



**BOOKS**

**Gray With Gray of Ages.**  
They are gray with the gray of age. Borrowed, and begged, and sold; Thum-buckled at snuff-boxes and rings in the school-rooms; and old, old, old. Rose leaves peep for a lover. Rest in the grass dim. Through silent avenues cover All the best of him.

And I feel in the library's shadow, With the faintest of candles, The breath of forgotten meadows, And the centuries over me! And when twilight bells are calling— When the day with its strokes is o'er— There are ghostly footstep falling— Paint on the library floor.

Singers, and artists, and ages— In the fame of a name we trust, But time will cover our names, As even our tomb with dust. For here, in the library's shadow, Where the faded and famous lie, I roam in the forgotten meadows, With the centuries— Atlanta Constitution.

**BOOKS ON SOUTH AFRICA**

**Mrs. Lionel Phillips Presents Great Britain's Side—Her Picture of Kruger.**

A book of great interest just now is Mrs. Lionel Phillips' "Some Recollections in South Africa." She tells the English side of the South African question in an impartial, straightforward manner that carries conviction. Lionel Phillips was president of the Johannesburg Chamber of Mines and was imprisoned with other reformers after the Jameson fiasco. Mrs. Phillips' picture of President Kruger is far from flattering. She describes him as a man of clumsy features and small, cunning eyes, set high in his face, with great puffy rings beneath them. She adds: "Manners none and customs beastly" might have been a lifelike description of Kruger. He is an avocet in all his ways, and has a habit of almost throwing short, jerky sentences at you, generally allegorical in form, or partaking largely of scriptural quotations or misquotations—such as "I like the Jews." The Bible is his only literature; that book he certainly studies a good deal and his religion is a very large part of his being, but somehow he misses the true spirit of Christianity, in that he does not have the ordinary qualities of charity and truth.

Mrs. Phillips reviews at great length the overstatement of the Uitlanders, Boer corruption, the dynamic monopoly and the Jameson raiding while there is much interesting detail, there is nothing especially new. The English, Mrs. Phillips says, have never taken the trouble to conciliate the Boers. The Dutch and the Germans have mastered the language of the Boers, but the English always proceeded on the same rule which Max Muller represents as prevailing in the East. "Speak to a native in English. If he doesn't understand you, about it him. If he doesn't know what you say, knock him down."

A woman cannot, with safety, walk out of sight of her home in the suburbs of Johannesburg. The Kafirs, who in other parts of South Africa, treat a white man with almost servile respect, there take it as an unparliamentary to pass a woman and in a noisy part frequently dangerous. Even little girls of the tenderest age are not safe from these monsters. It is, of course, owing to the utterly inadequate police protection afforded by the government, the deliberate and deliberate sentences passed for horrible crimes and so the adulterated drink sold to the Kafirs by licensed publicans. This state of affairs gives a picture of a grievance which appeals strongly to the civilized world. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York.)

**A South African Symposium.**

Both sides of the South African question are discussed in "Britain and Boer," which consists of nine papers reprinted from the North American Review. The contributors are Hon. James Bryce, Sydney Brooks, "A Diplomat," Dr. F. V. Engelenburg, Karl Billod, Andrew Carnegie, Francis Pickens, J. M. Smith, C. Boulger and Max Nordau. The books contains a recent map of the Boer country, portraits of prominent men on both sides, and many other illustrations. It is a valuable handbook for the student of the situation. (Harper & Bros., New York.)

**South Africa in History.**

William Harding, a New York newspaper man and traveler who spent two years in Africa, has undertaken in "War in South Africa and the Dark Continent From Savage to Civilization," the comprehensive task of reviewing the history of Africa from the earliest ages. He touches briefly upon the ancient historical figures, the Dutch settlement, the Boer and the formation of the South African states. Mr. Harding then deals minutely and carefully with the Jameson raid, the tension between Great Britain and Germany, the troubles of the Johannesburg reformers, and the trial of the raiders in London. The history is brought down to the outbreak of the war between the Boer and Great Britain. (The Dominion Company, Chicago.)

