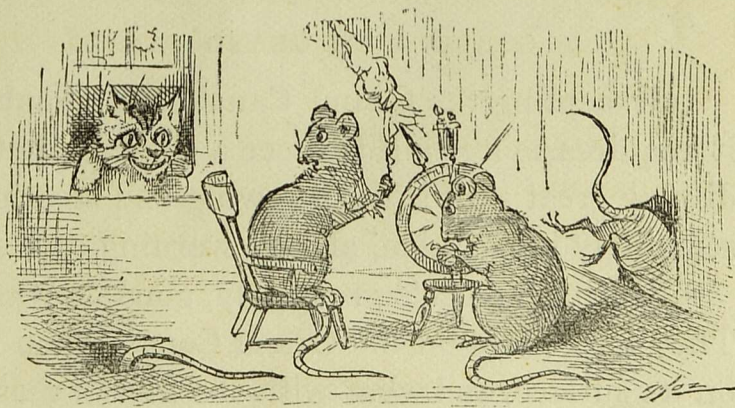
Well, little golden-haired burglars,
 What do you find for your pains?
 Some garments folded so neatly away,
 And mamma’s jewel-case are your gains.
 You look at the jewels before you
 With innocent, joyous surprise;
 But the jewels *I* like are your own precious
 selves,
 And like gems are your merry blue eyes.

But hark! I knew nurse would wonder
 What mischief you two were about;
 “When those children are quiet,” I once heard
 her say,
 “Some mischief I’m sure to find out.”
 Oh, dear little rogues, scamper quickly
 Away from temptation and fun;
 Leave the jewels and drawer, ere your fingers
 Be guilty of harm yet undone.

THE FOUR MICE.

FOUR mice sat in the barn to spin, when they were disturbed by the cat, who glared at them with open mouth.

Puss didn’t catch them though, for they scuttled away just in time; but had they remained in their little dark holes, instead of attempting to do that for which they were totally unfit, they would not have suffered such a terrible fright.



“FOUR MICE SAT IN THE BARN TO SPIN.”

THE LITTLE SHIPS OF THE WATER STREETS.

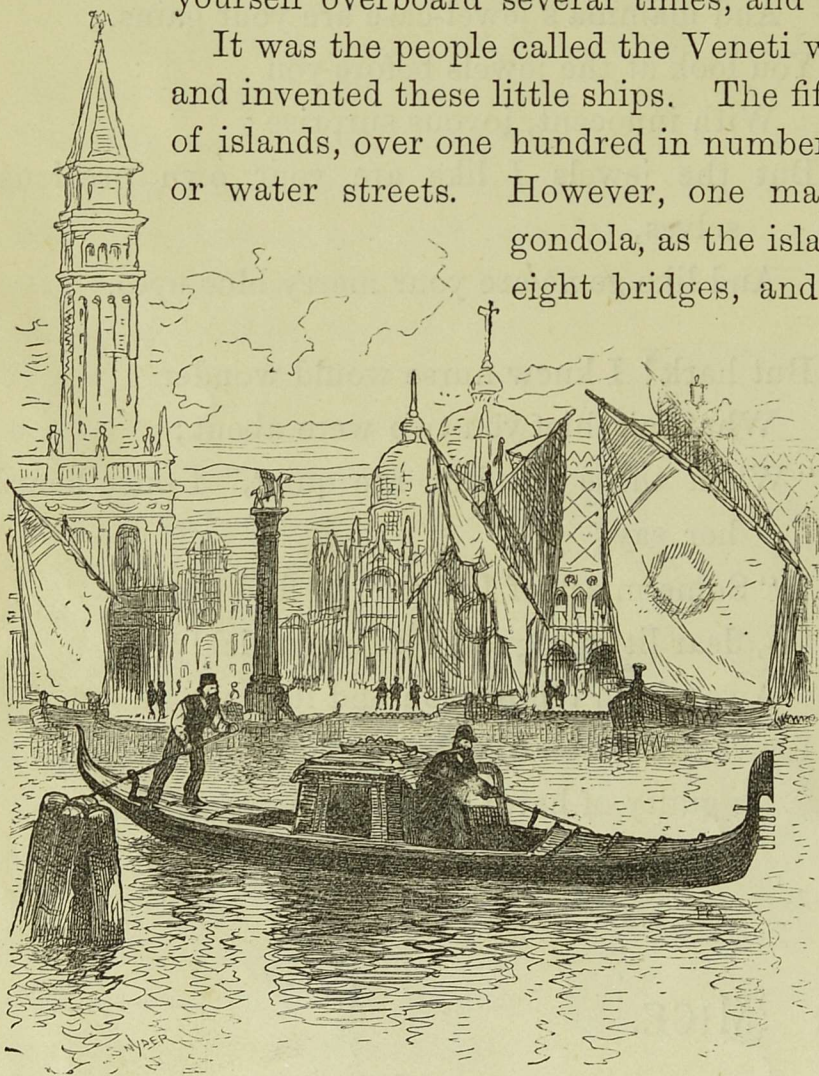
BY JAMES B. MARSHALL.

IF the jolly uncle of certain Venetian girls and boys comes home from China, and says, "Hurra, children! let's go take a ride, and have a good time," they don't imagine it will be in an open carriage, behind swift-footed horses.

They would think of a beautiful little ship, about thirty feet long, four or five wide, and as light as cork, called a gondola, which means "little ship." It would be painted black, like every other gondola, and the prow would be ornamented with a high halberd-shaped steel piece, burnished to a dazzling glitter. The steel prow would act as a counter-balance to their rower, who would stand on the after-end, and row with his face in the direction they wished to be taken. The rowlock would be simply a notched stick, and he would row with one long oar, pushing swiftly along.

He would row so gracefully and easily that you might think you could quickly become a good gondolier if you tried. You would change your mind, however, after the laughable experience of rowing yourself overboard several times, and admit that rowing a gondola requires no small skill.

It was the people called the Veneti who, more than a thousand years ago, settled in Venice, and invented these little ships. The fifteen thousand houses of Venice are built on a cluster of islands, over one hundred in number, and divided by nearly one hundred and fifty canals or water streets. However, one may visit any part of the city without the aid of a gondola, as the islands are joined together by three hundred and seventy-eight bridges, and between the houses lead narrow crooked passages, many not wider than the width of one's outspread arms.



GONDOLA ON GRAND CANAL.

Excepting the Grand Canal, the canals are narrow, and make innumerable sharp turns; so that it requires more skill to steer a gondola than it does to row, if such a thing is possible. The gondoliers display great skill in both rowing and steering, and they cut round corners and wind through openings seemingly impassable, always warning each other of their intentions by certain peculiar cries.

During Venice's prosperity, gondola regattas were held, and were events of great pomp and display. They took place on the Grand Canal, when the whole city gathered on its banks, or in many gondolas on its surface, and what with the music, the display of flags and banners, or the bright-coloured clothing of the colour-loving people, the spectacle certainly must have presented a scene of great brilliancy.

The canals are salt, and offer at high tide fine salt-water bathing. As most of the houses rise immediately from the water, it is not an uncommon sight, at certain hours, to see a gentleman or his children walk down his front door-steps arrayed for bathing, and take a "header" from the lower step. That sounds very funny, but to the Venetians such proceedings are quite a matter of course.

In the lagoon around the city are numerous exasperating sand islands, exposed to view at low tide. The amateur gondolier seeks this lagoon, to be safe from scoffers at his clumsy rowing, and, often, right in the midst of his "getting the knack of it," the tide leaves him stuck fast on a sand island, to wait for its return.

The prizes were money and champion flags, and with the lowest was also given a live pig—a little pleasantry corresponding to the leather medal in American contests.

Once a year the Doge, or chief ruler of Venice, and his officers went in a vessel of royal magnificence, called the *Bucintora*, out upon the Adriatic Sea, followed by a grand procession of gondolas, and there he dropped overboard a gold ring, after certain impressive ceremonies, thus signifying Venice's espousal with the sea, and her dominion over it.

This *Bucintora* was a two-decked vessel, propelled by one hundred and sixty of the strongest rowers of the Venetian fleet. Its sides were carved and gilded, some parts gold-plated, and the whole surmounted by a gold-embroidered crimson velvet canopy. The mast is still preserved in the arsenal at Venice, but the vessel was purposely destroyed to secure its gold ornaments.

It is only in the severest winters—of rare occurrence—that gondolas cannot be used; but then the young Venetians may perform the—to them—wonderful feat of walking on the water, and tell of it years after. Some two hundred years ago the ice lasted the unheard-of time of eighteen days, and such an impression did the event make upon the Venetians that the year in which it happened is known to the present day as the *anno del ghiaccio*—"year of the ice."

OUR LOUIE.

BY M. D. BRINE.

WHAT in the world is our Louie about?
 Studying her lessons, I haven't a doubt;
 Filling her brain with useful lore,
 Thinking and reading o'er and o'er
 Ancient history—many a story
 Of battle and conquest and warlike glory;
 Or maybe 'tis only a difficult rule
 Which has followed our student home from school.

Wise little maiden with golden hair,
 Brown-eyed, winsome, loving, and fair!
 Not even the sunbeams so merry and gay
 Can tempt the young scholar from lessons away.
 Not even *our* presence she seems to heed—
 An industrious girl is our Louie indeed.
 I'll venture to say such a wonderful lass
 Is sure to be always "up head" in her class.

I'll frankly acknowledge I'd like to see
 What a lesson so truly absorbing can be;
 Over her shoulder I'll take one look,
 And—dear me, children, what kind of a book
 Do you think she is studying? History?—no.
 Much as it grieves me to tell you so.

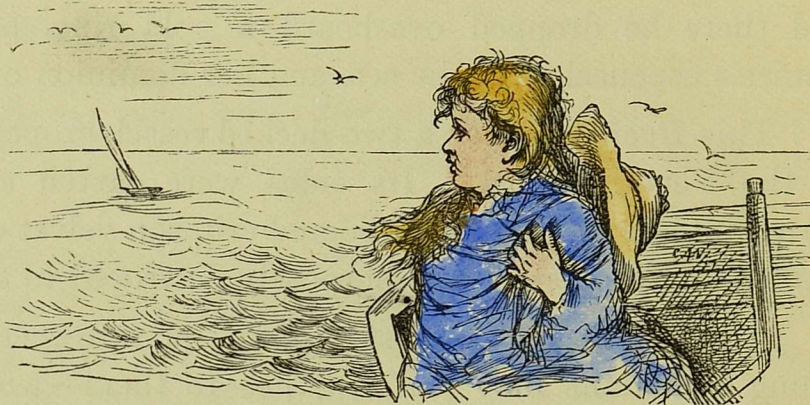


Little cares she for its ancient glory,
 For Louie is deep in—a *fairy story*!

EFFIE'S WISH.

BY M. D. BRINE.

OH, the shine of the laughing ripples,
 Dancing over the silver bay!
 Oh, the touch of the frolicsome breezes,
 Outward-bound on this summer's day!
 How they rustle and rush and hasten,
 Filling the distant sails so white,
 Kissing the cheeks of little Effie
 As she gazes, with blue eyes bright,
 Far away, where the waters widen,
 And fade in a mist so soft and blue.
 For what are you wishing, pretty watcher?
 That you might sail with the breezes too?



That you might dance with the shining ripples
 Over the waters far away?
 Ah, little Effie, your eyes may wander,
 But moored inshore is your boat to-day.

SCENES ON A BATTLE FIELD.

HERE we have four heroes. The one with the sword is evidently the captain issuing his instructions. They are all well armed, as you see, and are meditating an attack on a flock of geese grouped in the distance. But these brave soldiers, who stand with such military precision, lack



the courage to face the foe, who flutter their wings with a loud defiant hiss. As we observe their woeful plight, with one brave warrior sheltered by the corner of the barn, and witness the terror exhibited at the long necks and sharp bills of the enemy, we learn, that however wise and well-considered our plans may be, unless we have courage and determination, we shall never be able to carry them out.

THE MODEL SIX.

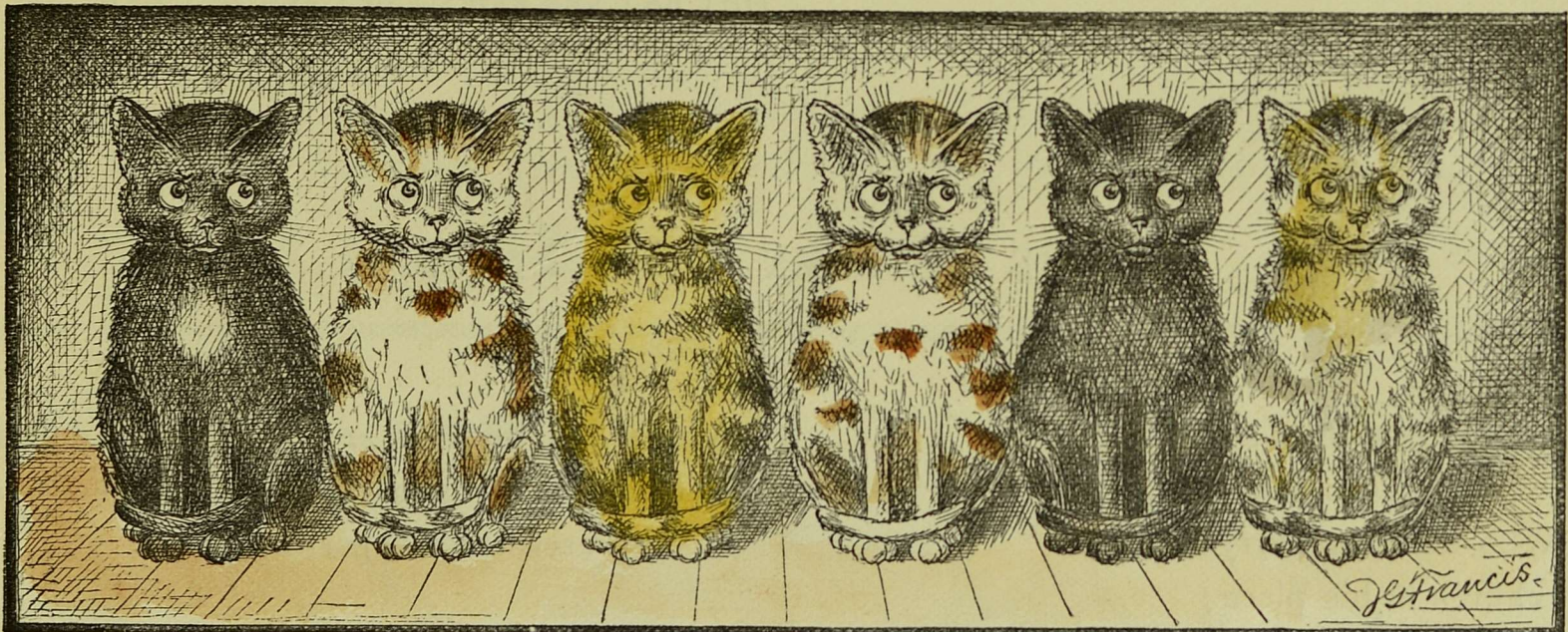
Six little pussy-cats all in a row,
Tails twisted gracefully before every toe.

What do you think of us sitting so quiet?
Do we look as if we could ever make a riot?

I AM the eldest, and I am going to tell the story, which is not a very long one. You will know me by my black fur with a white spot upon my breast, and by the air of superior wisdom which distinguishes me from the rest.

There were nine of us originally. Three of us died the sad death which frequently befalls young cats in their earliest kittenhood—they were drowned, not accidentally. Six of us were allowed to live, a most unusual thing, but our beauty even at that early age was so marked a thing that our old mistress could not find it in her heart to have us destroyed. She determined to have us perfectly brought up instead, and distributed amongst her friends. In doing this she thought she would be acting the part of benefactress to the neighbourhood generally, which had become sadly degenerate in the matter of cats. Six perfectly well-bred members of the cat species would surely be enough to raise the tone of the whole catocracy.

So she thought.



A cat nursery was provided, and a famous old Professor Grimalkin engaged to drill us, and give us lessons in deportment. Our mistress had no decided educational system of her own; she had only one fixed idea—that we must not be spoiled.

“Spoiled cats,” said she, “are even one degree worse than spoiled children—a nuisance to themselves and everybody else.”

Professor Grimalkin made a long speech, in which he set forth his own views. Our mistress listened attentively. Strange to say, she did not seem to find anything a-mews-ing in it, although in reality it consisted of nothing but mews.

It would weary you, and make my story much too long besides, if I were to attempt to tell you of the miseries we endured while our education was in progress.

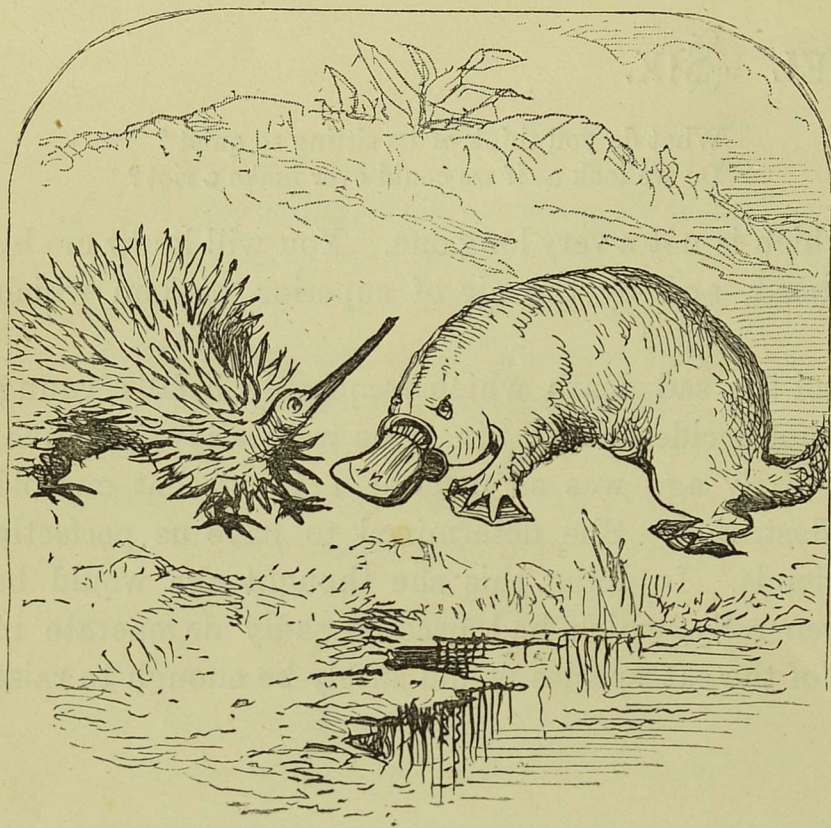
I have no doubt that plenty of little boys and girls who read my story can understand quite well without any further explanation what some of those miseries were.

The result of all this high pressure training may be seen in the picture. Did you ever see six such model cats before?

Our mistress is enchanted. To-morrow we are to be distributed amongst her friends, to teach the general public of cats how vulgar it is to catch mice, how immoral it is to steal cream, or in fact to do anything according to the natural promptings of our cat disposition. Do, somebody, pity us, and drop one little sympathetic tear over this wail of

A HIGHLY EDUCATED CAT.

M. S.



PLAIN SPEAKING.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

A MULLINGONG met an Echidna one day,
 And he cried, "What a very odd nose!
 So exceedingly *sharp*. Why, it's funnier far
 Than your porcupine coat and your toes."
 Then most rudely he made all the echoes resound
 With "he-hees!" and "haw-haws!" and "ho
 hoes!"

The Echidna made answer,
 "My merry young friend,
 If your own comic nose you could see,
 Like a juvenile shovel exceedingly *flat*,
 I am sure you'd stop laughing at me;
 For *perfectly lovely*, beside it, is mine.
 Ho! ho! and haw! haw! and he! he!"

THE SOLEMN OLD LADY.

BY W. L. PETERS.

THERE was once a wee boy
 With an excellent face,
 Who was seen every Sunday
 At church in his place;
 And there this wee boy was accustomed to stare
 At a solemn old lady with lavender hair,
 Who used to sit opposite to him.

But when the long service
 Was over at last,
 He would wait at the
 Vestibule door till she passed;
 And then she would stop on her way from the
 pew,
 And propound a conundrum, which he never
 knew,
 For she asked him the "drift of the sermon."

By-and-by, when the little boy's
 Manhood came round,
 The whole world an unanswered
 Conundrum he found.

And he can no more answer it now, I declare,
 Then he could the old lady with lavender hair,
 Who used to sit opposite to him.



THE WEE BOY IN CHURCH.

THE FROG'S WOOING.

YOU have all of you heard of the Frog who would a-wooing go? Well, here he is, and I am going to tell you the story about him.

Now, this story might have had a very different ending if it had had a proper beginning. We ought all of us to be very careful of beginnings if we want good endings, for the one without the other is about the most unlikely thing of which I have ever heard tell.

The beginning of the Frog's fatal history is this.

He took no pains whatever to get his mother's approval. He had quite made up his mind to pay a visit to the Mouse's Hall whether she were willing or no. And for fear she should say No, he thought it would be wiser to go and say nothing at all to her about it. So, of course, he deserved the sad fate which overtook him, and we need not let it make us feel very sorry.

He put on his best clothes, a little red cloak for his shoulders, and his opera hat, which had a peaked crown, and a feather in it.

He had only gone a very little way when he met a Rat. He must have been almost a king of rats, he had such a nice long, smooth tail, and splendid whiskers. Nevertheless, Mr. Frog thought himself quite as fine a fellow as Mr. Rat.

"Pray, Mr. Rat, and where are you going?"

"I am going to pay my respects to Mrs. Mouse at the Hall," said he.

"How fortunate! I am going that way myself," said Mr. Frog, "and perhaps you'll give me a lift?"

"Certainly," replied the Rat. "Jump up."



So the Frog gave a jump and alighted across the back of the Rat, who set off at once at the top of his speed. So fast did they go, that Mr. Frog nearly lost his fine opera hat, which would certainly have blown away if it had not been fastened to his little red cloak with a string.

They were not long in getting to the Mouse's Hall at this rate. Arrived there, Mr. Froggy gave a loud croak, and the Rat called out, "Mrs. Mousie, are you at home?"

"I am always at home in the morning," cried Mrs. Mousie from within. "Come in, kind sirs, come in."

So they entered, and there sat Mrs. Mousie spinning away as busy as a bee.

"You must please excuse me going on with my work," said she, "but these children of mine wear out their clothes so quickly that I have to be always making them new ones."

"Don't mention it," said Mr. Frog, laying aside his opera hat, and taking a seat; "there is nothing I admire so much in other people as industry. I am not much given to it myself, you know."

It was all very well for Mr. Frog to pay compliments, but Mr. Rat was ready for something more refreshing after his long run.

"Give us some beer, if you please, Mrs. Mouse! Froggy and I are considerably thirsty."

"I beg your pardon for not thinking to offer you some," said she, rising at once, and setting her spinning-wheel aside. "I think you will find our last brewing excellent."

"I shall be very glad to express my opinion of it when I have tasted it," said Mr. Rat, who was not quite so polite as he ought to have been. In the days when he went to school good manners were taught as an extra, and his mother had been too poor to pay for an extra.

Mrs. Mouse handed to each of her guests a good brimming thimbleful of beer. They drank to her health, of course, a compliment which Mrs. Mouse acknowledged with a smile and a courtesy. Mr. Frog insisted upon filling a thimbleful for Mrs. Mouse, who blushed and simpered and said she was never in the habit of taking anything stronger than water.

"But this is an extraordinary occasion," said Mr. Rat, tossing off another thimbleful.

"There is something in that, certainly, and just to show how very glad I am to see you," said Mrs. Mouse, giving them both a charming look out of her bright little brown eyes, "and since you are so very pressing, I don't mind if I do."

"Bravo!" cried the Rat, and tossed off another thimbleful.

He thought the beer excellent. It was made out of syrup of cheese-parings, and was consequently more agreeable to his palate than to the Frog's. He had not yet seen the bottom of his first thimbleful.

They began to be a very merry party indeed, but the Rat made merry in the loudest manner of the three. Mrs. Mouse thought she would like to hear more of Mr. Frog's voice, so she asked him to sing them a song.

"I should like it to be something quite short and sweet," she said.

Now, Mr. Frog was very fond of the sound of his own voice, and always chose songs that were never hardly known to have any ending. He was just a little offended because Mrs. Mouse, knowing his weakness, asked that it might be short.

"I should be very happy to oblige you," he said, "but I have a cold, and am as hoarse as a hog."

"Well, no matter," said Mrs. Mouse, who had already begun in her own mind to regret having asked him, for fear of having to sit still and listen to one of those long marsh ditties that frogs are so fond of singing.

"I will sing you a song that I have very lately composed."

Mr. Frog bowed very sulkily, but said nothing could give him greater delight than to listen.

Mrs. Mousie began at once—

"A little brown mouse,
Lived in a house,
With a heigho, heigho, he!

"She said, if you please,
I should like some cheese,
Heigho, derry down de."

Just at that moment a loud scratching and mewling was heard, and poor little Mrs. Mousie's song was brought to an abrupt conclusion, for into their midst tumbled a great big tabby cat with hungry green eyes, followed by a lot of kittens.

The Cat pounced upon Mr. Rat, and held him tightly between her cruel paws. The Kittens seized little Mrs. Mousie, whose song, on this occasion, never had a proper ending.

"Dear me!" cried Mr. Frog, "how rude of people to interrupt a pleasant party in this abrupt

way, without so much as saying 'by your leave.' I think I had better go; my room will be better than my company."

He picked up his opera-hat, made a bow which everybody was much too deeply engaged to see, said good-night, and hurried away homewards.

"I am sorry Mr. Rat is detained against his will," he said; "I should have liked to ride back again upon him. However, one cannot have everything that one wishes."

In this way he consoled himself.

His nearest way home lay over a brook that crossed a meadow close by the marshes where lived.

He was just congratulating himself that he had said nothing to his mother about the reasons of his visit to the Mouse's Hall, when his reflections were suddenly cut short.

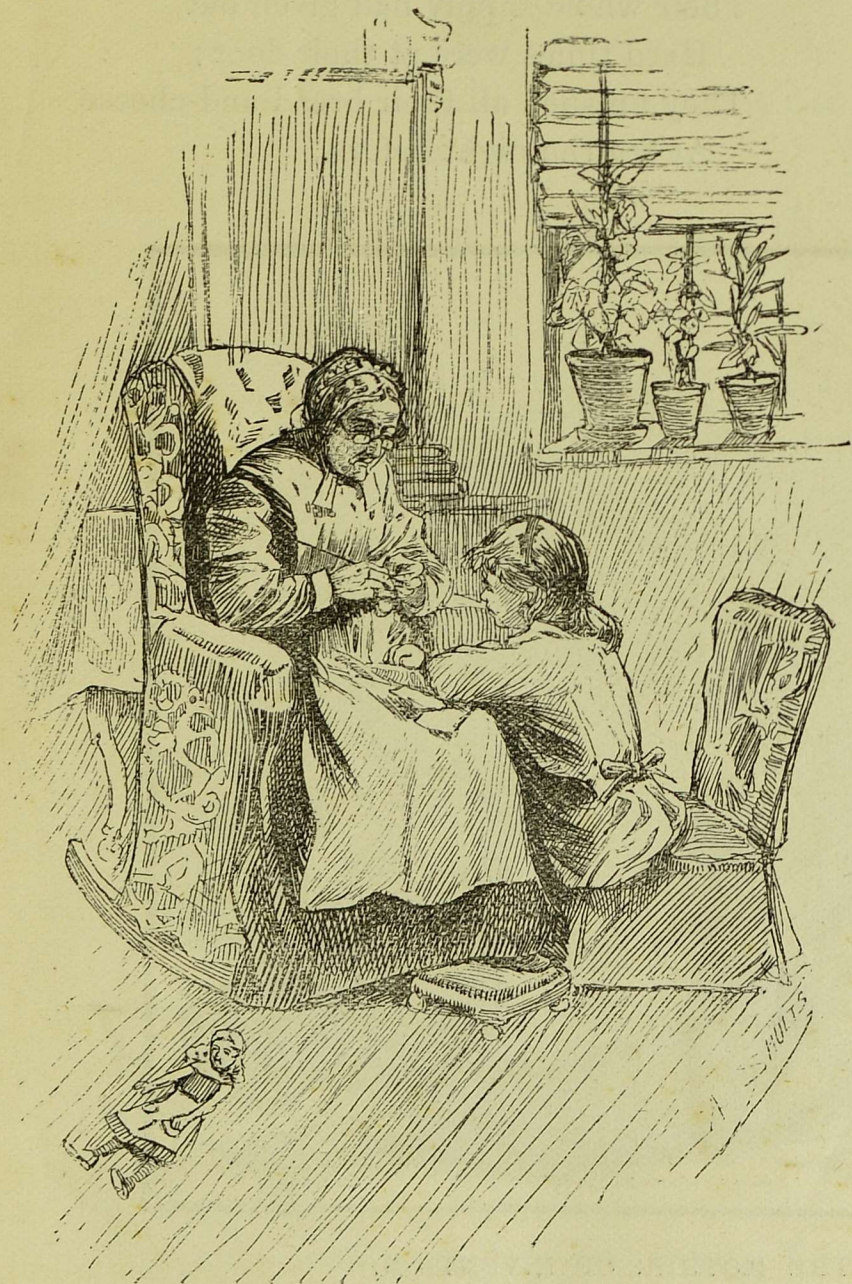
"Quack!" cried a loud harsh voice behind him. He had only time to see a huge creature dressed from bill to tail in white feathers, before two immense jaws opened, and it was soon all over with Mr. Froggie.

"Gobble! gobble!" said the Lily-white Duck. "Fat and good, fat and good! I'll just step lower down the brook and see if there are any more of his kind to be had for the seeking."

"And that is the end of One, Two, and Three,
The Rat, the Mouse, and the little Froggie."

M. S.

FAIR PLAY.



DEAR little May sat grieving alone,
With a pout on her lip and a tear in her eye,
Till kind old grandmamma chanced to pass,
And soon discovered the reason why.
"The children are planning a fair," sobbed she,
"And 'cause I'm so little, they won't—have—me!"

So grandmamma thought of a beautiful plan,
And whispered a secret in little May's ear—
Something which brought out the dimples and smiles,
And scattered with sunshine the pitiful tear.
Then off to grandmamma's room they went,
On something important very intent.

Well, the fair came off on a certain day,
And what do you think was the first thing sold?
A beautiful pair of worsted reins,
All knit in scarlet and green and gold.
The "big girls" wondered how came they there—
"The prettiest thing in the children's fair!"

Then out stepped May, with her cheeks so red:
"You said there was nothing that *I* could do,
'Cause I was little; but *I* made those,
And now, I think I'm as big as you!"
So little May at the fair that day
Was the reigning queen, it is fair to say.

THE MICE AND THE EGG.

BY PALMER COX.



AN EMPTY LARDER AT HOME.

THREE hungry mice set out one night
 To see what they could find ;
 Because they didn't have a bite
 At home of any kind.



BEHOLD THE DILEMMA.

Their whole supply had given out,
 Hard times were at their door ;
 They finished all their bread-and-cheese
 At tea the night before.



NECESSITY BEING, AS EVER, THE MOTHER OF INVENTION.

So left and right, with sharpened sight,
They rummaged all around ;
To their surprise and great delight
At last an egg they found.

Said Number One, " We've found a prize ;
But though we stand in need
We cannot eat it where it lies ;
Now how shall we proceed ? "

" We dare not roll it o'er the floor,"
Said thoughtful Number Two,
" Because the noise would wake the cat,
And that would never do."

" I have a plan," cried Number Three ;
" I'll lie with feet in air,
Upon me you can roll the egg
And I will hold it there."

" Then you may take me by the tail
And pull with might and main,
And thus, unless your strength should fail,
The treasure we may gain."

" A happy thought," said Number One ;
Cried Number Two, " You're right—
A fast of four and twenty hours
Has made our comrade bright."

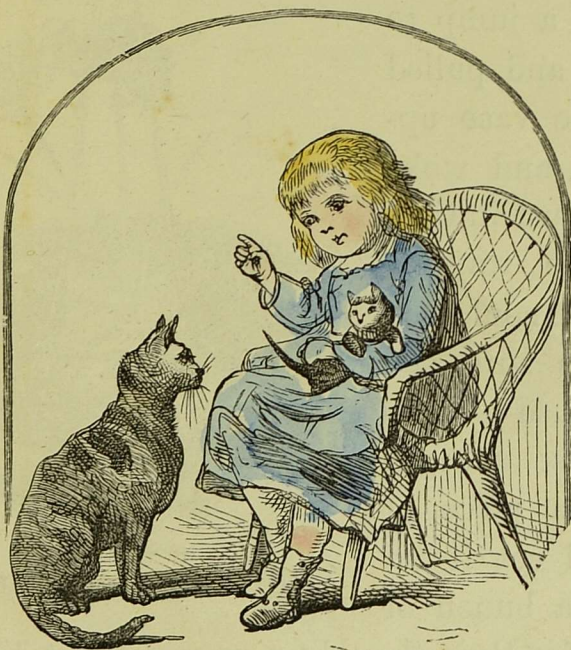
To try the plan they then began ;
And o'er a rugged road
Soon One and Two the other drew
To their secure abode.

Then Number One and Two would praise
The wit of Number Three,
And say such fortitude and grit
They never thought to see.

And when at last, all danger past,
The banquet was begun,
Each shook his head and laughing said,
" That job was nobly done ! "

Then Number Three would praise in turn
The stoutness of the pair ;
And thus between the friendly group
The shell was emptied there.

NOSES OUT OF JOINT.

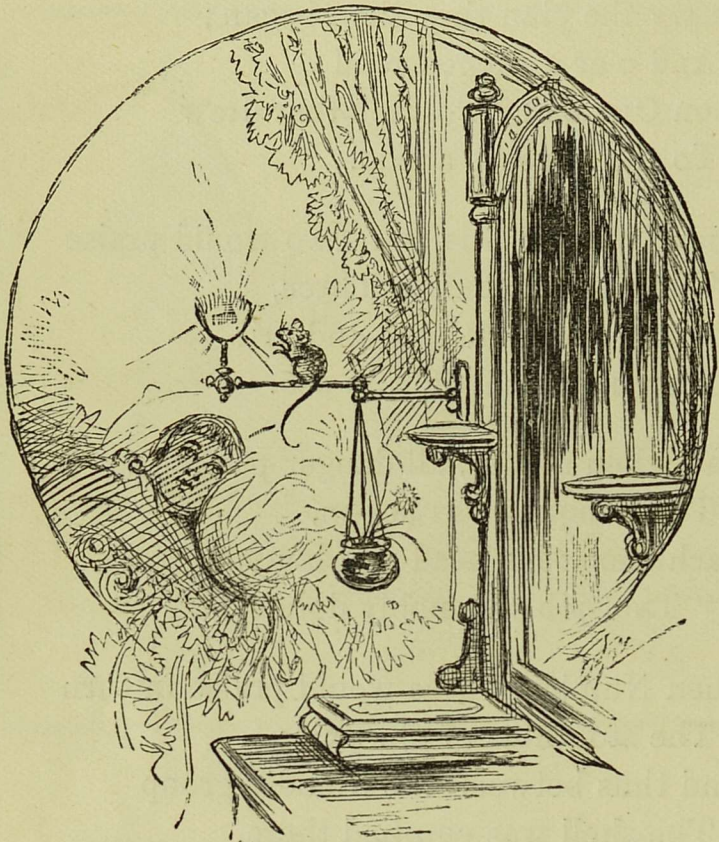


YOU needn't cry and look so sad ;
I love you, pussy dear, the same—
I truly do—as I loved you
Before this cunning kitty came ;
But things are changed a little now,
You know, and 'cause he's very small,

I've got to 'tend the most to him.
Your nose is out of joint, that's all.
Don't you remember that cold day
They left me hours and hours in bed,
And when nurse came for me at last,
" Your nose is out of joint," she said,
" A baby's come to live with us " ?
Well, then, that's what's the matter now ;
You might have known how it would be—
Oh dear, my head ! Please don't me-ow,
Or I must send you out the room ;
Nice little *girls* don't make a noise
When their mammas give almost all
Their kisses to small red-faced boys.
I tell you, puss, you are too big
To sit with Kit upon my knee,
And it's no worse for you to have
Your nose put out of joint than me.

THE CARNATION MOUSE.

ONCE there was a little girl named Rose. She was very fond of flowers, and almost always had a bouquet in her room. In winter there were generally a few carnation pinks in a little glass globe hung from the gas fixture, or in a vase on her bureau. Rose did not like the dark, so the gas burned all night.

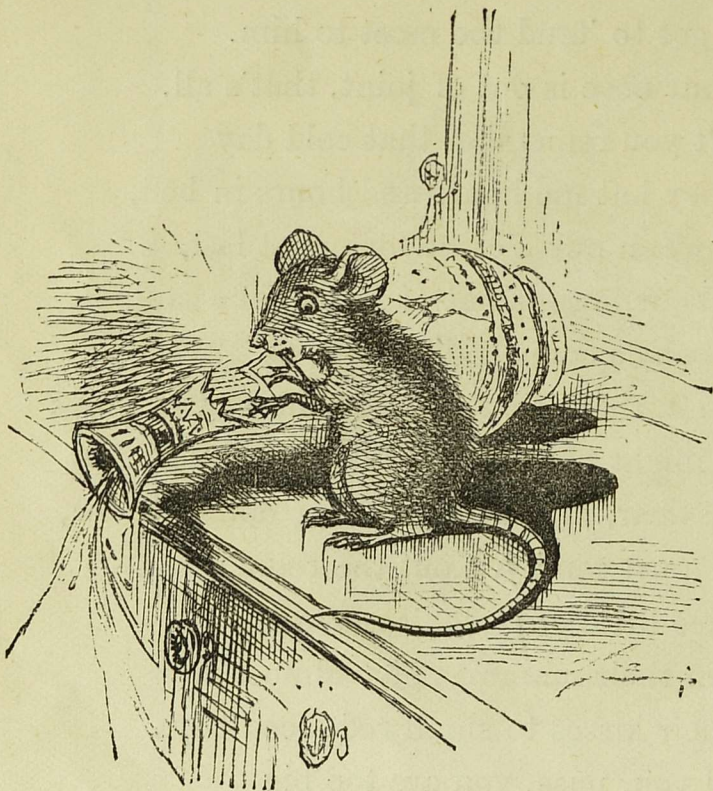


HE WARMS HIS TOES.

Stretch out your gas fixture and fancy how it would seem to see a little mouse running about and playing this sort of game in the night.

Night after night this little mouse came back and pulled off the petals of the carnations.

One night, when the vase on the bureau was too tall for him, he must have given a jump to reach the flower and pulled it roughly, for the vase upset with a crash, and woke Rose with a start just in time to see the mouse running away as hard as he could go.



HE IS GREATLY SURPRISED.

baited the trap with a pink she might have succeeded; but that she would not do.

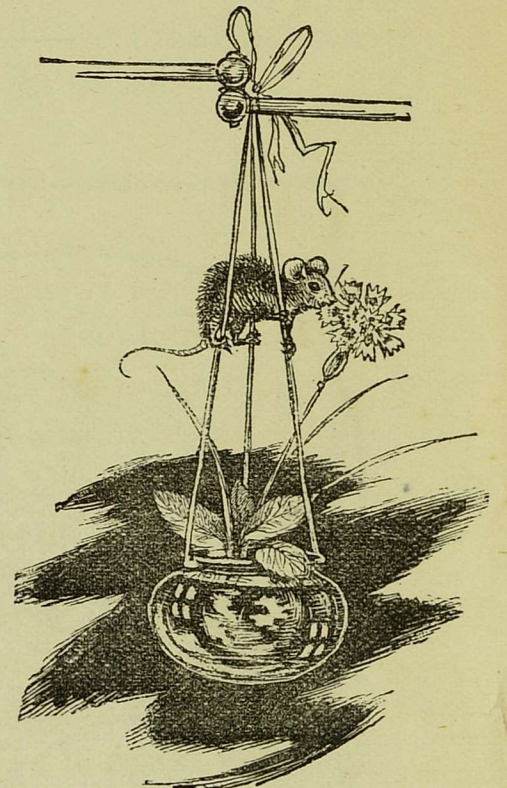
The carnation mouse never came back.

One night she heard a little noise, and opening her eyes quickly she saw on the gas fixture a little mouse running back and forth as if he were on a tight-rope at a circus.

Presently he walked away out to the end near the light, and sat there as if to warm himself.

Then he started and ran half-way back, then jumped to the side bracket of the bureau, and from there down to the front, where there was a very small vase holding one carnation pink. All the time he kept stopping and looking about him with his bright little eyes. When he reached the vase he sat up on his little hind legs and nibbled and bit at the sweet-smelling flower.

Then he ran back to the gas fixture, and climbed up. When he reached the bend in the fixture he let himself down the red ribbon that held the globe, and nibbled and bit at the other carnations there.



HE NIBBLES THE PINK.

Now Rose was sure she must lose the mouse to save her dear flowers, so she got a trap and put a piece of cheese in it, and set it on the bureau near a bunch of fresh carnations, for Rose thought a mouse must like nice toasted cheese better than a flower!

I don't know which this mouse liked best; but I think his appetite was spoiled for cheese, for Rose could not catch him however hard she tried. Perhaps if she had

THE EGG TOMBOLA.

A VERY amusing toy can be made out of an egg, to resemble Fig. 1 in our picture. The one from which our drawing is copied was made in half an hour. The way to do it is this: Get a clean, well-shaped fresh egg.

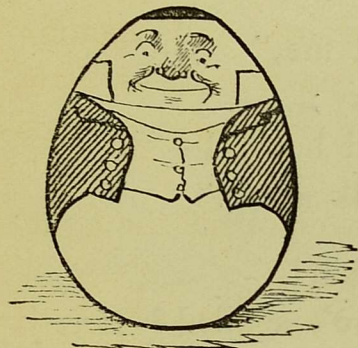


FIG. 1.

With a strong needle make a hole at each end about the size of a large shot, then suck or blow out the contents of the egg. Now you have the hollow shell. Through one of the holes drop in about half a teaspoonful of shot and the same quantity of pellets of bees-wax or tallow. Now take a small bit of bread and work it between the fingers till it becomes a paste; with this stop up the hole at the big end of the egg. Then procure a cup of boiling water, and hold the egg in it till the wax is melted, taking care to hold it quite upright, so that all the shot will settle in the big end. This will take about five minutes. Then hold the egg in very cold

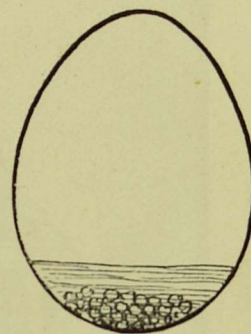


FIG. 2.

water till the wax has cooled. This will take about five minutes more. You will now find that the egg will stand upright on the table, no matter in what position you may lay it down. The next thing is to paint or draw on it the figure of an old gentleman like our picture, and you have the Tombola complete. If the figure be painted with oil-colours, the Tombola can be made to perform his pranks in a basin of water.

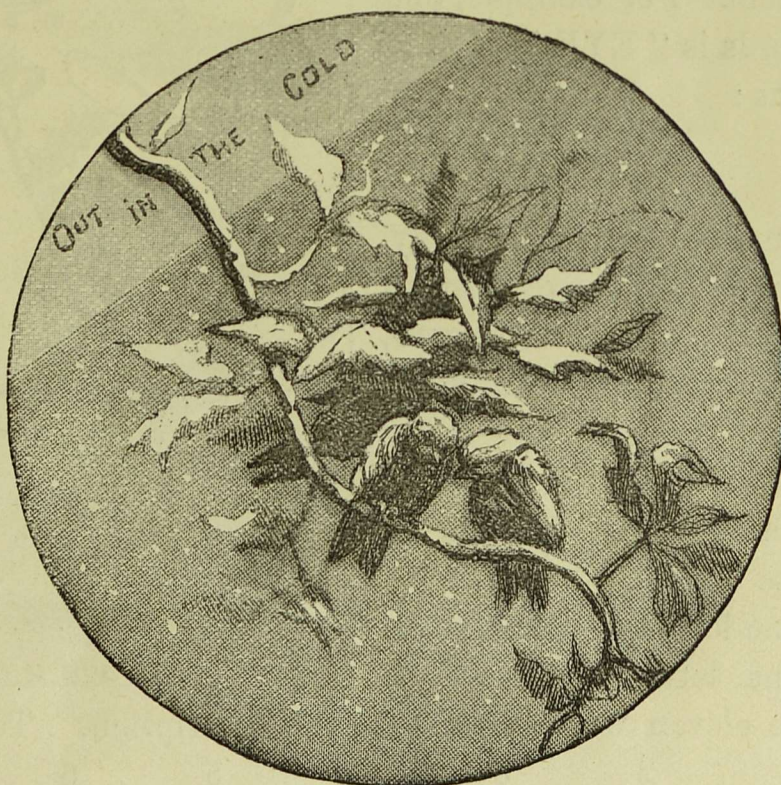
Fig. 2 shows the interior of the egg and the position of the shot and wax.

