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Little Ones' Column.

The Rescue.

"I never thought there'd be so much fuss about a kitten," was the remark I heard as I approached the rustic bridge near the foot of my lawn, to see what engaged the attention of the little people who were intently watching something in the stream below.

Dick Ramsey was the speaker, and the tone was a surly one, though Dick was not a specially surly fellow.

"What is the fuss you complain of, Dick?" I asked.

Dick looked somewhat abashed, and his sister Annie answered quickly:

"Please, auntie,"

(all the children in the neighborhood call me

auntie); "Dick and

Joe Somers found a

little black kitten,

and Dick said it was

bad luck and threw

it over the bridge to

drown it, and Joe

was running consider-

able risk himself of

following the poor

little kitten into the

stream. He had

reached an abutting

point a little way be-

low the bridge, and

here, sustaining him-

self by holding on to

a rather slim branch,

he was trying to reach

kitty with another. I

induced Dick to run

up to the gardener's

cottage for a board,

and soon by our unit-

ed efforts we landed

the poor little thing,

frightened, wet, but

otherwise unharmed,

on the grass, and

Annie and Maggie

were made happy.

"Now, boys," I said,

"what could induce

you to try to drown

that poor little kit-

ten?" "Just for fun,"

said Dick. "Did it

not occur to you that

it was very cruel?" I

asked. "We did not

think about that,

Auntie," said Joe,

"but we will another

time. We always

plague cats, you

know."

"I am afraid you

do," I said, "but try

to bear in mind this

—that boys who do

not think about the

pain of animals soon

blind their feelings as

to the pain of their

fellow creatures.

Thoughtless cruelty

in play, if indulged

in, will soon lead to enjoyment of the suf-

ferings of others, a disposition which is both vic-

ious and cruel and sure to make a bad man. Be-

sides, remember, that real manly boys always feel

that every helpless creature has a special claim

upon them."

A little girl recently went to see her grandfather in the country. She is fond of milk, but firmly refused to drink any while there, without giving any reason, "You had nice milk there to drink, didn't you?" "I guess I didn't drink any of that milk!" she indignantly replied. "Do you know where grandpa got it? I saw him squeeze it out of an old cow."

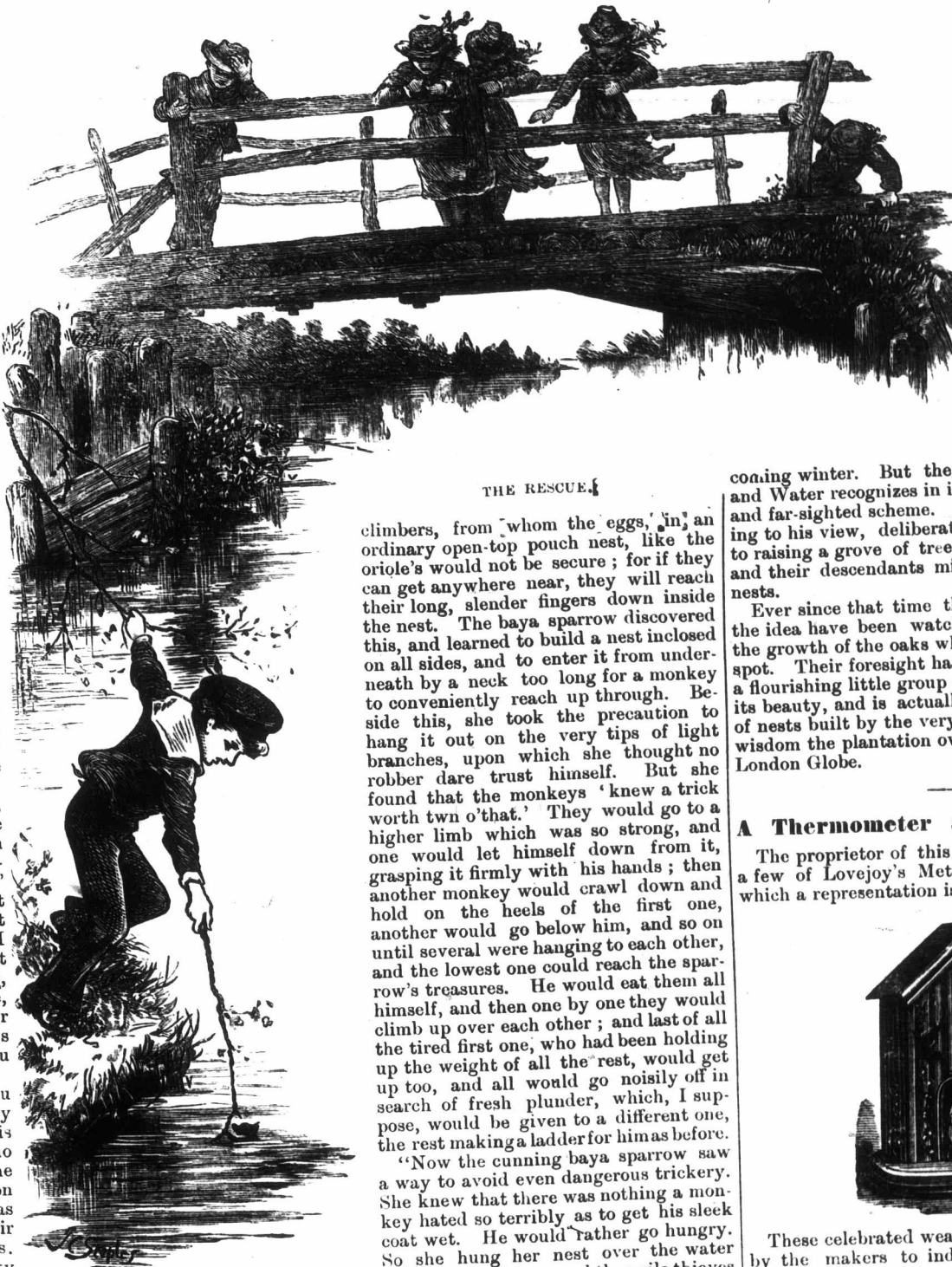
Pet Stock.

