

TRIALS OF A CANTON FLANNEL ELEPHANT.

BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

I am a white elephant, standing less than a foot high, and weighing about a pound. I have been an elephant for a month. Previous to being an elephant I was canton flannel and cotton. I remember distinctly how it felt when the clerk sent his scissors through me to get off the two yards which served me for a skin. It thrills me to my cotton interior yet and brings tears into my glass eyes.

Shortly after I got home I was taken out of the brown paper, and laid on the floor, with a pattern pinned on me, and then I was cut out. If a canton flannel elephant is allowed to make a merry jest, I should be pleased to remark that I also felt very much cut up. Then I was sewed up partially on a sewing-machine, and stuffed with cotton. I don't know how much cotton there is in me, but I should say something like a bale on a rough guess. It was stuffed, packed, and hammered into me, and forced into my legs and trunk, until I actually thought I should split open and compel them to make another elephant.

Finally I was all sewed up, and then my tail was fixed on, and left loose enough to wag, or rather to be wagged, for I can't wag it myself, being simply cotton and not being supplied with muscles. Then my ears were clapped on the sides of my head, and my glass eyes inserted. My trunk turns under in such a way that I am frequently hung up like a button-hook for the night.

My keeper is a baby, and he makes it pretty lively for me too. He sets me on my haunches as though I were a rabbit or penguin, and then sticks the scissors in my eyes. He also knocks me about and sits on me, and allows the dog to shake me like a rat. The other day the dog carried me in his mouth away across the street, and absent-mindedly left me there. I never expected to see my little master again, but fortunately the nurse came along just then and took me home.

On the following morning the baby insisted on playing with me while he was taking his bath, and as a matter of course I was thrust under and soaked through and through. I suppose I should have taken cold if I had not been made of canton flannel. I was then wrung out and put in the oven to dry. While there the bottoms of my feet were burnt off. They were half-soled later in the day, and that made me feel better. But very shortly after a cat came through the yard where I was lying, and evidently mistook me for a rabbit, for she pounced on me and I am willing to admit that when she tore me open I felt all undone. I was afterwards patched up with a piece of red flannel, which gives me rather a loud air. I was then used as a foot-ball, and knocked about with tennis rackets until the thread got loose at the base of my eyes and I was a blind elephant. Then I was used for a pincushion, when the baby was not playing with me. I have also been stuffed into a broken window to keep the cold out, and on one occasion I heard the cook remark that, saturated with kerosene, I would make an excellent kindler.

Considering that I am used as a boxing glove, and continually covered with court plaster, it makes me sad at heart to think that a century is the average limit of an elephant's life. And it makes me sad to have this canton flannel hide on in summer. I think every baby's baby white elephant should have a mosquito-net skin during the heated term. I really have an awful time of it, and whenever I want to weep my eyes are out, and I can't. The other day I wept for an hour out of one eye, and I have felt lop-sided ever since.

To tell the truth, I am weary of life, and if you won't say anything I will tell you a little secret. Not long ago I was thrown into the closet, and some moths got in me. They are there yet, eating away as fast as they can, and I think in a month I shall be completely eaten up and digested, and free from the torments of the bald-headed little tyrant whom I call master. Not much longer will he dress me in doll's clothes, and rock me in a cradle, and then use me to drive nails into the floor.

When I am all eaten up, if there is enough of me left to make a decent funeral, I am going to have the following epitaph carved on my tombstone:

Here lies an elephant made of cloth.
The victim of the hungry moth.

THE BOYS' AQUARIUM.

Thinking that many of our boy readers might like to know how my brother and I made an out-door aquarium, I will send a description of it. We first took a box about three feet long, by 1½ wide, and the same in height. We filled the cracks where the pieces joined together upon the outside, with putty, to prevent it from leaking. We took sand and washed it until it was clean, and put it upon the bottom about two inches deep. In one end we put a mound of sand, about a foot high and six inches wide. Upon this we planted some water plants (they will grow nicely); we then built a small rockery partly on the mound and partly in the water, with the stones so arranged that the fish could go in among them easily. All that remained to do was to fill the aquarium with clear water.

Ours was so arranged that about a third of the water leaked out during the day, and we filled it up at night, which kept it fresh. We stocked it with small brook fish, of different kinds. A few water bugs, and a couple of tad-poles are good, as they will eat the slime and dirt. Feed the fish bits of fresh meat, bread or crackers. They love earth worms best, and would often jump out of the water, and take them from our hands; then like chickens, they try to get the food away from one another. Once a month we took the fish out with a small net, into a tub of water, and cleaned the aquarium. The outside we arranged as a large rockery, surrounding the aquarium with rough stones partly covered with moss, ferns and vines growing between the stones.

Fish love shade, as well as sun, so we placed ours partly underneath a large maple in the yard. It has been very much admired and we have spent many happy hours watching the graceful movements of the fish, and studying their habits. The bass seem the most intelli-

gent. We hate to part with our pets but when it becomes cold we put them back in their old home for the winter, and often imagine that we get some of them again the next season. One evening we were surprised to hear a decidedly froggy noise from the aquarium. Upon going to it we found, indeed, Mr. Frog sitting upon the rockery as independent as you please. He was a tad-pole no longer.—
Ernest L. Doty, in Farm and Home.

WHY CHILDREN SHOULD EAT HONEY.

Thousands and tens of thousands of children are dying all around us, who, because their ever-developing nature demands sweetness, crave and eagerly demolish the adulterated "candies" and "syrups" of modern times. If these could be fed on honey instead, they would develop and grow up into healthy men and women.

Children would rather eat bread and honey than bread and butter; one pound of honey will reach as far as two pounds of butter, and has, beside, the advantage of being far more healthy and pleasant tasted, and always remains good, while butter soon becomes rancid, and often produces cramp in the stomach, eructations, sourness, vomiting and diarrhoea. Pure honey should always be freely used in every family. Honey eaten upon wheat bread is very beneficial to health.

The use of honey instead of sugar for almost every kind of cooking, is as pleasant for the palate as it is healthy for the stomach. In preparing blackberry, raspberry, or strawberry shortcake it is infinitely superior.

It is a common expression that honey is a luxury, having nothing to do with the life-giving principle. This is an error—honey is food in one of its most concentrated forms. True, it does not add so much to the growth of muscles as does beefsteak, but it does impart other properties no less necessary to health and vigorous physical and intellectual action. It gives warmth to the system, arouses nervous energy, and gives vigor to all the vital functions. To the laborer it gives strength—to the business man, mental force. Its effects are not like ordinary stimulants, such as spirits, etc., but it produces a healthy action, the results of which are pleasing and permanent—a sweet disposition and a bright intellect.

Because we pronounce "would" wood, it does not follow that we pronounce "Gould" good.

When a young man detects the first evidence of hair on his upper lip he feels elevated, when in reality it is a sort of a coming down.

Not a happy way of putting it—"Doctor. Brown will hardly get out again, eh? I saw your carriage in front of his door this morning."

Two little girls were saying their prayers prior to being tucked in for the night. When both had finished, the younger of the two climbed on her mother's knee, and said in a confidential but a triumphant whisper: "Mother, Clara only asked for her 'daily bread,' I asked for 'bread and milk.'"