OUT IN THE COLD!

OUT in the cold, on
A snow-covered tree,
Here we sit shiv'ring—
Robin and me!
Not one red berry
To-day have we found;
All the nice fat worms
Are hid in the ground.

Out in the cold, don't
You feel for us, say,—
Shiv'ring and shaking
This keen winter day,—
Dear little children
Can you not spare
A few of the nice crumbs
That fall to your share?

Remember the birdies,
For God, who is Love,
Never forgets us
In Heaven above;



“ Not one sparrow falleth— ”
You know how 'tis said—
And Jesus who said it
Gives you daily bread.

M. S.

THE NAUGHTY KITTY.



LITTLE Kitty catkin,
 With paws soft as silk,
 Sitting on the table,
 Crying o'er her milk.

“Don't anybody feed me,”
 So she seems to say;
 “Bring me bread and butter!—
 Take the nasty milk away.”

O, naughty little catkin!
 Don't you think she's spoiled?
 Doesn't know what's good for her,
 Like a foolish child.

O, little Kitty catkin,
 You must go without
 Until you're very hungry:
 You'll eat it then, no doubt.

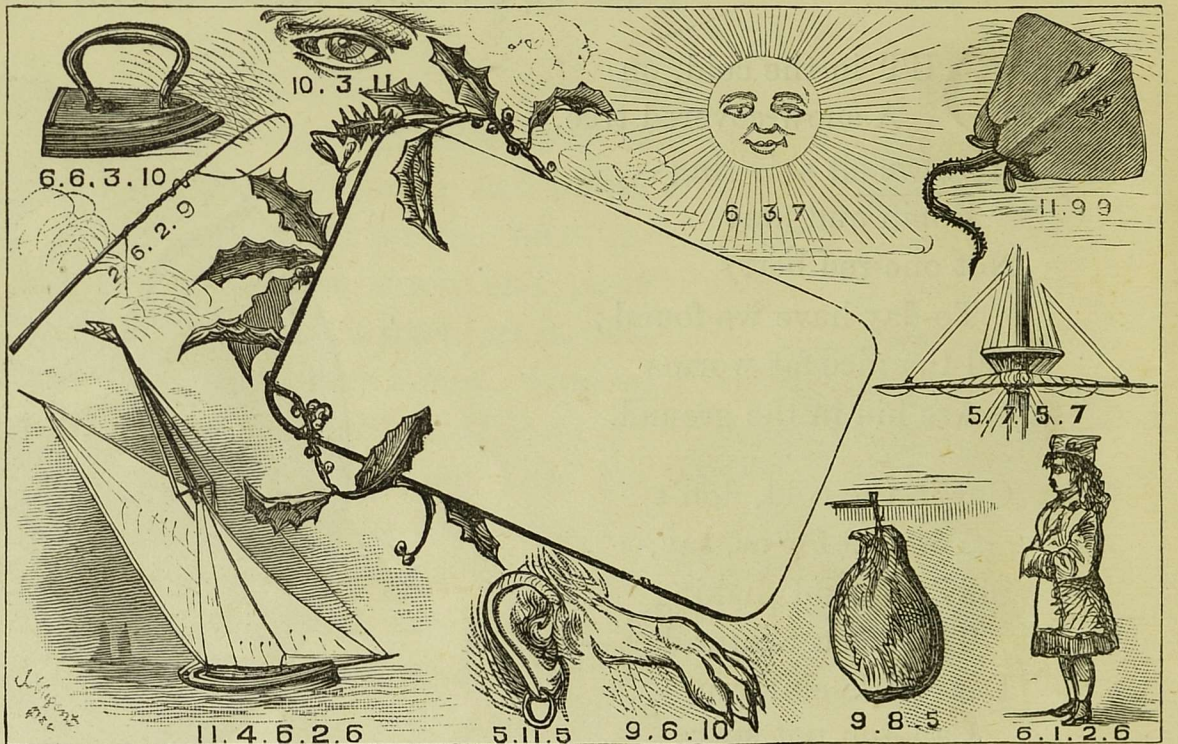
M. S.

PICTURE PUZZLE.

THE answer to this puzzle will form an appropriate motto for the card in the centre. This is the way to work it out: First find the names of the articles around the card, and write them all down in a row, with the numbers below them. For example, one of the words is “EYE.” Put it down thus:

E	Y	E
10	3	11

and all the rest in the same way. Each name will have just as many letters as there are figures, else you may know your guess is wrong, and you will have to try again. After you have made out all the pictures and written down the names, you will have thirty-nine letters. Out of these thirty-nine letters you are to



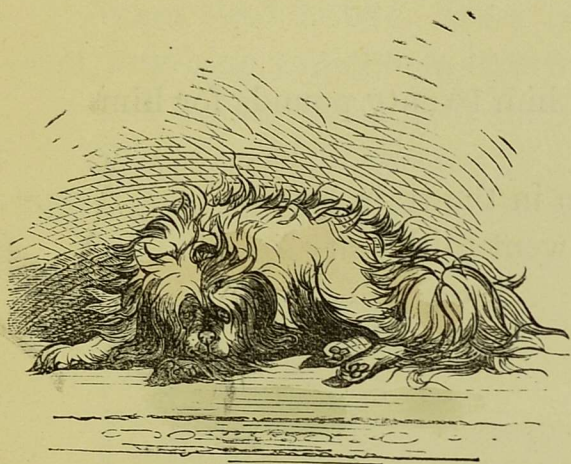
make the eleven words that form the inscription. To do this, write on another sheet the numbers

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	----	----

widely apart, so as to leave room for all the words to be written under them. Then place each letter where it belongs under these numbers. Take the word “EYE.” E is numbered 10, then put E under the figure 10; Y is numbered 3, put Y under 3; E is numbered 11, put E under 11. When you have placed all the letters, arrange those under each figure so as to make a word. The whole will be the inscription for the card.

HOW GIP WENT ON A JOURNEY.

A TRUE STORY.



WAITING FOR THE BAY-TOWN TRAIN.

But it was no fun to look out and watch the cats in the yard when his master was gone. He thought about it for two hours. By-and-by his mistress heard something go *crash, crash, rattle, bang!*

She looked out, and there was Gip running out of the yard.

She called, but he ran on.

"I must watch him," she said; "he cost too much money to lose."

She put on her hat and cloak and followed him.

Gip ran to the station with his little sharp nose close to the ground. His mistress followed.

Three trains stood in the station.

Gip smelled them all. He turned away.

He was not pleased.

Five or six trains came in and went out.

Gip did not like one of them.

At last his mistress said she must go home. She had left her little baby fast asleep on the bed.

Gip would not go with her.

The man who looked after the trains said he would watch Gip for her.

She thanked him. She said, "My husband went to Bay-town this morning on the first train. He will not come back for a week. Gip wants him."



"OH, I KNOW!"

He took a seat close to the window and looked out.

One of the men on the train tried to tease him.

He tried to make him get off at every place where the cars stopped.

GIP was a dog.

He was small, shaggy, and pretty, with bright eyes.

I knew Gip. He lived in Salem. His master was a carpenter. One day his master went away in the cars.

He went to build a house for a man who lived in Bay-town, by the sea.

Before he left home he shut Gip up in a large room.

He did not wish Gip to follow him.

Gip cried hard to be let out.

He grew tired of walking up and down and barking.

At last he jumped up on a table and looked out of the window.



"WHICH WAY DID MY MASTER GO?"

"I understand," said the man. "I will send you word about Gip."

That night he told her what happened after she went home.

The little dog walked back and forth like a man.

He smelled of every train which came in and went out.

When the Bay-town train came at last he barked and jumped about.

The guard said "Whose dog is that?"

When he heard the story he said, "A dog that knows where he wants to go need not buy a ticket."

Then Gip sprang up the steps and went in.

Gip did not like it. He sat still and growled.

When the cars rolled into Bay-town Gip sprung out. Then he looked all around.

The guard said, "He knows as much as a child: let him alone."

Gip decided at last which road he would take.

Then he ran on more than a mile.

At last he found his master at work.

One of the men went after Gip, and told his master he would give him twenty pounds for him.

His master would not part with his wise, loving dog.

He had never worked in Bay-town before, and Gip had never been in the train before.

How could Gip tell which train went to the sea-shore, and which went to the city?

How did Gip know when he got to Bay-town?

How could Gip tell it from the other places?

But Gip did many strange things in his short life.

MISFITS.

BOB has discovered another amusement. The other evening he suddenly commanded me to "draw a head" on a piece of paper that he placed before me.

"Don't let me see it, nor anybody. Now fold it back, and leave a little bit of the neck showing. Now I'll draw the body."

Which he did, and again folded the paper.

"Now, papa, you draw the legs."

Papa obediently took the pencil and had his turn at the paper.

"Now, Mamie, you name it. Call it after somebody you know, if you like."

So Mamie named it Miss Foot, in honour of her school-teacher, the most stately of maiden ladies. Then Bob unfolded the paper, and displayed to us a most comical mixture of flesh and fowl.

"More like a *misfit*, than *Miss Foot*," said papa.

"There! that's what I'll call 'em," exclaimed Bob—"misfits. That's just what they are, you know—misfits."

"She's a duck, anyway," said Mamie.

"Looks more like a goose," said Bob.

We afterwards tried another, in which Mamie had a hand with the pencil. I named it after myself, and was rewarded for my vanity by finding "Nelly" a more ungainly object than even "Miss Foot."

In making "Misfits" you must remember to leave a small piece of one picture projecting into the other, in order to have them join properly. You will also find it better to draw them on a larger scale than the pictures we give.

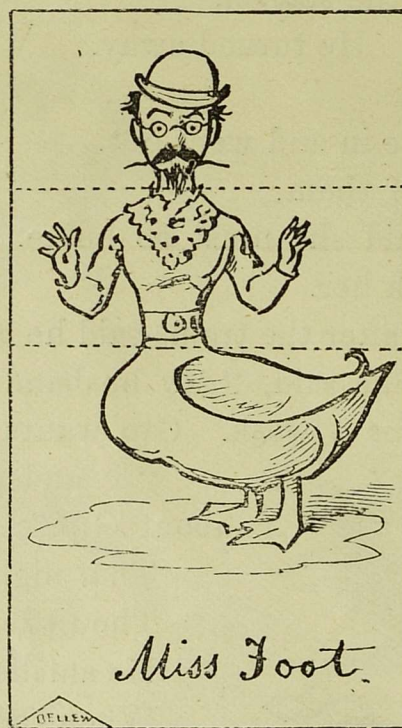


Fig. 1.

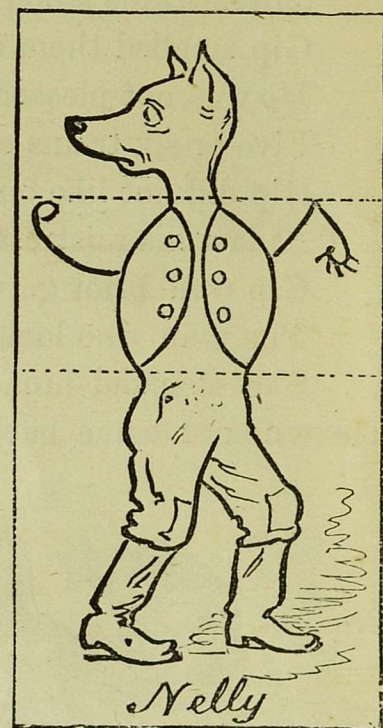


Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.

SALLIE WATER.

NOW, Rosie, give me your slate, I am going to draw you a picture. Then, if you borrow Freddie's, and his pencil too, mind, you can try to copy it.

What shall it be? Have you any choice? Oh! you want a mouse with a nice long tail. Very well, anything you choose to mention, from a butterfly to an elephant.

You would rather have a mouse? So you shall.

Now, watch the strokes of my pencil. Here we begin. Sides, and ears, and arms, and feet, and a long curly tail, which we finish with a flourish. But, stop! that is not all.

Watch again. Another mouse, then another, and another, and another; so on until we make a ring of them. Now we must make one more in the middle.



What are they doing? I think it must be a game. What do you think?

You think the same; then of course it must be true.

That old, old game, which I verily believe some of our grandmothers and grandfathers must have played at when they were children, and which I sometimes see you little folks playing at in your nurseries to-day.

What is it you call it?

"Sallie, Sallie Water."

Yes, that is the name! That is Sallie Water in the middle, and the little mice dance round her and sing

"Rise, Sallie, rise, Sallie, for a young man,
Choose from the least, and choose from the rest,
Choose the one that you love the best."

And what happens then? Oh, that little mouse, Sallie, has to make her choice; then she draws him into the ring, and kisses him. That's the best part of the game.

What do you say? That I am in too great a hurry, and they must not kiss each other just yet? Very well, but why need we wait; I always like that part of the game to come as soon as possible.

Oh, I understand! All the little mice must first dance round again, and sing, and when they say, "Rise, young couple, and kiss together," then the climax comes.

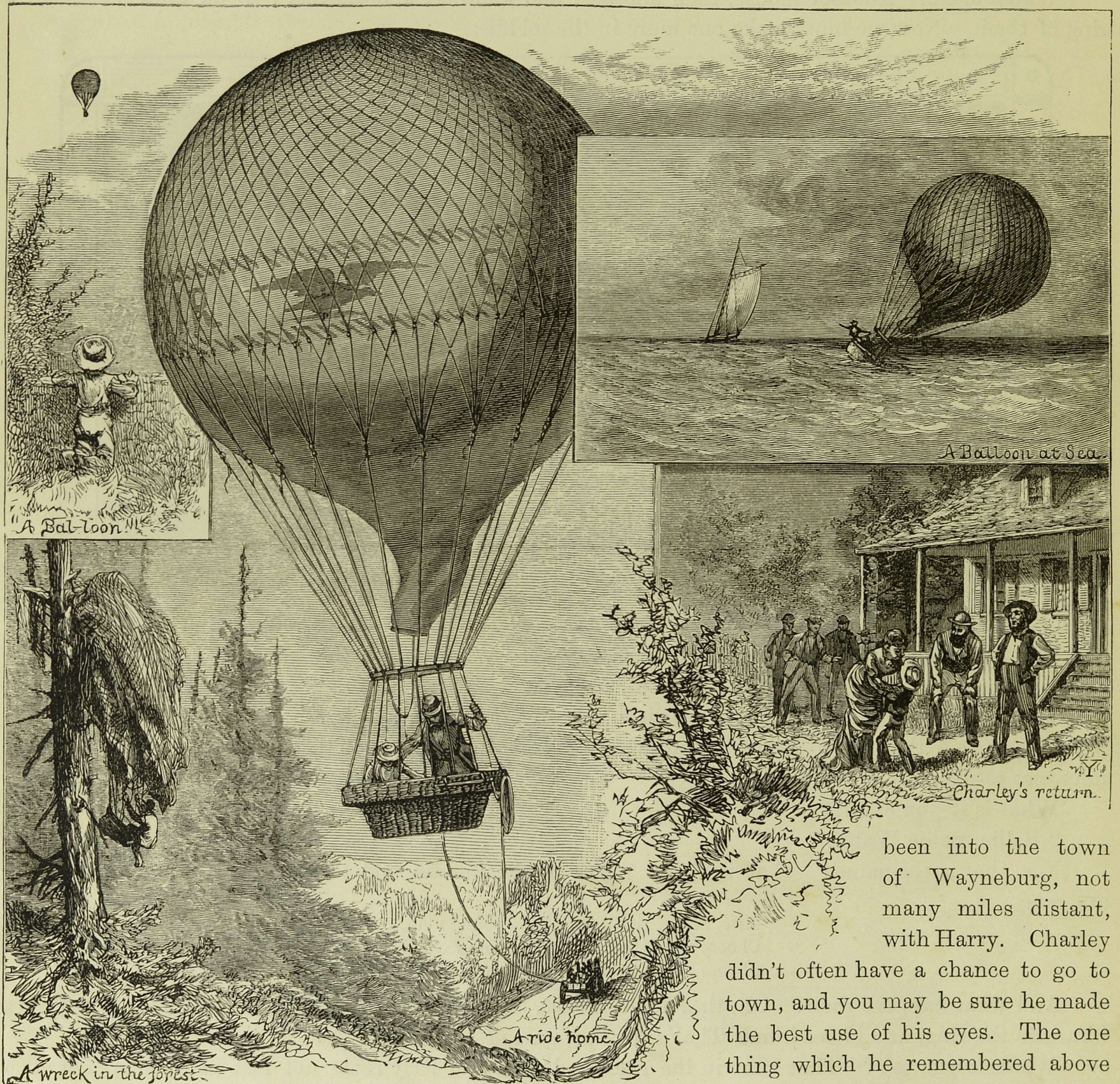
Very well, Miss Rosie, I shall know better next time.

CHARLEY'S BALLOON VOYAGE.

BY FRANK H. TAYLOR.

BAL-LOON! balloon! Oh, Charley! where are you, Charley? There's a balloon a-comin'." Charley's big brother Harry came running excitedly down the road, and vaulted the farm-yard fence in a state of great excitement. "Oh, Charley, come out quick and see the balloon."

Charley was nowhere to be found. He had wandered off hours before to his favourite rock by the brook to have a "good cry." And this was the reason of it: One day a short time before, he had



been into the town of Wayneburg, not many miles distant, with Harry. Charley

didn't often have a chance to go to town, and you may be sure he made the best use of his eyes. The one thing which he remembered above everything else was the big poster-

board near the market, covered over every inch of it with bright-coloured pictures of leaping horses, trick mules, flying riders jumping through hoops, comical clowns, and above all a big balloon just rising out of the crowd, everybody swinging their hats,

For two weeks Charley had talked of nothing, thought of nothing, dreamed of nothing but the coming show; and so, when his mother promised to take him to see it all he was the happiest little boy in the county. But, alas! Charley's mother was taken ill just before the circus came, and there was no one else to go with him. Harry was too young and wild to be trusted, she said, and so poor Charley stayed at home, and, sitting upon the big gate-post, watched the waggon-loads of people rattling merrily into town, bound for a day's fun. With swelling heart he wished he were a full-grown man. Then he strayed down by the creek, as I have said, to tell his grief to the fishes.

Harry, who had felt almost as badly as Charley, though he scorned to cry about it, kept on shouting until Charley peeped above the orchard wall to see what was wanted. Then he, too, spied the balloon. It didn't look bigger than his top, away up among the fleecy clouds, but it rapidly grew to the size of a pippin, and then over the hill came two or three galloping horsemen, swinging their hats and shouting as they rode.

Now the balloon began to descend, and shortly disappeared behind the woods back of the house. Charley didn't know whether to run or stand still, and while he was doubting the great yellow dome arose into sight again, and this time Charley could see the men in the basket. They were looking down, and calling to the men in the road to take hold of the long drag-rope, and pull them down.

This was not hard to do, as a balloon is so prettily balanced when in the air that in a light wind a little boy like Charley could pull it to the earth. It is not so easy when the balloon is going rapidly. I once saw a plucky dog catch hold of the rope with his teeth, and it jerked him along over fences and through a stubble field on his back, and I guess when he let go he had but very little hair left. Well, they pulled the balloon down, and before the men got out several large stones were put into the basket to hold it down, and the rope was tied to a strong post. One of the men was tall and stoop-shouldered, with a long sandy beard; they called him "Professor" (a queer title for a balloon man, is it not?). The second man was tall and good-looking; he belonged to the circus company. And the third was the artist, whose sketches you see in this paper.

After a little, Charley's mother came to the door, and invited the three strangers into the house, but they preferred to sit on the step; and the Professor took Charley upon his knee, and asked him how he would like to travel in the way they did. How odd! Why, that was the very thing he was wishing for at the moment. He had often watched the birds, and longed for their wings for a little while. The Professor said, "I'll tell you what we'll do, Charley; you and I will get into the basket, and tell them to let us up to the end of the rope." Charley's mother was afraid to allow him to go; but the tall man told her the Professor often took children up that way, where he came down when voyaging. Sometimes he had seen a dozen in the basket at once; so she consented, and shortly they were seated, with plenty of stout hands hold of the rope, "paying out," as the sailors say. Above the barn they rose, then higher than the big elm. Up, up, until the folks below looked very short and funny, with all their faces turned up to the sky. Charley's mother didn't look larger than a doll.

I wish I could tell you all that Charley and the Professor saw as they sat there so high and secure. Away over the hill was the town, and, beyond, a winding river and another village that he had never seen before; indeed, there were several towns in sight.

The Professor told Charley a great many things about his voyages. Once he was blown out to sea, and when he had almost given up hope, the rope was overtaken by a sail-boat in pursuit, and he was towed ashore; again, he had floated over burning forests, and once came to the earth from the weight of snow on the balloon; and once, too, his balloon was torn in the top of a high tree.

Suddenly a great shout was heard from below, and the Professor looked down. He quickly said to Charley, "Now, my boy, don't be frightened. They have made a mistake down there, and let loose the rope. We are going up into the clouds, but I will bring you down all right."

Charley was a brave little fellow, and besides this, he had confidence in the Professor, who seemed to manage his "air-ship," as it is often called, so skilfully. What a great thing it is to have confidence in a leader!

The shouting below was very faint and distant now. They were among the clouds, and in a moment were enveloped in one of them. It was just like a fog. The soft white masses rolled and whirled close beside the basket; it was very cool and damp.

In a minute the Professor exclaimed, "Look, Charley! we are above the clouds."

"What a funny smell the clouds have!" said Charley; upon which the Professor laughed heartily, and showed him that the neck of the balloon was open, and some of the gas was flowing out. He explained that the gas took up more room as they arose, until it finally escaped in this way. Then he pulled on a small rope which was fastened to the top of the balloon, and a rushing sound was heard. This was caused by the escaping gas going through the valve. This interested Charley, who wanted to know the "why" of everything.

When he looked about again, they had once more passed through the clouds, and far below were square light and dark spots, which he knew were woods and fields. These kept growing in size, and finally right below appeared a mill where he had often gone with Harry for grist. What a commotion there was among the cattle and pigs and chickens! The miller and his men ran out and caught hold of the rope as it rattled noisily over the roof, pulling them down in the adjoining field. They were greatly astonished to find such a little fellow in the basket. As it was only five miles from where they had started, some of the horsemen who had been there were speedily at the mill. The Professor proposed that they should take the balloon back along the road to the town, which could easily be done. So the drag rope was tied to the axle of a heavy waggon with a number of men riding on it, and the balloon was allowed to float about a hundred feet from the ground. Charley still rode with the Professor in his basket, and so they reached his home. He was the hero of the day, and, to crown all, the town newspaper printed Charley's story of his trip, just as he told it to them, with his name in capitals at the top of the page.

I would like to be there, behind the door, when Charley gets this paper and sees the pictures. I advise him to cut them out and put them in a frame, and when he looks at them to resolve that he will always be as brave and manly as upon the day of his balloon trip.



ADRIFT.

BY MRS. M. E. SANGSTER.

A DRIFT upon a silver tide,
With banks of green on either side,
And, far above, a smiling sky,
A tiny craft goes floating by.

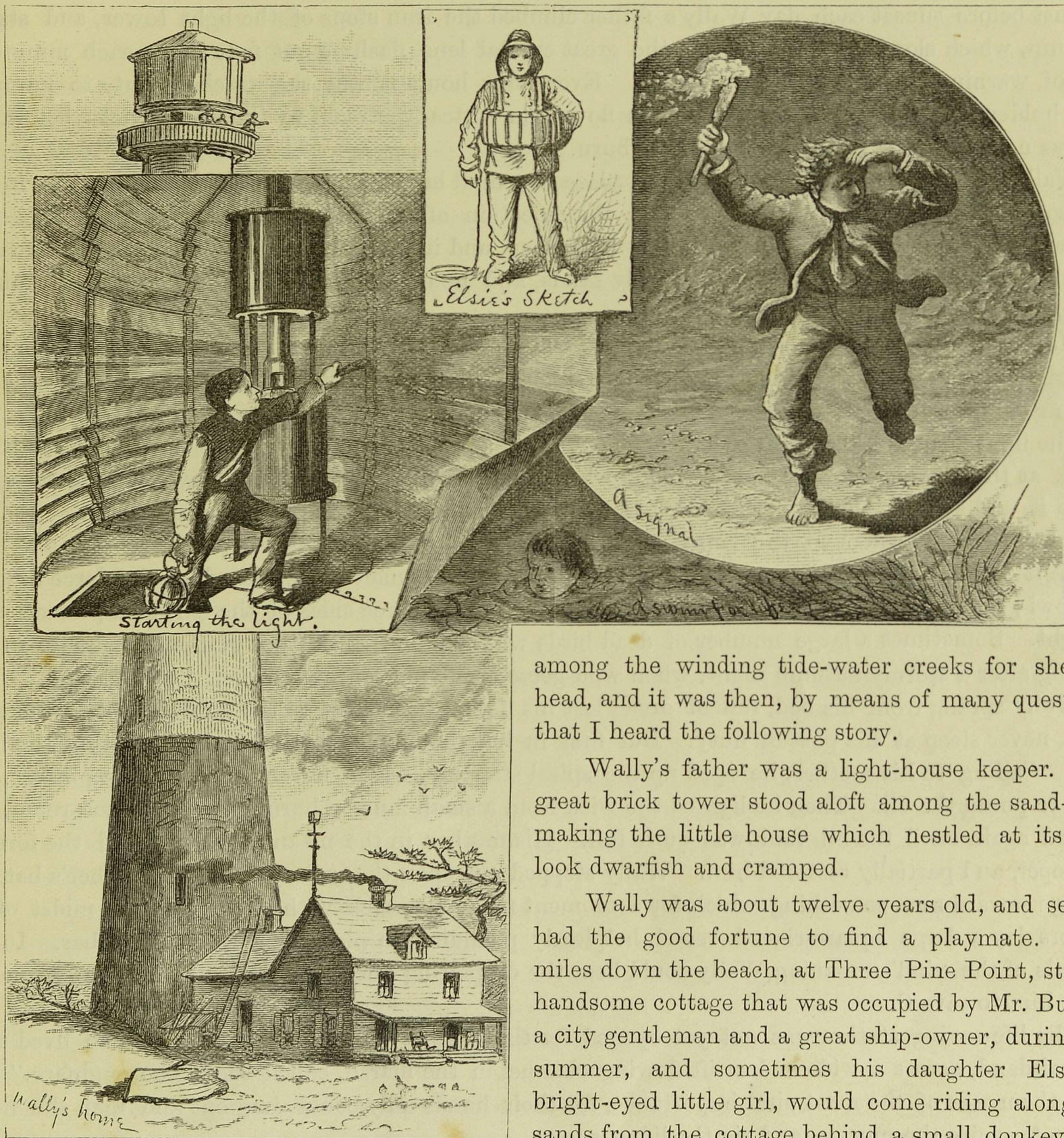
Queer little boat, this woven nest,
Where birdies three had tranquil rest
Until a rough wind shook the tree,
And sent them sailing off to sea.

Oh, father-bird and mother-bird,
In you what trouble will be stirred
When, home returned from weary flight,
You learn your babies' hapless plight!

WALLY, THE WRECK-BOY.

BY FRANK H. TAYLOR.

HIS real name is Wallace, but his mates always called him "Wally," and although he is now a big broad-shouldered young mariner, he is still pointed out as the "wreck-boy." One summer not long ago Wally sailed with me for a week out upon the blue waters across the bar after blue-fish, or



LIGHT-HOUSE SKETCHES.

among the winding tide-water creeks for sheep's-head, and it was then, by means of many questions, that I heard the following story.

Wally's father was a light-house keeper. The great brick tower stood aloft among the sand-hills, making the little house which nestled at its base look dwarfish and cramped.

Wally was about twelve years old, and seldom had the good fortune to find a playmate. Two miles down the beach, at Three Pine Point, stood a handsome cottage that was occupied by Mr. Burton, a city gentleman and a great ship-owner, during the summer, and sometimes his daughter Elsie, a bright-eyed little girl, would come riding along the sands from the cottage behind a small donkey, and ask Wally to show her his "museum."

It was a matter of great pride with the boy to exhibit the many curious shells, bits of sea-weed, sharks' teeth, fish bones, and the full-rigged ships he had whittled out and completed on winter nights, and Elsie was an earnest listener to all his explanations, showing him in return the pictures she had made in her sketch-book.

Not far from the light-house stood a life-saving station—a strong two-story building, shingled upon

its sides to make it warmer. Here, through the winter months, lived a crew of brave fishermen, who were always ready to launch the life-boat, and go out through the stormy waters to help shipwrecked sailors.

Wally was a favourite here, and spent much of his time listening to the tales they told of ocean dangers and escapes; but he liked best of all to trudge along the sands with the guard on dark nights, lantern in hand, watching for ships in distress. The captain of the crew, who was an old seaman, taught him the use of the compass and quadrant, and other matters of navigation, while the rest showed him how to pull an oar, steer, and swim, until he could manage a boat as well as any of them.

Just before sunset each day Wally's father climbed the iron steps of the light tower, and started the lamp, which slowly revolved within the great crystal lens, flashing out four times each minute its beam of warning across the stormy waters. Every few hours it was the watcher's duty to pump oil into a holder above the light, from which it flowed in a steady stream to the round wicks below. If this was neglected, the lamp would cease to burn.

Wally, who was an ingenious boy, had placed a small bit of mirror in his little bedroom in the attic so that as he lay in bed he could see the reflection of the flash across the waters. One wild October evening he had watched it until he fell asleep, and in the night was awakened by the roaring gusts of the gale which swept over the lonely sands, and he missed the faithful flash upon his mirror. *The light had gone out!*

Many ships out upon the sea were sailing to and fro, and there was no light to guide them or warn them of dangerous shoals. Nearer and nearer some of them were drifting to their fate, and still the beacon gave no warning of danger.

The light-keeper, hours before, had gone out upon the narrow gallery about the top of the tower to look at the storm, just as a large wild fowl, bewildered by the glare, had flown with great speed toward it, and striking the keeper's head, had laid him senseless upon the iron grating.

I have seen fractures in the lenses, or glass reflectors, of light-houses as large as your two fists, such as it would require a heavy sledge-hammer to break by human force, caused by the fierce flight of wild fowl; and a netting of iron wire is usually spread upon three sides of the lens as a protection to the light. Sometimes a large number of dead birds will be found at the foot of the light-house in the morning after a stormy autumn night, when wild-geese are flying southward.

Wally sprang from his bed, full of dread lest his father had fallen to the ground; for he knew he would never sleep at his post of duty. But first in his thoughts was the need of starting the lamp again. Calling to his mother, he sped up the spiral stairway, which never seemed so long before, and began to pump the oil. Then he lighted the wick from a small lantern burning in the watch-room, and pumped again until the oil tank was quite full. His mother in the meantime had found the form of the keeper, and partially restored him. Wally stepped out upon the gallery to find his father's hat, and looking seaward saw something which for a moment made him sick with terror. In the midst of the breakers lay a large square-rigged vessel, helplessly pounding to pieces upon the outer bar. In the intervals of the wind's moaning Wally could hear the despairing cries of those on board, who seemed to call to him to save them.

The life-saving station was not yet opened for the season. The captain and his men lived upon the mainland, across a wide and swift-flowing channel in the marsh, called the "Thoroughfare." To reach them was of the most vital importance, for their hands only could drag out and man the heavy surf-boat, or fire the mortar, and rig the life-car.

All this passed through Wally's mind in a few seconds, and knowing that his helpless father could do nothing, and that an alarm might make him worse, he sped silently down the stairway, and setting fire to a "Coston torch," such as are used by the coast-guard in cases of wreck, he rushed from the house, swinging the torch, that burned with a bright red flame, above his head as he ran.

Half a mile across the sands there was a small boat landing, where a skiff usually lay moored.

Toward this Wally sped with all his strength; but, alas! the waves had lifted it, the winds had

broken it from its moorings, and it was floating miles away down the "Thoroughfare," and now Wally stood upon the landing, in the blackness of the night, full of despair. He might swim, but he had never tried half the width of the channel before. He looked into the blackness beyond, and hesitated; then at the light-house, where his mother still sat in the little watch-room ministering to his injured father; then he thought of the poor men out in the breakers, whose lives depended upon his reaching the crew.

But a moment longer he stood, and then throwing off his coat, he tied a sleeve securely about a post so it would be known, in case he should fail, how he had lost his life. And now he was in the icy waters. The wind helped him along, but the incoming tide swept him far out of his course. As he gained the middle of the channel he thought how bitter the consequences might be to his father if the crew of the ship were lost, for who would believe the story of the wild fowl's blow? This nerved his tired arms, but the effort was too much for his strength. He paused, and threw up his arms. As his form sank beneath the waves, his toes touched the muddy bottom, and his hand swept among some weeds. One more effort as he came to the surface, and now he could stand with his mouth out of water. A moment's rest, and he was tearing aside the dense flags that bordered the channel.

The captain, a good mile from the Thoroughfare, had left his warm bed to fasten a loose window-shutter, when he saw a small form tottering toward him, and Wally fell, weak and voiceless, at his feet. Restoratives were brought, and the boy told his story.

Ten minutes later half a dozen of the crew were on their way to the landing, Wally, now fully recovered, foremost among them. He seemed to possess wonderful strength. They crossed the channel, and dragged out the great life-boat from its house. It hardly appeared possible to launch it in such a sea, but each man, in his excitement, had the strength of two, and without waiting to be bid, Wally leaped into the stern and grasped the helm.

"Well done, boy!" cried the captain. "I'll take an oar: we need all help to-night."

Through the night the faithful crew pulled, bringing load after load of men, women, and children from the wreck of the *Argonaut* to the shore, until all were saved. The little house under the light was well filled, and the sailors were crowded into the life-saving station.

"Where is my father?" asked Wally; and as a man came forward with his head bandaged, in reply, the boy sank down, and a blackness came over his eyes.

When he recovered he was in a beautiful room, into which the sun shone, lighting up the bright walls, pictures, and carpets. He was on a pretty bedstead, and a strange lady sat by the window talking to his mother. He thought it all a dream. The door opened, and Mr. Burton came in, dressed in a fisherman's suit. How queer he looked in such a garb! and Wally laughed at the sight, and thought that when he awoke he would tell his mother about it.

It happened that the ship which had come ashore was one belonging to Mr. Burton, who was on board, returning from a trip to the Mediterranean. So he had opened the cottage at Three Pine Point, and as the little house under the light was full, had insisted upon having Wally, with some others, brought to his summer home, where he could care for them.

Everybody had learned of the boy's brave swim, all had seen him in the life-boat, and they were anxious to have him recover soon.

Wally, too, learned that the ship had become helpless long before she had struck the shore, and that her loss was not caused by his father's mishap.

When Wally had recovered, Mr. Burton and some of the other passengers insisted upon taking him to the city, where they had a full suit of wrecker's clothes made for him—cork jacket, sou'-wester, and all. He was also presented with a silver watch and a medal for his bravery. When he was dressed in his new suit, Miss Elsie made a sketch of him, whereupon Wally blushed more than he had done during all the praises lavished upon him.

At the close of the next summer Mr. Burton arranged with the light-keeper to let him send Wally

to a city school, and for the next four years the boy lived away from the little house on the sands making only occasional visits to his home.

Then Mr. Burton took him into his office, where he worked faithfully for two years; but his old life by the sea caused a longing for a sailor's career, and his employer wisely allowed him to go upon a cruise in one of his ships. Upon the following voyage he was made a mate, and this year he is to command a new ship now being built. Captain Wally was asked the other day to suggest a name for the new craft, and promptly gave as his choice the *Elsie*.

And Elsie Burton, who is now an artist, has painted two pictures for the Captain's cabin. One is called "The Loss of the *Argonaut*," and the other, "Wally, the Wreck-Boy."

THE NUTTING PARTY.

ONE Saturday afternoon, Helen, Effie, and Kitty started for the nut-grove.

Each little girl had a small basket tied around her waist, and in her hand a stick.

They played they were travellers on the Alps. Papa had read to them of travellers tying themselves together by long ropes, and, with staves in their hands, ascending the snowy mountains of Switzerland.

So the children asked their mamma to tie them together,—Helen first, Kitty in the middle (because she was the youngest), then Effie, and, bringing up the rear, old dog Major.



First they crossed a field where were large rocks, and some sheep feeding near by. They played that the sheep were bears, and for fear that the bears would run after them, they hurried on without climbing the rocks.

In the next field was a hill, and they had gay sport climbing it, rushing over the blackberry-vines and grassy knolls, stopping every now and then to pick bunch-berries, which were hidden under the leaves.

When they came to the nut-trees, they found some big boys picking nuts. They sat down on the stone wall and waited for the boys to go away. But the boys were in no hurry to go.

So Helen went to the tallest one, and said, "Please go away, big boy, for we want to pick some nuts."

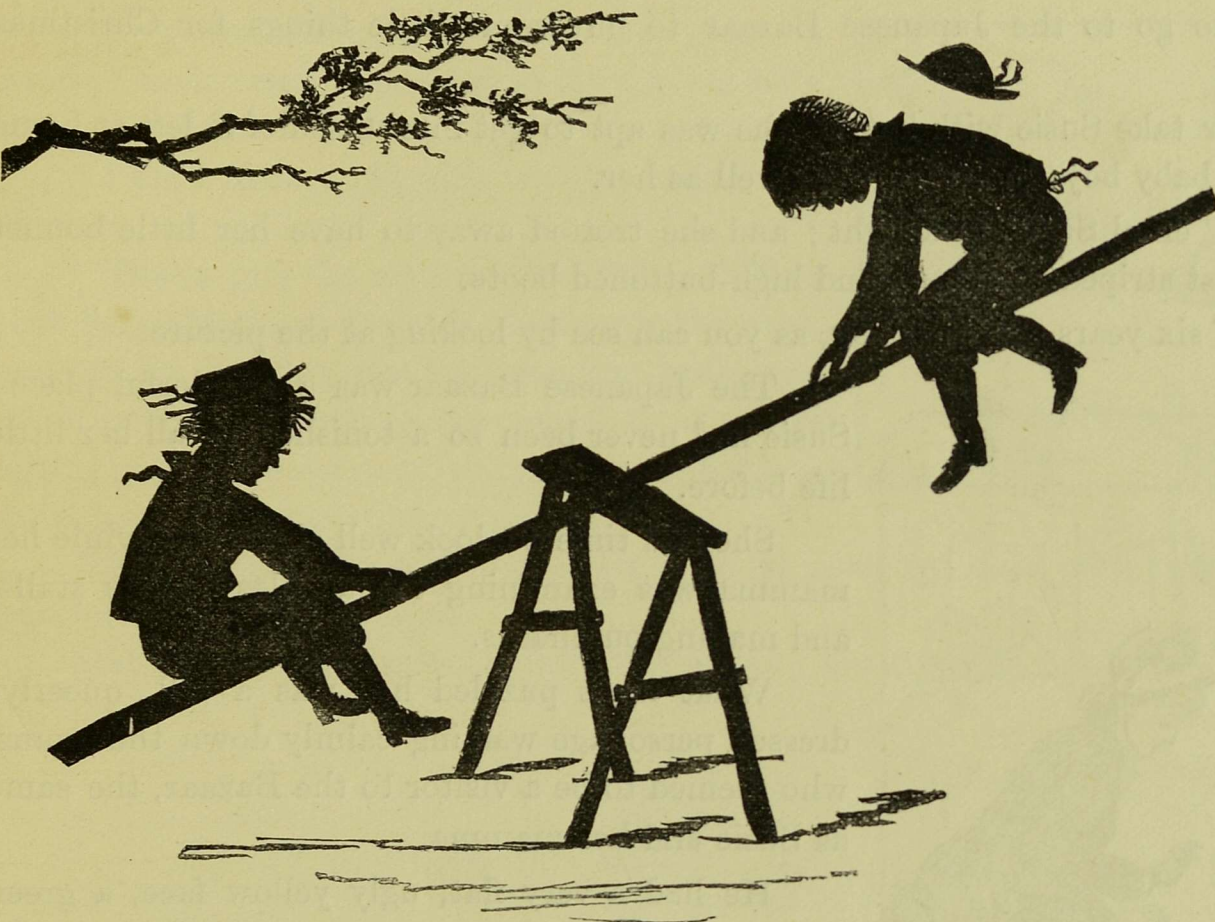
This amused the boy so much, that he climbed the tree, and shook the nuts down for them. The little girls filled their baskets quickly, and then went home in fine spirits.

Their mamma put the nuts on the roof over the front-door, where the frost cracked the thick green shells, and the sun ripened the meat inside.

The children ate the nuts on Thanksgiving-day, and thought of the pleasant time they had had in gathering them.—*F. A. Whiton, in "The Nursery."*

THE LITTLE BARNES BOYS.

THE little Barnes boys, Harry and Herbert, have no toys that cost over twopence halfpenny; but yet the little Barnes boys are as happy as they can be.

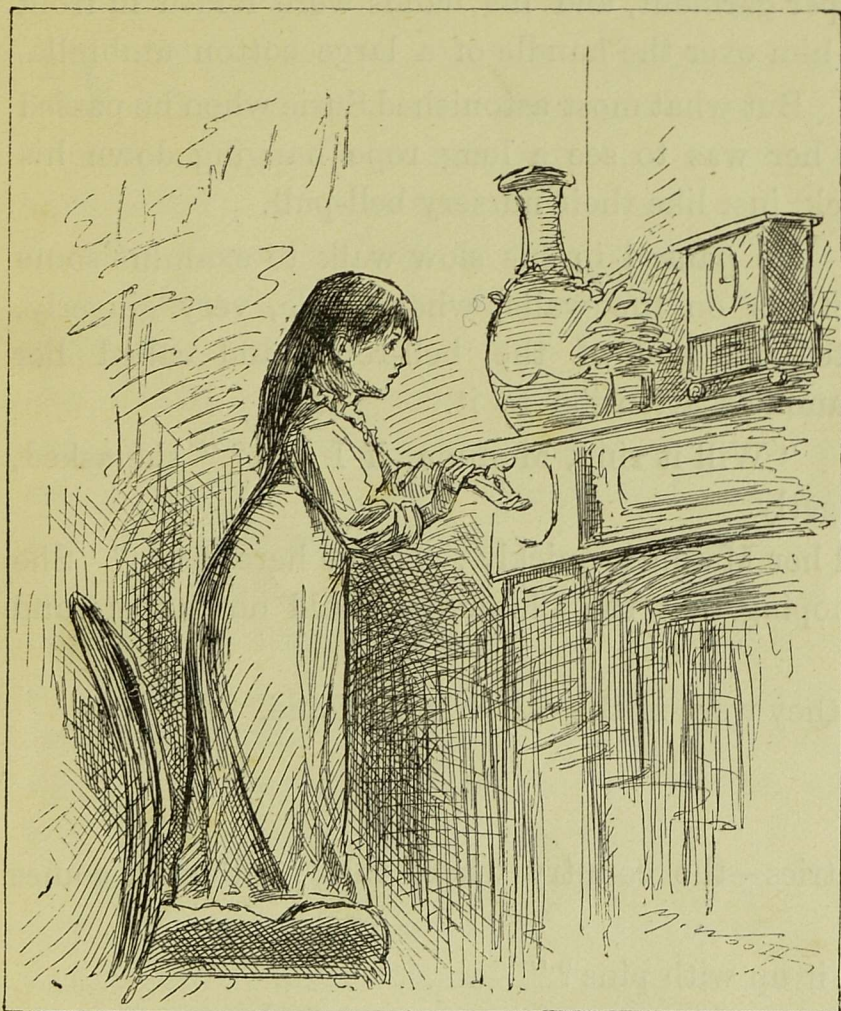


A few sticks and a newspaper and a piece of string make a good kite; a ball of yarn covered with an old glove makes a good ball; and as for a velocipede—is there not a stout plank bench at the back door, and a board to lay across it?—ah, such a capital “teeter” as that makes!