How a Bird Outwitted the Monkeys.

"Why do they build hanging nests?"

"Those birds that do make hanging nests, undoubtedly do it because they think them the safest. Bird's eggs are delicacies on the bill of fare of several animals, and are eagerly sought by them.

"In the country where the baya sparrow lives, there are snakes and opossums, and all the rest of egg-eaters, and in addition there are troops of monkeys, which are more to be feared than all the rest together. Monkeys are wonderfully expert



THE RESCUE.

climbers, from whom the eggs, in an ordinary open-top pouch nest, like the oriole's would not be secure; for if they can get anywhere near, they will reach their long, slender fingers down inside the nest. The baya sparrow discovered this, and learned to build a nest inclosed on all sides, and to enter it from underneath by a neck too long for a monkey to conveniently reach up through. Beside this, she took the precaution to hang it out on the very tips of light branches, upon which she thought no robber dare trust himself. But she found that the monkeys 'knew a trick worth two o' that.' They would go to a higher limb which was so strong, and one would let himself down from it, grasping it firmly with his hands; then another monkey would crawl down and hold on the heels of the first one, another would go below him, and so on until several were hanging to each other, and the lowest one could reach the sparrow's treasures. He would eat them all himself, and then one by one they would climb up over each other; and last of all the tired first one, who had been holding up the weight of all the rest, would get up too, and all would go noisily off in search of fresh plunder, which, I suppose, would be given to a different one, the rest making a ladder for him as before.

"Now the cunning baya sparrow saw a way to avoid even dangerous trickery. She knew that there was nothing a monkey hated so terribly as to get his sleek coat wet. He would rather go hungry. So she hung her nest over the water close to the surface, and the agile thieves do not dare make a chain enough to enable the last one to reach up into her nest from below, as he must do, for fear that the springy branches might bend so far as to souse them into the water.

"The sparrow has fairly outwitted the monkey!"

A somewhat extraordinary case of fidelity and sagacity in a dog occurred last week at Milford Haven. Two men, sergeants of the Fusiliers, when rowing in a boat with a dog were swamped. The dog, seeing the men struggling in the water, swam to the assistance of one, but finding that it was not his master, left him and at once seized the other, whom he succeeded in supporting till a steamer rescued him; the first man was unfortunately drowned.

Provident Birds.

The marvels of natural history afford an increasing theme for letters to the London periodicals which open their columns to this class of phenomena; and there is considerable competition among the observers of nature, who aspire to cap one another's stories about the dumb creation. There will be some difficulty in finding even a Yankee sportsman to beat the tale told in last week's number of Land and Water. A well-known naturalist had, it seems, remarked a curious habit in a certain nuthatch, which after depositing a nut in the ground covered it carefully with a leaf, as if for the purpose of marking the spot. The communi-

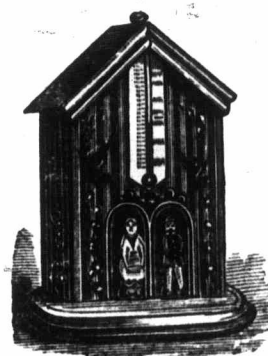
cation of this fact to the journal in question has, however, now evoked a much more startling revelation from a less celebrated correspondent. The latter, who must, apparently, be a person of some age, avers that he has observed rooks carrying acorns to a piece of waste ground, digging holes with their beaks, and planting the acorns, which they afterward duly covered over with earth. The object of the birds might have seemed to the casual observer merely that of providing for themselves a store of food for the forth-

coming winter. But the correspondent of Land and Water recognizes in it a much more provident and far-sighted scheme. The acorns were, according to his view, deliberately planted with a view to raising a grove of trees in which the planters and their descendants might one day build their nests.

Ever since that time the patient originators of the idea have been watching with friendly eyes the growth of the oaks which duly sprouted in the spot. Their foresight has been rewarded, and now a flourishing little group of oaks stand there in all its beauty, and is actually tenanted by a number of nests built by the very birds to whose skill and wisdom the plantation owes its origin.—[From the London Globe.

A Thermometer and a Barometer.

The proprietor of this journal has just imported a few of Lovejoy's Metallic Weather Houses, of which a representation is given below.



These celebrated weather houses are warranted by the makers to indicate the changes in the weather with accuracy, and in a simple, pleasing manner. They are substantially made and decorated in different colors, with two arches, and a little man or woman in either, arranged in such a manner that the man will come out just before a storm, while the lady steps out to enjoy fair weather. They are about 8 inches in height, with a neat thermometer in front, and make a very pretty mantle ornament. Any girl or boy whose father takes the ADVOCATE can secure one of these useful weather houses by sending in three new subscriptions with \$3. Now is the time to secure new subscribers. Send for samples, poster, list, &c., at once.

Don't stop until you secure one of Lovejoy's Metallic Weather Houses for your room.