CHILDREN

He Made His Mark.

When Willie was a little boy his mother oft would say:
"I'm sure our boy will get along and make his mark some day."
His mother's prophecy came true, but instead of gaining fame,
He made his mark—as she had said—he could not write his name.
—Philadelphia Inquirer.

AGAIN IN THE REDWOODS

Romping With "Tramp" in the Great California Forest—A Day at the Seashore.

Trunks and boxes packed. Hammocks, fishing tackle, croquet sets—all safely stowed away, and one bright, sunny morning, in June, we started for our summer outing; three long months of camp life were before us.

What a lovely drive it was over the mountains! How happy we all were, spinning along! The horses would dash around the sharp curves, up hill, then down; sometimes over dusty roads, then through green fields, and across bridges and creeks, until, late in the afternoon, we again came in sight of the dear old spot where our Summer home was to be. With a loud hurrah that rang through the woods, we jumped from the stage, as it stopped at the end of the little bridge that led to the camping spot.

Tramp was there, barking and yelping a noisy welcome. How he jumped and capered about, and then he sat up on his hind legs and put out his little paw, as if to shake hands with us. He had been taught this by the kindhearted people who had taken care of him during the Winter and who had brought him down that morning and left him in charge of a little girl who was camping near, and of whom I will tell you later on. You can imagine how delighted we were to find Tramp again, and how many questions we had to ask him.

"Oh, you dear little doggie, where have you been? Did you want us to come back? Have you been well treated?" To all of which he would wag his little, yellow tail, as if to say: "Yes; every one has been kind to me."

Getting Settled.

Soon we heard father calling us to come and help him. Tents were to be put up and everything made ready for the night. After all was done and we had eaten our supper, none of us cared to stay up; we were tired out with our long ride.

How soundly we slept, with Tramp keeping guard, at the entrance to the tent, as usual! Of course, we were perfectly safe, even if our camp fire was not burning; there had been no time to start that. The next day we would go up in the woods and haul the big logs—plenty of work for us all to do.

In the morning we awoke bright and early, hurriedly dressed and went out to look for Tramp, as he was nowhere to be seen. What had become of him? Had he been stolen or had some wild animal carried him into the woods and killed him? Perhaps a coyote; there were many of them about. We called and whistled, but no answer came—not a bark.

So we started on a search for him, and presently we heard noises. Then we came upon a large white tent, with the name "Camp Madrone," upon it, and under the trees the occupants were eating their breakfast. Beside them was Tramp, busily engaged in clearing his plate of food. There was the little girl we had seen the day before, with her father, mother and brother. Her name was Bessie, and her brother's Will.

They had been there two days, and said they were very lonely; that they were so glad we were going to stay all Summer. They would be there until Fall, as the father's health was not good, and he hoped to get well by living in the woods.

Tramp Well Acquainted.

Tramp had become well acquainted with them, and seemed to want to stay, but when he heard mother calling us to breakfast, I guess he knew what it meant, for he ran on beside us, quite ready for another meal.

How short the time seemed to us since we last were seated around that table! One whole year had passed and here we were again, listening to the songs of the birds and watching the little brown squirrels, as they ran from branch to branch of the trees, their bushy tails curled over their backs. They winked and blinked at us with their bright little eyes, chattering away in squirrel talk: "We're glad to see you all again."

The next day father hired a big wagon, with lots of straw in the bottom for us to sit upon, and we made ready for a long ride to the beach, some 10 miles away. Bessie and Will, with their father and mother, were to go with us, and a merry party we were, all safely stowed away in the nice, soft straw. We had decided upon leaving Tramp at home to guard the tent, but at the last moment he made such a noise about it, barking and yelping, that father relented and allowed him to get on the wagon.

You should have seen him, as he curled himself up in the straw, only the end of his nose and his little, bright eyes visible! He well knew that he had had his own way, and he looked up at us as though to say: "I am one of this family, and I don't intend to be left at home."

