

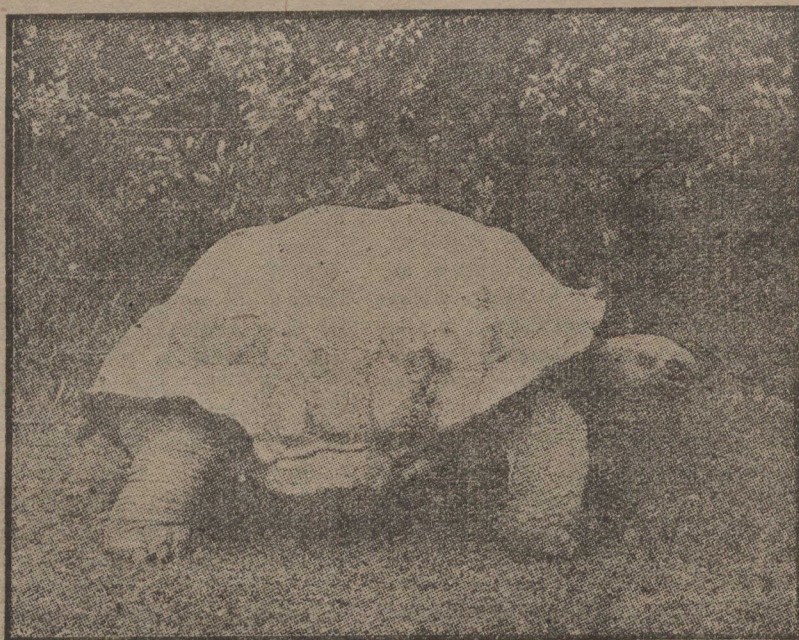
LITTLE FOLKS

Two Hundred Years Old.

Yes, two hundred years old, and he lives in a garden in the pretty island of Mauritius, and is considered quite a curiosity. He is an enormous fellow, with great thick legs almost like an elephant's.

But though Mr. Turtle is said to be about two hundred years old, and ought, on that account, to be

owners of the garden where Mr. Turtle lived were having dinner, that gentleman thought he would like to join them, not as 'turtle soup,' of course, or even as 'mock turtle,' but real, live turtle. Quick as thought, at least as quickly as a turtle thinks, he escaped from the garden and actually managed to



held in great veneration, I fear he has not always been treated with the respect he deserves.

History relates that a soldier once sat down on his hard scaly back; as he did not sink in or fall off, as he ought to have done, he was joined by two of his comrades, who were watching the result of the experi-

push himself half-way through the door into the house before he was discovered.

There was a great commotion at the advent of this self-invited guest, and, sad to say, his inhospitable hosts had him pushed all the way back again—but it took four men to do it.



HEADS OF VARIOUS SPECIES.

ment. Three men on one turtle! But I don't think they had a very exhilarating ride, do you?

On another occasion a hard-hearted man fired a rifle shot at this long-suffering turtle; even that did not break his shell, but it made an impression—there has been a small indented mark in the shell in the middle of his back ever since.

One summer evening, when the

Since that time he has come to the conclusion that it isn't worth going through so much to get so little, so he limits his explorations to the garden.

We give above three heads of tortoises; the first a marine turtle, with parrot-like jaws, the middle one is the *Trionyx ferox*; and the third is called the Matamata.—'Child's Companion.'

A Grateful Cat.

In a family where there were no children, and the loss of little ones was felt very keenly, a great many pets from the animal world found a home. Among them was a beau-

tiful cat. She was trained to do many little tricks, and had corresponding privileges, one being to sit in a high chair at the dining table beside her master, with a bib tied about her neck, and have her meals

with the family. Her food was prepared for her on a plate just as a father would prepare it for his own child, and pussy would sit with her paws on the cross-bar of the chair and enjoy her dinner to her heart's content. She had learned to come to the dining-room when the summons-bell sounded, just as every member of the household did, jump into her chair and sit there awaiting her turn, most orderly and well-mannered.

One evening pussy was missing, and her master and mistress wondered what had become of her. The bell was sounded two or three times with no response.

When, suddenly, pitter, patter, down the stairs came kitty, something like a little whirlwind, rushed into the dining-room, leaped into her chair, and planted a mouse on her master's plate! She had been fed so often and so generously by her host that in her gratefulness she must needs repay his kindness by similar attention.—'Child's Hour.'

Old Billy.

By Abbie Sharp.

Billy stood neighing at the post, waiting for his master. He was a beautiful animal with intelligent eyes, and every one on the street knew him and why he was there.

He was not tied to a post. Oh, no! There was no need of that, for he was just telling his master that he was ready, and in a few minutes they would be riding up the street.

All day long he stood in the shed untied, even without a closed door to confine him. Yet he was quiet enough until the afternoon rolled around.

At 4 o'clock Billy waked up. He was almost as regular as the clock. Carefully backing the buggy hitched to him out of the shed onto the street, he stood at the post and neighed a welcome and a summons to his master. This is why every one knew him.

Every morning, six days in the week, Billy performed the same journey. If none but the regular stops were made, it was hardly necessary to guide him. He al-