



CHAMELEON.

## THE CHAMELEON.

This queer little animal is a sort of lizard. He lives on insects. He never hurts anyone. There is one very queer thing about him that you cannot see in the picture, and that is his colour. One time two men had a chameleon in a box, and they met a third man, who asked what they had there. One man said, "It is a little green animal." "No," said the other, "it is red." The two men disputed about it until they almost quarrelled. "Let me see it," said the third man, "and we can soon tell which of you is right." The men opened the box, and lo! the creature was white.

Now, how could that be! It is true the little animal has a wonderful gift to protect it from its enemies. It becomes the same colour as the thing it is upon. If it is on the branch of a tree, it is mottled gray and brown like the branch; if it is among the green leaves, it too becomes green. And it was not so strange that the creature in the box should be white, when it was resting on a light surface. This seems too wonderful to be true, but I have read it a great many times in books. Wouldn't you like to see a chameleon? Its neck is so short that it cannot turn its head, but then its large eyes move quite independently of each other, and they have a sort of cover with a small hole through which to look.

## HOW CASSY LEARNED HER LESSON.

BY E. P. A.

THERE was one lesson Cassy was very slow about learning. Catechism? No; she was the best scholar of the infant class. Spelling? Well—no; true, she never could remember whether it was cat or kitten that you spelt with a k, but on the whole it wasn't spelling.

I'll tell you a little story about her, and see if you don't guess what this lesson was.

One day her pretty young Auntie Nan was going out to drive. "Caesar Augustus!" cried the young lady (though I don't see what Caesar Augustus had to do with it, do you?) "the bird is gone off my black hat!"

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Cassy's

mother; and they hunted for that bird until the young man in the waggonette sent word that they might have his high-bred retriever dog to help. But they didn't find the bird.

If they had only known it, Cassy would have been a much better help than a retriever dog; but Cassy was at Lulu Brent's, playing paper dolls.

Auntie Nan had such a fine drive she

almost forgot the bird, but at the tea-table mamma began again:

"I do think, of all strange things! where can Nan's bird be?"

"It's in her flower book," Cassy said, carelessly. "I put him in there to see if he'd press, and I forgot him."

It was a long time before Cassy was allowed to forget him again. Everybody in the house determined to meddle with all Cassy's things for three days, just to let her see what it felt like. Poor little girl! She found out how disagreeable she had been making life for mamma and auntie and Bridget. The "pressed" bird was hung by one claw to the nursery mantelpiece, to help Cassy learn that part of the Golden Rule that tells you to let other people's things alone.

## HELPFULNESS.

WHEN an afternoon full of games has left the nursery in great disorder, Bessie and Gertrude have one very last game to play, called "Helpfulness."

Bessie invented it.

On separate slips of paper are written the names of the principal things in the room,—floor, chairs, rugs, bookcase, bureau, closet, sofa, corners, tables, window-sills and desk,—the slips of paper shuffled about, backs up.

Each person "playing" draws one in turn till all are taken, putting in order that part of the room or piece of furniture named, and when the game is done, behold the room neat and fresh again.—*Companion*.

## WHEAT.

WHEN you were eating a piece of nice white bread did you ever stop to think where it came from? When you go into the country you will often see fields of wheat. The top of each wheat-stalk is full of little grains, and when the wheat is ripe it is cut down and put into a large machine called a thresher. This separates the grains from the straw. Then the grains are sifted and sent to the mill to be ground into flour. The next time mother bakes, you can watch and see how the bread is made.



## WHAT'S BABY!

ONE little row of ten little toes,  
To go along with a brand new nose,  
Eight new fingers and two new thumbs  
That are just as good as sugar-plums—  
That's baby.

One little pair of round, new eyes,  
Like a little owl's, so big and wise,  
One little place they call a mouth,  
Without a tooth from north to south—  
That's baby.

## FREDDY AND BILLY.

BY LIZZIE MAY SHERWOOD.

FREDDY was three years old before ever saw the country or his Grand Stone. He was delighted with both, and asked more questions about the many things he saw than his grandma could answer.

He saw a flock of sheep feeding in a field beyond the barn. He ran up to the fence to watch them "nip the grass." Oh big fellow, with crooked horns, came shaking his head.

"Oh!" said Freddy, "he's making a bow: I'll make him one" and he bowed very low.

Billy, that was the sheep's name, took this for a challenge. Stepping back a few steps, he darted forward with all his might. Of course his head struck the fence instead of Freddy.

The little boy now clapped his chubby hands and shouted in high glee. "I wants to play with me, just like Fido," said he, and he went into the field.

Billy darted at him again. In an instant Freddy was knocked flat upon the ground. He hardly understood this rough treatment.

"Fido don't do that way," he said, as he got upon his feet again.

He was no sooner up than Billy came him a third time, and down he went.

Freddy began to cry and scream with fright. Grandma heard him and ran to his rescue. There was blood on his hands, face and collar. He had struck his pretty little nose in falling. He was soon comforted with some peppermints. But he promised that he would never, never near Billy again.