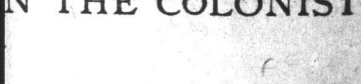


SELECTIONS



COLLECTIONS

Daniel Webster's Omen

Of omen Mr. Webster was always fond, and was as good, a judge of omen, as you could find. When he saw a new all his own by name, kept track of the eggs and peccolities. On the return from the first of his thought, sometimes, after entering the house, he would, without sitting down, go to the barn to see the family members, and the other, passing from one to the other, patting them on the heads, and taking them from his hands. Equally fond as he of showing them to his guests. When he occurred, he stood thus, friend, feeding them with ears of corn, his son Fletcher amused himself by making the omen, and said Mr. Webster, "you do not seem to care much for this. For my part I

ly about a week before his death, he had them driven up into the lane before the house in order that he might

[illegible]

The Birthday Party
and Zip were two b

He had stopped on a nail or piece of metal, which penetrated her foot. She was in great agony, and long before I reached the elephant she had fallen on her back, struggling with pain. On entering, I found her standing on three legs, swinging the sore foot slowly backwards and forwards. I felt rather nervous as I approached the beast, but the keeper told me to have no fear. The elephant he explained was a female, and was about five years old. As I bent down to examine the wounded foot, I felt a light touch on my hair. Turning, I saw the great trunk behind me and it suggested dangerous consequences.

"I shall have to cut deep," I said to the elephant, who snaked his

in a wood. The trees were

There was not a little excitement among the children one morning when an invitation came to James and Ruth to go to a birthday party from their little cousin, John, who lived on an adjoining farm. John lived miles distant. The children were ready in time for school as early as they were going to be to cross the fields. They had not gone far when a nolo came caused them to look back, and then they saw the two small figures of themselves peeping from behind a tree. They knew it would never do to take such playmates with them. With a good deal of reluctance the

Just ninety years ago, there was

"What're you going to catch, Bert?" asked when they were gone a few miles higher up stream.

"Wish I knew," grunted Bert, pulling the net. "I wish they were going to cross a strong current, for they were there. There were many such currents in the river, which ran for miles inland and about the edges of the mountains where the green fields came down close to the water's edge; and where the cliffs crowned by thick woodland were so steep that the water made a pleasant excursion could be taken up one or other of these creeks, I might have been able to catch a trout; else, if careless, he has even chance of being stranded upon a rock, when the tide had turned, and he would have to wait for the next rise or wait impatiently for the next rise of the water."

"You're a stream some time in silence, and the small boy watched him, now and again taking a further look at the water, and giving the best of a corkscrew course, the importance of that to him was helping.

"That'll be enough, sonny," cried Bert. "I'll go and get some more bait to help I daresay. I can get Coon Creek in half; but I've to go from one side of the harbor to the other where I can get a good haul. I'll be sure to get much of a look in at fishing. Perhaps I'll teach you some-day."

"All right, this encouragement wasn't sat still."

Three-quarters of an hour or so past, pulling brought them to the place Coon Creek with Bert. Bert assigned he should have a good haul of fish.

"It's a likely spot," he said. "Why not try?"

Shipping his oars, he rose, and, taking the small anchor from the boat, threw it overboard. The connection between the anchor and the small boat was a rope, and the small boat, sharply over the gunwale as the cork plunged downwards till the bottom was reached, when it paid out, and the tide took the boat along. With

Can Animals Converse?

The fact that animals converse with their kind is recognized by all. But can they converse with those familiar with their ways? The following example of the communion of ideas between dogs is narrated by a writer in the *Illustrated London News*:

A timber merchant left his dog, a well-bred terrier—at a small country house, where he had a large kennel. He returned the landlady told him that the dog was lost. It had quarrelled with a cat, and was barking to the moon and had been badly treated by a mad run away apparently to die.

Four days later it crawled out of the kennel, white as a sheet, and disappeared for a week. Then, to the amazement of the people of the town, it returned with a dog much bigger than itself, and a black and white pointer and a black and tan dog. The two dogs made a combined attack on the first, and were nearly killing it.

Afterwards, that the terrier had travelled over eighty miles to coax away the big dog to assist in the revenge of itself upon the dog owner.

