

"Suppose you try. Just pick out some one tree and always go there to feed them; keep away from the crowd, and give your mind to taming one or two squirrels so they will sit on your arm," advised Ted.

The prospect was so fascinating that Roy cried it, but he says city squirrels are harder to teach, and he understands how a teacher with a class of unruly boys feels. Yet the experiment is worth trying. Any one can feed park squirrels, but it takes care and study, and, above all, patience to win the entire trust of the lively little creatures so that they may be handled and taught tricks. Then they are far pleasanter pets than caged squirrels, and quite reward one's patience. —And patience, when you come to think it, is the foundation of nearly every kind of success in work or play.—EVELYN MULLER, IN YOUNG CHRISTIAN SOL-DIER.

"PLEASE, I'M A LITTLE ENGLISH GIRL."

The following incident appeared in one of the daily papers, from Reuter:—"In the course of an evening saunter I came across three little mites, hand in hand, standing fearfully some ten to twenty paces from a picket. The sentry, a stalwart cavalryman, paced his beat smartly, and looked imposing, even in khaki. The eldest of the children was a girl, perhaps six years old; the other two clung to each side of her skirts. As I approached, the leader of the party said, 'We want to go past, please.' 'Very well,' I said, 'go on; nobody will hurt you.' 'But,' she said, 'won't the sentry stop us?' 'Tell him you are a little English girl,' I replied. Three little figures moved timidly forward. The sentry had overheard the conversation, and his eye twinkled grimly. 'Halt! who goes there?' rang out in a stentorian tone; then in childish treble, 'Please, I'm a little English girl.' 'Pass, little English girl, all's well,' the butt of a rifle clashed on the stone pavement, and the sentry stood at ease with as much precision as if he had been on guard at White-hall itself. The little party, with beating hearts, but heads erect, walked past the post, full of the pride of race and of conquest."

THE BROKEN GOBLET.

"Will you give me a glass of water?" asked little Olive Grey, stopping at the door of Mr. Trim's cottage and peeping in.

She thought Mrs. Trim would be sitting there, but she was not to be seen. Instead of her portly person Olive saw a thin little girl, who was washing the dishes. However, she smiled, and took a goblet and put it on the table.

"I've just fetched in a fresh pail, miss," she said, filling the glass; "and it's as cool as ice."

Then she handed the glass to Olive, who said:

"Thank you. Have you come to

stay with Mrs. Trim?" she asked, after a pause.

"I don't quite know, miss," said the girl. "I'm here a week on trial. I used to live at the poorhouse, and I'm just old enough to hire out. If the lady likes me, she'll take me to bring up. I hope she will. It's a real nice home, and such a pretty garden. My name is Sally Twigg, miss."

"Well, Sally, I should think Mrs. Trim would be sure to like you," said Olive. And, with a "good morning," she ran away.

She was going to a croquet party, and was in a hurry. When she had gone a little way, however, she met May Bostwick, tanning herself with her hat and looking very pink.

"I am so thirsty, Olive," she said, "that I don't know what to do. I ran hard all up the road, and my tongue is like a chip."

"I'll get you some water," said Olive. "Mrs. Trim's girl gave me some. Come!" And the two ran back together to the door of the little cottage.

It was wide open, and no one was there; but the cedar pail stood on the table, and the glass beside it. Olive filled the glass, and gave May all she wanted, and then took another glass herself.

"Hurry!" said May. "We'll be late!" And Olive reached to put the glass on the table without looking. The consequence was that she set it only half-way on; and before the girls had more than stepped outside the door down it went, crash, upon the oil-cloth!

"Oh!" cried Olive. "What have I done?"

"Come along, quick," said May, catching her hand, "and no one will ever will know you did it."

And Olive, on the impulse of the moment, yielded to the advice and the pull; and they ran away together. But never, never, never did she feel so ashamed of herself.

"I cannot play," she said, presently. "I'm sorry, girls; but I feel dreadfully, and I must go home." There was only one person in the world who could tell her what was right to do, and that was her mamma.

"My little girl," said mamma, "you should have found Mrs. Trim, and told her all about it. Now you must take a nice glass of mine, wrap it in paper, and go to Mrs. Trim at once. Tell her the truth, and say: 'Mother sends you a glass in place of the one I broke, with her compliments.'"

Olive felt happier now. She bathed her eyes, took the polished glass her mother gave her all nicely wrapped up and was soon at the cottage.

However, when her feet were on the porch and the door-knob in her hand, she paused, half afraid to enter, hiding the glass behind her, and heard some one sobbing softly and some one scolding loudly. Mrs. Trim was saying:

"There's no reason, in a general way, for breaking; but it ain't that only. If you'd said: 'Mrs. Trim, I've met with an accident and broken a glass; but I'll be more careful in future, why I might have scolded, but we wouldn't have parted for it. But to tell fibs, and lay the goblet to my poor cat!—a likely story! And who'd come in while you were out to break a glass?"

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"I, Mrs. Trim," said Olive, opening the door. "Sally gave me one glass of water; and I came back to get another for a thirsty little girl I met, and didn't put it far enough on the table. Sally was not here; and mamma sends her compliments, and will you accept a glass in its place?"

"Why, I don't want your ma's glass, Olive," said Mrs. Trim. But she did not force Olive to take it back when she put it on the table.

When Olive had gone a little way up the road, some one came running after her. It was Sally.

"O miss!" she said, "how sweet of you to come back! Most girls would have run away."

"I ran away first, Sally," said Olive, meekly.

"But you came back," said Sally, with a strange, solemn look, "and saved me from being sent back to that frightful place. Thank you forever and ever!"

"It was like a prayer, somehow," Olive said to her mother, "and made me cry."

CRUSOE AND THE WOOD-CHUCK.

When I was about ten years of age, my parents presented me with a little brown-and-white puppy. Now if there is any one thing in all the world which a boy prizes and enjoys more than anything else, it is a dog; consequently, it goes without saying that my joy knew no bounds upon the reception of this pet.

He was only about four months old, and scarcely able to waddle about on his big and ungainly legs; but was always ready for a frolic, nevertheless, and entered into the tumbles and gambols which we had together with as much spirit and enjoyment as any older puppy could have done.

The man who sold him to my father said he came from good stock, and that his ancestors, one and all, had been famous as hunting dogs; therefore I determined that this little fellow should become a hunter also, and in view of the career which awaited him, named him "Nimrod."

As soon as he was old enough to run about and travel any distance, I began his training as a hunter. I first introduced him to the sparrows and other little birds which frequented the garden and vicinity of the house, and at a word from me he would run after them at the top of his speed; and if they chanced to alight in a tree nearby, he would bark and prance about beneath them for an hour or more at a time, with excitement.

Finally, one day, when I regarded my pupil as having progressed sufficiently, we set out together across the fields for a trial of skill at large game, and to test the endurance of the youngster's lungs and legs.

In an old, abandoned meadow, on the farther side of a bit of woods, he beheld a sight which set the hunting instinct of us both aglow. On the slope of a knoll, away over on the opposite side of the meadow, sat a woodchuck, placidly chewing his clover tops about him.

Here was a chance for us, and away we went at our very best pace across the meadow, Nimrod bounding in excitement with every jump. The chuck was too smart for us, seeing us coming made a dash for his hole, which he reached

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