

These Were Brave Collies.

Protected Tiny Tot From Rush of Herd of Cattle.

Almost all dogs are nice, and every lit. tle boy and nearly every little girl loves difference whether they are the great big, big dogs, the tiny, little ones, the finely bred nets or just common dogs-

not only affectionate, but intelligent and anxious to be useful and helpful! The Scotch collie or shepherd is such a dog. and every girl and boy know it is he who is used by the shepherd in taking care of his tlock.

wast herds of cattle are kept. I do not mean on the range, where the cattle roam at large without the restraint of fences; for there the cowboy, the mustang and the lariet rule supreme-but on the fenced ranches, where the cattle must be driven through gates and kept in corals, the collies are very useful. And, too, they are very valuable help in the loading and unloading of stock on railroad cars and wharts. It is of two who aided in such work that this story is told:

A Dog Story. In the little town of Gardiner, Or., which is situated on the banks of the beautiful Umpqua River-almost on the Pacific Ocean-there lives a little girl who is i years old, and whose parents have their home right on the bank of the river, close to where the steamboats land,

She has yellow, curly hair and blue eyes, and, like most little folk, she takes a great interest in all that goes on around her. Consequently seldom a hoat puts in at the landing at Gardiner, when, before it is well fast, a little golden head appears on the bank above, to watch the proceeding, its owner having learned that when the whistle blows a boat is coming, and great being her delight in watch-ing the big waves it makes and the deck-hands hurrying about with the trucks.

She is a very merry and friendly little person, and the deckhands all think a great deal of her and never leave without having a word with her. When they have time they take her down to the boat and show her the big engines and the bright fire in the furnace. They are so very careful of her that her mother has no uneasiness, when she knows her little girl is

came in laden with wild cattle, just off the range. Never having previously known restraint, and not liking the motion of the vessel, they were ugly and restless, and the men, anxious to get them on land again, made preparations to do so as quickly as possible. Just as the ropes of the boat were being made fast on the shore and the men were running out the gangplank for the cattle to pass over, one of them, giancing up the bank, caught eight of the familiar little figure oking down, laughing and clapping its

A Thoughtful Act. She was right where the cattle would

pass, and knowing what a heedless rush there would be when the animals were let loose, the man hurried up the bank, and taking the little girl by the hand, led her to her home and placed her inside the door, saying as he did so:

"Now, little one, you just stay right here. It is not safe for little folks to be on the bank at this time." Then he closed the door and hurried back to his

Now, whether it was that the child did not understand, whether she just thought it was a joke, or whether she was too see what was going on, is not known; but certain it is, that just as the gates were drawn back the man who had led the little girl away, happening again to glance up the bank, was harrified to see the bright little head, with laughing face, reappear in the same place.

The cattle were already plunging frantically up the bank right toward her, and he knew it was useless for him to try to run faster than they, Still, something must be done, for there was that little friend, smiling down at him confidently, without any thought of danger,

Quick as thought, he whistled to the coles that berded the cattle, and pointed to her, himself weak and trembling with apprehension. Quick as thought, the dogs understood, and just as quickly they bounded up the bank and placed them-selves before the child, facing the herd that was now very near, and barking as they had never barked before,

When a great steer came too close, bel-owing and shaking his horns, threaten-ngly they only barked the harder and umped toward him, showing their teeth and enapping at his nose, but still keeping very close to their little charge. The cattle did not like this treatment, and one after another they turned away, till the man, who had been hurrying up the bank, reached the child and carried her

Bather Liked It.

She was still laughing and enjoying the performance, apparently thinking it had all been gotten up for her benefit. In fact, she was rather loth to be taken away from the moice. He kept her in his arms this time till all danger was over. Meanwhile the dogs, seemingly not thinking they had done anything ex-

traordinary, and observing that the cat-tle had become scattered, set vigorously to work to get them back into the road. When they had accomplished this, they came bounding to their master for their name petting. You may rest assured that they got planty of by not only from their master, but from every man on the boat. EDITH L. NILES.

