

STORY OF A GIRL BREADWINNER BY IZOLA
FORRESTER *et* IN TWO PARTS.

new blocks above lay a large pile of papers protected from mischievous boys and dishonest pedestrians by a large Newfoundland dog, and it was to him that the boy kept coming whenever he needed a paper. The dog was a noble-looking creature and took entire charge of the block, enabling the owner to run up and down the street and get all the trade in sight, unhampered by a heavy load of papers.

Jack was an old friend of my companion's and had recently told her quite a remarkable story which showed the unusual intelligence of Bob. Jack's mother keeps in washing and a few weeks before left a half-dried wash out overnight. The morning when she looked out at the wash was blowing and nothing could be seen of the clothes. Greatly alarmed she ran down into the yard to see if a few pieces had not been left. But that was her surprise to find Bob, huddled up in a corner on the clothes which had gathered piece by piece, as they blew from the line, and brought to this position. She had kept them there rather during the night.

In the evening John has a regular paper route and the dog is of more service to him then, if possible, than during the day. He boy takes one side of the street and the dog the other. John carries the papers, and Bob comes back to him for each one as he needs it. If there is only one

relationship that no living creature appeared too mean to become the object of their interest, care and affection.

De Pellisson, the poet, while imprisoned in the Bastille, one morning discovered a web that had been spun across the air-hole of his cell. Upon touching this web a spider made a furious rush at him; and when he tried to get away, the spider dragged less wearily for De Pellisson.

He began by tormenting the little weaver, and ended by catching flies for it and courting its friendship. He at last succeeded in restraining the spider by his hand or his knee. With each new accomplishment the poet's attachment to his strange pet gained in strength. His pride in it, too, was great. And this pride he lost.

One day the governor of the Bastille entered the cell and asked the poet how he spent his time. De Pellisson answered that he managed to get amusement, and as the door was closed the spider came from his web to his hand. But before he could put his pet through its tricks the governor brushed it to the floor and set his foot on it.

De Pellisson cried out, and, in his grief and anger, turned on the governor with reproaches. "I would rather," he finished out, "that you had broken my arm!"

A PRECOCIOUS ARGUE.

This Monkey Would Have Made His Fortune on the Stage.

Monkeys in their wild state seem to be as skilful in imitation as their brothers

approach. They are full of curiosity, and in the throes of excitement and suspicion. When, the nuts exhausted, Lady Napier retired to her tent for the night, the monkeys withdrew to their homes in the trees.

The next morning Lady Napier was startled to find that her apron was missing. The loss of the apron was insignificant, but it was a puzzle, containing a considerable sum. An inquiry and a close search were instantly begun, but in vain. The searchers were inclined to consider the disappearance of the apron as the work of some of the Indian thieves, who can steal a sheet from under a sleeper without awakening him. Going by chance into the back enclosure of the tent, Lady Napier found her guest of the previous evening, who was standing with the lost apron tied about his waist. He was recalling by mimicry the scene in which he had played so courageous and successful a role. The apron was supplied by the hotel and silver coins, which he took from the purse and scattered liberally among his kith and kin.

Though efforts were made to catch the rogue, he was not taken. He was taken to the woods, clad in a black satin apron, and doubtless played the part of a monkey who had seen the world.

It Would Seem So.

"Never, under any circumstances," said the woman, explaining how she kept her wardrobe in such splendid shape, "do I wear a street gown in the house, even for an instant." Neighbor "Benny" replied, "and even in the street." "I should think you would find it awkward to change gowns on the