

Thinking it a good chance to secure a photograph, I leaned forward to pick up the camera, and at that the two came on again. Things seemed to grow interesting. In fact, I lost the moment's thirst for photography, and snatched up the rifle. Wasting no time, I fired, and again the lions halted.

"My shot had missed, the bullet going above their heads. Steadying myself, I fired again, with exactly the same result. Something was wrong with the gun; I saw that as soon as I examined it, for the sight had been thrown up to 300 yards. But worse than this, I suddenly remembered I had no ammunition except the three or four shots remaining in the magazine. Three, or possibly, four shots, you understand, to manage a pair of lions still perfectly good and intact. Therefore, I took extreme care with the third shot, bowled over my first friend with that, and with the fourth shot knocked the danger out of the other beast.

"But the first one still showed fight. He scrambled to his feet, stood hesitating for a while, and appeared to be getting ready to have another try at me. Naturally, with only one or two shots left, I held my fire. Then, to my infinite relief, the wounded creature turned and went slowly into the bush."

ROYAL MAIDS PROPOSE.

When the reigning queen is to be married she must be the one to broach the subject first to her future consort, says the Western Scot. The same rule holds good with regard to all ladies who marry commoners.

Queen Victoria has told how she managed to "put the question" to Prince Albert—how she first showed him Windsor and its beauties, and the distant landscape, and then said: "All this may be yours." The Queen of Holland, on a like occasion, simply sent a sprig of white heather, begging Prince Henry to look up its meaning in a book of flowers and their meanings. The Duchess of Argyll took the following means of proposing to the Marquis of Lorne: She was about to attend a state ball, and gave it out that she would choose as her partner for the first dance the man she intended to honor. She selected the marquis, who subsequently became her husband.

But perhaps the most interesting of all ways chosen was that of the Duchess of Fife. She took the earl, as he then was, to a drawer and showed him its contents. There he saw a number of trifles he had given her at different times, including sprigs of several kinds of flowers, now dead, he picked up for her at different times. He was much impressed at the sight, nor did it require words on her part to make her meaning plain.

UNDUE CANDOR AT HOME.

I remember to have met in my girlhood a family with whom old-school courtesy was so perfect that a fine flavor of ceremony distinguished the intercourse of all its members. They were uniformly polite to one another, invariably decorous and constantly on guard lest by any accident they might trespass the rules of a flawless courtliness. "What a strain it must be to live with the W's," a school-mate of mine exclaimed after we had spent a day together in their hospitable home. "I felt, she added, "while I was there as if I were walking through a minuet with John Hancock and Dorothy Q." Possibly my friends, the W's, carried too far this determination to be always and wholly polite, and possibly now and then their demeanor may have seemed a trifle self-conscious and a little stiff, but if they erred it was in the right direction. Most of us go to the opposite point and keep our good manners for outside friends, while we are as rude as we please to the people at home. We do not hesitate in the least to say to Aunt Maria, who comes down in the morning with her hair hastily arranged, "Dear me! you look like a positive fright with your hair drawn back in that way." If

the dressmaker has sent home a frock for little Lucy, and it is a bit too short or a bit too long, we hasten to indicate the defect to the child's mother or the child herself. If one of the family has made a public appearance of any sort, we are silent as to any compliments overheard, but we do not forget to mention unkind criticisms. In short, the great majority are over-candid in the home circle. We mention flaws, faults and foibles, we are brusque and uncharitable, we make the awkward girl and the bashful boy ill at ease by comparing them with others who have gained a finer manner in society, and as for the table, the realism of our complaints there touches the superlative of ill-breeding.

Everybody knows that the test beyond all others of the gentleman or the lady is the behavior of each at the table. Good table manners must be learned when the baby sits in the high chair, and the lessons must be carried on through childhood until they are automatic. There are people who are never embarrassed by any number of forks and spoons, who know just what to do and how to do it, who eat their soup with silence and grace, and drink hot tea from a scalding cup without a protesting muscle, and still permit themselves to find fault if the meat is tough, over-done or under-done, if the bill of fare does not please them, if the salad dressing is not to their taste and the dessert something for which they do not care. Children should be taught that to be unduly candid in the line of fault-finding is as much a sin as to tell an untruth. In the matter of truth telling, the discrimination must be made, that where no principle is involved and only selfish ill-will is served, silence is preferable to telling a disagreeable truth. I am not defending a lie or pleading for evasion or prevarication. Deceit is not to be defended, but misplaced candor may be as wicked in its way as deceit itself. Whenever we can do it without the sacrifice of principle we should try to make people pleased with themselves and satisfied with their surroundings. The critical temper is the one that leads to undue candor, and it is not a temper to be cultivated at home.