HOW MR. ROOSTER BECAME KING, Account of His Adventurous Trip Around the World.

One day the Honorable Mr. Rooster took It into his head to travel. Why he did so is peither my business nor yours, so we will let that question take care of itself. At the next meeting of the Poultryltiee, of which Mr. Rooster was president, he made known his resolution,

AGE FOR ROYS AND GI

and his announcement was greeted with. in the Philadelphia Inquirer. One is to cheers from all over the house.

The chairman, the venerable Judge Turthat they have lost all their netural fear. key, moved that the president, who had resigned his office, should be made am-bassador to represent Poultryville in the various cities he would come across in his travels. The former president was elected to his office by unantmous vote, and the next morning started off, after an affectionate and pathetic farewell from

Under a hole in the fence, down the wonderful, strange road, walked Ambassador Rooster in dignified slience, when sud-denly a most wonderful thing happened. Our astute friend went awkwardly scut-tling down the road, as a most hideous

tiling down the road, as a most hideous noise arose near by.

Remembering his important position in his community, Mr. Rooster stopped and looked back to see what had caused his very undignified race. What should he see but a whole colony of donkeys guffawing loudly at his ruffled appearance, and he suddenly realized that he had appeared very foolish over a donkey's bray. "This will never do," he argued, angrily, "running away from the first foreign domain I have entered."

Thus was he musing when—plump went

Thus was he musing when-plump wen them and takes delight in petting and a disgusted fowl into a swift stream. Disying with them. It does not make Our friend, Rooster, had plunged over the much difference whether they are the steep bank and was being carried onward. by the little stream. Imagine his terror at finding himself in this roaring ocean, as it seemed to his terrified eyes. Calithe finely bred pets or just common dogs—
there is always something about them that
makes children love them, and they, in
turn, are fond of children and like to be
with and play with them.
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but no his native city, when the doughty little Tommy Duck had plunged in and gal-

lantly rescued him.
On being asked to relate his adventure he did so, ending by declaring that he had gone around the world, as his proof his flock.

They may not know, however, to what extent these dogs are useful in the West, not only on sheep ranches, where sheep are raised by thousands, but also where wast herds of cattle are kept. I do not with his sorrowns there except the seen with his sorrowns. with his gorgeous crown, more popularly known as his comb, the monarch of the

farmyard. But let me tell you an astounding secret, which you must not divulge, at the risk of your life. Instead of going around the world, as all Poultryville had sup the world, as all Politryvine and sup-posed, he had just made the circuit of the Farm, the country in which Politryville is situated.—Augustus Henry, aged 13 years, in the New York Herald.

HYENA DOGS OF AFRICA.

Not a Nice Sort of Animal to Have Chase You in the Dark. Hyena dogs resemble hyenas, but, unlike

hose indolent animals, are extremely alert and active. Their ears are large and black, their bodies are black, white and yellow, and they are about the size of a pointer. Originally they were dis-tributed over the greater part of Africa, but during recent years they have become extinct in some districts. They are, how-



The Bird-Gee, you oughter known bette than to swallow a porcupine.

ever, still numerous in the Transvaad the Congo and German East Africa, Ther they live like all other wild dogs, namely by hunting in packs during the day. When they find the track of an antelope, a gnu or a zebra, some members of the pack follow it, while the others lie in wait for the animal at a spet which they know it will try to pass.

As they are very swift and possessed of great endurance, any animal which they pursus is doomed. True, some of the Afri. can antelopes have in their sharp horna admirable weapons of defense, yet these, in the end, avail them little, for, though they may gore to death soveral of the dogs, the others are not in the least frightened thereby, but cling to the prey until they have dragged it to earth. In-deed, native hunters say that not only an-telopes, but also leopards and flons, are hunted and killed by hyens dogs, and this is very probable since Mongolian hunters in the southeast of Siberia say that the terrible Amur tigers and the gigantic bears of that region are frequently killed by packs of wild dogs which closely re-semble hyena dogs.