The ride seemed very short, and soon we came in sight of the grand old ocean, whose great waves were rolling in and breaking upon the beach. We quickly clambered out of the wagon, with Tramp at our heels. He looked very wise, and said, as well as he could express it: "Oh, this is nothing new to me. I have been here many times; just see what I can do!"

Tramp Takes a Swim.

He ran along the beach a little way, and then into the water, catching at some seaweed, which he dragged out. Then he plunged in again for a stick, which we threw in, and which seemed to us almost out of his reach. But he struggled after it, great waves coming toward him, as if they would surely carry him off, and finally he succeeded and brought the stick to us on the beach. Our little doggie was very brave, and had been taught to swim by the people who took care of him during the Winter.

We spent a very pleasant time wading in the water, gathering shells and mosses on the beach, and when our lunch was ready and mother called us, how hungry we were! The sea air had given us such an appetite that we scampered along, without taking time to put on our shoes and stockings.

In our eagerness, we had quite forgotten Tramp. Where could he be?

Soon we saw him, scampering across the beach. What a yelping! What had frightened him? We remembered to have seen him playing with something on the beach; he would poke his nose down in the sand, then run away, and scamper back again.

But he caught a Tartar; he had been teasing a large crab, and Mr. Crab had taken a bite at Tramp's little yellow tail, and he wouldn't let go. Tramp couldn't shake him off, and so he started, on the jump, for us, bringing Mr. Crab along with him, and making the welkin ring with his howls and yelps. I guess he thought the quicker he got home the better. When we had released him, he was ready to show fight with crabbie, and was very brave. He behaved as though he would have us think he was not afraid; was only having a little fun with Mr. Crab.

Trout for Next Day's Dinner.

Father left us for awhile to go to a beautiful creek, near by, to fish for salmon trout. He caught five large ones, which we took home with us for our dinner the next day.

Soon it was time for us to start for home, and we were quite ready. Our day's outing on the beach had been delightful, but when the sun had set, we thought of our cozy tents in the redwoods, and the nice warm fire we would sit by, when we got there.

We were not as noisy on our return trip. Tramp was very quiet. He did not feel quite as joyous as when he started out in the morning. Guess he thought his reputation for bravery would be taken away from him.

When we were all seated by the campfire that evening, each one had some wonderful story to relate of the narrow escapes they had experienced. Father told us about the Sacramento floods—how the river would rise and overflow its banks, and homes would be swept away. Horses, cows and chickens could be seen struggling in the water; nothing could save them, and father, on one occasion, had to take refuge in a tree, and stay there until assistance came. Everything was gone, and the spot where the home had been was a vast sheet of water. Then, when the flood subsided, they had to rebuild, and plant gardens and crops and do all the work on the place over again.

During the time that the flood stories were being told, Tramp did not show the slightest interest. But, when Bessie's father, who had lived many years in India, told of the narrow escapes which he had had—how he had once been attacked by a tiger; that tigers would carry off men in their mouths, and with one stroke of their huge paws would kill them, he looked up and seemed to say:

"Oh, this is dreadful. I will never go far from the camp again—not even to hunt crabs."

We felt rather timid, when we went to bed that night, and rather expected to see the big head of a tiger looking through the door at us. E. S. BALDWIN.

HELEN AND HER PETS.

These Were Rover and the Pigeons and Her Little Black Pigs.

There lived in the country a little girl named Helen Tallor. She was a good little girl, and went to school at the little red schoolhouse on the hill, two miles distant from her home. Few children have to go so far nowadays, but she enjoyed the long walk to and from school, and which gave her health and strength and brought the color into her cheeks. Her friends were many, and among them were the dumb animals on her father's farm. She was always happy when tending her flowers.

Helen had several pets, Rover, a big Newfoundland dog, a pair of lovely white pigeons and two little black pigs. But she loved the pigeons best, not because they were the prettiest, but because they had no other mother than her.

