

CAT STORIES.

"There was," says Mr. Couch, in his "Illustrations of Instinct," "in the house of my parentage, a small cupboard, in which were kept milk, butter, and other requisites for the tea-table, and the door was confined with a lock, which, from age and frequent use, could be easily made to open. To save trouble, the key was always kept in the lock, in which it revolved on a very slight impulse. It was often a subject of remark that the door of this cupboard was found wide open, and the milk or butter greatly diminished, without any imaginable reason, and notwithstanding the persuasion that the door had certainly been regularly locked; but it was accident that led to the detection of the offender. On watching carefully, the cat was seen to seat herself on the table; and by repeated patting on the side of the bow of the key, it was at last made to turn, when a slight pull on the door caused it to move on its hinges!"

PUSSY LIFTING THE LATCH.

I was awaked very early one morning by the noise of the lifting of the back-door latch; I looked through the window to see who was there, but could neither hear nor see anybody. I thought it very strange indeed; but a few days after, in the daytime, the same noise was heard by my family, one of whom looked through the sitting-room window and saw our cat, a fine white and grey one, which we called "Spottie," standing on a flower-box attached to the window-sill, with its front paw pressing down the latch. Presently the door opened, and in sprang pussy.

Spottie has often done the same thing since then; but if the door happens to be fastened, it will keep on lifting the latch, which makes a noise within, until some person opens the door and lets it in.

A CAT'S LOVE OF HOME.

The author of "Domestic Animals and their Treatment" states:—"A cat was once conveyed in a basket to a new home, and had kittens just after her arrival. Two of these kittens were kept, and the cat seemed so happy in attending upon them, that every one thought she would settle contentedly in the new house. But as soon as the kittens could see and eat, puss was one day missing with one of her little ones, and it was afterwards found that she had carried the kitten all the way back to the old house, a distance of many miles, and which must have taken two or three days to accomplish. She must have rested often on the road, but she arrived very much exhausted, and so weak that she could scarcely crawl. The new owners of the house pitied the starving creature, and treated her well. As soon as her strength was restored, she left her kitten in their charge, and went back to fetch the other. The second kitten was now old enough to run by her mother's side a part of the way, so that the second journey was not so fatiguing as the first."

A WEST INDIAN CAT.

A missionary at Guy's Hill in the island of Jamaica, had a beautiful cat which he wished to give as a present to Samuel Rogers, Esq., of Louisiana, which is situated fully six miles further on among the mountains, by wild and dangerous roads. The feline gift was accordingly tied in a bag and taken to Louisiana and duly liberated there, in the hope that it would make itself at home. The cat never was away from Guy's Hill in its life before, and could not possibly have seen the trees, rocks, or any other objects which marked the route between Guy's Hill and Louisiana, and yet next morning it was back at the Mission house at Guy's Hill, purring at the feet of her astonished master and mistress.

Much needless suffering is inflicted on poor cats by people when removing to new houses. Dogs cling to human beings, but cats are attached to houses. If folks on leaving the old house would just rub the feet of poor puss with a little butter, and put her in a darkened basket, she would soon take to the new home, and not run

back to the old one.—*Uncle John's Anecdotes.*

TO THE GIRL WHO CANNOT GO TO COLLEGE.

BY LOUISE MANNING HODGKINS.

Half your pleasure in receiving your diploma from high school or academy last June was destroyed by the thought that your intimate friend, with whom you had learned daily lessons for three years, was only beginning her student life, while yours was ending; for she is going to college and you are not. Perhaps your physician says, wisely, that your health is not firm enough; or your father, prudently, that the family purse is not full enough; or your mother, regretfully, that you are needed at home; or possibly the exigency is even greater, and you must begin to earn your own living. Though your friend

surprise her by telling her something on these very themes that she had not found out? Now that you can pursue a subject better at home, where, I take it for granted, your life is not to be one of happy options, but you may have the advantage of having chosen one subject, while she is distracted with five; and to know one subject in a masterful way will remove you forever from the ranks of uninteresting or uneducated people, and banish the fear of feeling awkward or commonplace in the presence of the most cultivated.