**JAMES DWIGHT DANA.**

**President Daniel C. Gilman's Biography of the Famous Scientist.**  
An important addition to American biography is the volume on James Dwight Dana, "scientific explorer, mineralogist, geologist, zoologist, professor in Yale university," from the pen of President Daniel C. Gilman, of Johns Hopkins university. The book contains more than the setting forth of the important events in a long and well-filled life, and the account of Professor Dana's contributions to scientific knowledge. It gives an idea of Professor Dana's personality, such as can be gained from a "pencil neighbor and friend." It is a masterly written in the spirit of affectionate remembrance.

Mineralogy, geology, zoology, were the fields of Professor Dana's labor. He was an explorer, an investigator, an editor and a teacher. He had rare opportunities of travel separated by long periods of quiet study and reflection. His vast correspondence with men of learning all over the world quickened his spirit of research. Teaching was not irksome to him, but kept him young in contact with the young. He was able to work until the very last hours of his long life. Death came to him with a gentle summons, after he had been crowned with abundant honors and after his contributions to science had given him the foremost rank among his scientific

countrymen and an honorable place among illustrious naturalists of the century.

President Gilman divides his book into two parts. The first contains the biography of Professor Dana, and the second scientific correspondence. The first part is based to a great extent on Dana's writings, correspondence and books. President Gilman's study of his character leads him to the conclusion that it is apparent that Dana "might have been a mathematician, an anatomist, an ethnologist, or an independent explorer, as well as the sort of naturalist that he was, and that he had those qualities which, under other circumstances, might possibly have made him an artist, a musician, or a poet; but, as his life unfolded, he became the accurate observer and patient recorder of facts, and

From Kingdom to Colony.  
That the men of Maribeach, landmen and seafarers, who played a part in our Revolution have been accorded recognition in fiction and history in no way detracts from the interest of Miss Mary Devereux's story, "From Kingdom to Colony," though, to be sure, she connects herself with the men than with the women of that quaint old port. This Revolutionary story, its scene in Maribeach and Cambridge, has a charming patriotic heroine, and the British officer who runs away with her and compels her to marry him would be the hero were it not that Washington is one of the characters and so usurps his place in American eyes. The heroine introduces certain ancestors of the Devereux family, and the heroine's father, his head in Revolutionary days, is a memorable figure of a colonial patriot. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)

**Princess Xenia.**

"The Princess Xenia," by H. E. Marrott Watson, which has been for some time running through Harper's Magazine, has just been issued in book form. Three imaginary states, under German suzerainty, become the prey of a newly made



**JAMES DWIGHT DANA.**

**IN HIS 83D YEAR. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN FEBRUARY, 1895, A FEW MONTHS BEFORE THE DEATH OF THIS SCIENTIST.**

the careful reasoner with respect to the laws of system of nature. He was a philosopher as well as an observer, capable of sound generalizations, and of keen attention to minute details. If any one in our day can be called a cosmographer, Dana may have that title. President Gilman considers that Dana, as a teacher, belonged to the greatest class—the class that can awaken in their followers a love of knowledge, and show them how this knowledge can be obtained, or verified. (Harper & Bros., New York.)

**"MONOPOLIES AND THE PEOPLE."**

Revised Edition of Editor Baker's "Work—Other Publications." "Monopolies and the People," by Charles Whiting Baker, C. E., editor of Engineering News, has been revised and enlarged for its third edition. It is one of the best treatises of the question, in scope, thoroughness and illustration. Though the work has a value quite separate from the author's conclusions, they are worth stating. They are that "the death of competition is a great evil," and that government is likewise inevitable as the only possible protection of the people against industrial bondage. He holds, however, that "this regulation can best be applied, not from the outside, as is the universal practice at the present time, but from the inside, through the representation of the public in the governing bodies of the corporations, which own and manage all the great monopolies of the present day. While regulation in this manner may seem at first a revolutionary proposition, it is in fact a more conservative measure of the government with industrial affairs than is always authorized by law and precedent. What it does promise is an effective control as may be found necessary, whereas the present method of controlling corporations by legislative enactments, even when aided by commissions empowered to give enforcement of the laws, has too often proved ineffective." (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

