

'Mother! mother!' Mrs. Priest came at once, and when she saw the bunny her worst fears were realized. She wished very much that she had persuaded Joe to allow it to remain with its mother. It was so badly mangled that the case seemed almost hopeless, but Mrs. Priest tenderly replaced the torn flesh and bathing it in some healing ointment, bound Bunny's sides up in soft bandages.

Joe and Wells got some cotton and made a soft bed for the poor little creature, and it lay very still, as if badly hurt. Joe's play was over for that afternoon, and the boys soon went away. Joe could only sit and talk to his mother about how soon Bunny would be well, and the tears kept stealing over his round cheeks as he thought of the terrible accident.

Next morning early, when Joe and his father hurried away to the train, Joe's last words to his mother were: 'Please make the bunny well, and feed him.' So Mrs. Priest at once went to see how Bunny fared. She tenderly stroked his fur and tried to feed him. But Bunny, looking too weak and sick to turn his head, glanced at her from under sadly drooping ears, moved his tail the least little bit, and turned over on his side and died.

Wells felt very sorry for Joe when he learned the fate of the little rabbit, and he planned to soothe Joe's grief by treating Bunny's body with due honor and respect. Mrs. Priest found a small wooden box, and together they wrapped Bunny softly about with pink tissue paper. Then Wells and George dug a little grave in the garden, and in the afternoon they buried Bunny. Joe's friends Helen and Margaret came and brought pink verbenas and covered the box with them. Then they all gathered about and Wells made a few touching remarks upon Bunny's short life.

Said he, earnestly and solemnly, pointing his words with a small white fore-finger: 'This was Joe's Bunny. He was a good bunny, as good a bunny as you could find anywhere. He was a very young, little bunny, and he left his mother. He died a-running through a fence, where some ugly nails tore his sides open, and we were all sorry. He was in the sand-pile, and we chased

him out. He was frightened, and that was why he ran through the fence without looking. We weren't a-going to hurt him any, but he was scared. He bled very much. Joe will cry. Poor little Bunny.'

And Joe did cry. When he got his mother's letter, telling all about it as tenderly as she could, Joe sat down in the middle of the floor with the letter in his hands and cried and cried, nor could he be appeased. Not even the honors Bunny's dead body had received helped his father in offering comfort. He hardly cared to hear that Wells had made a little tombstone, which bore the inscription in very jagged letters: 'Joe's Bunny, Died April 7, 1897.' He only wished that he had never, never left his home. And to this day Bunny's name brings great tears to Joe's brown eyes, for Joe has a tender little heart.

How Tom Kept Warm.

Tom had to sleep in the barn. The barn had tons of dry hay in it and was warmly built. That is, it was warm for a barn, but as there was never any fire in it, of course it was cold in winter.

Tom was warmly clad. He had a fur coat that reached from his head to his feet. It was his ears and toes that suffered most.

The reason why Tom slept in the barn was because he had work to do there. Thieves had been carrying off the grain, and it became his business to guard it. He was the night watchman.

Dark? Yes, it was dark; but Tom never cared a straw for that. He just opened his eyes wide, and found that he could see well, even in the dark. Tom's eyes were sharp, and his claws—oh, did I fail to mention it? Tom was a cat. Of course he was. I knew that all the time, didn't you? What I was going to say about his claws was that they were sharp, too. Many a thieving mouse found that out to his sorrow.

But I started out to tell you how Tom kept warm, and I am getting off the track. Bess was the name of a kind old cow that slept in the same barn. She may have noticed how faithfully Tom guarded her feed. Perhaps she wondered why he never ate any instead of saying it all for her.

At any rate, Bess was very

friendly to Tom. She often gave an inviting 'Moo' when he came near. But that was a word not to be found in any cat dictionary, and he was slow to understand it.

But one cold night when Tom's ears were beginning to tingle he crept close up to Bess. She was lying down at the time, and he found a very cozy place near her shoulders, almost under the warm, furry neck. The cow said 'Moo' in her gentlest tone; and the cat purred softly in reply.

After that Tom never allowed his ears to suffer with cold. He knew just where he could warm them. He learned how to warm his toes, too. He did this by sitting on the cow's back. In the mornings, when the man went to feed the cow, he often found the cat sitting there.

Bess always thought that Tom was the gentlest of creatures. If a hundred mice had told her that he was cruel, and had sharp claws, she would not have believed one word of it. She always supposed that the toes, so often felt on her back, were nothing but little bunches of the softest fur. You see she and Tom were good friends, and that made a world of difference.—Charles L. Hill, in 'Youth's Companion.'

The Master of the House.

He cannot walk, he cannot speak,
Nothing he knows of books and men;
He is the weakest of the weak,
And has not strength to hold a pen.

He has no pocket, and no purse,
Nor ever yet has owned a penny;
But has more riches than his nurse,
Because he wants not any.

He rules his parents by a cry,
And holds them captive by a smile;

A despot, strong, through infancy,
A king, from lack of guile.
He lies upon his back and crows,
Or looks with grave eyes on his mother;

What can he mean? But I suppose

They understand each other.

Indoors or out, early or late,
There is no limit to this sway;
For wrapt in baby robes of state,
He governs night and day.
Kisses he takes a rightful due,
And, Turk-like, has his slaves to dress him,
His subjects bend before him, too,
I'm one of them. God bless him.
—John Dennis, in the 'Spectator.'