CHILDREN

Baby.

Two little lips to kiss,
Two little hands to hold,
One little voice to hear,
Sweeter than chink of gold.

One little mouth to feed,
Two little arms to cling
'Round me and raise me up—
Proud as the proudest King.

Two wondrous eyes that look
Up to me lovingly—
One sent from God to bring
Faith in Him back to me.
—Chicago Times-Herald.

ONLY A TINY TRAMP DOG

But He Brought Joy and Sunshine to a Summer Camp in the Great California Redwoods.

Did you ever know a boy or a girl who was not fond of a dog? If you have known a boy who wasn't, you didn't care to play with him, did you? Of course, sometimes, with a girl it is different. She might be afraid of a great, big dog, you know.

But most boys and girls like dogs, and if they haven't any of their own, they will be interested in one belonging to their companions. I will tell you about one that came to us in the camping ground in the California redwoods, where we were spending the Summer.

One morning we were all seated at the table under the trees, eating our breakfast. We heard a noise in the bushes, and, of course, we thought it must be some wild animal, as we were always on the lookout for something of the kind. But, presently, a pair of bright eyes peered through the bushes at us; then the head and body of a little dog appeared—just a plain, little, yellow dog—but how glad we were to see him!

At first, he looked at us in a kind of wistful way, as if to say: "Can I join your party? Will you take me in? I am such a poor little doggie, so tired and hungry!"

Of course, we knew that he was hungry. That is the first thing children would think of, and our own breakfast was quite forgotten, in our eagerness to satisfy the wants of the little stranger.

He well knew that he was welcome; no need to ask any questions about that. We placed a nice plate of food before him, and how he did eat! Never stopped a moment, until the last crumb was licked off. Then he ventured to look around, and began to wag his tail, as if to say: "This is the best way I have of showing my appreciation of your kindness."

He Gets a Name.

While he was eating his breakfast, we were trying to decide upon a name for him. My sisters said: "Let's call him Tramp; he looks just like one—all tired out and dusty, as if he had been traveling all over the country."

So that was the name we gave him, and I think he was perfectly satisfied with it, as he very soon answered to it when called.

It did not take Tramp long to make himself at home. You would have thought he had always lived with us. He slept every night at the door of our tent, as if to say, "I will take good care of you and keep all intruders away."

We had occasion to test his bravery, very soon. One bright moonlight night, Tramp commenced to bark and howl in good earnest. He would run a little way from the tent, then back again, and try to get inside. We knew there must be something wrong, and so father got up and went out, taking the gun with him, as he was quite sure it was some wild animal.

Now, what do you think was the cause of all this noise? We had a cupboard hanging in a tree, and in which we kept our meat, and a bear had climbed up and torn it down. But Tramp had made such a noise that bruin had not time to get at the meat, and made off.

It was a small bear. My father took a shot at him, but missed him; he was scampering off through the woods as fast as he could go, and did not take time to look around to see who or what was after him.

Our little yellow dog had shown us that he was very brave and useful, for had he not made such a noise, the bear would have made off with the contents of our meat safe, and our cupboard would have been as empty as that of Old Mother Hubbard. Tramp did not settle down again that night for sleep; he still kept up his growling and barking; perhaps he thought the bear would come again. But bruin was too wise for that; the dog and gun had given him quite a fright; he never came back.

Tramp Makes a Find.

Tramp was always ready for a scamper through the woods. One morning, he was running along ahead of us, when he came upon a poor little wounded rabbit that some hunter had shot and lost in the bushes. Tramp stood guard over him until we came in sight; then he came running toward us, as if to say: "there is something here that needs your attention."

We took the poor little thing home with us, and cared for it. He and Tramp became good friends, and would play together for hours. Tramp seemed to feel an ownership in him, and would look at him as if he were saying:

"You should feel grateful to me for saving your life. I found you a poor, little helpless rabbit, and called assistance for you, or you would have died."