**Advice to Americans.**

H. H. Lusk, formerly a member of the New Zealand parliament, gives the United States any quantity of inexpensive advice in "Our Feet at Home." He says the American people have fallen away from the high ideals of the great men who founded the nation. Instead of valuing lofty and disinterested patriotism, they have learned to admire successful trickery in politics; and instead of the good of the people and the country before them as the highest object of an American citizen's ambition, they have fallen down and worshiped the almighty dollar. The author shows what has been done in the way of good government in New Zealand and contrasts the situation there with American conditions. (Doubleday & McClure Co., New York.)

**Essays by John Fiske.**

The range and variety of John Fiske's intellectual interests are aptly illustrated in "A Century of Science and Other Essays." The volume includes science, evolution, biology, political science, folklore and the front side of human nature. The three personal papers concerning friends are models of brief biography, showing admirable discrimination, generous appreciation and noble sympathy. The other papers, notably "A Century of Science," "The Doctrine of Evolution," "The Origins of Liberal Thought in America," and "The Arbitration Treaty," are masterpieces of clear, incisive writing, grouping facts and tendencies, and condensing into brief space the results of wide study and well-matched thoughts. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

**Eminent Painters.**

The volume devoted to "Eminent Painters" forms the fifth issue in Elbert Hubbard's interesting series of "Little Journeys." These pleasant frisks journeys introduce the reader to Michael Angelo, Rembrandt, Rubens, Michelangelo, Titian, Van Dyck, Fortuny, Ary Scheffer, Millet, Joshua Reynolds, Landseer and Dore. In addition to being extremely readable, the

volume gives an insight into the life and work of the masters, and is thus valuable for reference. The book is embellished by portraits of the artists and reproductions of some of their more noteworthy paintings. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

What Grandma Tells.  
Grandma's face is wrinkled, But it wears a kindly smile; She sits in the great brown rocker, And tells us tales by the pile.

Sometimes they are legends of goblins, Sometimes they are legends of elves, And sometimes they are so sweet, We think we're not ourselves.

But that's when we've been naughty, And not done as we've been taught, And then we hear strange noises— As off we creep to bed.

—Lael Harris, 10 years old, in New York Herald.

**AFTER CUSTER MASSACRE**

**Night of Dread Expectancy, in Face of Sitting Bull's Prowling Sioux, on a Western Montana Ranch.**

"Really, I'm most sure the Indians are coming," said I, as I heard papa tell mamma it wasn't any use to get us children excited.

"You shouldn't be around listening to mamma and papa talk," was Bessie Cooper's reply to her sister May's remark. Then she added: "Mida, go into the house and ask mamma if we can catch the horses and go after wild flowers."

The small Mida trotted away obediently, and Bessie produced a vocal sound intended to represent a whinny, and which brought a couple of ponies to the brow of a meadow by hill. She needn't have called to her, however, for when Mida returned, it was with the words: "Mamma says we're not to go out of sight of the house today."

The message strengthened May's fears. She hadn't pored for hours at a stretch over a certain green-covered book that formed part of the ranch's limited supply of reading matter, and contained blood-curdling accounts of Indian massacres, without gaining some unpleasantly realistic conceptions of what a coming of the redskins might mean.

And, in truth, the little valley of Western Montana, which embraced the Cooper among its other cattle ranches, was in danger of such a surprise during June of 1876. A few weeks before—to be exact, on May 15—in Southern Montana and on the Little Bighorn river, General Custer and his command had been slaughtered by 200 Sioux. A strange band of Sitting Bull's warriors had moved westward from the scene of the battle, murdering and pillaging wherever opportunity offered, and it was now known to be not very many miles away.