In former years the Boers were much annoyed by these dogs, for they killed thousands of their sheep and oxen. One would think that the negroes would be afraid of such flerce animals, but they are not, for they claim that the dogs

will never attack a man unless they are very hungry. There are from six to 10 of the dogs in every litter. The young ones, which are kept in captivity, speedly become at-tached to their owners, but, nevertheless, are so fierce that they cannot be allowed at large. Attempts have been made to cross byena dogs with ordinary domestic dogs, but they have not succeeded, which is to be regretted, as the wild dogs are fearless and swift, are possessed of much endurance, have the sense of smell admirably developed, and hence are, in these respects, ideal hunting dogs. Their bark is curious, being sometimes harsh and loud, sometimes like a cuckoo's call, and sometimes like the sound made by men who talk while their teeth are chattering

HOW TO TAME A RAT.

Easy Enough If You Have Patlence and Know How.

White rats are very easily tamed-in fact, they shom to be born tame-but the common, every-day, brownish-gray rat is very different. It is very hard to tame them unless they are captured when very young, but it can be done. There are two ways, explains a writer

one thing he is particularly afraid of is an animal respected by notone—an animal that slinks along in a cowardly manner and about which no writer has as yet found anything to admire.

And yet of the coyote—the poor, un-

solutely untamable,

imals, as they fished. oved, cowardly coyote-the greyhound is afraid. He will run down a rabbit, selse him by the throat and with a jerk break were very eager, and, quickly wading into the shallow water, began to fish. I was surprised to see that they did most of his neck, and then carry him to his master. But let a coyote come in sight, and the greyhound loses his courage. As long as the coyote keeps running, the hound will run after him, but as soon as the coyote stops short and faces about, the greyhound turns and runs away as fast

once. Afterward it will run around the room trying to escape. Let it alone, it will soon return to its cage, and give it a morsel to eat every time. Repeat this with one person sitting in the room perfectly quiet. Then with two persons. The rat will soon learn that no one will harm it, and that you are a never-failing source of food. After you have repeated this several times with different members of the household, you can safely let the rat go. It will at once run away, but will be sure to come back as soon as it is hungry, if you do not have a cat

is hungry, if you do not have a cat about the house. If you have, you will

only waste your time trying to tame the rat, for its natural enemy will keep it in such constant terror that it will be ab-

Greyhounds Afraid of Coyotes.

A greyhound is not always brave, and

Buffalo Bill once allowed himself to be out to shame by falling to shoot a couple of deer at an easy distance, says Mrs. Wetmore in her "Life of Colonol Cody." "Every one has his little weakness," he explained. "Mine is a deer's eye. I don't want you to say anything about it to your friends, for they would laugh more than never yet both paws. If the crawfish was very large may be reared in greater security. Among been able to shoot a deer if it looked me

an Indian it is different, But the deer has the eye of a trusting child-soft, gen-tle and confiding. No one but a bruta

could shoot a deer if he caught that look."

My first is in long, but not in short.

My second is in learn, but not in taught,
My third is in gone, but not in come,
My fourth is in whiskey, but not in rum,
My firth is in torn, but not in mend,
My sixth is in ask, but not in lend.
My seventh is in held, but not in send,
And my whole is near of the served.

And my whole is part of the army,

Raccoons Go A-Fishing.

that they have lost all their natural fear

and savageness. The second way, and

best, because more humane, is to feed the rat a small amount several times

daily, and every day, exactly at the same

meantime, so as to accustom it to the sound of your voice. The rat should be kept in an open wire

the rat should be kept in an open wire cage, and its owner should allow no one but himself to feed it. Call the rat by the name you have given it whenever you feed it, and you can soon tell when it is tame enough to let out of the cage by the way it answers to its name at meal-

Before you let it out of the cage close

Also Some Things About Birds. Nature Studies by James Speed.