Another thing that gave Tramp a great deal of pleasure was to go to the creek with us and watch us fish. He would sit beside us, as still as a mouse, until we hauled the line out of the water; then he was wild with delight, and would jump and caper around, barking loudly, as if he imagined he must have assisted us in some way. He really had a very good opinion of himself, if he was just a little tramp dog.

Then there were pleasant trips after blackberries for our supper. We tried to teach him to carry a basket or pail, but he did not care to learn; he would seem to say:

"You had better carry them. I am not proud. Don't think that I don't care for a collar, or blue ribbon around my neck, but I don't want to carry a basket."

Perhaps he had seen a picture we owned of a little tramp dog, with a basket fastened to his neck. He belonged to a blind beggar, and had such a pitiful look upon his face! Tramp may have seen that picture, and did not want to look like that.

Well, our outing was drawing to a close; it was time to go back to school. Oh, how we did hate to leave; how we should miss all those pleasant times! But the hardest of all was to leave Tramp.

The Parting With Tramp.

Father had told us that, in a few days, we were to go home. Tents were to be packed, and all the things that we had brought with us were now to be sent back. But what of our little dog? He could not go with us; we could not take him. There was no place for him; we lived at a hotel, and you know dogs are not allowed in hotels. What should we do?

We called him to us, and, with tears streaming down our faces, and our little hearts almost bursting with grief, we told him that we were going away to a big city; that we could not take him with us, and that we would have to leave him alone in the woods—and oh, dear! what would he have to eat? He really seemed to understand it all. Then we told him that we would leave him all the food we had, and that, perhaps, some one would find him and be kind to him.

But father had taken it upon himself to provide for Tramp. There were other people, whom we knew, who were camping near by, and who intended to remain longer than we, and father went to them and asked them to look after the poor little fellow, and they said they would, and a kind-hearted couple, who lived in a cabin in the redwoods, all the year round, said that they would see that Tramp had enough to eat after our friends had followed us to the city. That lessened our grief somewhat, but it was still with saddened hearts that we took the stage for home the next morning.

Tramp was there, and as the stage carried us away, he looked after us with a puzzled and reproachful look in his big, brown eyes, which said:

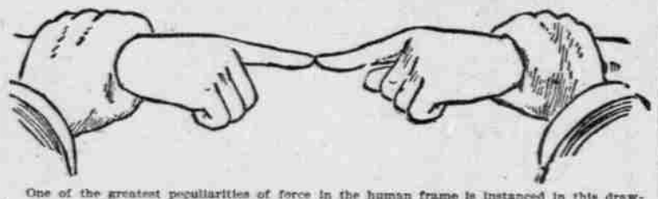
"What have I done that I should be left behind? Have I not been a faithful friend: kept watch over the tents at night, and been a companion through the day? And now you are all going away from me."

I think we could see tears in those eyes; I know there were in ours.

But Tramp fell into good hands, and I will tell you all about it some day, and how we met him, the next Summer, when we went to visit the dear old redwoods again.

E. S. BALDWIN.

REMARKABLE FINGER-TIP TRICK.



One of the greatest peculiarities of force in the human frame is instanced in this drawing from the Brooklyn Eagle. It has never yet been satisfactorily explained, although theories of weights, balance and strain have been freely invented in the endeavor to solve the mystery.

It is easy to prove the thing for yourself. Place the tips of your two index fingers firmly together, the balls of the fingers touching, but not too hard. Then let some one—the stronger the better—take hold of each of your wrists and pull. The pull must be gentle at first and without any jerking.

Afterwards the power may be increased until enormous force is exerted. There will be one invariable result. Provided the above conditions are firmly adhered to, the puller will be utterly unable to move one finger from the other. The strongest man will not be able to part the fingers of the youngest person in the room. This little trick will afford amusement in the drawing-room for both old and young.

BABY FOXES AT PLAY.

Gamboling on Hillside, With Mother Fox as Teacher.