“No matter if we are poor,” says Mamma Barnes, “children that have everything they want are always cross.”

“No,” say the Barnes boys, “we have everything *we* want, and *we* ar’n’t cross!”

M.S.



A CAUSE FOR WORRIMENT.

ADA (on the morning of her birthday party, looking at the clock and feeling her pulse): “Oh, dear! I wonder if I will be well enough for the party to-night?”



“Oh dear! I went to catch a little Fly, and the naughty thing had a pin in its tail,” [Continuation of sobs.]

SUSIE'S MISTAKE.

SUSIE'S Mamma wanted to go to the Japanese Bazaar to buy some little things for Christmas presents.

She thought she had better take Susie with her, as she was apt to get into mischief if left at home with nurse, who had two little baby boys to attend to as well as her.

"Yes, Mamma, I will go," cried Susie, in delight; and she trotted away to have her little bonnet and pelisse put on, with her best striped stockings, and high-buttoned boots.

A very pretty little lady of six years she was then, as you can see by looking at the picture.



"WILL IT RING, MAMMA, IF I PULL?"

The Japanese Bazaar was a wonderful place; Susie had never been so astonished in all her little life before.

She had time to look well about her while her mamma was examining the articles on the stalls, and making purchases.

What most puzzled her was a tall, queerly-dressed personage walking calmly down the rooms, who seemed to be a visitor to the Bazaar, the same as Susie and her mamma.

He had a very flat, ugly yellow face, a green silk petticoat, pointed shoes, a loose yellow silk upper garment, and his hands were folded in front of him over the handle of a large cotton umbrella.

But what most astonished Susie when he passed by her was to see a long rope hanging down his back, just like their nursery bell-pull.

He paused in his slow walk to examine some pictures on the walls, when Susie, very gingerly, lifted the end of the bell-rope, and called her mamma's attention to it.

"Will it ring, Mamma, if I pull?" she asked, eagerly.

"O, Susie, my darling, you must not touch," cried her Mamma, quickly; "come here, dear." She sprang forward, and led the little girl away, devoutly hoping that the Chinaman could not understand one word of English.

"But what was it, Mamma?" asked Susie, when they were in the cab driving home.

"A queue, my darling."

"But what is a queue?"

"A lot of hair plaited together. In some countries—the country where that gentleman comes from—the people wear their hair in that fashion."

"Then you have a queue, Mamma, only you stick it up with pins?"

"Not quite, Susie," answered her Mamma, laughing.

"And Cousin Nelly has a queue. And, Mamma," thoughtfully feeling her own flaxen locks, "I think I'll ask nurse to make me one."

M.S.

BLIND PIGS.

THE other evening, seated around the table as usual, we had a hearty laugh over a new idea that Bob had learned from one of his schoolmates.

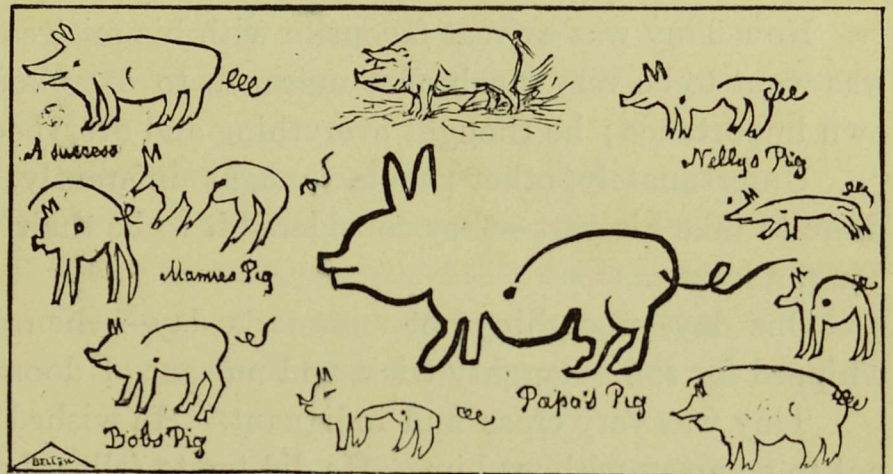
"Now you all take a pencil and piece of paper," he directed, "and try to draw a pig with your eyes shut."

"I can't draw a pig with my eyes open," said Mamie.

"That's just the reason," said Bob. "Now look here: begin at the ears, then draw the nose, and go on drawing the legs and the back, and when you think you've got round to the ears again, put in the eye, and then the tail; but you must keep your eyes shut tight."

So we each tried a pig, and—well, I would never eat roast pork or fried ham again if I thought real pigs were shaped like ours.

Just try making one some dull evening, and see if you do not have a good laugh, that is all.



THE SOAPBOXICON.

A HOME-MADE MAGIC LANTERN.

WOULD you like to have a magic lantern? Very well: I will tell you how to make it. In the first place, you must procure a burning-glass, or you may, perhaps, have the glass out of an old telescope. You also want a soap-box (or any other square box), a cigar-box, and a piece of white muslin or linen as large as a pocket-handkerchief. Make a hole in the cigar-box to fit your magnifying glass, and put the glass into it. Now look at Fig. 1, and see how the cigar-box is placed inside the soap-box. Stretch the muslin over the opposite side of the soap-box (from which, of course, you have removed the bottom), and tack it to the edges of the box. Put a lighted candle in the cigar-box as represented in the illustration, and if you hold a drawing or a photograph opposite the glass in the cigar-box, it will be reflected on the muslin stretched over the end of the soap-box, and you have a magic-lantern.

One thing more. By looking at Fig. 1 you will see that there are two bars and a cross bar to hold the picture. These can easily be fixed, and will save you the trouble of holding the picture in your hand, and will be more steady. By carefully looking at the different drawings, you will see how to make one yourself.

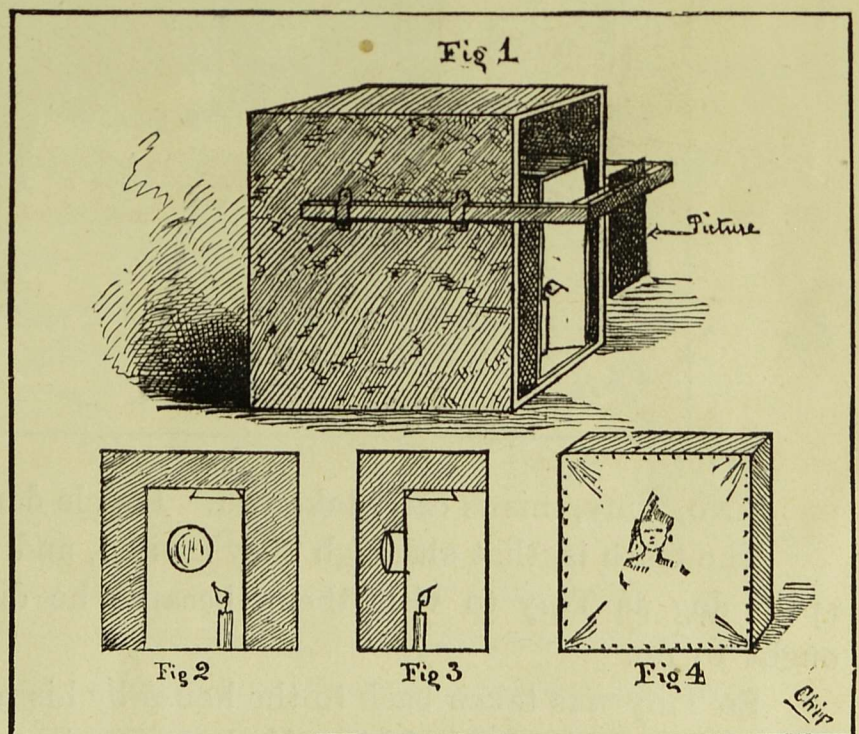


Fig. 1 is the prospective view; Fig. 2 is the back view; Fig. 3 is the side view (or section); Fig. 4 is the front view, showing the picture.

THE DOG IN THE MANGER.

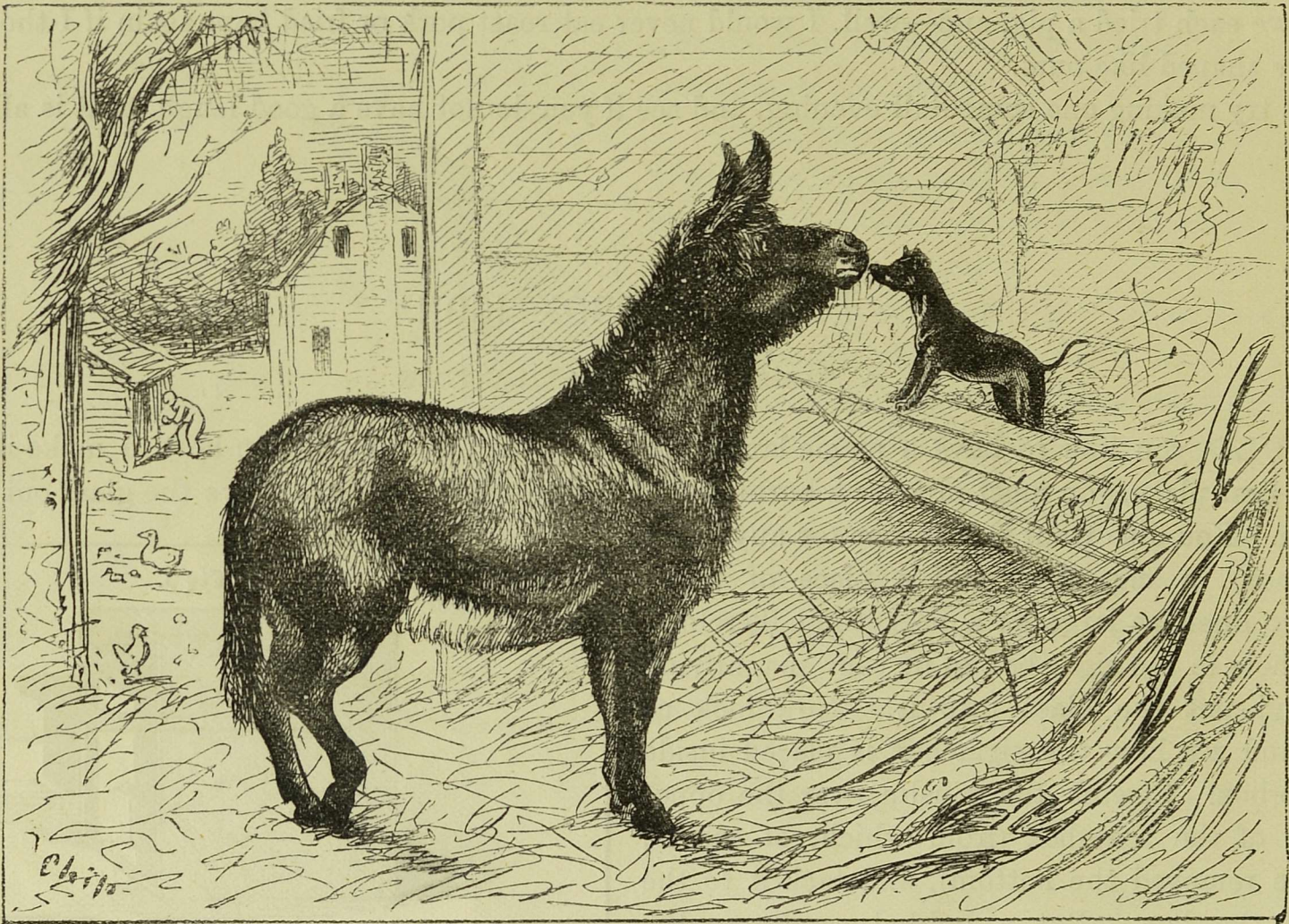
YES, this is he. The dog of whom you have all heard.
The dog's name was Tiny.

Now Tiny was a great favourite with his mistress, who had spoiled and petted him so much that he was wont to be very much of a nuisance to everybody else. He had a very exaggerated notion of his own importance; he thought everything and everybody must give way to him.

Unfortunately, other people thought differently, and sometimes—especially if his mistress were not there to take his part—they considered it to be their duty to teach this little pert upstart, as they called Tiny, a lesson.

One day—one shiny hot summer's day—when Tiny's mistress was away from home, he had been whipped for some naughty trick, and put out of doors.

Tiny was very cross and indignant. He wished his mistress had taken him with her. She ought not to go away without him. He did try to follow her, but she had sent him back to the house, saying,



“No, Tiny, missis can't take you. People don't like dogs where she's going.”

The truth is, that although they invited, and were glad to see her, they didn't care to have such a spoilt dog as Tiny to visit them, because he did not know how to behave himself as a small dog ought to do.

So Tiny was taken back to the house by his mistress's maid, and shut up.

No sooner did he find himself alone in his mistress's boudoir, than he went rampaging round the room. He felt himself slighted and neglected, and was resolved to make everybody sorry for having treated him in this way. He seized a little velvet cushion that lay on the couch, dragged it down to the floor, tore at it with his teeth, shook it to and fro with his mouth, until the silken cord and tassels lay scattered about the room in shreds.

Just then the maid came into the room.

“O, you horrible little wretch, you! How dare you work such mischief?”

She seized Tiny in one hand, and beat him smartly with the other, until he howled; then she put him outside the door, as I have said.

Tiny limped, yelping away, pretending that he had been much more badly hurt than was in truth the case.

The stable door stood open. Jenny, the ass, who generally lived there, had trotted off in the donkey-car with Tiny's mistress. When he discovered this fact, Tiny was angry with Jenny because she had been taken, and he left.

The little stable-boy had filled the manger with nice new hay against Jenny's return.

Tiny jumped up into it, and made his bed there. The day was hot, and his anger had exhausted him. He slept peacefully on until evening came, and Jenny trotted into the stable ready for her supper.

She was rushing at once to stick her nose in the hay, when up started Tiny, furious at being disturbed, and bearing Jenny a cruel grudge for having superseded him, as he supposed, in the favour of his mistress.

Being peaceably disposed, and only very hungry, Jenny gave a little toss to her head, and walked to the other end of the manger. But Tiny was there before her, barking and snapping, evidently determined to keep her from getting any supper.

“Now, my little friend,” said Jenny, courteously, “please to remember that while you have been sleeping here, I have done a hard day's work, and that I am hungry and tired.”

“Snap, snap, bow-wow-wow!” snarled the little terrier doggie; “you don't get any supper to-night, if I can hinder it. I'll teach you to take my place as first favourite to our mistress.”

And so, threatening to fly at her whenever she approached, he guarded effectually the supper he could not eat himself.

The patient ass at length turned aside from the manger, and stood with drooping head and tail.

“I have only to wait long enough,” said she to herself; “he cannot eat hay, and he will not like to go all night without any supper.”

So there she stood until Tiny's mistress, searching for him everywhere, at last came to the stable door, calling,

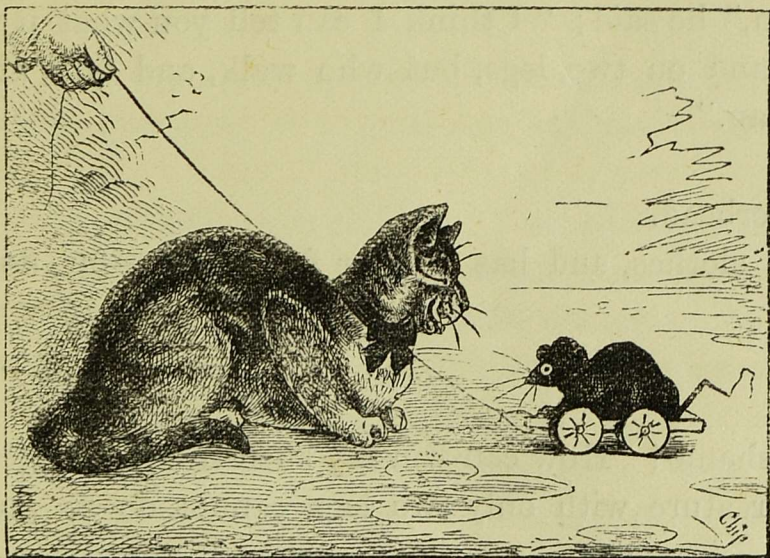
“Tiny! Tiny! Supper's ready, Tiny! Supper's ready, Tiny! Tiny! Tiny!”

Tiny was reminded all at once, by hearing her voice, of the saucer of cream and the rusks with which she always fed him at night. Revenge is sweet, but cream and biscuits are sweeter.

He gave a great jump out of the manger, and rushed after her retreating figure, barking joyously.

Then Jenny turned to her supper. “I thought it was only a case of waiting,” said she, and munched away quite contentedly.

M. S.



TOO FAT AND TOO THIN.

A FAT Cat sat
 On the parlour mat,
 When through the room came whirring,
 Right up to where the cat was purring,
 A strange and ill-conditioned rat,
 As though to tempt the pussy fat.
 But, “No,” said Puss, “this is too thin;
 Such shams may take Skye-terriers in.
 I've had too many first-class meals
 To try to eat a rat on wheels.”

THE FOX AND THE HARE.

IN a great wood, where many animals lived, and where men, and women, and little children very seldom came, some people had a pic-nic one summer's day.

There were grown-up people, and also children; and one of the things that the grown-up people did was to put up a swing for the little children to swing on.

When it was evening, and they went away home to their houses, they left the swing hanging there.

In the bright moonlight the foxes, and the hares, and the little shy rabbits, even the squirrels, crept out to enjoy themselves.

And they saw the swing hanging from the tree in the moonlight.

Whatever could it be? They had never seen such a thing in all their lives before.

They all came round it, they shook it, and they smelled it—the squirrel even ran up one of the ropes nimbly into the tree overhead—but still they were altogether at a loss to account for its presence there in the wood.

“Well,” said a fine old hare, with tremendous whiskers, “there is no doubt in my mind as to what it is.”

“O, of course not,” said a sly old fox, and all the other foxes laughed, as they felt in duty bound to do when their leader said anything that might, by a little stretch of imagination, be called witty.

“What do you think it is, then?” said the old hare sulkily.

“One of two things,” said the fox, surveying it closely, “either it is a new kind of nest for birds to lay their eggs in ————”

“O—! O—! O—! just hear him!” shrieked the hares.

“Well, why shouldn't it be? it's on a tree,” said the fox.

“I suppose you'll say it grew, next?”

“No, I shall not, for I have very strong suspicions that it was made by those creatures who have to cover themselves with what they call clothes, because nature has not given them either feathers or fur. If it is not a nest, I should say it was a gallows.”

“Hear! hear! hear!” cried all the foxes in chorus.

“And what may a gallows be, pray?” said the old hare.

“Ahem!” said the fox. “A gallows is—, well, a gallows is, without doubt, a gallows.”

“So I should say,” said the old hare dryly.

“Hear! hear! hear!” cried the rest of the foxes.

The old hare was very sly. He had crept out into the sun that afternoon to trim his whiskers, and while he was trimming them under the shadow of a thorn bush, he had seen the children swinging on that very swing.

“Perhaps you'll allow me to express an opinion,” he said; “I think I can tell you what it is,—a plaything; the plaything of those creatures who stand on two legs, but who walk, and talk, and eat like us, but who can do many more things than we can.”

“Pooh! Pooh!” cried the foxes.

“Nonsense!” cackled the squirrel in the tree overhead.

“How can a creature who has to make its own clothes, and has neither feathers nor fur, do more than we can?”

“I know that they do,” said the hare.

“A likely story indeed!” jeered the fox.

“Fie on you!” cried all the other foxes; “for shame! How can you say such things?”

“It stands to sense,” said the fox, “that a creature with only two legs cannot do so much as one with four.”

"But they have arms," said the hare, stoutly maintaining his ground.

"Well, they can't run on them."

"Who said they could?" returned the hare, beginning to get just a little rude.

"You did."

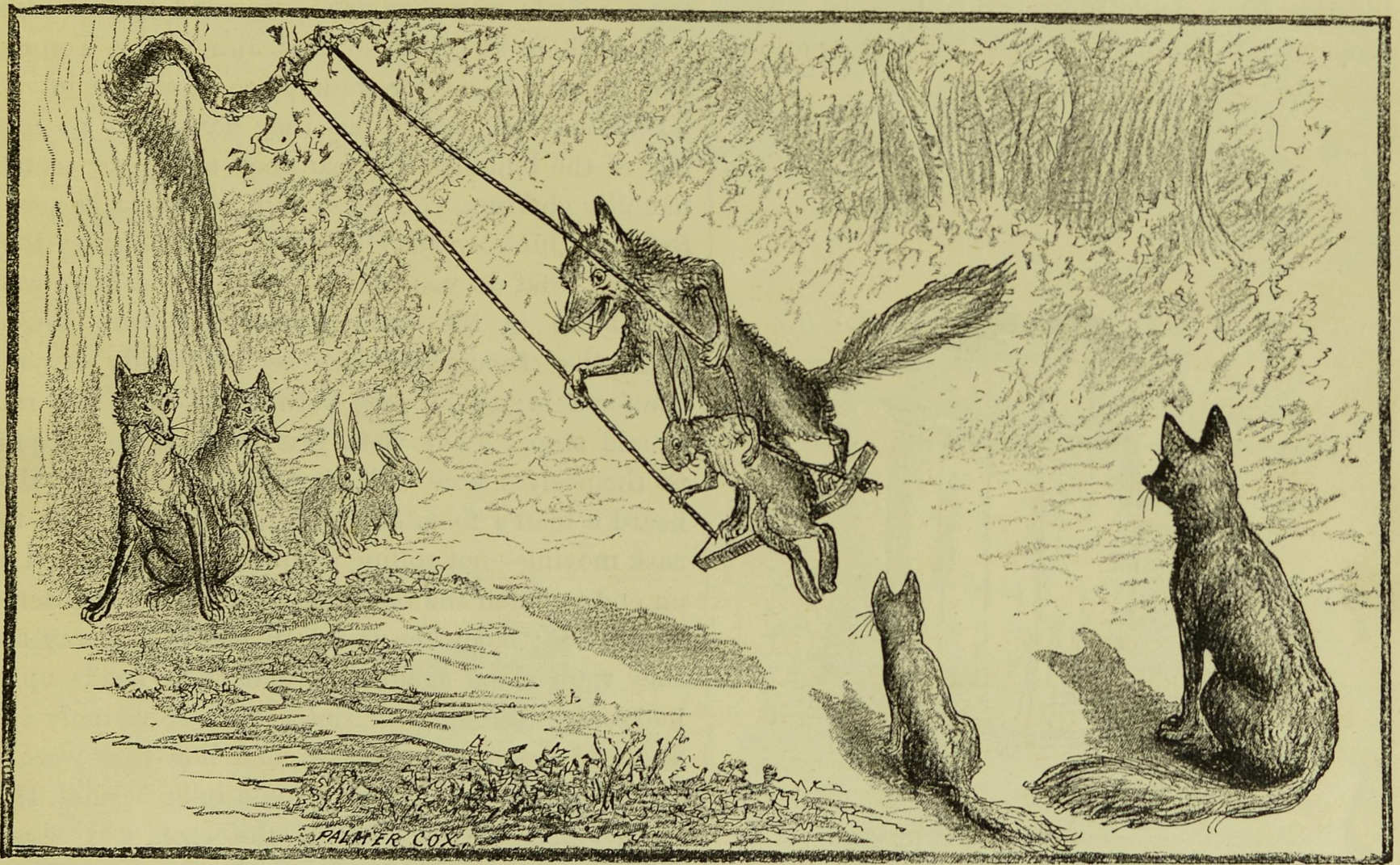
"I didn't."

"Come, come," said all the hares and foxes in chorus, "don't let's get to quarrelling."

"Who want's to quarrel, I should like to know?" said the hare, but his whiskers were bristling with rage nevertheless.

"I am sure I don't," said the fox.

"The proof of the pudding is in the eating," said the hare, "and if you will follow my example" (to the fox) "I'll prove to you beyond doubt that I am right."



As he spoke, the hare leaped on to the swing, seating himself on the board as he had seen the children do, holding the rope on either side with his fore paws, and bending his body so that he began to swing to and fro.

The fox jumped up behind him, imitating the position and movements of the hare. They were soon swinging at a good height, the foxes and hares looking on, first in amazement, then in delight.

"Now, what do you call this?" said the old hare, triumphantly.

"I call it hard work," said the fox doggedly.

"And I call it amusement," said the hare.

"My friend," said the fox, "it does not seem at all likely that you and I will ever be of one mind on any subject; we had better agree to differ."

"With all my heart," cried the hare.

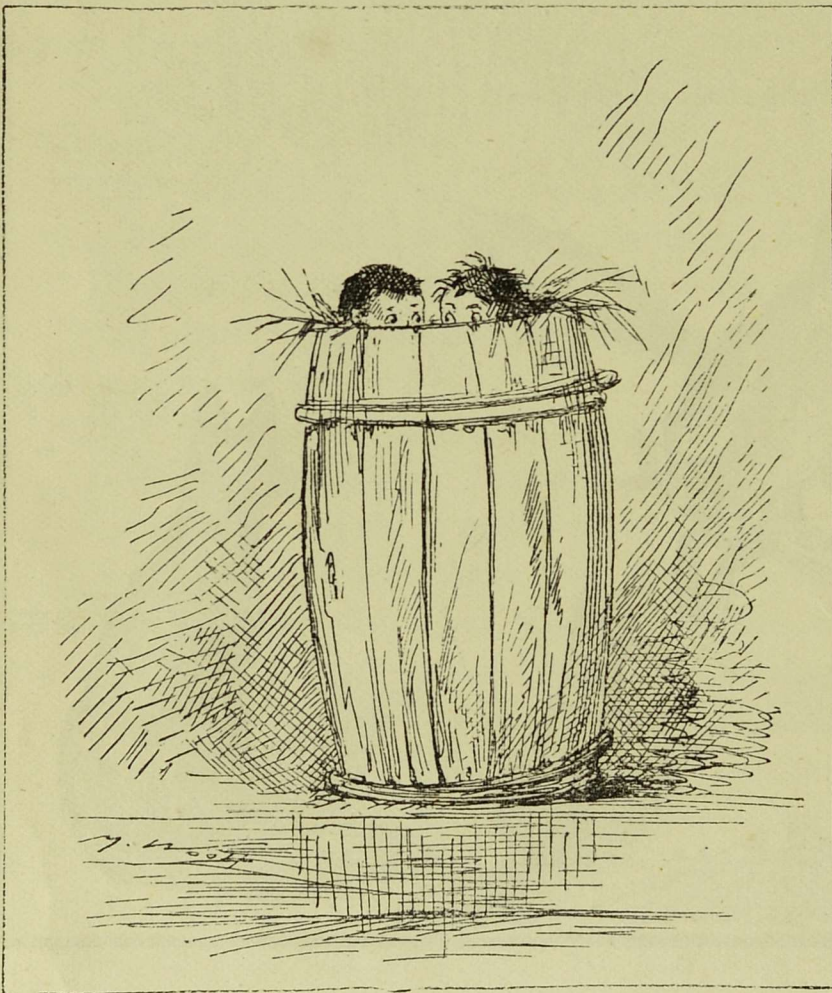
All the foxes cried, "Hear! hear!"

And the hares said, "So be it!"

PLAYING "HOOKEY."

JIMMY and Tommy were tired of going to school. They did not like to sit still and quiet; besides, what was the use of learning to read and write? When they grew up to be men they would sail round the world in a ship and see everything, and what use would such stuff as reading and writing be then? So they said; and one day, when the sun was bright, and the birds were making merry in the trees, and the cows and sheep were enjoying themselves in the meadows, these two little boys made up their minds to take a holiday and keep away from that dreadful school—or, as they called it, to "Play Hookey."

Their mothers had sent them off, as usual, to school after breakfast; but as soon as they were out of sight instead of going there they went to a place where they had agreed to meet, and started off together for a day's fun, as they thought. After going a little way they were surprised to feel some drops of rain falling, and in a few minutes down it came thick and fast, so that Jimmy and Tommy



had to look about for some place to shelter in. A farm-house was near; but they dared not go into any of the buildings for fear they should be seen—naughty children, you know, are afraid to be seen; for they think everybody knows how naughty they are—so what do you think they did? A large cask was lying in the yard with some straw inside. This, they thought, would be beautifully dry and comfortable; so in they both crept until the rain should stop. They were just laughing and saying to themselves how well they had done when they heard a man's footsteps, and, directly after, felt the cask moving—not rolling along, but being turned up on end to catch the rain. They were too frightened to call out; but when the man had gone away and they were alone again, they put their heads up to look out. Standing on tiptoe they could only just see over the top of the cask, and how they were to get out was more than they could tell; besides, they were getting very wet, for the cask was slowly filling with water. You see, they were in a sad plight. What were they to do? "Jimmy," said

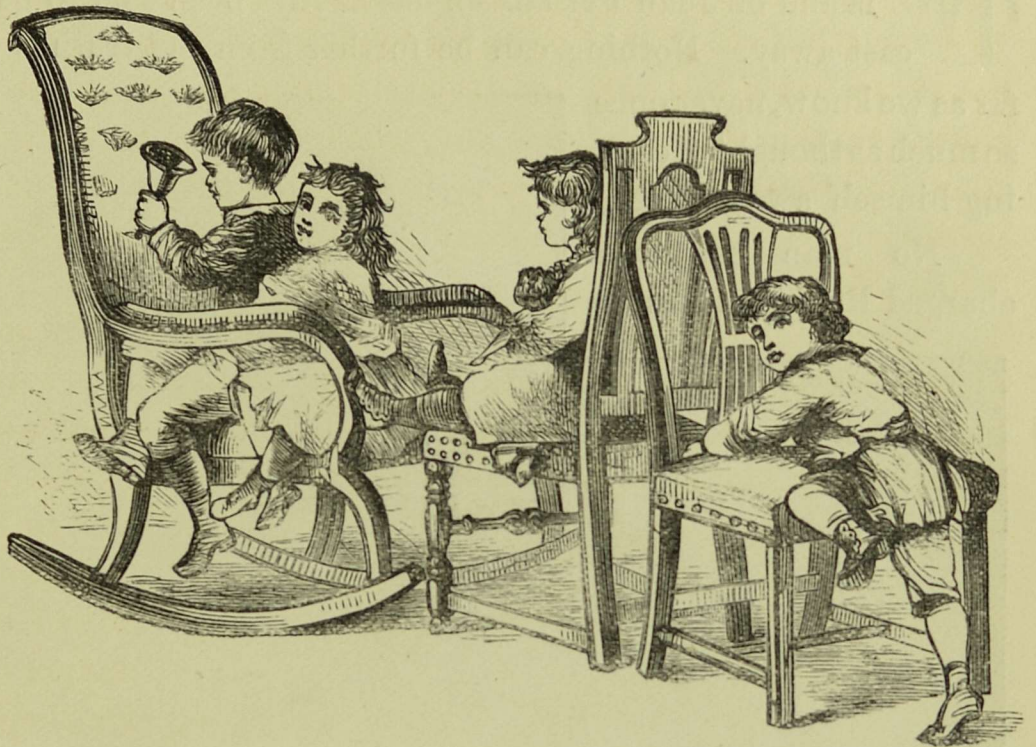
"JIMMY, I WONDER IF SCHOOL IS OUT YET?"

Tommy, "I wonder if school's out yet?" "I wish

I was there," replied Jimmy. But it was no use wishing: there they were in the cask and with no way of getting out. Hour after hour went by, and still the rain came down, until our two young friends were quite wet through. They had begun to lose hope and to think they would have to stay out all night as well as all day when they heard footsteps again. This time they called out with all the strength they had left. The man who was passing heard them, and came up to the cask. "Please, sir, we can't get out." "How did you get in?" said the man. "We saw the cask lying down and got in out of the rain, and some one came and turned it up." The man just lifted them out, set them down on the ground, and told them to run home as fast as ever they could. So they did. What their mothers and the schoolmaster said to them when they got back we cannot tell; but we may just whisper to our young readers that when Jimmy and Tommy were talking over their adventure afterwards, they agreed that "Playing Hookey" was even worse than learning to read, and that it was better to have to sit still and quiet for a few hours in school than to stand out in the rain in a cask all day.

ALL ABOARD.

THROW on wood, and take in water,
 Oil the wheels, and stir the fire ;
 Train will start in just five minutes ;
 Here are tickets,—who's the buyer ?
 Engineer has got the steam on ;
 See the clouds of smoke that rise !
 Time is up, and all is ready :
 " All aboard ! " conductor cries.
 Fare's the lowest ever heard of ;
 Round-trip tickets very cheap.
 If you want to see the country,
 Jump in now and take a peep.
 Don't spend too much time " good-by-ing,"
 Hurry up ! we cannot wait.
 Move at once, for time is flying :
 All aboard ! or you'll be late.



Ladies, do not be so frightened ;
 We will bring you safely back.
 No collision or disaster
 Ever happens on this track.

Do not stand upon the platform ;
 Go inside, and shut the door.
 Hark, the bell rings ! Hear the whistle !
 Off we go for Baltimore !—*The Nursery.*



A BOY'S POCKETS.

SCHOOL-MASTER.—"Are you quite sure you have got nothing more in your Pockets ?"
 Boy.—"I've got a Hole in my Vest Pocket, Sir."
 SCHOOL-MASTER (*sternly*).—"Take your seat, Sir,"



PLEASANT FOR JIM.

SMALL BOY.—"Oh-ow-ow ! Look out, Jim—here is a great b-b-b-big Bull-dog coming at us !"

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND.

THE island of Juan Fernandez has always been said to be the island on which Robinson Crusoe was cast away. Nothing can be further from the truth. Crusoe never saw Juan Fernandez, and, so far as we know, never once so much as thought of casting himself away there.

No man has ever charged Robinson Crusoe

with not telling the truth. He may have had his faults—and he certainly did show very little judgment when he built his



first boat so far from the shore that he could not possibly launch it; but he always told the truth. We ought, therefore, to believe what he says about the situation of his island. He informs us that, having

sailed from Brazil on a voyage to the coast of Guinea, he was driven northward by stormy weather, and was finally wrecked somewhere between the mouth of the river Orinoco and the Caribbean or West



India islands. Now the island of Juan Fernandez is in the Pacific Ocean, about three hundred and sixty miles south-west of Valparaiso. To suppose that Crusoe was wrecked on Juan Fernandez, while on his way from Brazil to Guinea, is like saying that a ship on her way from New York to Liverpool was wrecked on one of the Sandwich Islands. Such a story would be perfectly absurd. However, when we have Crusoe's word that he was cast away near the mouth of the Orinoco, there is an end of the matter. He probably could not have told a lie if he had tried to.

In the year 1704 an English vessel, called the *Cinque Ports*, came to Juan Fernandez. One of her officers, Alexander Selkirk by name, had quarrelled with the captain, and he said he would much rather

stay on this island than sail any longer on board the *Cinque Ports*. The captain was glad to get rid of him, and therefore sailed away, and left him behind. What Selkirk and the captain had quarrelled about has never been certainly known; but when we reflect that Selkirk was a Scotchman, we can understand that very likely he was unwilling to practise piracy on Sunday, while the captain insisted that any day was a fit day on which to rob a Spanish ship. This would have led to a quarrel, and very possibly was the precise cause of the quarrel which resulted in Selkirk leaving the ship at Juan Fernandez. It is true that the *Cinque Ports* was called a buccaneer, instead of a pirate, but no man can see the difference between buccaneering and piracy without the help of a large-sized compound microscope.

Selkirk remained all alone on the island for four years and four months, when another English vessel took him off. When he reached home, he wrote an account of his adventures, and very stupid people have since claimed that Daniel Defoe, the author of the story of Crusoe's adventures, had read Selkirk's book, and that it suggested to him the idea of inventing Robinson Crusoe. To suppose that so great a man as Defoe could not write a book without stealing his ideas from Alexander Selkirk is ridiculous. Selkirk and Crusoe were as unlike as two men could well be. The only resemblance between them was that both had lived alone on unfrequented islands, as many other unfortunate men have done before and since.

We thus see how it came to pass that people have mixed up Selkirk's island with Crusoe's island, and have finally convinced themselves that Crusoe was wrecked on Juan Fernandez. Selkirk's island is firmly believed by nearly everybody to have been Crusoe's island, and we might just as well call it Smith's or Jones's island.

It must be admitted that Juan Fernandez is a beautiful island, with every convenience that Crusoe could have wished for, except cannibals. Selkirk, however, could do nothing with it. He did contrive to catch goats by running after them until they were tired out, but he never thought of taming them—fattening them on tomato cans—as Crusoe did. Of course, he never had a Man Friday, and he never built himself a canoe or periagua. In fact, he did very little that was creditable to him; and there is only too much reason to believe that if he had seen a footprint on the sand, he would not have known that it was his duty to be terribly frightened. Juan Fernandez is about sixteen miles long, and five and a-half miles wide. The shore, especially on the northern side, is steep and rocky. The interior is very picturesque, and contains several beautiful valleys separated by high ridges. On the north side of the island is a very steep mountain of lava, which is eight thousand feet high, the top of which is said to be inaccessible. Part way up this mountain is the place where Selkirk used to watch for passing vessels. In one of the valleys there is a cave where Selkirk lived. It is thirty feet in length, and about twenty feet in breadth, with a ceiling of nearly twenty feet in height. While it is a fair, substantial cave, it cannot be compared for a moment with the cave which Crusoe had on his own island, and which he enlarged with so much perseverance.

The island belongs to Chili, and more than a hundred years ago the Chilian Government sent convicts to Juan Fernandez as a punishment. A fort was built, which has now crumbled away, and cells were dug in the solid rock on the side of a hill, and the convicts were locked up in them every night. The convicts, not liking their treatment, rebelled, killed their guards, and, seizing on a vessel that had visited the island, escaped to Peru. Since then Juan Fernandez—or Mas-a-tierra, as the Chilians call it—has been inhabited by a few Chilian farmers, who raise, with very little labour, food enough to live on. They also catch fish, which they send to the mainland; and at certain seasons of the year they kill large quantities of seals, which frequent a little rocky island half-a-mile from Juan Fernandez. At the present time the island is governed by a Mr. Rhode, who rents it from the Chilian Government, and proposes to raise quantities of cattle.

In 1868 the British man-of-war *Topaz* touched at Juan Fernandez, and her officers erected an iron tablet in honour of Selkirk. It bears the following inscription:—

In Memory of Alexander Selkirk,
Mariner,

A Native of Largo, in the County of Fife, Scotland,

Who lived on this Island, in complete solitude, for Four Years and Four Months.

He was landed from the *Cinque Ports* galley, 96 tons, 16 guns, A.D. 1704, and was taken off in the *Duke* privateer, 12th February, 1709.

He died Lieutenant of H.M.S. *Weymouth*, A.D. 1722, aged 47 years.

This tablet is erected near Selkirk's Look-out by Commodore Powell and the officers of H.M.S. *Topaz*, A.D. 1868.

As there is excellent water at Juan Fernandez, vessels occasionally touch there to fill their casks, but it has no regular communication with the rest of the world.

Of course, Juan Fernandez will always continue to be called Robinson Crusoe's island, though it is certain that Crusoe was never within three or four thousand miles of it. As for the unbelieving people who pretend that Robinson Crusoe never lived, nobody should listen to them for a moment. There never was anybody more thoroughly real than Robinson Crusoe. Selkirk was not half so real; and, in comparison with the shipwrecked mariner of Hull, Julius Cæsar was grossly improbable. Crusoe's island undoubtedly exists somewhere "near the mouth of the great river Orinoco."

HELPING HIMSELF TO CAKE.



FAST asleep fell Madeline,
Fairy-book held in one hand,
In the other slice of cake—
Slept, and drifted to the land
Where the spirits of the dreams
Many wondrous visions keep—
Visions that are only seen
When the eyes are closed in sleep.

Dreamed the little Madeline
That she was a princess fair,
Beautiful as that proud maid
Famous for her golden hair.
And at splendid feast she sat,
And a prince sat by her side,
Handsome as the prince who won
"Sleeping Beauty" for his bride;

Dreamed a cake—a wedding cake—
She dispensed to courtly throng,
Cutting it with knife of gold,
While the "Blue Bird" sang a song.
Largest piece received the prince,
And he whispered, "This is bliss,"
As he kissed her hand and gave
Ring of diamond with the kiss.

But ere long the dream grew dim,
Feast and courtiers vanished quite,
Diamond ring and lover, too,
Softly faded from her sight;
And the only prince she saw
(She was once more wide-awake)
Was a little prince of mice
Nibbling at her slice of cake.

“UNITY IS STRENGTH.”

“UNITY is strength,” said a learned mouse.

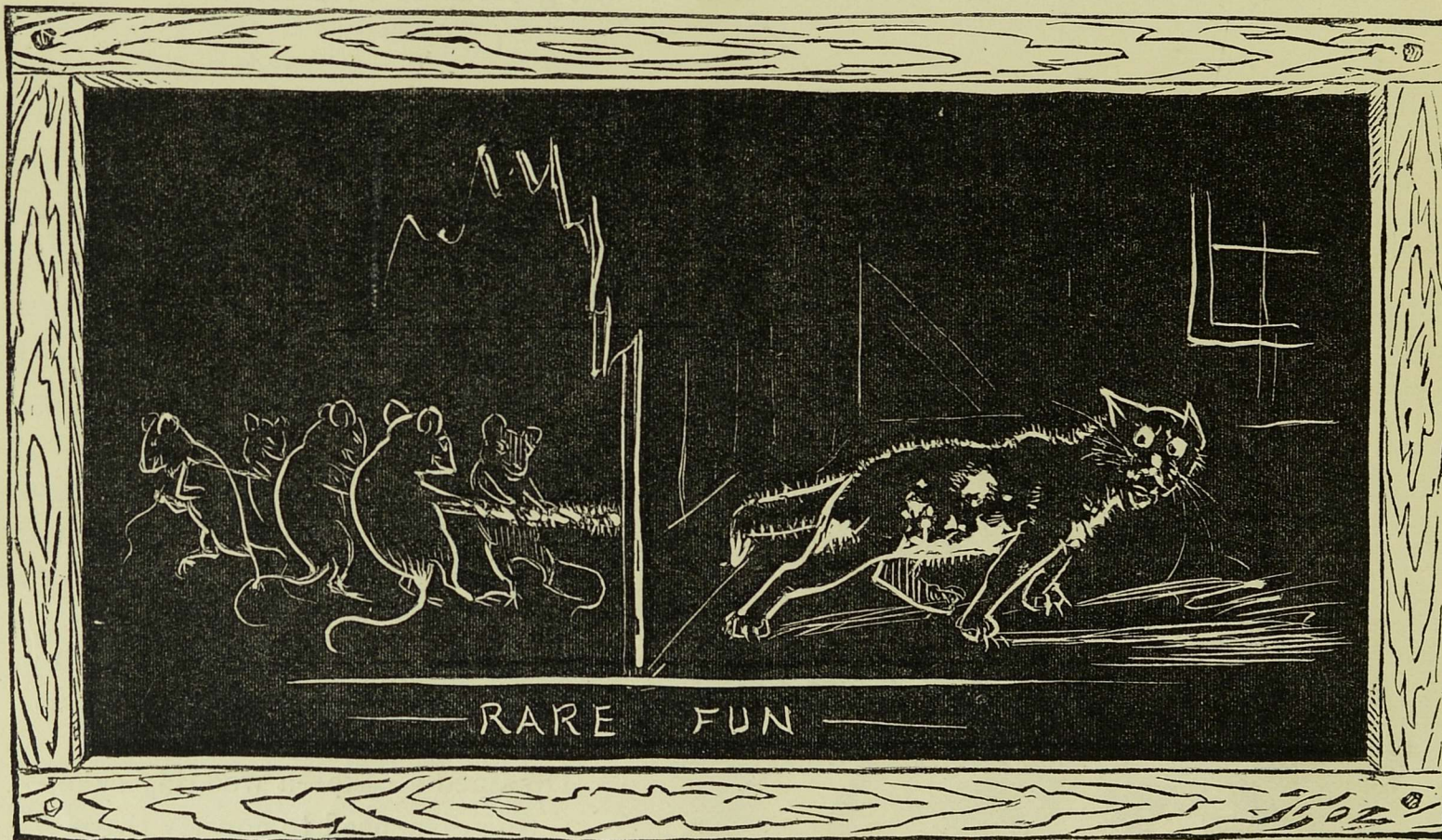
“That’s what the children in the schoolroom write in their copy-books,” observed a second.

