

into the dim distances beyond the ward door. The hall light gleamed hazily like the evening star over Bennett's Hill when there was a fog.

The next Sarah Louisa knew she was wide awake, sitting straight up in bed. The haze had deepened in the room, she could hardly see the door, and a queer, strangled feeling was in her throat. Confused sounds came up from below. Outside, the bells of fire engines mingled with cries and shouts. Steps came bounding up the stairs, and doctors and nurses began to drag patients from the cots nearest the door.

Sarah Louisa sat fairly paralyzed with terror. Not for herself—she did not think of herself at all—but for The Boy. Would they ever get to him? His bed was nearest the wall at the extreme end from the entrance.

The rescuers had reached the lower hall with all the patients but these two, when the stairs fell with a sickening crash. The children did not understand what had happened, but they knew that no one came after that. Only tongues of flame curled around the doorway and licked greedily across the floor. All at once the girl's brain cleared when she realized that she alone, weak and crippled, must come between The Boy and swift destruction.

Making an effort, she put her feet to the floor and stood upon them, her lame hip re-belling at every move. A few painful steps brought her to the wheeled chair standing near the wall. She threw herself into it and wheeled to The Boy's side.

'Put your arms around my neck,' she directed, bending over him.

'You can't never do it, Sarah; you can't!' cried the poor child, shrinking back.

'Yes, I can, too. I must. Put 'em up, quick!' and this time he obeyed.

Exerting all her slender strength, she drew this helpless little figure—pitifully light, but to her so heavy—into her lap.

'Hold on tight,' she told him, encouragingly; 'I'll get you out somehow.'

Choked and blinded by the dense smoke, she turned the wheels with trembling hands, and finally succeeded in reaching a window. Thank heaven it was open! Struggling up toward the welcome air to breathe she screamed loudly for help. Even through the din without her shrill childish voice was heard. Looking up, the crowd became frantic at the sight revealed by the fire's glare—white faces of children doomed to a horrible death. Already the walls of the building trembled, while crackling flames hissed and seethed behind them.

'Come on, Jim,' called one fireman to another, 'put up the ladder there, quick. We've got to save 'em or die tryin'. Who'll go up with me?'

'I will!' came ready response. Up—up they crept, the spliced ladder swaying beneath them. It seemed to Sarah Louisa, quivering with agony under the strain of her precious burden, that they would never reach the window. At last, a helmeted head rose above the sill and a pair of strong arms was held out to her.

'Him first,' she gasped, thrusting The Boy into them.

The crowd held its breath for an instant till it saw him passed along to the man just below and his brave little companion drawn out also, then as the descent to safety began, burst into mad cheering.

Sarah Louisa wears a silver medal presented to her for courageous action in danger, but she is not half so proud of it as she is of a certain small boy who accompanies her halting walks around the farm, and who, though not too strong himself, is her faithful bodyguard and Susie's right-hand man.

As for The Boy, he often says: 'Billy's right that time. There ain't no place like the country. It's worth bein' smashed up for, to get to live in it an' to belong to her.'—Marion M. Thornton, in the 'Advance.'

Remember.

Kindness adds sweetness to everything. It is kindness which makes life's capabilities blossom and paints them with their cheering hues and enows them with their invigorating presence.—Frederick W. Faber.

Down Among the Froggies.

(By the Author of 'Diving for Pearls,' in 'Little Folks'.)

'Hallo, froggies! where've you been
Since last summer's grass was green?
And many a mouth prolongs the notes,
Puffing out the yellow throats,—
'Kruk, kruk! we've been asleep
Beneath the water—pe-weep, peep!'

