



THE SOLDIERS' CRIPPLED DOG.

**A Dog With A Wooden Leg.**

A woolly little poodle in the Philippines was a regimental pet. During a fight near Cavite the lower part of its left hind leg was shot off. Being unfit for further campaigning, he went to live in the surgeon's home.

The doctor's wife had made for him an artificial hind leg, fitting neatly over the stump with a laced glove top, and having a little rubber pad for a foot. On this the dog soon walked with ease, and by de-

grees learned to use it readily, as if it were an actual leg.

One day, however, as he was scratching behind his left ear, the wooden leg hung in his hair and pulled off. The poor little fellow's perplexity when his hind stump kept on swinging and no scratch came, was ludicrous. Finally he violently shook his head and ears till the wooden leg flew off. Then he took it in his mouth and hobbled on three legs to his mistress, to have it put on again.—'The Child's Companion.'

**When Mamma Visited The School.**

When mamma took Jamie and Nora to school for the first time, she told the teacher that she hoped to come often to see how her little ones were getting along. But there was wee Alice to take care of, and then fair Rosamond, and by and by dear little dimpled Dick.

After a while all five went to the same school—to Miss Graham's 'primary and kindergarten,' as Alice called it. By that time, somehow, mamma was busier than ever. Three little curly heads to have tangles taken out and ringlets put in! Five little faces to polish, five little neckties to knot, rubbers to find, and then Jamie and Dick!

Well, even the best of boys, you know, have such a queer way of just slicking the front of their hair, and leaving the back part looking like a lot of cast-off paint-brushes.

When mamma actually got the little procession started at half past eight, she was almost tired out. But the little ones couldn't understand that at all, and now a little chorus of five teased almost daily: 'O mamma, why don't you visit our school?'

Then they learned a little song, beginning,

Dear, dear, what can the matter be!  
Parents don't visit the school.

The verses went on to say that fathers and mothers cared for their dollars, horses and collars—for everything, in fact, but visiting the school. After they learned this tantalizing song, poor mamma hadn't any peace; for every morning they took hold of hands and danced around her in a ring, singing: 'Dear, dear, what can the matter be?' till she made up her mind that she really would go very soon.

A few days after mamma came to this decision, old Aunt Patty Penn, who kept the only toy-shop in Alcon, decided to go out to Chicago to live with her brother. Mamma had always been very kind to poor Aunt Patty, sending her broth when she was ill, and buying for her little ones all the red mittens that the old lady could make between sales. So now Aunt Patty thought she would be kind, too.

After she had auctioned off as many old toys as she could, she called in mamma's little procession just as it was turning home from school. To Jamie she gave a fine baseball; to Nora, a set of britannia dishes; to Alice, a box of old-fashioned, red and yellow paper dolls; to Rosamond, a wooden box full of brass rings set with glass stones of every color; and to Dick, a glass jar of lovely pink and white striped sticks of candy; and a happier group of children is seldom seen.

Dick was a generous little fellow and it seemed as if he gave a candy-stick to every child he met. Still, he must have stored a great many for safe-keeping in his own little stomach, for mamma had to give him so much peppermint and hot water that night.

(To be Continued.)