Every one who has been an observer of the things Nature has to offer, knows that the common raccoon is very partial to crawfish as an article of diet. We do not often see the animals catch and eat the crawfish, but all up and down the muddy banks of streams the "coons" leave telltale tracks.

every door and window and large crack in the room. No one should be in the room but yourself. This should be done at ex-To the keen observer, these tracks in the soft mud show the flat impression of the actly the same time the rat is accustomed to being fed. Open the door of the cage, retreat a few steps, call the rat by name long paws, and he at once knows that the animal has been moving slowly. When a and show it its dinner. If it is not tame enough for your experiment, it will not come out of its cage at all. If you have "coon" is in a hurry, he racks along on his toes and leaves a different print from been training it for a long time, it will come to you and eat out of your hand at

BACCOON EATING HIS DINNER.

have been moved, as the animal hunted

about in the shallow water for crawfish,

Most of my knowledge of "coons" had been gained from certain old, gray-head-

ed darkies with whom I had followed the

dogs on chilly Fall and Winter nights. This knowledge was largely hunting lore,

as to when and where we were most likely to strike trall in different kinds of weath-

er. I learned from them what the differ-

ent siyles of baying of the dogs meant. Therefore, really most of what I knew of

A Crawfish Hunt.

main street of a small village, I saw a

half-grown coons climbing on his shoul-ders. I stopped to talk with the lad and

learn something of his pets, and discov-

to hunt for crawfish in a near-by stream

take some characteristic poses of the an

When we reached the stream, the co

their fishing by the sense of touch. Quite often they did not even look into the

water, as their deft fore paws were pushed under the loose stones lying on the bot-

tom. They had learned from experience

that if just one paw was thrust under, the crawfish would dart out on the oppo-

site side, so they invariably put a paw on

It was wonderful to see how rapidly and

surely they caught all sizes of crawfish, from the big ones, armed with dangerous

ptnohers, to little, half-grown fellows less than an inch long. The moment a fish

RACCOON CATCHING CRAWFISH IN SHALLOW WATER.

of the migratory birds. The accounts of-

journey would more than consume the whole weight of the bird.

got my camera and went with him to

ered that he was on his way to allow the

by standing on the sidewalk with two

'coons" was through the chase and had

thing to do with the animals' every-

Not long ago as I passed through the

Afterward it will run around the stones lying near the edge of the stream

night life.

culation to a bird traveling with great velocity through the upper air.

While Professor Langley, of the Smith-

sonian Institution, was experimenting be-fore he began to construct his celebrated flying machine, he discovered some val-uable things in regard to flight. These discoveries have thrown a strong light on the great powers of rapid, long-con-

tinued flights of birds.

Professor Langley learned that by moving a body rapidly through the air, it floated, and thus no energy was required to keep it from fulling. He ascertained this by revolving a large plate of metal attached to the end of a long wooden beam. When the beam was revolved slowly, the scales to which the plate was hung registered part of the wight of the plate. registered part of the weight of the plate. The faster the beam revolved, carrying the plate through the air, the less weight was registered, showing that the plate his toes and leaves a different print from that when he is taking his time and walk-ling flat-footed. Then, too, the small time to move from beneath.

This explains why birds fly so rapidly.

It is so that very little energy may be expended in keeping themselves affoat.

Most birds lift themselves from the

seems wonderful enough, but it becomes in a measure intelligible.

Migration of Birds.

Migration-that wonderful inherited in-

stinct of certain birds-has long been a

puzzle to ornithologists. Many of our

birds remain with us during the whole

season, but a large majority go South each

The matter of going South might easily

be explained by the knowledge that their

food supply is cut short by the cold of

Winter, as most of them are insectivorous

birds. But why should they come back

over miles of land and water to rear

their broods the next season? If the

warmer clime can support them during the

Winter months, it could certainly take

care of them in Summer. We know that

these birds not only come back North

again, but that they come to the same lo-calities to nest and rear their young.