One of the most fascinating bits of animal study, says a writer in the Philadelphia Inquirer, is to begin at the very beginning of fox education—that is, find a fox den and go there some afternoon in early June and hide at a distance, where you can watch the entrance through your field glass. Every afternoon the young foxes come out to play in the sunshine, like so many kittens. Bright little bundles of yellow fur, they seem full of tricks and whims, with pointed faces that change only from exclamation to interrogation points and back again. For hours at a stretch they roll about and chase tails, and pounce upon the quiet old mother with fierce little barks.

One climbs laboriously up the rock behind the den and sits on his tail, gravely surveying the great landscape, with a comical little air of importance, as if he owned it all. When called to come down he is afraid, and makes a great to-do about it. Another has been crouching for five minutes behind a tuft of grass, watching, like a cat at a rat hole, for some one to come by and be pounced upon. Another is worrying something on the ground—a cricket, perhaps, or a doodle bug; and the fourth never ceases to worry the patient old mother till she moves away, and lies down by herself in the shadow of the ground cedar.

As the afternoon wears away and long shadows come creeping up the hillside, the mother rises suddenly and goes back to the den. The little ones stop their play and gather about her. You strain your ears for the slightest sound, but hear nothing. Yet there she is, plainly talking to them; and they are listening. She turns her head and the cubs scamper into the den's mouth.

A moment she stands listening, looking; while just within the dark entrance, you get glimpses of four pointed black noses and a cluster of bright little eyes, wide open for a last look. Then she trots away, planning her hunt, till she disappears down by the brook. When she has gone, eyes and noses draw back. Only a dark, silent hole in the bank is left. You will not see them again—not unless you stay and watch by moonlight till mother fox comes back with a fringe of field mice hanging from her lips, or a young turkey thrown across her shoulders.

AT THE INDIAN'S GRAVE.

Impromptu Decorative Exercises Make Girls Tardy at School.

"I'm ready."
"And so am I."
"And I."
"And I."

Four girls scattered eggshells, orange peels and crumbs upon the ground, as they hurried into the schoolroom and then out again, only pausing long enough to leave their lunch-baskets and to reply, "Yes, we want to decorate it this noon," in answer to Miss Ball's question, "Are you going to the Indian's grave?"

"Well, be sure and not come back tardy," Miss Ball said.

The "Indian grave" was a round mound not far from the schoolhouse. There were people in the village who remembered the funeral, and the children had been told how, streaked with war-paint and gorgeous in beaded buckskin, bear ornaments and eagle feathers, the Indian had been propped into a standing position and left exposed for several days, and how all his possessions—his bows and arrows, strings of wampum, and his faithful dog, even—had been buried with him. They had been shown ornaments—bracelets and anklets and pendants—which had been found upon or near the mound immediately after the interment. The children themselves, by scratching the earth with sticks, were able to get tiny, bright-colored beads from a supply that seemed never to grow less. Hunting for them was a favorite pastime, to be varied just before Memorial day by decorating the grave.

Abundant Material.

The near-by woods furnished abundant material. Large strips torn from a bed of cool, green moss made a velvety carpeting for the mound. The girls reached down into the brook for the whitest pebbles, and these, arranged upon the moss in scallops and circles and stars, made a very pretty effect. Then "lady-slippers" were brought, and they, when placed upon the mound, looked as though they had grown there. When the girls had finished decorating, the Indian's grave looked rather like an ornamented plot in a flower garden or park.

"It's just lovely," they agreed. "But, say, don't you think the first bell must have rung, and we not heard it?" one of them added.

"I don't know; perhaps it did. We'd better start back, any way," Nellie White replied.

"Come to think of it, we've been gone longer than usual," Bessie Adell remarked.

"And she told us to be sure not to be late," Ivy Bemis piped.

"Don't you think both bells rang when we were in the woods, so we didn't hear either of them?" Bessie asked.

Perhaps they had rung. The girls looked at each other, and then ran, never stopping until they were in sight of the schoolhouse.

Sent to the Principal.

