Chats with the Children อดออดดอนของจังเลยดอดดดี

THE BOY AND THE SPARROW. a sweet boy sat and swung on limb,

Once a wave tooy at ann swung on a hind pround stood a sparrow-bird On the ground stood a sparrow-bird took hind at hind spar.

Now, the boy he was good, but the sparSo he when the spar took he he he do the lad.

And t killed the poor boy and the sparrow was glad.

Then the little boy's mother flew over

Then the little boy's mother flew over
the trees—
"Tell me, where is my little boy, spar
row-bird, please?"
"He is safe in my pocket," the sparrowbird said,
And another stone shied at the fond
mother's head.
And she fell at the feet of the wicked
bird, dead.

You imagine, no doubt, that the tale I have mixed,
But it wasn't by ethat the story was

'Twas a dream a boy had after killing a

bird, And he dreamed it so loud that I beard

overy word,
And I jotted it down as it really occurred. --Good Words.

A SHAGOY NEWSBOY.

The railroad ran along one side of a beautiful ralley in the central part of the great State of New York.

I stood at the rear end or the train, looking out of the door, when the engineer gave two short, sharp blests of the steam whistle. The conductor, who had been reading a newspaper in a seat near me, arose, and touching my shoulder, asked if I wanted to see a "real country newsboy." I, of ocurse, answered "Yes." So we stepped out on the platform of the ear.

The conductor had folded up his paper in a tight roll, which he held in his right hand, while he stood on the lower step of the ear, holding on by his left.

I saw him begin to wave the paper

by his left.

I saw him begin to wave the paper just an we swung around a curve in the rack, and a neat farm house came into view, way off across some open

into view, way off across some open fields.

Suddenly the conductor fung the paper off toward the fence by the side of the rai.road; and I saw a black, shaggy form leap quite over the fonce from the meadow beyond it, and alight just where the nowepaper, after bounding alony in the grass, had fallen beside a tall hunllein stalk in an angle of the fence.

It was a big black dog. He stood beside the paper, wagging his stall, and watching us as the train moved swiftly away from him. Then he enacthed the paper from the ground in his teeth, and leaping over the fence again, away he went across the fields toward the farm-house.

When we last saw him, he was a

Arm-house.

When we last saw him, he was a mere black speek moving over the meadows, and then the train rushed through a deep oleft in the hillside, and the whole scene passed from our

view.
"What will he do with the paper?"
I asked of the tall young conductor I asked of the tall young conductor at my side. "Carry it to the folks at the house," he answered.

"Oarry it to the Area."

"Is that your home?" I enquired.

It shall you have seen.

"Then they always send the dog when it is time for your train to

when it is time for your train to pass?"

"No," said he, "they never send him. He knows when it is time for the train, and comes over here to meet it of his own accord, rain or shine, summer or winter."

"But does not Carlo go to the wrong train sometimes?" I asked, with considerable curiosity.

"Never, sır! He pays no attention to any train but this."

"How can a dog tell what time it is, so as to know when to go to meet the train? I asked again.

"That is more than I can tell," answered the conductor; "but he is always there, and the engineer whistles to call my attention, for fear I should not get out on the platform till we had passed Carlo."

"Bo Carlo keeps watch of the time better than the conductor himself," I armerked. "for the dog does not need

"So Carlo keeps watch of the time better than the conductor himself," I remarked, "for the dog does not need to be reminded." The conductor laughed, and I wondered, as he walked away, who of my young friends, of whom I have a great many, would be as faithful and watchful all the year round as Oarlo, who never missed the train, though he could not "tell time by the clock."

THE ALLITERATION CONTEST.

Most of us thought we had heard the last of it. But little cousin Thos. Boland is evidently under the impre-sion that it is still going on, for he has sent me his effort about three weeks

too late.