One day she was in the barn, playing with her pigeons, when in bounded Rover with a little hen in his mouth. He had run over her garden and spoiled the vines that were just beginning to come up and her large bed of blue violets, that she had taken so much care of, that she might have a large bunch for her mother's birthday.

Now, many of you would think she was angry, but she was not. She knew how proud Rover was of his prey, so, instead of taking a stick, as many of you would do, she put her arms around his neck and hugged him till he growled.

Not many of us would do that. If we treat a dog kindly, he will be our friend, and if he could talk, he would tell us a great deal. CLARA T.

Thirteen years old.

MISHAPS TO MAGICIANS.

Conjuring Tricks That Have Not Always Worked Smoothly.

Professional magicians are invariably very smart and cautious individuals. Their tricks are generally well practiced in private before being introduced to the public, which, no doubt, accounts for the fact that they are, as a general rule, carried out so successfully. In spite of their elaborate precautions to avoid failure, however, some of the cleverest conjurers occasionally meet with mishaps during the course of their performances, and thus treat their audiences to some startling or amusing unrehearsed effects.

Herrmann frequently introduced into his entertainment the trick of producing two large goldfish bowls. Advancing toward the footlights with a large shawl, he would wave the latter mysteriously in the air, and suddenly produce from its folds a glass bowl filled with water, in which a number of live goldfish were complacently swimming. This he would place upon the table, and repeat the waving motion with the shawl until he had produced another similar bowl of goldfish.

A complete explanation of the working of this trick need not be given here. Suffice it to say that it was accomplished by previously covering each of the bowls with an india rubber cover, which prevented the water from escaping when the bowl was inverted. One of these bowls was concealed under each armpit, underneath the vest. The bowls were, of course, easily taken from their hiding places under cover of the shawl, the india rubber cover being removed beneath the cloth before the bowl was exposed to the view of the spectators.

Herrmann Discomfited.

The trick was a very effective one, and rarely failed to elicit a round of applause, but one evening, says Tit-Bits, a ludicrous mishap occurred, which not only spoiled the trick, but also resulted in the complete discomfiture of Herrmann. On this occasion he had just succeeded in producing the first bowl, when, by some unfortunate mischance, the cover slipped off the second, with the natural result that the contents of the bowl were impartially distributed about the luckless performer's body, filling his shoes and thoroughly saturating his clothes. It is almost superfluous to mention that this incident concluded the evening's entertainment, so far as Herrmann was concerned.

Few modern prestidigitateurs employ confederates during their performances, for although such assistants can generally be relied upon to play their parts satisfactorily, yet at times, through accident or design, they fail to carry out their instructions, and so ruin, instead of assist, the trick in which they take part. Some years ago, for example, De Grisy, a very popular performer, included in his repertoire a trick in which a confederate was instructed to hand up an imitation gold ring when De Grisy required it. The magician got through his performance all right, until he came to the afore-mentioned ring trick. Stepping among the spectators, he blandly requested the loan of a ring, taking care, of course, to select the one offered by his confederate. With this ring he performed an excellent trick (the details of which need not be described), and then smilingly handed the ring back to his confederate. The latter examined it with apparent surprise, and, assuming an indignant air, asked:

Rascally Trick.

"What does this mean? I gave you a valuable gold ring, set with diamonds, and you return me a worthless imitation."

The wizard was naturally astounded by this impudent assertion, but it was obvious that he could not expose the confederate without also exposing himself. In an undertone he entreated the man to cease his foolish conduct, but he would not be silenced until De Grisy had reimbursed his supposed loss. The confederate then left the theater, and was never seen again; but it afterward transpired that a rival magician had bribed the man to thus bring about the ridicule of De Grisy.

Among the whole category of mishaps, however, none have proved fatal excepting those caused through the "bullet trick," a sensational conjuring feat, which has brought fame to dozens of conjurers and death to at least six performers. For the benefit of those who have never witnessed this trick, we had better explain that it consists in the performer loading a pistol with a leaden bullet and allowing one of the spectators to fire at him, when he catches the bullet between his teeth. The secret of this trick lies in the fact that, in loading the pistol, the magician deftly substitutes a bullet made of black lead for the leaden bullet; the black lead bullet is crushed to a powder with the ramrod, while the genuine bullet is secretly slipped into the conjuror's mouth, as he walks up the stage. Beautifully simple, isn't it? Yet, in spite of its simplicity, accidents will happen.