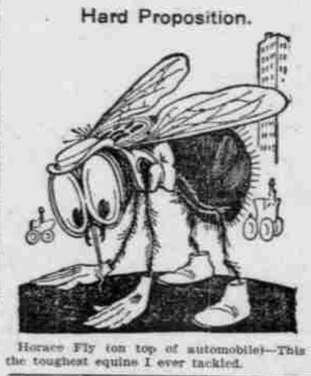
Sure enough, the yard was deserted. School had commenced. Nellie, Bessie, Ivy and May walked into their classroom bravely enough. Miss Ball called their attention to the clock, which pointed at 2. Then she sent them to the principal.

Think of it! Girls being sent to the principal! Such a thing had never happened before in the history of the school.

The children looked very sheepish when they returned. Shortly afterwards, Mr. Barker, the principal, came into the room to say that there must be no more visits to the Indian's grave made during school hours.

And so it happened that, instead of being torn off the following day, to facilitate a search for beads, the decorations upon the Indian mound were allowed to remain indefinitely, or until the wind had blown away the dried-up moss and lady-slippers, leaving only the displaced pebbles.

Hard Proposition.



Horace Fly (on top of automobile)—This is the toughest equine I ever tackled.

DRAWS A BIG CROWD.

Little Bird in New York Attracts Multitude of Guessers.

A poor little bird, half the size of an English sparrow, gave a continuous performance yesterday afternoon on the lawns between the City Hall and the County Courthouse, writes a reporter of the New York Times. It attracted almost as much attention as President McKinley, Admiral Dewey, or any other celebrity would have done, if he were passing through the park.

The diminutive creature was gaudy in its colors of yellow, black and white. Its back or cloak was of alternate stripes of black and white. As a hat it wore the same subdued colors, but so arranged as to give a more pleasing effect than the average product of the milliner's art. A bright yellow, full front to its waist, interspersed with dashes of white and black, completed the costume of the little wanderer, which seemed out of place amid its surroundings of pugnacious English sparrows and street urchins endeavoring to take it captive.

"It's an English thrush," said one of the amateur ornithologists who had joined the crowd.

"You're mistaken," answered his neighbor. "It's somebody's pet canary, which has escaped from its cage."

"You're wrong; it's a bobolink," another joined in.

"Bobolink nuthin,'" said a small boy. "It's a meadow lark."

"G'wan," said the newsboy, who had been on a fresh-air excursion. "Medder larks is bigger'n geese; dat's not a lark."

Guesses as to the name of the bird were made by all sorts and conditions of people. Business men with urgent appointments stopped to look at the little creature. Women whose hats were adorned with far more gorgeous feathered productions also stopped and admired the "little dear."

"Thistle bird," "robin," "French wren," "catbird," and various other names were given to the bird, by those who stopped and looked.

Unmindful of all the excitement it was creating, the bird, which was a member of the Sylvieriidae or American flycatcher family, continued in its search for insects for nearly two hours, and then, with a chirrup," it flew away.

A Native Daughter's Enigma—No. 6.

My first is in cream, but not in milk,
My second is in wool, but not in silk,
My third is in light, but not in dark,
My fourth is in boat, but not in ark,
My fifth is in high, but not in low,
My sixth is in keel, but not in bow,
My seventh is in round, but not in square,
My eighth is in desk, but not in chair,
My ninth is in old, but not in new,
My tenth is in three, but not in two,
My eleventh is in red, but not in black,
My twelfth is in straw, but not in stack,
My thirteenth is in rock, but not in sand,
My fourteenth is in ocean, but not in land,
My fifteenth is in sail, but not in row,
My sixteenth is in bread, but not in dough,
My seventeenth is in vase, but not in jar,
My eighteenth is in grease, but not in tar,
My nineteenth is in lose, but not in gain,
My twentieth is in thunder, but not in rain,
My whole is a man, who worked not in vain,
With his noble Rough Riders in our conflict with Spain.

