

his nursery. Here his mother, the doe, found for him a soft bed of moss and dried leaves and fed him on milk.

He was the prettiest little creature, with his brown fur coat dappled with white, and his little slim legs which were still so weak that he could hardly stand on them, and could only take a few feeble steps at a time. Before the doe left the cover to look for her food in the forest glen, and to drink a fresh draught at the brook, she pushed him gently down upon the soft moss bed with her muzzle, and made him understand that he must lie there obediently till she came back, so that she might be sure of finding him again in the midst of the great forest. After a few days his legs became a little stronger, and he tried some pretty gambols, but he was not nearly strong enough yet to gallop with his mother over hill and dale, and to jump over bushes and ditches.

Some children came into the forest one day to hunt for berries, and men and women came close to the cover to gather wood. When the doe saw them she stamped her fore-leg, and the fawn instantly understood that this was an order for him to lie down and hide under the leaves and high bracken. When the children and wood-gatherers saw the mother deer they ran after her. At first she trotted on slowly a little way ahead of them, at times, even stopping a moment, pretending to be lame and unable to run fast, and all the while the people followed her she was leading them further and further away from her little fawn in the cover. At last, when she thought all danger of their finding him was over, she trotted along quicker, so that the people soon lost sight of her in the thicket. Then, choosing a round-about path, she returned to her little one, and found that the fawn, meanwhile, had been obedient to his mother's teaching, had lain absolutely still in the same spot, and his obedience had saved him from discovery. So you see it was best for the fawn to obey his mother without questioning, and of course a child should do so too, for it should be at least as sensible as a little fawn.—'Educational Record.'

'Tip'

Tip was but a tiny dog when he was sent as a gift to his young master, who lived on the beautiful farm, 'Mt. Airy,' during the summer.

When he first came he was frightened and bewildered. The trip from North Carolina in the baggage car was not a pleasant ex-



'TIP.'

perience, and for days he had a scared look in his eyes that went to his master's heart.

But he soon made so many friends, and was fed so well by Harry, that he seemed a different dog, and began to enjoy running over the broad fields and meadows.

How fast he grew into a beautiful black dog, with a glossy coat that fairly shone in the sun! Harry was so proud of him, and, in fact, all the people on the big farm loved him. He was very intelligent, and Uncle Willie and Harry greatly enjoyed teaching him smart things. He soon became very useful. When the time for the cows to be brought from the pasture came, all Harry had to say was, 'The cows, Tip,' and away he would go after them, and would soon come driving them to the shed to be milked.

He became a fine watchdog, and was a sworn enemy of tramps. A ragged, dirty man had difficulty in coming in, no matter what his errand might be. As Harry laughingly said, 'A man had to wear a standing collar and a stiff shirt to have the friendship of Tip.'

As soon as the door was opened downstairs in the morning up the stairs he would bound to wake his lazy young master. Harry did not enjoy this, nor did Uncle Willie, but Tip bade them such a cheerful good morning with his many 'bow wows' that they never scolded him.

His favorite amusement was running after rats and mice up in the old attic. He would get so excited

and bark so loudly that he had to be called downstairs.

What happy days he and Harry spent during the long summer! They had many tramps through the cool woods, and spent hours on the creek fishing, sometimes with very good luck. The creek ran all through the farm, and they waded in the cool water and played on the big rocks. The two were always together, and a sad day it was when Harry had to leave the farm and go home to enter school.

Tip was a dismal dog for many days without his playmate, and could not be comforted. He was so lonely that Harry finally had him sent to his home, where they could be happy playfellows again.—'Child's Hour.'

Mother Earth's Bedquilts.

Four bedquilts are yearly folded and spread

On Mother Earth's old trundle-bed. The first, a brown and white old thing,

She puts on in the early spring. The summer one is green and bright, With four-o'clocks nodding left and right.

And then when winds begin to blow,

She spreads a red quilt on, you know.

She sews it through with yellow thread;

It makes an autumn-leaf bedspread. And by and by, all in a night, She spreads her quilt of snowy white.

—S. Raymond Jocelyn, in 'The Philadelphia Teachers' Magazine.'

Seven-o'clock.

Little saucy Six-o'clock

And merry Master One,

With Bread-and-butter Five-o'clock, Were playing in the sun,

When in peeped Bedtime Seven-o'clock,

And, somehow, spoilt the fun.

For saucy little Six-o'clock

Put fingers in each eye,

And One-o'clock began to pout,

And Five to scream and cry;

Till Seven-o'clock ran off again,

And so, indeed, did I.

—'Waif.'