

to stay there. And stay she does if the illness continues, for really you could find her at the foot of the bed most of the time. Do you suppose she thinks she is a nurse, and that her purring is comforting to the sick one?

We call our pussy 'Mowey.' It is a queer name isn't it? Our little two-year old boy gave it to her. He could not pronounce the word mother, and because she had some kittens he thought that a proper name, so he called her 'Mowey,' and we all did, too.

Every morning about half past eight she comes up to my room to get a drink of cool water from a mug I keep there for her. She walks into the room, goes to the corner of the wash stand, waits for me to pour out the water and put the mug on the floor. But, no matter how thirsty she is, she never takes a drink until I pat and smooth her head six or eight times. If I am in something of a hurry, and give her only one or two pats she is not satisfied. She comes and bumps her head up on me and meows for more, and of course I have not the heart to turn away from her, no matter if I am in a hurry. So she gets the usual number.

If the young ladies of the family miss a train as they come out from school in Boston, and we sit down to lunch, expecting them on the next train, our puss looks at the vacant chairs at the table, understands the situation at once, jumps up into a chair by a window, puts her forepaws on the window sill and stands there looking down the avenue, stretching her neck and peering about through the branches of the trees, and staying there oftentimes until she sees them coming. Then, with a spring, out she goes into the hall and sits there at one side of the door to greet them as they enter. She follows them into the dining-room with a satisfied air, as though she wanted to say: 'I feel better now that all the family are here.'

A short time since a lady and gentleman and their two little children were making us a visit. 'Mowey' had a little kitten a few weeks old, which she kept on some soft cotton on the top of a barrel in the cellar. She was very much afraid some one would steal her

precious kitten, so, whenever she heard any steps on the cellar stairs, she would run down as quick as a wink, stand close to the barrel, guarding the kitty. She was so unhappy if any one lifted the little roly-poly from her soft bed. These little visitors liked to go down two or three times a day, with their cousin and fondle the tiny pussy. The third morning, when they went down after breakfast to see her, they were surprised enough to find an empty bed and no puss there. They searched all about, trying to find her, but they did not succeed. They ran up stairs in a most excited way and told the folks that the dear little kitten was gone and asked that we try to find her. So the big folks went down to see if they could discover her hiding place. When they saw the pussy mother standing there and not at all distressed, they knew what had happened. One of them said "Mowey" did not like to have these children bothering her little kit and she's just taken her out of the barrel and hidden her.' No one could find that kitten so long as the visitors stayed. The morning they left, however, after the mother had come up, as usual, for her morning drink, she stood for a few minutes at the spare-room door, looking in, and, seeing that the trunk was gone, she made a tour of the house to satisfy herself that the guests had departed, then went down to the cellar, brought the little kitten from her hiding place, wherever that was, and put her back into the barrel again.—The Standard.

Forgetting to Thank Mother.

Of course, you boys and girls are not the kind who forget to say "Thank you" when any one does you a favor. When you were very small, before you could so much as talk plainly, father and mother taught you these two little words, and ever since you have been careful about using them at the right time.

There are a good many people who are careful to say "Thank you" when somebody passes them the bread at dinner, or lends them a book to read, but who receive other and greater kindnesses without saying a word.

"Where are my gloves?" cried Jack, as he is about to start for

school some cold morning. "Oh, dear! I wish folks would let my gloves alone!"

"Here they are, Jack," mamma says quickly, as the sound of the impatient voice comes to her ears. "I put them away for you when you left them lying about."

And perhaps Jack says, "Oh!" and perhaps he says nothing at all. It is not likely that he says "Thank you." We fear his mother is used to it, however. Most mothers are.

How many boys and girls think of saying "Thank you" for the hours mother spends mending their torn clothes, or for her care of them when they are sick, or for any of the little sacrifices she is making all the time? If they want any help on their lessons, mother gives it as a matter of course, and they usually forget that it is anything for which to thank her. They take it for granted that, whatever they want, mother will give them, if she possibly can. And so she will, but her willingness and her love and her unselfishness are no excuse for their being ungrateful and discourteous.

Start this very day to say "Thank you" whenever mother does you a kindness. Perhaps you will be surprised to learn how many chances there are in a day to use those little words. And you will be even more surprised to see how much it means to mother that you do not forget them.—'Great Thoughts.'

Queer Things.

A clock can run, but cannot walk;
My shoe has a tongue, but cannot talk;

A comb has teeth, but has no mouth;

A north wind blows the smoke straight south.

Bottles have necks, but have no heads;

And pins have heads, but have no necks;

And needles have to hold their threads

Right in their eyes—how it must vex!

If I were needle, comb or shoe,
I never should know what to do.

My head is really in a whirl;

I'm glad I am a little girl.

—Bertha E. Bush, in 'Presbyterian.'