—Miss Lavene Madden.

Sellwood, Or., May 16, 1900.

Impromptu Artists.

At "Impromptu Artists" any number of persons can play, and all that is necessary is that each player must be provided with a sheet of white paper and a pencil. Each must mark five dots, in any arrangement that he pleases, on the paper, and then pass it to the next player on his left. He then takes the dotted paper which has been handed him, and tries to draw on it some human figure in such a position as to bring one of the five dots at the middle of the top of the forehead, one at the point of each foot, and one on each hand.

No one must be allowed longer than a given time in making his picture. The results are often very laughable, and the game calls for a good deal of invention on the part of the players.

Tommy's Meditations.

'F I had other parents
B'sides those I've got now,
P'raps I'd have a better time
'N' pa and ma allow;
P'raps they give me my own way—
'N' then, p'raps, they'd not;
'N' so, p'raps, I'd better say
I'll stay 'th those I've got.
—Chicago Tribune.

DOMBEY, THE BLACK PIG

True Story of a Household Pet and His Dog Chum, Nero, Innocent Cause of His Sad Demise.

His name was Dombey. Nobody at the old farmhouse had ever dreamed of making a household pet of a little black pig, but before they began to think about the oddity of the undertaking, it had been accomplished, and the little fellow ruled the household from master to maid. It happened in this way:

Dombey, with eight brothers and sisters, was born in a sunny pen one morning in the early Springtime. He closely resembled his brothers and sisters in size, in his clean-cut toes, in his delicate, sharp-pointed ears, in his pretty pink nose, in his short, curly, wiggling tail, and last, but not least, in his ability to squeal—perhaps the loudest and longest of them all. But there was one distinct mark of difference between him and the others—while they were snowy white, Dombey was jet black, with a beautiful white star on his forehead.

From the very first his mother looked upon him with disdain. Then the disdain grew to dislike, and the dislike to a hatred which almost caused poor Dombey's death. No one knew the reason. They surmised, however, that on account of his sombre coat he appeared to his mother an angel of darkness rather than of light.

When he was only three days old he was taken into the house and laid in a basket which stood in a corner of the old-fashioned kitchen, near the fireplace. Then his paradise began. He was fed with sweet milk out of a tiny bottle. He was washed and rubbed and brushed every morning. His ears grew very soft and silky under this constant care, and everybody loved to rub them and fondle them.

Dombey took kindly to all the petting he received. Why shouldn't he? The germs of love are planted in the heart of every little animal, whatever his station in life. And Dombey did more. He tried his curly tail would wiggle with joy, and he would start out again to play.

One member of the family had been made unhappy by Dombey's coming—that was Nero, the great black Newfoundland, whose home the farm had been for two years. During all these months Nero had been the most important personage of the household, and he did not take kindly at all to the little pig. He even felt a certain amount of contempt for his mistress that she should be interested in so plebeian an object as a pig, and a black pig at that. Who before had ever heard of any one ever making a household pet of a pig! He certainly never had, and no dog he knew had ever told him of such a happening.

He soon found that his own food was served to him regularly. His favorite dishes, too, were not forgotten. He was still allowed to enjoy his afternoon nap by the fireplace in the kitchen. Best of all, his mistress gave him the usual attention and caresses. Then he began to take kindly notice of the little pig, and as Dombey grew larger he and Nero became fast friends. They bathed together in the frog pond behind the barn every morning. They chased the hens when any were foolish enough to stray from shelter. They played with apples under the trees in the orchard. When the fall came they worked mischief by getting into the turnip patch and pulling up row after row of plants. Dombey would only eat them when the size pleased his palate.

The turnip patch adjoined the orchard where the apples grew. No matter how often the hired men patched up the wire fence, Dombey always contrived to tear it down two or three times a week, at least. Finally, some one discovered how Nero helped. He would go to the opposite side of the orchard, and, running back, with full force, would hurl himself against the wire fence, which, strained and moved from its fastenings, allowed Dombey, with the aid of his little pink nose, and his toes, to finish the work.

