

IN MISCHIEF.

These playful kittens are having a fine time. I am afraid they may do some damage to the lace curtains so finely shown. How sedate the old cat is, and how bright their eyes are. I guess she is like other mothers—she likes to see the youngsters have a good frolic.

PILGRIMS OF THE AIR.

At the time of the great fire in Chicago, one year ago, a very pretty incident happened. A family living near the lake shore had a large number of pet birds. They had added to their parlor a long, narrow room, with glass windows reaching from ceiling to floor, for the pleasure

on. With eager eyes they noted every movement. Then, opening a window, they stepped aside, that the tired travelers might feel free to enter. Ready to drop from fatigue and hunger, they went in. Some would have fallen but for hands held out in welcome.

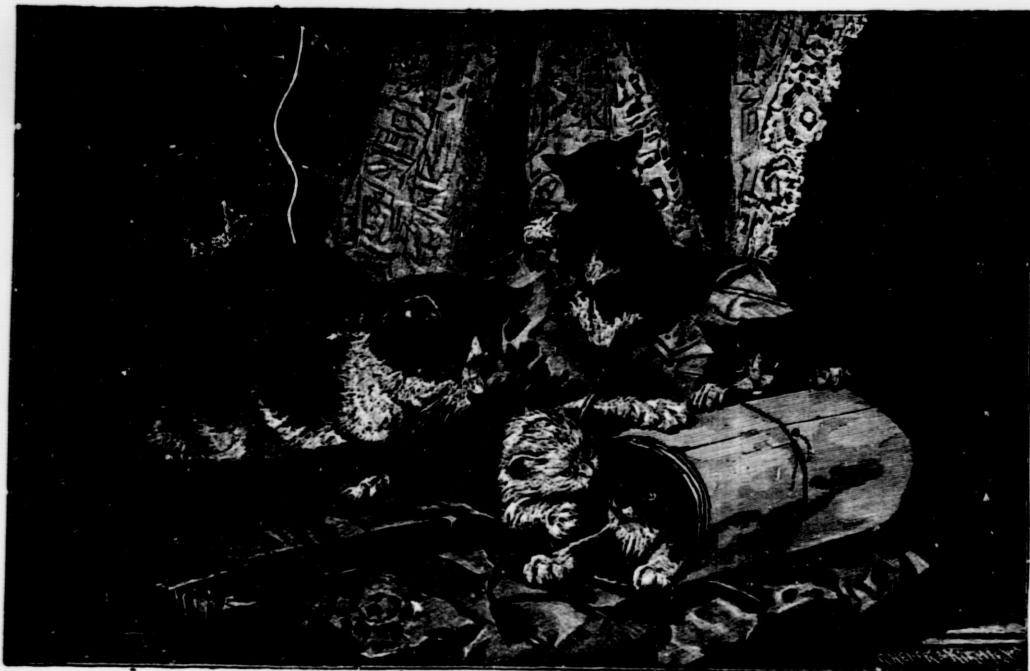
They could not at once eat or bathe. They lay panting, grateful for rest and safety. There were, perhaps, twenty of them, and nearly all canaries. They had joined each other by the way, in this pathetic search for protecting love and care.

When these tender wayfarers had rested and eaten supper, the home birds—and there were nearly fifty of them—fluttered briskly in, with hearty greetings. It was

CROSS LITTLE SUE.

BY NELLIE BURNS.

Did you ever hear tell of a girl named Sue,
Who pouts and frets the whole day through,
Whose face has the look of a thunder cloud,
Whose voice is whining and cross and loud?
She's a small-sized girl, with a sweet little brother,
The dearest papa, and a fond, loving mother
To love and make glad; but more than all these
She loves her ill temper, and it tries to please.



IN MISCHIEF.

of these feathered friends. People often stopped to see the pretty creatures fluttering about, to hear their songs, or to watch them as they bathed. At daybreak the house was full of music. It was like a concert in the wildwood.

One afternoon, the week of the fire, a cloud of fluttering wings moved wearily up the street. Presently these homeless ones caught sight of their happy cousins in the beautiful glass house. It gave them fresh courage. Some even tapped for admittance. It was a pitiful plea for rest and food from these their kinsfolk.

The ladies of the house, without delay, shut off the home birds into what might be called their back parlor. But through the glass door they could see all that went

charming to see what cheerful, nay, even tender welcome they gave.

Fortunately there was a goodly store of bird seed, and shelter was given to these plummy guests until other homes were found.

This is a true story, for the somebody who writes it saw it all.

Find out what God would have you do,

And do that little well;

For what is great and what is small

'Tis only he can tell.

It is said, by one who knows, that the little wild Malay children, the little brown people who live over on the other side of the world, rarely quarrel.

Sometimes her poor mother is quite in despair,

And the father and brother her feelings both share;

And the home wears a gloom, when instead the whole place

Should be brightened by Susie's bright laughter and face.

Now, children, dear children, don't look cross and pout;

Keep that side within and the bright side without;

Be cheerful and merry, on your face wear a smile,

And the whole world will love you, as it does every sweet child.