

ped on the perch and took a survey of my new quarters. I found I was in a large sunny room, and flowers grew by the window near which my cage was hung. While I was admiring them—for it had been a long time since I had seen anything but bricks and cobblestones—I heard a faint sound from one corner of the room, and turning quickly I saw a boy lying in a bed at the other end of the room. Now, I never liked boys, with their rough ways, but this one didn't look like the ones I had seen. He lay there so quietly, and the big dark eyes looked at me so kindly from his thin face, that I pitied him from the bottom of my heart, and sang my prettiest song, and from that time we were great friends. My little master was indeed far different from many other boys, for he was motherless, and had never walked a step. Every luxury that money could buy was in that room, but it could not bring relief from the pain which so often tortured him. A few months before I was brought there a sore trial had come to my little master; the tender mother, whose loving companionship had been his one solace, was called away. Near the bed hung a portrait of her, and often in his hours of pain I have seen his weary eyes turn to that lovely picture. As autumn deepened into winter I saw, with a sorrowful heart, that my dear friend grew weaker. His favourite books were laid aside, and he was seldom free from pain. Many physicians came, but they shook their heads when they saw my little master. The end came at last; just as the first faint streaks of dawn appeared in the sky he fell asleep. The next morning he was taken away, and I was left forgotten in the desolate room. No one came to bring me food or water. My throat grew parched and dry; how I longed for just one drop of water."

Here he paused, and Olga heard some one say, "What is my darling dreaming about?" and, opening her eyes, she was surprised to find herself still in the big chair, the fire burning brightly, and puss still dozing at her feet. Perched on papa's knee, she was soon relating her dream, and finished with, "O, papa! how glad I am it was only a dream."

He listened with a grave face; then told his little daughter that five millions of song-birds were killed in one year to gratify woman's vanity. Olga listened with horror as he went on to say that the hunters start out when the nests are full of young. "What beauty is there," he said, "in a hat on which is perched a murdered bird, its sweet, happy song for ever hushed, its innocent life cruelly cut off. Surely, on the hands whose money buys these

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"Last Spring I was taken down with la grippe. At times I was completely prostrated, and so difficult was my breathing that my breath seemed as if confined in an iron cage. I procured a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and no sooner had I begun taking it than relief followed. I could not believe that the effect would be so rapid."—W. H. Williams, Cook City, S. Dak.

Lung Trouble

"For more than twenty-five years, I was a sufferer from lung trouble, attended with coughing so severe at times as to cause hemorrhage, the paroxysms frequently lasting three or four hours. I was induced to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and after taking four bottles, was thoroughly cured. I can confidently recommend this medicine."—Franz Hofmann, Clay Centre, Kans.

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there rests a stain of blood, perhaps as deep as that on the hands which shot them down."

He paused, and deep in her childish heart Olga registered a solemn vow which has never been broken. No murdered bird, with staring, glassy eyes, adorns her hat, a silent witness to the cruelty or thoughtlessness of the wearer. In the endless variety of ribbons, laces, and flowers she can find enough to gratify her love of the beautiful without encouraging the sacrifice of harmless lives.

How One Little Boy Improved.

Jimmy was the stingiest child you ever knew. He couldn't bear to give away a cent, nor a bite of an apple, nor a crumb of candy. He couldn't bear to lend his sled or his hoop or his skates. All his friends were very sorry he was so stingy, and talked to him about it; but he couldn't see any reason why he should give away what he wanted himself.

"If I didn't want it," he would say, "p'raps I would give it away; but why should I give it away when I want it myself?"

"Because it is nice to be generous," said his mother, "and think about the happiness of other people. It makes you feel happier and better yourself. If you give your sled to little ragged Johnny, who never had one in his life, you will feel a thousand times better watching his enjoyment of it than if you had kept it yourself."

"Well, said Jimmy, "I'll try it." The sled was sent off. "How soon shall I feel better?" he asked, by and by. "I don't feel as well as I did when I had the sled. Are you sure I shall feel better?"

"Certainly," answered his mother, "but if you should keep on giving something away you would feel it all the sooner."

Then he gave away his kite, and thought he did not feel quite so well as before. He gave away his silver piece he meant to spend for taffy. Then he said:

"I don't like this giving things; it doesn't agree with me. I don't feel any better. I like being stingy better."

Just then ragged Johnny came up the street dragging the sled, looking proud as a prince, and asking all the boys to take a ride with him. Jimmie began to smile as he watched him and said:

"You might give Johnny my old overcoat; he's littler than I am, and he doesn't seem to have one. I think—I guess—I know I'm beginning to feel so much better. I'm glad I gave Johnny my sled. I'll give away something else." And Jimmy has been feeling better ever since.—Our Little Ones.

Children's names in Madagascar are odd enough to be interesting to our little folks. We give the translation of a few; Master Rat, Master Locust, Master Slippery, Miss Little Shrimp, Miss Loves-her-father, Miss Hopes-for-good, Miss Has-a-good-brother.

Many people suppose that rosewood takes its name from its colour, but this is a mistake. Rosewood is not red, nor yellow, but almost black. Its name comes from the fact that when first cut it exhales a perfume similar to that of the rose, and, although the dried rosewood of commerce retains no trace of this early perfume, the name lingers as a relic of the early history of the wood.



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