**Concocted Bessie.**

The children wandered down to the corral, or enclosure for the stock. It was 10 logs high, with a chink between every two logs. The little ones climbed it by slipping their toes in the chinks, and then they perched upon the top log. Even Bessie proved willing to talk things over when they were well settled. Usually, Bessie Cooper felt it beneath her dignity to converse on terms of equality with the other children. It was her horseback riding that made her so conceited. Even in that country, a little girl 8 years old, who could ride a horse which had been trained by a "cowboy," into the midst of a band of unbroken horses, and "cut out" a particular one of the band, without scattering the remainder, was looked upon as something of a wonder, and it had been, and was, Bessie's delight to do this clever thing.

May was listened to, while she gave an explanation of a certain event, unimportant in itself, which had taken place in the Cooper household. "We've been thinking Tom Strong is off hunting," she commenced. "Well, I don't believe he is; I think he's gone, with lots of other men, to meet the Indians and fight them."

"Tom" Strong was the "hired man," and the best-liked fellow in the country around. Winter evenings, when the blasts struck and snow without, the children had special reason to be glad he worked for their father. How his drollery and good-nature livened up the hours be-

**My Books.**

Sadly as some old medieval knight Gazed at the arm he could no longer wield, The sword two-handed and the shining shield, Suspended in the hall, and tall in sight, While secret longings for the lost delight Of to-morrow's adventure in the field. Come over him, and let him gaze and tremble and fell upon his board of white, So I behold these books upon their shelves, My ornaments and arms of other days; Not wisely chosen, though no longer used; For they remind me of my other days, Younger and stronger, and the pleasant ways In which I walked, now clouded and confused. —Lougellow.

**Literary Notes.**

"Three Men on Four Wheels" is Jerome K. Jerome's rather eccentric title for the series of humorous stories which he has just completed for the Saturday Evening Post, of Philadelphia. The first story appeared January 6.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for January starts the new year in good form, with the following: "America at the Paris Exposition," a comprehensive article by the Hon. Ferdinand W. Peck, commissioner-general for the United States, thoroughly illustrated from the official plan, with views, portraits, maps, etc.; "England's Free Hand on the Nile," by G. W. Stevens, an hour of "With Kitchener to Khartoum," "A Day's View of Life in Persia," by Robert B. Speer, who brings from the ancient, historic land many up-to-date pictures, photographic as well as mental.

A humorous incident of Captain Slocum's "single-handed" circumnavigation of the globe, as described in the January Century, was President Kruger's flat denial of the navigator's statement that he was sailing "around" the world; the Transvaal theory as to the form of the earth being a survival from earlier ages; Governor Roosevelt's essay on "Fellow-Feelings as a Political Factor" is a characteristically vigorous and original contribution for the avoidance of horizontal social cleavages in American politics, and the cultivation of vertical cleavages instead. If the republic is to endure, these things must divide on political questions, not by classes, but as individuals. The opening of the civil war, and the battle of Marston Moor, are John Morley's special themes in the current installment of his "Cromwell."

**How Much Did They Have.**

A man and his wife agreed to purchase a house with their joint money, but when it came to taking the property, which was to cost \$120,000, the wife insisted that the title should be made in her name, whereupon the husband got angry and said: "If you will lend me two-thirds of your money, I will have just enough to buy the property myself."

"I will do no such thing," replied the good wife. "It was agreed that the house was to be mine, but if you will contribute three-quarters of the money you have, I will furnish the rest."

Just how much did each of them have?



**For Boys and Girls.**

ran through the Cooper ranch that it was the one the Indians, who had been sighted, would most likely take.

