

A QUEER ORPHANS' HOME.

By Hilda Richmond.

Silly old Speckle came proudly to the house one morning in late September with twelve downy little balls, and the children were delighted.

"Mama! mama! look at these beautiful little chicks!" they screamed. "Speckle's got a whole lot of new chicks!"

But mama did not look very happy when she saw them.

"You foolish old Speckle!" she said. "Don't you know that very soon cold weather will come, and your babies' toes will be pinched by the frost. I'm astonished at you."

But Speckle said, "Cluck, cluck!" in a way that sounded just like, "Look! Look!" to the children, and proudly scratched out a tiny worm from the neglected flower-bed. "Look! Look!" she said again, showing them a few seeds left on the straggling vines, and then led her babies out into the sunshine for the air was very cool.

"Will they all freeze?" asked the children sadly.

"I am afraid they will," said Mrs. Owen. "The coop is not warm enough for such tiny little things, and Speckle can't keep them warm all the time."

And that very night a terrible thing happened. Some thief stole Speckle right out of her coop, leaving the twelve babies to peep and shiver till daylight, when the children discovered the loss. The back gate was open, and two other hens were gone, so there was no doubt that a thief had been there. The orphans were consoled with an old feather-duster, and the nicest, fattest worms the children could find together with bread-crumbs soaked in milk that mama prepared for their breakfast; but still they were very forlorn. A feather-duster doesn't say a word, nor can it cuddle the chicks and keep order and keep them from running away, so the poor little things missed Speckle very much.

"What you going to do with those chicks?" asked the man who came to buy some apples. "They'll freeze here. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll take them home and put them in my greenhouse to catch the bugs and eat up the insects. It's nice and warm there, and when they get big enough, you can get them again. Your papa has done many things for me, and I'll be glad to help raise the orphans."

So the chicks went to the nice warm house, where they could bask in the sunshine and find their own bugs on the pretty plants. At night they huddled near the hot-water pipe under the old duster, and soon grew so large that they could sleep by themselves anywhere.

"Isn't this a queer orphans' home?" said Fanny one day as she and Ned went to the greenhouse to see how the chicks were getting along. "It has no beds and no tables for the children, but they are all doing very well."

Ned and Fanny never heard what became of poor Speckle, but her children grew to be so big and saucy that they had to leave the orphans' home because they ate the tomatoes and picked holes in the cucumbers instead of sticking to the bugs and worms. They are fat and lusty, and really look better than the children brought up at home with the fussy old hens; so you see it was a good home for them, even if Fanny did think it queer.

YOUR SUMMER OUTING.

If you are fond of fishing, canoeing, camping, or the study of wild animals look up the Algonquin National Park of Ontario for your summer outing. A fish and game preserve of 2,000,000 acres interspersed with 1,200 lakes and rivers is awaiting you, offering all the attractions that Nature can bestow. Magnificent canoe trips. Altitude 2,000 feet above sea level. Pure and exhilarating atmosphere. Just the place for a young man to put in his summer holidays. Hotel accommodation. An interesting and profusely illustrated descriptive publication telling you all about it sent free on application to M. J. Quinlan, District Passenger Agent, Bonaventure Station, Montreal, P.Q.

OUT OF THE WAY NOTES.

China has more than 16,000 walled cities.

Two years is the life of the average spider.

Cuba grows twenty-pound cabbage heads.

A man generally weighs most at his fortieth year.

The first postal card was sped on its way in 1870.

Norway and Sweden have many women sailors.

Wool yields about one-fifth as much heat as coal.

The incubator was invented by the ancient Egyptians.

The world's oceans contains 7,000,000 cubic miles of salt.

Snow never falls on about two-thirds of the earth's surface.

The title of "Reverend" was first used in England in 1657.

The depth of the earth's atmosphere is from 120 to 200 miles.

England builds a battleship in two years, but France requires five.

The average number of workmen daily employed in the construction of a Dreadnought from the time her keel is laid till she is ready for sea, is between 1,000 and 1,500 men.

"Probably the most congested thoroughfare in the world is in front of the Mansion House," said Captain Nott Bower, Commissioner of Police, to a Commons committee. "Vehicles passing there average 37 per minute."

Great Britain has more than \$300,000,000 invested in electric traction railways. The number of passengers carried during a year is equal to about sixty times the entire population.

The British colonies are now fifth on the list of coal-producing countries in the world. Their total output is greater than that of any European country, except Germany and Austria.