Shot Through the Brain.

Only a few months ago a conjurer was presenting the trick in a provincial theater, and, as usual, he handed the pistol to a young man for the purpose of firing. While the conjurer was returning to the stage, the man, who was holding the pistol introduced another bullet into it. The pistol was then discharged, and the bullet crashed through the brain of the unfortunate conjurer, who fell dead upon the stage. Many of the spectators fainted at the horrible sight, and the man who had fired the pistol was immediately arrested, but as he succeeded in convincing the jury that he was not aware he was doing anything wrong, he was acquitted.

Still more tragic was another case, in which an ingenious performer resolved to introduce a variation of the bullet trick. He "made up" to represent the historic William Tell, and each night he would shoot an apple from the head of his son, the bullet being afterward found embedded in the apple. The feat was, of course, nothing more than a trick; but one evening, through some terrible mistake, the leaden bulet was fired from the gun, the boy on whose head the apple rested being killed outright. The unhappy conjurer was sentenced to six months' imprisonment for homicide, and shortly after his release from prison he died in a lunatic asylum.

INSECT UNDERTAKER.

Prepared for Its Own Funeral, When Death Became Inevitable.

It has often been noticed that there are no animals which are more dainty and fastidious in their personal habits than insects, the extreme pains which the common housefly takes in attending to its toilet being a good example of this racial characteristic. The discovery has now been made, says the New York Herald, that there are certain insects which have such a respect for Mrs. Grundy, and are endowed with such an innate love of neatness and order that not even death, or rather decapitation, can prevent them from making one grand final toilet, which is clearly designed to give them a sedate and respectable appearance after death.

Dr. Ballion, a skilled entomologist, has discovered this remarkable fact. "During one of my recent horseback rides," he says, "I frequently caught one of those large flies which annoy cattle and horses so much, and I promptly got rid of it by crushing its head.

"One day, instead of throwing the mutilated insect away, I placed it on the back of my hand and indolently watched it. For some seconds the insect remained motionless, but then, to my unbounded surprise, it moved its front legs forward to the place where the head should have been, and, after it had rubbed them nervously together, apparently in anguish, it began to brush its body and to smooth its wings with its hind legs. Under the gentle pressure of these limbs the body gradually became extended and the extremity curved, while the wings gradually changed their natural position and left the upper part of the body exposed. Meanwhile the hind legs continued to brush each other from time to time.

"Naturally I watched this extraordinary sight with great interest, and, in order to see the finale, I took the insect into my study, where it lived an entire day, spending the time at the ungrateful task of making its own funeral toilet."

Pre-empted.

Miss Fly—Hands off, there, little boy! I got there first!

LIKES TO BE TALKED TO.

Doggie Who Enjoys, and Understands, Conversation.

A short time ago, says a writer in the London Daily News, a little dog was missing. He was found sitting on a chair in a sunny window opposite a good old dame with whom he had lately struck up cordial comradeship.

"Ah, what are you doing?" cried the owner, entering.

"Wir schwatzen zusammen" (we are chatting together), said the old dame, and, in fact, she was reeling off a yarn with cats, rabbits, pigeons and all sorts of things in it, and doggie sat, all attention, sometimes one pricked ear on high, sometimes the other (which is the canine equivalent for a note of interrogation); sometimes with flashing eyes and mobile nostrils; occasionally with puckered forehead and angrily rising mustache.

The same dog has another friend, who says she tells him fairy-tales (the tales have a great deal about an emphatic black cat in them!), and when the dog looks more puzzled than a harried chess-player, the reciter turns triumphantly to the bystanders, saying:

"You see, he understands every word!"

