



"I love God and little children."—JESSE PAUL.

### Dick's Surprise.

DICK was a great "bird dog." He was naturally of a good disposition, but "Evil communications corrupt good manners," and following the lead of a neighbor's cross dog, Dick fell into one bad habit. At sight of a wandering pussy, he would fly after it with such an uproar that the frightened creature would shoot up into the nearest tree, with her tail like a feather boa. It was with much misgiving, therefore, that I one day accepted the gift of a pretty, half-grown blue-and-white cat.

Cutter had been raised in a shed behind a grocery, and had seen no dog save an old toothless cur, with whom she had been on the most familiar terms.

In fact, Cutter's great characteristic was trustfulness. It seemed as if she knew nothing of bad treatment, and so knew nothing of fear. Accordingly, when Dick found her on a chair in the house, and started for her with a terrifying bark, she simply kept on washing her face. He stopped, evidently puzzled, and obeyed at once when I ordered him out.

But after came the surprise. Dick went to sleep on a large rug in the sitting-room, after curling himself up so that there was a little vacant circle between his body and his legs. The cat, who had been playing at my feet, grew tired, and looked about for a sleeping-place.

Suddenly she spied Dick, and her indecision vanished. With the greatest deliberation she curled herself up in the circle of his legs, and went to sleep. I sat looking at the pretty picture, more interested in the outcome of the scene than in my book.

Presently Dick awoke. He raised his head lazily, and was about to drop it again, when he caught sight of the cat.

I shall never forget the comical look that came into his eyes. No human countenance ever expressed utter astonishment more plainly than Dick's. For several moments he gazed at the cat, as if doubting the evidences of his senses, too much bewildered to bark. Then he slowly reached over and nipped the cat's ear.

Cutter gave her head a little shake, as if to dislodge a fly, and slept on. Then

Dick, who seemed to be experimenting, gave the ear a harder nip. This time Cutter started out of her sleep, raised her head, comprehended the cause of her trouble, promptly clawed the dog's nose with one little paw, and straightway resumed her sleep.

For the next five minutes Dick's face was a study, as he lay looking at her.

Then, evidently giving up the puzzle, he lay down again and slept too.

After that there was not the least fear that Dick would hunt Cutter. Not that Dick seemed to develop any decided affection for her, but her perfect assurance in climbing over him, sleeping on him, or playing with his tail, seemed to "stump" him, as our boys said, and he submitted to her friendly familiarities with a very funny air of wonder and perplexity, but always without demur.

Eliza W. Durbin.

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### Tagged in the Wrong Place.

SOMETHING more than good intentions goes to the successful handling of a bicycle. At a party near Liverpool, England, to which many guests rode on their wheels, the hostess made elaborate arrangements for the care of their machines, and a system of ticketing, similar to that in use at hotel cloak-rooms, was adopted, each cyclist being provided with a check ticket.

The housekeeper was intrusted with the care of the bicycles and the issue of the tickets, and as they arrived the machines were carefully stored and labelled, so that there would be no difficulty when they were required again.

But the housekeeper was not a cyclist, and did not understand the mysteries of the pneumatic tire. She pinned the tickets on the front tires of the machines where they could be best seen, taking good care that the pins were stuck well into the tires—and the cyclists, one and all, walked home.

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### Deserved Rebuke.

A STORY is told of the way in which a Massachusetts clergyman, long ago dead, once reproved a young man in words both apt and stinging.

The young man with a heartlessness which nothing could excuse, whispered to a friend a comment on a poor cripple who was near him in a crowd.

"You'll find his case in the Bible," he whispered, none too softly. "In the twenty-sixth chapter of Proverbs, it says, 'The legs of the lame are not equal.'"

The clergyman heard, and pending