“What does it mean?” asked a third; “anything to do with cheese?”

“Cheese! no, indeed, I should think not,” replied the learned mouse. “It means this—what one could not do alone, could be easily done by a number. For instance, if one of us took hold of Pussy’s tail, we should be obliged to drop it at once, because she would turn round upon us.”

“Wouldn’t she just!” exclaimed a little mouse, who had been listening quietly. “Oh! don’t talk about it, it makes me shiver.”

“That’s because you’re so silly,” said the learned mouse. “I was going to say (only you interrupted me so rudely), that although one of us alone would not be strong enough to keep our hold of Pussy’s tail, a number of us could do so.”



“If we could get hold of the end through that hole in the door, I think we might,” said an old mouse, cautiously; “otherwise,” he added, “I don’t think I for one should care to try. You see, I’ve a wife and family to provide for.”

“Exactly so,” said the learned mouse, “but I assure you there’s not the slightest risk. Why, is not that the tip of Pussy’s tail I see peeping through that hole? Ah! Miss Pussy, now we have a chance of punishing you for the frights you have given us. You don’t mean you are going to be the first to venture near the hole,” he added, to the mouse who said he was the father of a family.

“Oh, yes I do,” replied the old mouse, taking a firm hold of poor Pussy’s tail; “now steady, boys, as the sailors say; it’s our turn this time. Many an attack of palpitation has Miss Pussy given me.”

“I lost my supper last night all through her coming down the kitchen stairs,” said one.

“And I have had to remove twice from a most comfortable residence all on her account,” said another.

“Cannot think why people keep cats,” continued a third.

“They won’t when they become more civilised,” said the learned mouse. “Ah,” he added, reflectively, “we have proved to-day, my friends, how true it is that ‘unity is strength.’”

THE WOMAN IN THE MOON.

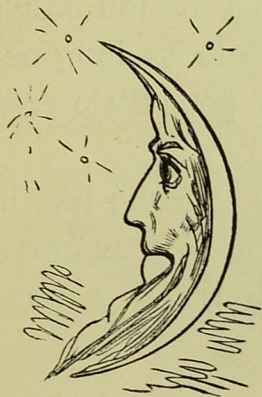
I'VE often heard of the man in the moon ;
And his profile often have seen

In the almanac, drawn on the side of a lune,
Just so—with a smile serene.

But I guessed the secret the other night,
As the clouds were clearing away ;
And what do you think was the wondrous sight
Which the mystery did betray ?

I fancied I saw in the crescent, half hid,
Fair Luna herself reclining ;
Not a man in the moon, but a woman instead,
From the sky was brightly shining.

—Boston "Youth's Companion."



ALICE'S QUESTION.

SOFTLY, gently upward
A strain from the organ floats,
And the children at play in the nursery
Listen awhile to the notes,

Stop, and are silent a moment—
They are almost tired of play,
And the shadows of evening are falling,
Making twilight out of the day.

Then down the broad old staircase
Comes the patter of little feet,
And in through the open doorway,
Drawn by the sounds so sweet.

Then close to the organ stealing,
With awe-struck eyes they gaze
At the player, and listen mutely
To the deep clear notes of praise.

Then drawing nearer and nearer,
Made bold by the twilight grey,
Little Alice looks up, and whispers,
"Did God teach you how to play?"

THE SHIP OF THE DESERT.

UNLIKE other ships, this one begins by being a very feeble and helpless little craft indeed. For the first week after its launch on the great sea of life it requires much careful watching on the part of the owners.

Strange as it may sound, in very truth a baby camel is every whit as helpless as a human baby. It cannot stand alone; without help it cannot so much as take its own food even; while its long neck is so flexible and fragile, that unless someone were constantly at hand to watch, the poor little creature would run every risk of dislocating it.

Those who have closely observed camel nature tell us it is never known to play or frolic like lambs or colts, or like most young creatures of the earth, in fact; but that in its babyhood it is as grave and melancholy as in its old age, born apparently with a deep sense of its own ugliness, and a mournful resignation to a long and joyless career.

When it has reached its third year the hump-backed animal is counted old enough to begin its life of labour. The trainers then take it in hand. They teach it to kneel and bear burdens, which gradually they make heavier and heavier, until their charge is supposed to have come to the full strength of camel maturity. This is not until it is about eight years old.

If the camel can rise with the load on its back, this is proof positive that he can carry it throughout the journey, although it sometimes happens, if the journey be only a very short one, the patient beast is loaded so heavily that it must be helped on to its feet by means of bars and levers. In some places camels cry out against this excessive loading in a most piteous and distressing manner—the cry resembling that of a very young child in pain, and being a most dismal sound to hear; but in other parts of the world they will bear their burden, however heavy, without complaining.

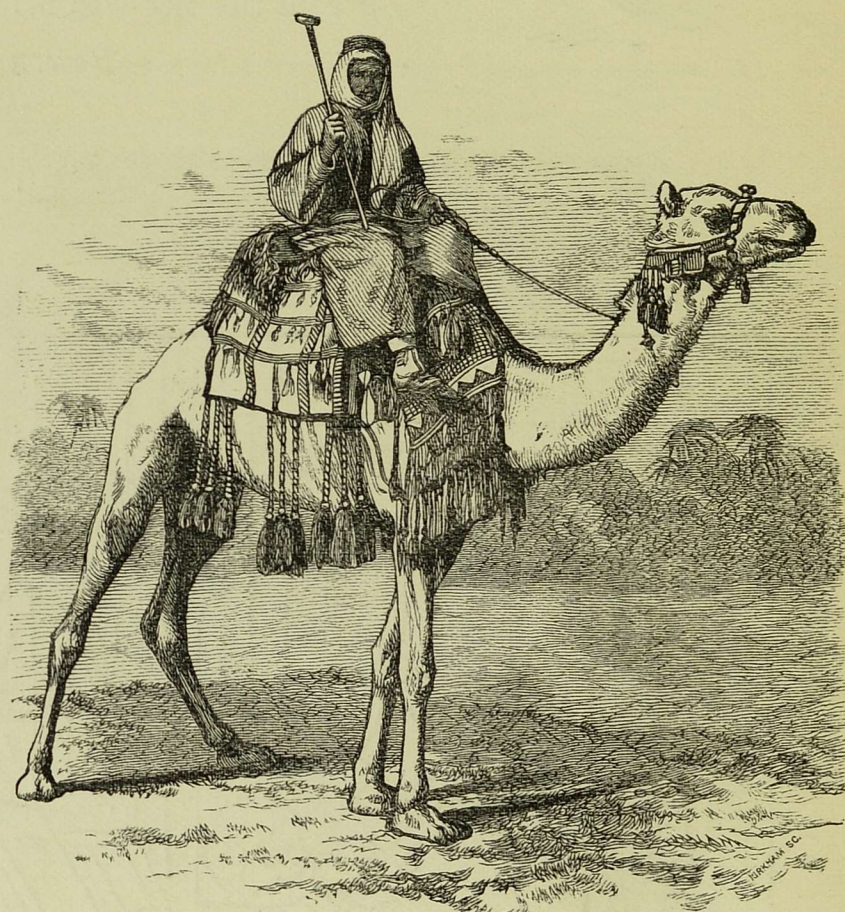
An ordinary camel's load is from seven to eight hundred pounds. With this weight on their backs, a train of camels will cross thirty miles of desert during a day. Those used to carry dispatches, having only the light weight of the dispatch-bearer, of course are expected to travel much faster, however, and will easily accomplish two hundred and forty miles in the same length of time.

Ungainly, awkward, repulsive-looking as these creatures are, with their great projecting harelips and their hairy humps, they have the compensation of being most priceless treasures to all those who "dwell in tents" in the vast sandy plains of Egypt, Arabia, and Tartary.

Their stomachs are so formed by nature that they are capable of being converted into a set of water tanks, a number of small cells filled with the purest water being fastened to the sides of each, and when all food fails, it makes little difference to a camel or dromedary—at least for a time.

Their humps are composed of a fatty substance. Day by day the hump diminishes, and the fat is absorbed into the animal's system, furnishing nourishment until food is forthcoming.

Thus, with these stores of water and fuel on board, the "ship" can go on for a fortnight, or even a month, absolutely without eating or drinking, while things that other creatures—unless, perhaps, it be



THE CAMEL AND HIS RIDER.

some bird of the ostrich tribe—would never dream of touching, will furnish forth a sumptuous meal for a camel. Off a handful of thorns and briars he can make an excellent breakfast, and I believe he will not disdain anything apparently so untempting as a bit of dry wood.

Provided that at certain periods of the year a short holiday is allowed the camel for pasturing, quite at its leisure, to recruit its strength and fill that store-house on its back with fuel, it will serve its master, on such meagre fare as I have mentioned, for full fifty years. Still, all work and no play is as bad for camels as it is for boys.

Even with plenty of fuel on board, the desert-ship owners are wise enough not to impose too long journeys upon their heavily laden fleets.

A camel's foot is of a peculiar formation. It is wide-spreading, and is provided with fleshy pads or cushions; and if after a certain march rest were not given, the skin would wear off these pads, the flesh become bare, bringing consequences direful indeed. Probably the suffering creature would kneel down, fold its long legs under its body, and stretching out its long neck on the ground, calmly announce in camel language that it would go no further. It is no use whatever to try to make a camel go against his will.

If it once refuses, you have but two ways open to you: you may quietly lie down beside it until it is ready to move, or you may abandon it for ever. Other course there is none.

It is a curious fact that, notwithstanding the softness of the camel's foot, it can walk over the sharpest stones, or thorns, or roots of trees without the least danger of wounding itself, and that what this strange beast most dreads is wet and marshy ground.

We read that "the instant it places its feet upon anything like mud, it slips and slides, and generally, after staggering about like a drunken man, falls heavily on its side."

The use of the camel to the various peoples of the East is almost incalculable. Many an Arab finds his chief sustenance in the cheese, butter, and milk of the mother camel. The flesh of young camels is also often eaten.

The Roman Emperor Heliogabalus is said to have reckoned camel's feet one of the daintiest dainties of his sumptuous banquets, and he considered a portion of tender camel roast a thing to be by no means despised. To this day, indeed, camel's hump cut into slices and dissolved in tea is counted a relish by the Tartar tribes.

Camel's skin is made into straps and sandals, while brushes and ropes, cloth and tents, sacks and carpets, are made entirely from camel's hair.

Every year toward the beginning of summer the camel sheds its hair, every bristle of which vanishes before the new hair begins to grow. For three weeks this bare condition lasts. His camelship looks as if he had been shaved without mercy from the tip of his tail to the top of his head, and during this shaven season he is extremely sensitive to the cold or wet, shaking in every limb if a drop of rain falls, shivering painfully in the chilliness of the night air.

By-and-by the new hair begins to grow—fine, soft, curly wool that gradually becomes long, thick, soft fur; and after this, the rain may rain as much as it likes, the night air may be as chilly as it will, the camel will not care a grain. In that armour of nature's providing he will not shiver or shake any more.

The hair of a camel, on an average, will weigh about ten pounds. It is said to be sometimes finer than silk, and longer than the wool of a sheep. In the course of my reading, a short time ago, I met with an account of a camel market in a town of Tartary especially noted for its trade in that species of live stock.

In the centre of Blue Town, it seems, there is a large square, where the animals are ranged in long rows together, their front feet raised upon mud elevations constructed expressly for the purpose, the object of which is to show off the size and height of the ungainly creatures.

The confusion and noise of this market are described as something frightful and "indescribable," with the continual chattering of the buyers and sellers disputing noisily over their bargains, in addition

to the wild shrieking of the camels, whose noses are pulled roughly to make them show off their agility in rising and kneeling.

Nature has given the camel, you must remember, no means of defence except its prolonged piercing cry, and a horrible sneeze of its own, whereby the object of its hatred is sometimes covered with a mass of filth from its mouth.

It cannot bite its tormentor, and—at least the Tartar camel—seldom kicks, or if it does, as seldom does any harm with that fleshy foot of which I have told you already.

Can you wonder, then, that the air of Blue Town is made hideous with the shrieking of the camels, as, to test their strength, they are made to kneel while one thing after another is piled on their backs, and made to rise under each new burden, until they can rise no longer.

“Sometimes while the camel is kneeling a man gets upon its hind-heels, and holds on by the long hair of its hump; if the camel can rise then, it is considered an animal of superior power”—according to the writer above quoted.

“The trade in camels is entirely conducted by proxy; the seller and the buyer never settle the matter between themselves. They select different persons to sell their goods, who propose, discuss, and fix the price, the one looking to the interests of the seller, the other to those of the purchaser. These ‘sale-speakers’ exercise no other trade. They go from market to market, to promote business, as they say. They have generally a great knowledge of cattle, have much fluency of tongue, and are, above all, endowed with a knavery beyond all shame. They dispute by turns furiously and argumentatively as to the merits and defects of the animal, but as soon as it comes to be a question of price, the tongue is laid aside as a medium, and the conversation proceeds altogether in signs.”

BLUE VIOLETS.

LISTEN! No; you cannot hear them;
Never do they make a sound,



All these thousand sweet blue flowers
Starting up from out the ground.

Scattered are they up the hill-side,
Hidden in the woodland nooks,
Sprinkled over sunny meadows,
Nestled close by sparkling brooks.

Where, I wonder, have they sprung from?
Do they live in worlds below?
Have they slept the livelong winter
Underneath the soft white snow?

Ah! if only they had voices,
What strange stories they might tell
Of the land where winsome fairies
With the flowers love to dwell!

Oh, you dainty wee blue flowers!
Brightest roses June may bring,
But they cannot match your sweetness,
Gentle messengers of spring.

A LIVELY TEAM.



“MAY I have the sofa to make an omnibus of, mother?”

“No, my boy; your sister Polly carried home the dresses I had ironed this morning, and she is tired, and must lie down.”

“All right, mother; can I have the chairs for horses?”

“No, my boy; I have no money to buy new ones if you break these.”

“I’ll buy new chairs for you, mother, dear,” said the merry boy; “but I must have something to drive. “Ah! I know; my toes are my own, are they not?”

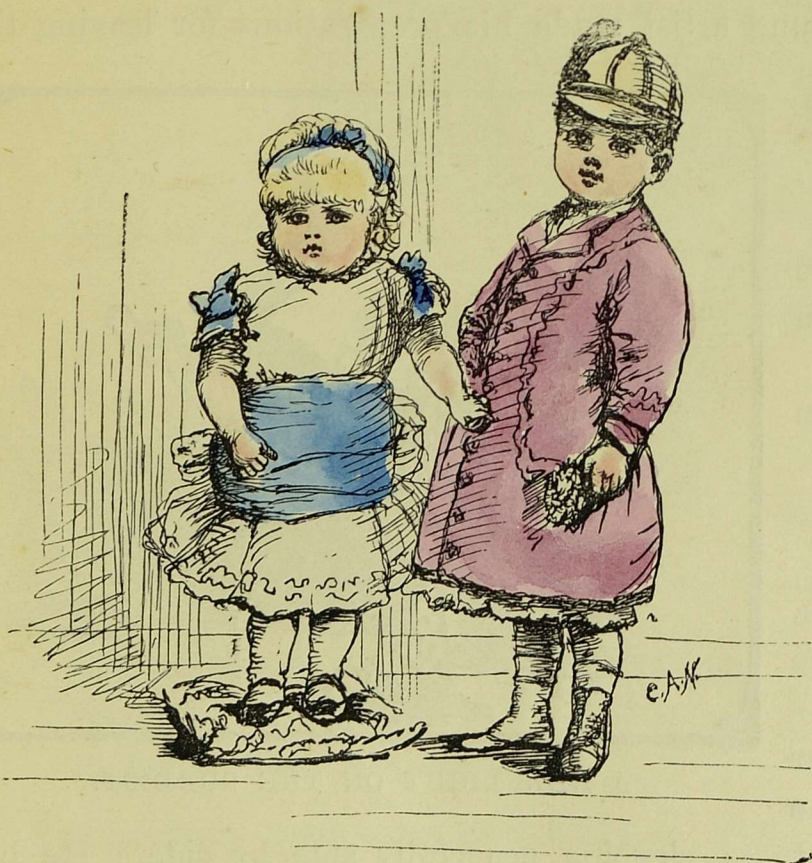
“I suppose so,” replied his mother, smiling.

“Then I’ll drive them, and a lively team they’ll be; off with shoes and stockings. Oh no, Polly, I shall not hurt myself, you need not be afraid.”

“I saw a little boy to-day,” said Polly, thoughtfully, “and he had a beautifully large room to play in, and a whole cupboard-full of

toys, and a large rocking-horse, yet he stood at the window and cried because it rained, and he could not go out for a ride. He didn’t look half as happy as you do, Fred.”

“What a silly little boy he must be,” replied Fred.



ME AND MY LITTLE WIFE.



AROUND and around a dusty little room,
Went a very little maiden with a very big broom.
And she said: “Oh I could make it so tidy and
so trig,
Were I a little bigger and my broom not quite
so big!”
—St. Nicholas.

THE YOUNG ARTIST.

“**S**UCH a clever little fellow,” said Mrs. Mouse.

“Quite a genius,” said Mr. Mouse.

“Talent so remarkable is rarely met with in one so young,” continued Mrs. Mouse. “We are talking about our clever son, Grandmother,” she added, turning to an old mouse who was listening; “he is a young artist—can draw and paint. Oh! he is wonderfully clever!”



TWO SLEEPING BEAUTIES.

“Is he, indeed?” said the old Grandmother; “can he spell ‘cat’?”

“Spell ‘cat’? Well, no, we haven’t taught him anything about cats yet; you see he’s so wonderfully —”

“Oh! yes,” interrupted the Grandmother, “we know all about that; talent is good, genius is more powerful still, but it seems to me that for a young mouse who has his own way to make in the world common-sense is not a thing to be despised.”

“You should see the sketch he made of his father; so true to life.”

“It may be; still, I would rather have him spell ‘cat,’ and feel certain he knew how to take care of himself if he saw one coming.”

“I could take care of myself, Granny,” said the young mouse, proudly. “Mother,” he added, “I’m tired of living up in this old lumber-room; I’ve sketched all the boxes, and the pictures, and the old cabinet; I want to roam.”

“He wants to go where?” asked the Grandmother.

“He wants to go to Rome,” exclaimed the proud mother; “to Rome, with its sculptures and paintings, its —”

“Any cats there?” inquired the Grandmother.

But no one took any notice of her, and the young artist made his preparations for leaving the large old lumber-room where all his young days had been spent.

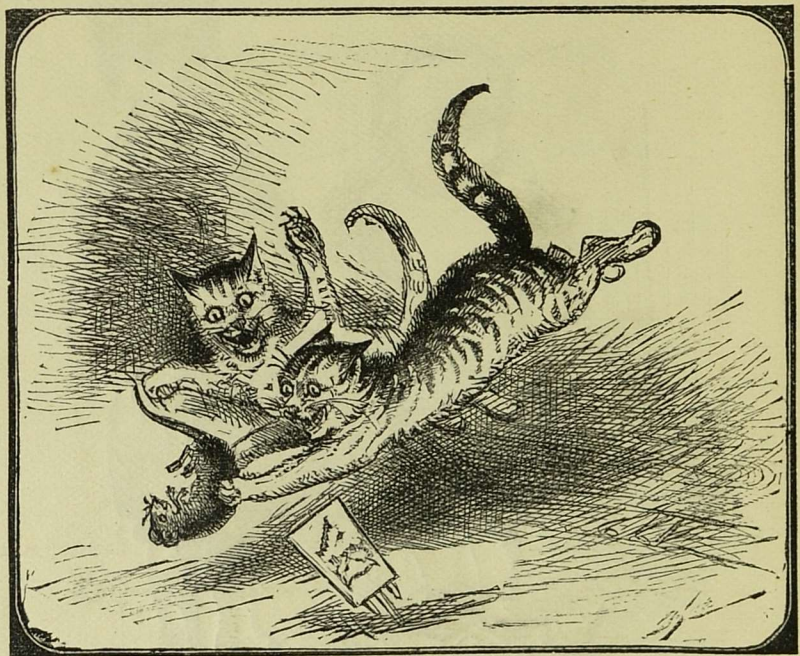
“Good-bye, Granny,” he cried, when ready to depart; “you will be proud of me yet.”

“Yes, when you can spell ‘cat.’” The little mouse laughed. “What old-fashioned notions you have, Granny; you are quite behind the times.”

“So I may be, but I never was caught yet; when I was young, mice were always taught —”

But the little mouse had gone away down the stairs, out of sight and hearing.

How nice it was; what a big place the world was, and what a little corner of it he had seen up in the lumber-room. He paused at the dining-room door—the room appeared quite empty—he ran softly over the warm carpet, and stopped as he came near to the window. Ah! what were there? Two lovely creatures, sleeping peacefully side by side. He had



A NEW LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT.

He had

heard of the Sleeping Beauty ;” here were two Sleeping Beauties, he thought. He must stop a moment to sketch them—the chance was too good a one to lose. At once he commenced his work ; what would Granny say, he wondered, when she saw the beautiful portraits.

Ah! what would Granny say? In an instant there was a strange noise, four glaring eyes were fixed upon the young artist, four rows of sharp teeth were waiting to devour him, cruel claws seized his soft little body. Poor little mouse! He never went back to the lumber-room again.

“Talent is good, genius is more powerful still, but for a mouse who has his own way to make in the world common-sense is the best of all,” said the old Grandmother. “I wish they had taught him how to spell ‘cat,’” she added.

“KITTY, WHAT MAKES YOU SO CROSS?”



“KITTY, what makes you so cross?”
 There is no reason, I know,
 Why you should fidget, and scratch, and kick,
 And seem so eager to go!

“The whole of the morning, Kitty,
 You have done nothing but play;
 Do you think you’ll ever be wise, Kitty,
 If you do this every day?”

“You ought to learn *something*, Kitty,
 If only how to catch mice;

“You know how they get in the larder,
 And eat up all that is nice!

“You don’t like to be told of your faults, Kitty,
 But that is naughty, you know;
 Now do sit still, and listen to me,
 And then I will let you go.

“Oh! don’t make such faces, Kitty,
 And why that pitiful wail?
 Ah! there’s Miss Nettie behind the chair,
 And she’s pulling poor Kitty’s tail!”

BERGETTA'S MISFORTUNES.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

OLD Bergetta lay asleep on the doorstep in the sun.

Bergetta was a cat of an inquiring mind. Now an inquiring mind is a very good thing if it is not too largely developed; but Bergetta's was of so lively a nature that she was continually led into difficulties thereby. This morning she was having a beautiful nap in the spring sunshine. Her two little white fore paws were gathered in under her chin, and she had encircled herself with her tail in the most compact and comfortable way. Now and then she lifted her sleepy lids and winked a little, and perhaps she saw, or did not see, the bright blue ocean at the end of the rocky slope before her, and the outline of Appledore Island across the strip of sparkling water, and the white sails here and there, and the white clouds dreaming in the fresh and tender sky of Spring. It was very pleasant. Bergetta at least enjoyed the warmth and quiet. Her three companion cats were all out of her way at that moment. She forgot their existence. She was only conscious of the kindly rays that sank into her soft fur and made her so very sleepy and comfortable.

Presently a sound broke the stillness, very slight and far off; but she heard it, and pricked up her pretty pink-lined ears and listened intently. Two men bearing a large basket between them came in sight, approaching the house from the beach. The basket seemed heavy; the men held each a handle of it, and very silently went with it round to the back entrance of the house.

Bergetta settled her head once more upon her folded paws and tried to go to sleep again. But the thought of the basket prevented.

What could be inside that basket?

She got up, stretched herself, and lightly and noiselessly made her way round the house to the back door, and went in. The basket stood in the middle of the floor, and the three other cats sat at a respectful distance from it near each other, surveying it doubtfully.

Bergetta wasn't afraid; she went slowly toward it to investigate its contents, but when quite close to it she became aware of a curious noise going on inside of it—a rustling, crunching, dull, clashing sound, which was as peculiar as alarming. She stopped and listened; all the other cats listened. Suddenly a queer object thrust itself up over the edge, and the most extraordinary shape began to rise gradually into sight. Two long, dark, slender feelers waved about aimlessly in the air for a moment; two clumsy claws grasped the rim of the basket, and by their help a hideous, dark bottle-green-coloured body, patched with vermilion, bristling with points and knobs, and cased in hard, strong, jointed armour, with eight legs flying in all directions, each fringed at the foot with short, yellowish hair, and with the inner edges of the huge misshapen claws lined with a row of sharp, uneven teeth, opening and shutting with the grasp of a vice—this ugly body rose into view before the eyes of the astonished cats.

It was a living lobster.

Dear children, those among you who have not seen a living lobster would be quite as astonished as the cats were at its unpleasant aspect. When you see those shell-fish they have been boiled, and are bright scarlet all over, and you think them queer and grotesque, perhaps, and they do not seem frightful; but a living lobster is best described by the use of the much-abused word *horrid*. It seems a mixture of spider and dragon. Its jet-black shining eyes are set on short stalks, and project from its head; and the round, opaque balls turn about on their stems, and survey the world with a hideous stolidity. It has a long, jointed tail, which it claps together with a loud clash, and with which it contrives to draw itself backward with wonderful rapidity.

Such was the hard and horny monster that raised itself out of the basket and fell with a loud noise all in a heap on the floor before Bergetta. She drew back in alarm, and then sat down at a safe distance to observe this strange creature. The other cats also sat down to watch, rather farther off than Bergetta, but quite as much interested.

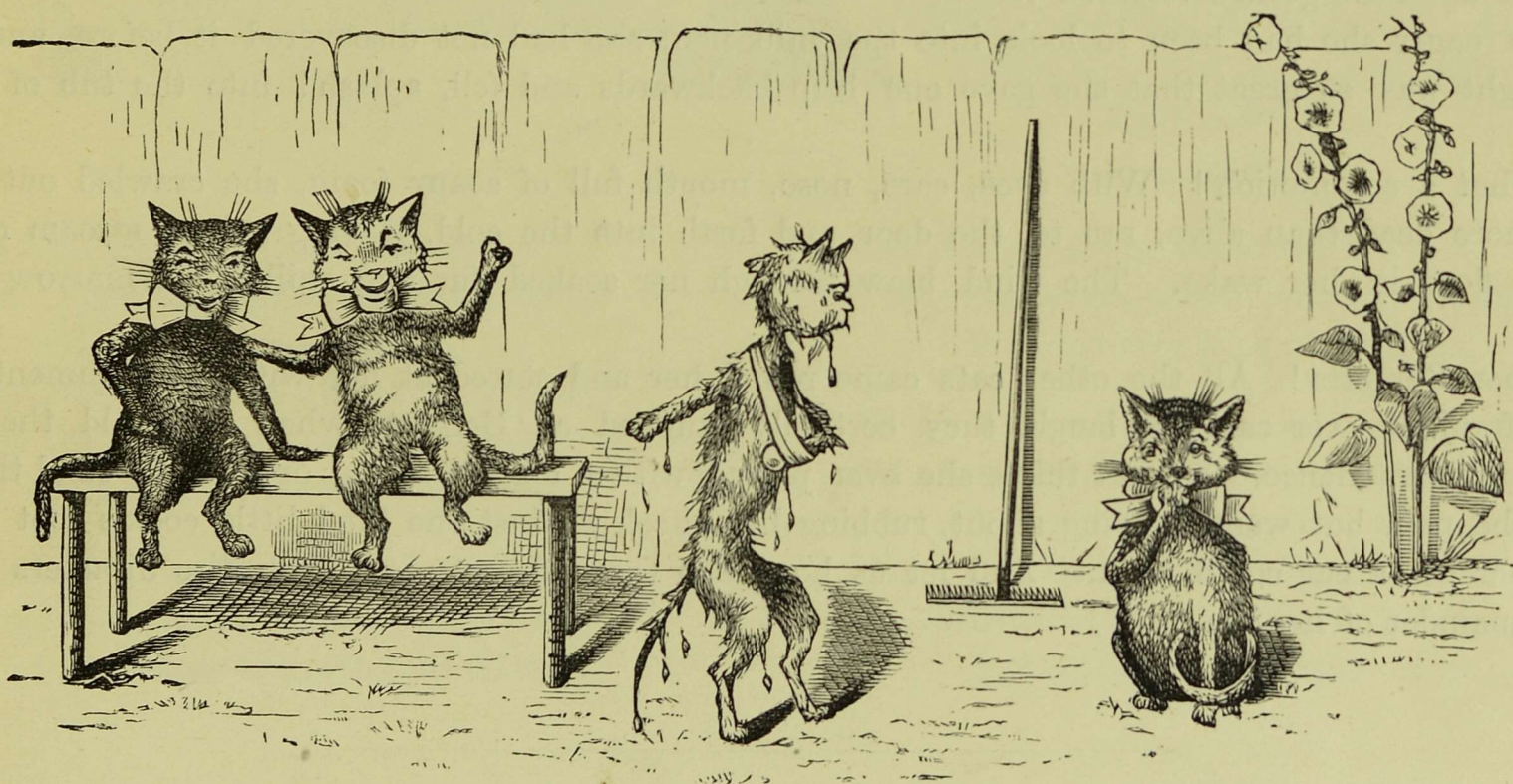
For a long time all was still. The lobster, probably rather shocked by its fall, lay just where it had landed. Inside the basket a faint stirring and wrestling and clashing was heard from the other lobsters—that was all. Very soon Bergetta felt herself becoming extremely bored with this state of things. She crept a little nearer at last.

“I needn’t be afraid of that thing,” thought she; “It doesn’t move any more.”

Nearer and nearer she crept, the other cats watching her, but not stirring. At last she reached the lobster that in its wrath and discomfort sat blowing a cloud of rainbow bubbles from its mouth, but making no other movement. Bergetta ventured to put out her paw and touch its hard shell. It took no notice of this, though it saw Bergetta quite plainly with its queer eyes on stilts, which it wheeled about on all sides to “view the prospect o’er.”

She tried another little pat, whereat the lobster waved its long antennæ, or feelers, that streamed away over its back in the air, far beyond its tail.

That was charming! Bergetta was delighted. The monster was really playful! She gave him another little pat with her soft paw and then coquettishly boxed his ears, or the place where his ears ought to be. There was a boding movement of the curious shelly machinery about his mouth, an



intricate network all covered with the prismatic bubbles he had blown in his wrath, but he was yet too indifferent to mind anything much.

Bergetta continued to tease him. This *was* fun! First with the right and then with the left paw she gave him little cuffs and pushes and pats which moved him no more than a rock. At last he seemed to become suddenly aware that he was being treated with somewhat more familiarity than was agreeable from an entire stranger, and began to move his ponderous front claws uneasily.

Still Bergetta continued to frisk about him till he thrust out his eight smaller claws with a gesture of displeasure, and opened and shut the clumsy teeth of the larger ones in a way that was quite dreadful to behold. This is *very* funny,” thought Bergetta. “I wonder what it means!” and she pushed her little white paw directly between the teeth of the larger claw, which was opening and shutting slowly. Instantly the two sides snapped together with a tremendous grip, and Bergetta uttered a scream of pain—her paw was caught as in a vice, and cut nearly through with the uneven-toothed edge.

Alas, alas! Here was a situation. In vain she tried to get away; the lobster’s claw clasped her delicate paw in a grasp altogether too close for comfort. Crying with fear and distress Bergetta danced about all over the room; and everywhere Bergetta danced the lobster was sure to go too, clinging for dear life, up and down, over and across, they went in the wildest kind of a jig, while all the other cats

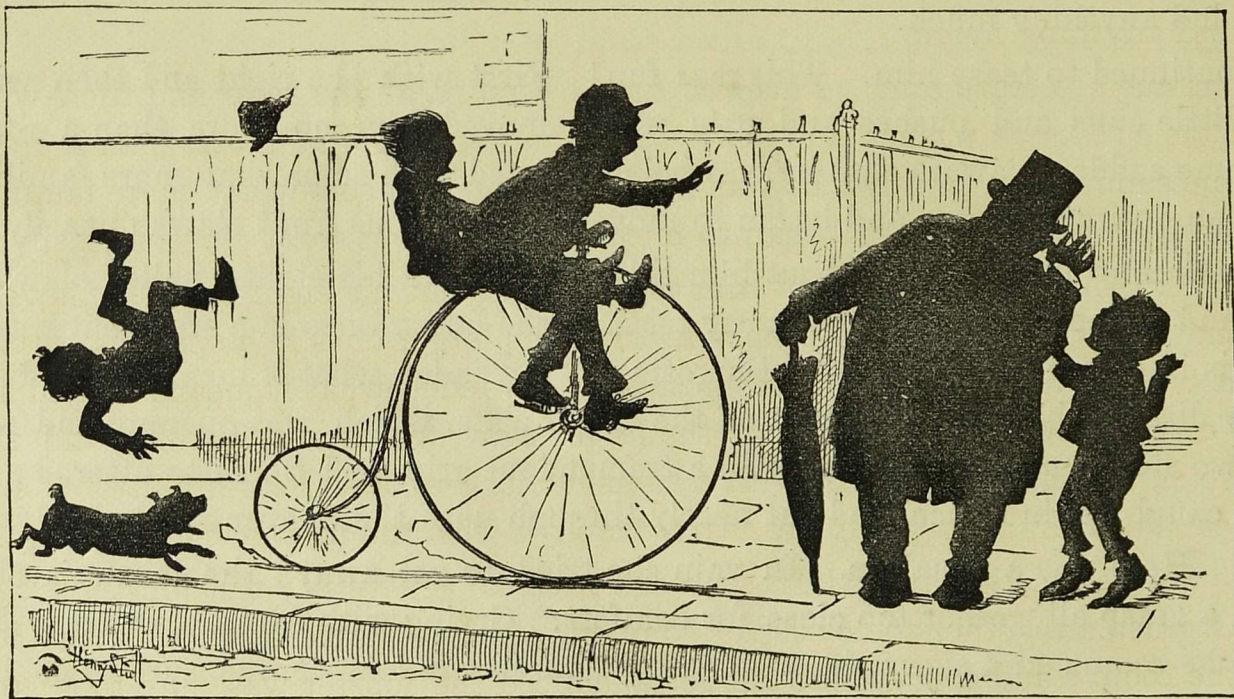
made themselves as small as they could in the remotest corners and watched the performance with mingled awe and consternation. Such a noise! Bergetta crying and the lobster clattering, and the two cutting such capers together! At last some one heard the noise, and, coming to the rescue, thrust a stick between the clumsy teeth and loosened the grip of the merciless claw; and poor Bergetta, set at liberty, limped off to console herself as best she might.

For days she went limping about so lame she could hardly creep round the house. When at last she began to feel a little better, she strayed one day into the same room, and seeing what she rightly guessed to be a pan of milk on the table, jumped first into a chair, and then upon the table to investigate. Naughty Bergetta! Yes; the pan was full of milk not yet skimmed. How luscious! She did not wait for anybody's permission, but straightway thrust her pink nose into the smooth, creamy surface. Now it was washing-day, and just under the edge of the table, behind Bergetta, on the floor, a tub full of hot suds had been left. She lifted up her head after her first taste of the cream—how nice it was!—oh! horror! what did she see? Just opposite her, on the table, was another lobster, with its long feelers bristling; it had been boiled, by the way, but of course Bergetta could not know this tranquillising fact. Bright scarlet, with its dull, dark eyes pointed straight at her, it dawned upon Bergetta's terrified vision.

So eager she had been to look into the milk-pan, she had not discovered it before, and now her fright was so great that she gave one leap backwards and fell, splash! into the tub of warm suds.

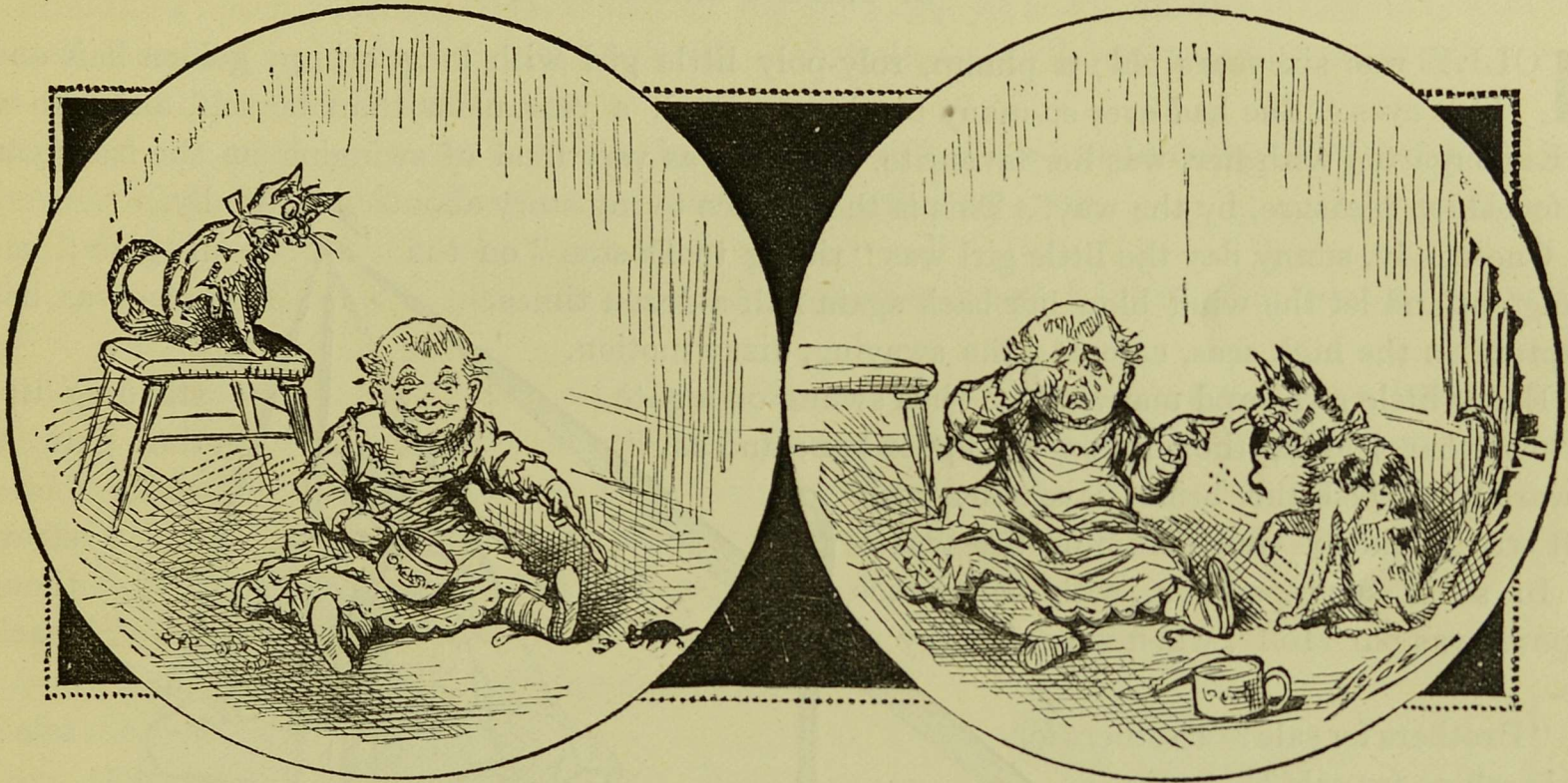
What a commotion! With eyes, ears, nose, mouth full of soapy foam, she crawled out of it, and, more dead than alive, ran to the door and forth into the cold, leaving a long stream of suds on the floor in her wake. The wind blew through her soaked fur and chilled the marrow of her bones.

Poor Bergetta! All the other cats came round her and stared at her with astonishment; and I'm afraid, if ever cats do laugh, they certainly laughed at Bergetta when she told them her morning's experience. I don't think she ever played with a lobster again, or tried to steal the milk from the pan, but went mewling about, rubbing her cheek against the kind little cook's foot till she gave her all a cat could wish. And let us hope she escaped any more such dire disasters during the remainder of her life.



BREAKERS AHEAD! AH, WHAT A MEETING THAT WILL BE!

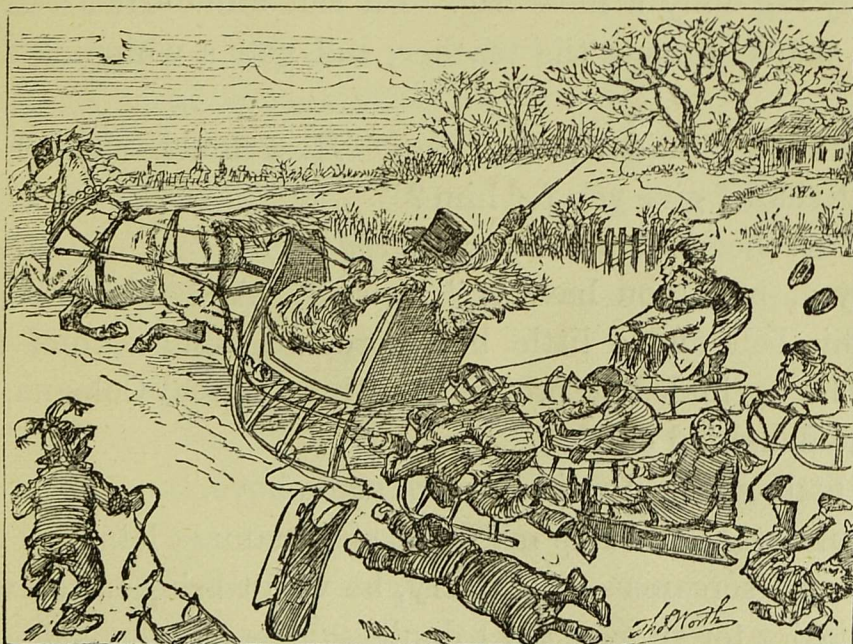
THE CAT AND THE MOUSE.



BABY Bunting had a pet mouse
 Fond of running about the house
 Mostly at supper-time.
 Baby Bunting would give it some milk,
 Then the little brown mouse as soft as silk
 Sipped it, so runs my rhyme.
 Then Baby Bunting laughed outright
 To see what he thought so funny a sight
 As mousie trimming his whiskers.

But Baby Bunting could not see
 The grave old cat which, between you and me,
 Was the very king of Friskers.
 He gives a loud mew! and he leaps right down,
 He seizes the little brown mouse by the crown
 And swallows it up in a trice.
 Poor Baby Bunting screams and cries,
 He thrusts his little fat fists in his eyes,
 But cats never will spare mice.

M. S.



“NOW HOLD FAST!”

SLEIGHING.

YO, heave ho! away we go,
 Over the glittering frost and snow;
 Perils, and dangers, and sad mishaps,
 For our sledge will come to grief, perhaps.
 We laugh at this, and at all disasters,
 For this is a merry world, my masters.

Now hold fast, away we go,
 Tumbling, frolicking down below,
 Turning, twisting round and round,
 Stretching our length on the frosty ground.
 Snow-bitten fingers and frosty toes,
 Who cares for these as away he goes?

M. S.

BROTHERS FOR SALE.

BY THEKLA WARNER.

MOLLY was six years old; a plump, roly-poly little girl with long, crimped golden hair and great blue eyes. She had ever so many brothers. Fred, a year older than herself, and who went to the Kindergarten with her, was her favourite. Molly was very fond of swinging on the front-yard gate—a forbidden pleasure, by the way. This is the preface to my story about Molly.

One windy, sunny day the little girl was “riding to Boston” on the front gate; she had swung out and let the wind blow her back again half-a-dozen times, and she was happy as a captain on the high seas, enjoying the swaying, dizzy motion.

Every little girl—and many a boy—has swung on a gate, the lower bar, leaning the chin on the upper bar; and as outward, watched the brick pavement rush swift stream, all the time dreaming she was a

In some such position, with some such suppose, was our Molly, when a strange cry ears.

“Brothers for sale? Brothers for any brothers for sale?”

“Dot a plenty,” said Molly, swung plump against great man.