However, as he is a very little cousin—only 9 years old—and his composition and writing are both very good for a little boy, we have decided to print it, not to hurt his feelings. Here it is:

Dear Gousin Fig.:

This is my attempt at an alliteration.

tigers that took the ton teams to the thicket. The tigers till then tried to tempt the travelors to tramp through the trees. The travelers told the teamster to take the teams to the trusty tribes, till they tried to tire the tigers trailing the ten teams through the theosene torrid, till they thought therst too treatendous to tarry till the tigers took to the trail.

Towards tea time the tigers took to the trail.

Towards tea time the tigers took the trail, then the travelors trapped them, tied them to the trees till they took tea.

Yours truly,
Age 9.

I wonder whether coustin Thomas

the trees to the trees and they took tea. Yours truly, Age 9.

I wonder whether cousin Thomas used a dictionary when he spelt "tremendous." But I dareasy he knew how to spell it without, most of the cousins are good spellers. But what would they have done if they had been in the school where the following incident occurred?

An old gentlemen who had neverbeen very well educated, but who had become very rich, once visited a boy school m which he was interested. While there, he told the master he would like to examine the boys.

Permission being given, he coughed impressively, held up one hand, and said, slowly and distinctly, "Which of you boys can spell teremenjeous?" If the cousins who live at a distance would leave the flags of their onvelopes unfastened, and put "Printers' Copy" on the top left hand corner, their anceen stamp; there is no necessity to pay three conts for answers to puzzles, etc. You can send replies 'o puzzles at any time before they have appeared in the paper; after that, of course, they will not be counted.

Cousin Fro.

PHZZLES

ARITHMETICAL DUZZIE

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

Thirteen travelers arrived at an inn and asked the landlady to put each of them in a room by himself. Now the landlady had only 12 bedrooms, but she found a room for each visitor; how did she go it?

am a word of 16 letters. 18. A word of 16 letters. My 11 9, 2, 8, 10 is necessary to salvation my 1, 2, 8 is an animal; my 4, 5, 16 18, 16 is also an animal; my 6, 7, 11 4, 14 we cannot see without; my 12 16, 7, 18, 4 many of my readers are. My whole is a well-known publication.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Which is the hardest key to turn?
2. What creature ought to be able to win the fastest race?

Auswers to Puzzles March 10th.

Ales Mar

OND ACROSTIC.

R
BEE
REBEL
FIREFLY
REBELLION
ATHLETE
TON
N
BURIED T'
DD. 2.*

1. London. 2. Montreal. 8. Kings-n. 4. Ottawa.

CONTINUDITING

1. There is "a" difference.
2. A-corn.
3. Dust.

CHARADE. Fool's-cap.

MARKS.

Thomas Boland, 3; Camilla Casserly, 5 (Camilla got the initials of the double acrostic to read "Shakespeare," but the finals did not come right, so it had to be disqualified); Martina McGoey, 1; Aggie Blondin, 4. J. A. Doyle, 5; J. E. Thomson, 4. [The answer to the charade was not bed-fellow, but house-wife; so J. F. T. was wrong.]

The Title of an Ulsterman.

The Title of an Uisterman.

At the second annual dinner of the Ulster Association held last week at the Holborn Restaurant, London, under the presidency of the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, his lordship said they were all proud of the province to which they belonged. To be known as an Uisterman was equal to a title of honor. The object of their association was to prove that though they might differ in certain political opinions they were able to meet in friendly intercourse and find a common bond of union and sympathy in their love and devotion to their country, which was a passion in the heart of every Irishman. The measure of Local Government, was welcomed by the Government, was welcomed by the Government, was welcomed by the Government, was welcomed down in Ireland. He thought the Uister Association, whose watchword was unanimity and peace, and goodwill amongst all, might congratulate themselves upon so unprecedented and so unexpected a diroumstance. He prognosticated, and hoped that this great experiment might prove fraught with all the benefits to Ireland which its authors anticipated.

Lord Russell of Killowen said that while it was not given to many to play great heroic parts in these days, or to

feelings. Leve's it is:

Dran Goussin Fro:

This is my attempt at an alliteration.

