

associate of near forty years presented me with a little kitten which, on account of the seventieth anniversary, was named Septuaginta, or 'Sep,' for short. It was a proper enough kitten for a while, though much of a baby, and vociferous for milk, in season and out of season. But, before the holidays arrived, Sep had begun to manifest such a reckless and wicked disposition that it caused us no little concern.

He would go up into our bedroom, get possession of a spool of thread, roll it over the floor, out of the door into the hall, unwinding it as it rolled, then the length of the hall, then down the stairs, taking care to pass it between and around the bannisters, roll it about the hall, around the leg of every table and chair, then take it in his mouth and carry it upstairs and repeat the same process of rolling it down and around everything, till the spool was exhausted, then go into the parlor, mount a rocking chair and pretend to go to sleep. Mrs. T., encountering the tangle in the hall, would call my attention to what my cat had done, and I would proceed to labor half an hour disengaging and rewinding the universal tangle.

On Christmas morning, the host of little gifts having been left on the sofa in the dining-room, we entered to find that Sep had torn the papers in pieces, scattered the gifts all over the room, carried some of them up among the flower pots in the window and some higher up, behind the curtain, handkerchiefs had been dragged about the floor, and—well, in short, it was a scene of chaos. In my wrath I said, 'Your name is no longer Septuaginta, but Cyclone,' and so it is—Cyke for short.

After such abominable conduct Cyke comes and crawls purring into our laps and licks our hands, as sweet as the saintliest of pussies, completely mollifying his indignant master and vexed mistress. Half an hour later he is going to the very top of the window like a flash, to catch a fly, tearing at the curtains and upsetting flower pots, breaking calla buds and leaves, and I don't know what. He has become unendurable; he is working destruction in the house; we cannot stand it much longer.

Now, young people, what shall we do with Cyke? He acts half of the time like a high-pressure boy and the other half like a darling little girl. He is so human that we dare not give him over to the executioner—we should be ever remembering how he purred and licked our hands. Living, we cannot bear his iniquitous conduct; if he were dead, his memory would reproach us. The astronomers keep discovering little bits of moons revolving around the planets. I have, of late, devoutly wished that Cyke was one of them, up there in the interstellar spaces, where he would get as much motion as he wants.

I have contemplated sending him over to our surgeon, Dr. Marden, and paying for a bottle of chloroform, but dear Mrs. Marden says he will tone down, by and by, and become agreeable.

I asked, 'Do you think Cyclone will ever become a zephyr?'

'Oh, yes,' she said, and immediately, with true womanly faith, began to call him Zeph. I am skeptical.

But, Septuaginta, Cyclone or Zephyr, he is just Cyke now. When there is a condition of things that can neither be cured nor endured, what 'is' to be done? Will some of the thoughtful boys or girls write to Dr. Forbush and give their advice as to what we shall do with Cyke? If it were a question of expediency only, I would not hesitate long, but it half seems as if it were mixed up with moral considerations. What becomes of cats' lives anyway? But here I shrink back, for at this point we enter upon the problems of the whole animal kingdom. They have hospitals for cats. Have they lunatic asylums? I wish I knew.

### Jean's Algebra.

Jean unstrapped her books, and took pad and pencils from the closet.

'I'd like to be polite, Mr. Marshall,' she said, laughing across at her father's old friend, who was spending two days with him, 'but I never dare to be polite till my algebra is done.'

'What makes you like it so much?' Mr. Marshall asked, smiling. 'Young ladies don't generally have much taste for algebra.'

'Like it!' Jean repeated vehemently; 'I despise it. That's why I do it first; if I gave

myself the tiniest margin of excuse, I'd never get it done.' And I may be stupid—I am stupid in it—but it sha'n't conquer my morals anyhow.'

'I see,' the guest replied, rising. 'Well, good luck to it—and you, Miss Jean. Perhaps you'll like it better after a while.'

'Never!' Jean returned emphatically.

A month later the three girls were looking at one another with dazed eyes. They must take care of mother, of course, but how? Corinne's music? Barbara's art? They had been studied only for accomplishments—they never had supposed that they would need them.

Then a letter came from Mr. Marshall, with the wonderful offer of a well-paid position for Jean.

'Jean!' Corinne cried; 'why, she's the youngest!'

'And never studied typewriting in her life!' Barbara chimed in.

'For Miss Jean,' Mrs. Randall read: 'A young lady who always tackles her hard things first in the determination that they shall not "conquer her morals" is the kind of young lady that we need fifty-two weeks in the year.'

'Who would have thought that a little thing like that—' Barbara said, brokenly.—Pittsburg 'Observer.'

### 'Another Mission.'

(W. T. Childs, in the 'Home Herald'.)

A little messenger boy, dripping with perspiration and covered with dust, stepped up to the paying teller's window at one of the largest banks in the city, and said: 'Please, sir, give me nickels for this.'

