

and more suitable for a young and beautiful princess."

"That is just it," groaned the Caliph, hanging his wings, sadly "Who can tell whether she is young and beautiful? It is buying a pig in a poke."

They tried to persuade one another for a long time, but at last, when the Caliph saw that the Vizier would rather remain a stork than marry the owl, the resolved to accept the condition himself. The owl was delighted. She told them they could have come at no better time, for the magicians would probably assemble that very night.

She left the chamber with the storks, and led them to the hall. They walked for some time along a dark passage. At last a bright light streamed towards them through a half-ruined wall. The owl whispered to them to keep very quiet. Through the crack, where they stood, they could overlook a large dining hall. A row of pillars ran around it, and it was splendidly decorated. Many-colored lamps replaced the daylight. A round table, laden with many and exquisite dishes, stood in the center of the hall. Round the table stood couches, on which sat eight men. In one of these men the storks recognized the peddler who had sold them the magic powder. His comrades called on him to narrate his newest deeds. Among other stories, he told them the story of the Caliph and his Vizier.

"And what was the word you gave them?" asked a magician.

"A very difficult Latin one; it is Nutabor."

(To be continued.)

A Horse-to-Horse Talk: The Family Steed's Story.

Black Molly Finds Waiting More Wearisome Than Work—Hard-hearted Woman.

"Oh, indeed!" black Molly sniffed, wrinkling her upper lip; "that shows how much you know—or, rather, how little. Look at me! This is what family horses come to. I was only ten years old last grass, but am stiffer and rustier than my own grandmother! Family horses, understand, work seven days in the week—I fairly hate the sound of church bells. Think of standing tied in a shed all day long, with only a swallow of water and a wisp of hay—and sometimes not even that. Still, Sundays are not quite so bad as weekdays—you go everywhere then—to mill, to market, the post office, and, worst of all, to the store. You are tied in the boiling sun, or where the wind strikes to your marrow, and left without food or water, hours and hours and hours. I wonder what men can find to talk about. I wonder, too, how they are so stupid as to let their own property be so badly used. I don't in the least mind work—there was never one of my stock but was willing to do or die. It's standing, the long, cruel, useless waiting that has soured me. And they won't even loose the checkrein while I wait. If they gave me my head free, I should not be more than half so tired."

"True for you, Molly! Truer than gospel," Lord Kelso, the brown hackney, said in a plaintive whinny, "I know. Checkreins have been for me, at least, the root of all evil. They brought me to my present pass. Five years ago I was a park horse, with nothing much to complain of, out of harness. I had a box stall, always knee deep in clean bright straw, and was free to walk or roll or lie down in it, at my own sweet will. Since the windows were set so as to give me light without glare, and screened to keep out flies, even my docked tail did not trouble me much. I stood by oats and hay, had apples and mashes nearly every day, and a groom who knew how to rub and curry me without hurting me the least bit. He was a good-hearted fellow, too; so, I think, was my owner. I am sure if he had known more I should have suffered less. It was different with his wife: she was hard-hearted; flinty-hearted, indeed. In the park she wanted him to be forever putting me through my paces, and once I heard her say, petulantly, 'Frank, what's the use of paying so much for a horse unless you mean to make him show off, especially when the Grimhys are in sight?'"—[Exchange.



Two Little Maids from School.

Nan and Margery Danescombe could hardly sit still as the train drew nearer and nearer to the little country village where "grandmother" lived. School, with its worries, was left behind for ten days—the Easter holidays are dreadfully short, are they not?—and every minute these two little maids from school were flying nearer and nearer to the dear old country homestead. At last the train stopped and the eager crowd of cousins on the platform almost tumbled under the wheels in their hurry to welcome the travellers. What a jolly ride they had from the station in the big old-fashioned carriage, and how fast all the tongues went! Aunt Nancy declared it was enough to drive any old maid crazy, but she looked as happy as any of the children, and they knew she was only joking. After a hurried visit to the pigs, calves, hens and other live stock—not forgetting the puppies and kittens—Margery and her cousin Mary slipped away into the attic, and presently returned dressed as you see them in the picture. They always loved to "dress up," as most little girls do, and they were tired enough by that time to settle down for a little while with a big book full of pictures. Margery was almost too excited to look at the pictures, and the book soon dropped to the floor, where it stayed until Aunt Nan picked it up with a resigned sigh, which ended in a smile—for who could be vexed when the children were so happy?

Next day was Good Friday, but the rain was coming down in torrents, so nobody could go to church. Aunt Nancy gathered the wild flock of nephews and nieces round grand-

the rescue, with her hands all over flour, and put a stop to this new and dangerous play of sliding down the banisters. George then sat down on the top step and recited the verses, as he was not allowed to act them.

