

Mother Seal and Baby.

NEAR Anacapa, California, one day recently, the skipper of a sloop captured a young seal, and succeeded in getting it on board unharmed. When the sloop made for Santa Barbara, the mother seal appeared.

She swam about the vessel uttering piteous cries, while the captive barked and whined in response.

At Santa Barbara the youngster, enclosed in a bag, was carelessly left on

deck, when the mother, who had followed the vessel some eighty miles, revealed herself in person and voice, and her offspring, as if in answer to appealing promptings, wormed himself to the side of the vessel and tumbled overboard.

The mother's sharp teeth made quick work with the imprisoning bag, and in a trice her baby was free.

We are not told the sequel of the story, but it is to be hoped that the mother's love and devotion were appropriately rewarded.

ALL KINDS OF LITTLE PEOPLE.



"PAPA, will you buy me a drum?" said a little lad to his father.

"Ah—but, my boy, you will disturb me very much if I do!" returned papa.

"Oh, no, papa; I won't play it except when you're asleep!" promised the little fellow.

"I SAY, dad," little Johnny began.

"Now, what do you want?" asked his suffering father, with the emphasis on the "now."

"Will my hair fall off when it is ripe, like yours?"

FOUR-YEAR-OLD GERTIE (to her sister's fiance): "Are you hurt much?"

AUGUSTUS: "Hurt much? I don't understand you, Gertie."

"Well, sister said she was fishing for you for a long time, and that she only hooked you after lots of trouble. Did she hurt you when she hooked you?"

BOY: "Pa, what is a hero?"

"A hero is a man who tries to read a newspaper in the same room with a boy about your size," replied the papa.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER: "Who loves everybody, Johnnie?"

JOHNNIE: "My pa does, cos he's trying to get into the Town Council."

"I THINK it would be a good plan to send Willie up into the country for a month," suggested Willie's father. "He's never been on a ranch, and it would be rather a novel experience for him." "No you don't," interrupted

Willie. "I've read all about the country, and I'm not going anywhere where they have thrashing machines. It's bad enough when it's done by hand."

DURING a dictation lesson a school-master read out the following sentence: "His collar rose to such a height that passion well-nigh choked him."

On correcting the exercises he found to his amusement that one little fellow had rendered the above as follows: "His collar rose to such a height that fashion well-nigh choked him."

"WHAT are you crying about, my little man?"

"Jin. Jy Dodds licked me first, an' then father licked me for letting Jimmy lick me, and then Jimmy licked me again for telling father, and now I suppose I shall catch it again from father."

"I'M not pleased with your school report, Bobby," said his father, with a solemn look.

"I told the teacher you wouldn't be; but she was too stubborn to change it, the old pelican!"

"JACK," asked the father, "are you going in for any of the school-sports this year?"

"Yes, daddy," replied the unsuspecting boy. "I'm going to try for the mile race."

"Good," returned his father. "I have a letter to be posted, and it's about a mile to the post-office and back. Let me see what time you can do it in."