The teller simply raised his eyes and pushed back the ten-dollar bill. The messenger boy thought he had not been heard and repeated his request.

'No!' snapped the paying teller.

The messenger boy was so frightened that he almost forgot his mission. He meekly picked up the ten-dollar bill from the counter and returned to his employer's office.

'Well, where are the nickels?' his employer asked.

'He wouldn't give them to me!' answered the boy.

In less time than it takes to tell, the employer heard the whole story. He was a very heavy depositor in the bank and also one of its directors, and he lost no time in making an investigation of the affair.

'I didn't think he needed the nickels,' the paying teller sought to excuse his action.

'Of course he did not,' answered the employer, 'but did it occur to you that he was on another's mission?'

The paying teller could say nothing. He acknowledged that he was inexcusably wrong. If the employer had not been such a magnanimous man he would have exerted his influence as a heavy depositor and director of the bank to punish the paying teller, but he was willing to forgive when the paying teller assured him that it would never occur again.

'Ah, young man,' said the employer, 'you should remember that the message is often greater than the messenger.'

### Kyoto's Trophy.

(Louis A'hmuty Nash, in the 'Sunday School Messenger'.)

At the close of the Russo-Jap war, Kyoto lay in the hospital with a wounded leg.

'We can't save your leg!' said the surgeon. 'It must be taken off to save your life.'

Kyoto thought how he had been saved on the battle field, in Manchuria, and he touched a small pocket, that he had himself sewed on to his shirt.

'My life is worth more than a leg,' he considered, 'I can get on with one.'

So he gave in willingly to the loss.

Kyoto had been given one of the 'comfort bags' that Christian women had prepared for the soldiers. There was a little book in it, he remembered. Up to this time he had made good use of the pencil and paper, the needles and thread, pins and towel; but the book he had taken no notice of. He reached the bag down from the nail, and took the little book out. On the cover was a cross.

'Why, this is strange!' he thought. He

began reading it at the beginning. It is all about a good man, who was nailed up to a cross, because he was so good; and he wondered.

Next day, and the next, he went on reading.

'Well, these four stories are all about the same person, told in different words. They all end the same: his being nailed to a cross. That is why there is a cross on the cover of the book!'

Kyoto was puzzled, and when the missionary chaplain came to the hospital he said to him: 'I want to know some more about this, for it was a cross that saved my life on the battle-field.'

'How so?' enquired Mr. Barber.

'It was this way: I was lying wounded on the field, when the Russian soldiers were coming round to kill all of us that they found. One came to me, and I expected to die, next moment, at his hands. He emptied my pockets, and noticed this' (and Kyoto showed him a little silver cross, that was in his breast pocket.)

'Are you a Christian?' he asked.

'And to save my life, I said "yes!" and the Russian wrapped it up carefully again, put it back in my pocket, and left me. I was keeping it as a kind of trophy until I came home. It had belonged to a dead Russian, and a comrade gave it to me. Since reading this book, I have found out that it means something more than that.'

Mr. Barber explained all the cross of Christ means to the Christian. Kyoto believed and was baptized. Just lately he was confirmed by Bishop Fyson of Hokkaido.

The Bishop had noticed his lameness, and then he was told the story of the silver cross.

A wise man has well reminded us that, in any controversy, the instant we feel anger, we have already ceased striving for truth and have begun striving for ourselves.—Thomas Carlyle.

### The Red-winged Black Bird.

(Donald Babcock, in 'Bird-Lore'.)

Near the icy, bubbling springs

By the willow tree,

Boisterously the blackbird sings,—

'Oak-a-lee!'

Scarlet-shouldered, flashing out

Careless-hearted, free,

Suddenly he stops to shout

'Mar-go-lee!'

When the tide of spring up-flows

Helpless in his glee,

Inarticulate he grows,—

'Gurgle-ee!'

### They Make no Mistakes.

Those who live by the coast do not want a better weather sign than the seagulls, which in the various winds that will bring the rain collect in big flocks and gather in the field or circle high over the land, wheeling and screaming uneasily, says the Brooklyn 'Times.' They will not come in on a false alarm, and none need fear they will make a mistake.

As long as frogs remain yellow in color nothing but fine weather may be expected. Should, however, their coats begin to assume a brown hue it is a sign that bad weather will shortly arrive. A good frog barometer may be made by keeping two of them in a large glass bowl filled with water and furnished with small wooden ladders. As long as the frogs keep at the bottom of the vessel sunny days will continue, but if they climb up to the top of the ladder there is a storm coming.

A spider spinning its web is a sign of fine days. If in the morning, a day's excursion may be taken without fear of summer costumes becoming spoiled by the wet; and if in the evening, then at least the whole of the night and the following morning will be fine.

If it is raining and the owl screeches, a change for the better in the weather will shortly ensue, but should the peacock screech, bad weather is to come or continue.

Snails are also valuable weather prophets. As long as they are to be seen jogging along in the orthodox manner fine weather may be