

For Friday Afternoons.

HOW MANY CLAWS HAS A CAT?

"How many claws has our old cat?"
 Asked Eddie. "Who can tell me that?"
 "Oh! that," said Harry, "everyone knows—
 As many as you have fingers and toes."
 "Yeth," lisped Ethel, "she'th jutht got twenty;
 Five on each foot, and I think it-th a plenty,"
 "Yes," said Bertie, "just five times four;
 That makes twenty—no less, no more."
 "Wrong," said Eddie. "That's easily seen;
 Catch her and count 'em—she has eighteen!
 Cats on each of her two hind paws
 Have only four and not five claws."

—St. Nicholas.

The littlest girl in the class was reading laboriously. "See Mary and the lamb," she read, slowly.
 "Does Mary love the lamb, buttonhook?"

"Why do you say buttonhook?" asked the teacher.

"Picture of a buttonhook here," replied the child, pointing triumphantly to the interrogation mark.—
Woman's Home Companion.

THE WONDERFUL WEAVER.

There's a wonderful weaver^o high up in the air,
 And he weaves a white mantle for cold earth to wear,
 With the wind for his shuttle, the cloud for his loom.
 How he weaves, in the light, in the gloom!
 Oh, with finest of laces he decks bush and tree;
 On the bare, flinty meadows a cover lays he.
 Then a quaint cap he places on pillar and post,
 And changes the pump to a grim, silent ghost.
 But this wonderful weaver grows weary at last,
 And the shuttle lies idle that once flew so fast.
 Then the sun peeps abroad on the work that is done.
 And he smiles; "I'll unravel it all, just for fun."

—Cooper.

A little girl went counting on
 To one—two hundred say.
 "Is there no end to it?" she asked,
 In quite a puzzled way.
 I told her no—she had begun.
 She might go on all day.
 "There is no end to it—this end,"
 She cried with laughter gay;
 And back she counted, back to one—
 And ended so her play.

—Little Folks.

"I'd like that tooth, please," said the small boy after the dentist had extracted the small torment.

"Certainly, my little man; but why do you want it?" queried the dentist, handing it over.

"Well, sir," responded the gratified boy, "I'm going to take it home, and I'm going to stuff it full of sugar. Then I'm going to put it on a plate, and" (with a triumphant grin) "watch it ache."—*Pick Me Up.*

THE CHILD IN THE GLASS.

The child who lives in the looking-glass
 Is always waiting to see me pass;
 She never seems to run and play,
 But watches for me there all day;
 For every time I go and see,
 I find her peeping round at me.
 One day when I was cross and cried,
 She stretched her mouth so very wide,
 I had to laugh—then she did, too;
 She tries to do just what I do.

—Mary Sigsbee Kerr.

TWO BROTHERS.

One little brother is short and slow;
 The other is tall and he can run,
 For he takes twelve steps with his longer leg
 While his brother is taking one.
 One little brother a bell must ring,
 With every step that he slowly makes;
 But the other runs gaily from morn till night
 Nor cares to notice the steps he takes.
 He who loves riddles may guess me this one,
 Who are the brothers and where do they run?

—St. Nicholas.

A MORNING THANKSGIVING.

For this new morning with its light,
 For rest and shelter of the night,
 For health and food, for love and friends,
 For everything His goodness sends,
 We thank the Heavenly Father.

—M. J. Garland.

EARLY AND LATE.

Go to bed early—wake up with joy;
 Go to bed late—cross girl or boy.
 Go to bed early—ready for play;
 Go to bed late—moping all day.
 Go to bed early—no pains or ills.
 Go to bed late—doctors and pills.
 Go to bed early—grow very tall;
 Go to bed late—stay very small.

—W. S. Reed, in *November St. Nicholas.*

For Reproduction.

THE STORY OF A FLOWER.

Some little brown flowers grew by the wayside.
 They were not at all beautiful. But they tried to
 be contented. A good fairy noticed their behavior.
 She felt sorry for their ugliness. One morning she
 placed them on a cushion. Then she turned them
 into one tall flower. And she gave this flower a
 golden crown. The flower is very happy now. It
 looks at the sun all day long. Can you guess its
 name?

JACK THE MONKEY.

Did you ever hear of a monkey that went to war?
 Jack was a monkey who belonged to a company of
 English soldiers. They were very fond of him, but