POLLY AND THE PEBBLES.

By Frances Kirkland.

Near Polly's house there is a beautiful brook. It is clear as glass and as it runs along its bed it sings a little laughing song. Polly often plays by the brook; she likes to wade in summer in the cool water. At the bottom of the brook lie pretty round pebbles—some are white like milk, some are red and others are brown. Polly picks up many of them, but they are never so pretty out of the water. They soon dry and lose their brightness. She puts them in little assorted piles by the brookside. The white stones she calls diamonds, the red ones rubies and the brown stones are her copper.

One day Polly's Uncle Rob watched her as she played. He was just home from college, and he spent much time hammering at the rocks and stones about and examining the pieces he broke off. He called it studying geology.

"Do you want to know the names of your pebbles?" Polly's uncle asked her.

"Oh, yes!" Polly answered, gathering up a handful and running to him.

He looked at one after the other and said: "They are all quartz, little girl."

Polly looked disappointed. "But surely there are three kinds, Uncle Rob," she said. "See, the colors are not the same!"

"That doesn't make any difference. Suppose you stood in a row with a little brown Eskimo and a little yellow Chinese and a red Indian papoose, you'd all be children, wouldn't you, no matter if you were different colors?"

"Yes," said Polly, doubtfully.

"This white stone," Uncle Rob went on, "is pure quartz and the red one is colored all through with iron rust. You know if you spill water on the stove, and it does not dry quickly the spots turn red with rust. The water and air have turned

this stone rusty, as there is a little iron in it. The brown stone has so much iron in it that it is quite dark. Now, Pollykins, can you tell me why these pebbles are rounded?"

Polly could not tell, so her uncle explained how the water pushed the stones against each other until all the sharp edges were worn smooth and round.

"I think I like stones," said Polly.

"Then why don't you make a collection of them?" asked her uncle.

Polly breathed hard. "Oh, I'd like to," she said, "but I couldn't, not here!" she said. She was thinking of the beautiful collection her Uncle Rob had, the fern impressions on pieces of coal, the bright garnet and amethyst crystals and the gold ore.

"There are very interesting stones right near here," her uncle answered. "There is one lying at my feet."

Polly looked, then picked up a flat gray stone with queer marks on it. "Why, it looks as if it was full of little shells!" she said.

Her uncle laughed. "Long, long years ago, all the fields and hills were covered by the sea, and this is a piece of the old seashore hardened into stone." He hit the stone with his hammer and it fell apart.

Polly exclaimed over the pretty shell impressions. "What shall we call the stone shells?" she said.

"They are fossils," answered her uncle. "You had better keep them for your collection."

"What next?" asked Polly.

"Rub your fingers on this stone where I am sitting."

"Oh!" she cried, "it feels like velvet. How very soft it is!"

"That is because there is lime in the rock. If I should pour acid on it, little bubbles would form. Now feel this piece of stone I have in my pocket."

"Polly reached her hand down and drew it out again, quickly. "That isn't soft at all," she said. "It's all prickly and rough."

"Yes, that is made of tiny grains of sand, and so we call it sandstone."

"Please tell me more about the stones," said Polly.

"Not to-day," her uncle answered. "You must use your eyes and find out things for yourself, for then you will be discovering things, and that's like Christopher Columbus."

The little cares that fretted me, I lost them yesterday,
Among the fields above the sea, among the waves at play;
Among the lowing of the herds, the rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds, the humming of the bees.

The foolish fears of what may happen, I sent them all away,
Among the clover-scented grass, among the new-mown hay;
Among the husking of the corn, where drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good are born—out in the fields with God.
—E. B. Browning.

CAN YOU GUESS.

Why is A like honeysuckle? Because B follows it.

What is the oldest table in the world? The multiplication table.

Why is a lazy dog like a hill? Because he is a slow pup (slope up).

What is the difference between an old cent and a new dime? Nine cents.

What is the difference between a hill and a pill? One is hard to get up, the other is hard to get down.

Why does a Russian soldier wear brass buttons on his coat, and an Austrian soldier wear steel ones? To keep his coat buttoned.—*Children's Magazine.*

Dependancy is not a state of humility; it is the vexation and despair of a cowardly pride.—*Fenelon.*