Contrary to all ordinary traditions, Dombey did not love dirt. When it was rainy and muddy, he and Nero took their exercise on the wide veranda, which surrounded three sides of the house. The house stood upon the side of the hill. A flight of steps led from the veranda to the lawn. A few feet from the steps a jagged stone wall separated the lawn from the orchard.

Dombey's Sad Fate.

It grieves me to tell what happened there one stormy morning in November. Dombey and Nero were indulging in their rainy-day romp, when the latter, coming around the corner with all the force of his many pounds, ran full tilt into Dombey, who had just reached the edge of the steps leading down to the wall. Dombey, with a pitiful cry, was hurled down the steps, against the sharp stones. He struggled feebly for a few moments, then, with a moan, his little life passed away. Nero had bounded after him, and, in his dumb way, tried to rouse the little fellow. It was of no avail. Then Nero understood, and with one sharp, piercing wail, threw himself down beside Dombey in an abandonment of grief. Never again would they play tag together; never again would they pull the turnips and hunt apples!

The family had been busy all the morning, and had not thought about their pets. When dinner came and no Dombey scratched at the door, clamoring for admittance, inquiry was made for him. Some one had seen him and Nero racing on the veranda. Another had seen Nero run into him, and thought that the blow must have given the little fellow a hard tumble down the steps. Then Bridget remembered to have heard an agonizing cry. They went to the veranda to look, and there they found Dombey dead, and poor Nero beside him, watching, with one paw thrown across the little pig's back.

They buried him that afternoon, just as the sun came out of the clouds for the first and last time that day. The red rays bathed in full glory the little grave under the apple tree, in the corner of the orchard, which he loved so well. When the family left him Nero guarded the grave.

A year has passed since Dombey's little life went out. Nero has grown old and melancholy. He still spends hours at the grave. Nothing can induce him to stay on the veranda. He has never been seen to go down those steps to the orchard since that fatal day. When he visits the grave he goes over the wall at the rear of the barn.

Every one misses Dombey. No other pet has taken his place. The dearest souvenir of him which remains is the door leading from the back entry to the kitchen, where he was wont to scratch his entrance into and out of the house. It was his way of knocking.—By Florence Blanchard in the New York Herald.

THE LITTLE BIG-HEADS—FUN IN A BOWLING ALLEY.

As soon as the silvery moon shimmered bright,
The Little Big Heads came out in the light,

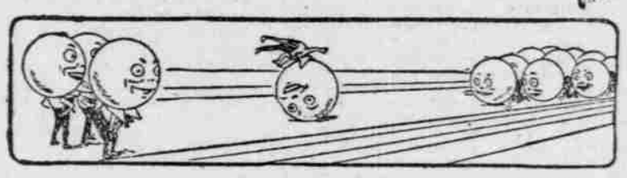
A big bowling alley they quickly espied,
And locked doors and windows they boldly defied.

Nine Little Big Heads stood up for the pins,
And nine was the number of mischievous grins.

The rest of the Big Heads would run for a space,
Then roll down the alley, each one on his face!

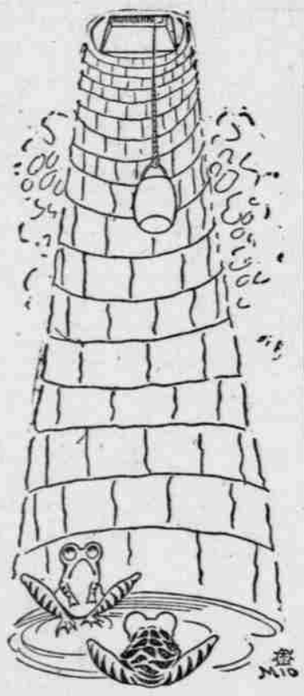
Each one had a head as round as a ball,
And when he fell down it hurt not at all.

They laughed and they played until the gray dawn,
But when the sun rose, the Big Heads were gone.