Little folks, have you ever seen a baby-frog? If you have, I do not think you would know that the funny-looking thing with a tail would some day become a frog. No fish, or insect, or animal, goes through so many changes as a frog. First of all you may see in ditch, or brook, little dirty-looking lumps



of something rather like jelly, with dark specks upon them. These are the eggs. Soon the egg puts out a sort of small sucker, and clings on to some river weed. Then, presently, it begins to look like a funny sort of fish, with a tail and gills, and is called a tadpole. The next change that takes place is that the two fore-legs begin to grow, and then the two hind ones. There is a funny sight—a fish with legs! Where is the tail? It has disappeared; for, remember, the tadpole is fast turning into a frog, and frogs have no tails. The last change that takes place is the most wonderful of all. While the tadpole has been turning into a frog, he has been living under the water; and, although he has lost his tail, the gills still remain, because, without them, he could not breathe under the water. Now he is a bright-eyed frog, and will want to hop about on dry land too, sometimes; so the last change takes place, and lungs begin to grow. Behold him now, 'a gaping, wide-mouthed, waddling frog.' How he does puff and pant, and keep on



shutting up his mouth, as if he did not at all approve of being a frog. What does he do that for? He is only breathing, and he cannot help making all that fuss about it; because, although he has lungs, he has no ribs to help him to take in air easily, and let it out again, as we have. He does not want to talk, and nobody wants to hear him croak any oftener than he does; so it does not matter to him that he is obliged to keep on shutting up his mouth so tight. If he did not, he would soon die of suffocation. He can take in air, besides, through his skin; and not only air, but water. You have only to startle froggy out of a snug resting-place to find this out. He is so offended that he immediately throws out the water he has in his

skin, in hopes of wetting the rude person who has disturbed him, though it is not enough to do that. Some people used to think this water was poisonous, but it is nothing of the sort. Very likely this rude habit of the frog made the country people think that it sometimes rains frogs, as they do when the new frogs hop about in such quantities in warm damp weather. This, of course, is impossible; for how could frogs get up in the sky? and how unpleasant it would be! what a plump they would make on our umbrellas or hats!

Another curious thing about the frog is, that although he has about eighty teeth in his gaping mouth, he cannot bite, and indeed, never uses his teeth at all. When he wants to dine he puts out his tongue, which is just like a trap, and keeps quite still. The unsuspecting flies and ants come on to it, are held firmly, and then pop goes this clever tongue back into the frog's mouth, with the delicious morsel.

Everybody knows that a frog can leap; but how far do you think? About fifty times his own length at one jump. It is as if a man six feet high could leap three hundred feet into the air; or little folks three feet high, were to leap over the house.

Some people are still so ignorant as to think that frogs and toads can live shut up in a tree or rock without food and air, because some toads have been found in trees and hollow rocks. But this is impossible. We have seen that frogs are very particular about getting enough air and food. When they have been found in these places, there must have been really some hole through which the egg floated in the first instance, and through which water and insects came afterwards to feed poor froggy. Experiments have been made to see if frogs and toads could live without air and food, and of course, it was found that they died.

These experiments seem cruel, but they were not done out of cruelty, but for a good purpose, which little folks will understand when they are older. And here I must ask my boy readers not to ill-treat the poor helpless frogs they sometimes find—for it is not only cruel but foolish, as they help the gardener by destroying the hungry slugs that eat up our cabbages and vegetables.

Frogs are eaten in some parts of the world even in England—and thought very like tender fowls. They are also used as medicine in country places, where people are ignorant. A frog swallowed alive was once supposed to cure certain diseases. It is to be hoped they did not give one of their tremendous jumps, or it is probable they would do more harm than good.

Aunt Esther's Rules.

(Harriet Beecher Stowe.)

In the last number I told my little friends about my good Aunt Esther, and her wonderful cat Juno, and her dog Pero. In thinking what to write for this month, my mind goes far back to the days when I was a little girl, and used to spend many happy hours in Aunt Esther's parlor talking with her. Her favorite subject was always the habits and character of different animals, and their various ways and instincts, and she used to tell us so many wonderful, yet perfectly authentic, stories about all these things, that the hours passed away very quickly.

Some of her rules for the treatment and care of animals have impressed themselves so distinctly on my mind, that I shall never forget them, and I am going to repeat some of them to you.

One was, never to frighten an animal for sport. I recollect I had a little white kitten, of which I was very fond, and one day I was amusing myself with making her walk up and down the keyboard of the piano, and laughing to see her fright at the strange noises which came up under her feet. Puss evidently thought the place was haunted, and tried to escape; it never occurred to me, however, that there was any cruelty in the operation, till Aunt Esther said to me, 'My dear, you must never frighten an animal. I have suffered enough from fear to know that there is no suffering more dreadful; and a helpless animal, that cannot speak to tell its fright,