

THE KINDERGARTEN CROW.

Nobody knew how it happened. Every morning the floor of the school house entry was wet, as if someone had been carrying water in a very leaky dipper. Nobody did it. Not one of the scholars could tell anything about it. There it was every morning—a wet place on the floor.

Then something else happened. The tin dipper that hung by the water pitcher was found in the stove, nearly melted away. At any rate, no one could ever drink a drop out of it again.

Who did that? The teacher asked every one, and nobody could tell anything about it, and really it was very strange indeed.

It was a Kindergarten school. A Kindergarten school is the best place in the world. They have games there, and they tell stories about birds and trees and animals of every kind. Now the teacher of this school could tell "the very primest kind of stories," and on the day the drinking dipper was found on the stove

"Ho! ho! It isn't a real, truly real crow! Say, teacher, now, it isn't a real crow? Is it?"

"Well, I don't know," resumed the teacher. "It acts like a crow. Every day it spills water in the entry-way. Nobody but a crow would do that. Crows like to make trouble, and I think there really must be a black crow in the school house. I have not found him yet, but I expect every morning to see him hopping up the stairs, or to find him perched on the top of the door, and winking his black eyes at the scholars."

"Say, teacher, I guess I saw him."
"You, Johnny! Did you see him?"
Johnny felt pretty badly, but he said he didn't mean to do any harm, and he wouldn't do it again—no, never. And he didn't.

So they never found the crow in the Kindergarten after all.—Charles Barnard.

RATS.—Rats are a great nuisance in any house, and it is perfectly proper to war against them in every conceivable way. The *Scientific American* gives the following method of ridding a house of them. It has one advantage, that, if

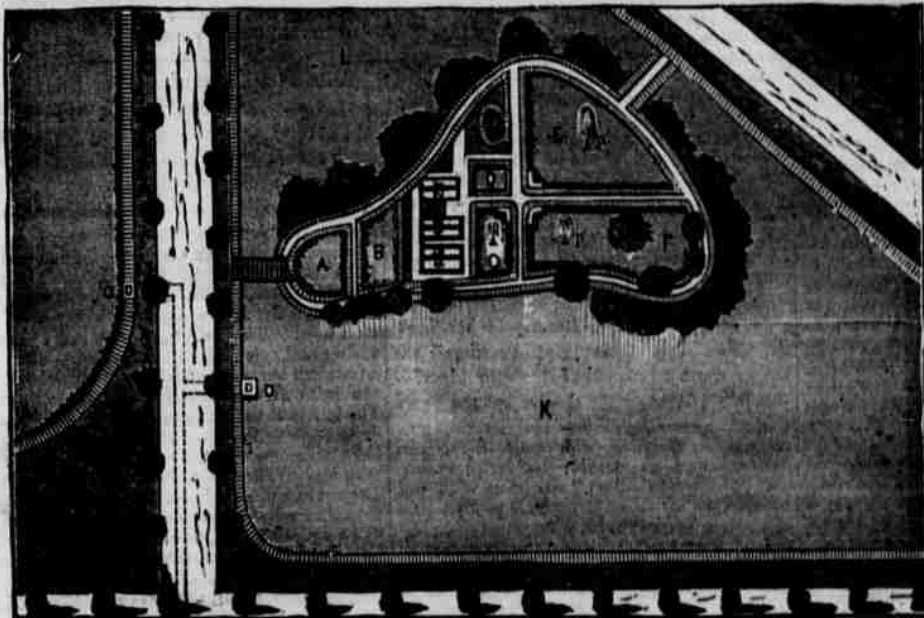
WHEN TO MARRY.

Ought engagements to be long or short? It has often been said, says a London paper, that nothing so much helps to steady a young man as the being engaged to a girl whom he loves, and for whom he works to prepare a suitable home. The solicitude of David Copperfield's friend Traddles to buy bits of furniture—flower pots and such like—for the house where he and his betrothed were to dwell was a pretty thing, and much to be commended; but on the other hand, it is undeniable that long engagements have their drawbacks especially if the young people see much of each other during the period of probation. In this case much of the bloom is taken off the poetry of courtship, and no less gilding off the prospect of marriage. There may be a great deal to say against the policy of wedding in haste, but young people who take each other for better and for worse, in all the illusion of mutual trust and admiration, go through a time of ecstacy unknown to those who marry quite rationally. The honey-moons of such pairs are halcyon epochs to be remembered all a life long, and if the after periods seem dull and loveless by comparison, yet it is something to have lived for however brief a time up to the highest ideal of felicity.

