



A TOY BALLOON.

AT SUNSET.

A bar of gold in the purple west,
A radiant glow on the mountain's crest,
A flush of flame on the river's breast,
And a wild bird's silver trill.

A single star in the paling sky
A deepening shade on the mountain high,
Gray dusk on the river rippling by,
And the note of a whip-poor-will.

A host of stars in the azure deep,
An ebon robe on the mountain steep,
And naught where the reeds and rushes
sleep,
Save shadows dark and still.

TOY BALLOONS.

These little folk look very much distressed, for they have met with a sad mishap. Not above fifteen minutes ago the little girls were as happy as could be. They had started out with their brother to spend the afternoon in the park, and mamma had given Bob money to buy balloons. At the entrance to the park they found the poor old balloon man with his big bunch of gay-coloured balls, bobbing and nodding as if making pretty bows

to the children. Marjorie chose a big red one, and Helen decided on a blue.

Soon the little girls were playing on the lawn with their gaily tossing balloons. After a while they noticed that Helen's ball was getting smaller, and finally it shrank right up. But a far worse catastrophe befell Marjorie's. She forgot and let go the string, and a little breeze came along and carried it off.

At first the little girls were going to cry, they felt so badly, but brother Bob cheered them up by saying that papa could fix Helen's ball, and perhaps the other would fall down some place where some poor little child could pick it up.

So Marjorie and Helen went home perfectly contented to have but one balloon between them, and happy in the thought that some other little girl might be enjoying the one that had flown away.

SOME OF MY PETS.

When I was a little girl, I had no brothers or sisters, big or little, so my parents allowed me to keep all kinds of pets. The sizes varied from the little dormouse to a big retriever dog, and the colours from snowy white to jet black. I had at the time of which I am telling you,

two dogs; one a small rough Skye-terrier, named Rose, the other a large black retriever, called Dinah. These two were firm friends. I remember little Rose had a present of a fine new collar. This collar was always coming off, and we could never make out how Rose managed it. One fine day, however, we watched Rose trot up to her big friend, evidently saying something in dog-language, for in a few minutes Dinah was carefully pulling off the terrier's collar. Dinah herself would never wear a collar, and always used to bury it. She used to hide her biscuits also; I suppose that she might have them when she felt more hungry. We watched her one day. She ate half her dinner and set about storing up the other half. First of all she looked around to see if any one was watching her,—no, she could see no one,—she took up the biscuit, went on to the path and trotted round the garden with it about a dozen times. She never left the path, but went on right in the middle. Presently she stopped, looked round, then commenced scratching a hole, stopping every now and then to look round. When the hole was deep enough she dropped the biscuit in, covered it up, and went to her kennel. She would never do it if she knew that any of us were looking at her.

She was always ready to help her friends. We used to keep a few fowls, and at one time had two cocks together. These used to fight so fearfully that we had to separate them at night—one was shut up in the fowl-house, the other slept on, and sometimes I believe in, Dinah's kennel. Dinah and this cock became firm friends. During the day when the fowls were let out the cocks commenced fighting. Immediately Dinah saw them she would run up, strike her heavy paw between them, and leaving her cock alone, would chase the other round and round the garden. A funny thing happened once, about our fowls. One fine summer's day we could not find some of them, but on going upstairs we found them carefully walking—no, jumping, I mean—up the stairs!

Four-footed and feathered pets are always interesting, though they are not nearly so nice as brothers and sisters.

A GOOD WAY.

Two little girls, Lilly and Grace, were playing "keep house." They had strung some twine across the back yard for a clothes-line, and were washing their dolls' clothes in two little tubs.

Along came brother Jack, and with one sweep of his hand jerked the whole washing from the line, and scattered it on the grass. Lilly bubbled over in tears at once. Grace looked very angry for a moment; then a bright smile drove the anger away, and she said very soothingly: "Never mind, Lilly; let's play that Jack was a high wind."