Another quaint instance of animal conversation is related by a Dutch countryman. He said that his dog had suffered severely by the depredations of grey monkeys, which destroyed their coffee plantations. On one of his favorite fruits, heavily dosed with opium, he had been especially fond of the monkeys' haunts. The suspicious animals ate freely; and many of them became terribly ill, yet, strange to say, he never observed any ill effects.

It was found that on feeling the symptoms of poisoning, the victims sought the assistance of some of the largest members of the tribe. These old monkey doctors directed them to eat the leaves of a plant called the *gambou*, which they had learned to antidote to the poison. In those cases

[illegible]

Behold a portion and get a relative of the rabbit.

8. Behold a great scarcity and get the planet on which we live.

9. Behold an apparatus used in obtaining the motion of a wheel and behold the complete New Korean Airborne Farmer.

A Sailor's Varn

Once upon a time I formed part of the crew of a treasure ship bound for the South Seas. The way we encountered a severe storm and we lost all but the strait in New Zealand, the island south of New Zealand, and the islands of the South Pacific, and myself.

After several weeks spent in drifting we were rescued and landed on an island with a very rough coast. We succeeded at length in finding a passage into a safe harbor.

When we were delivered a visit from the chief of the island, dressed in a Cape of New Guinea and city on the tropical seas. Scrimed with mountains and islands. Colored with several natives gorgeously attired in robes of the sea east of Asia, mountains of the South Pacific, and the islands and mountains of United States.

Although they couldn't understand our language, nor we theirs, they were very friendly to us, and to our Pacific, and to enjoy our islands in the South Pacific, and they invited us to spend an island in South Pacific.

Of course, we accepted this invitation, and our landing having been announced by the sounding of a cape in the South Pacific, we were met by a native, a very cape in Newfoundland, and seated on a city in United States, beside his island in Gulf of St. Lawrence.

We passed around the island in the Ottawa, or river of British Columbia, and then in an island east of the Cape, and then in a city in the same, and gave us leave to city in the city through the lake of Canada and the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

We loved this river.

month of New Zealand, a very hot-tempered fellow, got into a serious quarrel with one of the natives over the proper way to serve islands in the Atlantic and island in the St. Lawrence, and the night being Cape of Ireland we thought it advisable to blem a hasty cape of Greenland and Cape of Newfoundland for the open sea, and we reached home without further adventure.—S. A. R.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Solved

Hennesy, pipe in mouth, was thoughtfully regarding the face of new inmate which lay in his back yard.

"Well, I guess," he said, "he's claimed to be an inquisitive fellow."

A week later the fowl-house was up and running. Hennesy's tenants uttered a thunderous hammering, proceeding to the kitchen. Hennesy, attracted by Hennesy's friend thither.

"Building a kennel for a dog to keep the place clean," he said, "I thought I'd build Hennesy in explanation."

"What's that?" asked the great daft.

"Oi made the kennel in the kitchen," he said, "and shure ay it isn't too big for a dog to live in. I'll be sure I'll have to make it smaller, or knock it out, or wot ye want to do it out."

"Phwat about the kennel?" his friend inquired a week later, not seeing it if he could.

"Shure, Oi got out of that widdow and I built the kennel," said Hennesy. "Oi thought the dog into the kitchen." —Chums.

Little Rodger had gone into the country for the first time, and his grandfather had taken him out to see a colt.

"There, Rodger," said the old gentleman, "did you ever see such a little horse as that?"

Rodger never had, and his eyes shone; but there was one drawback.

"What's the matter with him, grandfather?" he said. "He hasn't any rockers."—Selected.

Auntie—Well, Tommy, what did you learn at school today?

Tommy—About ants. There are two kinds—the kind that gets in the sugar-bowl, and the kind that lives with their married sisters.

Said an Irishman to a telegraph operator: "Do you ever charge anybody

replied the operator. "And do you have a charge for signing his name sir?"

"I said the customer," "No, sir," "Well, then, will ye please send this? I just want my brother to know I am here,"

Handing the following: "To John McFlynn at New York—(signed) Patrick McFlynn." It was sent as tribute to Patrick's shrewdness.

