

## The Inglenook

### What A Beaver Did.

Mr A. D. Bartlett, son of the late superintendent of the London Zoo, has an interesting story of a captive Canadian beaver. A large willow tree in the gardens had blown down. A branch about twelve feet long and thirty inches in circumference was firmly fixed in the ground in the beaver's enclosure. Then the beaver was watched to see what he would do.

The beaver soon visited the spot, and walking around the limb commenced to bite off the bark and gnaw the wood about twelve inches from the ground. The rapidity of his process was astonishing. He seemed to put his whole strength into his task, although he left off every few minutes to rest and look upward, as if to determine which way the tree would fall.

Now and then he went into his pond, which was about three feet from the base of the tree. Then he would come out again with renewed energy, and his powerful teeth would set at work anew upon the branch.

About four o'clock, to the surprise of those who saw him, he left his work and came hastily toward the iron fence. The cause of this sudden movement was soon apparent. He had heard in the distance the sound of the wheelbarrow, which was brought daily to his paddock, and from which he was anxiously expecting his supper.

The keeper, not wishing to disappoint the beaver, although sorry to see his task interrupted, gave him his usual allowance of carrots and bread. The fellow ate it and was seen swimming about the pool until about half past five. Then he returned to his work.

In ten minutes the "tree" fell to the ground.

Afterward the beaver cut the log into three convenient lengths, one of which he used in the under part of his house.

### Kaffirs Setting A Limb.

After the recent invasion of European skill there cannot be much room left for primitive surgery in South Africa. Yet time was when, if a Kaffir broke his leg, it would be placed in a hole dug in the earth, and kept there till the bones were set. We have heard of a case in which the bones of a lad having been set by a European aid, the Kaffir father, had the splints removed, carried the boy home on horseback, and then had the limb set in the earth, with the result that it took six months to effect a cure. The Kaffir doctors are hereditary, the cleverest son being usually chosen to succeed.—From the "Leisure Hour."

### Keep The Children Busy.

Children in a house should be always taught to do little things in the household for two reasons. First, it trains them to be useful; and, secondly, it keeps them happy. Very often teaching entails some trouble on the house-mother. She may be inclined to say that she would rather do the thing herself than teach the little ones to do it. This will be a mistake on her part, for, if she will teach them now, she will find the little ones a help as they grow older. Moreover, by giving them interest in this way, she will never hear that miserable cry, "I don't know what to do!"

### The Sick Child.

Of the minor details of the sick-room, that which most impresses the untrained observer is the fashion in which the nurse gives a drink to the patient who must be kept in a recumbent position. The ordinary lay attendant, whose sole idea of the operation is to lift the sick person to a half or at least quarter sitting posture, looks on in wonder and admiration while the nurse slips her hand under the sick child's head, inclines it ever so slightly forward, and holds the full glass to his lips. In cases of heart weaknesses, where the safety of the patient may depend upon keeping him flat on his back, such a knack in giving nourishment is indispensable.

More difficult to acquire than this is the trick of changing the sheet on a bed without distressing the patient. In order to do this, the soiled sheet is loosened at one side of the bed, and folded in a long compact roll close to the patient. The clean sheet is tucked in or pinned down in place of that which has been removed, and after being drawn over the uncovered part of the mattress, is also folded in a roll close to the soiled sheets. The child has been turned on his side, the rolled sheets against his back, he is now turned on his other side, both sheets drawn from under him, the soiled one whisked off the bed, and the clean covering fastened down in its place. When the patient is very ill he may be lifted by two nurses, while a third draws out the sheets.—Harper's Bazar.

### Queer Little Historians.

Just a raindrop loitering earthward,  
All alone.  
Leaves a tiny "tell-tale story"  
In the stone.  
Gravel tossed by teasing water  
Down the hill,  
Shows where once in merry laughter  
Flowed a rill.  
In the coal bed dark and hidden,  
Ferns (how queer!)  
Left a message plainly saying,  
"We've been here!"  
You may see here tiny ripples  
On the sands,  
Leave a history written by their  
Unseen hands.  
Why, the oak trees, by their bending,  
Clearly show  
The direction playful winds blew  
Years ago!  
So our habits tell us, little  
Maids and men,  
What the history of our whole past  
Life has been!

As a train was moving out of a Scotch station a man in one of the compartments noticed that the porter, in whose charge he had given his luggage, had not put it into the van and so shouted at him and said: "Hi! you old fool! What do you mean by not putting my luggage in the van?" To which the porter replied: "Eh, man! yer luggage is ne'er such a fool as yerself! Yer i' the wrang train!"

His wife.—"If you stop reading about the Boer war for a few minutes, I have something to tell you about the cook."

The Suburbanite.—"Yes? Is she going to trek?"

### A Famine Kitten.

BY EVAN ROBERTS.

Sarah Jane Simmons stood at the door of the farm house on a bright May morning. The sunbeams danced among her golden curls, and did their best to light up her pale face and black dress. The scent of the apple blossoms came wafted on the air from the orchard, and the cherry trees at the gate were shedding their snowy petals on the ground. The pink and white hawthorn was all in bloom down the lane. The birds chirruped under the eaves, keeping a cautious eye on the little girl as they stole nice long straws from the thatch for their nests.

But neither sound of bird nor scent of flower reached Sarah Jane. She was deep in thought, her white Persian kitten was tightly clasped in her arms. Robin redbreast watched her from a bush near by, wondering at the sober face of his little winter friend. Sarah Jane's blue eyes had a far-away look, a pucker of care was on her brow; she was thinking of yesterday's sermon. She did not, as a rule, think much about sermons; they were often long and dreary in the village church; but yesterday a stranger had come and told them of the heathen children in a land far away who were dying of famine on the roadsides, and who had never heard of Jesus. Sarah Jane had very few friends, and the whole love of her lonely little heart was given to the Lord Jesus, her dead mother and her white kitten. It was a strangely divided love, but the objects of it knew its value. Her heart had nearly broken when the pale little mother had laid her white wasted hands so lovingly on her head and told her she was going to Jesus, and she must take care of poor father.

Her father was a big burly farmer, who had no time to spare from his fields for his little daughter, and more fear than love was in her regard for him.

The white kitten was a wonderful thing and had come to her in a wonderful way. Coming home in the November dusk from his wife's funeral, Mr. Simmons had found it miles away, hiding under a hedge. Being tender-hearted just then he picked it up and carried it home under his coat. That was his story, but Sarah Jane's firm belief was that her mother had dropped it down straight from heaven to comfort her in her loss.

The preacher's picture of the heathen children had sunk deep in her pitiful childish soul. He had said he would come back in six months, and he hoped the good people of Burnfoot would have some money gathered after the harvest, that he might send more help to the missionaries in India who were trying to help the starving people. He spoke to the boys and girls in church, to their great surprise, for they were not accustomed to be taken any notice of by the ministers, and told them that five pounds would keep for one year an Indian child in a school where he would be fed and taught, and Sarah Jane had set her whole earnest heart on keeping a little boy at school. She had ventured a timid hand on her father's knee as he sat smoking in the porch on Sunday afternoon, and stammered out a wish for some money to give the missionary. "You're a soft-hearted little lass, just like your mother," he said, not unkindly. "But you may put that out of your head. With the land so dear, and the crops so poor, it's little enough Christians can get, so the heathens may shift for themselves."

But the heathen children had squeezed themselves into Sarah Jane's heart and would not be ejected, and now, with sadly puzzled face, she was turning over plans by which a little girl can make money all of her own. I