**Baby Frank and the Snakes.**  
The children climbed down from the corral and reached the house in time to see Aunt May, Baby Frank's mother, half-carrying, half-dragging Frank in the direction of "the rocks." (A near-by hill, which was such a solid mass of crags and bowlders that the pine trees could scarcely find room to grow upon it, and was always spoken of as "the rocks.") Uncle Fred was close behind, telling her to come back; that the rattlesnakes were thick up there. But so determined she was that she might have carried out her intention of hiding among the crags and bowlders had not Baby Frank thrown himself upon the ground, screaming: "Oh, I don't"

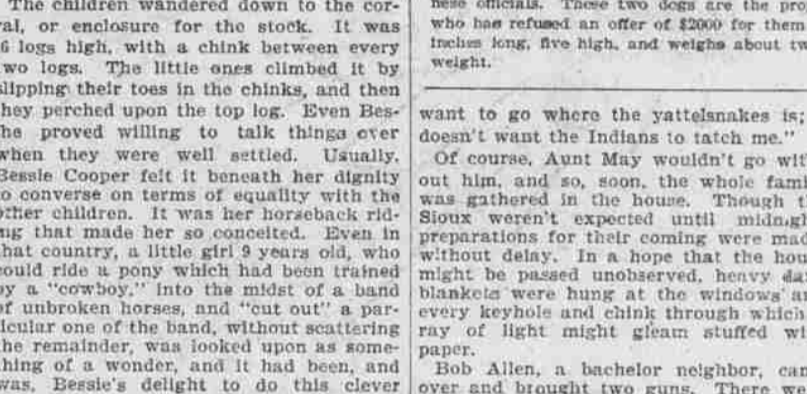
**TWO TINY "SWELLS" OF DOGDOM.**



**MR. PINGOR AND MISS PEEL-HI.**

Among the canine elite of Peking, China, are two lap-dogs, by name Pingor and Peel-hi, male and female, respectively. They are of a breed highly prized in China, according to the New York Herald, from which the above pictures are taken, and specimens of which are usually to be found only in the imperial palace at Peking, and in the homes of a few high Chinese nobles. These two dogs are the property of one Herr Brand, who lives in Peking, and has refused an offer of \$2000 for them from Germany. Pingor is 2 years old, is nine inches long, five high, and weighs about two pounds, and Peel-hi is of the same size and weight.

**"LOOK PLEASANT, PLEASE!"**



Farmer—I wonder what makes my cows look so funny today?

"Oh, they're being photographed!"—Lustige Blätter.

**CLUMSIEST OF BIRDS.**

Gullmots Walk Nearly Upright and Very Awkward, Indeed.  
The gullmote is a sea bird of the genus Alca, or auk. Its legs are set very far back on the body, so that its usual attitude is a nearly upright, stiff posture, and its three-toed feet are strongly webbed, and their structure gives it great facility in swimming and diving. In these operations it is greatly aided by its short wings, which are of more use for these purposes than for flight, a mode of progression of which it is, however, capable, though in a somewhat clumsy fashion.

From the position of its legs and the flat surface of its webbed feet, the gullmote's walk is very awkward, but in the water its movements are lively and graceful. The male bird measures from 15 to 18 inches in length, and the female from 12 to 15 inches.

Gullmots are found in high latitudes on both sides of the Atlantic, in America breeding as far south as the bay of Fundy. On the British coast they exist in countless millions, the Scottish cliffs and the rocky islands to the north and northwest being their chief resorts. They also extend far to the north of these points. Like many common birds, fish and other animals, the gullmote is known by many names, these varying in different districts and not always being limited to the gullmote alone, but including its allies, the penquins, razor-bills, puffins, "Tus" or "Tus" (as it is known in Teachers' Magazine, "It is variously known as the frowl, kiddaw, langy, lavy, marrook, murie, coot, sea pigeon, shud-daw, strany, tinkor, unker-shire and will-ock."

**MONKEYS AS PETS.**

Become Members of the Household in South Africa and Australia.  
A favorite pet with children in South America, Africa, and even Australia, is a monkey. A boy who owns a monkey is proud of his dog. The monkeys, when kept for a time in a well-regulated household, become very intelligent; or, perhaps, a monkey better say, very "knowing."

A monkey that has lived in an African hut or wigwam learns the ways of the family and falls in with them in a most surprising manner. Thus, we read in "T." in Teachers' Magazine, "It is variously known as the frowl, kiddaw, langy, lavy, marrook, murie, coot, sea pigeon, shud-daw, strany, tinkor, unker-shire and will-ock."

