

THE STOLEN CAP-STRINGS.

By Arthur Robb.

Polly Ann had washed them, and hung them over the branches of a little sassafras-tree to dry, and mama herself had gone out to see the dear little cap-strings fluttering daintily in the gentlest of morning breezes. And had not Budge insisted on mama coming out to see them go to sleep, just like "rock-a-bye-baby," in the branches of the tiny sassafras-tree?

Budge wasn't four years old yet, but he was intensely interested in Baby Ned's things, and these were baby brother's first cap-strings. How dainty they were—the soft linen ribbons with the bits of delicate lace on the ends. And all this on a bright, sunny morning in spring. Then Polly Ann went on with her work, and mama took up her sewing-basket, and Baby Ned went to sleep in his carriage on the front porch, and Budge went out to his great, fine sand-pile to play, and the cap-strings went—well, they did go to sleep, for there was not now even the tiniest bit of a breeze to keep them awake.

But after luncheon when mama went out to get the drowsy little cap-strings they were gone. Polly Ann said she had not touched them, and as the tiny sassafras-tree was just beyond the sand-pile, Budge stoutly declared that no one could have carried them off without him seeing them—not even Gudge, Mrs. Timmons' "dish-rag" poodle dog, who lived down the road a wee bit. And Mr. Wind did not take them away because he himself had been asleep all morning. The yard was hunted from fence to fence until there was not a square foot that had not been carefully scanned, and mama even looked through every room in the house, though she knew it was useless. After every corner, indoors and out, had been searched mama gave up, and the mystery deepened,—the cap-strings were gone! So the summer days went by, and the little cap-strings that went to sleep in the tiny sassafras tree were forgotten.

One bright October day, when the maple-leaves were showing their gorgeous reds, and the tall tulip poplars were dressed in beautiful yellow, and the chestnuts were trying to imitate the graceful poplars' dress, mama heard a queer little shout from the front yard, where Budge was at play under the rusty-yellow-leaved chestnut trees. Going to the front porch where baby-brother Ned was sleeping, mama met Budge running to the front steps with something in his hands, and his eyes shining with suppressed excitement.

"Look, mama, look," he shouted, as he handed mama an empty bird-nest he had found beneath a sturdy young chestnut-tree. And there, woven in and out in the nest, were the missing cap-strings where mama robin had placed them after taking them from the tiny sassafras-tree. And who knows but maybe she expected to use them for her own little babies. At any rate, the mystery of the missing cap-strings was solved.

Many of our troubles are God's dragging us, and they would end if we would stand on our feet and go whither He would have us.—Henry Ward Beecher.

To live in the presence of great truths and eternal laws, to be led by permanent ideals—that is what keeps a man patient when the world ignores him, and calm and unspoiled when the world praises him.—Balzac.

The wine cup is not large as compared with the sea; but more treasure lies dissolved in its fathoms than has ever gone down to the depths of all the oceans. The sea holds its wrecked ships; but the wine cup contains more sunken riches than would fill the sea with navies.

CUDDLE TIME.

As the evening shadows gather,
Then 'tis cuddle time, I know,
When my baby, dressed for dreamland,
Comes a romping to me so;
Comes and begs of me to hold him
On my knees and "rock-a-bye,"
As the purpling sun sinks lower
In the gleaming western sky.

And he cuddles to me nearer,
As the firelight softly glows,
And across the dusky portals
Ghostly flickering shadows throws;
And two dimpled arms about me
Are clasped tighter for a kiss—
Ah, was richer, rarer necklace
Placed about one's neck than this!

And I clasp and hold him closer,
Little tousled head of gold,
As he begs dad for a "tory"
Which a hundred times I've told;
Begs to have me "tell it over"—
Of the quaint Red Riding Hood,
Of the bears—that happy family
Living in the deep, dark wood.

Soon the drooping, drooping lashes
Cover up two eyes of brown,
And the tousled head so golden
On my breast sinks lower down;
Lower yet, till deep in slumber,
Cuddled close to me he lies,
With the glory of the sunset
In his sleeping, dreaming eyes.

In his eyes, in whose luster
Shines the beauty of the dawn,
Till I know that into Dreamland
My wee golden head has gone,
Ah, the sweetness of the pleasure
Making life one golden rhyme,
With a dimpled babe to fondle
When it cometh cuddle time!