Brooklyn Eagle.

From One Point of View.



Mr. Frog (who has just "dropped in" upon a former acquaintance, at the bottom of the well)—My friend, you certainly reside in a veritable sky-scraper.

Conundrums.

Why do you go to bed? Because the bed will not come to you.

When is a ship like a book? When it is outward bound.

Why has an ocean voyage no terrors for physicians? Because they are accustomed to see sickness.

Why is a popular novel like Autumn? Because its leaves are quickly turned and always read (red).

Why should a thirsty man always carry a watch? Because there is a spring inside of it.

Who are the most exacting of all landlords? Why, children; because they never fail to make their father and mother parents.

What is it that no one wishes to have, yet, when he has it, he would be very sorry to lose? A bald head.

What conundrums are always at home? Those that are never found out.

What insect does a tall father represent? A daddy-long-legs.

When a lady faints, what figure should you bring her? You should bring her two.

Why is a pig in the parlor like a house on fire? Because the sooner it is put out the better.

When are eyes not eyes? When the wind makes them water.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

No Danger.

The modern Romeo climbed the grapevine and drank in the lovelight from his darling's eyes.

"Love," he cried passionately, "kiss me while the moon is yet in the sky."

"Is there any danger of its dropping from the sky?" she inquired, timidly.—Chicago News.

Clever May.

"Dear Ma, may I go out with Ned,
And skip the rope?" asked May.
"Skip all you like," her mother said,
"I like to see you play."

"Skip all I like," thought clever May,
"'Twas just what ma told me."
She skipped her lessons all that day,
Her music, too, at three.

And when her mother asked her why,
She cried, "You said I might
Skip all I like. You'll not deny
That I am in the right!"

"My darling May," her mother said,
In accents very mild,
"I'm really 'fraid you'll hurt your head,
You're such a clever child.

"And now you'd better skip some more,
You seem so good at that,
You'll skip dessert, and, furthermore,
You'll skip your Easter hat!"

This gave poor May an awful jar,
She wept upon her cuff.
She cried, "I really think, mamma,
That I have skipped enough!"
—Brooklyn Eagle.

BERT'S SOLDIER BROTHER

Memorial Day Brings Opportunity to Young Lad to Commemorate a Sacrifice for Country.

Bert Mosier had been working in the garden all forenoon. He had mowed the lawn, raked the loose grass into a heap, piled it into a wheelbarrow and then piled himself on top of the whole. Even had Bert not felt the need of the rest reposing in the wheelbarrow would afford, the garden seemed too pleasant a place to leave. For Memorial day was at hand, and the Mosiers, like all other families in the neighborhood, or in the town either, for that matter, were saving their flowers to take to the cemetery. Consequently, bushes were laden with roses—full-blown, loose-petaled blossoms, half-open buds and buds just beginning to burst their calyxes. There were roses red as wine, others yellow as gold, pink roses, white roses and variegated roses growing upon the Mosier lawn, as were also other flowers—carnations, geraniums and pansies—all waiting to be snipped from their stems and tumbled together into baskets, early Decoration day morning.

But, instead of enjoying the beauty and fragrance of the blossoms, Bert allowed his mind to wander into the past. He fell to thinking of his soldier-brother, Lloyd, whose grave he could not decorate because it was in far-off Manila.

How short a time it seemed since Lloyd was at home, begging to be allowed to enlist! Finally he had carried his point, and Bert remembered the day he came to the house to show himself in uniform. "With a Springfield rifle thrown across his shoulder, he'd frighten any Spaniard," their father had said, and every one laughed at the remark, because Lloyd, being small-sized, made anything but a formidable-appearing warrior. It had also occasioned smiles when, with a fastidiousness not commonly attributed to soldiers, he had stolen home from the hot and dustry camp for a daily bath, and, incidentally, to regale himself at the family larder, which contained more palatable articles than those included in the Government bill of fare.

Mother Love.