This matter of migration seems to be

totally instinct, as most birds migrate at night and often at quite a height above

the tlny voyagers of the air flying swiftly

northward through the dark, guided by

that power called insfinct! As the flock gets further and further North, here and

there a pair drops out to return to old

In many localities the migration of

birds is not North and South, as we usu-ally think of it, but is to some remote

baunts.

the earth. How wonderful it does seem

very fast running on a railroad a great deal of coal is necessary to overcome the air pressure, which increases rapidly as the train moves faster. Thus it was perfectly raiural to apply the same cal-culation to a bird traveling with great falling fish can easily enter, but as soon trance. When the water is rising and falling fish can easily be caught in this as he tries to get out, he finds the exit barred by the ends of the strips, which come together just inside the broad en-trance. When the water is rising and falling fish can easily be caught in this

Larger and longer funnels, known as Larger and longer funnels, known as "nawa," are also used. They are made of broad strips of paim or of branches of other trees, and are found very effective in rapidly flowing rivers. First the river is dammed, and then a number of openings are made in it, behind which the "nawas" are placed. Through the force of the current the fish are driven into the openings, and once there they cannot wet out.

get out. Some of the fish caught in thesse funnels are of enormous size, frequently, in-deed, so large that two boys find it no easy task to carry one of them home.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS? Prees and Flowers Must Have Sleep. Just as You Must.

"If, the next time you go into you friend's garden, he exclaims, 'Huah! don't wake the geraniums!' don't be surprised," emarks a writer in the New York Press. Botanists are just now insisting upon the necessity of sleep for flowers and plants and trees. A well-known botanist who has been investigating the causes which retard the growth of trees and flowers in cities has laid especial stress upon the fact that the main reason they do not flourish as they do in the country is that they are kept awake too much at night. The smoke and dust, of course, have something to do with it, but one of the principal oxunes of their lack of vigor is want of proper sleep.
"All forms of vegetable life must, at

regular intervals, be allowed to relapse into a condition of repose, or some rad-ical change will result in the form of the plant. A geranium cannot be out all night with the larkspur and look bright and fresh the next morning. Neither can the fir tree neglect its proper sleep to sit up all night with the ash without ruining its health and growing to look a demoralized and disreputable old tree before its time. In the country the trees and the flowers go to bed with the cancerns, but in the city the most meral and well-intentioned shrab, the most circum-spect and staid tree, will be kept awake by a variety of causes; while an immoral hollyhock or a dissipated elm tree has a short life and a merry one in the great

"Of the causes which keep the trees and flowers awake nights, the botanist says that, in the first place, there is the matter of noise, in all its forms, and the vibration which goes with the constant activity of city life. Plants and flowers of all kinds sleep best away from the glare; so the lights of a city, which shine all the such the sleep. all through the night, must contribute to this interference with vogetable sleep. Electricity, independent of its use for Electricity, independent of its use for lighting purposes, has a bad effect upon plant life, seeming to make trees and flowers irritable and nervous and to break up their constitution. But, above all, a plant must have sleep; so don't wake the geraniums or disturb the slumbers of the sunflower."

Pigs in Yorkshire.

ground and commence their flight la-boriously, but as soon as sufficient mo-The number of pigs kept by the colliers mentum has been gained, the flight be-comes easier and more graceful, hven with this explanation, the flight of birds and artisans of the north of England fluctuates with the price of coal and yarn. In good times every collier keeps a lively

CURIOUS OPTICAL ILLUSION.

