

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

BROWN-WING'S MISSION.

"Little brown birdie, so chipper and gay,
What a good time you're having this sunny day,
A-singing and singing, and bobbing at me
From the very tip-top of the old apple-tree;
With no work to do and no lessons to learn,
While I am so busy I scarcely can turn.

"I say, little fellow, you do not know now
What fun you are having on top of that bough,
For all the day long you do nothing but play,
A-singing and swinging, and bobbing away,
A-smoothing your feathers, and scraping your bill,
I say, little bird, could you ever keep still?"

"My dear little boy, I have heard every word
That you have said, I'm sure, but the dear little bird,
"And I really must tell you it's all a mistake"
So giving her feathers a ruff and a shake,
With a quaint little nod of her wise little head,
These words in a queer little twitter she said.

"I've a wonderful nest in this old apple-tree,
And in it three birdlings are watching for me;
I feed them and care for them all through the day,
And at evening I tuck them all snugly away,
Then when I'm resting I sing for pure joy;
Don't you see I am busy? Good-bye, little boy!"

THE BIG DOG'S LESSON.

"THERE they are, Uncle Joe, the Dorking chickens, just where I found them."

"Pulled all to pieces."

"It was Mr. Bates' yellow dog—I know it was; and they've let him out again to-day. He'll be over and kill some more."

"No, he won't, Parry," said Uncle Joe, as he leaned over the barn-yard fence. "Don't you see what I've done for him?"

"You've let the chickens all out. Yes, and there's Bayard. Isn't he pretty?"

"Yes, he's pretty enough, but that isn't all. What did we name him Bayard for?"

"'Cause he isn't afraid. But won't he hurt some of the other roosters?"

"I've shut 'em up. See him."

The game cock was indeed a beautiful fowl, and he seemed to know it, too, for he was strutting around in the warm sun, and stopping every minute to flap his wings and crow. His comb and wattles were of a bright crimson, his wings and feathers of a brilliant black and red, and his long, arching tail feathers were remarkably graceful and glossy. He was not a large fowl, but was a very well-shaped and handsome one.

"There comes that dog, Uncle Joe, right over the fence."

"Yes, there he comes."

"Won't you throw a stone at him, and drive him away?"

"Then he'd come again, sometime when we were not here to throw stones at him."

Mr. Bates' yellow dog was a very big one. Perhaps he was not altogether a bad dog, either, but he had a sad weakness for teasing any animal smaller than himself. Cats, sheep, chickens, anything defenceless, would have been wise to keep out of his way if they could.

The two poor Dorking chickens had not been able to get away from him the day before, and so they had lost their feathers and their lives.

He had jumped the barn yard fence now in search of more helpless chickens, and more of what he called fun.

A snap of his great jaws would have been enough to kill any fowl in that yard, and it would have crushed the life out of one of the little yellow "peepers" the old hens were now clucking to, if he had put his paw on it.

But Bayard, the game-cock, was neither a Dorking, nor an old hen, nor a chicken, and he did not run an inch when the big dog came charging so fiercely toward him. He did but lower his head and step a little forward.

"Oh, Uncle Joe: He'll be torn all to pieces."

"No, he won't. See!"

It was done almost too quickly for Parry to see, but the sharp spurs of the beautiful "bird" had been driven smartly into the nose of the big yellow dog, and the latter was pawing at it with a doleful whine.

The game-cock had not done with the barn yard invader. He meant to follow that matter up till he had finished it.

"Clip!" he had hit him again in the left shoulder this time—and the dog's whine changed to a howl.

Another, a deep one, in the fleshy part of one of his hind legs, for Bayard seemed disposed to dance all around him.

That was enough, and Uncle Joe's pet turned and flapped his wings and crowed most vigorously, and every hen in the yard clucked her admiration of his prowess.

Parry, too, clapped his hands, and felt as if he wanted to crow.

"He's such a little fellow, Uncle Joe, to fight such a big dog as that!"

"With teeth and claws, too, and a hundred times stronger than he."

"Did you know he could beat him?"

"Of course I did."

"He knew just how to use his spurs, didn't he?"

"That's it, Parry. He didn't have much, but knew just what to do with it."

"Guess the dog knows it, too, now. He won't chase any more of our chickens."

"He'll keep out of this yard for a while. He's got his lesson."

So had Parry; and Uncle Joe would not let him forget it. It would be a shame, he said, for any boy to be less wise than a game-cock, and not to be able to use all the natural gifts that he had.

