

A PAGE FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

STORIES OF ANIMALS

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Light Up Their Habitations
Among extraordinarily interesting birds there is one known as the lamp-flighter, who lives on Cape Comorin

into the barn and have been trying to
kilt it ever since, and I have come
down this morning to try again."

He yelled at the top of his voice
for two hours and then stopped.

"Well," said his mother, "are you
going to be good? Have you finish-
ed crying?"

"No," said Tommy, "I have not
finished: I'm only resting."—Phila-
del.

Squirrels Reared by a Cat

the usual chestnut-brown to a light drab, the ears and feet only showing traces of the original color. It was stated that the animals had been taken from a nest when very young and put in charge of a cat, which acted as foster-mother and successfully reared them. It was suggested that this fact might have caused the color change.—St. James Gazette.

IN A LIGHTER VEIN

Do Your Best

A minister speaking of his boyhood says he was a great whistler and some times whistled in unusual and unseen

THE PUZZLE CORNER

An Arithmetic Dance

This game is great fun. Each player has a number, very distinctly printed, fastened securely on dress or coat right in front. When this has been done we stand in a line and the leader

'Is that the best you can whistle?'
'No,' said the minister, 'can you beat it?'
The boy said he could, and the minister said: 'Well, let's hear you.'
The little fellow began to whistle and then insisted that the minister should try again. He did so, and the boy acknowledged that it was good whistling, and so he started again.

When we say "Yes," he calls a

begins to play a dance on the piano while each player finds a partner in another player, whose number added to her own makes ten—for instance, seven finds three, five finds five, eight finds two. Three minutes are allowed in which to find a partner, and if this has not been done when the music stops, the players without partner stand out of the next dance.

Then we begin again, perhaps this time calling "eight," and the music starts once more.

One day the boys and girls playing were all as old as I am, and

whistle better, what were you whistling that way for?

Sure enough, why should not any one do his best, if he does anything? The world has plenty of poor, slipshod, third-class work done by people who could do better if they would.—National Advertiser.

Trapped

A number of excursionists were sleeping together in a large room because of the overcrowded condition of the little seaside town, when one of them, a practical joker, possessing the remarkable faculty of imitating a cat, resolved to have some fun out of

easy. So some one suggested

whole number. That made the game more interesting, because it was harder to play.

Every one knows about "Spelling Bees," but we have another game that we think is much more fun, than we call:

Rivals

We choose a subject, sometimes a well-known person like one of the writers, and then we make up

Another man on the opposite side of the room had a similar faculty of imitation, and being awakened by the noise of the supposed cat, he remarked to his nearest neighbor: "Some confounded cat has got into the room. Just wait. I'll imitate and catch him."

So the two jokers began meowing at each other. The first supposed the second was a real cat, and the room began to fill with the sound of

are sometimes a county or

Next we choose a judge and two leaders and in turn the leaders pick sides. The two sides sit opposite each other, and the attacking side begins by their leader asking the opposite leader any question he likes that has to do with the subject chosen.

For instance, if England is the country, he may ask how big it is, what the Union Jack is like, a great battle won by the English, a great

in hand to hurl at the supposed felons.
They got together finally, and there was an act not reckoned on by either. Each had aimed his boot well and when a light was finally struck the two men were mixed up badly in the center of the room, and it took the rest of the trippers and the local doctor to get them in presentable shape to return home the following day.

Ready for Them

I always remember, in my college

question is a good one, the quest

who answers the question well scores two for the correct reply. The judge keeps the score and decides if question and answer are good. Then the second player on the other side asks a question of the player opposite him and so it goes on. Question and answer alternately, up the line and down again.

After this we add up the marks to find out which side has won, and then mark the board.

"How much is pork a yard?" asked one of us. (This was a joke.)
 "Ten shillings," promptly replied the old fellow.
 "Then I'll take a yard."
 "Where's your money?"
 Half a sovereign was laid down. The old man quickly pocketed the coin and then produced three pig's feet with the quiet remark: "Three feet."

Sometimes father plays this

the subject beforehand, and tells us the book where we can read up questions and answers. He is the judge, and he gives a prize of a box of chocolates or an orange each to the winning side; but we are always supposed to halve them with the other side!

A Sarcastic Reply

It was his first day at school, and he was standing the fire of the usual questions asked on so auspicious an occasion. "Who's your family doctor?" asked a big boy. "Haven't got any," said the new boy. "How jolly nice," responded the big boy. "Why, you don't have any medicine to take then?" "Don't I?" was the sarcastic reply. "That's all you know. My father's a dentist, mother's a homeopath, my sis-

ne, and a new "Letter" game,

Two players go out of the room, and settle what picture they will represent; and then they return and act the picture without saying anything. If we guess it, two others go out; if

grandfather believes in horse-drawn
from drowning, grandmother goes in
for every quack medicine that's adver-
tised, my uncle Sandy's a horse-doctor
and"—in a pathetic tone—"they all ex-
periment on me!"

Hitting the Nail

A city firm being in want of a boy
in their mill, a piece of paper was tack-

for instance Margaret came in
open group (named for ...)

paper, and a robe made from a tablecloth, and Dick, bowing to the ground, spread a cloak before the feet of the Queen. We guessed Queen Elizabeth and Sir Walter Raleigh easily enough.

Sometimes all one side goes out and the other side is the audience. We have had Joan of Arc, and the trial of Charles I., and when we are having a history lesson at school, and read something we think will make a good

place, so that the boys could see it as they passed. The paper read: "Boys, wanted. Call at the office tomorrow morning."

At the time indicated a host of boys was at the gate. All were admitted, but the overseer was a little perplexed as to the best way of choosing one from so many, and said he: "Boys, I want only one; and here are a great many. How shall I choose?"

After thinking a moment, he invited them all into the yard and, driving a nail into one of the large trees and

p it a secret until the next

Kaid Sir Harry Maclean, who was recently captured by Raisuli in Morocco, comes of an ancient line of Highland chieftains. He was a lieutenant in the old 69th Foot when he sailed across from Gibraltar to Tangier, and entered the service of the late Sultan Mulai el Hassan. The Sultan died while on a campaign against some rebels in the Atlas mountains, and it

standing a little distance from the tree should have the place. The boys all tried hard and, after three trials each, signally failed to hit the nail. The boys were told to come next morning; and this time, when the gate was opened there was but one boy, who, after being admitted, picked up a stick and throwing it at the nail, hit it every time.

"How is this?" asked the overseer "What have you been doing?"

And the boy, looking up with tears in his eyes, said, "You see, sir, I have

et until his son could be procl

body of the Sultan carried in the gild-

boy. I have no father, sir, and I thought I should like to get the place, and so help her all I can; and, after going home yesterday, I drove a nail