**Good Enemies and Friends.**

All ants that are not from the same nest seem to be deadly enemies, but while an ant will do what he can to put to death a stranger, he does not seem to take a corresponding delight in aiding his friends.

A scientist, in order to test the affection of ants belonging to the same nest, took six of them and placed them on a small board, covered it with a piece of coarse mesh material. Their fellows paid no particular attention to the prisoners, but when the experiment was repeated, substituting, however, six ants of a rival tribe, their enemies swarmed around the board, and after something like a week, through persistent effort, they succeeded in eating their way through the mesh. Two ants were found dead, evidently proving that they had been put to death, while the others probably escaped.

**Beholdings.**

The letters removed spell one of the West India islands.

- Behold jelly and leave part of a verb.
- Behold a preposition and leave cranky.
- Behold a female horse and leave part of a verb.
- Behold a nut and leave a vegetable.
- Behold a verb and leave a trade.
- Behold a domestic animal and leave a preposition.
- Behold once more and leave to win.

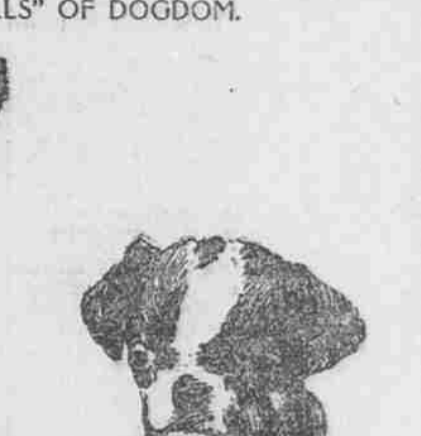
say: "I hear Tom Strong's voice." To be sure, it was Tom Strong and the men who had gone with him to meet the Sioux. The Indians, upon finding the road forked, had chosen the branch that led through an uninhabited region and were momentarily traveling further away from Madison valley.

So blankets were taken down from windows, lamps were lit and fires were built—one of the discomforts of the watch had been enduring the cold, for the June night was exceedingly chilly.

But there was another reason for building the fire. Although it was only 2 o'clock in the morning, Tom and his companions were ready for breakfast. Nora was perfectly willing to get it, and to let Tom sit around the kitchen while she set the table and waited for the coffee to be boiled. In fact, there is reason to believe he found the chance then to ask her to be his wife. Anyway, they were married soon after, and Nora was feeling very kindly toward Tom that fearsome night, and was glad enough again to have him by her side, when no one was sure that the Indians might not return to the fork in the road and find their way to the lonely ranch.

**"BIRD FANCIER."**

Amusing Parlor Game for Grown and Little Children.  
Hostesses of house parties, and mothers expecting their boys and girls home for the vacations are often glad to hear of



**MR. PINGOR AND MISS PEEL-HI.**

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that the little boy remembered that, only a few hours previous to the chasteament inflicted by his pet, his mother had given him two or three cuffs upon the head. The monkey had seen the punishment and imitated the example set by the mother of his little master.

So very imitative do the monkeys become that a little Australian or South American boy would feel very much aggrieved if he were called upon to exchange his pet for an unaccomplished animal as a dog.

**LAZIEST OF ANIMALS.**

**Too Tired to Let Go, Mr. Sleth Haugs Head Down All Day.**  
There is an animal which is so lazy that his name has become a synonym for inaction and stupidity. He is called the sloth. He hangs on by all four legs to a tree from morning until night. And he hangs on so long that he is almost motionless. He is so slow that he is almost motionless. He is so slow that he is almost motionless. He is so slow that he is almost motionless.

**PLAGUE OF RATS.**

**Denmark Authorities Offer Bounty for Their Destruction.**  
A campaign against rats is being prosecuted with vigor in Denmark. It was originally started in Copenhagen, where the alarming multiplication of rats induced the municipal authorities to resort to a medieval method of freeing the community from these pests. As a price was once offered for every head of a wolf, so the concert fathers of the Danish capital engaged to pay a certain sum for each dead rat.