The tired travelers took the trail towards Tokio, to try to take the:

Lord Russell of Killowen said that while it was not given to many to play great heroic parts in these days, or to make great sacrifices for the country or for cause, yet it was given to every Irishman, according to his position

and opportunities, to do much in his own person, by a career of rectifude, persoverance, and industry, to reflect credit on and so practically to do service to his country. He wished those of the company who hived in Ireland not to think that those who resided in England were one wint the less anxious for the dignity and prosperity of the old country. of the old country.

KIDNEY GRIND

oth American hidney Cure the Only Sp. for hidney Disease—A Lliquid and Soli —Never Palls

for kidney Bleaze-A ; Llquid and volvent - vere Fails

Modical Science has proved beyond adoubt that the solid particles which pass through the kidneys in the ordinary course of circulation—and which in time so grind and wear "esse organs that they become diseased and will not perform the functions for which they were created—require, a solvent to dissolve and eradicate from the system these foreign substances, and the great South American Kidney Cure has preven to be the best and nost secentific specific remedy for such, and the testimony of thousands who have been cured by it when pill doses have failed in the best forming the such process of the substance of the fact that a solvent must be administered. If in despair use this remedy.

FIRESIDE FUN.

Chiairs should never be covered with silk, because they must be sat-in.

The Serenader (singing): "Thy face is as fair as yonder moon." Ann Maria: "Look here, young man. don't you dare to call me moonfaced." "I don't mean to reflect on you," said a coarse, would-be wit to a man whom he had insulted. "No," was the reply, "you are not polished enough to reflect on anybody." "What is de difference between a watch and a fedder bed, Sam? "Danno; gin it up." "Because de tickin' of de watch is on de inside, and de tickin' of de bed is on de outside."

A schoolmaster inquired of one of

de tokun of de bed is on de outside."

A sohoolmaster inquired of one of his pupils on a cold day in winter what was the Latin word for "cold."

"I can't remember it at the moment," replied the boy; "but I have it at my fingers' ends."

"Does your wife ever tie a string round your fingars' comake you remember things?" "Yes; often:" "How does it work?" "Well, when I get into the city it reminds me to telegraph to her and ask her what it was she wanted me to romember."

An old gentleman was sitting upon the bank of a river, fishing most patiently. Suddenly a vicious little dog stole up behind him and gave him a spiteful snap through his pantsloons. "Whew!" exclaimed the old fisherman, "I've got a bite at last."

"There is something consoling for

man, "I've got a bite at lact."

"There is something consoling for every ill in this life," said a tiresome old moraliser, "Is there?" asked a friend. "What consolation have I for my bald head?" "Why," exclaimed the moralist, "the consolation is plain enough. Your wife can't pull your hair."

enough. Your win can't pull your hair."

"Half-a-rown!" exclaimed Count Ramaischle to cabby. "Doi was a schwindle." "It's the regular fare," said the cabby, "but, seeing you're a surriner, I'll take you for two and-sixpence." "Goot!" exclaimed the Count. "It was without bossibilities to sheet me."

"Now, look here," said the professor to the infuriated bull, "you are my superior in strength, I am your superior in mind. Let us arbitrate this matter, and see w iich should by right get the better of our controversy," "Oh, no," replied the bull; "let's toes up for it." Later: The professor lost.

lost.

"Mamma, why should landladies object to children?" Mother: "I'm sure I don't know; but go and see what baby is crying about, and tall Johnny to stop throwing things at people in the street, and make Georgo and Kate cease fighting, and tell Dick if he doesn't stop blowing that tin trumpet I shall take it away from him."

him."

Teacher (to class in school): "How many seasons are there?" Class: "Four." Quite right," said the teacher. "Now, can you name them?" Class: "Spring, summer, autumn, winter," Teacher: "Now, can anyone tell me what season this is? After a pause, a little urchin held out his hand. "Well, Johnnie?" said the teacher. "Please, sir, the football season."

Sisters of the Adoration Reparatrice.