But, possibly, the question of what you shall study presents itself with the bewilderment of the Hampton Court maze. Decide first whether you affect scientific or literary pursuits. Which gives you more delight, a curiously-marked butterfly or blossom, or an exquisite line of Tennyson? Are you more at home in the world of fact or fancy? If you decide in

dollars can be exchanged for a fairly good assortment of the best authors—I saw such a one not a week ago in the Cassell's National Library Series, edited by Henry Morley—the want of books need not defeat your desire. Begin with some author or period about which you know something, and wish to know more. I have learned to know recently a young dressmaker, in her early twenties, who longs to go to college and is denied. She is beginning a five years' course in literature. She has not time for anything so varied as the excellent Chautauqua Course, but she is finding time to study one play of Shakespeare each month, besides giving herself a course of reading in the history of American literature. Do you suppose life to her will mean only the fit of a sleeve or the adjustment of a train, even though she gives five days of the week to their consideration?

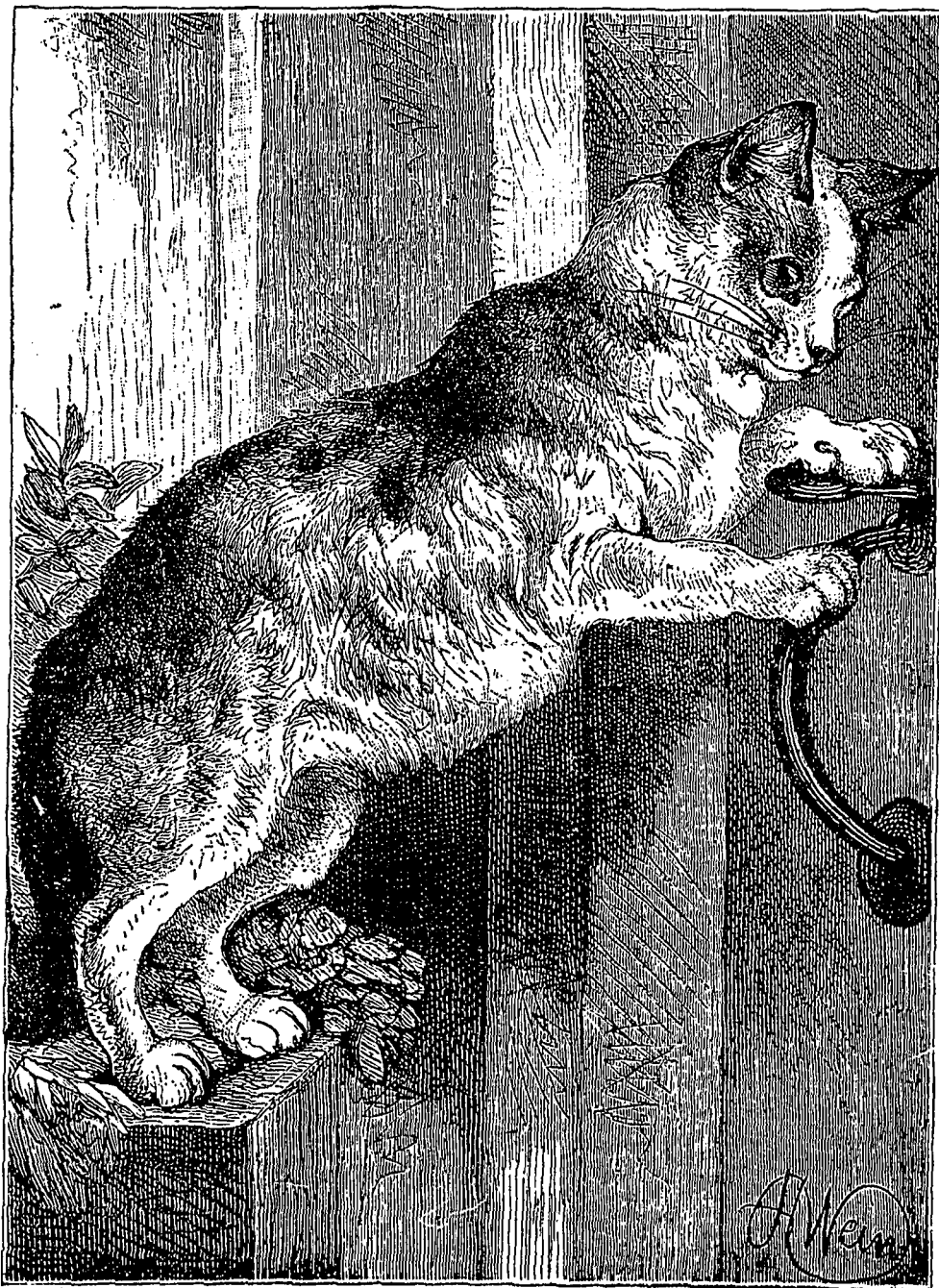
If you have a predilection for history, take any famous character or epoch which seems to you remunerative, and let it lead you, just as a well-built road in an actual journey would do, either forward or back, as your interest or ignorance demands; for instance, the character of Elizabeth or the epoch of the Puritans, in history; or, in literature, Arthur and the Round Table, or Sir Walter Scott. Any of these would be representative, and would not fail to cause you to make good connections with previous and subsequent periods.