The accompanying flaurs, from the Neu York Herald, shows a series of straight lines arranged slightly obliquely and cor verging toward the center below. Viewed as one scans a page, they present nothing extraordinary, but slightly raise the focus of the eye, as it were, from the paper and they look like pins stick in the paper.

animal of some sort, and though dogs, guinea pigs, cage birds and homing pigeons are attractive, his "fancy animal" is usually a pig.

was caught, the coon squatted on its island. In these cases the migration is hind legs and held it to its mouth with from some sea coast out, that the young He admires this on Sunday afternoons it was rolled rapidly between the paws to some animals this same sort of migraand groups of friends go round to smoke their pipes and compare pigs and bet on their ultimate weight. They have private pig shows, with subscription prixes. Each animal is judged in its own sty, and it is interesting to know that the evolution of an almost perfect pig was due to the innate sagacity of the Yorkshire pithand. The stics are very rough affairs, often made of a few boards nailed over railroad sleepers; but thoroughly ventilated and always look towards the south. Architects of costly home farms often house the unhappy pigs under north walls, and condemn them to rheumatism, cold and sunlessness. Yorkshire produces not only the best pork, but has ong been famous for the best-cured hams

My Cat and L. He has cheeks round as apples, Mine

are hollow. He is portly, even haughty. I am not, He has big, sleepy eyes, Mine are dim. He has paws soft as velvet. Thin and trembling mine.
He stands ready for a frolic. I've not

He has repose. Worrled am I. He is, in short, big and beautiful, sleek and silky, fat and fine-which I'm not and never can be,

Yet we live the same. He has no advantage. The same house ahelters us. We breathe the same air. We eat the same food, he lingering fondiy over all save fruit courses, being especially devoted to rice, milk, soup, meat, oil and vegetables We even sit upon the same chairs.

But why this awful difference? But hold! Though neither has the advantage in the matter of board and keep, there is one great big difference-he do not work between meals.-Philadelphi

An Ensily Enrued Fiver.

A well-known sportsman, on setting ou for a day's sport with a friend, pointed to a large spaniel which lay apparently asleep in the hall, and bet his friend a fiver he could not attract the dog's at

tention The bet was readily accepted, and after the failure of a shrill whistle and a blank cartridge to cause the elightest movement,

"That's my old dog. Mahatma, I had stuffed a few weeks ago," laughed the



How Felix Became a Hero.

Feli:: Rogers' parents died when he was very small boy. He had no brothers or staters, and his only relative-an aunt, his mother's sister-although a poor

Risked His Life at a Fire to

Save That of a Little Child.

provide for her own family, kindly took him to her humble home. She had five children-Alice, George, May, Lizzie and Leon-and Felix made the sixth. Felix was at the head of his school. class; he was very bright and learned rapidly. All the children went to a public

widow who was obliged to work hard to

school. When Felix was 14 years old, he still lived with his aunt, but she was not so oor as she had been when Felix came to live with her. Her uncle had died and left her a small sum of money, but quite enough to live comfortably without work, Felix was a strong, tall, good-natured fellow. His honesty and truthfulness made him a great favorite with all his

school fellows and all who knew him.
One day at lunch hour, as he was walking home from school, a fire engine passed, but fires are so numerous in a large city that it did not attract the chil-dren's attention. From a distance, how-ever, Felix noticed a crowd gathering around the apartment-house in which he

A Drendful Scene.

As he drew nearer this is the scene that met his eyes: Several fire engines at work, men shouting, women screaming, children sobbing and thick, black smoke pouring from the doors and windows, while firemen were climbing ladders and

people coming down fire escapes, $I_{\rm B}$ the midst of this scene of horror Fe-lfx saw a child at a window of the third story; she was a little girl about 4 years old, and her danger increased as the sec-onds sped, for the wall of the building was about to fall.

Was about to rain up a ladder when a policeman said, roughly: "See here, roung man, don't go up there, or you will be killed, sure. One dead is better than "I will save her, if no one else will," re-

plied Felix, and up he dashed through the smoke before the astonished policeman could stop him. Felix was quick as a firsh; he took the

child on his arm and descended rapidly. He reached the eldewalk in safety and heard the policeman mutter: "He is a plucky boy. I am a policeman and wouldn't have done it; neither would the fremen, and everybody knows they are

Three minutes later, with a crash that was heard many blocks, the wall fell down. Nobody was hurt, for the policeman ordered the people to "stand back," which they did in a hurry. The next day Felix's name was in the

newspapers, with a long account of his gravery.

