

tween the ground and my valuable person as possible. Rather disappointed at the elevation to which I had raised myself, the ostrich agreed with himself that he would wait for me to come down, so without troubling himself needlessly he continued his mid-day meal; but on the slightest movement in the tree would pause and look round with a meaning glance in his keen eye which was not to be misunderstood.

After several hours of this one-sided amusement my friend becoming anxious came out on horseback, and, finding the cause of my delay, drove the bird away and relieved me from what had, to say the least of it, been an undignified position. Henceforth (and I would ask my readers to follow my action should they ever be in the veldt in South Africa) I never enter a camp without first of all being certain that I shall not receive the unwelcomed attention of any ostrich.

Grandma's Curls.

(By Elizabeth Gould, in 'Youth's Companion'.)

'All ready for the party?' said Grandma Barclay, as Marjorie danced into the room in her prettiest white frock, with her short curls bobbing up and down.

'Yes'm; but it isn't a truly party,' said Marjorie, sitting down on the little footstool close to Grandma Barclay, so that the old lady could stroke her curly head. 'It's nothing but just Cousin Elcanor's birthday time. We aren't big enough for a truly party.'

'It is convenient to have curls,' said Grandma Barclay, thoughtfully; 'especially sometimes. Perhaps you'd like to know what happened to my curls once upon a time.'

'O yes, Grandma, please' said Marjorie. 'Did your hair curl as tight as mine, and was it so—so distressful when your mamma combed it?'

'It didn't curl of itself at all,' said Grandma Barclay, 'but I wanted very much to have it look curly, so I used to have it done up in fourteen curl-papers twice a week. My dear mother did it to please me, though she liked her little straight-haired girl just as well as the curly-

haired one. She had a straight-haired child in hot weather most of the time, in spite of curl-papers, tightly pinned, twice a week.

'When I went once on a visit to Great-aunt Pettingill, without my mamma, my hair had to be straight for a whole week. I was such a silly little girl that it made me quite unhappy, and when my cousin, Frances Willoughby, asked me to a children's party I begged Great-aunt Pettingill to do up my hair "just for once."

'Great-aunt Pettingill looked at me very disapprovingly over the top of her spectacles, but all she said was, "The party is at four o'clock this afternoon. If you are willing to take your dinner alone in your room, and stay there all day, I will do up your hair right after breakfast; but I can't have a child in curl-papers running over the house or outdoors."

'I promised to stay in my room, and right after breakfast my head bristled with curl-papers. It was a beautiful, sunshiny day, and all the morning I longed to be outdoors. It was not very pleasant to eat my dinner alone, and Martha, the maid, seemed inclined to laugh, I thought, when she brought it up to me on a tray.

'After dinner, when Great-aunt Pettingill was taking her nap, I felt very lonesome indeed. Martha was to come to my room to make me ready for the party at three o'clock, but that was a long, long time off, I was sure, for dinner was at twelve o'clock. I sniffed the roses and the wild grape-vines from my window, and felt more and more restless. Could there be any harm in my running down to the shell closet and spending a few minutes? The shell closet was in the best parlor, and was full of curious shells and stones that Great-uncle Pettingill, who had been a great traveller and a sea-captain, had brought home. I was allowed to go in there whenever I liked, but "not to touch."

'I ran softly downstairs, and across the parlor to the shell closet. Just opposite its door hung the long, gilt-framed mirror. How dreadfully my head did look! But I forgot everything as I stood bend-

ing down with my ear at the mouth of one of the big shells to "hear the waves inside it." Presently I heard something else—Great-aunt Pettingill's voice saying, "Come right in here, Mrs. Porter; this room is much cooler, and we must have a good, long visit together."

'It was Great-aunt Pettingill and the minister's wife! The minister's wife took a chair by the window, with her face away from the mirror. But Grand-aunt Pettingill, looking in the mirror by chance, saw the half-open closet door and my frightened face, with its encircling curl-papers.

'Somebody has carelessly left the door open,' said Great-aunt Pettingill. Then she crossed the room and shut the door tight.

'I heard the minister's wife tell Great-aunt Pettingill all about the sewing circle and a good many other grown-up things. Then they began to exchange receipts. I heard Martha go upstairs and come down again, I was quite sure. It was certainly long past the time for going to the party. I did not dare to cry for fear the minister's wife would hear. At last, when I knew it must be nearly night, she went away.

'Grand-aunt Pettingill walked slowly to the closet and opened the door. The sun was still shining, and for some reason or other Great-aunt Pettingill's eyes were twinkling.

"Martha has just gone up to your room," she said. "You'll have to make haste, child." She never said a word about my disobedience; I think she knew I had been punished enough.'

'And you weren't late for the party, after all!' cried Marjorie.

'No,' said Grandma Barclay, soberly, 'but it was the last time I ever had my hair curl-papered. I decided it wasn't worth while.'

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