



THE NEW ROVER.

Father, wa'king briskly homeward,  
Glanced adown the street,  
Looking for a lad to welcome  
Him with flying feet.  
But no sight or sound of Harry  
Till he reached the gate;

Then from Rover's unused kennel  
Bobbed a sunny pate.  
And a little voice was lifted  
With a growl and bark.  
"I'm a watch-dog, your new Rover;  
I'll protect you. Hark!"  
"Ah, indeed, that's quite delightful,

Such a saving, too!  
Watch-dogs never care for peaches;  
Do you think they do?"

"Peaches in that basket, papa?  
Then I'd better play  
I'm a boy again—not Rover  
Till some other day."

—Child's Paper.

THREE HINDU FABLES.

GREED HATH ITS MEED.

A fox fell into a well, and, unable to get out, was holding to some roots at the side of it, just above the water. A wolf was passing by looked in and saw him, and said, "Well, Reynard, you are in the well."

"But not without a purpose, and not without the means of getting out," said the fox.

"What do you mean?" said the wolf.

"Why," said the fox, "there is a drought all over the country now, and the water in this well is the only means of appeasing the thirst of the thousands that live in this neighborhood. They held a meeting and requested me to keep the water from going down lower; so I am holding it up for the public good."

"What will be your reward?" said the wolf.

"They will give me a pension and save

me the trouble of going about every day in quest of food, not to speak of innumerable other privileges that will be granted me. I am also permitted to get some one to relieve me."

"Ah, Reynard, may I relieve you, then? May I hope to get a pension, and other privileges? You know what a sad lot is mine, especially in winter."

"Certainly," said the fox; "but you must get a long rope, that I may come up and let you in."

So the wolf got a rope. Up came the fox, and down went the wolf, and the fox said, "My dear sir, you may remain down there till doomsday, or till the owner of the well kills you."

"Alas!" said the wolf, when it was too late, "greed hath its meed."

HOW THE WORLD GOES.

A man once stood up at a market-place in the East, and said: "I have been ordered by the king to collect all the well-

born and well-bred, and bring them before him, since he wishes to reward them."

Everybody that heard him joined him, and he went toward the palace, surrounded by the whole town.

Then he suddenly turned round, and said: "The king has just sent me word that he means to help only those that have been ill-born and ill-bred, to make up for their misfortunes."

The crowd lingered behind for a while, and then one after another joined the man as ill-born and ill-bred, that they might receive the king's gifts.

The man said: "The world goes as the wind blows."

GOOD AND EVIL.

A detachment of soldiers was marching through a wood to avoid meeting a large detachment of the enemy in the neighborhood.

The drummer kept beating his drum, though not loudly. The sound, however,

attracted the attention of the enemy, and they surrounded the party.

The captain bade the drummer beat with all his energy to inspire the men with courage. He did so. They fought like lions, and won the day.

The captain said: "Good and evil often flow from the same source."—*Missionary Magazine.*

WHO HE WAS.

'My mamma told me Dod was here!' she said with half a frown.

'She tised me and my dolly, and I dess I don't know you.'

But, dear, I answered, smiling, 'tell me where you're going to.'

She twisted in her seat, and then she tossed her tangled hair.

'I'm doin' on to Boston, and my pop'll meet me there.'

'But dear,' I questioned gently, 'if the choo-choo cars should stop,

And you should walk, and walk, and walk, and then not find your pop,

What would you do?' The little maiden shook her head and frowned.

'My mamma says when pop is gone, that Dod is somewhere 'round.'

The train rolled into Boston town. I waited there a while

And watched my little blue eyes, with her half expectant smile.

'Dess waitin' for my pop,' she said, 'with dolly fast asleep.'

And then a man came rushing in; I know him by his leap.

He snatched his little daughter up with frantic, feverish glee;

And then, with father's instinct, quick his eye was turned on me.

'Well, Bess,' he asked, 'who is your friend? With quaint, expressive nod

The maid replied: 'I dess I know. I fink it mus' be Dod.'

—Tom Mason, in *Brooklyn Life.*

ANIMALS ON SHIPBOARD.

It is a well-known fact that sailors are extremely fond of pets, and on nearly all of the more than forty war-ships anchored recently in New York harbor were found one or more animals gathered from all quarters of the globe. On the Russian flagship was a soft-fleeced ram from Algiers, a small brown kid from the island of St. Thomas, and a pair of frolicksome monkeys. On the "Jean Bart," the French ship, was a pair of "moutons" and a partridge from Smyrna, which had a red bill and red legs. On the Italian cruiser was a fine dog named Blake in honor of the donors, the sailors from the English ship of that name. He is a regular sea dog, never having set his foot on land since he was born. He will go with the sailors in the cutter as far as the shore, but nothing will induce him to leave the boat. An amusing sight on the day of the parade was a little black and white goat, named Billy, belonging to one of the English ships and marching at the head of his column down Fifth avenue in the scarlet coat of a British marine. The public was enthusiastic over the intelligent little creature and sent in contributions with which was purchased a silver collar engraved with the goat's name, and the date, April 28, 1893. This, with a little silver bell hanging from it, was placed around Billy's neck, and he seemed to be the proudest member of the naval party.—*Congregationalist.*

BAD READING.

The other day a little fellow sat reading a book, when suddenly he saw his father coming along; he put the book out of sight, and stood up in great confusion, waiting for his father to pass by. Now, I didn't like that; and I herewith advise that boy, and all other boys, never to read anything they are ashamed of. Open out every page you read, full and free, in God's light and presence, as you must; and if it is not fit to be opened so, do not read it at all.

Bad reading is deadly poison; and I, for one, would like to see the poisoners—that is, the men who furnish it—punished like any other murderers; yes, and more, it's far worse to kill the soul than to kill the body.

In my opinion, parents are not half watchful enough in this matter, and if I were you, young folks, I wouldn't stand it.