His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan has been visiting the Convent of the Sisters of the Adoration Reparatrice in the Rue d'Ulm, Paris, with a view to establishing a branch of the Order in the diocese of Westminister. These the diocese of Westminister. These nuns, as is well known, pray for eight hours daily before the altar. It is also affirmed that Cardinal Vaughan intends to invite the Eudistee—a congregation of priests like the Oratorians—to London, and that he has conferred with the Superior-Goneral, Pere Dore on the matter.

and the has a country of the country

Karakar kar kar kar kar Old Karl's Secret

A delightful September afternoon found me, after more than a year's wandering through Europe, seated upon the low, squatty porch of one of the little mms near Czegled, upon the road towards Peath. I was smoking one of those monstrous meerschama pipes, which the Germans love so vell. It was a marvel of work manship, the design of the bowl being a Turk's head. I frequently took it from my mouth to rub the rich mahogany colored stem, or to examine the unique earving, for I doted upon that pipe. As I sat thus engaged, I noticed upon the steps of the porch au old man, apparently of the peacant class, whom I had observed about the mn on the day previous. He, too, seemed to be admiring the pipe in cunsely, for he eyed it as though he had never seen one before.

"Wonder what he really thinks of it," thought I.
That was speedily disclosed, for no

" Wonder wh it," thought I.

t." thought I. That was speedily disclosed, for no sooner had I caught the old fellow's eye than he arose, and, approaching, said, respectfully, in good English: "That is a very fine pipe you have there." there

"That is a vory nne pipe you have there."

I was a bit surprised to be addressed in my own language by one of such humble appearance, although it is no uncommon thing to find persons of tne wealther class in Austra who speak English perfectly.

"Oho." I rephed, "do you speak English? Come over here and talk with me, then. Yes; that's a beauty; picked it up in Constantinople last year. Ever seen one like it?"

A smile spread over the face of the Hungatam.

year. Ever seen one like it?"
A smile spread over the face of the Hungarian.
"No, sir; never It must have cost much money."
"More than I ought to have paid, perhaps; but I am fond of curios, and make it a point to get some whictover I travel."
"Yes?" somewhat eagerly replied the Hungarian; "and have you a large collection?"
"My private collection is said to be one of the finest in my native land. Where did you learn to speak English? You pronounce it remarkably well."

one of the finest in my native land. Where did you learn to speak Eng lish? You pronounce it remarkably well."

"My father taught me. He was bred at Prague," was the simple reply. "How come you to be here? Seek you here for specimens?"

"Yes, partly. I am on the way to procure some memento from the famous battlefields of Napoleon—Austerlitz and Wagram, you know."

A dark shade passed over the old man's face. It was a strong, stern countenance, very dark, but beaming with intelligence. At the mention of Napoleon's name he frowned gloomily.

"Tyrant! Devil!" he muttered in German. "His army plundered my father's estate to the last spear of grass. His soldiery burned our home. The estate itself was confiscated by old Francis, upon some false charge of treason, brought by General Mack, and my aged father became a wanderr upon the earth, and died in a shepherd's hut." I could perceive the features of the peasant working strongly, as he strove to master the powerful passions of grief and vengeance which surged mightily through his soul. Then, brightening once more, he exclaimed: "Mementoe from Austerlitz and Wagram! Why should you wish to be reminded of German misfortune or Russian poltonorery, or French bloodthirstiness?" There are better things for you here, if you are able to obtain them."

"How "able?" Will not money buy them?" I demanded.

"No," I replied; "I am an American—from New York."

A fresh geam brightaned the old.

"No," I replied; "I am not an Snglishman at all. I am an American—from New York."

A fresh gleam brightened the old peassant's face.

"Oh, ah! Nie York! America! Happy, free land!" His tones were exquesitely pathetic.

My curiosity was pricked. 1 took the pipe from my mouth, and s'...ed hard at the Hungarian. There was a suggestiveness about his conversation that was puzzling, but his contentance thus far betrayed nothing. I was, however, as much amused as curious.

curions.
"Come," I said; "tell me what there is here that I cannot get for money."
The evident anxiety and eagerness of the old peasant became intense.

or the old peasant became intense.