He was very tall. reached from were evident of every odd Molly’s eyes,

wore a huge fur cap, and great his chin to his ankles. The pockets ly so full that they bulged out on all toy imaginable. He had, besides, an always wholly devoted to the business of seeing, observed all this; but she only remarked, “What makes your face so rusty?”

Perhaps he didn’t hear her; anyway, he repeated his cry, “Brothers for sale? Got any brothers for sale?” and was moving on, when Molly’s piping voice screamed after him, “Tell yer *yes*. Dot a plenty!”

This time he stood still.

“Dot one, two, free—many’s *ten*, I fink. Tommy, he’s very naughty, calls my rag dolly a meal-bag. I’ll sell him. He’s a drefful wicked boy; he snaps beans at the teacher, and gets a whipping every single day.”

“I’ll take him,” said the big man. How much shall I pay you? What shall I give you for him?”

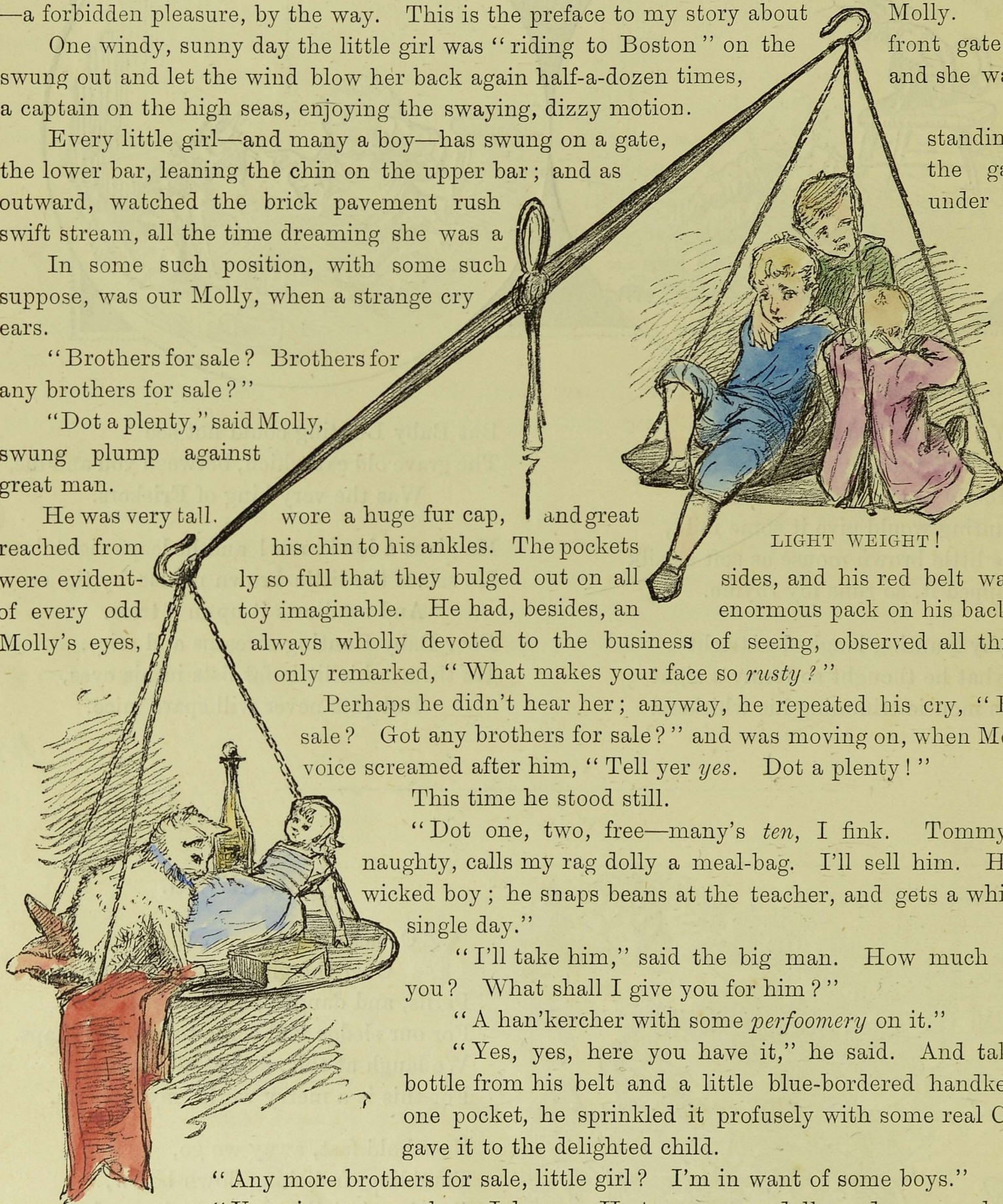
“A han’kercher with some *perfoomery* on it.”

“Yes, yes, here you have it,” he said. And taking a great bottle from his belt and a little blue-bordered handkerchief from one pocket, he sprinkled it profusely with some real Cologne, and gave it to the delighted child.

“Any more brothers for sale, little girl? I’m in want of some boys.”

“Yes, sir; you can have Johnny. He tears up my dolls, and mamma lets him wear my bestest sash—and the baby, he gets the colic and screams—and Harry, he won’t bring in the wood for mamma, and he eats up my candy, and has cookies for supper, an’ I don’t—and—

“I’ll take ’em all,” grunted the big man.



LIGHT WEIGHT!

sides, and his red belt was stuck full enormous pack on his back.

standing tiptoe on the gate swayed under foot like a steam-boat. thoughts, I reached her sale? Got as the gate the oddest coat that

"I'll sell Harry for a doll with *truly* hair and a black silk and earrings and some choc'late ca'mels," said she, with the air of an old trader.

"What luck!" he laughed; and diving into another pocket, he brought forth a handful of candy, and filled Molly's apron pockets; then, taking off his great cap, he shook down a lovely doll, with *truly* hair indeed, long and curly, dressed in a black silk, with train and pull-back just like mamma's.

"And what'll you sell Jonathan for?"

"Johnny, you mean—you can have him for a kitten, sir." In an instant the fur cap was off, and a little mewling kitten was produced for her wondering and delighted gaze.

"And the baby—he wouldn't be worth much to me ——"

"Well, he is to me—but I'll sell him for a red cardinal sash and a little sister 'bout as big as Tilly White."

"Whew!" he exclaimed, "You most take my breath away! but here's the sash—a beauty, too—I don't happen to have any little sisters with me," feeling the outside of his pockets, peering into his pack, and even taking off the great cap and shaking it as if a little girl *might* be folded up in that. "No, really I haven't a little sister about me. But don't you cry; I'll bring one round to-morrow—and now I must be picking up these brothers—where are they?"

"Baby Willie is in the back-yard in his carriage, and Johnny and Harry are playing *fooner* with him," said she, gravely.

"But that wasn't all; don't cheat me, little girl!" frowned the big freckled-face man.

"No! I wasn't going to—Tommy—he's in the yard round the corner there with the big boys—he's 'leven—he's my greatest brother—he's a drefful wicked boy ——" Molly was going on with the bean-story very likely, but at that moment the funeral procession of a baby-carriage and two followers filed up.

The great man darted forward, seized three-year-old Johnny and Harry in his arms, stuffed one head-first, the other legs-first, into the monstrous pack.

The one that went in head-first had his fat legs left dangling; the one that went in legs-first, his head sticking out.

The baby went into one of his deep pockets where his screams were stifled.

This was the work of a second, and the man hurried out of sight, saying cheerily over his shoulder to Molly, "I'll bring round the little sister to-morrow."

Molly had so many things to take her attention that she had no time to be conscience-smitten.

There was her odorous handkerchief; her sash, which she hung over her arm; her pockets full of candy; under one arm the wonderful doll; under the other, the live kitten.

But in a half-hour the doll had ceased to charm; she couldn't tie the sash herself; the "perfoomery" had evaporated; the kitten had scratched her hand because Molly had picked her up by the tail; only a few chocolate caramels were left, and, I suspect that all seemed as "vanity of vanities" to poor Molly. Just then Fred, her favourite and only remaining brother, came dancing down the path and stopped amazed before Molly's display of wealth.



SHE COULDN'T SPARE FREDDIE!

Somehow the "choc'late ca'mels" tasted sweeter again when she shared them with Fred, and she couldn't help saying, "Ain't they *boolicious*, Freddie?"

She hadn't time to tell Freddie how she came possessed of all her treasures, for there again appeared at the gate the same great man, with his cry, "Brother for sale!"

"No, no!" screamed Molly, throwing her two fat arms round Fred, at the same time crying, "Run away, Freddie, quick! run away."

Now considering that Fred had the doll and the kitten in his lap, and his sister's arms round his neck, it wasn't strange that the little fellow didn't run.

"I'll give you ten dollars for this boy," said the great man, unwinding Molly's arms, and picking fat Fred up, and thrusting him like a roll of cotton batting under his arm.

Molly screamed, and—and—well—she woke.

She hadn't been swinging on the gate at all; there wasn't any horrid, *rusty*-faced man standing by her; she had been asleep in school and dreaming.

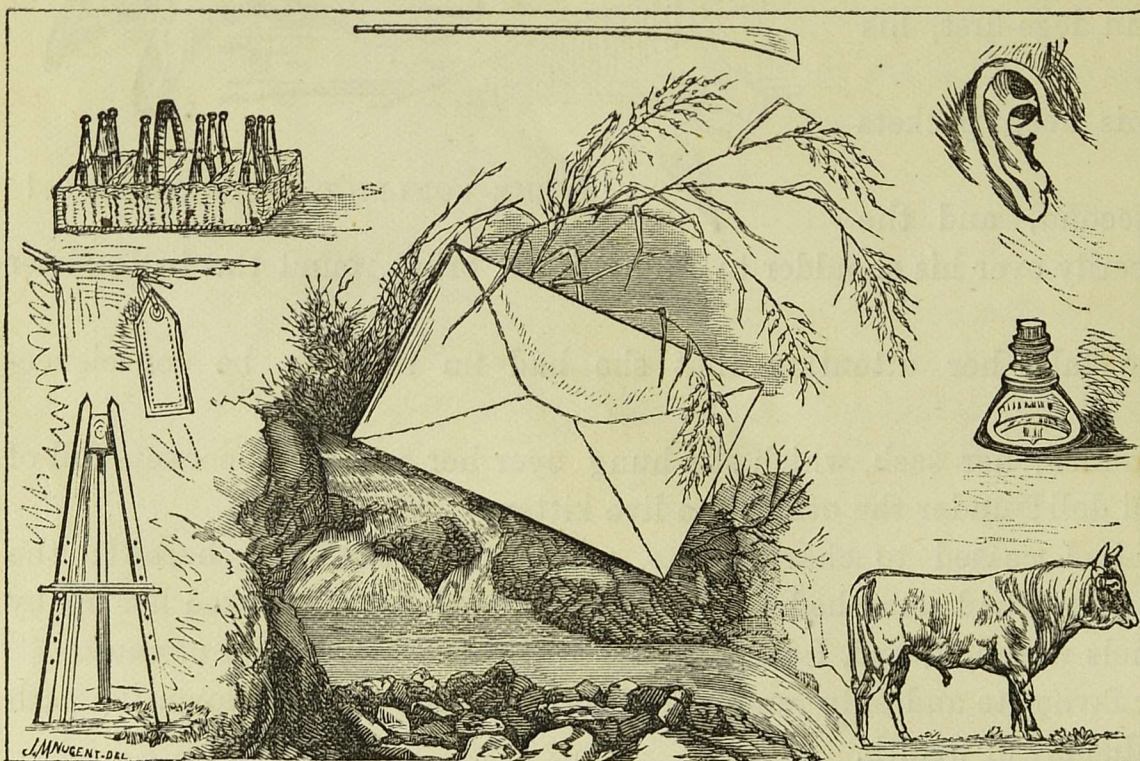
But she couldn't believe it; and with all Miss Winche's kind coaxing, she wouldn't lift her face from her desk and would only sob, "I want my Freddie, I want my Freddie!"

The funniest part of it was, the child hadn't been asleep five minutes. She had been idly listening to a spelling class, and just after the word "*sail*" dropped into a nap.

By the way, perhaps I should not omit to mention that before she went to school that morning she had declared to her mother that boys were *bothers*. No wonder. Baby Willie at breakfast had punched his little fist down into her mug, spilled the milk, and sent the mug crashing on the floor. Johnny had taken the orange out of her sacque pocket, and she had to let him have it because he was "a little fellow," and Harry and Tommy had carried all the cookies to school in their pockets.

But now after the dream, Molly hugged the baby; and she said confidentially to mamma, "Isn't he sweet? I don't think boys are a bother, do you mamma?" And a little later, while rocking her old rag doll, "Mamma," said she, "I won't ever swing on the front gate again ever—ever—ever in my life."

PUZZLE PICTURE.



THE envelope in the middle of this picture is supposed to contain a number of letters. These letters taken from the envelope, and correctly placed before the several objects shown in the picture, will transform them into wild animals.

TOM HODGES, AND HIS COW.

TOM HODGES had a cow, but he had no field to put her in. Now, having a cow without a field, is something like having a canary-bird without a cage. Cows like grass to eat, and grass does not grow in stone yards, nor in barns. And yet Tom Hodges had quite made up his mind to keep his cow. How was he to manage it? When you cannot do as you would, you have to do as you can; this is just what Tom Hodges decided. Every morning, with a rope tied about her fore leg to prevent her getting away, he took her out to graze by the road-side. While she was eating her fill of the fresh spring



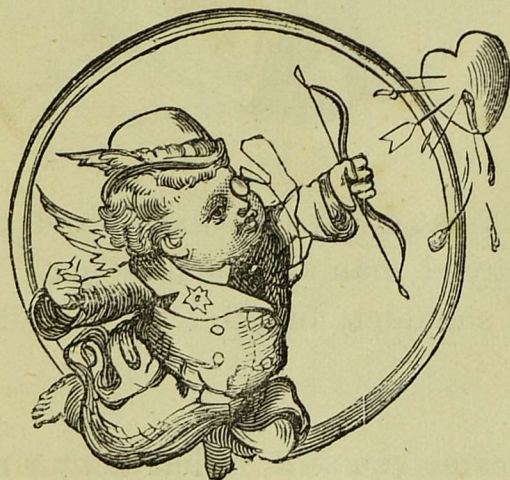
grass, he cut more with his sickle—sufficient to last her for the rest of the day while she stood in the barn. Sometimes other people—little people especially—were made uncomfortable by these wandering habits of Tom Hodges and his cow. For instance, one beautiful sunny morning Rose and Nancy Bell thought they would like to take out their newest doll, Miss Seraphina, for an airing in the waggon and they came across Tom Hodges and his cow. They were not frightened—little country girls who have lived all their lives amongst cows and pigs and sheep are not silly enough to be frightened by animals. It is little town-bred girls that run and scream. But the cow was at one end of the rope, and Tom Hodges at the other. The cow wanted to go one way, and Tom Hodges thought the best grass grew in quite a different direction. It was very awkward, because the long length of the rope stretched across the path along which Miss Seraphina was being drawn in her carriage.

“Please, Mr. Hodges,” began Rose, very prettily and very politely, “will you let us get over your bridge?”

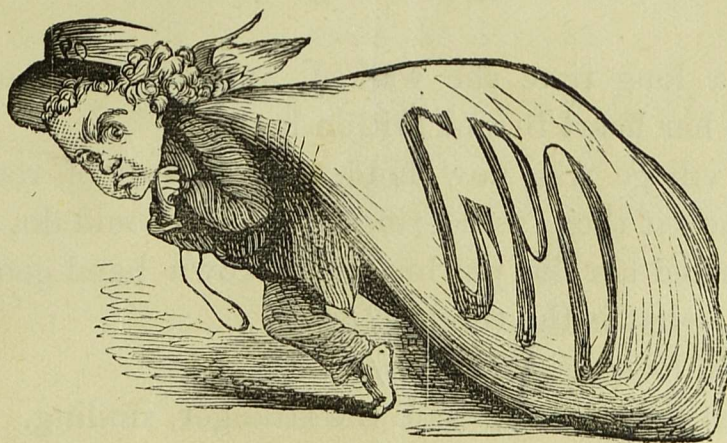
Hearing himself addressed in this pretty manner, Tom Hodges could not be other than very polite also. So he called to his cow, and the cow stood still. Then he held up the rope high in the air, so that Rose and Nancy, and Miss Seraphina, all passed safely under the rope which tethered the cow, which ate the grass, which grew by the roadside, in the sunshine.

That's the end of the story.

M. S.



LITTLE ST. VALENTINE.



ST. VALENTINE'S POSTMAN.

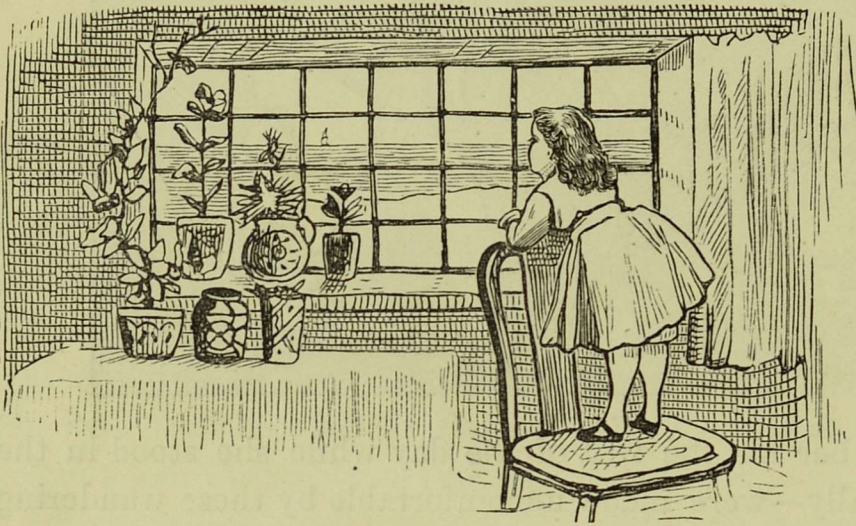
BERTHA AND THE OCEAN.

WHEN Bertha looked from the windows of her home she could see the ocean shining, and darkening, and moving restlessly under the sun, the clouds, and the wind.

Bertha little knew of the sorrow the ocean had created. To her it was a joyful mystery. Who put the great water there? Why did it whirl and dance and frown and smile along the beach, and never go to sleep like little girls? These were questions Bertha asked herself and could not answer.

It brought her fine gifts, too, of pearly shells and trailing seaweed, and traced rare curves and delicate markings along the sand.

Bertha's mother used to sit by the window sewing, and once in a long while her hands would rest idly in her lap, and her eyes look far away over the rolling waves.



Then Bertha would leave her play, and nestle close by her mother's side, and ask her many questions, and chief among them where her father could be, and why he never came home; but her mother only answered, still looking at the waves, that father had gone away into a far country, she thought, and so it was not long before Bertha noticed, or rather felt, that her mother never smiled at the sea.

It was a lonely shore where Bertha lived, and she used to play about a great deal, talking sweetly to herself all the time.

Bertha was a queer little girl. Often she sat down in a sheltered nook, secure among the rocks, and wished there was some one to play with her. But there was no one. Often in the quiet afternoons she had long dreams about her father, who went away in a great ship, and whose face she could just remember.

From her place among the rocks she could see, far away along the sand, a little village where there were white houses and a port, and once in a while a sail would grow slowly out from the silent horizon, and glide gently toward that village haven.

"All the ships go in there," said Bertha, one day. "Perhaps my papa will come that way. I must go and see right away this minute."

Without thinking how frightened her mother would be, or how long it would take her to reach the village, she ran swiftly away over the hot and shining sand.

For a long time she walked, and her feet began to ache, and her heart to sink within her.

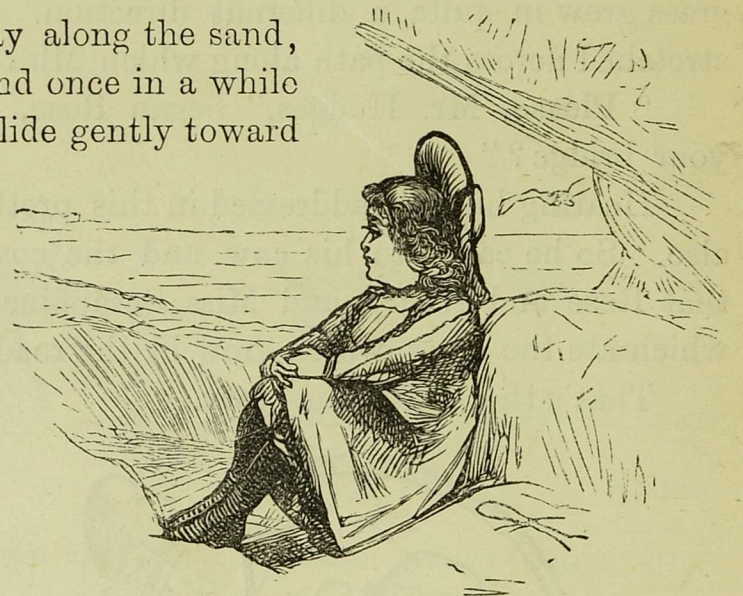
The village was now hidden by a wall of rock, and Bertha sat down despondent and weeping.

As she sat there wondering what she should do, she saw a bearded man approaching her. As soon as he reached her, he put his great brown hand gently upon her shoulder, and said very kindly, "My little lass, what is the trouble?"

"I am loosed," said Bertha.

"Lost, you mean," said the stranger, smiling. "And how came you so? What is your name?"

"Why, don't you know?" she said. "I be Bertha. I was going to find my papa, because I and



mamma be all alone, and papa has been away, oh, a dreadful long time, such a long time I think he never will know the way back if I don't find him and show him where we live—oh, look at that big white bird out there! But I be 'fraid I can't find my papa now. Do you know where —— ”

Bertha stopped talking suddenly. This stranger was pressing her in his arms so close she could not speak, and there were tears in his eyes.

“ I will take you home, little one,” he said, huskily.

“ Has you got a cold? ” said Bertha, “ 'cause you don't talk right and plain, like I do.”

When Bertha and the stranger entered the cottage her mother gave a great cry.

That night the waves upon the beach had hushed Bertha to sleep before she could believe she had really found her father at last.—*Boston “ Youth's Companion.”*

PET AND HER CAT.

NOW, Pussy, I've something to tell you :
You know it is New-Year's Day ;
The big folks are down in the parlour,
And mamma is just gone away.

We are all alone in the nursery,
And I want to talk to you, dear ;
So you must come and sit by me,
And make believe you hear.

You see, there's a new year coming—
It only begins to-day.
Do you know I was often naughty
In the year that is gone away ?

You know I have some bad habits,
I'll mention just one or two ;
But there really is quite a number
Of naughty things that I do.

You see, I don't learn my lessons,
And oh! I do hate them so ;
I doubt if I know any more to-day
Than I did a year ago.

Perhaps I'm awfully stupid ;
They say I'm a dreadful dunce.
How would you like to learn spelling ?
I wish you could try it once.

And don't you remember Christmas—
'Twas naughty, I must confess—
But while I was eating my dinner
I got two spots on my dress.

And they caught me stealing the sugar ;
But I only got two little bits,



When they found me there in the closet,
And frightened me out of my wits.

And, Pussy, when people scold me,
I'm always so sulky then ;
If they only would tell me gently,
I never would do it again.

Oh, Pussy! I know I am naughty,
And often it makes me cry :
I think it would count for something,
If they knew how hard I try.

But I'll try again in the new year,
And oh! I shall be so glad
If I only can be a good little girl,
And never do anything bad !

THE STORK'S STORY.

IT was wet in the woods.

The rain came down so heavily and so continuously that all the moss and grass and leaves did nothing but drip, drip, drip with the rain-drops.

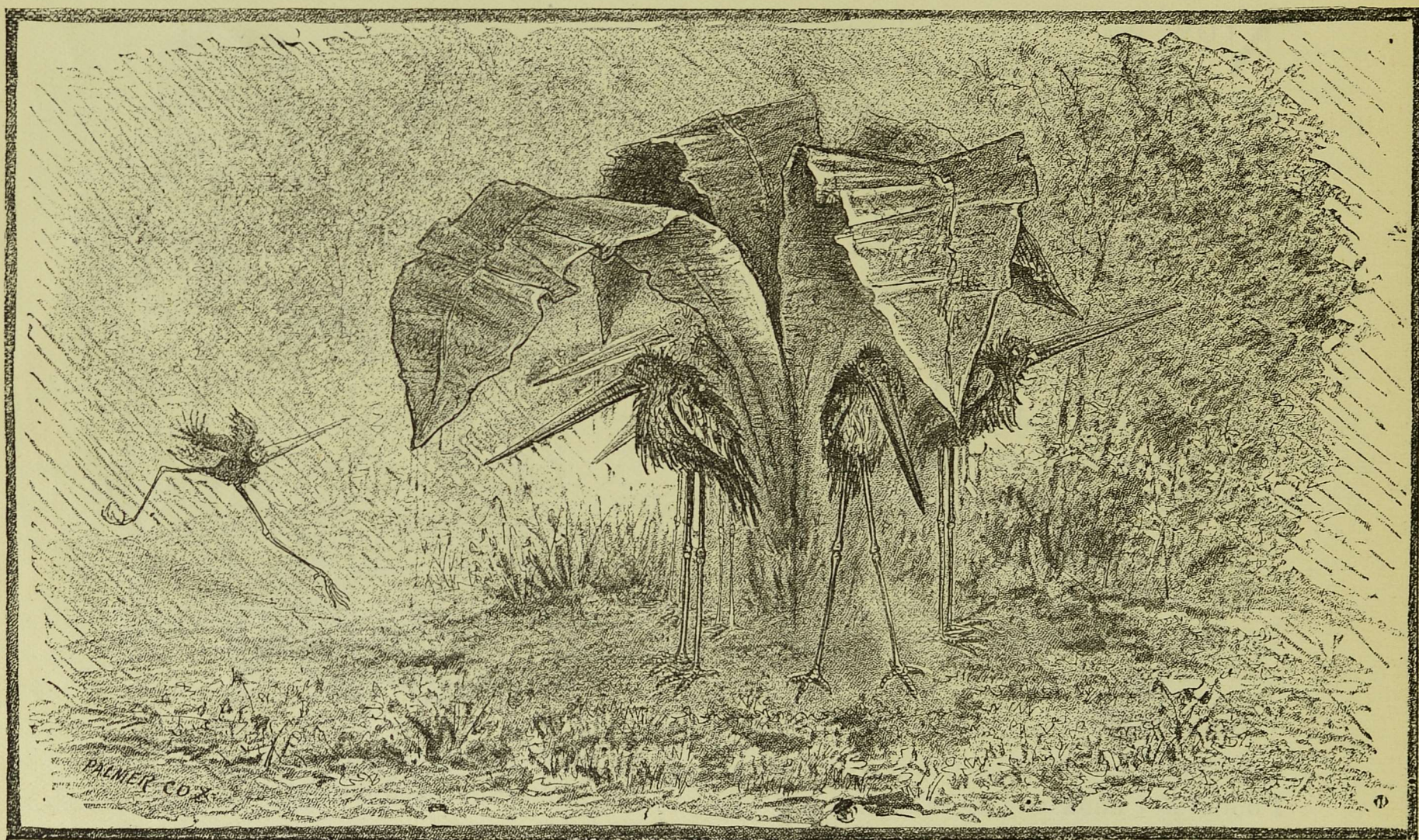
A family of Storks took refuge under the broad curved fronds of a great clump of hart's-tongue fern.

"Ugh! but this is a miserable country," said Grandmother Stork, shuddering; "nothing but rain, rain, rain, day after day, day after day."

"And so wretchedly cold!" said the eldest son, shrugging up his feathers.

"And so miserably dull," said his wife.

"I wonder how much longer we shall have to stand here!" said the second son of the family.



The youngest grew restless, and ran out into the wet, but was soon glad enough to hasten back to the friendly shelter of the hart's-tongue leaves.

"Don't bring your wet feathers near me," said one of his sisters, drawing herself apart.

"He's dripping like the leaves; keep your distance, sir," said the father. And the silly young Stork was fain to creep in close between his grandmother and his mother, who were the only ones that could abide his wet condition.

Then all the Storks fell to grumbling and complaining of the weather once more. They had nothing else to do, and they felt that they must say something. At last all their grumbling resolved itself into this, a proposal made by the eldest son.

"Let us emigrate."

Grandfather Stork had not said one word yet. He had been listening, with his long bill reposing

meditatively upon his feathery bosom. Now, however, he saw that it was high time for him to interpose in order to prevent serious quarrelling and discontent.

“My children,” said he, “to run away from evils is not the way to cure them. It is far wiser to endure them. Wet days won’t last for ever.”

His words seemed to have quite the contrary effect from what they were meant to have. All the younger Storks began to grumble more loudly than ever.

It was all very fine to talk to them about endurance. Had they not endured? Had they not stood for three whole days shivering under the hart’s-tongue, and did the rain seem any more likely to leave off now than it had been on the first day? He might say what he liked, they knew very well that it was going to rain on for ever, and the best thing they could do would be to go to a country where it didn’t rain at all.

“I give you my advice,” said the wise old Stork, “but I cannot make you follow it.”

“I should think not, indeed. You’d have us stay here and be starved or drowned.”

“I’d have you wait patiently till the sun comes back.”

“The sun, indeed! he’s been gone so long, I don’t believe he ever means to come back.”

Grandfather Stork kept silence. It was not of much use to say anything to any one who could speak in this way.

So the eldest son, with his two brothers and their wives, made themselves ready for flight; but the youngest stuck close to his mother and his old grandmother, and said he had had enough of going out into the rain, and meant to wait there till the sun came.

“Good-bye, Grandad!” said the eldest son, and flew up into the air.

“Good-bye! Good-bye!” cried the others, following.

The air was dark with wings and rain, but Grandfather and Grandmother Stork, with their widowed daughter and her little son, shrank more closely together under the hart’s-tongue fern, and waited.

When the rebellious part of the family had gone, Grandfather Stork began to talk, and he told them a wonderful tale about the foreign countries he had seen in his young days, and about that strange, beautiful legend which exists in some of them, of how the Storks bring back the spring. He told them about the wonderful Danish story-teller, Hans Christian Andersen, who had written much about the Storks, and printed some of their histories in a book; of how little children loved to read his stories, and how he was dead and had passed away to the silent land.

Much more he told them while they stood patiently there and waited for the sun, until all at once he was interrupted by the sudden shining of a beam of light which came straight down from the clouds, bathing the hart’s-tongue fern in golden light.

“The sun! The sun!” cried the Baby Stork, and began to hop about on his long thin legs.

Yes, the sun had come, the rain was over.

And what a wonderful glittering world it was in the woods!

Every leaf, every spray, every tiny blade of grass, was hung with a million rain-drops, which the sun caused to shine like jewels.

The Storks were too busy to see all this. They were hungry from their long fast, and once the rain was over, out crept snails, and slugs, and frogs, and all slimy marsh creatures in abundance.

Such a feast as the Storks had!

It was a banquet fit for the king of all the Storks, and his courtiers.

And the Storks who flew away?

Well, two of them were shot, two of them were drowned, and one only lived to repent of his undutiful conduct to his grandfather, of his want of patience, and to believe that the great sun will eventually break through the thickest rain-cloud.

And this was worth living for.

BOBBY'S EXPERIMENT.

BOBBY TRIMMER had heard it said that if you get a piece of red rag and shake it in a turkey's face, or fasten it to his wing, it will put him into a terrible rage. He thought he should like to try the effect of it just for fun, though what fun it can be to see a turkey in a rage I cannot in the least understand. For my own part, I would much rather try to keep all the turkeys that I have to do with in a good temper; but then I am not a little boy, so I suppose I cannot quite understand what a little boy thinks and feels in matters of this kind.

Bobby Trimmer's mother was trimming a frock for one of his little sisters with some stuff of a bright colour. He watched her with his hands in his pockets for a little while, and then he asked,

"Mother, what colour do you call that?"

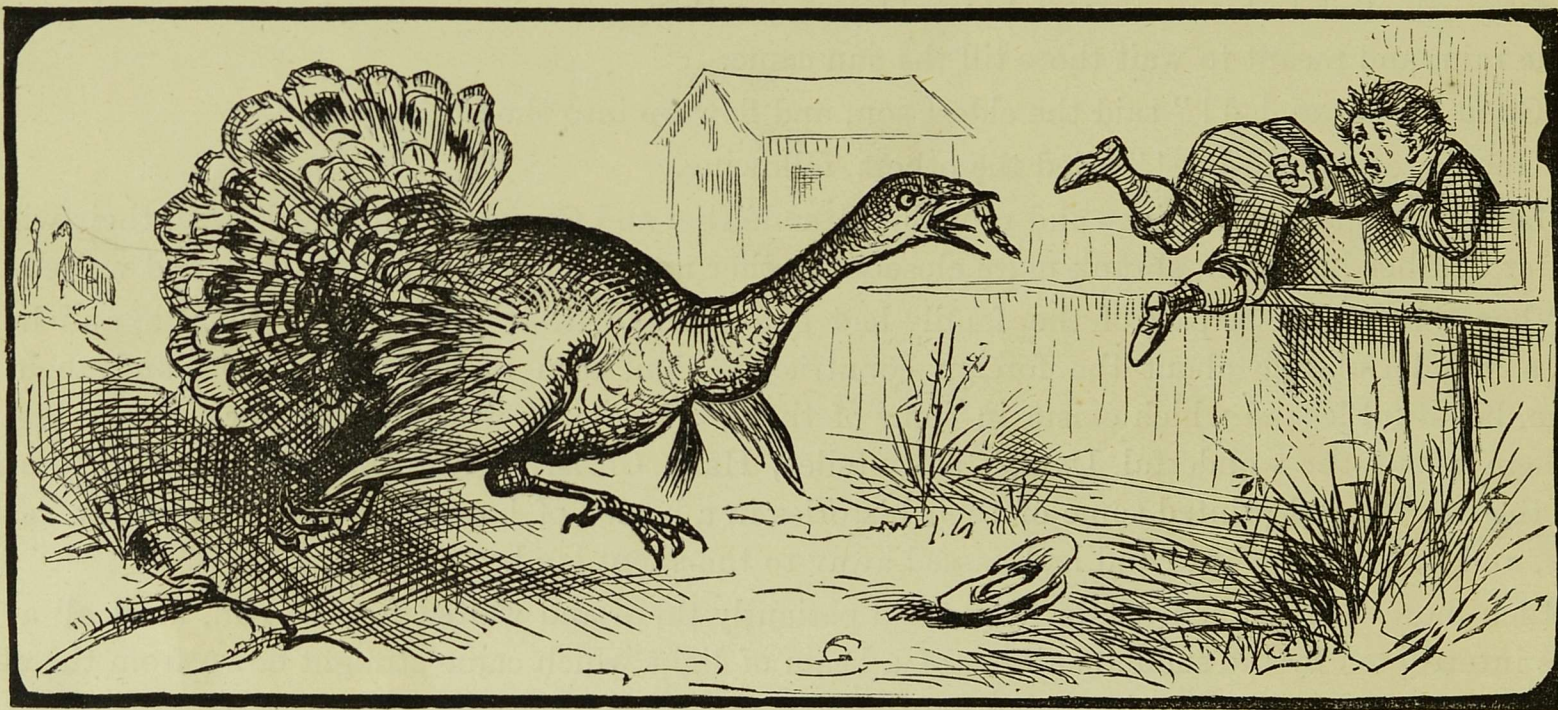
"Why, it's turkey-red, Bobby. Why do you ask?"

Bobby got very red himself for a minute; the colour rushed up to his ears and eyes.

Turkey-red must be the very thing he wanted.

"You couldn't, I suppose, spare me a little piece of it?" he asked, doubtfully.

"Well, I dare say I could, if you want it very particularly. What are you going to do with it?"



"JUST YOU WAIT TILL CHRISTMAS!"

Now, this was the very thing Bobby could not tell her; he felt so sure that if she knew what he meant to do with it she would not give it him. So stumbling and stuttering very much, he said,

"I— I— I— am going to try an experiment."

His mother smiled.

"O, very well; here is a piece for you;" and she cut a nice long strip of the turkey-red off for him.

Bobby thanked her very heartily, took the stuff, and ran away with it. His mother sat and sewed, never supposing for one moment that Bobby was planning a new piece of mischief.

It was a holiday afternoon, and at the farmyard gate he met Billy Price coming to look for him.

"Come along, Bill! we'll have awful fun," said Bobby.

"What to do?" cried Billy.

For answer Bobby Trimmer drew the hand out of his trousers' pocket that held the piece of red rag.

"I'm going to tie this round the neck of the old Turkey-gobbler, and see what he'll do."

“O, larks!” cried Billy, and his round eyes lit up, for he seemed to see the fun to be got out of this proceeding at once.

The two naughty boys crept stealthily round to the poultry-yard, for fear of being seen.

The sun was shining broadly and splendidly—it was a bright October day. There was nobody about. All the men were busy on the other side of the house threshing, and the thud, thud of the machine filled the air.

Bobby and Billy would have liked to have been there, too, helping to feed the machine, or clear away the straw; but just now the novelty of this proposed experiment had greater attractions. And then the delicious uncertainty as to what old Turkey-gobbler would do!

Bobby jumped over the fence into the poultry-yard; Billy remained on the other side to watch the experiment from there.

And this was what he saw.

The old Turkey-gobbler strutting along in the sunshine, and Bobby stealthily following.

Then all at once a noise and a rush. Great dark wings beating the air. Screams and shrieks. Bobby tumbling head-first over the fence, blubbering with pain; his hat flying behind him.

Billy Price, feeling himself on the safe side, shook his little fist at Turkey-gobbler.

“Just you wait till Christmas,” cried he; “you won’t be able to make quite so much noise then.”

But one ought to be strictly just in judging of circumstances, and Bobby Trimmer certainly deserved all, and a little more, than he got.

M. S.

DANDELION.

BY AMY ELLA BLANCHARD.



“GOLDEN-HEAD, Golden-head,
The sun must have kissed you.”

“So he did,” said Golden-head,

“Just before he went to bed.”

“Golden-head, you’re a white head;
The frost must have nipped you.”



“No; he would not be so bold;
I am only growing old.”

“Puffy-ball, Puffy-ball,
Where’s the wind taking you?

I’m afraid another day
You will all be blown away.”

PEEPY'S ADVENTURE.

I CAN'T say if this story is all quite true, but some of it is, I know. Perhaps, if you try hard, you can pick out the true bits.

It happened to a little boy named Peepy, and it began in his bedroom.

He says he was wide awake in his bed, that he just stepped out of the window on to the roof of the study bay-window just below; that he glided down a water-spout—down, down, such a long way, that he thought he was never going to stop—and then ran along a dark road for ever so many miles, straight into the land of Moonshine.

Some people would call this a dream, but Peepy didn't, so we need not unless we like.

He found himself all at once in a wood, and the moon was shining. He was sitting on a round stone close to the edge of a pool of dark water, where little grasses waved, and quantities of little flowers had fallen asleep while looking at themselves in the water below.

Not far from where Peepy sat stood an old Stork asleep on one leg.

Whenever a little boy gets into the land of Moonshine, he always understands the language that the birds, beasts, and flowers speak, even although they are all quite different. Peepy was looking curiously at the old Stork, and wondering whenever he was going to wake up, when there was a loud splash in the water, and a voice cried, "Is that you, Peepy?"

"Yes, it's me."

"Well, what do you want to know?"

"I don't want to know anything; I always have to be learning at home."

"Then you needn't have come here." There was another loud splash in the water, then all was still.

"Why didn't you ask him something?" said the Stork.

"One needn't ask unless one wants to know," said Peepy.

"And why don't you want to know?"

"Because I know too many things already."

"Oh, do you? You're a fine boy, you are," and the old Stork changed to the other leg, drawing the one he had been standing upon up under him. "Perhaps you can tell me where that boat in the water comes from?"

"It isn't a boat," said Peepy; "it's the moon."

"Well, moon or boat; where does it come from?"

"It doesn't come, it's there."

"But it isn't there always, and it does come every night."

"I don't know those sort of things," said Peepy.

"Then what do you know?"

"Oh, lots of things;—I can whistle, and spin tops, and fly kites, and catch fishes."

"Can you eat frogs?"

"No; but I can say my catechism, all but the long bit about 'gravy images'—I don't know that quite, just yet; and I can say lots of collocks. I know jography, and spelling, and, oh! I'm always learning something or other, and I don't like it; I'm tired of it all. I ran away to the land of Moonshine to get some fun."

"I don't know him," said the Stork, changing legs again, and tucking down his head. "You must catch a hare asleep, and tickle his back for him, and then he'll tell you something."

"But will he play with me?" asked Peepy.

The Stork had gone fast asleep again, and did not seem to hear him.

"He's a dull fellow," said Peepy, and began to look for a hare, but thought he'd rather find one that was not asleep.

Presently he heard something snoring, and, looking down, saw a fine big Hare fast asleep in the moonshine. Peepy tickled his back, and he jumped up.

"Can't you let a fellow alone?"

"No," said Peepy; "the Stork told me how to awaken you."

"What do you want?"

"Some fun."

"Come along, then."

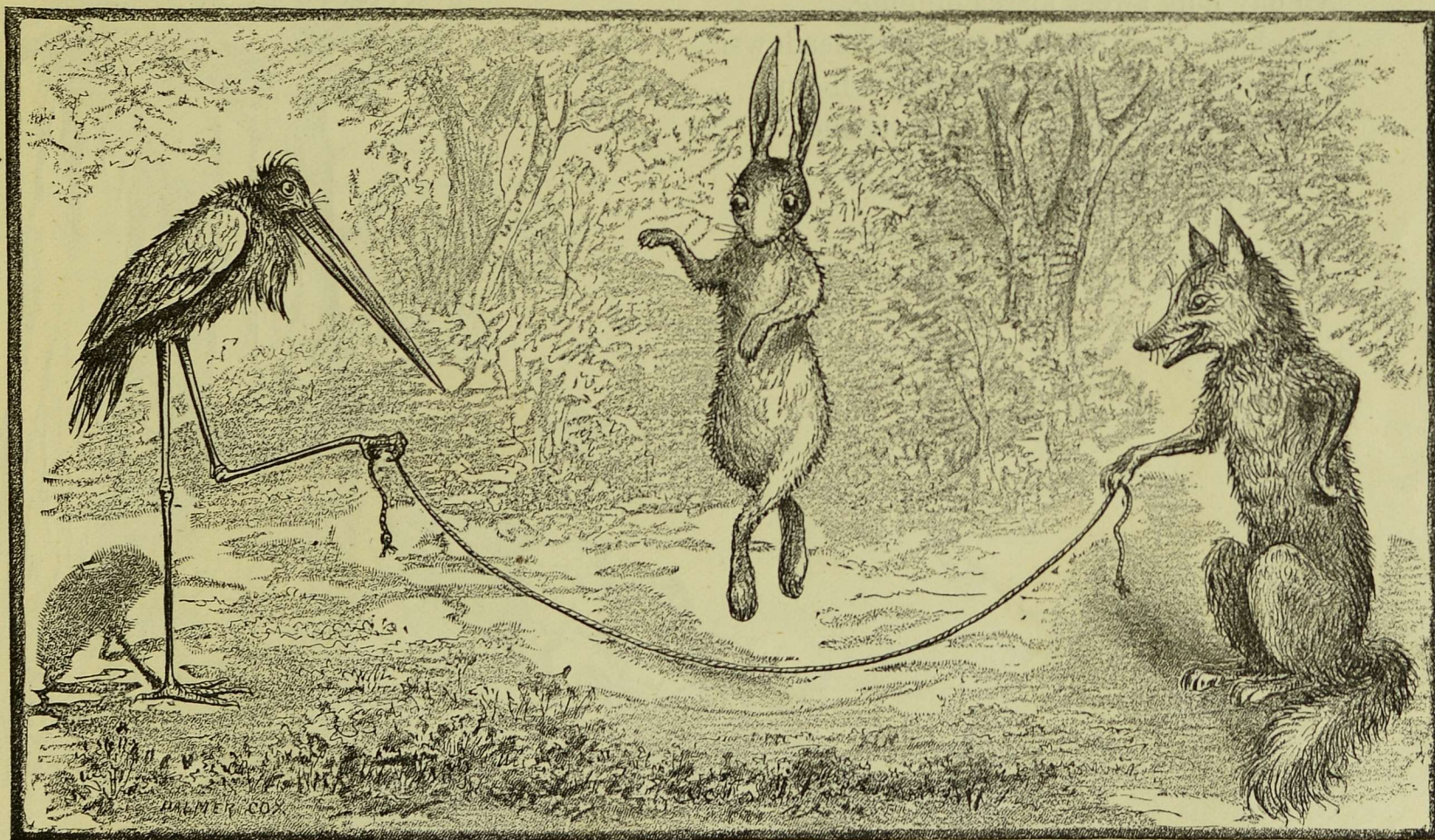
Off started the Hare, running so fast that Peepy found it very hard work to keep up with him.