Besides, there is no little sweetness in having faced the hardships of life together. If a young couple have to encounter poverty, and if they conquer it side by side, lightening all their labors by sharing them, and diminishing their troubles by mutual consolation and encouragement, they forge links which must bind their hearts closer and closer together. I like to see a snug young man stacking up money in bank against his wedding day, whilst his future wife looks on complacently at the operation as one who should say: "Thomas must earn a good many more pounds before he can furnish a house good enough to lodge me;" but I like still more to see a young husband and wife who have feathered their nest together.

It is pleasant to hear a smiling woman remark: "We had nothing at all when we were married; but see now how cosy we have made our house." This means that there has been cheerful hard work on the one side, thrift and self-denial on the other. In fact, union. After all, the yoke of marriage is an apparatus that should sit on two pairs of shoulders; and there is nothing very seemly in seeing a girl wait to wear her own part of it until it has been nicely padded with quilted satin.

A HOUSEHOLD WATER MOTOR.—In Zurich, Switzerland, the use of a portable water power, so to speak, is being extensively used for household purposes. Firewood, for example, is to be sawn into convenient lengths for burning. A small sawing machine on wheels is drawn by two men to the front of a house. They connect by a flexible tube with the nearest hydrant; the water flows to the machine; the saw dances and cuts up the wood with surprising rapidity. A portable turbine has also been invented, and employed in many places in the same city, in driving a Gramme machine for the production of electric light. Water is very abundant in Zurich; but there are other towns in which this domestic water power could be advantageously introduced. Where it is any object to keep a record of the water used, an indicator showing the quantity may be affixed to the machine.



PLAN OF GOVERNMENT CARP POND, WASHINGTON, D. C.

she called all the scholars into the school-room and said that she had something to tell them. Of course it must be a story. Every one sat still, and prepared to hear something very wonderful.

And so it was—very wonderful indeed. The teacher said she had a crow in the house! A crow! A real, live crow! Yes, a regular crow. What is a crow? A bird. What color is he? Black, with black eyes and a great beak. Did you ever see a crow? Yes, in the woods, but never in the house.

Sometimes they tame crows, but they are not pleasant pets. Why not? Because they love to pick up things—bits of thread or a thimble, or even a spoon, and anything else they can find. How very queer! Whatever can a crow do with a spoon or a thimble? No, a crow does not really want the things he finds, but he always picks them up and carries them away, and he hides them in the top of a tree, or in some dark corner, where no one can find them, and as he cannot tell anyone where they are, the things are lost. Crows always are likely to be at such mischief, and in fact they make very unpleasant companions.

"But what do they do so for? Nobody knows. It must be only for mischief and to make trouble. Now, this crow I have is full of mischief, and I don't know what I shall do with him. To-day he stole the dipper and hid it in the stove."

not successful, the benefit of cleanliness and disinfection is at least secured: "We clean our premises of these detestable vermin by making whitewash yellow with coppers, and covering the stones and rafters in the cellar with it. In every crevice in which a rat may tread, we put crystals of the coppers, and scatter the same in the corners of the floor. The result was a perfect stampede of rats and mice. Since that time not a footfall of either rats or mice has been heard about the house. Every spring a coat of the yellow wash is given the cellar—as a purifier, as a rat exterminator—and no typhoid, dysentery or fever attacks the family. Many persons deliberately attract all the rats in the neighborhood by leaving fruits and vegetables uncovered in the cellar, and sometimes even the soap is left open for their regalement. Cover up everything eatable in the cellar and pantry, and you will soon have them out. These precautions, joined to the services of a good cat, will prove as good a rat exterminator as the chemist can provide. We never allow rats to be poisoned in our dwellings, they are so liable to die between the walls and produce much annoyance."

A CONTENTED MIND.—Lady: "They tell me your new cow never gives any milk, Betty?"
Old Betty: "No, mum, she don't give hardly any. But, bless 'er 'eart, she'll eat as much as two o' them good milkers."