A dog certainly likes conversation, and he understands a good many words, undoubtedly—the names of different kinds of games, the names of meals and of sundry amusements of his, and also the patronymics of his principal friends.

Tags on Children.

The children of the poor in Japan are always labeled, in case they should stray away from their homes while their mothers are engaged in domestic duties.

The Little Dandelion.

There was a pretty little dandelion,
With lovely fluffy hair,
That glistened in the sunshine
And in the sunny air;
But oh! that little dandelion
Soon grew quite old and gray,
And by and by her charming hair
Blew many miles away.
—St. Nicholas Song Book.

RIDING FOR THE DOCTOR

Mishap to a Little Montana Maid, in Quest of a Physician, in the Rockies.

It was the season when rattlesnakes were plentiful in the hilly districts of Madison Valley, Montana, that a nest of the reptiles was found under the Shelton's front porch. Mr. and Mrs. Shelton were away from home, and lonesome little Mary Shelton was left in the charge of Jennie Smith, the neighbor girl who helped with the work.

"I'm so afraid of snakes that I just can't enjoy being out-doors," Mary said one day, while she and Jennie were in the potato patch, getting "Early Rose" for dinner, and no sooner had she spoken than a warning rattle sounded.

Jennie uttered a cry of horror, for her hand touched a serpent that had been concealed in the plant she was about to uproot. Mary saw the rattlesnake, which was coiled, but with head and tail held stiffly erect. A moment later it struck, fastening its fangs in Jennie's wrist. Frantically, she shook it off.

"Come home! oh, please come home, before the poison begins to take effect!" pleaded Mary, as she pulled at Jennie, who stood half-dazed.

The older girl yielded to the persuasions. When they were in the house, Mary, who had read what to do in such an emergency, bound the wrist tightly just above the wound. Then she placed a sponge, soaked with alcohol, upon the bite, and gave Jennie whisky to drink.

"Take all the whisky you can, and keep pouring alcohol on the sponge," Mary directed, as she put both flasks on a chair by Jennie's side.

"I'm going after your mother," she added, and then she hastened to the barn, where she bridled and blanketed her pony Fleda, whose hoofs were soon making a loud patter upon the smooth, hard road. When the Smith ranch was reached the patter ceased, momentarily.

"A rattlesnake has bitten Jennie; you'd better go to our house right away; I'll bring the doctor!" Mary said to Mrs. Smith, who answered her knock. Jennie's mother immediately commenced untying her apron strings and putting on her hat, but, in her agitation, she paid no attention to what Mary said in regard to getting a physician.

"The Divide."

The nearest doctor lived at Virginia, a town separated from the Shelton ranch by 18 miles of valley, plus four miles of mountain road. This road led through a chain of the Rockies, which was always spoken of as the "divide." Mary had once before ridden Fleda as far as the "divide." She had afterwards told her parents about it, saying:

"I could have ridden on into Virginia, as well as not. Wouldn't the people we know have been surprised to see me?"

"Never think of riding so far again, and, above all, of crossing the divide," her parents had replied. But they had not foreseen the present circumstance, which made disobedience a necessity.

The 18 miles were covered before there was the slightest indication that the July afternoon was beginning to wane; at least, there was no such indication in the valley, but when Mary entered the mountains she found that the shadows cast by pines and towering cliffs gave an appearance of evening. A lonesomeness brooded over the scene, and it increased, when a turn of the road made it impossible for her to look back upon the valley. A pleasant breeze that had cooled the air and caused the tall prairie grass to undulate became here a wind which swayed heavy boughs. Fleda's hoofs clattered noisily, as they struck the rocks.

Pressing resolutely on, Mary found that, in glades, the sun shone as brightly as it had in the valley. These patches of sunlight cheered her, but they became less and less frequent. Fleda, who had galloped willingly along the 18 miles of smooth road, commenced tossing her head impatiently, and made frequent efforts to turn back. After journeying at a slow pace until Mary thought that she must certainly be near Virginia, she suddenly saw a red light, as of a forest fire, burning through the pines. Then she came to a point from which she could see the sun hanging in the western sky like a great golden plate.