"No, no," he replied; I cannot tell you what there is, nor what the price which is demanded, until I know more of you. Who are you, and what is your business in Austria?"

J began to be aroused. For answer to his questions I gave him my name and address, adding, "I am only a sight-aeer in durope," I had in my pocket, with my passport, a letter from Francia raysher at the B. and address, sating, and only sight-set in Europe." I had in my pocket, with my passport, a letter from Francis, nephew of the Emperor Fordinand, to some savants of Vienna. I had become sequainted with him several weeks previous, and he had good-naturedly given it upon his own suggestion, for we had some tastes in common. These I handed to the queer old fellow, more in a spirit of fan than anything else, and quietly leaned back to watch the effect. His

face shone with genuine pleasure when he had read them.

"Yes, yes; you are fortunate to know such men as Francis and Herr Loestein and Prof. Rahl. I believe, too, that I am fortunate to meet you. I believe that you are the man for whom I have been waiting these many years" years

years."
Plainly, thought I, here is a queer old character, who probably has some hielrhoom of which he wishes to dispose at a good price. I each, half-banteringly. "Why have you waited for anyone? Oan you have anything to sell? Come, perhaps we can deal together."

for anyone? Can you have anything to sell? Come, perhaps we can deal together."

The peasant seemed to shrink timidly within himself. At length he roplied. "Walk with me down the road to younder trees. What I say to you must not be overheard, even by walls, for they have both eyes and cars."

Surely it could do no harm to humour the old fellow. I rose and we walked rapidly to the point indicated, and seated ourselves beneath the shade of a fine oak.

"Now then," said I, "out with it."

The Hungarian burst forth impetuously: "Sir, listen. I have a scoret to sell which will make you a richer man than you have ever dared to feram, and me both rich and happy once more. I have something to dispose of, but it lies bured in the earth, and shali lie there for ever unless you, with your nationality, your money and your influence, and I, with my knowledge, unite to drag it to the light. But even you cannot do this, unless you will swear a colemn oath that, upon my revealing to you the nature of this secret you will deal faithfully with me."

upon my revealing to you the nature of this secret you will deal faithfully with mo."

"Whew !" I whistled through puckered lips; "a sort of buried treasure fiend, I take. Wonder who and what he is." Aloud to the Hungarian, whose dark old eyes were flashing with excitement, I said: "What is your name and occupation, and where do you live?"

"I am but an humble shepherd now. My flock is upon the Carpathians. My son attends the while I am absent. My name so only Karl, for it is not safe to tell you my sur-name. Our family was years ago proceeded and I may only live here in my native land in peril of my life. More than this you shall not know until we have agreed further."

The hurried broken manner in which these sentences were ultered made an additional impression upon me.

"What kind of an oath de you want."

made an additional impression upon me.

"What kind of an oath do you want me to take?" I saked.

"Go with me to the Prothonotary in Czegled. He will draw the paper."

"Oh, I see. You want my bond, do you? Now, look hee, you should know by this time that I am a man of honour. I do now most solemnly promise that I will not reveal the shoret to anyone, if, upon learning its nature, we cannot agree further. If that is not sufficient"—here I refilled the meersohaum—"say not another word."

Great beads of sweat started to his face. His eyes rolled and flashed, and his bosom heaved almost convulsately. At length he gasped forth: "Sir, as you will have it. I must trust to you, or perhaps never have an opportunity. I am already an old man. I must," sinking his voice in a whisper, and drawing so noar me that his breath was hot upon my face. On the little plot of ground that I call home, at the foot of the Carpshinas, I have found a tomb filled with untold wealth." "Why don't you go and get it then?" I demanded, still half-amused, and adding to myself, "I guessed close that time." "Why? A h!" he exclaimed, bitterly, "do not fancy that you are now in free America. Go and get it—for whom? Myself? No! but for the coffers of my Empsers."

