

A Motherly Cat.

Some years ago the attention of a family in Ohio was called to a brood of young chickens by a cat who seemed to devote her time and attention to them. They were regularly fed by the mistress of the house. The cat frequently purred

Christmas of all,' she continued. 'Can't you feel things in the air, Grandfather—kinder different, you know, like as if angels or something real good was round close to you?'

Susanne lifted her head and gazed eagerly into grandfather's

'Well, child,' said Susanne's aunt, 'if you don't be getting to bed pretty soon I guess there won't be a secret long.'

Susanne did dislike to go to bed, but grandfather put her down on the floor and gave her two extra kisses because it was Christmas



THE CAT WHO TOOK CARE OF THE CHICKENS.

to them, and they came at her call, and followed her as closely as chickens follow the mother hen. They lodged together in a woodshed adjacent to the house for about three months; but in the early spring, the chickens, being well fledged, abandoned their winter quarters, and flew into the higher branches of a fruit tree to roost. The cat purred and mewed, and seemed much disgusted at their change of lodgings, but soon accepted the situation, and climbed to the tree-top and roosted with the chickens.—'Our Dumb Animals.'

Susanne's Christmas.

(By Frances J. Delano, in the 'Congregationalist'.)

'Grandfather, seems as though there's Christmas angels all over the world,' said Susanne as she climbed up on grandfather's knee and laid her head on his shoulder. 'This is going to be the best

eyes. The old man drew the child closer to him, and Susanne, considering grandfather's silence to mean 'yes,' put her head down again with a happy sigh.

'To-morrow night,' continued Susanne, 'there won't be any one in this house, will there, Grandfather?'

'No,' said grandfather, 'I reckon there won't. I reckon we'll all be driving off to the Christmas tree.'

Here Susanne sat bolt upright again and clapped her hands. 'O, Grandfather, did you ever see a Christmas tree in your whole life? I never did. And you and I'll sit on the back seat, won't we?' Susanne seldom waited for grandfather to reply to her questions, 'and when we get there, Grandfather, and the Christmas tree begins, then you'll be glad, 'cause there's going to be a s'prise for you, but it's a secret'—here Susanne's eager eyes were riveted on grandfather's placid face.

Eve, and then there was nothing left for her to do but to find her way up the stairs to her own little room.

There was a brown paper package in Susanne's upper bureau drawer, and as soon as she got up stairs she took it out and felt of it. The next morning she took the package into bed with her and a dozen times during the day she went up to the little room and taking off the wrappings looked lovingly at the contents. It was the first Christmas present that Susanne had ever given to any one. She had earned the money all herself, picking huckleberries. The present was a jews-harp for grandfather. Long ago he had owned one and he could play beautiful tunes upon it. He had told Susanne once that if he only had one now he felt sure that he could make music, and very likely he could teach Susanne some tunes. So Susanne had thought and