Slipping off Fleda, Mary straightened the blanket, three corners of which had been nearly touching the ground. In order to remount she climbed on top a large boulder and pulled Fleda's bridle gently, until, thus guided, the pony stood so that the rider could have sprung to her back. But provoking Fleda moved away from this position as often as she was guided to it.

An Accident.

Mary jumped down from the rock, intending to lead the pony a few feet before again attempting to mount. But, in jumping, she sprained her ankle. Poor Mary! Though she tried to hobble along, the pain became so intense that she sank by the roadside, and then imagine her dismay, as the darkness gathered.

The wind blew harder, making a fearproducing sound, as it whistled through the cliffs and wrestled with the pine trees. She felt afraid of everything, in general, and of rattlesnakes, bears and stage-robbers, in particular. Why had she not thought of these robbers, or "road-agents," as they were called, before attempting to cross the divide? She had known well enough that, only recently, they had "held up" a stage in this very district, and that they were still at large. She saw, or fancied she saw, a pair of green eyes peering at her through a clump of bushes. The eyes probably belonged to some wild animal which would make her its prey as soon as daylight had disappeared. And there heartless Fleda grazed as contentedly as though her little mistress were not in such dire distress.

During a lull in the wind Mary heard a sound as of heavy wheels. Could it be that the coach which should have crossed the divide early in the afternoon was coming? But for fear of attracting the attention of the green-eyed animal which she believed lurked near, Mary would have gone forward to find out, braving the pain of her ankle.

Her suspense did not last long, however; for, presently, the stage-coach appeared in view. She could distinguish the figure of the driver. When it had approached near enough, the little girl lifted her voice and called with all her small might, then, fearful that the sound might be lost, she also waved her handkerchief.

Catching sight of the child, the driver brought his six horses to a sudden halt, after which he clambered to the ground. A short explanation followed; then Mary was deposited within the coach, which, it so happened, contained no other passenger. Belated as he was, the driver spared the time to remove Fleda's bridle and blanket and stow them safely away in the "boot" of the stage, as the receptacle for the leather mail bags was called.

Fleda Deserted.

The pony, unless able to find her own way home, would have to remain upon the divide until such time as some one came for her.

Thankful as Mary felt to be in it, the stage was not a comfortable resting place. The lame ankle received many an extra twinge of pain from the ceaseless jolting. Two or three times the driver came to the coach door to inquire how she was getting along. He cheerfully made a circuitous route, in order to deliver his charge. Without the aid of a physician, Jennie had been brought out of danger; so the sprained ankle received all the attention it needed.

Shortly after this occurred, the very driver who had rescued the little girl from her unpleasant situation was sentenced to prison as an accomplice of the stage-robbers. But Mary remained his true friend. As a sign of this friendship, she collected newspapers and magazines, which she sent to him regularly while he was serving his term.

Mary never though of him as a robber. On the contrary, she reverenced him as the man who had delivered her from the fate of being eaten by the green-eyed animal. AMY MAGUIRE.

One. Two. Three.

HE KNOWS MULES.

"Hi! Why don't you stop dat mule from backin'?"
"Case I knows de mule! He goes faster dis way!"

COULDN'T DECEIVE HIM.

Tommy—I smell apples.
Mamma—I guess you smell those apple parings on the plate.
Tommy—No; tain't that. I smell whole apples.

NEWSBOY ALLY.

Flies to the Rescue of a Small Boy Abused by a Bully.

There is no better or truer instinct than that which makes it impossible for a boy to stand by in silence and see a small mate abused by an older one. It invariably indicates a cowardly spirit on the part of the one who always "picks on" a boy smaller than himself, and the big fellow never gets or deserves any sympathy when he comes to grief through his failure to choose "one of his size" when he wants to fight.

Ten or 20 schoolboys were on their way to school in an Eastern city, one day recently, when a boy of 16 among them began to tease a little fellow of perhaps 12 years, relates J. L. Harbour, in Success.

