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Boys and Girls.

Buried Alive.

A clergyman vouches for the truth of a story which would otherwise be incredible. The winter of 1885 was the coldest in the experience of Minnesota farmers, and the live stock suffered terribly. About a mile from the clergyman's house was a piece of timber. He kept his oxen busy, he says, hauling wood to his house. The snow lay three feet deep, and the sledding was good. On the first of January he yoked his oxen, and in addition to the yoke used some heavy harness, including thick leather traces. It was one o'clock when he left home, and in an hour or so he was loading the wood on the sled at the edge of the timber.

Meanwhile a blinding blizzard blew up, sweeping over the prairie at the rate of fifty miles an hour, and piling up the snow in drifts from eight to ten feet deep. As the wind increased both myself and my oxen became chilled to the marrow, says the minister, and I knew that it was certain death to man and beast to stay out any longer.

Turning the heads of my oxen homeward in the very teeth of that blinding storm, I urged them on across the open space between the timber and my house. But oxen, however willing, are never

prairie had disappeared, leaving only about one foot in depth, except in the deep hollows of my ranch. I was driving a team of heavy farm horses over to the timber to get another load of wood, when, on passing through a small ravine a little to one side of the ordinary road, I noticed a movement in the snow. Drawing in my reins, I alighted, walked about ten feet from my horses, and lo! there were my oxen, alive, still yoked together, standing in four feet of snow, with just enough of their bodies above the snow to make a movement visible.

They had been caught between the stumps of two trees, and there they had been for thirty days, unable to move, and saved from freezing to death only by the deep snow that so mercifully had covered them. They had eaten up everything within reach, including the leather harness, most of the wood of the sled-pole, the bark of the tree trunks, the twigs and sticks lying round, and the roots of the trees to a depth of three feet. There they had stood for thirty days. They were living skeletons. Every bone was visible. Yet they were able to walk home, and after careful feeding for another thirty days they were as strong as ever, and were faithful animals on my farm for ten years afterward.



'Doggie' at Drill.

How Molly got her Curls.

By Rosamund Nesbit Bland.

"Eat up your crusts, dearie," said Nurse, "and then your hair is sure to curl some day."

Molly looked at her in despair. How could anyone be so silly?

"Nurse," she said, "you know it's not true. I've eaten thousands of crusts, and it hasn't made any difference at all. Last week I didn't eat anything but crusts for tea, and my hair is as straight as ever."

Molly took hold of a lock of hair and tugged at it as she spoke. As a matter of fact, it was very nice hair—black, and thick, and long—but it was the kind that never curls, and Molly longed for curls more than anything else in the world. One night she had made Nurse screw it up in tight papers, but it had hurt so much that she had hardly slept at all; and when she did fall asleep at last it was with her face buried in the pillow, and that had given her bad dreams. After that she gave up trying to make it curl, but she always hoped there would come a day when she would wake up and find her head covered with black ringlets.

"You can't expect things to happen all at once, you know," said Nurse.

Just then the housemaid put her head in at the door.

"The missus wants you in her room, Nurse," she said, and she came in. Nurse went downstairs and Jane made up the fire, then she drew the curtains, and then she came back to the fire again and