

things from the window, and he now seized his papa's boots and threw them out, one after another. His papa, who was at work in the garden, was much surprised to see them come flying out.

"That was naughty," said his mamma. "Lou must go and stand in the corner."

Lou went, but cried all the time he was there.

*(To be continued.)*

## THE CAT AND THE BIRDS.

"Why are the birds, and rabbits, and squirrels so afraid of us?" asked Harry as a woodcock started from the ground near them and went whirring up and away among the trees. Uncle Rea and his nephew were walking in the woods.

"It's no matter of wonder to me," was answered. "I'm very sure that if I were shot at, and stoned, and frightened, in one way or another, almost every time I went out, by some beings larger and stronger than myself, I would be afraid also."

"But I thought all animals were naturally afraid of us?" said Harry.

"All wild animals," replied Uncle Rea, "live constantly on guard, so to speak, for each has its natural enemy; and most of them have learned to regard us as their common enemy, for almost everywhere there are men who, for mere sport, kill them without mercy. Hark!"

The report of a gun rang suddenly through the woods, and in a few moments a bird with a broken wing came fluttering through the trees, and fell almost at their feet.

A thrill of pain and pity ran through the boy's heart as he stooped to pick up the wounded bird. It died in his hand, for the shot, which had broken its wing went deeper, even to the fountain of life.

"I don't wonder the birds are afraid," said Harry, with a shiver.

"Nor I," answered Uncle Rea. There was a frown on the kind old gentleman's brow. The sportsman did not see where the bird fell, and so lost his game; but I think, if he had found his game, he would have got something with it that it might not have been pleasant to receive—or rather, hear.

Harry laid the dead bird tenderly away under some fallen leaves, and then walked on with Uncle Rea, both silent for a time.

"We were speaking of birds and animals being afraid of man," said Uncle Rea, breaking at length the silence. "It has brought to my mind a pleasant story of an Italian boy, who, by kindness to animals caused them to love him as a dear friend, and to live peacefully together, though some of them were, in their wild state, what are called natural enemies."

"Oh, won't you tell me all about it, uncle?" The serious look went out of Harry's face, and his eyes were bright again.

"The boy's name was Francesco Michelo," said Uncle Rea, "and he lived in the island of Sardinia. When he was but ten years old, a fire burned the house in which he lived, and his father, who was a poor carpenter, lost his life in the ruins. By this sad event Francesco, his mother and his little sister, were made beggars, and forced for a time, to live on charity.

But begging and its uncertain gains did not suit the little boy; and so he looked about him for some way in which he could earn money for the support of himself and those he loved. When spring opened he made a large cage of laths and took it into the woods near the town where he lived, and climbing the trees, soon got many nests of young birds, such as chaffinches, linnets, black-birds, wrens, ring-doves and pigeons, which, in company with his sister, he carried to the market of Lussari, and found for them a ready sale.

"The gains of the little bird-merchant were not, however, enough to meet all their wants, although he went often to the woods and returned with his cage full of young birds.

"In this trouble Francesco thought of a new and original way of increasing his gains; necessity is the mother of invention, and he meditated no less a project than to train a young Angora cat to live harmlessly in the midst of his favorite songsters. Such is the force of habit, such the power of education, that by slow degrees he taught the mortal enemy of his winged pets to live, to drink, to eat and to sleep in the midst of his little charges, without once attempting to injure them. The cat, whom he called Bianca, suffered the little birds to play all sorts of tricks with her; but never did she extend her talons, or offer to hurt her companions.

"He went even farther; for, not content with teaching them to live in peace and happiness together, he taught the cat and the little birds to play a kind of game, in which each had to learn its own part; and after some little trouble in training, each went through the duty assigned to it. Puss was instructed to curl herself into a circle, with her head between her paws, and appear buried in sleep; the cage was then opened, and the little tricky birds rushed out upon her and endeavored to awaken her by strokes of their beaks; then dividing into two parties, they attacked her head and her whiskers, without the gentle animal once appearing to take the least notice of their gambols. At other times she would seat herself in the middle of the cage and begin to smooth her fur and purr with great gentleness and satisfaction: the birds would