Felix Is Adopted,

The mother of the child he rescued was Mrs. Richmond, a wealthy lady. She had not lived in the apartment-house, but her nurse girl had gone there to see her sister and had taken the child with her. When the fire broke out, she ran to save herself

and forgot about the little girl.

Mrs. Richmond went to see Felix's aunt, and with her consent she adopted Feltx, She had lost a son about Felix's age, and Felix's aunt knew that the nephew would have a good home, a loving mother and a dear little sister. He would go to col-lege, and some day might become a great

Yet she was very sorry to let him go, as she loved him as if he were her own

Felix never forgot his aunt's kindness, and, by and by, when she moved to the country and three of her children went to college, some people thought it was Felix's doings, and perhaps it was. So we see, whether a boy is poor or rich, he can always be kind and loving

and help other

EDNA FRANCES DESSAR. Canton's Famous Water Clock

The famous clepsydra, or water clock, of Capton China, is housed in a temple on the city walls. In "China, the Long-Lived Empire." Miss Scidmore tells of a

visit paid to the temple.

"We went," says she, "into the rub-hish-room and sat down to wait until the expected bargaining should be concluded and we were free to enter some further hall—the supposed splendid Temple of

"'Lady jump down. Lady sitting an-cient water clock,' said Ah Poll, our awag-gering parrot of a guide; for three big carthen fars on successive abelies beside us, a fourth and lowest one, with a wooden cover, constituted the whole clepsydra, and we had unwittingly sat down upon a quarter section of all time. "The water descends by slow drops from one jar to another, the brace scale on a float in the last crock telling the hours as it rises. Every afternoon at 5 o'clock since 1921 A. D. the lowest jar has been emptied the upper one filled, and the clock thus wound up for another day. Boards with the number of the hour are displayed on outside wall that the city may know the time."

The Fairies. Tell me, have you seen the fairles,

Little girl with eyes of brown? Now's your chance, out in the country, For they never come to town.

You must pick your way on tiptoe, For they must not hear you pass, You must glance in every harebell,

You must also take a peep

Spangled cobwebs—then, you know, You must search in drowsy puppies, Nid-nid-nodding all aglow. Every blade may hide a fairy,

They're such timid little creatures, If they saw you they would die! or, remember, they're no bigger

Then trend softly and trend quickly,

Is the sweetest sight I know, Little maid with eyes of brown;

in the eye. With a buffalo or a bear or prevent injury while it was being bitten tory instinct is seen, notably among seals an Indian it is different. But the deer in two. I tried to get a photograph of when about to give birth to their young.

when about to give birth to their young. one of the coons as it ate a crawfish, but it was too quick for me. Fishing Methods on the Congo. Time after time, we see accounts of the wonderful, long-continued flights of some

in vogue among the natives of the Congo. Sometimes they poison the water, and they occasionally fish with a hook and line, but their favorite implements of destruction are funnels, shaped somewhat like ordinary ell pots, from which no fish, "That's my old dog. Mi ten end with a calculation, showing that the energy expended in keeping the bird in the air and carrying it forward on its whole weight of the bird.

This has been a pushing problem for a long time. Engineers knew that for "msoso" and is made of thin strips of he's brought me."—Exchange.

Primitive methods of catching fish are

You must get up in the morning, Ere the dew is off the grass;

In the purple bells of forgloves, For 'tla there they lie asleep. You must find the fairy hammocks-

Every flower may hold one, too, And no matter if you see them, If they only don't see you.

Only take a peep and go. For to catch a fairy napping

Then come out a fairy hunting,

Do not miss them now you're near them, For they never come to town