A light suddenly dawned upon me. I see. If you dig it up Ferdianal will soize it as trassure trore, while if I should smuggle it out of the country we alone get the benefit."

The peasant flung his arms shout my neck, and fairly hugged me, as he cried: "True, true! And more, the treasure I have found is not in coin alone, but"—here he thrust his hand into his bosom—"ijswels and plate." He withdrew his hand and placed a small sheep-skin bag in mine. "There is the proof that I have spoken no lie, and thus I show you why it is that while really reh beyond computation, I must yet remain poor and humble—as now."

I opened the bag, and to my amazement to contained a number of strangely cut gems—robus and diamonds, and emeralde, of prorest lustre. "Why, where in the name of—" I began.

"Hold! Would you have still an other proof? Here, then-you are a collector or curiosities—what make you of this?"

He drew from his bosom another packet, carefully depositing it on my lan. word."

Great beads of sweat started to face. His eyes rolled and flashed, a his bosom heaved almost convulsive At length he gasped forth: "Sir you will have it. I must trust to y.

you of this?"

He drew from his bosom another packet, carefully depositing it on my lap. With hands all trembling with nervous haste, I untied the strings, and drew torth a small crown, or occomes, of pure gold. What the peasant said during the next five

minutes I never know, although I heard his voice in animated talk. I only gazed, in mute astonishment, at the shin golden circlet in my hands. The metal was cleanly polished, showing a workmanehip which was unmistakably of great age. Carefully turning it over and over I discovered some Lablistic I jures or letters engraved on its front. Held so that the light would the better Isli upon them, I made out the pregnant initials, S. P. Q. R. (Senate and people of Rome—Senatus, populusque Romanus.)

Had one of the old emperors of the Eternal City suddenly arisen from the dust and confronted me I could hardly have been more agitated than upon beholding so startling a momento of imperial Rome. It flashed across me that the Hungarian was possibly telling the exact truth. He might have stumbled upon the ancient burnal place of some colonial nobleman or governor, who, during his lifetime had been voted the golden crown by the Santa and people of Rome; or possibly it might be the deposit of the plander of some outlaw, who had died with his secret untold. I could thus account for the presence of a considerable treasure in the tomb, and could also readily see why the old peasant had not been able to market his discovery. Had one in his croumstances offered any of the old jewels or precous metals for sale, enquery would at once have been set on foot as to where he had obtained them; and the old fel low would have been forced to disclose the heard for the benefit of His Majesty, the Emperor of Austria, and perhaps suffer the extreme penalty of concealing treasure trove from the monarch—death. Already those intermedial processes of the search processes of the two, and became feveriably anxious to get into the forgotton tomb. And this, not so much from a mercenary purpose, as to bring to light something of historic value, if that were possible. My visit to the plains of Austriliz was, for the time, forgotten, and all my energies were concentrated upon concluding a treaty with the peasant, and perfecting a plan whereby the treasu

that I need tear no moddling with my baggage. The next thing to be done was to get the treasure.

Supplied with a few necessary tools a few days later found us in the old peasant's hut, in a deep rayine in the blue Carpathiana, and within a short blue Carpathiana, and within a short distance of the true source of the river Theiss. The location of the hut was one of absolute and utter isolation; not even a shepherd kindled fire within four miles. The great range of hills made sacred in song and story, rose in majestic grandeur on either hand, far as the eye could reach. The hut itself lay at the foot of a mountain, which hore rose almost perpendicularly seven thousand feet he sir. It was a one-room affair, as humble a place of abode as I ever entered. A few skins thrown down in one corner was the only couch for the peasant and his son, a young man of about itself, but the flocks when we arrived. A bench in the centre of the room served for a table, whereon my supper was placed. I had, fortunately, brought with me a supply of provisions, which added materially to the scanty larder of the shepherd. It was after nightfall when we reached the hut, but so eager was I to be at the buried treasure that I could scarcely restrain myself from compelling old Karl to show me the spot at once. When morning esme, however, he was by no menns in such haste to conduct me thither, as he had here-tofore been. He was evidently still