I do not propose that you become simply intelligent upon the subject you choose, but that you fill yourself full of it. Studying by yourself will give you the supreme advantage of original expression of your thoughts; and if, with persistent patience and enthusiastic courage, you carry out this plan, you will, through your sympathy and effort, become more truly a college-trained woman than some thoughtless girl who has been sent rather than has gone to college, and whose poverty of endeavor has so disgraced her academic career that she has no moral right to the degree that she legally holds.—*Christian Union.*

BAD COMPANY.

The crows, one spring, began to pull up a farmer's young corn, which he determined to prevent. He loaded his gun, and prepared to give them a warm reception. The farmer had a sociable parrot, who, discovering the crows pulling up the corn, flew over and joined them. The farmer detected the crows, but did not see the parrot. He fired among them, and hastened to see what execution he had done. There lay three dead crows, and his pet parrot with ruffled feathers and a broken leg. When the bird was taken home the children asked: "What did it, papa? Who hurt our pretty Poll?" "Bad company!" answered the parrot in a solemn voice. "Ay! that it was," said the farmer. "Poll was with those wicked crows when I fired, and received a shot intended for them. Remember the parrot's fate, children. Beware of bad company." The farmer, with the aid of his wife, bandaged the broken leg, and in a few weeks the parrot was as lively as ever. But it never forgot its adventure in the cornfield; and if ever the farmer's children engaged in play with quarrelsome companions, it invariably dispersed them with the cry, "Bad company! Bad company!"

THE CAPTAIN of a steamer on the lower Niger told Mr. Roe of Lagos, that, in every trip he has taken during the past two years his boat has been boarded by the natives at Aghberi, to ask: "Is the man who talks about God on board? When is he coming? If he will come and teach us to know the white man's book, then we build him house and school, and give him chop—plenty." Mr. Roe, for want of helpers, can neither go nor send; but the Roman Catholics, having heard of this open door, are preparing to enter at once.



PUSSY LIFTING THE LATCH.

may assure you that no other girl will ever come between her and you, you already feel that something is coming in to separate you more widely than distance or absence. You are right and she is wrong. But what I wish to say to you is, that you and not she will be responsible for this growing away from each other. Friendship, for permanence, depends largely upon common interest. She will return to you in six months or a year, perhaps, and will talk of marvellous things that the microscope or the telescope has revealed to her, or of a new world of art, poetry and romance that has been opened by a study of Murillo or Wordsworth or Shakespeare. If she finds that you listen with scant courtesy, to respond irrelevantly with, "Oh, but did you hear that Annie B— was the belle of Newport last summer!" you will indeed soon cease to be intimate friends. But what if you should

favor of a scientific pursuit, and live near the seashore, the tide will daily lay at your feet more truths than you can exhaust in years of study. If you live inland, the weeds that vex your garden may become an equal source of pleasure and profit. One of Beck's student microscopes, to be obtained in any city for about twenty dollars, or, if you cannot afford that, an ordinary magnifying glass, with less than half a dozen books, like Wood's "Common Objects for the Microscope," Beale's "How to work with the Microscope and its Revelations," will furnish a sufficient equipment. If few books are possible, one scientific journal, like the "American Monthly Microscopical Journal" or "The Naturalist," would prove a fairly good scientific teacher for an investigating mind. But possibly literature has more attraction to you, and you have neither public nor private library. In a day when five