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"Let's send the saucer to Billy Lee," said Arthur. "He's got the chicken pox, and can't come out while we are making sugar."

"Let's!" cried all the children, so they streamed out of the kitchen and over to Billy's door to tell his mamma that they had brought the sugaring off to Billy, leaving Mrs. Vincent to scrub dozens of foot-prints off the floor and to wash the spoons and saucers and knives that had been used in tasting.

THE LITTLE RAIN PROPHET.

"Is that a bird singing, Jack?" little Bess called softly to her brother. It was late afternoon in August; the air was heavy with heat; the ground was dry, the flowers drooped; everything wanted rain.

Bessie stood on the doorstep, and Jack sat by the window reading. He did not hear till she asked again. "Say, Jack, is that a bird?"

"I hear nothing," he said, not lifting his head from his book.

"There," she said, "can't you hear it?"

"Oh, yes," he answered and coming out he said: "It isn't a bird, but a little tree toad. Perhaps I can show it to you; it's in this tree, I think."

"How can toads get 'into trees?" she asked.

"Hush! wait till he calls again," said her brother. A few seconds, and the soft, low trill was repeated.

"There he is!" and Jack pointed to a low limb of the tree, where a little brown patch just the color of the bark could be seen.

"He is a prophet foretelling rain," Jack said. "I wish the trees were full of them."

"I want to see him nearer," Bessie said. So Jack brought a chair, and standing on it, he was able after a

few minutes to make the little toad move from the branch to a bit of wood that he held up.

"He is a cousin to the toads that hop on the ground," Jack told her, "but his feet are different, for the tips of his toes are expanded into suckers that cling to the bark of a tree when he wants to climb. He has rather a long name, 'Hyla versicolor.'"

"How cunning he is," Bessie said. "Can't you make him talk again?"

"I don't know how," he said, as he put the little fellow down on the chair, and went back to his book saying, "It'll pay you to watch him awhile." So Bessie began to talk to him, but it was not very interesting, for the toad kept silent.

"O Jack, come out quick!" she called after a few minutes. "I'm afraid he's dying! He's all turning white!"

Jack laughed, "I told you it would pay to watch him," and coming out he coaxed the little toad, that was as white as the chair he was on, to move to a large green leaf, where in a little time he began to change his coat from white to green.

"That is the way he hides, for it takes sharp eyes to see him when he is the same color as his resting place," Jack explained. "He is a shy little fellow, and I will put him back on the tree; he will talk to us then, perhaps."

"That's a good name for him, 'versicolor,'" Bessie said.

While they were at supper they heard him call, and another answer him, and Bessie waked in the night, and the rain had come.—Mary A. Wood.

ANIMAL FRIENDSHIPS.

Friendship is not uncommon among the representatives of different species. In the Central Park Zoo, New York, a big Polar bear and his distant cousin, a grizzly, were confined in the same pit, but it was considered expedient to separate them by a strong partition of bars. Both were full-grown, husky specimens of their breed, and had they ever come together with intent to kill, it is probable that the entire force of keepers could not have separated them.

One day a small boy threw a paper box, containing some sugared popcorn, into the grizzly's side of the pit. It fell close to the partition, and, in trying to shove it away with his muzzle, the grizzly clumsily pushed it into a hole just under the partition bars. The greater part of the hole was on the Polar bear's side of the house, and he could have easily pushed out the box, but he seated himself on his haunches, and watched his neighbor trying to get his big paw down the opening of the hole. It proved too small, and the box was too deep down. At last the grizzly gave it up, and sat ruefully regarding his lost treasure.

Suddenly the Polar bear rose to the occasion. He waddled over to the hole on his side, thrust his paw down, and shoved the box into the grizzly's yard.

Ever after that the two giants were good friends. The Polar bear would often stretch himself out beside the

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partition on a hot day and poke his long, slim muzzle in between the bars. Grizzly would drop down, too, and shove his snout against his friend's, and thus they would sleep for hours, grunting their dreams into each other's ears.

WON ELEPHANT'S FRIENDSHIP.

Japanese Veterinary Surgeon Tells How He Treated Eyes of Big Patient.

The elephant's manner of showing its appreciation of kindness is a most affecting sight if we may judge from several instances which are on record. That these huge beings possess excellent memories and become fondly attached to kind attendants has been often shown. To win the good will and lasting gratitude of one of these mighty giants whose disposition towards his keepers had been anything but friendly, is the claim of a Japanese veterinary surgeon whose story is told by a missionary.

"I was called upon to treat the elephant, and although I felt much afraid of the big beast, as I had heard how wild he was, I determined to attempt it. First of all, I took ropes and endeavored to fasten his trunk to an iron bar, but my efforts were unsuccessful, for as he moved about the ropes were cut at once.

"As this plan failed, I knew it would be impossible to treat him by force, but a happy thought came to me. I called in the elephant's keeper, stood him in front of the elephant and told him to pretend his eyes were sore by some gestures. I then treated his eyes and bandaged them and he went away. This I repeated three times while the elephant stood quietly watching.

"After the third treatment I took off the bandages, washed the keeper's eyes and told him to pretend he was quite well of his sore eyes. He pretended to be very grateful, thanked me many times and went away.

"Then with a strong determination I went up to the elephant, and, putting a ladder against his big body, I climbed to his back. With a pair of sharp scissors I tried to cut off the piece of torn eyelid, but as I began cutting the elephant screamed very loudly. I had never heard such a

noise and I was filled with fear. I sprang to the floor and backed away trembling in every nerve.

"On looking up I saw the scissors still dangling from the elephant's eyelid. I then climbed up again very carefully, and, summoning all my strength, I cut off the piece of eyelid, this time succeeding also to treat him as I desired. Then I washed his eyes.

"I went every day for some time to treat and wash his eyes and he soon became so grateful and so fond of me that he would kneel down for me to treat him. Thus I succeeded by strategy where force had failed.

"I visit this elephant once in two weeks and he is always delighted to see me and looks upon me as his friend."

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