

and he at once seeks shelter in the tropical profusion of the gulf-weed, which holds within its branching fronds an astonishing abundance of marine life. Here the young turtle feeds unmolested while his amour

When once he has withdrawn his head from its position of outlook into the folds of his neck between the two shells, intending devourers may struggle in vain to make an impression upon him.—Harper's Weekly.

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THAT BABY.

undergoes the hardening process. Whatever the young sea-turtle eats and wherever he eats it—facts not generally ascertained—one thing is certain, it agrees with him immensely. He leads a pleasant sort of life, basking in the tropical sun and cruising leisurely in the cool depths. Once he has attained the weight of twenty-five pounds, which usually occurs within the first year, the turtle is free from all danger. After that no fish or mammal, however ravenous, however well armed with teeth, interferes with the turtle.

There was a baby in the railway car the other day. It was not an unusual child, but it had a decidedly bright face and pretty ways. For the first few miles she was very quiet, and her blue eyes looked around in wonderment, for evidently it was the little one's first ride on the cars. Then as she became used to the roar and rumble, the baby proclivities asserted themselves, and she began to play with her father's moustache. At first the father and mother were the only parties interested, but soon a young lady in an adjacent seat nudged her escort and directed his attention to the laughing child. He looked up, remarked that it was a pretty baby and tried to look unconcerned; but it was no-

ted that his eyes wandered back to the spot occupied by the happy family, and he commenced to smile. The baby pulled the hair of an old lady in front, who turned around savagely and glared at the father with a look that plainly said, "Nuisances should be left at home." But she caught sight of the laughing eyes of the baby and when she turned back she seemed pleased about something. Several others had become interested in the child by this time—business men and young clerks, old ladies and girls—and when the baby hands grasped the large silk hat of her father and placed it on her own head, it made such a comical picture that an old gentleman across the way, unable to restrain himself, burst out into a loud guffaw, and then looked sheepishly out the window, as if ashamed to be caught doing such an unmanly thing. Before another five minutes he was playing peek-a-boo across the aisle with the baby, and every one was envying him.

The ubiquitous young man, ever on the move, passed through, and was at a loss to account for the frowns of everybody. He had failed to notice the baby. The brakeman looked in from his post on the platform and smiled. The paper boy found no custom till he had spoken to the baby and jingled his pocket of change for her edification. The conductor caught the fever and chuckled the little one under the chin, while the old gentleman across the aisle forgot to pass up his ticket, so interested was he playing peek-a-boo. The old lady in front relaxed, and diving into her reticule unearthed a brilliant red pippin and presented it bashfully to the little one, who, in response, put her chubby arms around the donor's neck and pressed her rosy little mouth to the old lady's cheek. It brought back a flood of remembrances to that withered heart, and a handkerchief was seen to brush first this way and then that, as if to catch a falling tear.

The train sped on and pulled into the station where the baby, with her parents, was to leave the car. A look of regret came over every face. The old gentleman asked if he couldn't kiss it just once; the old lady re-

turned the caress she had received and the baby moved toward the door, shaking a bye-bye over the shoulder of her papa, to which every one responded, including the newsboy, who emphasized his farewell with a wave of his hat. The passengers rushed to the side where the baby got off and watched till she turned out of sight at the other end of the station, shaking bye-byes all the time. Then they lapsed into silence. They missed that baby, and not one of them would be unwilling to acknowledge it. The little one's presence had let a rift of sunshine into every heart, warm or cold, in that car.—Orphan's Friend, House of Angel Guardian.



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