An official report of the statistics of rat slaughter has been issued every week since the opening of the campaign. In the first week the ratcatchers, professionals and amateurs combined, had exterminated 1,000 rats. In the second week 950, in the third week 670.

"We are told," said the Philadelphia Inquirer, "that the average weekly bill of mortality among the rat population of Copenhagen has now risen to about 10,000. Other towns and communes followed the example of the capital, and the Danes are making a patriotic attempt to exterminate 'the pesty vermin,' as Hendrik not inappropiately named the rat."

**For Small Toys.**

In the lively game of "Handkerchief Bear," the "bear" selects a spot on the carpet or rug, and in no case is he allowed to get out of the "nest." The children of all ages approach him and find their handkerchiefs at his feet beyond his reach. He tries with all his might and main to catch some one, and in his desperate struggles he gets beyond the limit of his case. In that case he must catch two children or more—one for each offense. When he succeeds in catching his prey he roars and pretends to chew voraciously and swallow. Then the prey—that is left of him—becomes "bear," and so the game goes on. The game pleases particularly the younger children.

Sometimes they make a game for the bear by setting four chairs around him. Then they feed him through the openings in the chair backs. They offer him nice lumps of sugar, nuts and other sweetmeats. At first he is slow about eating, but when he gets all the while he is eating, he is not only to catch the sweets, but also to capture their hands. Then bear may devour his prey, and growl to his heart's content over his meal, and prey become bear, and the fun goes on.

**Child Preaching at Home.**

In Rome, at the Church of Ara Coeli, there is a very beautiful and unique ceremony on the feast of the Epiphany. A rostrum is erected near the entrance, in front of the chapel, which holds the presence (erub) with the presence of the Epiphany. From this rostrum, during the time of the Epiphany, a child preaches.

"The church is very large," says a writer in the New York Herald, in describing this ceremony, "and on entering we found ourselves in a dense crowd. Seats were out of the question. We were thankful to have got inside the door. Far away in the distance we saw the altar lights and the morning forest of candles, and the tones of the organ came to us muffled by distance, when suddenly, in the midst of the crowd which hemmed us about, arose the clear accents of a child's voice. It was a boy, about six or seven years of age, and so impressive. The sermon finished, the child was caught up by his mother's arms and his place filled by another."

**"Them Little Bore Feet."**

Little bore feet, snubbed and brown, Patter, patter, up and down, Dances over the kitchen floor, Light as a feather, light as air, Steps on the go from morn till eve, From the garden path to the old farm gate; There's not a mouse nor rat so sweet As the patter, clatter of them little bore feet.

When I moved my feet by the fanny's way, These little bore feet first met mine with me, And a shrill little voice I loved to hear, "Dran-y, spin me a yarn to-day."

And I know when my dory comes to land, There's a merry little patter on the sand; And the very low sound my ears meet Is the welcome rain of them little bore feet.

—Joe Lincoln in Youth's Companion.

**Good Enemies and Friends.**

All ants that are not from the same nest seem to be deadly enemies, but while an ant will do what he can to put to death a stranger, he does not seem to take a corresponding delight in aiding his friends.

A scientist, in order to test the affection of ants belonging to the same nest, took six of them and placed them on a small board, covered it with a piece of coarse mesh material. Their fellows paid no particular attention to the prisoners, but when the experiment was repeated, substituting, however, six ants of a rival tribe, their enemies swarmed around the board, and after something like a week, through persistent effort, they succeeded in eating their way through the mesh. Two ants were found dead, evidently proving that they had been put to death, while the others probably escaped.

**Beholdings.**

The letters removed spell one of the West India islands.

- Behold jelly and leave part of a verb.
- Behold a preposition and leave cranky.
- Behold a female horse and leave part of a verb.
- Behold a nut and leave a vegetable.
- Behold a verb and leave a trade.
- Behold a domestic animal and leave a preposition.
- Behold once more and leave to win.