In a very little time they reached an open space in the wood, bright with moonlight.

There Peepy saw an old, wise-looking Fox sitting on his brush, and the very Stork he had left sleeping by the pool. They were at a little distance from each other, holding a long rope between them.

The Hare ran up to them.

"Here's a boy, come all the way to the land of Moonshine to look for fun," said he; "by all means let us show him some."



The Hare stood up on his hind legs and began to jump. The Fox and the Stork twirled the rope dexterously under the feet and over the head of the Hare as he jumped.

It seemed to be fine fun for the Hare, but it was not fun to Peepy, who wanted to take his turn at jumping; but the Hare seemed as though he never would stop.

"Hi!" shouted Peepy; "hi! there; haven't you almost had enough?"

"Oh, no!" cried the Hare, quite composedly, "I can go on till the morning comes."

"But this isn't any fun to me."

"Who said it was?"

The question puzzled Peepy.

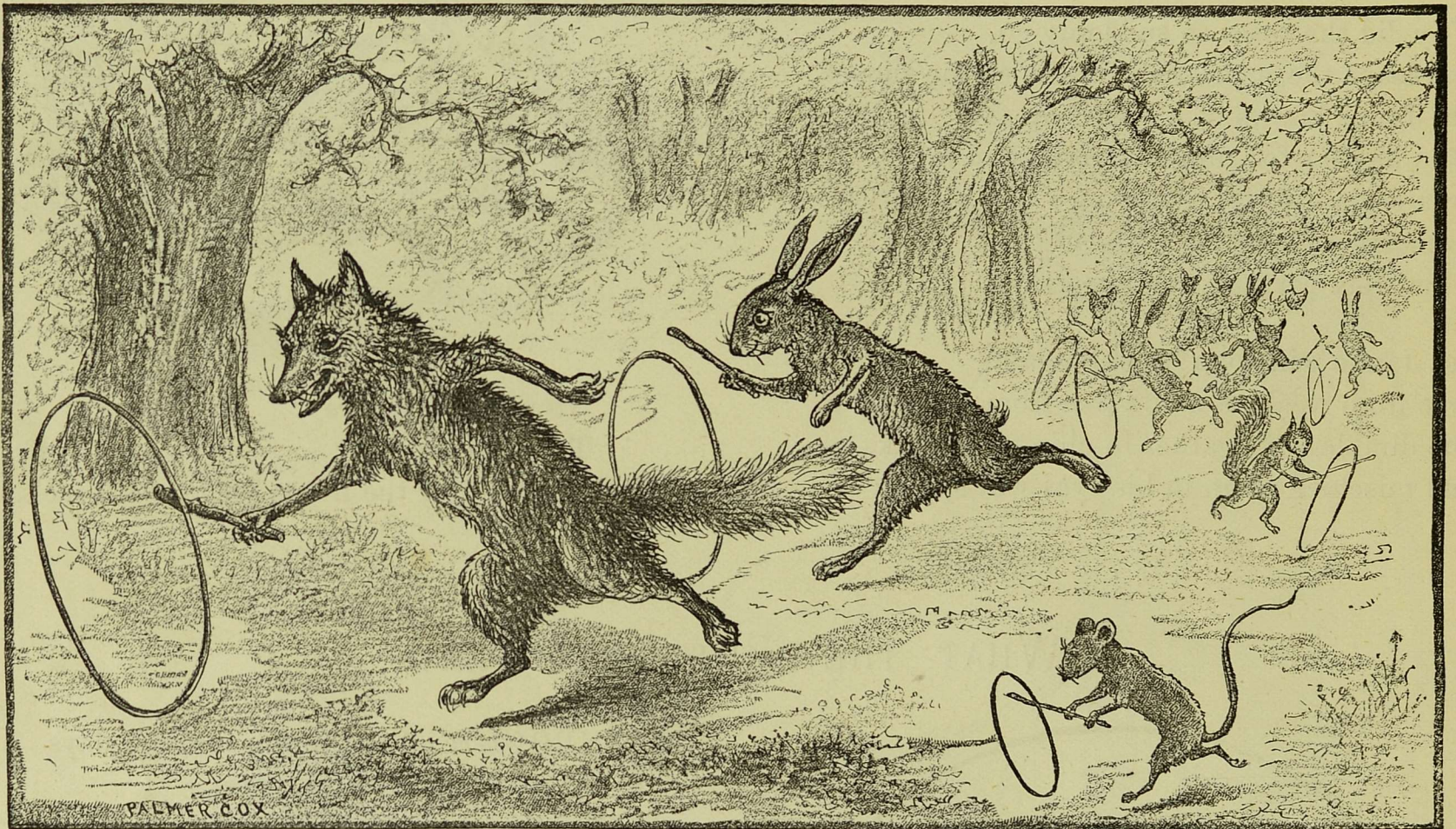
"You said you wanted some fun; this is fun."

"Fun for you," said Peepy.

FUN IN THE WOODS.

YOU wouldn't believe, unless you actually saw it, what fun the animals who live in the woods have sometimes. No human being that I ever heard tell of has seen the fox, and the hare, and the squirrel, and the little mousie actually trundling hoops through the woods, as you see them doing in the picture, but we imagine it.

You know how in the nursery on wet days you play at games in which you have to pretend to be a fox, or a hare, or a rabbit, or a cat, dog, or mouse, just anything that the game requires. Well, then,



can you tell me why, when the woods are quite deserted, and none of those tiresome, interfering creatures who walk on two legs are anywhere near, the animals should not play at being boys and girls?

I do not see any reason whatever why they should not; but I should like very much to catch them at it, should not you?

They are much too frightened of us, however, to let us surprise them over their fun. We never see them do anything but slink away into their holes or dens in mortal terror of our approach.

What a pity it is that they should ever have had cause to teach their children, and their children's children, from one generation to another, to beware of those creatures who stand upright upon two legs, and wear hats and coats.

Suppose they had never had any cause to be afraid of us? Suppose we had always treated them so kindly and considerately that they welcomed us instead of running away when we come near?

Ah! then there is no knowing what we might not have seen them do.

Think of this, little children, and be very careful how you treat dumb animals,

M. S.

A SONG OF THE YEAR.

WITH roar of trumpet and bugle blast,
A giant comes from the North ;
With snow-white pennons and glistening spears,
To battle he marches forth.

Dire havoc he works with his icy breath,
And the green earth pales with fear ;
While his heralds shout, " Long live the king !
King Winter, who rules the year ! "

But hark ! from the East and West he hears
A murmur of rippling rills ;
And a helmeted warrior and blue-eyed maid
Come speeding over the hills.

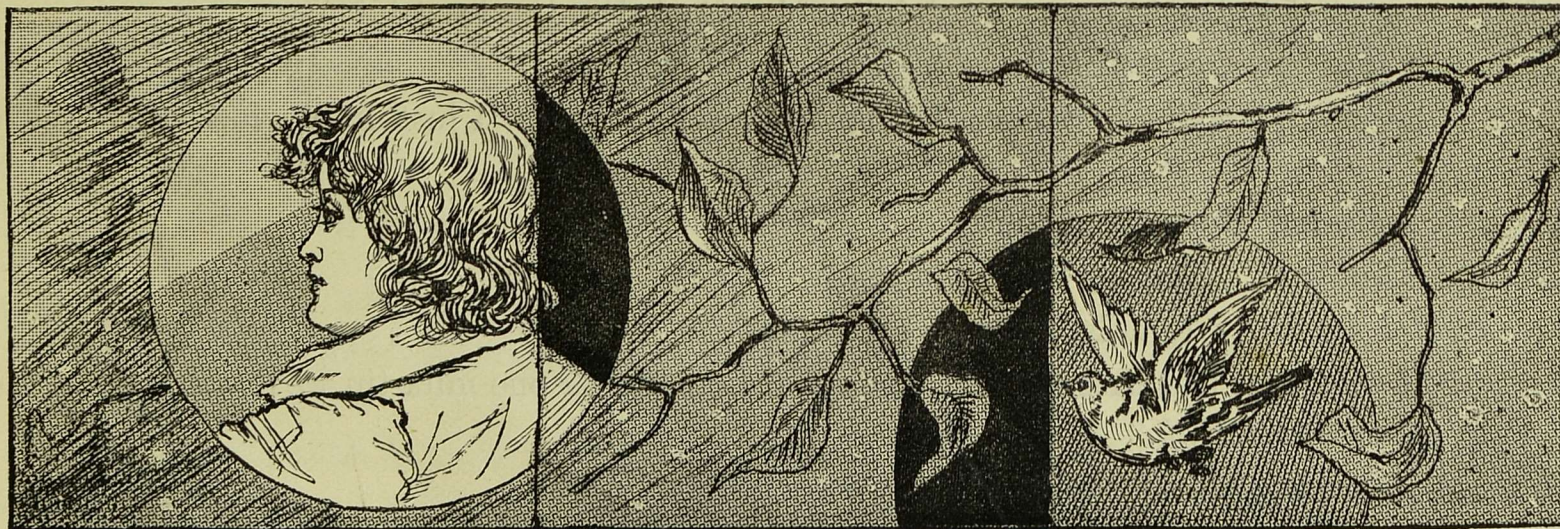
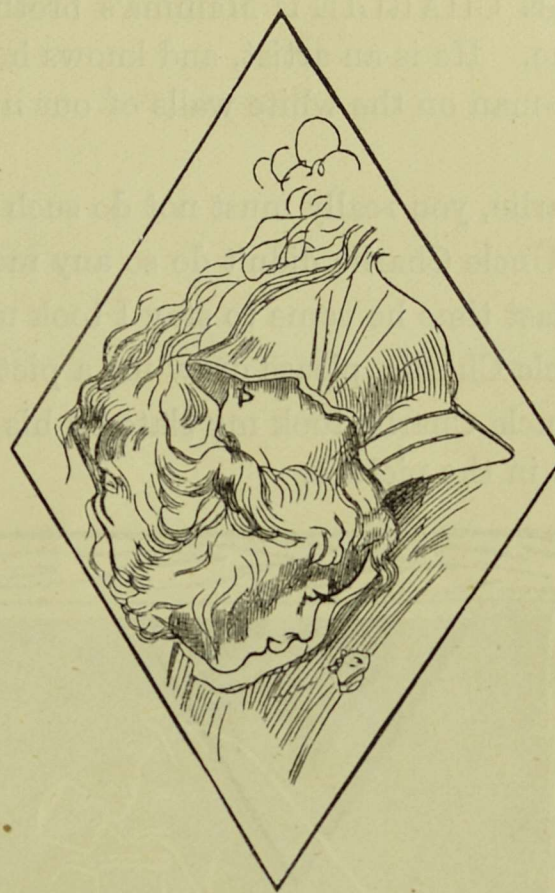
Away flies Winter ; the broken ranks
Of his army no help can bring ;
And the sleeping beauties, by Winter charmed,
Are waked by the kiss of Spring !

With a gentle rustle the grasses wave,
As the soft wind from the South
Breathes o'er the meadow a greeting sweet
From a baby's rosy mouth.

But even fair Summer grows old ; and to-day
The forests are doffing their green,
And flinging out banners of scarlet and gold,
In honour of Autumn, their queen !

Look sharp, young readers, and find in this picture the faces of the four winds.

—Boston " Youth's Companion. "



" THE MARCH WINDS DO BLOW ! "

SOUR MILK AND SWEET MILK.

UNCLE CHARLIE is Mamma's brother. Sometimes he comes to stay with us in the summer time. He is an artist, and knows how to draw beautifully. I remember once he drew a picture of a bogie-man on the white walls of our nursery, and little Sissy was so frightened at it, that Mamma said,

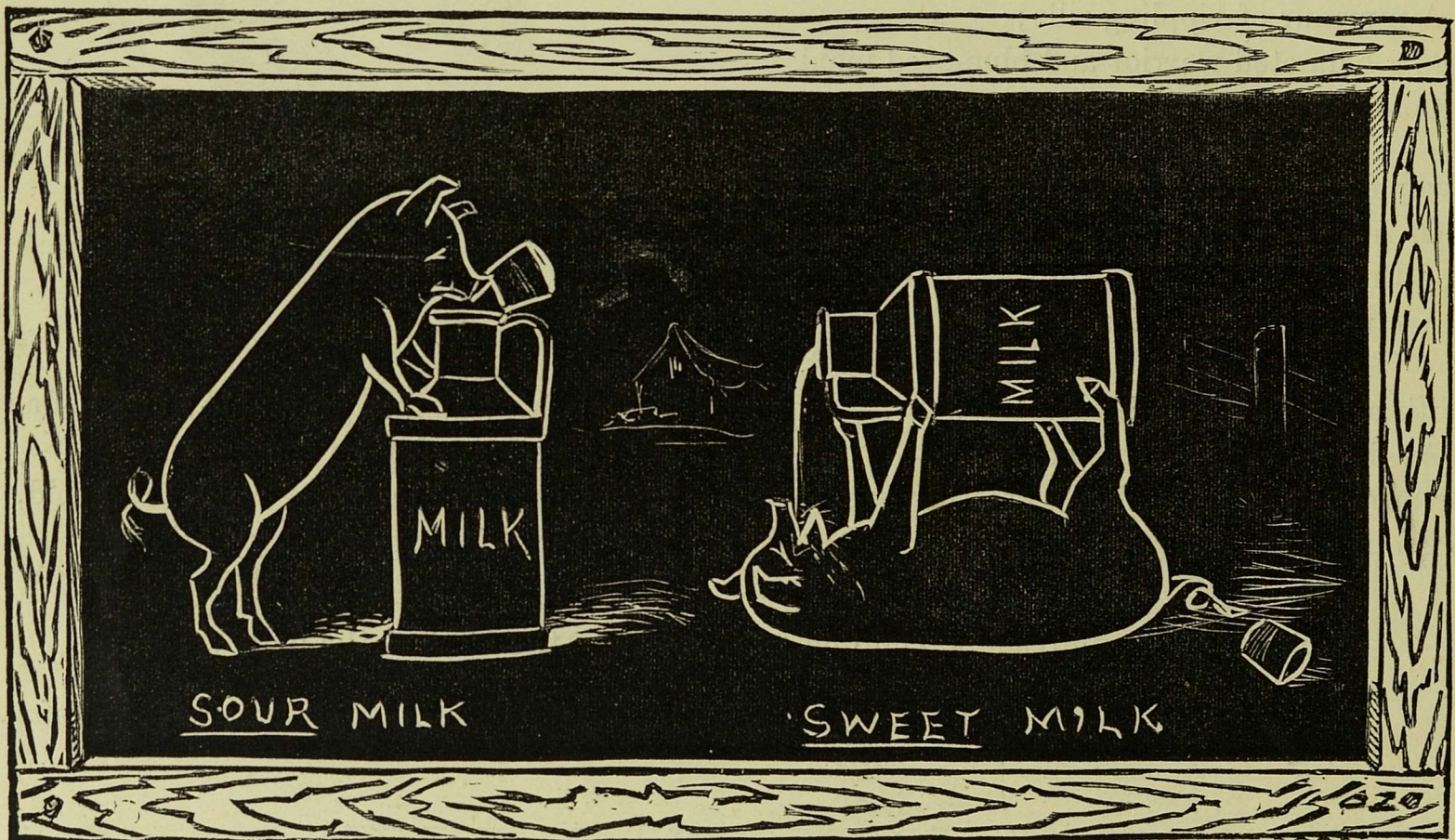
"Charlie, you really must not do such things. I can't have my children frightened."

And Uncle Charlie didn't do so any more.

The last time he came to stay I took my big new slate to him.

"Uncle Charlie, please draw me a picture."

So Uncle Charlie took my slate on his knee and my pencil in his hand, and this is what he made. You see it in the picture.



"There, Johnny, boy, what do you think of that?"

I didn't know what to think, because I didn't understand it in the least bit.

"What does it mean, Uncle Charlie?"

"Mean!" he cried, laughing, "I never thought of any meaning. I just drew what came first into my head."

"But isn't there any story about it?"

"Not that I know of. Tell me what you see."

"I see two pigs with curly tails, and two milk-tins."

"Quite right; and, for fear there should be any mistake, under one milk-tin we'll write *Sour Milk*, and under the other *Sweet Milk*."

"Yes, and what else, Uncle Charlie?"

"The pig with the sweet milk lies down on his back, and lets the milk run down his throat out of the tin."

“Did you ever see a pig do that, Uncle Charlie?”

“Can't say that I ever did, my boy.”

“Uncle Charlie, I like true pictures best.”

“Do you? Then give me the slate. We'll rub out the pigs, and draw something else.”

M. S.

A JOLLY RIDE.

AFTER five minutes, Uncle Charlie gave me back the slate, and I saw something on it very different from pigs.

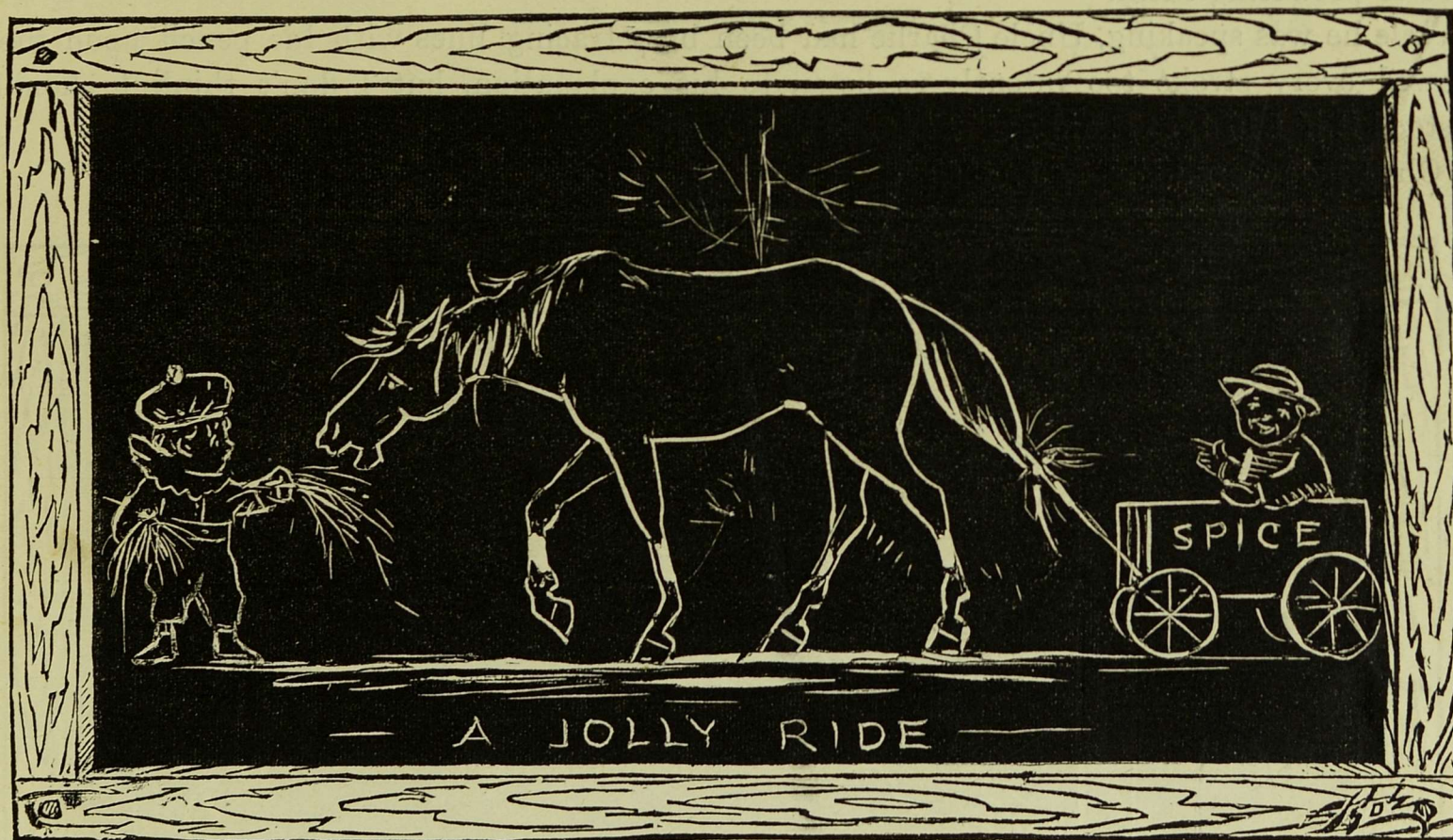
“What do you call this, Uncle Charlie?”

“‘A jolly ride!’ Don't you think it looks jolly?”

I couldn't help laughing, to see a little boy in a waggon made out of an old spice-box, tied to the tail of a tumble-down old horse.

“I shouldn't think they would go along very fast,” I said.

“That is just what I was afraid of,” answered Uncle Charlie, “and for fear the ramshackle old



animal should refuse to move, I have given him a very novel kind of coachman. How do coachmen generally drive, Johnnie?”

“They sit on the box, and they hold the reins in one hand, and a whip in the other, and they say, ‘Gee up! go on, old boy!’”

“Just so,” said Uncle Charlie, laughing more than I can tell you; though what there was to laugh at I don't know, do you?”

“Well, in this case,” continued Uncle Charlie, “the horse has no reins, and the carriage is all box, so that I don't know where the coachman would have to sit. So, for a change, I have put the small coachman in front of the horse, with a bundle of hay under his arm, which he tears out in handfuls and holds just a little way from the horse's nose. The horse thinks he is going to get it, of course;

but he's mistaken, for when he moves the hay moves; so he goes on under a delusion, and when he moves the waggon behind him moves too—and so they all go along."

"What is a delusion, Uncle Charlie?"

"Well, this is a pretty strong delusion, what the old horse thinks is going to happen, but which never does happen. He supposes he is going to get that handful of hay, and eat it. It's a delusion to him, though it isn't to us, because we see that as fast as the horse steps forward, the naughty little boy will step backwards."

"Now another picture, please Uncle Charlie."

M. S.

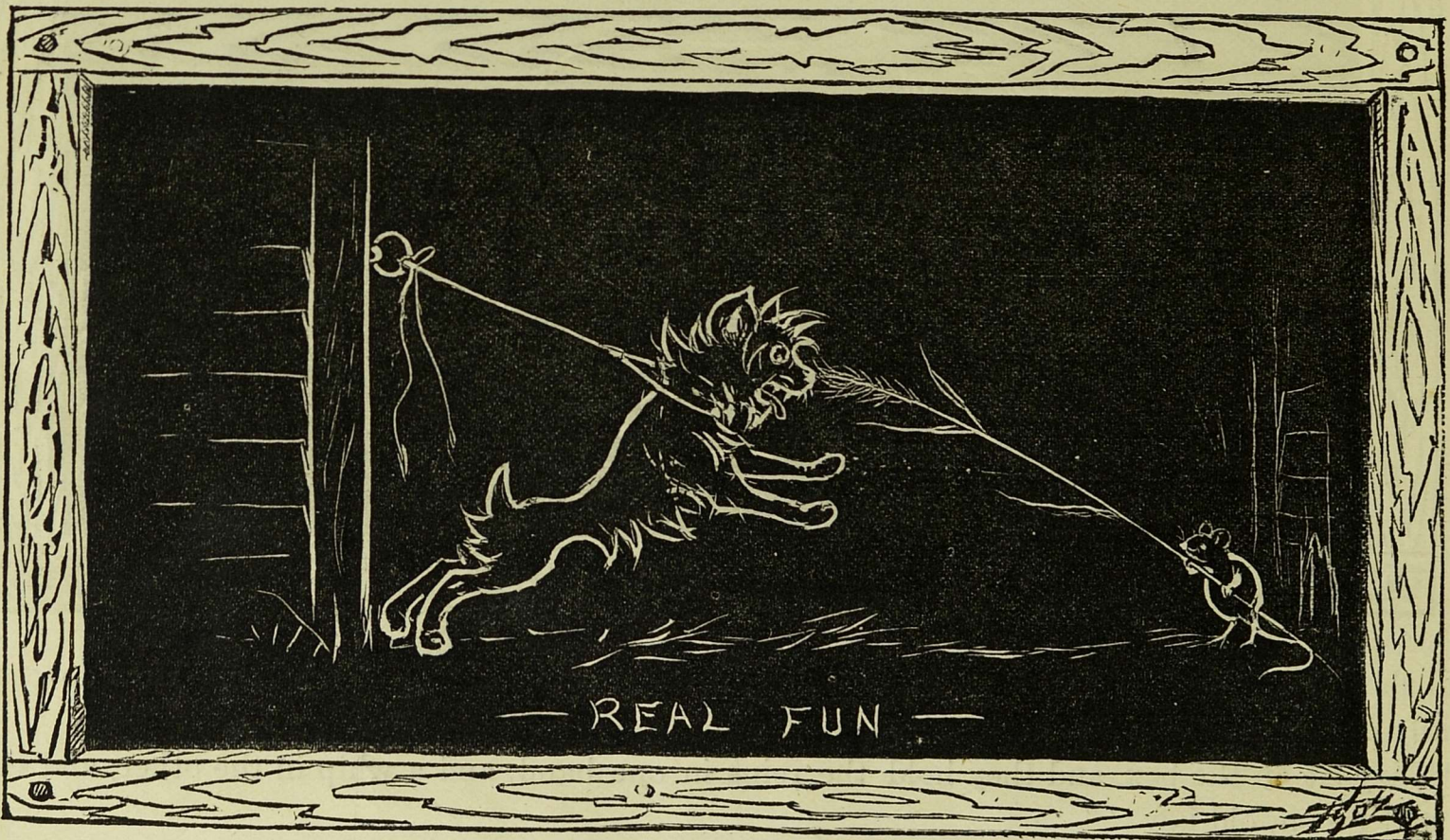
REAL FUN.

"ANOTHER picture! why, you insatiable little scaramouch, how many more shall you want?"
 "Oh, ever so many. I'm not at all tired. But, Uncle Charlie, what splendid big words you do use, and what is an insatiable scaramouch?"

"A little boy who has such an enormous appetite for pictures that he victimises his poor uncle to any extent in the matter of drawing them; considers, in fact, that said uncle was born and bred for the purpose of producing them."

While he was speaking, Uncle Charlie had been busy tracing lines with his pencil upon the slate. I followed every stroke too intently to listen to his explanation, but I don't think I should have understood it if I had, so it did not much matter.

"Oh, Uncle Charlie," I exclaimed, "that is a dog."



"Yes, a poor little doggie, fastened by his collar to a ring in a post of the steps which lead from the stable to the loft."

"What is he doing? trying to get away?"

"Wait, and you shall see what some people call fun."

He moved his pencil down into the right hand corner, and proceeded to draw a cunning little mouse.

"Is the wee doggie trying to get to the wee mouse to kill it?"

"No; wait a little longer. The mouse sees and knows quite well what the dog would do if he were loose, but as he is tightly tied up, he thinks he may venture to reverse things. So he gets a long flowering rush between his paws like this——"

And Uncle Charlie draws it just as you see it in the picture.

"And with it he tickles the doggie's nose until he, almost mad with rage, tears at his collar, and barks furiously. And mousie says to himself, 'Ah! my fine fellow, it's my turn now. I know very well that if you were free you would kill me with a stroke of your paw, and crunch me up at one snap of your jaws. But you are not free, and there is no fear of your being free at present, so I am quite safe in tormenting you.'"

I didn't like that picture quite so well as the others.

"That's a nasty little mouse, Uncle Charlie."

"Agreed, my boy. But, after all, I have known some little boys in my life who have acted very like him."

"Uncle Charlie, can you draw another picture?" I ask, hastily.

"Presently. But I was talking about little boys who have been known to act in even a more cowardly way than this little mouse; and who don't in the least mind tormenting dumb animals when they think the dumb animals cannot hurt them in return. They make the same mistake that the mouse did. Punishment does not always come in the way that we expect it will."

"Was the mouse punished?"

"You shall see."

M. S.

SUPPER IS READY.



UNCLE CHARLIE took the pencil in his hand, and drew away quietly for a few minutes, while I, watching him, was troubled by sundry uneasy recollections I would rather have forgotten.

What I saw grow under his pencil was the stump and branch of a tree, with a grinning moon half hiding behind the stump, to show that it was night. On the tree branch sat an old owl, with four

young ones. Looking closer in the beak of the old owl I saw a mouse, with drooping head and tail, quite dead.

Under the picture Uncle Charlie wrote with his pencil—

“Supper is ready.”

“Is that the same mouse that teased the dog?” I asked, curtly.

“The very same mouse,” said Uncle Charlie, in a dolorous voice. “This is the fate that overtook him that very same night. He had forgotten that although the dog was tied, other enemies of his were at liberty.”

“This is what I want to know,” I burst out, “are people always punished who do wrong?”

“Always, sooner or later, in some way or other.”

“Well, I won’t pull the legs off any more butterflies, or use a stick with a pin in the end of it to make the donkey go, or swing any more mice by their tails, or stick cockchafers—what are you laughing at, Uncle Charlie?”

Uncle Charlie’s face became grave all at once.

“Johnnie, boy, remember this—if we only do right because we are afraid of being punished, we shall be slaves all our lives.”

This was a poser.

“Then why ought we to do right, Uncle Charlie?”

“Because right *is* right. We must love it and do it for this reason only. Only he who loves right and does it can know and love God.”

“Then you needn’t have let the owl catch the mouse after all, Uncle Charlie?”

Uncle Charlie laughed.

“I did it to show you the natural consequences of wrong-doing. But, as I tell you, we ought not to let fear of these natural consequences alone stimulate us to do right.”

“Do you know how to play at cricket, Uncle Charlie?”

“I used to do. Shall I draw you another picture?”

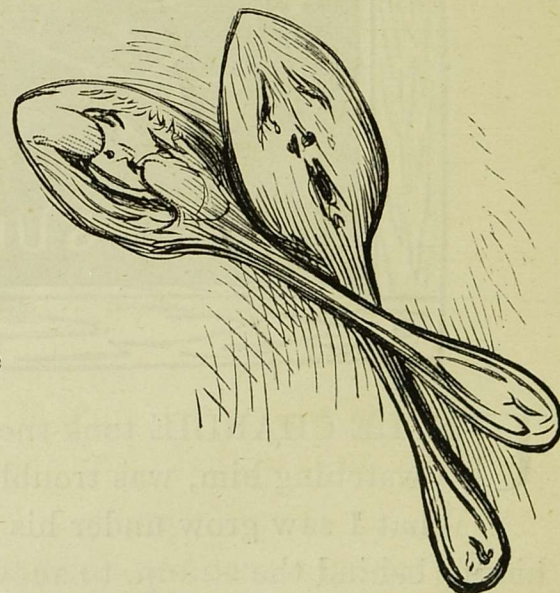
“No, thank you. I think I am going to set up the stumps. I don’t like stories with morals very much; and I didn’t know that pictures, especially slate pictures”—with bitter emphasis, which I hope Uncle Charlie felt as he ought to have done—“could have morals also. You can come and bowl to me, if you like, Uncle Charlie.”

M. S.

SPoon-FACES.

WHEN they’re bright and
shining
Like the summer moons,
Two queer faces look at you
From the silver spoons.
One is very long, and one
Broad as it can be,
And both of them are gruesome
things
As ever you did see.

Then careful be, young people,
And do not whine or frown,
Lest some day you discover
Your chin’s a-growing down.
Nor must you giggle all the
time
As though you were but loons;
We want no *children’s* faces
Like those in silver spoons.



AT A DISADVANTAGE.

“WHAT a noise those mice are making,” said Pussy, as she ran down the cellar stairs. “I shall soon put an end to their fun,” she added, proudly. But Pussy was mistaken, for once; the mice were not where she expected to find them, but were in the farthest cellar, and the door leading into it was fastened.

“Never mind,” said Pussy, “there is a window!”

Yes, there was a window, but this, too, was fastened, and wire netting was placed across it.

“It surely cannot be that I am going to be beaten at my time of life by a parcel of silly mice,” exclaimed the cat, impatiently. “How many are there of you,” she shouted to the mice.



PUSSY AT A DISADVANTAGE—“WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO COME IN?”

“Twelve of us, Pussy, dear; twelve of us, and we are having such fun. Wouldn't you like to come in?”

“To come in? Yes, indeed, that's just what I want to do,” replied the cat; “but how am I to get in? that is the question. How did you get in?”

“Ah! Pussy, dear, you see we are young, and small, and slender, and, though you are very clever, you never could manage to creep through the little holes we do. You had better go back to the kitchen, Pussy, and have a good sleep by the fire, unless you would rather stay and watch us. You had no idea we could dance and jump so nicely.”

“I would make you jump, if once I could get in,” said the old cat; adding, maliciously, “I only hope whatever is in that dish is poisoned, so as to kill you all.”

“Oh! shocking,” cried the little mice; “as it happens there is no poison about it; but if there were, we would rather be poisoned, Pussy, than torn to pieces by your cruel claws!”

THE MANDARIN AND HIS RAT.



A MANDARIN once caught a rat
Upon a sunny day,
And thought he'd teach him little
tricks,
To pass the time away.

He gave his cunning captive cheese—
The captive liked the fun ;
And soon, attired in soldier clothes,
He learned to shoot a gun.

The children all would crowd around,
And clap their hands, and grin
To see the rodent roll a hoop
To please the Mandarin.

Full soon that rat with little sticks
Would drum upon a pan ;
Or lightly skip across a rope
With parasol and fan.

The rat he liked the Mandarin,
The Mandarin the rat,
And when his day of tricks was done,
He'd sleep within his hat.

They grew at last to be good friends,
And liked each other well ;
And thus they lived together long—
How long I can not tell.

TRY AGAIN.

"IT must be quite easy to learn how to slide and skate," said little Polly. "Robin and I are going to slide this morning."

"Take care you and Robin don't fall," said big brother Tom; "perhaps you will not find it as easy as you imagine, Polly."

"Oh yes, I shall," replied the little girl; "it must be quite easy, such very little boys and girls know how to slide. Come along, Robin; we shall have such fun."



"Such fun," repeated Robin, as Polly put on his hat and coat.

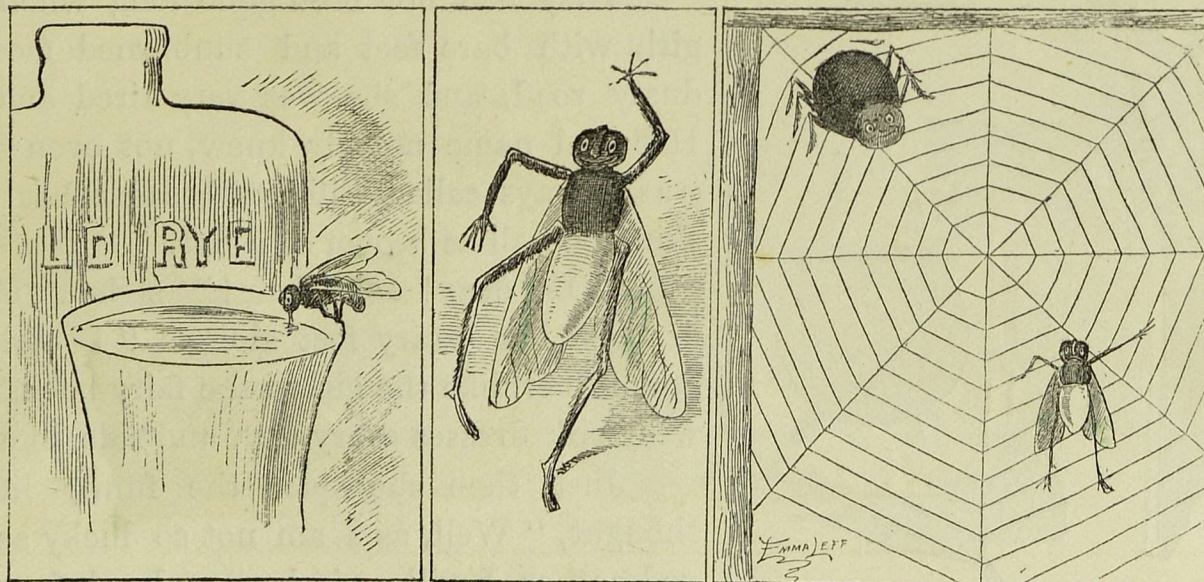
"One, two, three, and away," said Polly; "steady, Robin, Polly is holding you."

Yes, Polly was holding him, but her feet slipped, and down the two children fell.

Not a word said Robin; Polly gave one loud scream, and that was all.

"Never mind, Polly," said brother Tom, coming to the rescue; "if at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

"It is not quite as easy as I thought," replied poor little Polly



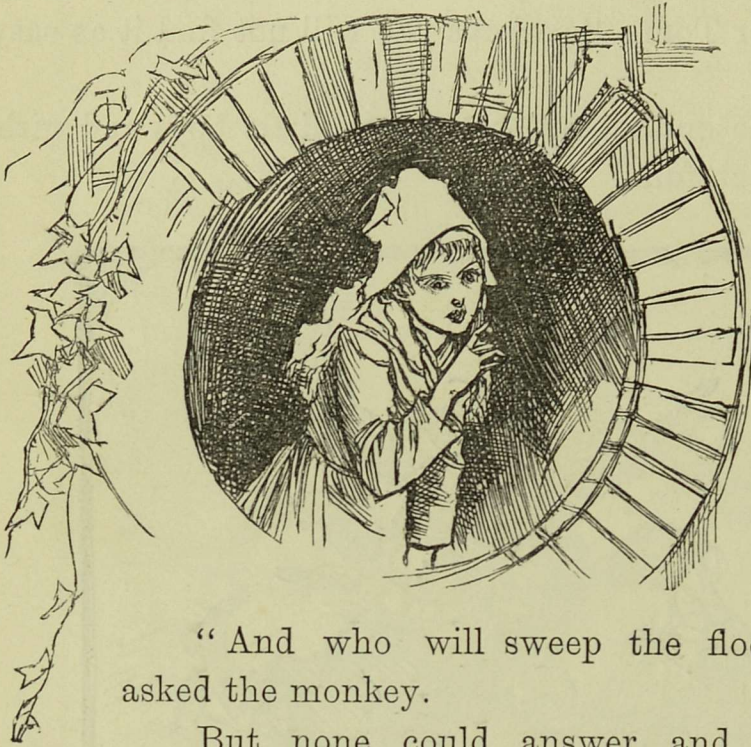
TO DRINK WHISKY,

AND GET FRISKY,

IS SOMEWHAT RISKY.

FILBERT.

BY AGNES CARR.



“And who will sweep the floor?” asked the monkey.

But none could answer, and they thought and thought a long time, but could come to no decision, until at last the parrot nodded his head wisely, and said, “We must learn to do them ourselves.”

“But who will teach us?” asked Miss Pussy.

“I know,” said the monkey. “We will go to town, and watch how the men and women cook their meals and take care of their homes, and then we will be able to do the same.”

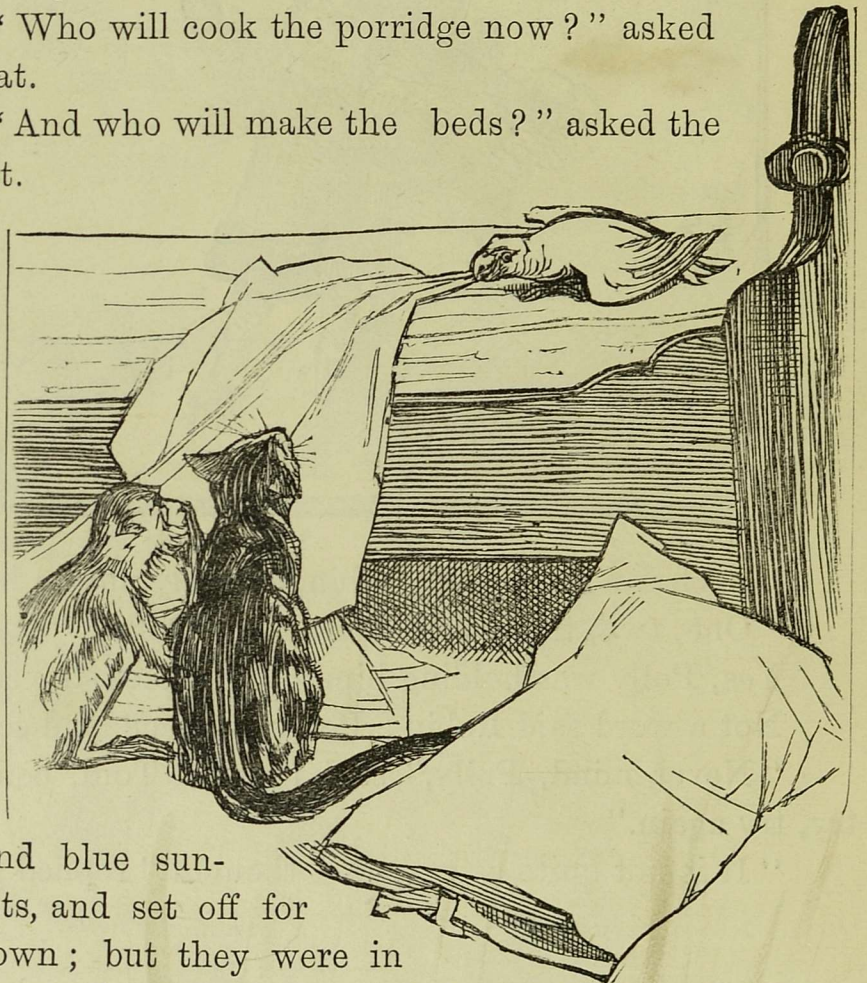
“So we will,” said the other two, and all three immediately put on their scarlet cloaks and blue sun-



bonnets, and set off for the town; but they were in such haste that they forgot to lock the door. They had not been gone long when a ragged little girl, with bare feet and sunburned face, came up the dusty road, and she was very tired and very hungry. Her real name nobody knew, not even herself, but she was always called Filbert, because her hair, eyes, and skin were all as brown as a nut.

“Who will cook the porridge now?” asked the cat.

“And who will make the beds?” asked the parrot.



“Oh, dear! oh, dear!” sighed Filbert, as she dragged her weary feet along. “I wish I had a fairy godmother, like the girl in the fairy book, for then I could wear silk dresses every day, and ride in a golden coach.”

Just then she spied the funny little house, and thought, “Well, as I am not so lucky as to have a rich godmother, I will go in here and ask for a drink of milk, and rest awhile on the door-step.”

So she went up to the door and knocked, but nobody came. Again rap-tap-tap; still nobody; and at last she lifted the latch and walked in.

"Oh, what a cunning little place!" cried Filbert, "and nobody home; so I will help myself."

In the closet she found meal and milk, which she boiled over the fire, and ate with a great relish. Then she went all over the house, exploring the nooks and corners of every room, and wondering what had become of the people who lived there.

She also thought it very queer that in so pretty a house, where almost everything was neat and well kept, the floors should be dirty and the beds not yet made up.

At last the little girl, who had walked far along the dusty road in the hot sun that morning, found herself growing very tired and sleepy, and as she tumbled

beds did not look very inviting, she went downstairs and took a nap in a large rocking-chair that had belonged to the old woman. When she was quite rested, she helped



herself to a needle and thread out of the work-basket, and went to work to mend her dress, which was badly torn. Just as she had sewed up the last rent she heard steps outside, and glancing out of the round window, saw the pussy cat, the parrot, and the monkey coming in at the gate.

Frightened nearly out of her wits at sight of the queer trio, Filbert jumped up, and ran and hid behind the curtain.

In came the three, as gay as could be, chattering and laughing.

"For I have learned to cook porridge," said the cat.

"And I have learned to make beds," said the parrot.

"And I have learned to sweep the floor," said the monkey.

"Then do let us hurry," cried all three, "for we are hungry and sleepy, and the house is very, very dusty."

