



A QUEER BIRD

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MRS. WOODCOCK has a very long, straight bill and a flat head. She is very shy, and always stays in the deep woods in the daytime. The light of the sun seems to dazzle her eyes. At night she leaves her home and goes to damp meadows or marshes to hunt for worms and grubs.

In the spring Mrs. Woodcock builds her nest of grass and roots on the ground, near the trunk of a tree. Here she lays three or four eggs. When the baby woodcocks are hatched the mother is very fond of them. But on the dry ground there is no food that they like, and as Mother Woodcock does not want her little ones to starve, she takes them to some damp ground. But the little woodcocks cannot walk very far, and their wings are not yet strong enough for them to fly, so Mother Woodcock takes up one in her strong claws and holds it tightly between her legs, and then off she flies to some place where there is the right food for her and the babies.

A BIRD STORY.

WHILE a British brig was gliding smoothly along before a good breeze in the South Pacific a flock of small birds, about the size, shape, and colour of parquets, settled down in the rigging, and passed an hour or more resting.

The second mate was so anxious to find out the species to which the visiting strangers belonged that he tried to entrap a specimen, but the birds were too shy to be thus caught, and too spry to be seized by the quick hands of the sailors.

At the end of about an hour the birds took the brig's course and disappeared, but toward nightfall they came back, and passed the night in the rigging. The next morning the birds flew off again, and when they returned at noon the sailors scattered some food about the decks. By

this time the birds had become so tame that they hopped about the decks picking up the crumbs.

That afternoon an astonishing thing happened. The flock came flying swiftly toward the brig. Every bird seemed to be piping as if pursued by some little in visible enemy on wings, and they at once huddled down behind the deck-house.

The superstitious sailors at once called the captain of the brig, who rubbed his eyes and looked at the barometer. A glance showed that something was wrong with the elements, and the brig was put in shape to outride a storm. The storm came about twenty minutes after the birds had reached the vessel. For a few minutes the sky was like

the waterless bottom of a lake—a vast arch of yellowish mud—and torrents of rain fell. Why it did not blow very hard no one knows, but on reaching port two days later they learned that a great tornado had swept across that part of the sea.

ELLEN'S KNITTING.

ELLEN has joined the Brownies of the Needle-Work Guild. The Brownies are little people you know, but perhaps you do not know that the Needle-Work Guild is made up of many ladies and girls, each of whom agrees to make two new garments each year for the poor. Two garments is not much, is it? I think each one of you can do that. Perhaps you can only hem two towels, or crochet two wash-cloths; or you may try to knit a pair of little stockings, as Ellen is doing, or you may make two aprons. Then when the cold winter days come you will know that you have tried to make some child comfortable.

Ellen seems to have dropped some stitches. They must be taken up at once or they will go farther and farther down and spoil the stocking. That is the way with your life. If anything gets wrong you must find what it is and make it right at once, if you do not it will become worse and worse.

Ellen's kind mother is willing to help her in her work, as in everything that she does. What could you do without the loving mother who smoothes out all the rough places? Do you try to make your mother happy?

Ellen works on her knitting half an hour each day. By-and-bye she will have finished the stockings. Then she will fasten the pair together by putting a thread through the top of each stocking and tying it. I think she will feel very happy when she hands the stockings to her Director at the Guild.

HOW HE WAS PHOTOGRAPHED.

"Don't want my picture taken," whined little Roland Abbott.

"What, not to send to dear Grandma Burton?" coaxed mamma.

"No! Don't want it taken 't all," he insisted.

Now mamma could make her little boy sit in the chair and be photographed; but she could not force a pleasant expression upon his face, and she did not want to send a cross, pouting, teary face to dear grandma, for she might think that little Roland looked so all the time. And that would not be one bit fair, for no little boy could look sweeter than he when he wanted to.

Suddenly a happy thought occurred to her.

"Roland, let's have the baby photographed, and send his picture to grandma."

"All right. I'd raver" (rather), he answered.

"Well, but you and Willie must stand beside him to help hold him on the chair, and to keep him from being afraid of the strange man," she added.

Willie laughed, for he understood what mamma wanted. And soon the little group was arranged as prettily as possible.

"Now baby, look at this singing birdie, and please do not stir, little lads, or the baby will turn to look at you," said the photograph man.

"Click," went something, and the man threw a cloth over the camera and went into the dark room.

A few days later a fine picture of the baby came home. But there was Roland on one side and Willie on the other.

"Why-ee!" said Roland. "How'd that picture man get my picture and Willie's? I never saw him take them."

BETTER THAN GOLD.

"I WILL give that to the missionaries," said Billy; and he put his fat hand on a half-sovereign, as he counted the contents of his money-box.

"Why?" asked little sister Susie, quite earnestly.

"'Cause it's gold. Don't you know the wise men brought Jesus gifts of gold? And the missionaries work for Jesus."

Stillness for a little, then Susie said. "The gold all belongs to him anyhow. Don't you think it would be better to go right to him and give him what he asks for?"

"What's that?" Billy asked.

Susie repeated softly: "My son, give me thine heart."

THREE little King's Daughters, who could not find sufficient number to form a "Ten," called themselves the "Tri-angle", but they spelled it "Triangel." When some of the boys found out their mistake, they nick-named them the "Try-angels," which was a pretty nice name after all.