"Down grandmother's banister rail
Swift as the wind I slide;
I'm the engineer
That never knows fear,
And I travel far and wide.
Each time I rush upstairs
Grandmother cries, 'Don't fall!'—
When, whiz! I drop
Without any stop
Between Boston and Montreal.
I hurry again to the top,
Oh, my! it is such fun,
For this is the train
That's flying from Maine
And arriving at Washington.
Once more I am off like a flash,
To carry the Winnipeg mail.
I am sure you would guess
'Tis the lightning express
On grandmother's banister rail."

After dinner was over it was still raining, so Margery and Mary decided to make a doll's house. They got a good-sized cardboard box, and used nearly a paper of pins to fasten the partitions between the different rooms. As Margery (the chief architect) had just come from Toronto, she made a basement kitchen and dining-room, with a swinging door between. Above that was a long drawing-room, and on the top flat were two bedrooms. The carpets were made of wall paper in small patterns, with narrow borders to finish each room. Window-blinds and curtains, cut out of old catalogues, were pasted in place to represent windows. Eaton's catalogues also furnished pictures for the walls, and any quantity of other articles. The stove and stovepipe were made of a bit of black card-



Two Little Maids from School.

mother's chair, by ringing the big hand-bell. Then they had a nice little Good Friday service, beginning with the 95th Psalm, which even little Alfred could sing through without a mistake. They sang hymns and read some more psalms—verse about—then listened to the wonderful story of how the Lord Jesus died on the first Good Friday. Then they scattered in different directions, looking quiet and grave for a little while, but soon laughing and shouting again. George amused himself by putting into practice some verses he had learned at school, and Alfred followed his lead until poor, distracted Aunt Nan came flying out to

board, and the kitchen was soon well furnished with pots, pans saucepans, teapots and dippers. It also contained a cardboard table, and a shelf for lamps and clock—which also came out of the catalogue. A trim little cook in cap and apron was in charge of this room, and a quaker (cut from an advertisement of Quaker oats) was sitting comfortably in a cardboard chair. The dining-room looked very complete with its table, chairs and sideboard—made of cardboard—and its white tablecloth of paper. This cloth was set with breakfast dishes on one side, and dinner dishes on the other, drawn with a blue pencil. A colored cloth was also

found in the scrap-basket, and carefully fringed. The drawing-room was quite grand, with its draped mantelpiece, and fireplace blazing with red tissue-paper flames; its piano built of old dominoes, with a row of black spots on the white ivory for a keyboard, and all the rest of the dominoes showing only the black backs. A silk drape and piano lamp made a good finish. The cosy corner was covered with crinkled tissue-paper, and some tiny silk cushions were heaped on it. Nan had become interested long before this, and her clever fingers manufactured a dainty dressing-table for one of the bedrooms. The mirror was made of a bit of broken looking-glass, draped with the crinkled paper. One bedroom was pink, and the other blue. The beds were like English beds, each one had a tiny canopy top, and net curtains tied back with baby ribbon. The washstands were just squares of cardboard, bent in the middle and sewed to the wall. Pretty drapes hung down in front, and pitchers and basins—from Eaton's—were pasted to slips of paper and fastened in place.

Of course all this was not done in a day; in fact, a good many hours of every day were spent in the big empty conservatory, which made such a pleasant playroom. If the floor was littered with paper and scraps of silk, who cared? Certainly Aunt Nancy didn't, for the Easter holidays are very short, and she knew the house would probably be tidy and rather too quiet in a few days.

One day Eaton's new spring catalogue for 1904 was brought in, and the children at once pounced on the colored rugs and carpet squares which decorated the back of the cover, putting them down in the little house, where they looked very grand. I have told you all about this house-building, so that you can try your hand at it some rainy day, when you have nothing to amuse you.

When the last day arrived—all too soon—the pretty toy was carefully hidden in a corner of the attic, to be left there until the summer holidays. How unwilling they were to go to bed that last night! They would not own that the cap fitted when Aunt Nan brought out her scrap-book and read aloud these verses:

"Two little girls are weary,
Weary of books and of play,
Sad is the world and dreary,
Slowly the time slips away;
Four little feet are aching,
Bowed is each little head,
Yet they are up and shaking,
When there is mention of bed.
Bravely they laugh and chatter,
Just for a minute or two;
Then, when they end their clatter,
Sleep come quickly to woo.
Slowly their eyes are closing,
Down again drops each head,
Two little maids are dozing,
Though they're not ready for bed.
That is their method ever.
Night after night they protest,
Claiming they're sleepy never,
Never in need of their rest;
Nodding and almost dreaming,
Drowsily each little head
Still is forever scheming
Merely to keep out of bed."

COUSIN DOROTHY.

Plain Living.

A set of rules for a simple life has been drawn up. They are not perfect, but they will help.

We should never buy things that we do not want.

We should never willingly, or through mere indifference, buy things that are not genuine.

We should never try to do things that we know we cannot do, or have not time to do.

And we should never do things that we do not want to do and do not approve, just because other people do them and ask us to do them.

If we all observed these four rules of sincerity, we should discover that simplicity of life is, indeed, after all, an attainable ideal.—[Classmate.