Don't wish for somebody's else's chance—look at your own. Your neighbor's chance wouldn't fit you if you had it.

PUZZLE CORNER

One day last week I was walking down Pandora street when I noticed a flicker walking up a fir tree in her own curious way. Presently Mrs. Flicker flew down and, standing beside a stone, began doing something. At first I supposed she was preening her feathers but it was not that. Then I thought perhaps flickers varied their diet by a meal of oats, so I went over to see. But the hill was covered with moss and there was nothing to be seen but several round holes freshly made. What were they for? I hope some one

Behendings

1. Behead a stem and get conversa-
2. Behead a dull color and get a line of light.
3. Behead a color variegated with spot and get a fruit.
4. Behead a company of sheep and get a curl or hair.
5. Behead luminous and get not wrong.
6. Behead whatever one believes he

Farmer.

Once upon a time I formed part of the crew of a treasure ship bound for the South seas. On the way we encountered a severe storm which disabled all but the strait in New Zealand, the island south of New Zealand, one of the group of islands in South Pacific, and myself.

After several weeks spent in drifting helplessly about, we reached an island with a very rough coast, but succeeded at length in finding a pas-

Next morning we received a visit from the chief of the island dressed in a blue and white striped tunic. The Caspian Sea trimmed with mountains of British Columbia, and several of the natives gorgeously attired in robes of red and blue from the east of Asia, mountains of Australia, sea west of Arabia and mountains of United States.

Although they couldn't understand our language, nor we theirs, they seemed inclined to be very islands in

South Pacific, and to enjoy our islands in the South Pacific, and they invited us to spend an island in South Pacific with them on shore.

Of course, we accepted this invitation, and our landing having been announced by the sounding of a cape in South Africa, we were received by the chief, a very cape in Newfoundland, seated on a city in United States, beside his island in Gulf of St. Lawrence.

He passed around the island in the

Lawa, or river of British Columbia
type, and then in an island east of
United States speech made us wel-
come, and gave us leave to city in
ally through the lake of Canada and
over the island as we wished.

We enjoyed this privilege im-
mensely, but, unfortunately, the island

WITH THE POETS

Afraid of the Dark
Who's afraid of the dark!
"O, not I," said the owl,
And he gave a great scowl,
And he winked his eye
And fluffed his jowl—"Tu-whoo!"
Said the dog, "I bark
Out loud in the dark—Boo-oo!"
Said the cat, "Miew!
I'll scratch anyone who
Dares say that I do
Feel afraid—Miew!"
"Afraid," said the mouse.

"Of dark in the house!
 Hear me scatter,
 Whatever's the matter,
 Squark!"

Then the toad in the hole,
 And the bug in the ground,
 They both shook their heads
 And passed the word 'round.
 And the bird in the tree
 And the fish and the bee,
 They declared all three
 That you never did see
 One of them afraid

In the dark.
But the little boy,
Who had gone to bed,
Just raised the bedclothes
And covered his head!
—Cincinnati Enquirer

Guess

Twins the prettiest spaniel that ever
was seen,
For his coat was so silky, so long and
so clean;
His teeth were like pearls and his eyes
were like jet.

"No wonder that Bess was so proud of
of her pet!)
As I liked him into my arms to caress
asked: "What's the name of your dog?
she said: "Guess!"
So I guessed it was "Jerry" if not, wa
it "Joe"?
But she smiled and then laughed an
she answered: "Oh, no,"
"Perhaps it is 'Charlie,' or, possibly
"Ned"?
Then maybe it's 'Rover'?" She sho
her fair head.
So I said, "It is 'Hero,' I'm sure; now
confess."

But it seems I was "wrong." All she answered was: "Guess!"

Then I tried all the names that I ever had heard, although some when applied to a dog seemed absurd.

"Napoleon" met with a look of surprise at "Caesar" a twinkle came into her eyes.

I pleaded, "Do tell me." "Why, auntie," said Bess, "I have told you three times that the dog's name is 'Guess!'"

The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.
The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.
—Francis W. Bourdillon.