



PRAIRIE DOG TOWN.

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Queer looking dogs, you say! and well you may, for they are not a bit like dogs. They are more like small woodchucks, and are called dogs probably from the little yelping noise they make when talking to each other. They are about thirteen inches long, and of a reddish brown colour. They are very sociable little creatures, hundreds of them living in the same district with their burrows close together; these districts are called towns or villages. Around the mouth of each burrow they pile earth to the height of about eighteen inches, and from the top of these they see what is going on in the community, as one or two consequential looking little fellows are doing in the picture. This attitude is one of the most amusing things in the world. In Lincoln Park, Chicago, is quite a colony of prairie dogs, whose antics are an endless source of fun. Burrowing owls and rattlesnakes often live in the same holes with the prairie dogs. There is one of each here, you see. They seem to be having a sparring match, and are evidently making such a clatter as to alarm the little papa dog, who is coming down to see what all the noise is about.

have brought your luncheon, and I'll send you a cup of tea."

After the couple had gone, "mother" sat looking out of the window in deep thought, apparently, and perhaps not altogether happy. Finally she reached under the seat, and brought out a little worn, black basket, and began fingering the ribbon with which it was tied.

Just then the train stopped at a station, the door was flung open, and a cheery-faced man stepped inside. He looked eagerly up and down the car, and his glance fell upon the old lady. "Mother!" he cried.

"John, my John!" answered the lady, and the two were clasped in a loving embrace.

"Where are Frank and Emma," he demanded, after a few moments.

"They have gone into the dining-car; Emma isn't strong, you know, and has to have a hot dinner."

This last remark she repeated in answer to a curious look in John's eyes.

"And you didn't want any dinner, I suppose?" His eyes fell upon the basket. He mustn't hurt his mother's feelings, and he checked himself.

"Aren't you glad to see me?" he said.

WHY SHE DID NOT
DINE ON THE
TRAIN.

A rather pathetic little incident occurred the other day on a Michigan Central train, and the Chicago Tribune tells it in this wise:

A tall, fine-looking young man and a handsomely dressed woman sat just in front of a plainly dressed, sweet-faced lady of perhaps seventy years. Once in a while—perhaps often—the man turned and made some remark to the elderly woman, whom he called mother, and whose eyes showed that she was proud and fond of her son. The younger woman, his wife, seemed somewhat less cordial; but she, too, once in a while turned and dropped a word or two into the conversation.

By-and-bye the porter announced that dinner was ready in the dining-car, and the young man said: "Well, mother, Emma and I will go now and get a dinner. You know she needs something warm. You

"Aren't you surprised? I found I could meet you here instead of waiting until you reached Chicago. And say, mother, isn't that the same basket that Frank and I used to carry to school? I thought so."

By this time there was a smile on the mother's face.

"Well," said John, "I'm pretty hungry. Suppose we keep this for supper, and you come with me and get a hot dinner. No; no excuses."

As they left they met the other couple returning.

"Hello, John! Where did you come from?"

"How do you do, Emma? Mother and I are going to have a hot dinner."

At Chicago the people who had seen all this saw a handsome young man with a little black basket on his arm, tenderly assisting a sweet-faced old lady through the crowd to a carriage. As for the other couple, nobody had any eyes for them.

THE FAVOURITE DOCTOR.

The goodest old doctor came when we were sick—

That is, dolly was sick, and me.
When I ran out my tongue he said very quick,

"You'll need lemonade, that I can see,"
And he sounded like fairies I've heard in my dreams

When he said: "Don't forget to take chocolate creams.

'Your pulse beats so fast fresh caramels I
Shall prescribe, also peppermint drops.
Take buttercups, ice cream and cocoanut pie,

And soda cream, till the pain stops."
Then I ran out my tongue for my dolly.
Said he:

"Give her some of the same; the same symptoms I see."

Well, the dolly, you know, was sick only in play;

And she really can't talk, drink or eat,
But I took enough medicine for dolly that day—

And for me, too—pie, cakes, candies sweet.

I was doctored for both, and the queerest thing still,

Is that dolly is well, but her mamma is ill!

BAD BARGAINS.

A teacher in a Sunday-school once remarked that he who buys the truth makes a good bargain, and inquired if a scholar recollected an instance in the Scriptures of a bad bargain. "I do," replied a boy. "Esau made a bad bargain when he sold his birth-right for a mess of pottage." A second said, "Judas made a bad bargain when he sold his Lord for thirty pieces of silver." A third boy observed, "Our Lord tells us that he makes a bad bargain who, to gain the whole world, loses his own soul!" A bad bargain indeed!