

Do a Kindness.

Do a kindness, do it well;
Angels will the story tell.

Do a kindness, tell it not;
Angels hands will mark the spot.

Do a kindness, though 'tis small;
Angel voices sing it all.

Do a kindness; never mind!
What you lose the angels find.

Do a kindness, do it now;
Angels know it all somehow.

Do a kindness any time;
Angels weave it into rhyme.

Do a kindness—it will pay;
Angels will rejoice that day.

Kindly deeds and thoughts and words
Bless the world like songs of birds.

Pussy and the Electric Wires

The only two cats on record as investigators of electrical science have made a deal of trouble for the street railway of New York State, according to the New York 'Sun.'

A cat climbed a trolley pole between Buffalo and Lockport, and tried to walk on the feed wire that brings the power from Niagara Falls. Her tail touched the parallel wire that carried the current back to Niagara Falls. There was a flash that could be seen for miles as the twenty-four thousand volts of electricity passed through her body, which fell across both wires and didn't drop to the ground.

This short-circuited the current and caused a fuse at the Niagara Falls power house to be burned out. The power was immediately cut off from all the lines running out of the power house. It was two hours before the cause of the trouble was located and the charred remains of the cat removed from the wire. In the meantime almost all the electric railways and street-lighting plants in Western New York were without power.

The next day the pet pussy in the Utica power house, undeterred by the fate of the Lockport cat, short-circuited a fourteen-thousand-volt current, blowing out the fuses on several generators and stopping the trolley cars until repairs could be made. As this cat was little harmed it would seem that a cat can stand fourteen thousand volts, but that twenty-four thousand are too much.

Crocodiles in America.

While cruising on the west coast of Florida, word reached us that the fabled Florida crocodile had become a reality, says a writer once in 'Country Life in America.' The news was brought by a guide who, years before, had told us of 'alligators that were not alligators,' which lived near the Everglades. With him at the helm, for three days we threaded narrow channels and sailed over broad bays, oftentimes with less than six inches of water under our keel. Then, late one afternoon, our hearts were gladdened, for we saw—a crocodile!

He was swimming rapidly beneath the surface of the water. Quickly launching a skiff, we poled in pursuit, following him by the roiled water in his wake. After nearly an hour of exhausting manoeuvring we got one chance with a harpoon. Fortune favored me this time, and I first struck our largest crocodile. To my chagrin, however, the harpoon came back, the point broken. With a boat at each end of the short creek where we found him, we drove him back and forth, and struck him sev-

enteen times before we got two harpoons fast in him and dared to put enough strain on the lines to pull him ashore. My boat was nearest as he came slowly into the shoal water. As he got opposite the bow, where I was standing, his huge jaws opened, the side of my boat was enfolded, and, but for the breaking of a tooth, this account might be an obituary. Making due allowance for the missing end of his tail, bitten off in some ancient fight, the length of this crocodile fairly passed the fourteen-foot mark.

In character and habit the crocodile and the alligator differ widely. The crocodile is much more active. He is extremely shy and can seldom be surprised on land. But with his jaws tied the crocodile becomes as submissive as a lamb, and it is quite safe to take him into a small boat and even to use him as a seat. One attempt to do this with an alligator will be sufficient for the ordinary sportsman. When the alligator gets through there will be no boat and probably no sportsman. The flesh of the young crocodile has a finer flavor than that of the alligator, although both are good eating.

A Window Out.

(Ruth, in the 'Michigan Advocate'.)

The day was extremely hot for the middle of September. Besides, it had not rained for more than two weeks. The grass was withered and brown and looked really pitiful in its helpless thirst. Each passing vehicle sent up a cloud of dust, and there being no breeze, it hung as if suspended in air, and finally settled down only to be stirred up again. All together it was a very disagreeable day, and to Agnes Westland, as she sat in the most shady corner of the porch sewing, it seemed almost unbearable. The unfavorable weather must have had a depressing effect on her usually cheerful spirits, for she was in a decidedly unhappy mood. A great deal of the time her work lay idly in her lap, and she gave herself up to unpleasant thoughts.