"Lloyd never could get along without milk to drink at his meals. Bert, you'll have to carry it out to him," Mrs. Mosier had said.

"Lloyd doesn't want us to be sending him milk; the other fellows'll all guy him if we do," Bert argued, but his mother had insisted upon being obeyed, and so, against his will, he had carried Lloyd, the soldier, milk to drink, and, contrary to the younger brother's expectations, Lloyd had appeared glad to get it.

What a glorious place the camp under military rule seemed to Bert! How he had regretted being "nothing but a kid," and so unable to enlist. He remembered things clearly, as he lay there in the wheelbarrow upon the freshly-cut grass. He thought of the day when the company left Camp Lincoln. How the flags waved and the bands played, and what a crush there had been at the depot! Bert had sepcial reason to remember the crush, for it had cheated him out of a last glimpse of Lloyd, and also out of giving Lloyd the cake which he had brought from home and meant to hand through the car window.

Soon after the company had left town, the worrying had commenced, although Lloyd's first letter, written on board the transport ship, had been full of good cheer, as had also the other three that he had sent. But the fourth letter had not been received until after the telegram telling of his death. Bert's train of thought ended here.

"Why didn't the idea strike me before and I'd have sent my $5 gold piece to Tom Norcross, at Manila, and had him decorate Lloyd's grave with it?" he concluded.

Also another, and more timely, suggestion entered his mind. It was associated with the Soldiers' Home which he, in company with his grandfather, had visited only yesterday, and it directly concerned the bare white walls of the Home, which seemed to Bert a cheerless enough looking place, although it was located in a fine-looking house, surrounded by beautiful grounds. No sooner had he commenced following out the suggestion, mentally, than his grandfather appeared upon the porch, so Bert left the wheelbarrow and joined him, in order to talk over his plan.

Bert's Plan.

"Grandfather," he began, "don't some people, when their relations die, give things, like libraries or money, to hospitals, to commemorate their memory?"

"Yes; great universities and other institutions have been founded in that way," was the reply.

"Well, why can't I buy a picture for the Soldiers' Home, in memory of Lloyd? All the time I was out there yesterday, I didn't see a single picture."

"I think that would be a very sensible thing for you to do," his grandfather replied.

Now, Bert Mosier is noted for impatience, so it isn't to be supposed he waited very long before carrying his plan into effect. On the contrary, he started out immediately after lunch and returned within two hours, bringing a picture with him, which he wished the family to see before it was framed.

He had selected a "Battle of Gettysburg," photographed from the famous painting in Memorial Hall, Fairmount Park, Philadelphia. His grandfather, who had fought at Gettysburg, and who thought a better choice of picture could not have been made, explained it carefully, especially with reference to the military movements, and pointed out the Union commander, Meade; the Confederate commander, Lee, and the different historic spots—Cemetery Hill, Round Top, etc.

When he had finished, Bert had a better knowledge of the battle than he had been able to get from studying history at school.

He took the picture back to the store, where it was neatly framed, and, before it was packed for the expressman, he stuck in a corner of the frame a card, upon which was written: "Presented by Bert Mosier, in memory of his brother, Lloyd, who died at Manila, August 16, 1898."

Shortly after the picture had been sent, Bert received a letter, which read:

"The inmates of the Soldiers' Home unite in sending their heartiest thanks to the boy who so kindly remembered them upon Memorial day. The picture has been hung where all may have full benefit of it."

And Bert felt quite satisfied—as satisfied almost as though his brother's grave had been within reach and he had decorated it.

AMY MAGUIRE.

THE OMNIVOROUS GOAT—SHOWING STRANGE MORAL EFFECT OF DEVOURING SEVERAL VOLUMES FROM LITTLE WILLIE'S LIBRARY.

After Consuming "Little Lord Fauntleroy." | After "Johnson's Encyclopedia." | After "Leather-Stocking Talse." | After "Don Quixote." | After "Broncho Bill; or, the Boy Buster."