

LITTLE FOLKS

An Antelope for a Pet.

Tom.—How would you like an antelope for a pet Totty? The Reed's had one out in Africa and they say nothing could be more amusing than to see this antelope with their dogs.

Totty.—What did the antelope do?

Tom.—The dogs and the antelope were all very good friends in the stable together; but when they got out of doors the dogs' one idea

story Tom. Mr. Smith, or Mr. Jones, or Mr. Robinson came out with a gun and shot the animal, and it died there and then.

Tom.—You are very clever, Phil; but that is not my story at all.

Meta.—Phil, be quiet! I want to hear Tom's story.

Phil.—Go on, Tom; it won't be as good as mine, I know.

Tom.—Perhaps not; but mine is true. Well, the owner of the peas saw the antelope, and not knowing

Totty—Oh, Tom, what does that long word mean?

Tom.—It means the doctor for animals; he came and set the antelope's leg, and bandaged it up, and told Mrs. Reed the bandages must always be kept damp, so she used to get up in the night to damp them, and she did all in her power to make the antelope's leg well again.

Phil (triumphantly)—Now, Tom, it is my story after all, only you are dragging it out. The antelope did die—now didn't it?

Tom (firmly).—No, Phil, it did not. I believe it is alive at this very minute. But the leg never set, it wasted away, and the antelope had to manage with only three.

Meta.—I think it had almost better have died; it must be so sad for an antelope, which is always so quick and joyous, to be obliged to drag about on three legs.

Tom.—Meta, you are wrong. This antelope managed, somehow, to get about as quickly as ever, and to enjoy life as it did before. As for the dogs—

Totty.—Did the Reeds let their dogs chase it as they used to do?

Phil.—I expect the dogs were shut up when the antelope came out for a limp.

Tom.—I can't make you children understand that the antelope could run and spring as well as ever. The old games with the dogs used to go on, and Colonel Reed told me that he would never have believed if he had not seen the way that three-legged quadruped would bound along the grass, and never once let the dogs come up with it.

Totty.—I know dogs can run on three feet. Don't you remember Pepper used to do it, and I used to think he had hurt his foot, but he hadn't. He did it because he liked it.

Meta.—How fond the Reeds must be of animals—they seem to have had every sort of pet.—'Sunday Reading for the Young.'

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THE DOGS CHASED THE ANTELOPE.

seemed to be to chase the antelope, and they used to go tearing round the compound after it.

Phil.—Did they ever catch it?

Tom.—Never! The antelope was too fleet-footed for them. One day, however, a sad thing happened to the antelope—it strayed into a neighboring compound, where there was a fine plot of green peas, and these looked so tempting that the antelope was obliged to eat them.

Phil.—I know the end of your

it was any one's pet, he threw a stick at it to drive it away. He aimed too well, for the stick broke the poor beast's leg.

Totty (anxiously).—Did it die, Tom?

Tom.—Wait and hear. It managed somehow to get back to the Reeds' house, and when Mrs. Reed saw it she found out at once that its leg was broken. So she sent for the veterinary surgeon.