The cat set to work first, mixed the meal and milk, and set it over the fire to boil; and it smelled so good they all felt hungrier than ever; but when they came to taste the porridge they found it was burned, and pussy had forgotten the salt.

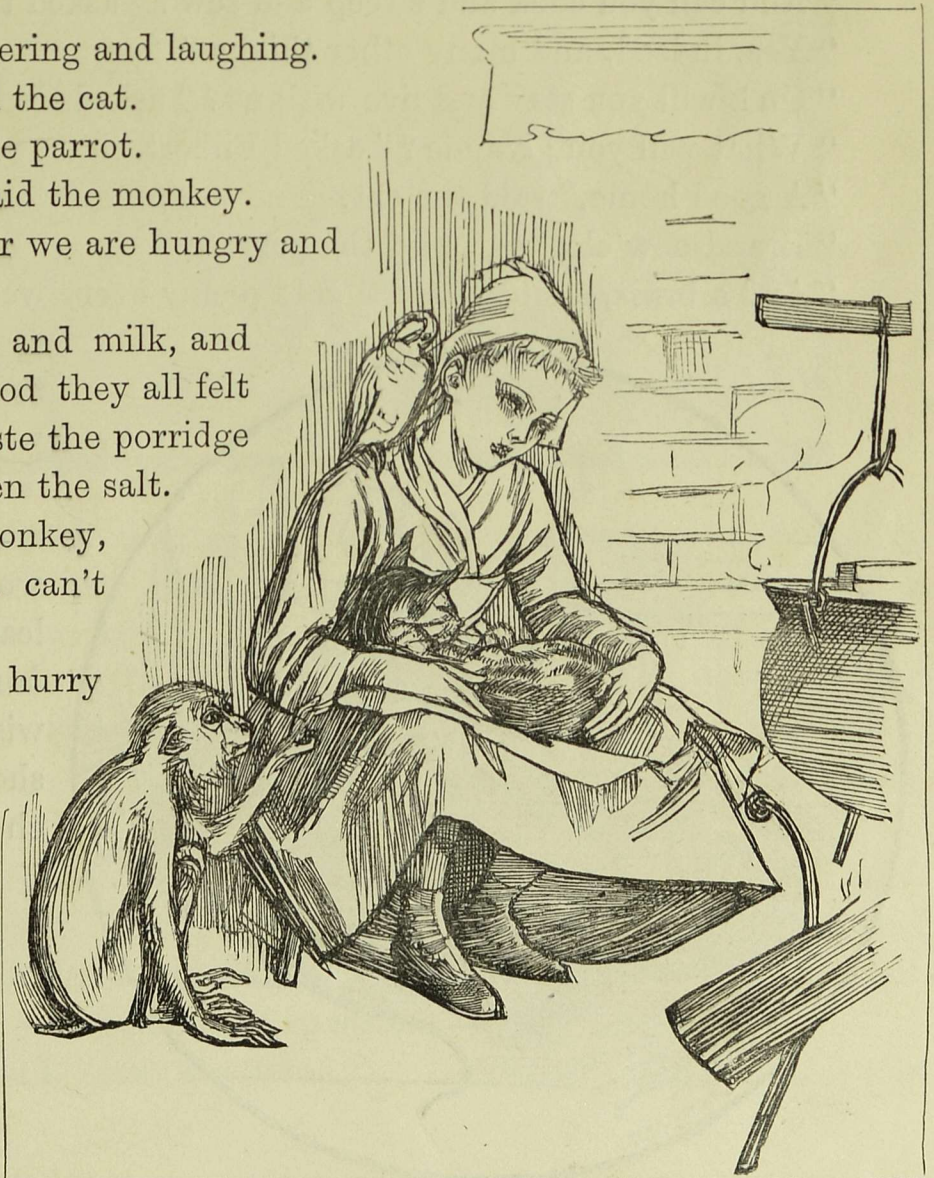
"Bah! bah!" cried the parrot and monkey, throwing down their spoons in disgust; "you can't cook, and we shall have to go to bed hungry."

"We can't go to our beds either unless you hurry and make them," said the cat, who was vexed at having failed.

So the parrot set to, and tried to spread the clothes on the bed with her beak; but as fast as she pulled them up one side, they slipped off the other, and at last she gave up in despair.

"Oh dear, we shall have to sleep on the floor," cried the other two.

"Then you had better sweep it first," retorted the parrot.



So the monkey took the broom and began to sweep, but only succeeded in raising such a dust that they were nearly blinded, and had to run out of the house and sit on the door-step until it settled.

And they were so discouraged that they cried, and cried, until their tiny handkerchiefs were wet through, and the tears ran down and formed quite a pool in front of the door.

"It's of no use to try and keep house by ourselves," said the monkey; "we shall have to go to some museum and board."

"What! leave our own pretty little house, where we have lived so long," said the cat.

"I'll stay here and starve before I'll go to the old museum," said the parrot. And overcome with grief at the idea of breaking up their happy home they embraced, and sobbed aloud on each other's necks.

Now Filbert had watched all that was going on, and felt very sorry for the little creatures; so as soon as they left the room she slipped out from behind the curtain, and in a few minutes did all they had tried so hard to accomplish, and returned to her hiding-place just as the three came in, saying sadly to one another, "The dust must have settled, so we will try and sleep on the floor and forget how hungry we are; and to-morrow we will go to town again, and try very much harder than we did to-day to learn how to keep house."

But here they stopped short and stared in surprise, for the floor was as clean and bright as a new penny; the little white beds were tucked smoothly up, and on the table smoked three bowls of nice hot porridge.

"What good fairy has been here?" they all exclaimed.

"A nut-brown maiden, nut-brown maiden," chirped a cricket on the hearth.

"And where has she gone?" they asked.

"Behind the curtain, behind the curtain," sang the cricket.

And in a twinkling Filbert was dragged, blushing and trembling, from her hiding-place.

"Who are you, and how came you here?" asked the cat.

"My name is Filbert, and I came in to rest," said the girl, "for I have no friends and no home."

"And can you cook and sweep and sew?" asked the parrot.

"Yes, indeed, and many other things."

"Oh! will you stay and live with us?" asked the monkey.

"What will you give me?" asked Filbert.

"A good home," said the cat.

"Brand-new clothes," said the parrot.

"And a brass, a silver, and a gold penny every week," said the monkey.

So Filbert stayed, and was as happy as a bird in the one-eyed house. She sang so cheerfully as she went about her work that things seemed almost to do themselves for her. The monkey watched in admiration whenever she swept the floor, and wondered why there was no dust. They all learned to love her dearly, and were as good as fairy godmothers to her, giving her everything she wished, and her pile of pennies grew so fast that she became quite rich; and, at last, if she had chosen, could have married a prince.



THE BABY-MOUSE.

OH, rock-a-by, baby-mouse, rock-a-by, so!
 When baby's asleep to the baker's I'll go,
 And while he's not looking I'll pop from a hole,
 And bring to my baby a fresh penny roll.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

“I THINK your sight must be failing,” said the black-and-white cat to the grey tabby.

“Nothing of the kind,” exclaimed the tabby, indignantly; “I can see as well as ever I could.”

“Then your hearing must be defective.”

“My hearing is as good as yours,” replied the tabby, crossly. “I tell you I never met with such a sharp little mouse in all my life; talk about a cat having nine lives, this mouse must have ninety. I’ve chased him upstairs, downstairs, in several different rooms, and yet have not been able to catch him.”

“I wish I could meet with him,” said the black-and-white cat. “It strikes me it is a case requiring a little scientific knowledge.”

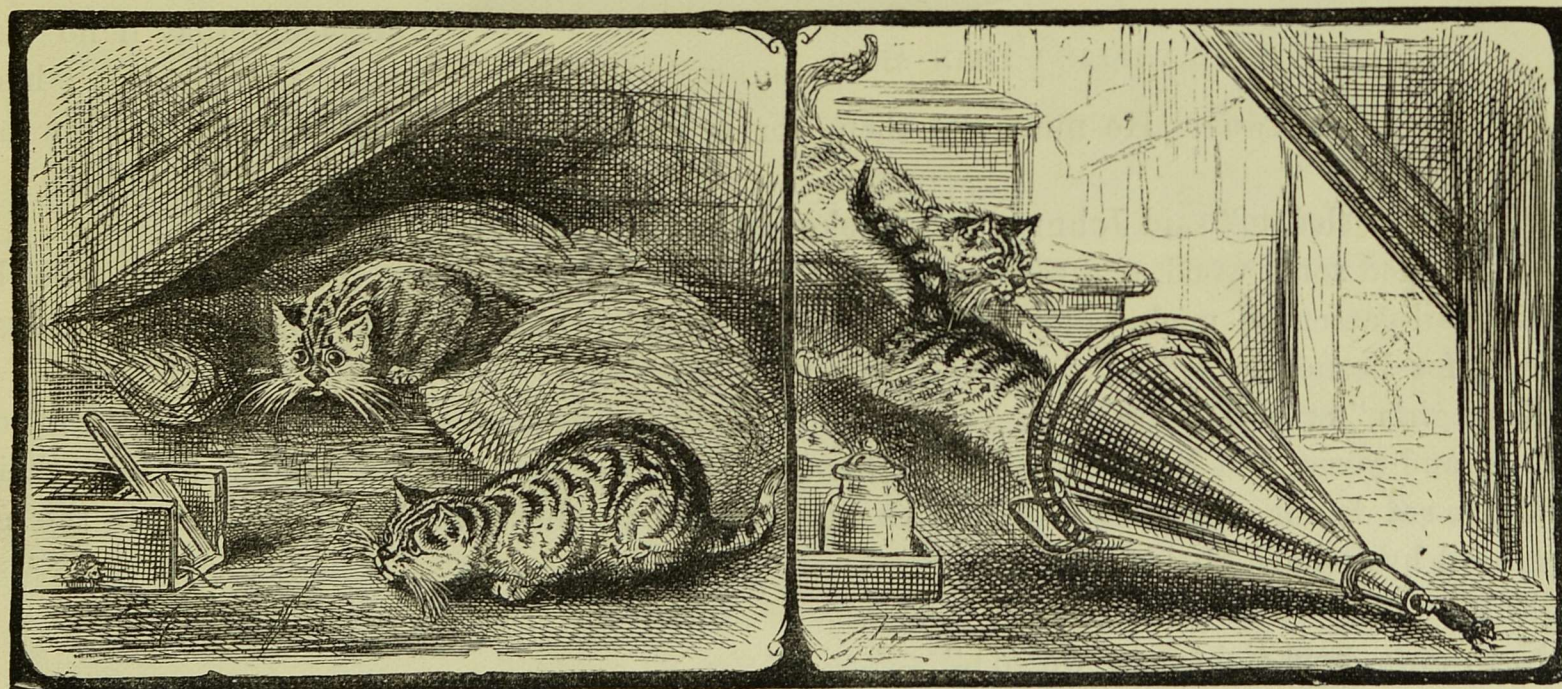
“Don’t be so conceited,” interrupted the old tabby. “Ever since you scratched through that examination you have done nothing but make yourself ridiculous; but hush! here is the very little mouse we were speaking of; now for your scientific knowledge.”

“Leave him to me,” said the black-and-white cat. “You leave him to me, and you’ll see how soon I will settle his case.”

Across the floor ran the little mouse.

“Why don’t you run after him?” asked the tabby.

His friend shook his head. “No,” he said, “not yet; I want to show you what I can do.”



An old mouse-trap was on the floor, and the little mouse ran in, then popped out again through a hole in the side, made by a kind schoolboy in his leisure moments, and for which he hopes to receive a medal from the “Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.”

“Why, it’s gone!” exclaimed the tabby.

“So it has,” answered her friend. “Let us hasten away down the stairs.”

Away they ran into a small storeroom. On the floor lay a funnel; into this ran the mouse. After him flew the black-and-white cat.

“You stupid!” cried the tabby. “There is a small hole at the other end to fit into bottles and jars, and the mouse can run through this, *but you cannot*. There, away it runs; now let me help you out. Was that what you wanted to show me?” she added, as, breathless and cross, the black-and-white cat drew his head out; “if so, I don’t think much of your scientific knowledge.”

“Don’t talk about things you don’t understand,” said her friend. “The science is all right, it was only a slight mistake on my part.”

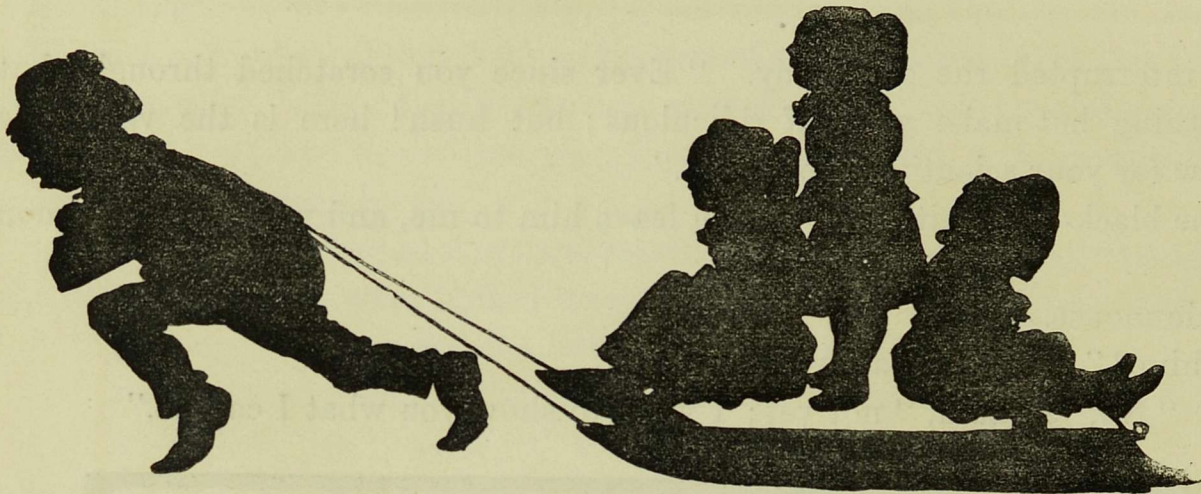
“Ah! I see,” replied the tabby.

JOHNNY'S SLEDGE.

JOHNNY FORSTER was a very ambitious boy. He always wanted to try to do everything that he saw other people do ; and he always thought he could do it, too.

He had read some American stories, and he knew all about the sledges that the little boys and girls across the Atlantic have, and he did not see why they should not have a sledge in their own nursery. This is what he said to his three little sisters, Pollie, and Susie, and Nora. But if he had said the same thing to them about the moon, they would have believed him, for they thought he could do everything.

On his last birthday he had had a box of tools given him, and it really was astonishing the number of uses he put them to already. He had hammered nails into the nursery cupboard, so that nurse



MORE WILLING THAN ABLE.

could not get the door open ; he had pierced the soles of Pollie's new boots with his brad-awl ; he had filed the rings off the nursery guard ; he had chopped the heads off two of Susie's dolls, and almost broken her poor little motherly heart. At last his mamma had told him very decidedly that if he did any more mischief with his tools

she must take them away. He must use them for a good purpose, or she could not allow him to keep them.

"I'll make a sledge," said Johnny, "and take the girls out for a drive."

So he begged some wood, and sawed and planed it into rockers, and on these he nailed a flat board. With his nail-passer he made holes in the boards, through which he put some strong string, and fastened it for harness.

"Now, girls," cried Johnny, feeling wonderfully proud of his successful workmanship, "I'm ready."

Pollie, and Susie, and Nora put on their hoods, and came down to the garden to take their first ride. Pollie sat facing the horse, Susie with her back to it, and little Nora stood up in the middle, holding hard by Pollie's shoulders.

Johnnie harnessed himself.

"Now, girls, hold tight ; off we go !"

But they didn't go off just yet.

The sledge, with the girls upon it, was a weightier matter than Johnny had thought. He tugged with all his might, he puffed and panted, he grunted and groaned ; but it was all of no use, the sledge would not run over the rough gravel.

But Johnny had boasted, and Johnny did not like to be beaten. He gave one more fierce tug, and snap went the string, and the sledge gave a lurch—Johnny shot forwards, and the little girls shot backwards and sideways, and almost every way. Nora screamed, Susie shouted, and Pollie called "Johnny !"

Johnny jumped up, with big scratches on his nose, and winking his eyes to keep back the tears.

"Pooh ! Nonsense ! I don't call that anything. We'll get some stronger string, and make the thing go."

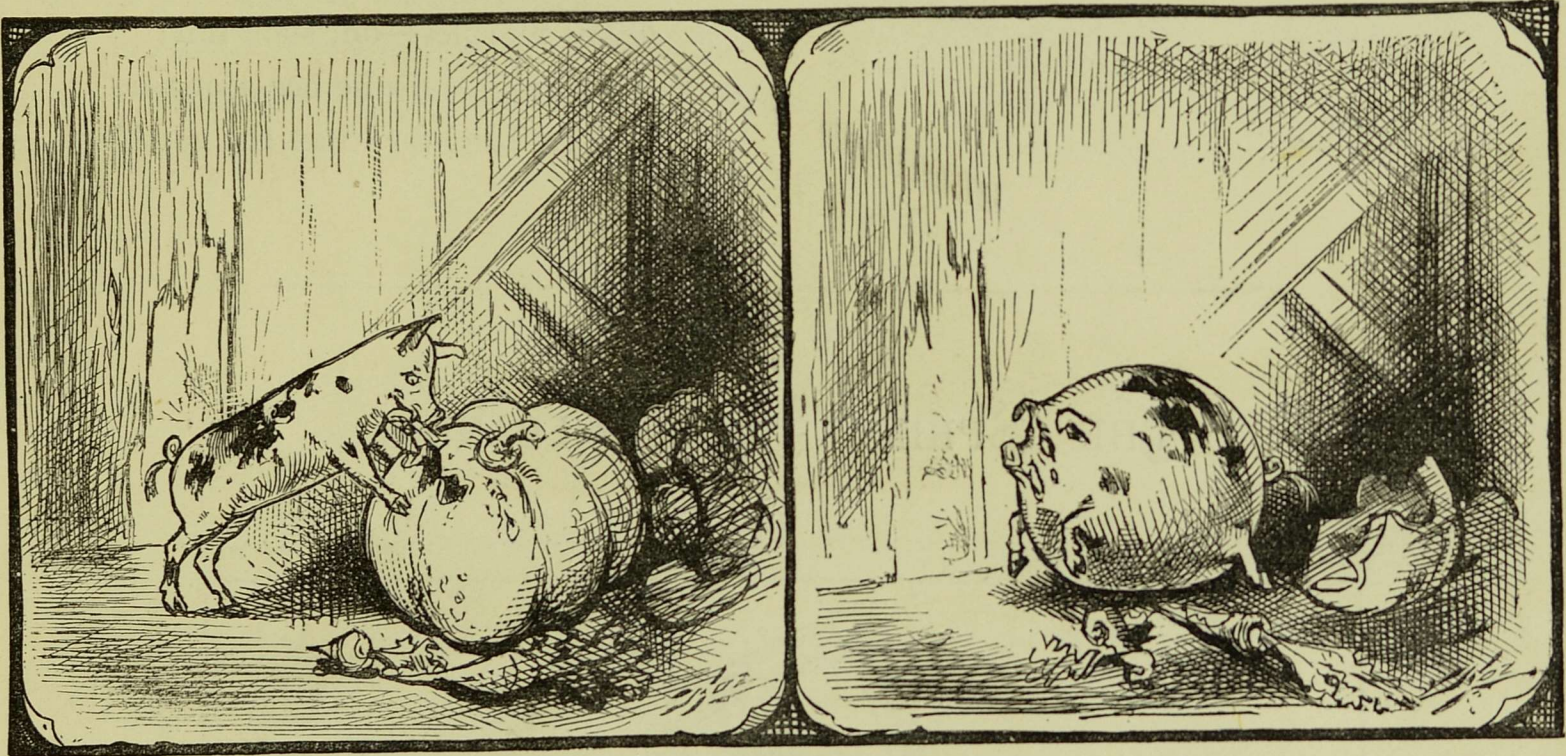
But the little girls thought they had rather not get on to the "thing" any more. He might take their dollies if he liked, and they would not be so heavy.

"That's just the way with girls," said Johnny ; "there is never any fun in doing anything for them. Dolls, indeed !"

A WILL AND A WAY.

“DEAR me,” exclaimed Piggy, “why, whatever is this? It must be a melon; it is a melon, one grown in America, of course. Ah! they know how to grow melons there—wonder what our gardener thinks of this? He little knows I’ve found my way into his seed-room. A good thing I happened to pass the door, and the door happened to be not quite shut; if I hadn’t, depend upon it, I should never have had a morsel of this. I wonder how it tastes?”

“Ah!” continued Piggy, after taking a large bite, “it is very good. Rather an awkward thing, too, to manage. It seems to me, if I could only get inside it, I could get along much better. What is that



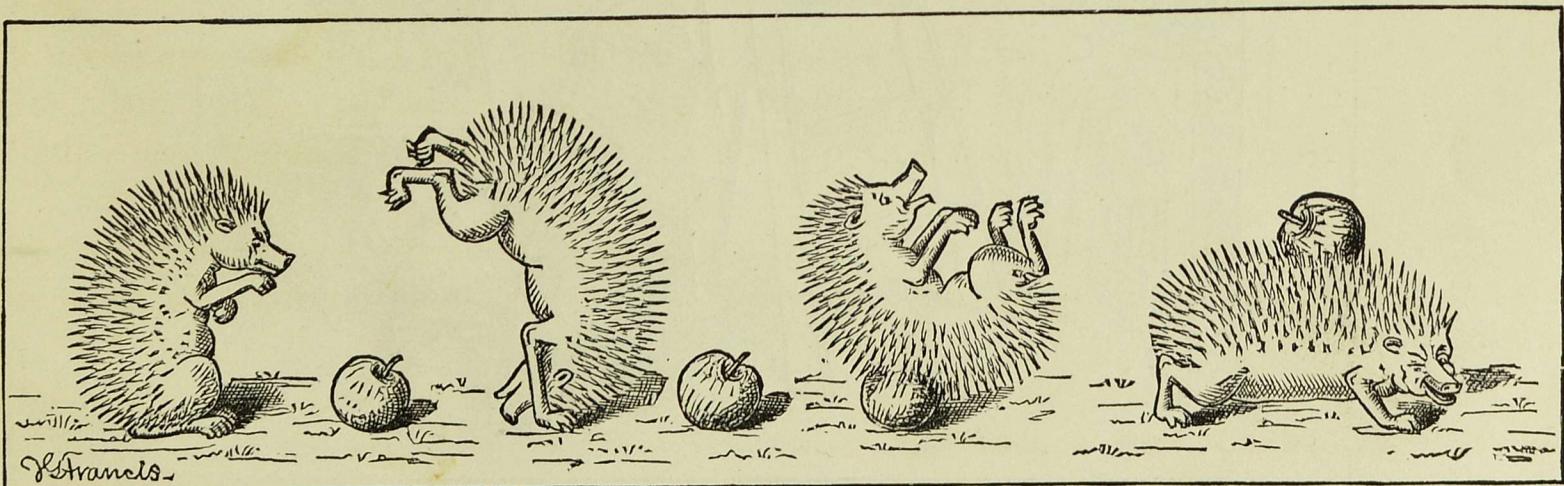
“PIGGY GETS IN, BUT CAN’T GET OUT.”

proverb I learnt once? Ah! I know—‘where there’s a will, there’s a way.’ Well, there’s no doubt about my having the will, because it isn’t every day I get such a chance. Now, then, just let me make a hole large enough to get in at, and then we shall see what to do.”

In through the hole went Piggie’s head, followed by his body and curly little tail. But, alas! poor, greedy Piggie, his four legs made four holes in the sides of the melon. In vain he tried to get out; he only succeeded in poking out his head. What was to be done?

“Where there’s a will, there’s a way,” he was saying to himself, when the gardener appeared.

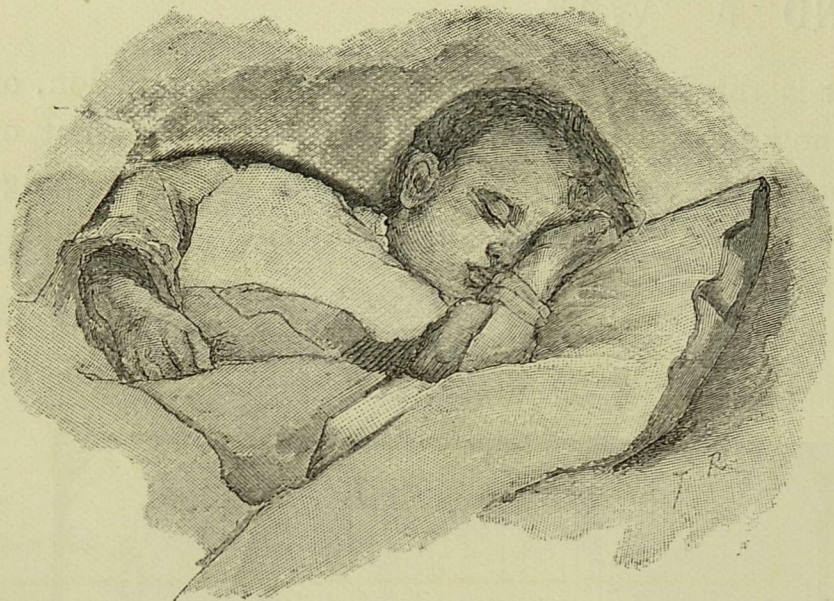
“Hallo! Piggie,” he cried, “couldn’t get enough from the outside, so tried what it was like inside. Wonder what your mother will say when she hears of this, Piggie?”



THE HEDGEHOG REFLECTS HOW HE SHALL CARRY HOME THE APPLE,

HE HAS A HAPPY THOUGHT, AND PROCEEDS TO ACT UPON IT.

HE BEARS THE APPLE GAILY HOME TO HIS FAMILY,



DREAMING.

HE is dreaming. Guess of what, now."
 "Well, I guess that in his hand
 Is a marble—such a beauty!
 And he dreams of wonder-land.

"Dreams a dream of giants rolling
 Giant marbles—oh, such fun!
 See, he smiles, for he has seen one
 Bigger, brighter, than the sun!"

THE SPRING HOUSE-CLEANING.

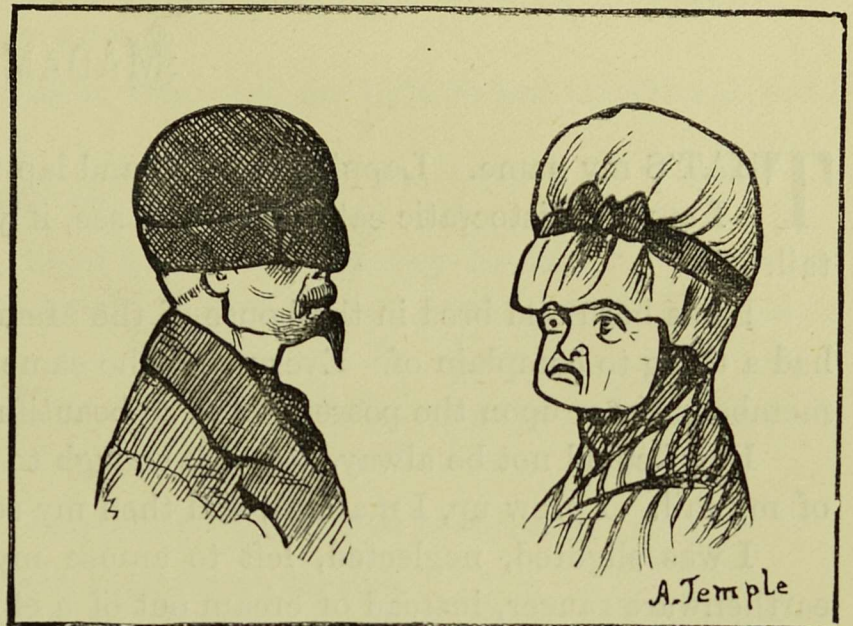
1.



He would let no one move that rare old painting but himself. Bridget, in order to assist, laid her soap on the steps, and—

SHADOWS OF GREAT MEN.

WHO can turn this old woman into the Duke of Wellington, and the rough-looking man with a broken nose into Napoleon III.? You will not need any fairy wand nor magic sentence to do it; just trace the heads upon a piece of thick paper, and cut them out carefully with a pair of sharp scissors; then place them so that their shadows may fall clearly upon a sheet of paper, and the change is complete. You can make many different surprises of the same kind by drawing other heads yourselves.



THE SPRING HOUSE-CLEANING.

2.



Well, he placed his foot on it,

MADAME LAPPIT.

THAT'S my name. Lappit by name, and lap it by nature. That's me.

I am an aristocratic cat, as you can see, if you have any eyes, by the length and thickness of my tail.

I was born and bred in the house of the Member for Catshire, and as long as I was a kitten I never had a thing to complain of. Every one who came to the house noticed me, every one complimented the member's sister upon the possession of so beautiful and so perfectly trained a pet as Lappit.

But I could not be always babyish enough to spin round and round in vain efforts to catch the tip of my tail. I grew up, I married, and then my sorrows began.

I was slighted, neglected, left to amuse myself, and fed with skimmed milk out of a common earthenware saucer, instead of cream out of a china one.

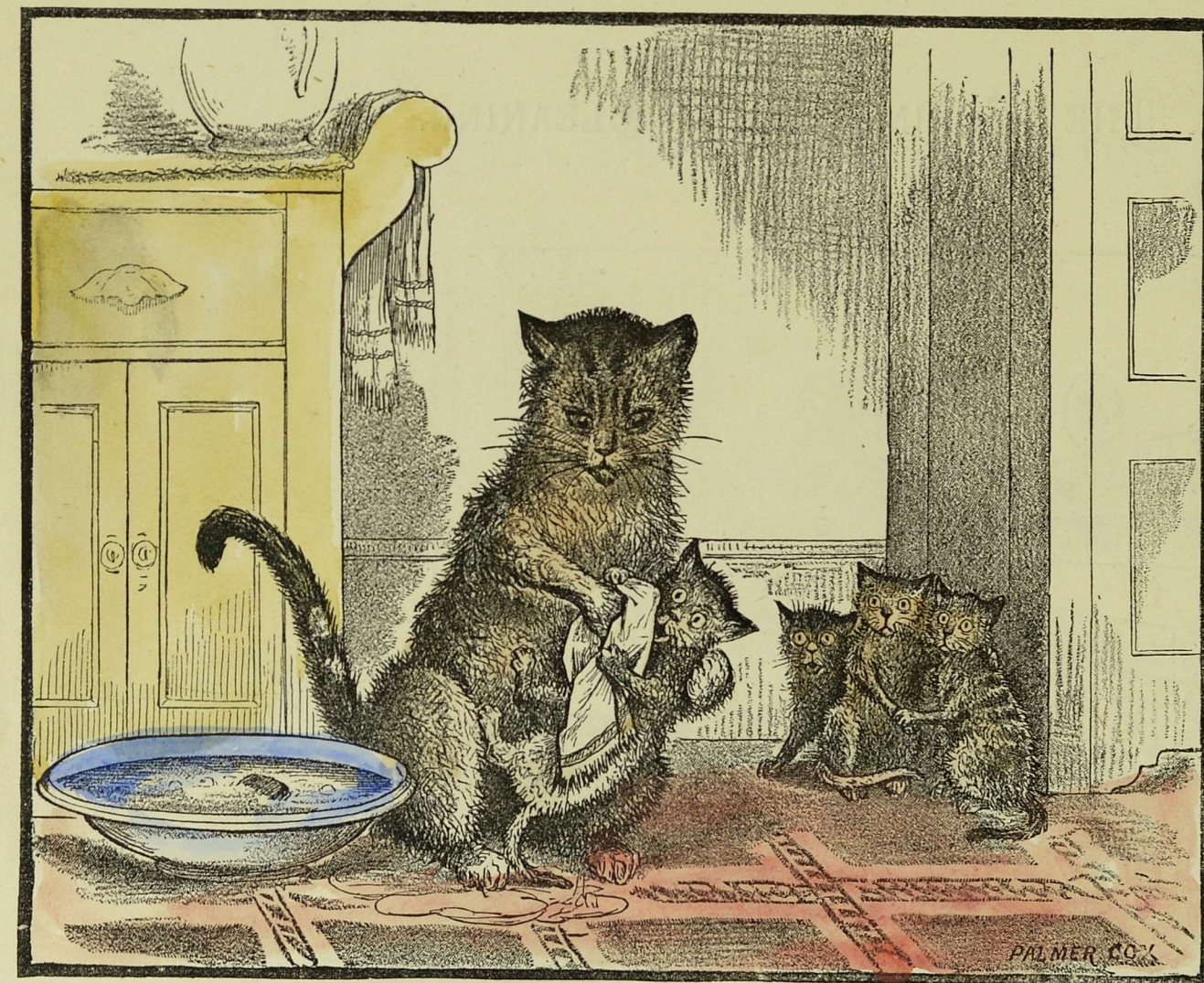
And the cause of all this was that my mistress had got a new pet. Some one had been stupid enough to give her a pug dog—an ugly little snub-nosed creature, who was not fit even to carry my tail

for me. If I did so much as look at him, setting my back up with the horrors he gave me, there was a screech at once, and a cry of "S'cat! S'cat!" just as though I wanted to eat him up.

I have often heard people say that a cat may look at a king, but it seemed that I might not so much as look at a pug dog.

When my great-great-grandfather was a-dying, he gave my great-grandmother a piece of advice, which was handed down through my mother to me. It was,

"Keep away from



LAPPIT AND HER KITTENS.

the dogs, my dear. No good can ever come to a cat of high birth by associating with them. They are savage and rude."

When the pug dog came to the member's house, I flew at him at once, and scratched his nose. It served him right. What business had he to come and take my place in my mistress' favour?

"Oh! Lappit, wicked, naughty Lappit!" cried the member's sister. "I cannot let you be down here until you have learnt better manners."

She sent me upstairs to a little room, where I was shut up.

By-and-by four little kittens came to me, and my mistress said: "Lappit will surely behave herself now that she has four little kittens to whom she must set a good example."

My mistress talked to me often about bringing up my children in the way they should go, about making them nice in their habits and dainty in their persons.

I did my best, and almost the first thing I taught them was what my mother had taught me, but I added a little to the family advice.

“Beware of dogs,” I said solemnly, “and especially of Pug.”

And would you believe it, the first time he saw them he had the audacity to turn up his tail at them, give a sniff with his nose, and run away as though they were not good enough for him to associate with.

In doing this, however, he left us in full possession of the woolly dining-room hearth-rug, so I did not very much mind.

I sat in the centre of it and purred, and my four lovely kittens gambolled round me.

My mistress came in and laughed long and merrily at their funny pranks.

There was a canary in a round wire cage in one of the windows singing lustily. I was so used to his singing that I winked my eyes and took no notice; but Tricksy now and then pricked up his ears and crept along the carpet, staring up at the creature wonderingly. I called him back furtively to his play with Snowball, Wicksy, and Furry.

Pug sat just outside the open door, not daring to come any nearer, now and then artfully wagging his tail to attract the attention of our mistress.

Our mistress was called away, so I took the opportunity to curl myself round on the mat and go to sleep.

I was awakened very suddenly by a great crash, and in rushed our mistress. In another instant she was crying aloud, in a voice full of sobs and tears—

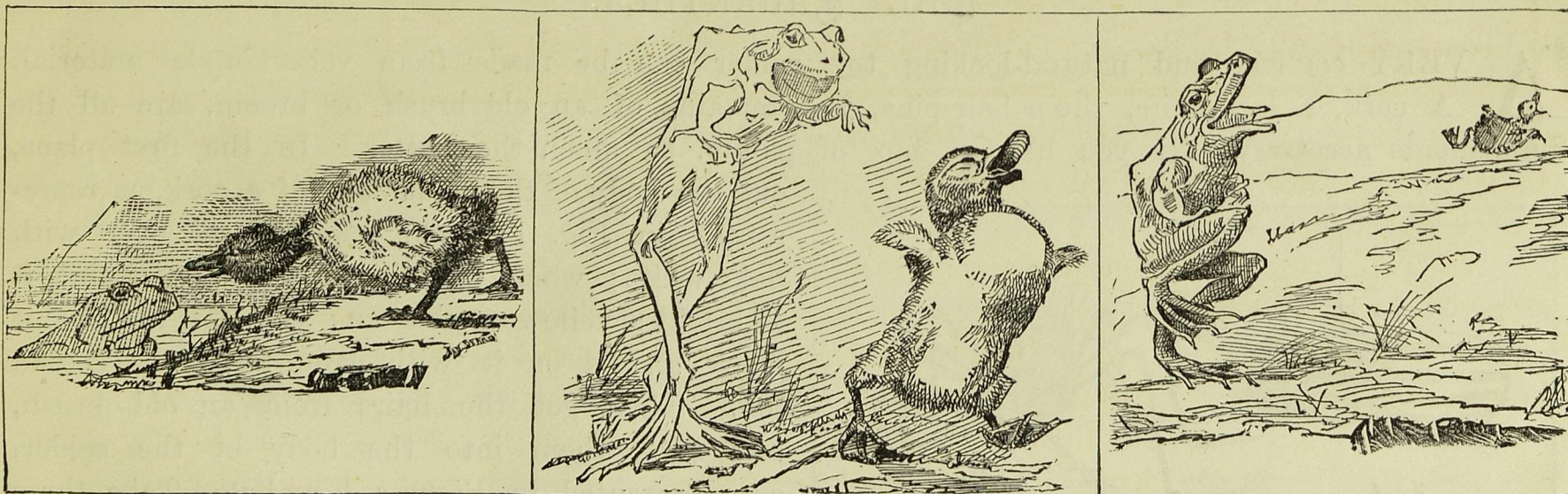
“Oh, you miserable cats! oh, you wretched, cruel creatures! My bird, my poor little Bobbie! She has killed him.”

Alas! we were ruined for ever by the voracity of Tricksy. While I was sleeping he had climbed up the curtain and jumped on to the cage with the canary in it. He and it had come down together, the door burst open, and Snowball had pounced on the bird.

“Here Mary, Mary, take these abominable cats away; never let me see any one of them again.”

As Mary came to do her mistress' bidding—can you believe it?—that impudent Pug rushed in with a bound and a yelp. I flew at him and gave him one parting scratch with my heavy paw that he will not forget in a hurry.

M. S.



QUACK!

QUACK! QUACK!

QUACK! QUACK! QUACK!

OPTICAL TESTS.

THE eye is an organ which is very easily deceived, and needs constant training to enable it to judge correctly of the relative proportions of objects of different forms. Most of our readers are probably familiar with the optical test of guessing the height of an ordinary chimney-pot hat by

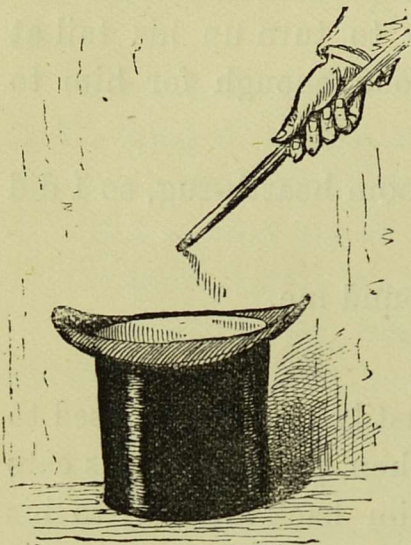


Fig. 1.

measuring off the supposed height on the wall of a room. Those who have not heard of it will find it interesting to try the experiment. Take a stick, or walking-cane, and measure off on the wall of a room a height to which you suppose a chimney-pot hat would reach if placed on the floor immediately underneath, as represented in Fig. 1. Nine times out of ten the point selected will be a great deal too high.

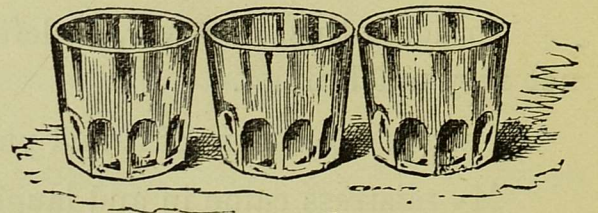


Fig. 2.

Another point in which the proportions of a hat are very deceptive is this:

The diameter, or distance across the crown, of a silk hat is greater than the height of the crown of the hat from the brim. Most people will be very positive that just the reverse is the case. We have all heard that

a horse's head is as long as a flour barrel, and felt very much inclined *not* to believe it, though such is the fact.

There is also an optical test which is little known, and far more surprising: Take three tumblers of the same size, and place them in a row on the table, as represented in Fig. 2; then withdraw the middle tumbler, and request any one present to place it at such a distance on the table from the other two tumblers—as represented in Fig. 3—that the measurements from C to D and from E to F shall be the same as from A to B. This test will prove very amusing at any small gathering. Each person in turn tries his hand; the distance he guesses is marked off on the table. Then the real distance is measured off, and the tumbler put in its right place, when it will probably be found that every one has fallen far short of the right measurement. In Fig. 3 we have only represented the relative positions of the tumblers; the correct distance is *not* given. Try it before you measure.

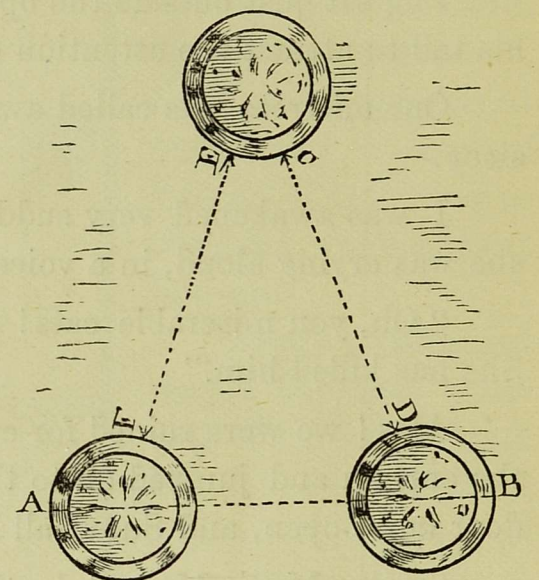
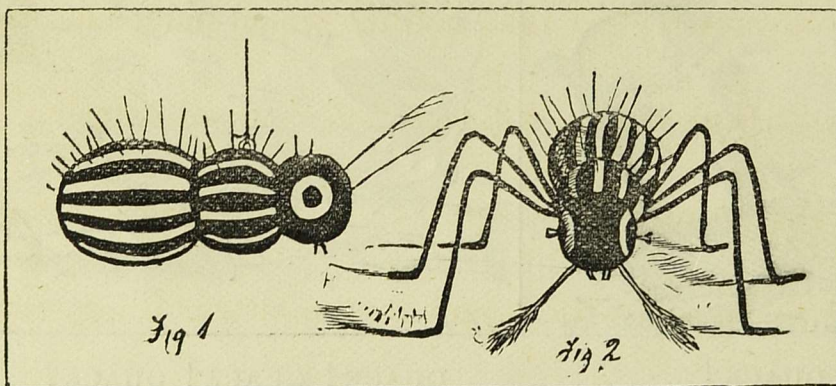


Fig. 3.

THE TARANTULA.

A VERY comical and natural-looking toy spider can be made from very simple material. A cork, a jack-knife, three hair-pins, the remains of an old brush or broom, are all the implements necessary. If you have a box of paints, so much the better. In the first place,



cut the body of the spider out of a cork, as represented in Fig. 1; then paint it all over with flake-white; when that is perfectly dry, paint it as bright a yellow as you can; and after that, paint black stripes on it with lamp-black or Indian ink. Then get the hairs from an old brush, and stick them into the body of the spider, as represented in Figures 1 and 2. Take three hair-pins, bend them into the proper form, run

them through the cork, and you have the legs. Now your spider is complete except in two points; you must run a pin in the back to which to tie a thread or string to hold it up by, and two large pins into the place where you have painted the eyes. The bright heads of the pins make the eyes look very natural.

THREE VERY NICE KITTENS.

THEY were, indeed, three very nice kittens. Please to understand they were not the three kittens mentioned in history, "who lost their mittens, and then began to cry." Cry, indeed! You never caught one of these three kittens crying; they were far too sensible for that.

