

clared the silly thing had gone again, and the coyotes would surely get her now, and although she noticed the Gobbler wandering off every day by himself, supposed he was grieving for his companion.

It was a bright, sunny day, and once more the barnyard was full of excitement, for six hens were proudly displaying large broods of downy chicks. Suddenly a loud 'Gobble, gobble' was heard, and who should strut into their midst but Mrs. Turkey in all the glory of achieved victory, followed by seven downy turks, all bright and healthy. Grandma and Pollie were delighted, and all the hens gathered round to pay homage to the handsome brood.

'Gobble, gobble! I said I'd have my rights, and here they are. Gobble, gobble!' and the little family ran to her.—'The Young Soldier.'

Dandelion Clocks.

(By Annie W. McCullough, in 'Youth's Companion'.)

I'm sure the dandelion clocks could tell

The many things we'd like to know so well—

What time of night to catch the elves and fays,

What time to spy the brownies at their plays,

When fairies spread their cobweb wash to dry,

And when to see the fairy queen pass by.

We'd like to know just when the bluebells rings,

So we could quiet be, and listening;

What time the lady-slippers dancing go,

What time the Indian-pipe will bubbles blow,

What time jack-in-the-pulpit clears his voice

To preach his sermon all about 'Rejoice.'

We've watched and listened till the time seemed long,

But, though they ought to know, they told us wrong.

So now we'll ask what they can tell us right:

'What time is father coming home to-night?'

Though they have mocked our other questions so,

This will not matter much—because we know!

How Buster Lost His Head.

Dominick, the black hen, and her family of half-grown chickens, were in the back yard.

'Let's go over into the oat field,' she said, 'They are drawing off the oats, and there will be fine scratching there.'

'The idea of scratching for a living!' said Buster, the pert young rooster of the family. 'I know a trick worth two of that.'

'I know what you mean,' said little Whitey, 'and I should think



MOLLIE AND THE CHICKENS.

you'd be ashamed of yourself! You sneak into the shed and steal everything you can find.'

'That's what I do,' replied Buster boldly, 'and I get a good living that way. That's why I'm the biggest of the family. Stealing is lots easier than scratching.'

'I saw Molly whack you with a broom yesterday when she drove you out,' put in Speckle.

'What of it? She didn't hurt any more than a fly. I was in there again as soon as her back was turned. Come in with me now, Brownie, and we'll have a feast out of the cat's dish and the swill pail!'

'No, Brownie, don't go with your naughty brother. Come on to the oat-field.' And Dominick led the way, all but Buster following. He sneaked into the shed again, and ate all he could hold.

'Mr. Clay,' said the nurse, coming out on the porch, 'the doctor says Henry may have chicken broth—young chicken.'

'Oh, father!' cried Mollie, 'do kill Buster, he is such a thief! I drive him out from the shed forty times a day.'

'The very one that's fit to kill,

then,' said her father, going to the shed, where he met Buster coming out; and the first thing that smart chicken knew, he didn't know anything!

'Tip-top chicken broth!' said Henry, smacking his lips that night. 'I'm glad Buster's dead.'

'So am I' cried Mollie.

'Remember, children,' said Dominick to the rest of her brood, 'it is far safer to scratch for a living than to steal.'—Ex.

A Story of Lights.

(Harriet S. Warren, in 'Kindergarten Review'.)

One night when the sun had disappeared and birds had tucked their heads beneath their wings to rest, one of the night birds flew close to an electric light.

'Of what use are you?' asked the bird, 'You give so little light compared with the sun.'

'I do the best I can,' said the light. 'Think how dark this corner would be if I were not here! People walking and driving might run into one another, and someone might get hurt.'

'That's true,' said the bird, and away he flew. Then he came near a gaslight, standing apart from houses and busy streets.

'Of what use are you?' asked the bird. 'You do not give as much light as the electric light.'

'I do the best I can,' said the light. 'Do you not see that steep bank just beyond? If I were not here someone might fail to see it, and fall.'

'That's true,' said the bird, and away he flew. Soon his sharp eyes spied a lamp in a window.

'Of what use are you?' asked the bird. 'You do not give even as much light as the gaslight.'

'I do the best I can. I am in the window to throw light down the path, that Farmer Brown may see the way when he comes home. I do the best I can.'

'That's true,' said the bird, and away he flew.

But again his sharp eyes spied a light—a tiny candle light in a nursery window.

'Of what use are you?' asked the bird. 'Your light is so small. You do not give even as much as a lamp.'

'I do the best I can,' said the candle, 'and I can easily be carried from room to room. Nurse uses me when she gives the children a drink of water at night or sees that they are snugly covered up in bed. I do the best I can.'

'That's true,' said the bird, and away he flew, thinking, as he saw the many lights here and there, little and great: 'All are helpers.