—Selected.

THE ANT AND DOVE.

A little Ant had fallen into the water.
"Oh, help! help! I shall drown!"
cried the Ant.

A Dove in a tree near by heard the little Ant cry for help.

"I will throw down a leaf," said the Dove. "Here, little Ant, is a leaf. Climb upon it and you will float ashore."

"Oh, thank you, kind Dove!" answered the Ant, as he reached the shore. "You have saved my life."

A few days later the Dove was busy building her nest. Near by was a man with a gun.

"He is going to shoot the Dove!" cried the Ant. "I must stop him." So the Ant ran up to the man and bit his heel.

"Oh, my heel, my heel!" screamed the man, and he dropped his gun. This startled the Dove and she flew away.

When the man was gone, she flew back and said, "I thank you, little friend. To-day you have saved my life."—Kindergarten Stories.

HINTS FOR YOUNG GIRLS.

Not every young girl can learn to play or sing or paint well enough to give pleasure to her friends, but the following "accomplishments" are within everyone's reach:

Never come to breakfast without a collar.

Keep your own room in tasteful order.

Never let a button stay off twenty-four hours.

Close the door, and close it softly.

Never let a day pass without doing something to make somebody happy.

Never go about with shoes unbuttoned.

Learn to bake bread as well as cake. Always know where your things are;

in other words, have a place for everything and keep everything in its place.

Never fidget (or hum) so as to disturb others.

CRYING BABIES.

Babies do not cry for the fun of it, nor is it always because they are hungry as so many young mothers think. Nine times out of ten baby's cry indicates that his little stomach is out of order. Mothers will find instant relief for their suffering little ones in Baby's Own Tablets. A few doses will cure the most obstinate cases of constipation, indigestion or vomiting and a Tablet given now and then to the well child will keep it well. Mrs. Mary Pollock, Gawas, Ont., says: "Baby's Own Tablets have been a great benefit to my baby. They have made him happy, peaceful and contented, when before he used to cry all the time. I have more comfort with him since giving him the Tablets than I ever had before. He now sits and plays and laughs while I do my work. What greater praise can I give Baby's Own Tablets!" For sale at druggists or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A NEW BOGOSLOV ISLAND.

In the Bering Sea are two well known volcanic islands known as the Bogoslov group. Both of these are of comparatively recent origin, the older having emerged from the sea in 1779, while the second popped up in the same way in 1893. Both islands still have hot springs and steam vents which are constantly in action. The islands are uninhabited except by sea lions and by millions of sea birds, of which the murre are by far the most numerous. Dr. C. Hart Merriam has written interestingly of the Bogoslov group. Last spring the Indians on the western end of Unalaska Island were astonished by a tremendous commotion in the waters of Bering Sea to the northwest of their home. By day the water smoked, by night flashes of light were seen; there were tremendous noises and deep rumblings from time to time, and finally great numbers of dead fish, birds and seals drifted ashore. The reports brought the Aleuts were not at first believed, but a little later they were confirmed by stories told by other neighboring natives. The result of all the talk was that an expedition was organized to go to the Bogoslov group and see what foundation there was for the persistent reports. When the party had come to within a few miles of the island dense clouds of vapors were seen hanging over the sea, and later large numbers of dead fish and other marine animals were found floating in the water. The investigators were unable to get very near to the islands, but did approach them near enough to see the land at intervals. When this was possible, they saw to their astonishment that instead of two islands three were standing up out of the water. For the most part the islands were nearly hidden by vapor, the water about them was very much disturbed and its temperature was several degrees above that of the sea.—Forest and Stream.

THE KILLARNEY OF AMERICA.

Nestling in a frame of beautifully wooded shores lies a series of beautiful lakes 145 miles north of the City of Toronto, Ontario, and known as the "Lake of Bays Region." A chain of seven studded with lovely islands, with hotels throughout the district and a good steamboat service to all points attracts the tourist, angler and sportsman. Just the out-of-the-way sort of place to visit during the summer months. For all particulars and free illustrated publications apply to J. Quinlan, Bonaventure Station, Montreal, Que.

Let us try and make patience and hopefulness contagious, so that everybody will "catch" them, except the cranks and the criminals. They are immune.—Bishop O. P. Fitzgerald.