I KILLED A ROBIN.

By Sidney Dayre.

I killed a robin. The little thing. With scarlet breast and glossy wing. That comes in the apple-tree to sing.

I flung a stone as he twittered there; I only meant to give him a scare, But off it went—and hit him square.

A little flutter—a little cry— Then on the ground I saw him lie; I didn't think he was going to die.

But as I watched him I soon could see He never would sing for you and me Any more on the apple-tree.

Never more in the morning light, Never more in the sunshine bright, Trilling his song in gay delight.

And I'm thinking every summer day, How never, never I can repay The little life that I took away!

A USEFUL PET.

The tortoise is a great sleeper. The Spectator has had a story of one which was a domestic pet in an English house. As his time for hibernating drew nigh, he selected a quiet corner in the dimly-lit coal cellar, and there composed himself to sleep.

A new cook was appointed soon after. She knew not tortoise. In a few months the tortoise woke up and sallied forth. Screams soon broke the kitchen's calm. On entering that department the lady of the house found the cook gazing in awestruck wonder, and exclaiming, as with unsteady hand she pointed to the tortoise: "My conscience! Look at the stone which I've broken the coal wi' a winter!"

You cannot brighten the world by scolding your neighbors. You may escape a duty, but you cannot escape decision for or against it.

Never pray that others may do their part until you have done yours toward them.

Acquaintances may affect us in many ways; friends are known by affecting us helpfully only.

HOT WEATHER MONTHS KILL LITTLE CHILDREN.

If you want to keep your children rosy, healthy, and full of life during the hot weather months give them an occasional dose of Baby's Own Tablets. This medicine prevents deadly summer complaints by cleansing the stomach and bowels; or it cures the trouble promptly if it comes on unexpectedly.

The mother who keeps this medicine on hand may feel as safe as if she had a doctor in the home. Mrs. C. C. Roe, Georgetown, Ont., says:—"I can heartily recommend Baby's Own Tablets as a great help to baby during the hot summer months. I have used them for summer troubles and am much pleased with the result." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

LIVINGSTON AND THE LION.

The most famous of all missionary encounters with wild animals was that of Livingston and the lion, which well-nigh cost his life. As it was, his arm was permanently injured. A false joint, resulting from the crunching of the bone, seriously inconvenienced him during the thirty years of arduous toil that followed. It rendered an important service, however, after his death, by furnishing a conclusive means of identifying his body when it was brought to England by his followers in 1874.

In 1843, two years after his arrival in Africa, Livingston opened a new station at Mabolosa, a place infested with lions. Not long after nine sheep were killed on a small hill opposite Livingston's house. Greatly exasperated, the people started out to kill the lions, and, hoping to inspire them with courage, Livingston went with them. After a time, finding his assistance not needed, he started home, but in passing around the hill, discovered a lion sitting on a piece of rock behind a small bush. Taking deliberate aim, he fired both barrels into the bush, wounding the lion, but not killing it. What transpired as he proceeded to reload can best be told in his own words, as recorded in "Missionary Travels."

When in the act of ramming down the bullets, I heard a shout. Starting, and looking half-round, I saw the lion just in the act of springing upon me. I was upon a little height; he caught my shoulder as he sprang, and we both came to the ground below together. Growling horribly close to my ear, he shook me as a terrier dog does a rat. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by mouse after the first shake by the cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain nor feeling of terror, though quite conscious of all that was happening. This peculiar state is probably produced in all animals killed by the carnivora, and if so is a merciful provision of our benevolent Creator for lessening the pain of death. Turning around to relieve myself of the weight, as he had one paw on the back of my head, I saw the eyes directed to Mabalwa (a native assistant), who was trying to shoot him at a distance of ten or fifteen yards. His gun, a flint one, missed fire in both barrels; the lion immediately left me, and, attacking Mabalwa, bit his thigh. Another man, whose life I had saved after he had been tossed by a buffalo, attempted to spear the lion while he was biting Mabalwa. He left Mabalwa and caught this man by the shoulder, but at that moment the bullets he had received took effect, and he fell down dead. The whole was the work of a few moments, and must have been his paroxysms of dying rage. In order to take the "charm" out of him, the Bakatla on the following day made a huge bonfire over the carcass, which was declared to be that of the largest lion they had ever seen.

Besides crunching the bone into splinters, he left eleven teeth wounds on the upper part of my arms.—Missionary Review of the World.