They lived with their mother, and she lived with a nice old lady, whose delight it was to make their little lives as happy as possible. "Flossy," "Bell," and "Mopsy," she called them. Some people said she was silly about her cats; but then some people always will find fault. It was the old lady who



made the little dresses, and large bows for her pets, but it was the mother who taught the kittens how to dance, and to behave properly; quite model kittens they were.

They never quarrelled, or, if they did, they kept it so quiet, and made friends again so soon, that no one knew anything about it.

Some busy people used to vex the old lady very much by asking her if she did not intend to give the three kittens away, and only keep the old cat herself.

To impertinent questions like these the old lady always replied that nothing would induce her to separate the members of such a happy family.

"But when they grow older, and lose their funny little ways, you will not find them so amusing," these busybodies would say.

"When they grow older, they will still be what they always have been, a credit to their mother and to me," the old lady would reply.

And of course, after that, nothing more remained to be said with regard to the kittens being sent from home away into the "wide, wide world."

OUT FOR A WALK.



GIVING THE BABIES AN AIRING.

THE two little Miss Foxes had been ill. Whooping-cough and measles they had had, so their mamma said. Nothing of the kind, Mr. Fox said; they had simply eaten rather more cold chicken than was good for them.

“A little fresh air is all they want,” said Mr. Fox. “Come, my dear,” he added to his wife, “put on your bonnet, and let us take the little ones out in their carriage.”

Mrs. Fox was quite willing, and away they started.

“What a big place the world is, papa,” said the older of the two Miss Foxes.

“Yes, my dear,” was the reply; “it is indeed a large place, and yet those stupid people who call themselves men seem to think there is not room in it for them and for us—a great mistake, my dear; we wish the men no harm; we don’t want to hunt and drive them about from morning until night; far from it; all we ask for from them is just to help ourselves to a chicken

or two out of their poultry-yards occasionally; more harmless, inoffensive creatures than we are could not possibly be found. My dear,” he added, turning to his wife, “if you don’t mind we will stay out to tea and return home by moonlight past the farm where I found that fine chicken last week.”

But Mrs. Fox, who talked less but thought more than her husband, said she did mind very much, and that on no account would she allow her children to be out at night after being so ill, so Mr. Fox had to delay his visit to the farm-yard to another time.



A DAY ON THE LAKE.

SNAP THE WHIP.



OFF we go
 In a row,
 Gallant Tom's our leader ;
 Now hold fast ;
 Lily's last,
 Strength and courage speed her !
 Lightly skip,
 Do not trip ;
Snip, snap, goes the whip !

Jo and Ben,
 Little men,
 They can foot it faster ;
 Off they dash,
 Like a flash,
 Fearing no disaster ;
 Lightly skip,
 Do not trip ;
Snip, snap, goes the whip !

Try again !
 Now and then
 Some one gets a tumble ;
 Never mind,
 We shall find
 It's to make us humble ;
 Lightly skip,
 Do not trip ;
Snip, snap, goes the whip !

Lily's down !
 Do not frown,
 Let us all be jolly !
 Lend a hand,
 She can stand ;
 Next in turn comes Molly.
 Lightly skip,
 Do not trip ;
Snip, snap, goes the whip !



Two kinds of March hare (hair).

HOW TO MAKE A CHEAP SLED.
 Procure a long, narrow boy, lay him on his back, and fasten ropes to his legs, and your sled is ready for use.

HOW THE CAT CAUGHT THE CLAM.



PUSSY went down to the beach one day,
 There—right in her way—
 A very large clam a-sleeping lay!
 “Ha! ha!” said the cat;
 “He is juicy and fat,
 He’ll make a nice dinner—I’m sure of *that!*”
 So then Miss Pussy most carefully eyed
 The clam from each side
 (He lay on his back with his mouth open wide).
 Soon nearer she drew—
 She ventured some more—
 As bolder she grew
 She put out her paw;
 She gave Mr. Clam a violent poke,
 Just by way of a little joke,
 And then—as it happened—the bivalve awoke!
 Next Pussy began to turn him around,
 Around and around;



But Mr. Clam made never a sound,
 Just lay so quietly there on the ground—
 As if he was dead—that Pussy at last
 Thought it was time to break her fast.
 So, once more
 She used her paw,
 Poked it into the open shell—
 Drew it out again quickly—well—
 Not a move his clamship made;
 “Humph!” quoth Pussy; “who’s afraid?
 He’s asleep! I heard him snore.”
 Now Pussy grew courageous quite,
 Her eyes were shining with delight;
 “I want to taste him!” she cried, “and *must!*”
 Into the shell her paw was thrust;



That was too much—clam shut with a *snap!*
 Poor Pussy was caught in a terrible trap.
 What *could* she do but spit and yell
 With her paw pinched tight in that cruel shell?
 Away from the beach and up the street,
 She ran as well as she could on three feet;
 “Mi-ow! *mi-ow!* MI-OW!” she cried,
 She dashed the clam from side to side,
 In her terror and pain,
 But all in vain;
 That cruel clam hung on to her paw
 Until she reached her home once more,
 Then with many a shout, the boys came out;
 They broke the shell that held her fast,
 And Puss ate the clam she had caught, at last.

THE MANES LIFEBOAT.

BY FRANK BELLEW.

A VERY ingenious invention for the preservation of life at sea has recently been patented in Washington, and approved by the United States Government. It is called the Manes Lifeboat, and consists of a hollow ball of copper, with a hollow mast for ventilation, a trapdoor for ingress and egress, and other contrivances for the convenience of passengers. These hollow balls are to be carried

on board ocean vessels, and if a wreck occurs, passengers step inside, and are lowered into the sea, where they can float about, protected from the wind, rain, and waves till they are picked up by some passing vessel. I will not give you a long account of this queer boat, as you can probably form a pretty good idea of what it is by looking at the accompanying picture, which, as you will see, represents the inside, with its cargo of passengers.

My present object is to show you how to construct a similar toy boat out of an egg-shell. To do this you require the following materials: One egg as round as possible, half a teaspoonful of shot, a piece of bees'-wax about as big as a small hickory-nut, some black paint or varnish, some vinegar, a little stick of pine, a cork, and a sharp knife. Now, with regard to the knife, let me recommend you to buy one such as is represented in Fig. 1. It is one of a kind that shoemakers use.

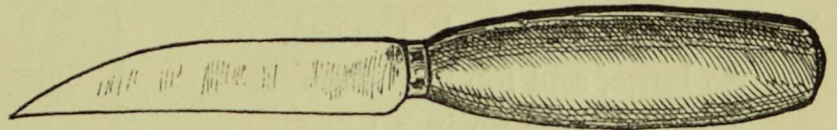
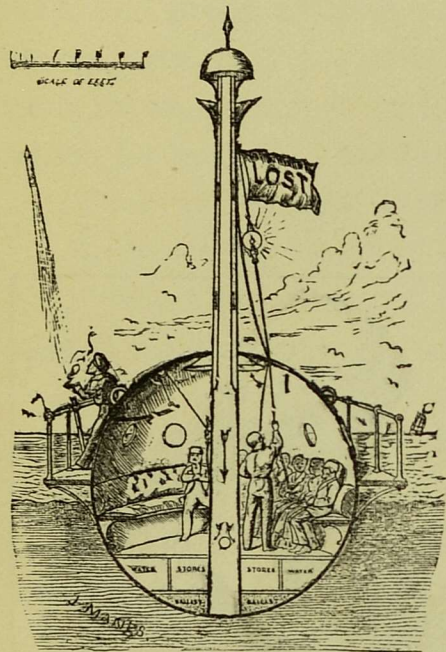


Fig. 1.



THE MANES LIFEBOAT.

It is a very useful knife for all kinds of fine work.

Take your egg and paint it all over with black paint, leaving only a square white space, and a little white spot on the top, as represented in Fig. 2. When your paint is perfectly dry, which will perhaps take two days, place the egg in a vessel containing vinegar in such a way that the two white spots will be covered with the vinegar (the whole of the egg need not be covered). Let it remain in soak for a day; then change the vinegar. In about three days the white part of the shell may be cut away with the sharp point of your knife; but remember that your knife must be very sharp. Now remove all the inside of the egg, and place the shell on one side until the interior is perfectly dry.

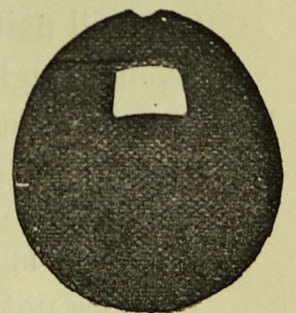


Fig. 2.

Having cut a slender stick of pine for the mast, put some little chips of bees'-wax into the egg-shell; then put in about as much shot as you think your boat will require for ballast—probably the third of a teaspoonful will be sufficient. This done, hold the shell in boiling water (end down) till the wax is melted; then put in your mast through the small hole in the top of the shell; remove the shell from the hot water, and hold it upright in cold water till the wax has perfectly hardened. By looking at Fig. 3 you will see clearly what I mean.

I must now stop one minute to tell you that there are two patterns of the Manes Lifeboat made—that of which I have given you a picture is one; another, which is thought to be an improvement, is made with a cork fender round it. This is the kind I propose you shall make.

Get a large, fine cork, and from it cut with your sharp knife two parings, and whittle them neatly into a shape like the pieces forming the band A A, Fig. 4. Now take some white of egg, and stick the pieces of cork round the egg-shell, as represented in the picture of

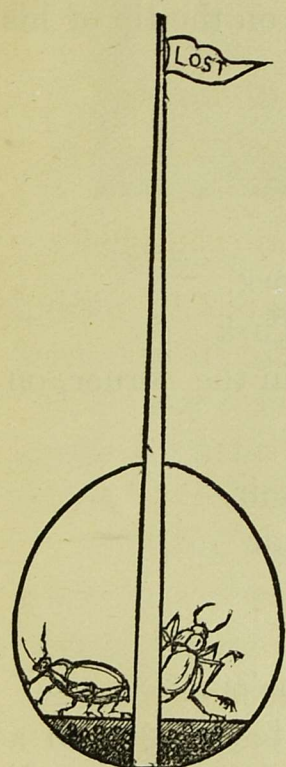


Fig. 3.

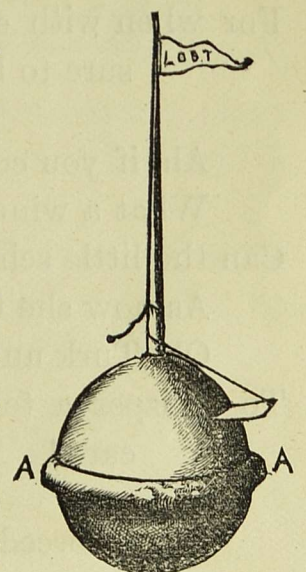


Fig. 4.

TOY LIFEBOAT.

the Toy Lifeboat. You can tie the pieces of cork on, to make them more secure, with thread wrapped round and round them.

You will now cut a piece of thick, tough brown paper to make the door of your Lifeboat, and fasten one side of it to the shell with white of egg; attach a thread to it to hold it in position when you wish to close it, as you will see represented in the picture of the Toy Lifeboat.

Now take your black paint and paint the whole thing over, hoist your flag, "Lost," and you will have as pretty a little toy as heart could desire.

GOLD LOCK'S KINDERGARTEN.

WHY, who are her pupils,
 pray,
 This storm-bound winter day?
 Well, there is old Turk, the cat,
 So large, and fond of sleep
 That he curls up in a heap
 Right in the middle of the nicest lesson
 —think of that!

Doll Rosy is next to him,
 So fair, and blonde, and slim,
 And with eyes so wide and blue!
 She will neither speak nor stir,
 Even though you scold at her,
 But will merely stay where you place her,
 prim and sweet, and smile at you.

And next is Tony! I think
 He does not even wink,
 So eager he is to mark
 Whatever Gold Locks may do;
 He's a deal of trouble, too,
 For when with a finger up she warns him, he is
 sure to bark.

Ah, if you could but see
 What a winning dignity
 Can the little school-ma'am wear,
 As now she turns and stirs
 Old Turk until he purrs,
 To whisper a tender word; or to Rosy gives a
 care!

She is forced to be discreet
 With Tony, though, or his feet,
 White curled to the very toes,



Are dancing about her dress,
 Coaxing for a caress
 On his brown and fringy ears or on the tip of his
 saucy nose.

I will make a prophecy
 Of each one! By-and-by—
 In an hour, perhaps, or more—
 When all are supposed at work,
 I shall find both Tony and Turk
 Asleep not far from each other in the corner, on
 the floor!

And with forehead on her chair,
 And the long braid of her hair
 Down drooping like a gleam
 Of sunlight, cheek in palm,
 Will the little tired school-ma'am,
 If teaching a Kindergarten, be teaching it in a
 dream.

DICK'S SNOW-BALL.

ONE day when there was a great deal of snow on the ground, Dick's mother gave him a nice breakfast, wrapped him up warmly, and said, "Now, Dick, be a good boy, go straight to school, and mind you don't stop on the way to make snow-balls."

"Just as if I should!" said saucy Dick, and off he ran.

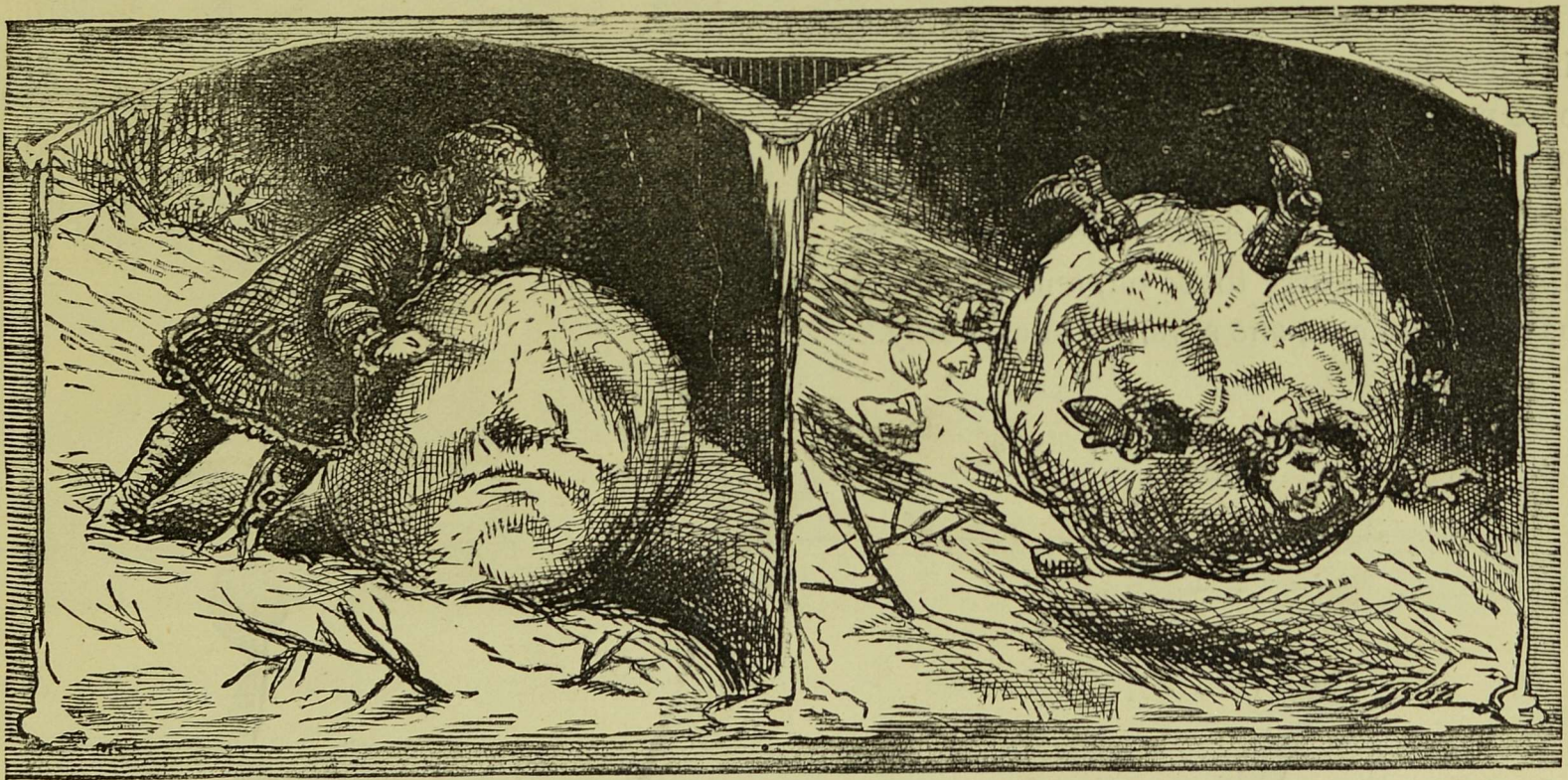
He had not gone far when he thought he must pick up a little snow to try what it felt like. It was cold, and made his finger ends tingle. It was not too cold, however, to be pleasant. As he walked along quite slowly—for he never hurried on his way to school—he picked up a little more, and then a little more, adding it to his ball. By the time he reached the school-house he had quite a big ball, which he carried in his two hands.

Dick was late as usual; the bell had stopped ringing; all the boys and girls had gone into school. Like all the naughty boys that I ever heard tell of, Dick hated his lessons.

"What fun it would be," said Dick to himself, "if I could only make a great big snow-ball and send it rolling down the hill just as all the girls and boys come out of school!"

So he set to work, for this naughty boy Dick did not mind working hard when some mischievous end was to be attained. He rolled his ball up the hill, higher and higher; and the higher it went the bigger it grew. By the time he and the ball had reached the hill-top it was almost as big as himself.

"Here goes!" cried Dick, and he set the big ball rolling.



He started to run after it with a loud yell and a whoop! But he caught his foot upon a stone hidden by the snow, and pitched forwards with all his weight into the midst of the snow-ball, which continued to roll, carrying him with it.

It was a funny sight this great ball tumbling over and over down the hill, with legs and arms sticking out of it here and there. As it rolled it gathered more snow, until Dick was quite shut up inside it. Then he heard a singing in his ears, and a voice that seemed to say—

"Little boy, you will not learn, so with me must roll and turn, till we come to yonder brook; worse it will be than your book. Lessons you don't think are nice, buried you shall be in ice; and though you for freedom sigh, frozen you shall ever lie. Beasts and birds will all be glad to be quit of such a lad; you will never live again with your mother, free from pain."

The voice stopped, and Dick opened his eyes, expecting to see the dreadful snow and thick ice walls around him.

Instead of that, he was lying on his own little bed at home, and his mother was bending anxiously over him.

When he tumbled into the snowball he had knocked his head on a stone which he had put in the middle of it. The snow-ball had come in violent contact with the gate of the school-house at the bottom of the hill. They found Dick lying there quite insensible. He was carried home to his mother as soon as possible by the schoolmaster.

Dick was ill for some time, and his mother nursed him very tenderly.

When Dick got better and was able to go out again, he was hardly like the same boy. That tumble down the hill seemed to have shaken all the wickedness out of him.

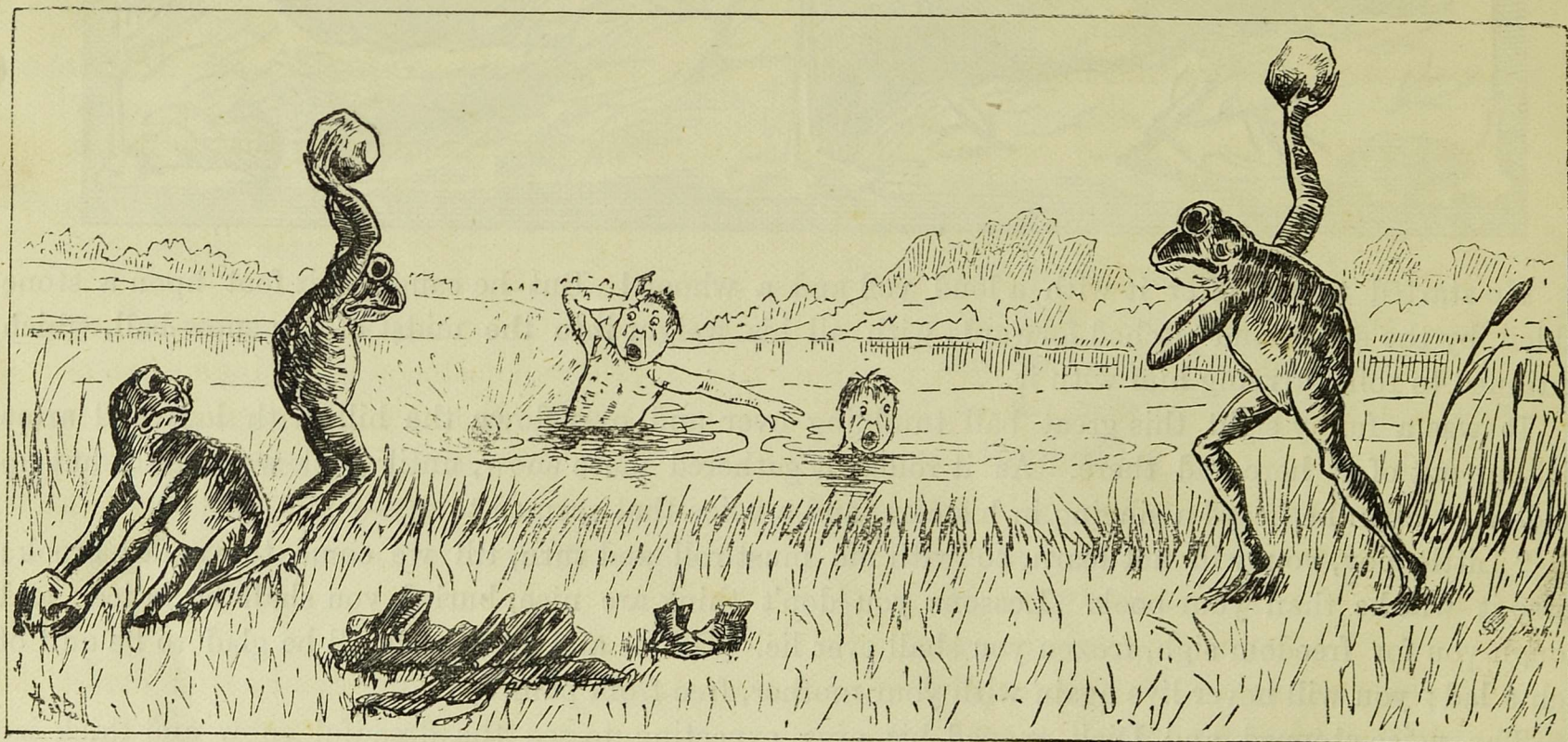
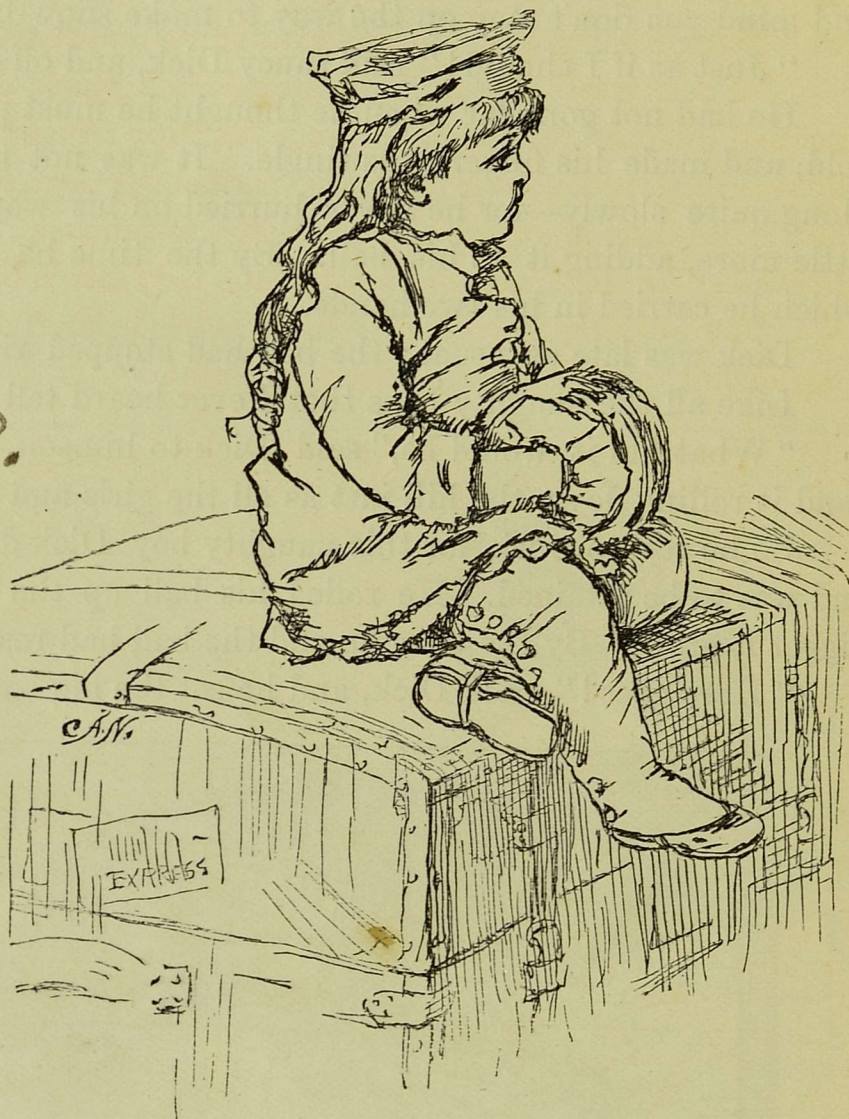
M. S.

I'M ALL READY.

LITTLE Mabel is going on a visit to her aunt, and her mamma, who has just finished dressing her, has seated her on the trunk, in which are some presents for her cousins.

We hope she will enjoy herself, and that the dolls and workboxes so nicely packed will please.

Mabel is in a hurry to be off, and to her papa, who has just come in, she says, "I'm all ready."



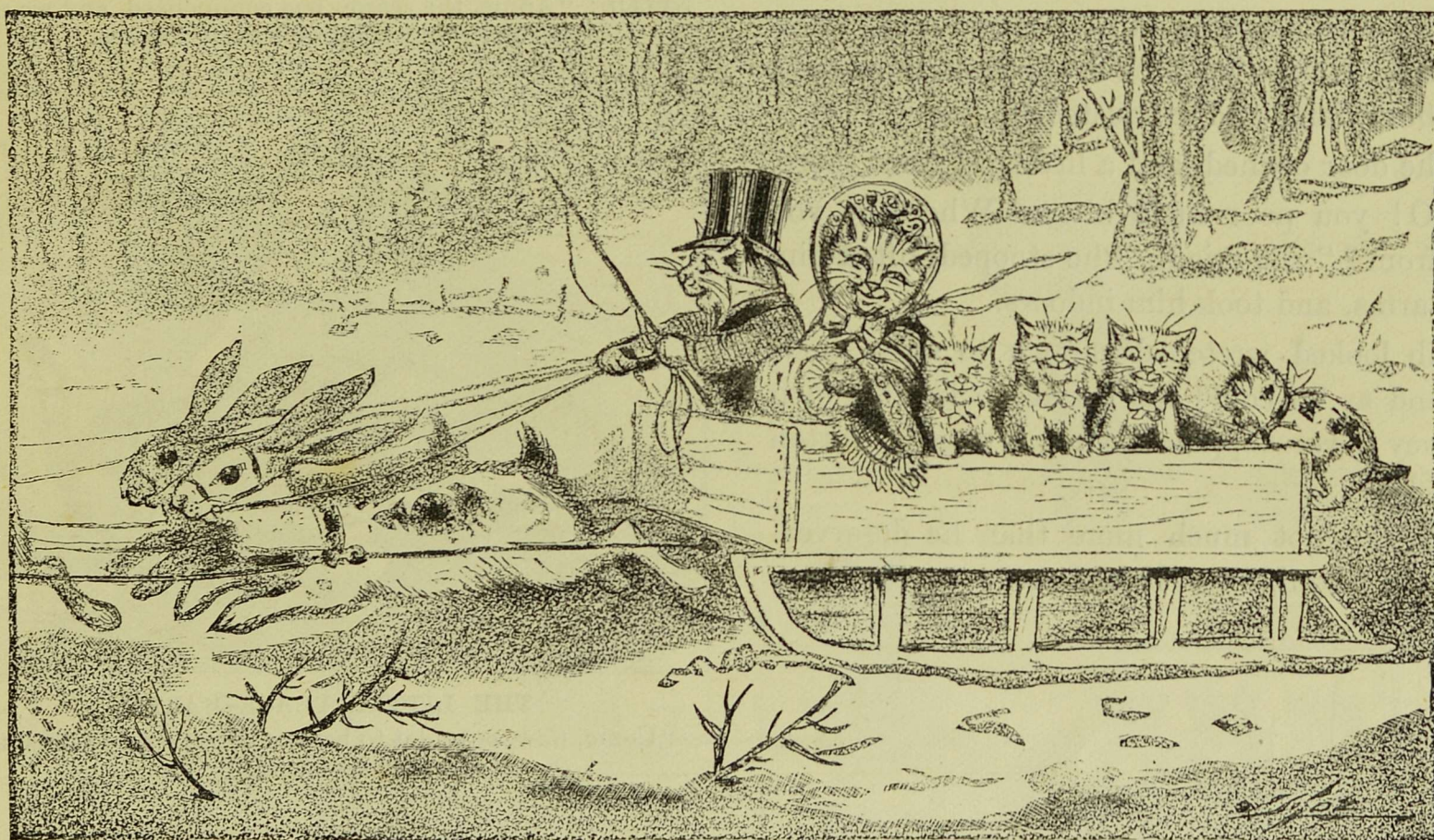
RETRIBUTION—A WARNING TO STONE-THROWING BOYS.

DOWN IN CATSHIRE.

IN Catshire, at the Hall, I believe, there once lived a certain Mr. and Mrs. Pussykins, with their amiable and pleasant little family of four kittens—Mouser, Miauler, Velvet-paws, and Tib. They were as well brought up as any kittens in Catshire, and that is saying a great deal, because Catshire is a big county.

Mouser was being brought up to catch mice; Miauler was having a musical education, and was expected, by-and-by, to make quite a startling appearance at the concerts held nightly upon the roofs of the houses in Catbury; Velvet-paws was being prepared to take a situation as companion to some old maiden lady. As soon as ever her education was finished, Mr. Pussykins would have an advertisement put in the *Catshire Chronicle*, saying that a young lady kitten of good family desired to meet with such an engagement.

But nothing as yet had been settled for Tib. Tib had a roving disposition, which made him somewhat of a trouble to both parents.



It was winter. The ground was covered with snow, which had lain so long that it had become trampled down quite hard.

“My dear,” said Mrs. Pussykins to her husband, “I am dying for a breath of fresh air.”

“O, don’t do that!” cried Mr. Pussykins, politely; “let us go out for a sleigh-ride.”

While Mr. Pussykins went to get four of the fleetest hares they had in the stables harnessed to the sleigh, Mrs. Pussykins reached out the best ribbon ties, and fastened them round the necks of Mouser, and Miauler, and Velvet-paws, and Tib, telling them at the same time where they were going, and how careful and good they must all of them be.

Tib was almost wild for joy. It was his ambition to see the world, and now he thought he was surely going to see it.

For the first mile everybody was delighted; then Tib grew discontented. This was not one bit what he expected the world would be—just snow and tree trunks, nothing more.

Mouser stuck close to his mother, and went to sleep for very enjoyment; Miauler and Velvet-paws opened their round eyes wide with delight.

Silly little Tib thought he could find better things in the world than a sleigh-ride, so he watched his

opportunity, and when the attention of all was engaged, slipped over the back of the sleigh, and came down on his four little soft paws on the snowy road. In a twinkling the sleigh with its occupants had passed out of sight. Tib was alone. He looked round. In which direction should he go to seek his fortune?

Just then a crowd of rough boys came racing and hallooing down the road. They gave a loud screech, left their snow-balls to roll themselves, and gave chase to poor little foolish Tib. What a race it was! Tib ran, with his little heart beating against his furry sides, until the yells grew fainter and fainter behind him. Even when they had died away he ran on, afraid of he knew not what. He ran until he dropped on a doorstep in Catbury, faint and exhausted.

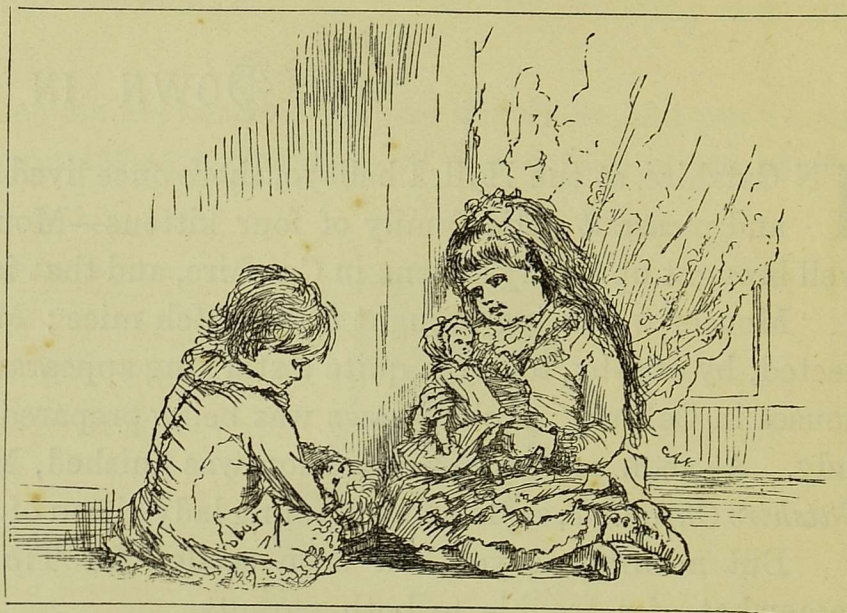
The door opened, and a little girl stood there.

"O! you poor little kitty. Where do you come from?" she cried. She stooped, lifted him in her arms, and took him indoors.

Tib looked wretched enough to move their pity, and as he could not speak to tell his own tale, they never supposed what a naughty kitten he had been.

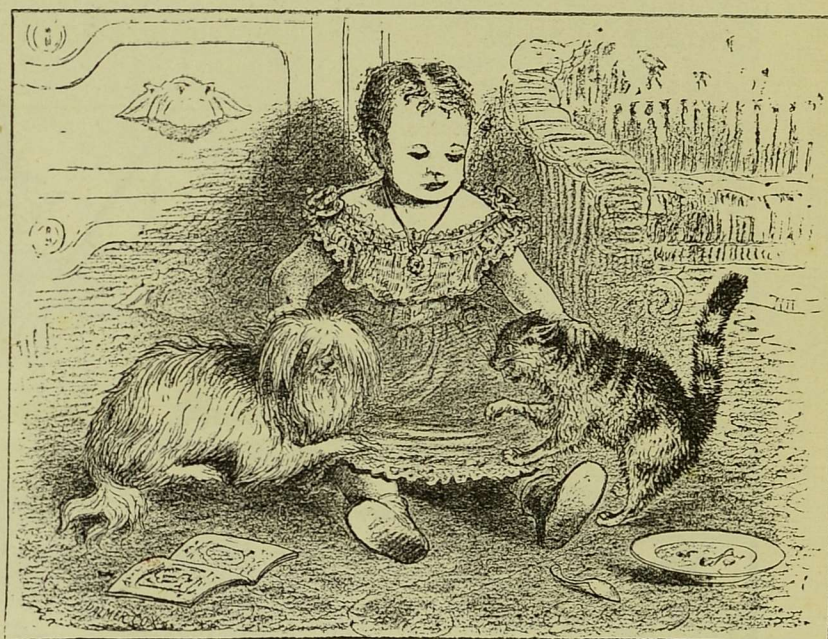
So Tib got much more than he deserved. But so do we all, for that matter.

M. S.



THE TWO MOTHERS.

NELLIE: "Annie, the season has commenced, and we must get ready our children's party dresses."



THE LITTLE PEACE-MAKER.

"Come, now, oove dot to behave oorselves; oo mus' tiss and be friends."

LITTLE MISS TURNER.

BY W. T. PETERS.

"OH, where have you been to,
My little Miss Turner—
Oh, where have you been to to-day?
I've brought you my waggon
To take you a-riding;
So why have I found you away?"

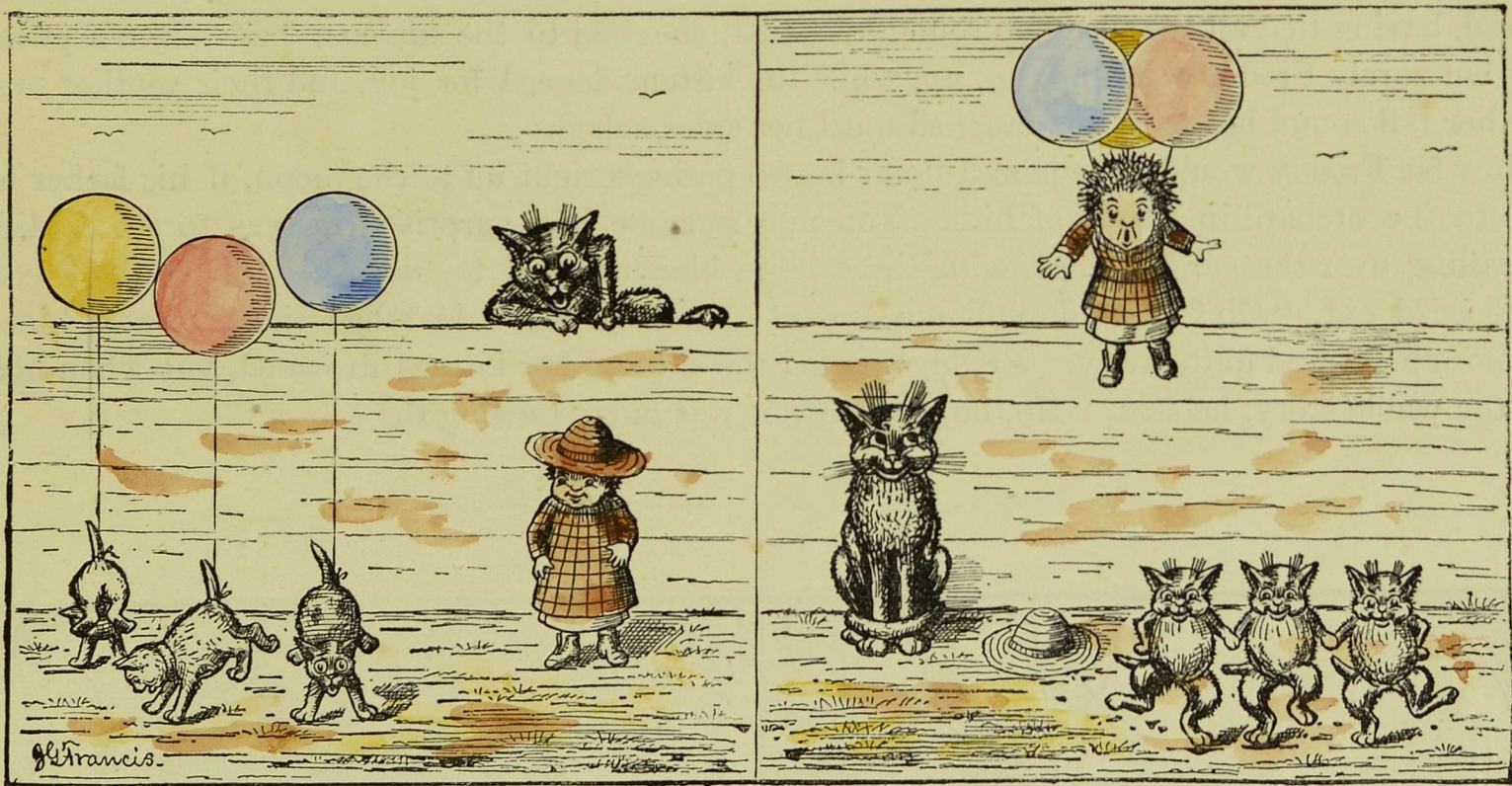
"Oh, I've been to the meadows,"
Said little Miss Turner,
"With sweet robin-redbreast at play;
And the daisies and daffodils
Made me a bow,
And said, 'How do you do to-day?'"

THE TABLES TURNED.

LITTLE Freddy had a beautiful large cat. He called it his, because it was born on the same day as himself. This cat had three pretty kittens—Jet, Snowball, and Magpie—and Freddy used to amuse himself by playing all sorts of tricks with them. One day his mamma brought him three large bladders, or little balloons, with strings tied to them, and as he ran about with one, and felt it pulling at the string, as if trying to rise in the air, a naughty thought came into his mind.

“Perhaps,” said he to himself, “if I tied them to the kittens’ tails they would fly up in the air like kites.”

So he ran into the house, found the kittens, and tied the bladders tightly on their little tails. Then he tried to drive them into the garden; but the kittens were frightened, and tore about the room, and finally got under the sofa; but Freddy poked them out with his new sword. Then they scampered upstairs, mewling very loudly for their mother; but she was very busy, hunting a mouse in the barn, so of course could not hear. At last Freddy got them into the garden, and as there was a strong wind



just then, away went the bladders up in the air, actually lifting the kittens’ hind feet off the ground. Freddy laughed, and the kittens cried, and the noise brought the cat out of the barn. She climbed over the fence, and when she saw her poor children with their tails and hind legs up in the air, she gave such an angry *mieau-u-u-u*, that Freddy quite jumped. The kittens’ sorrow was changed to joy, and they cried out to their mother—for cats can talk, though we do not understand what they say—“Oh! mother, come and take these horrid things off our tails! We can’t run about at all.”

“I will soon have them off,” said their mother. “Stand still, and don’t be frightened.”

She then took hold of the first little kitten, which happened to be Magpie, and tried to untie the string, but found that the knot was tied too tightly, so she had to bite through it with her sharp teeth. Now, while she did this, Freddy had picked up the other two kittens, and carried them into the orchard, for he felt sure they would fly up into the air if he waited a few minutes. So, when the cat had bitten the string through, she found the other two kittens gone.

“Where are Jet and Snowball?” she said.

"I don't know," said poor Magpie, wiping her eyes with her paws, for her mother had pulled a good many hairs out of her tail while she was freeing her from the bladder.

"I must go and look for them," said Pussy. "You stay here till I come back, and take care of this great round thing," for she did not know its proper name.

"Yes, mother," said poor little Magpie, for though she felt frightened at being left alone with the bladder, she did not like to say so. Off went the cat, and soon heard Jet and Snowball mewing in the orchard. She scrambled over the fence, and saw Freddy lifting the kittens in the air, trying to make them go up. She flew at him, and scratched his hands, and made him let go. He ran away crying, for though he liked to hurt the kittens, he did not like to be hurt himself.

"Now, Snowball," said Pussy, "you bite Jet's string in two, while I bite yours."

"But I can't reach," said Snowball.

"I will put my paw on the string, and hold it down for you," said her mother.

So Pussy put one paw on Snowball's string, and the other on Jet's, and they were soon both free.

"Now," said the cat, taking both strings in her mouth, "we must go back to your brother." So they went back, and found Freddy trying to tie the bladder on again. This made the cat so angry, that she determined to punish him. She jumped on his with such force, that she tipped him over.

"Now, children, quick," said she. "Bring me those things; we'll see how *he* likes to be a kite."

"Ooo-oo-oo," said Freddy, "don't; I'll never do so any more." But the cat took no notice of him, and, having tied all the bladders round his waist, she said to the kittens, "Give him a push," and slowly but surely Freddy went up, up, up, while the kittens danced for joy, and their mother sat down, curled her tail round her legs, and laughed until her sides ached.

How far Freddy would have gone I don't know, perhaps right up to the moon, if his father had not gone into the orchard in search of him. You may imagine how surprised he was to see his little boy come sailing over the garden fence, with three large bladders tied to his waist. Directly Freddy saw him, he cried out, "Oh! papa, do pull me down!" and his father just had time to catch him by the heel before he soared quite away. Freddy wanted the cat and her kittens drowned, but when his father heard the whole story, he said, "No, no, Freddy; it was only 'turning the tables.'"

