



FEEDING THE GULLS.

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Gulls are groups of seabirds, belonging to the genus *Larus* or *Linnaeus*, of which there are forty-nine species. Some of the species are distinguished by their size, others by their color, the shape of their tails, wings, or feet, and one especially is distinguished from all the others by their unselfishness. As soon as one of the birds of that species see anything to eat, it immediately give a peculiar cry, which at once summons all the others to come and partake too. I think this is the species shown in the picture, for see how they are coming from all directions to get the food offered by the young lady.

## ONE LITTLE TONGUE.

"Hi! Whose horse and buggy is that at Sampson's gate?"

Little Stella must have been asking this question of herself, for there was nobody else in sight.

Stella had just crept through the bars that separated the lot belonging to her house from a grassy lane that opened upon the village street.

"That must be the doctor's buggy," Stella went on. "I wonder who is sick at Sampson's."

On she went, through the lane and down the paved street. Presently she met Mammy Jane, an old colored woman who went about nursing.

"Are you going to Sampson's, Mammy Jane?" Stella asked.

"No, chile; I gwine to Miss Petsey Poultney's. What mek you ax me dat?"

"O, I saw the doctor's buggy at the door, and I thought somebody must be sick," said Stella.

"You don't say! It mus' be ole Miss Sampson; she berry feeble."

Stella went on to Sib Lacy's, and forgot about the Sampsons. Mammy Jane went on, too; and before she reached Miss Petsey's gate she hailed a black man with an axe on his shoulder.

"Hey, Sam!" she called out, for she was not very near. "Ole Miss Sampson must be took sick; doctor's buggy standin' at de do'."

"You don't temme so!" answered Sam.

I do not know how many more people heard and told that tale, but it travelled

several miles, and soon it got to Joe Sampson's ears, and by that time it was a very large tale indeed, and there were two doctor's buggies in it.

Joe was building a barn on Mr. Moore's farm, and had several men working under him; but, of course, Joe dropped everything and went home. He found that nobody was sick at his house. No doctor had been there, only a man who wanted to sell sewing-machines.

All this came from one little tongue telling what its owner did not know.

## A LIBRARY BOOK'S PLEA.

"Once on a time" a library book was overheard talking to a little boy who had just borrowed it. The words seemed worth recording, and here they are:

"Please don't handle me with dirty hands. I should feel ashamed to be seen when the next little boy borrowed me.

"Or leave me out in the rain. Books catch cold as well as children.

"Or make marks on me with your pen or pencil. It would spoil my looks.

"Or lean on me with your elbows when you are reading me. It hurts.

"Or open me and lay me face down on the table. You wouldn't like to be treated so.

"Or put in between my leaves a pencil or anything thicker than a single sheet of thin paper. It would strain my back.

"Whenever you are through reading me if you are afraid of losing your place, don't turn down the corner of one of my leaves, but have a neat little bookmark to put in where you stopped; and then close me and lay me down on my side, so that I can have a good, comfortable rest.

"Remember that I want to visit a great many other little boys after you are through with me. Besides I may meet you again some day, and you would be sorry to see me looking old and torn and soiled. Help to keep me fresh and clean, and I will help you to be happy."

## STOP THE BAD ONES.

"I don't mean to say naughty things," said Edie. "but when I feel that way the cross words run right into my throat, and they have to come out, 'r else I'd choke."

"No," answered mother, "you must learn to shut your lips and keep them back. If you don't speak them, they'll by and by stop coming."

Edie thought a minute. "O, I know," she said. "When my kitty came here to live she thought she could jump right through the window, but when she bumped her head against the glass two or three times she stopped trying. The cross words'll be just like kitty. I must let them bump their heads against my teeth."