



### Reminding the Hen.

"It's well I ran into the garden,"  
Said Eddie, his face all aglow,  
"For what do you think, mamma, happened?  
You will never guess it, I know.

"The little brown hen was there, clucking;  
'Cut-cut,' she said, quick as a wink,  
Then 'cut-cut' again, only slower,  
And then she would stop short and think.

"And then she would say it all over—  
She did look so mad and so vexed;  
For mamma, do you know she'd forgotten  
The word that she ought to cluck next.

"So I said, 'ca-daw-cut, ca-daw-cut,  
As loud and as strong as I could;  
And she looked 'round at me very thankful;  
I tell you it made her feel good.

"Then she flapped and said, 'Cut-cut-ca-daw-cut!'  
She remembered just how it went then,  
But it's well I ran into the garden—  
She might never have clucked right again."  
—Bessie Chandler.

### How Bess managed him.

Tom's sister Nell was pretty, and being a year older than Tom, wanted to show her authority over him. Tom was rough and awkward, and just

at the age when a boy resents all meddling with "his rights." He would put his hands in his pockets, his chair on Nell's dress, and his feet on the window-sill. Of course they often quarrelled.

"For pity's sake, Tom, do take your hands out of your pockets!" Nell would say, in her most vexing manner.

"What are pockets for, I'd like to know, if not to put one's hands in?" and Tom would whistle and march off.

"I do wish, Tom, you would take your great boots off the window-sill!"

"Oh, don't bother me, I'm reading," Tom would say, and the boots did not stir.

But little sister Bess had a different way with somewhat stubborn Tom. Bess seemed to understand that coaxing was better than driving; and sometimes when he sat with both hands plunged in his pockets, Bess, with a book or picture, would nestle down beside him, and almost before he knew it, one hand would be patting her curls while the other turned the leaves or held the pictures. If she chanced to see his feet on the window-sill, she would say:

"Just try my ottoman, Tom, and see how comfortable it is to the feet!" and though Tom occasionally growled in a good-natured way about its being too low, the boots always came down to its level.

As they grew older, Bess, in the same quiet, loving way, helped him to grow wise and manly.  
—Picture Magazine.

### Toys made of Old Corks.

CURIOUS toys may be made of cork. One of these is the well-known little tumbler, such as is generally constructed of pith, but cork, especially if it be hollowed, will answer the purpose. Make the puppet of three or four corks, shape and paint it as skillfully as you can, and glue to the feet, or under them, a hemisphere of lead. When thrown into any position, the figure of course rights itself, and, like a cat, always falls on its feet. It is quite possible to make a cat, also of pith or cork, which will indeed always fall upon its feet.

Another toy is a duck of cork, which is also ballasted with lead, and which can outride any storm. These are made by gluing square pieces of cork together, and then shaving the whole into shape with a sharp knife. A duck or swan of cork, containing a piece of iron, can be placed on a sheet of paper, and made to move by a magnet concealed beneath the paper.

A more difficult toy is the "walking man." A puppet is made from cork, the legs being movable at the hips, yet so constructed that the body does not fall backward or forward. The soles of the figure are shod or plated with iron. A horse-shoe magnet is then moved under a tambourine or other frame covered with paper or parchment, and as the soles follow the poles of the magnet, the figure of course may be made to walk over it.—St. Nicholas.



A GROUP OF BLUE RIBBONERS.