Suddenly the annoyed smaller boy threw an apple core at his tormentor, whereupon the big boy assailed the little fellow brutally, saying:

"I'll let you know that you can't throw apple cores at me! You take that!"

The little fellow shrieked with pain, but he could contend but feebly against his far larger and stronger assailant, and none of his schoolmates offered to go to his relief.

Leaning against a lamppost up the street was a typical street gamin, ragged, unkempt and far removed from the tidy, well-fed and well-dressed schoolboys. A bundle of newspapers he had been unable to sell was under his arm, and he seemed to be looking about for a customer. Suddenly he let the unsold papers drop to the snowy ground, and came running lightly and swiftly down the street, his blue eyes aflame and his grimy fist clenched. The next instant, the big, well-dressed assailant of the small boy found himself seized by the collar and jerked violently to the ground by a boy of about his own size, who said, boldly:

"Take a kid o' yer size when ye want ter fight, ye big coward! Take a kid o' yer size! Touch that little kid ag'in, if ye dare!"

The big fellow struggled to his feet and said, blusteringly: "Who's going to keep me from touching him if I want to?"

"I am!" said the gamin, standing as erect as a West Point cadet, and, whipping off his ragged jacket, he gave his head a toss and said again:

"I'm goin' to see that you don't touch him ag'in! If you want to fight, take a kid o' yer size, I tell ye! Try yer hand an me!"

"Humph!" said the big fellow, without, however, offering to touch the "kid of his size."

"Yer a coward, that's what you are!" said the gamin. "Ye don't dare touch a kid o' yer size!"

Nor did he. Mumbling and threatening he walked off, with the jeers of his schoolmates ringing in his ears.

The street gamin went on his way also, unconscious perhaps of the fact that in his bold defense of the weak against the strong, he had manifested a kind of heroism all too rare among the boys of the world.

Slamming-Door Habit.

Every mother probably admits to herself that she had the greatest comfort with her children previous to the time they learned to slam doors like their father.—Atchison Globe.

Such a Very Small Dog.

A very small dog with a great big bark,
By a gate was watching, one day;
And his tail curled up, and his ears flopped down
In the funniest kind of way.

An echoing step on the walk in front,
Was the game that he sought no more.
When it passed he barked, and he barked, and barked,
Till his throat was so barked 'twas sore.

He said "Bow-wow!" and his tail gave a jerk;
Then he tried "Yap-yap!" for a spell.
"Uff-uff!" came next and a terrible growl,
Far too savage for me to tell.

He poked his nose like a little black dot,
So high that it covered his eyes.
His ears rose and fell; a wonderful sell,
This dog with a bark for his size.

The step turned about; it went with a cane.
The little dog uffed only once.
He took down his nose and curled in his toes
And hunted the house. What a dunce!
—Lillian Budington in Chicago Tribune.

THREE CUNNING BUNNIES

One of Them Is Damon, His Chum Is Pythias, and 'Tother is Just Plain "Scramble."

A little girl who lives in Harlem, says the New York Tribune, has found a new way of passing her play time since she received three pretty white rabbits to care for out of school hours. At first she did not know how to provide a house for them, but, after thinking it over, she got some wire netting and fastened it over the entrances of a large dollhouse, which she had placed in one corner of the yard, where the sun would reach it for several hours each day. In the dolls' house the rabbits soon found themselves comfortably settled.

They soon learned that the largest room was the dining-room, into which their small owner would put their food at regular hours and a cool drink of water could always be found. Two of the rabbits had generous dispositions, and would share their food, so they were named Damon and Pythias, because they were so friendly, but the third showed a disposition to be selfish, and he was named Scramble, as he always scrambled to get everything to eat first.

They Liked Dandelions.