She was thinking how different was her life from that of most of her friends. Her's seemed so narrow and useless, while most of the girls with whom she graduated more than two years ago were either doing some real work, or were preparing themselves for greater usefulness. She had stayed steadily at home, the first year caring for her invalid mother, the next year doing her best to fill that mother's place.

As she sat thus musing, a pitiful face appeared at her side, and a sweet childish voice said:

'Aggie, I did tare my clean apron and get it all dirty.'

'Oh, May,' exclaimed Agnes, 'and Aggie told you to be careful!'

'I didn't mean it,' said penitent little May, but even this declaration that the wrong was unintentional did not satisfy Agnes, and she looked unforgiving as she fastened the clean apron after removing the soiled one.

It was something strange for Agnes to be so harsh, and May could not long bear it. After thoughtfully tapping the window for some time with her little finger, she came and laid her curly head in Agnes' lap, and with a quiver in her voice asked:

'Aggie, does you wish me did go to heaven with mamma?'

It was too much for the overburdened girl, and taking up her tiny sister she held her lovingly. As soon as she could control her voice she said:

'No, darling, no. Aggie is tired and cross, but she will not speak so again. She is so sorry she made you feel bad.'

Two little chubby arms flew around Agnes'

neck. 'May is sorry you's tired, Aggie, May'll be good now. Can me go play now?' And the dimpled face was once more covered with smiles.

'Yes, dear, run and have a nice play now.'

Left alone, Agnes again fell into reverie. She fairly despised herself for causing the little girl pain, and in heart she vowed to be more patient. But the most earnest vows are small restraint to over-wrought nerves. Half an hour later when the twins came running into the house crying for Aggie to settle some grievance she was entirely off her guard again.

'Aggie, Aggie,' called Fred, 'make Frank give up my marbles. He's got three of my best ones.'

'I ain't either,' shouted Frank angrily, 'and Fred hit me, too. You know that you did, Meanine.'

'Hardly touched you, Baby,' retorted Fred. 'Anyhow he hit me first.'

'You are both naughty, naughty boys, and ought to be punished,' said Agnes. 'If you don't stop at once I shall tell papa.'

Telling papa was a threat Agnes very seldom made, consequently when she did feel compelled to make it, the effect was all that could be desired. The boys ceased their loud talking at once. Usually Agnes would have made them forget their troubles by some pleasant word, but to-night she was not in the mood, so she let them go away sullen and unhappy.

They had hardly left when sounds of girlish chatter were heard, and every now and then a jolly laugh. Agnes recognized the voices as belonging to her fourteen years old sister, Anna, and her two bosom friends, Della Harding and Belle Colson.

'Oh, dear!' thought Agnes, 'I do wish that for one night Anna would come home without the girls and not ask to go anywhere. It distresses me that she wants to be away from her home so much, but she gets impatient if I speak of it. If she only were not so thoughtless.'

Yes, Anna was thoughtless. It was her very worst fault—this not thinking. She had a loving heart, but she did so enjoy having a good time herself that she entirely forgot her duty to others. To-night she threw her books on the porch and called out:

'Say, Aggie, the boys in our class are going to play ball with the junior boys, and we are going to watch the game. May I?'

'How long will you be gone?' asked Agnes.

'Oh, just a little while. Come on, girls.'

'Remember, Anna,' said the older sister, 'that Maggie is away, and I shall want your help about supper.'

'Yes,' she answered crossly, and continued as she went down the street, 'I do wish for once I could go somewhere without being told not to stay.'

Well, when things get started so very wrong they are apt to go on for some time. At least they kept on going wrong for poor Agnes all the rest of that day. The children continued to be noisy and fretful, Anna 'forgot' and came home just as the family were ready to sit down to supper and papa had what Agnes called one of his silent fits. In fact, papa, in his own grief, often forgot to be very cheerful at home, and would sometimes sit a whole evening reading his paper, and scarcely speaking to the children. This was hardest of all for Agnes to bear, and all in all she was almost exhausted when at last after her many duties were finished, she sank into an easy chair in her own room. At first she was too tired to even think, but after a time the peace and quietness of the moonlit world on which she gazed through her open window stole over her.