A FOREST SCENE BESIDE THE AMAZON.

ON the third evening after our departure from Bogota, we encamped on the banks of the Rio Patamayo (a tributary of the Amazon), in a grove of majestic adansonias, or monkey fig trees. High over our heads we heard an incessant grunting and chattering, but the evening was too far advanced for us to distinguish the little creatures that moved in the top branches of the tall trees. The next morning, however, the noise recommenced, and we saw that the grunters were a sort of small racoons, and the chatters a troop of *monos*, or capuchin monkeys.

After a consultation with the Indians, we fastened our monkey, Billy, to a string, and made him go up the tree as far as we could drive him without betraying our presence to his relatives. We had no traps for catching them, but our plan was to let them come near enough for us to shoot one of the mothers without hurting her babies. Billy's rope, as we had expected, got entangled before long, and finding himself at the end of his tether, he began to squeal, and his cries soon attracted the attention of his friends in the tree-top. We heard a rustling in the branches, and presently an old ring-tail made his appearance, and seeing a stranger, his chattering at once brought down a troop of his companions, mostly old males, though. Mother-monkeys with babies are very shy, and those in the tree-top seemed to have some idea that all was not right.

Their husbands, though, came nearer and nearer, and had almost reached Billy's perch, when all at once their leader slipped behind the tree like a dodging squirrel, and at the same moment we heard from above a fierce, long-drawn scream; a harpy-eagle was circling around the tree-top, and coming down with a sudden swoop, he seized one luckless mother-monkey that had not time to reach a hiding place. The other thing held on to her

branch with all her might, knowing that her life and her baby's were at stake, but the eagle caught her by the throat, and his throttling clutch at last made her relax her grip, and with a single flop of his mighty wings, the harpy raised himself some twenty feet, mother, baby, and all. Then we witnessed a most curious instance of maternal devotion and animal instinct—unless I should call it presence of mind. When branch after branch slipped from her grip and all hope was over, the mother with her own hands tore her baby from her neck and flung it down into the tree, rather than have it share the fate she knew to be in store for herself. I stood up and fired both barrels of my gun after the robber, but without effect, theascal already had ascended to a height of at least two hundred feet, and he flew off, with his victim dangling from between his claws.

COMBATS OF THE OCEAN.

AMONG the extraordinary spectacles sometimes witnessed by those who "go down to the sea in ships," none are more impressive than a combat for the supremacy between the monsters of the deep. The battles of the sword-fish and the whale are described as Homeric in grandeur.

The sword-fish go in schools, like whales, and the attacks are regular sea-fights. When the two troops meet, as soon as the sword-fish betrays their presence, by a few bounds in the air, the whales draw together and close up their ranks. The sword-fish always endeavours to take the whale in the flank, either because its cruel instinct has revealed to it the defect in the carcass—for there exists near the brachial fins of the whale a spot where wounds are mortal—or because the flank presents a wider surface to its blow.

The sword-fish recoils to secure a greater impetus. If the movement escapes the keen eye of his adversary the whale is lost; for it receives the blow of the enemy and dies instantly. But if the whale perceives the sword-fish at the moment of the rush, by a spontaneous bound it springs clear of the water its entire length, and falls on its flank with a crash that resounds for many leagues, and whitens the sea with boiling foam. The gigantic animal has only its tail for its defence. It tries to strike its enemy, and when successful finishes it at a single blow. But if the active sword-fish avoids the fatal tail the battle becomes more terrible. The aggressor springs from the water in its turn, falls upon the whale, and attempts, not to pierce it, but to saw it with the teeth that garnish its weapon. The sea is stained with blood; the fury of the whale is boundless. The sword-fish harasses it, strikes it on every side, kills it, and flies to other victories.

Often the sword-fish has not time to avoid the fall of the whale, and contents itself with presenting its sharp saw to the flank of the gigantic animal which is about to crush it. It then dies like Micæus, smothered beneath the weight of the elephant of the ocean. Finally the whale gives a few last bounds into the air, dragging its assassin in its flight, and perishes as it kills the monster of which it was the victim.

TRAINING A COLT.

BAD horses are more frequently made than born. It is very much in the bringing up—in the way a colt is cared for, and the manner in which it is broken. Firmness, with kindness, goes very far in making a valuable horse. The colt should early learn that it is never to be deceived; that it is to be encouraged and rewarded when obedient, and punished by the withholding of caresses when disobedient. The same natural qualities that make a horse vicious, will, with proper treatment, make one of those intelligent and spirited horses that all desire to possess.