



JAPANESE MODE OF DINING.

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Dinner was served in Japanese style. Our host wore Japanese costume, and the room in which we dined was open on three sides, and looked out on the gardens. When you enter a Japanese house you are expected to take off your shoes. This is not alone a mark of courtesy, but of cleanliness. The floors are spotless and covered with a fine matting, which would crack under the grinding edges of your European shoes. We took off our shoes and seated ourselves on the floor, and partook of our food from small tables a few inches high. The tables were of lacquer, and the dishes were mainly of lacquer. There is no plan, no form, in a Japanese dinner, simply to dine with comfort.

POLLY AND THE MOUSE.

"There are mice in the shed," said mamma.

"Yes, I saw one this morning," said Jack.

"It must be caught," said mamma. "It nibbles the cakes and pies when they are set out to cool."

"Poor little mouse," said little Polly. "I think there's enough pies and cakes for it to have a little bit."

"I'll set my trap for it," said Johnny. He did so. The next morning he went early to the shed to look.

"Ha, ha!" he cried. "I've caught him!" Polly and Jack went to look, too.

"Polly," said Johnny, "you go and get your cat."

Polly went, sorely against her will.

"Now, Polly, you sit right there and hold kitty while I open the trap. The moment I say 'Let go,' you let her go."

"Let go!" screamed Johnny.

Polly gave kitty one squeeze and then let go.

What a rush and a halloo was in that small shed! How the boys shrieked and tumbled over each other!

"There—it's got away! It's in that hole."

"Polly," said Johnny very gravely, "I'm afraid you didn't let go quite quickly enough."

"I'm afraid I didn't," said Polly meekly.

But she smiled to herself as the boys went out. Then she went and gave kitty a big saucer of milk.

WHAT BABY LOST.

BY M. HENDERWICK BROWNE.

Baby's lost his pretty smile,
It's been missing for a while—
He has found a frown instead:
Well, I'll put him off to bed.

When he gets to Sleepytown
He may lose his naughty frown,
And may find his pretty smile.
That's been missing for a while.

JACK'S DREAM.

One lovely summer day a little boy named Jack went up into a haystack to watch the men gather hay.

Jack watched the butterflies and bees as they played together, and they sang such sweet songs and the hay smelled so sweet that before little Jack knew it he was fast asleep.

He dreamed that away off, ever and ever so far, he saw a little black cloud, and it was dancing all about. He watched it because he had never seen such a funny cloud before, and as he watched the little the hay. But he still saw the cloud, and nearer, and little Jack tried to crawl under the hay. But he still saw the cloud, and it was coming nearer and nearer, and he saw it had wings and was making a noise like a thunder cloud.

But just then the little black cloud with the wings flew right down on Jack with such a racket that he waked right up, and what do you think he found? Way, just a big, black fly buzzing on his nose.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT

We heard a story told the other day that made our eyes moisten. We have determined to tell it just as we heard it, to our little ones:

A company of poor children who had been gathered out of the alleys and garrets of the city were preparing for their departure to new and distant homes in the West. Just before the time of starting the cars, one of the boys was noticed aside from the others, and apparently very busy with a cast-off garment. The superintendent stepped up to him and found that he was cutting a small piece out of the patch on the jacket, which, having been replaced by a new one, had been thrown away.

There was no time to be lost, and the superintendent said: "Come, John, come; what are you going to do with that old piece of calico?"

"Please, sir, I'm cutting it out to take with me. My dear mother put the lining of this old jacket for me. This was a piece of her dress, and it is all that I have to remember her by."

And as the poor boy thought of the dead mother's love, and the sad death scene in the garret where she died, he covered his face with his hands, and sobbed as if his heart would break.

But the train was about leaving, and John thrust the little piece of calico in his bosom to remember his mother by, hurried into the car, and was soon far from the place where he had known so much sorrow.

We know that many an eye will moisten as this story is told and retold throughout the country, and many a prayer will go up to God for the fatherless and motherless in all the great cities and in all places.

Little readers, are your mothers spanners to you? Will you not show your love and obedience? That little boy who loved well, we are sure, obeyed. Bear this in mind: that if you should one day have look upon the face of a dead mother, thought would be so bitter as to remember that you had given her pain by your willfulness or disobedience.

In a certain regiment, an Irishman and a Scotchman being in company, the conversation turned to feats of strength. Says Scotty to Pat: "Scotland can boast of the strongest man in the world." "How's that?" said Pat. "Well," said Scotty, "we have a man in Scotland that can put his arms around the biggest tree and pull it up by the roots." "Pshaw," said Pat, "that's nothing. In Old Ireland we have a man that can get into a barrel and pull up the river." (Collapse Scotty.)