They were all three delighted when the dandelions came, as they like this food better than any other. When they see the dandelions being brought they stand up and wait eagerly for a chance to get at it. That is, Damon and Pythias wait, but Scramble dances around and tugs at the tiny door in a vain effort to get all the dandelions first. When they are put in he eats as fast as possible to try to get more than his share. Then the other two get disgusted at his selfishness, and when they have finished will go into one of the other rooms and leave him alone until he gets remorseful and will come and peer in at the door to see if they feel friendly toward him.

After a while their owner found that she could tame the rabbits and let them out of the house to run around the yard and eat from her hand. They are fond of green things, and eat grass, clover, carrots and some times beets. Every morning before she starts for school the little girl gives them a large plate of bread and milk, and this they seem to enjoy.

Damon and Pythias have been taught many tricks, one of which is to be harnessed to a little cart, which they draw around the yard for the dollies to take an airing in. They go with a funny hopping gait, and seem to enjoy pulling the little carriage. Scramble also does some tricks.

Draws His Own Drink.

A tiny little well has been dug, and in this a little bucket full of water is placed. Above an arrangement with wheels will draw up a bucket when pulled, and every few minutes Scramble will fancy that he must have a drink, and going over to the little well, carefully draws up his bucket. When told to "dance" Scramble will stand up and hop around as if he were dancing. He has to be rewarded every time he does this, and he is always ready to do it, because he knows some special dainty will be presented to him when he is through.

Sometimes in the evening, when the streets are quiet, their owner takes the three rabbits for a walk on the block, and they present a cute appearance hopping after their little mistress, for they have too good a home to think of running away. When they have walked for a few minutes they turn home again, and on reaching the little house the rabbits walk in the door and settle down for the night on their beds of fresh, clean hay.

MR. RAT'S MISHAP.

How He Spoiled His Best Clothes on His Way to Dinner.

Mr. Rat had combed his whiskers, brushed his ears, dressed himself in his best clothes, put his party slippers on his feet, and with his umbrella in one hand and his stick with the silver knob in the other, he set out for the house of A. Weasel, Esq., where he was going to dine.

When he got to the brook which ran between him and his dinner, he was delighted to see Madam Duck and Mr. Turtle.

"Oh," he said to himself, "this is first-rate; surely one of them will carry me across, and then I shall not get my feet wet or soil my best clothes. I think I will ask Mr. Turtle first. Dear Mr. Turtle, you are always so kind and obliging, that I know you will take me across the brook on your back."

"Then you know more than I do," answered Mr. Turtle. "Perhaps, if you hadn't called me a mock turtle the other day, I might have obliged you; but ask Madam Duck; I have no doubt she will take you across."

"Oh, certainly! With pleasure," said Madam Duck.

So Mr. Rat seated himself on her back, and away she swam. But when they got to the middle of the brook, Madam Duck espied a fine, fat frog, and down went her head after it, and up went her back, and off went Mr. Rat into the water.

He soon scrambled out again, but his lovely slippers were full of water, his dress coat was quite spoiled; he had lost his umbrella, and stick, and he lost his dinner as well, for he felt so like a drowned rat that he thought he had better get home again as quickly as he could.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Magical Watch.

Have concealed in the palm of your left hand a small magnet, and, borrowing a watch, ask the owner if it is in good order and going. He will, of course, say "Yes." Place it to his ear and ask him if it is going. He will again reply "Yes." Place it to the ear of the next person, and he will say "No," and so on from one person to another.

To cause the watch to stop, it is taken in the left hand, in which the magnet is concealed. Taken in the right hand, it will go all right, but it will stop when in the left.

Sweet Little Girl.

"I had my picture taken today," said little Christine. "I crossed my arms and leaned on a chair, and the picture man put my head in some tongs."

"Why, you must have looked like a lump of sugar in sugar tongs," laughed papa.

"Why, so I must have," said Christine, delightedly, "'cause the man kept saying 'What a sweet little girl!'"—Brooklyn Eagle.

Takes Cash.

The youth who "makes a sonnet
To her eyebrow" will not win.
He must have skill to make for her
A pocketful of tin.
—Philadelphia Press.