

Η D C Ι L R E F OR ТНЕ N

TELLTALE TRACKS. By Frank Sweet.

O N a clear, frosty morning, when the snow is soft and white, Ere the sun has wiped the dainty

footprints out, One sees the tracks of squirrels who went calling through the night On their neighbours in the forest

round about.

FUN FOR THE BOY.

THE parents of a Baltimore lad, a pupil in one of the public schools, are fond of boasting that their hope-ful has never missed a day's attendance at school during a period of eleven years.

On one occasion the proud father was asked to explain how this appar-ently impossible feat had been accomplished. "Did he have the usual cough, and so on?" the father was asked.

"Oh, yes."

"Oh, yes." "How, then, could he have always been at school?" "The fact is," explained the father, "he always had 'em during the holi-days."—Harper's Weekly.

KNEW WHAT SHE WANTED.

A TEACHER asked her class to draw a picture of that which they wished to be when they grew up. The pupils went diligently to work with paper and pencil, some drawing pictures of soldiers, policemen, fine ladies, etc. They all worked hard, except one little with whet eviction except one little girl, who sat quietly holding her pad and pencil in hand. The teacher, observing her, asked:

"Don't you know what you want to be when you grow up, Anna?

"Yes, I know," replied the little girl, "but I don't know how to draw it. I want to be married."

Mama-Oh, children, why are you so naughty to-day? Children—Why, sister said if we were good she'd sing to us to-night!—Stray Stories.

WHOBODY?

EVERYBODY tells me things I should know,

But Nobody tells me why they are so; Somebody knows why things must be, But Whobody's going to teach it to me?

Anybody seems to be able to tell, When the sun is shining, that all is

well; But sometimes clouds will darken the

sky, Whobody's going to tell me why?

-Peter McArthur.

* * THE SNOW-BALL CHIEFTAIN.

ALL in the tingling frosty weather I met a chieftain brave and bright;

He'd a scarlet hat with a snow-white feather,

His step was brisk and light.

His twinkling eyes were soft and starlike,

His lips and cheeks were rosy red; "He doesn't look so very warlike!" Beneath my breath I said.

So I a kind good-morning bid him-With snow-balls three he pelted me; Then laughed, and ran, and quickly

hid him Behind a hemlock tree!

-Edith M. Thomas.



Margaret (to young brother, coaxingly). "Oh, Willie, are you an angel?" Willie: "Not if it's anything up-stairs."- Punch.

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