

greediness made an early end to him. The hired man had left Paris green, which he had been using on the potato plants, on a dish in the shed for just a few minutes. Of course it was a careless thing to do, but he left it only for a tiny while. But it happened to be just the time that the Captain was walking around the shed trying to find mischief. And he found it, and a lot of it. He ate quite a bit of the poison. Poor old bird, he was so very sick! Usually the Captain did not take very kindly to petting, but it was pitiful to see him when he was so sick; he wanted someone to hold him and smooth his feathers. We gave him an emetic, and tried our best to save him for with all his faults we loved the bird, but it was all in vain.

Dickie could not bear to part with him, so he had him stuffed and mounted, and though Dickie is now a big grown-up boy, Captain Kidd still stands black and glossy on his bookcase.

### My Old Kentucky Home.

The sun shines bright on the old Kentucky home,

'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;

The corn-top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom,

While the birds make music all the day.

The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,

All merry, all happy and bright;

By'm-by hard times comes a-knocking at the door,

Then my old Kentucky home, good-night!

They hunt no more for the possum and the coon,

On the meadow, the hill, and the shore;

They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,

On the bench by the old cabin door;

The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart

With sorrow where all was delight;

The time has come when the darkies have to part,

Then my old Kentucky home, good-night!

The head must bow and the back will have to bend,

Wherever the darkey may go;

A few more days, and the trouble all will end,

In the field where the sugar canes grow;

A few more days for to toke the weary load,

No matter, 'twill never be light;

A few more days till we totter on the road

Then my old Kentucky home, good-night!

CHORUS:—

Weep no more, my lady, O weep no more to-day

We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,

For the old Kentucky home, far away.

### The Violin Lesson.

I can't do this horrid old lesson to-day,' cried Freddie, crossly, coming out of the bay window and throwing down his bow. 'Every time I get to that top note it screeches. Mamma, please can't I stop?'

Mamma looked out of the bay window. There, just as she supposed, were three of Freddie's friends, playing hop-scotch on the common.

'I heard a little boy promise his music teacher that he would practice one hour every day. Just as you please, though, Freddie. You may stop and go out to play if you want to.'

Freddie ran and skipped for his hat and coat, and when he came back into the sitting-room there stood mamma with a very odd look in her eyes, drawing the bow slowly across the strings.

'Why, what are you doing, mamma?' cried Freddie in astonishment.

'Keeping somebody's broken promise for him,' replied mamma, see-sawing busily.

'Oh, said Freddie. The hat and jacket came off again.

'You needn't do that, thank you, mamma,' he returned, taking the violin and tucking it under his chin.

'I am glad I needn't,' she laughed, 'for between you and me, Freddie, I am afraid it screeched very badly for mamma.'

'It is going to behave now,' twinkled Freddie—'The Child's Hour.'

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