

A Little Dear.

For me to have another doll I somehow felt the time had come For Adeline had lost her hair, And Jane, the one that cried, was

Of hearing me explain the case Papa grew weary, it was clear; 'You're tired?' I asked, and he replied, 'A little, dear!'

That very day, when he got home, He had parcel in his hand, And mother smiled, and I did, too, For I began to understand. 'With her extravagance,' he said, 'This child will ruin us, I fear; Some toys are cheap, but this one came A little dear!'

I clapped my hands, and hugged And then, when he'd the string untied,

I took the paper off and found A dainty cardboard box inside: And when I pulled the lid off that, I saw a lovely face appear-And there I saw my doll, and she's A little dear! -Felix Young, in 'Little Folks.'

The Nest in the Tree.

The sun was just peeping over the hills. The leaves on the trees stirred gently, and a sleepy voice among the branches said: 'Mother, I am so hungry. When may we have something to eat?

'Yes, mother, dear,' came a chorus of voices, 'we are so hungry. May we have some breakfast?'

'Yes, my dears,' replied the little brown mother bird, 'you shall have something just as soon as I can go out and get it.

Poor little mother! She had five hungry mouths to fill. But they were a happy family. Soon each of them would be able to fly and get his own breakfast.

'Oh, mother,' cried one of the little ones, 'you said you were going to teach Bright Eyes to fly to-day.' 'Yes,' said the mother, 'I am. When

I return, and we have eaten, I will teach your sister Bright Eyes to fly.'

'Oh!' cried Bright Eyes. 'How happy I shall be, for then I may help our dear mother to feed the rest of you until you are also strong enough to fly.

'Good-by, mother, dear!' cried the birdies, as she kissed each of them before leaving.

'I'll return soon, children, and away she flew as happy as could be.

A little boy stood by the roadside. He held a little air gun in his hand.

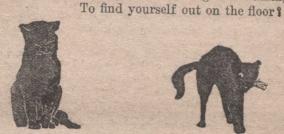
'Oh, I see something at which I can shoot!' he cried, and pulled the trigger.

There was a soft flutter and down fell the poor little mother bird with a shot through her brave little heart.

'Oh, oh, oh!' cried the birdies. 'Why

Kitten's Complaint.

'How do you think you would like it,' Said the little black cat to me, 'If you in your bed were lying As cozily as can be,





'How would you like it, I wonder,

To find your bed rising and walking

With never a hint before,

'With your nose on your forepaws resting,

And dreaming of mice and things, Of whole pans of cream you were lapping,

Of birds with the weakest of wings-

'If you were a sensitive kitten, You'd think it a great mishap; You'd wonder if it quite paid you To sleep in Miss Jennie Brown's lap.'

-Cincinnati Commercial 'Tribune.'

doesn't mother come? We are so hungry!'

They waited until the sun was very high. 'Oh!' they cried.

'What is keeping our dear mother so long?'

The sun went down in the west and still she had not returned. Poor, little birdies! How they cried! At last Bright Eyes, who was the strongest, said she would try to fly and find the mother. But poor, little Bright Eyes fell over the edge of the nest and lay very still upon the ground. She never opened her bright little eyes again. Then, one by one, the others grew too weak to cry any more and each tucked his little head underneath a wing and lay quiet in the nest. They never woke again.

The little boy who made all this sorrow was not really cruel; he was very thoughtless, dear children, just tell him about the poor little mother bird and her babies and beg him to be kind .--'Child's Hour.'

The Hawk and the Mother Teal.

Ernest Seton-Thompson tells the story of a fight between a green-winged teal and a hawk. After her brood was hatched, she started to take them across a pond.

'This was a mistake,' Mr. Seton-Thompson writes, 'for it exposed them to enemies. A great marsh hawk saw them, and he came swooping along, sure of getting one in each claw.

" 'Run for the rushes!' calle out the mother Greenwing, and run they all did, pattering over the surface as fast as their tired little legs could go.

"'Run! run!' cried the mother, but the hawk was close at hand now. spite of a" their running, he would be on them in another second.

'They were too young to dive; there seemed no escape, when just as he pounced, the bright little mother gave a great splash with all her strength and, using both feet and wings, dashed the water all over the hawk. He was astonished. He sprang back into the air to shake himself dry.

'The mother urged the little ones to 'Keep on!' and keep on they did. But down came the hawk again; again to be repelled by a shower of spray. Three times did he pounce and three times did she drench him.

'Now all the downlings were safe in the friendly rushes; the angry hawk made : lunge at the mother, but she could dive and, giving a good-by splash, she easily disappeared.'

Robert's Snowball.

(By Annie Louise Berray, in 'Sunday-School Times.')

Robert was eight years old and had never seen a snowball. He had seen snow, but it was miles and miles away, on the top of Mt. Lowe, and Robert lived at the foot of the mountain. Roses blossomed out of doors all winter in Robert's yard, for this was in Southern California.

Papa had promised him that as soon as he w. s big enough he would take him up the mountain to see the snow. There was a railway going up part of the way and then a long walk took them to the

Robert used to sit under the orange tree by the porch and look at the snow. He wondered what it tasted like. looked so much like sugar that he thought it must be sweet.

One morning after it had rained hard for three days Robert came out of doors. to find the sun shining and Mt. Lowe white at the top.

'How would you like to climb Mt. Lowe to-day, Robert? 'asked his father.

Robert was too happy to say anything, so he turned three handsprings and ran into the house for his mittens. His grandmother, who lived in the East, did not know how warm California is, so she had sent Robert a pair of red mit-