

ly done up in lovely coils now, and her father says his Madge Wildfire is his dearest treasure, and her little brother loves his sister devotedly, and mother leans on her golden-haired daughter and calls her "her tower of strength," and the moral of it all is that a "bad beginning does not always make a bad ending."

clear away the dishes some time later, who speedily killed it.

When extracted from the jug, the crease in the snake's body, caused by the great pressure of the handle of the jug was very perceptible.

E. LEVER.

A CAT'S VIEW OF LIFE.

THE SNAKE LIKED EGGS.

(A true story.)

During the repairing of a lumber dredge on the Florida river, the men engaged on the work, lived chiefly on a big lighter, on which they worked in a small house on the deck. When their day's work was finished they amused themselves by going hunting on shore. On this particular occasion their leader had been liberally added to by a good supply of wild turkey's eggs. After the hungry workmen had eaten heartily of a sumptuous dinner they left the remains on their dining table, and returned to work, as there apparently was no fear of any intruders, certainly no cats or dogs. They left all the doors and windows wide open, not anticipating such a strange visitor as was afterwards found imprisoned in the following manner:

A large-sized Moccasin snake, measuring six feet in length, of a dark brownish color, one of the most poisonous kind in Florida, crawled on board the lighter, and then wriggled through the open doorway to the dining room. Seeing no sign of opposition to its prospecting tour, it climbed up the table leg, and here, with a snake's usual fondness for eggs, determined to have a good feast. One of the turkey eggs lay close to the plate, and the rest were in a dish on the opposite side of the table. In the centre of the table stood a very large water jug.

After swallowing the solitary egg, the snake, to save itself the trouble of going over the dishes, thought it would crawl through the handle of the jug. True, it was a tight fit, and it found that it could only get half way through, as the first egg had slightly enlarged its body. But, nothing daunted by this opposition to its progress, it stretched out to its utmost length, and managed to reach the dish and bolt another egg, which when swallowed, would only pass as far as the handle of the jug, thus fastening Mr. Snake as firmly in the handle as if held in a vice. Wriggle as it would, it found itself unable to escape, and it was practically rivetted to its prison, and was found in this peculiar trap by the cook when he came to

This is the very worst world I ever got into. I declare a cat can't do a single thing, but what some one gets after it. This morning, when I woke up, I felt thirsty. As I like fresh water, I was just ready to take a cool drink from the bucket, when I heard "'scat!'"

Well, of course, I had to run. As I could not get the water, I went to the spring-house. There was a nice pan of milk on the table. I took a drink from this pan. Before I knew it, Mary Jane gave me an awful slap.

I ran into the yard and stayed there until I felt hungry. Then I tried to catch a mouse or a rat in the barn, but none came out.

I went into the dining room to see what I could get to eat. No one was there, so what could I do but help myself. As I could not see what was on the table, I jumped upon it.

There stood a plate of meat. Now, I like meat, but do not get it often. So I was eating finely when quick as thought I was thrown out of the window.

I think the girl treated me very rudely. Don't you think so?

By this time I felt tired, and as the baby lay in a soft bed, I thought I would lie down beside her.

What did that baby do but scream, and her father came to see what was the matter.

I saw I had better get out of the way. He threw his slipper at me. I heard him say, "Jack, if you don't make that cat stay in the barn, I'll drown her."

When I heard that I thought it best to go to the barn and stay there. I don't dare go near the house for fear of being drowned.

Now, I ask you, my friend, if this is not a hard world for a cat to live in?

Every boy may be a knight, though he may not ride to war in shining armor. To fight against the wrong and stand true and strong stamps a boy as gallant and as brave as was any knight of old.

"There's no use in trying," says Jack. But sturdy Dan says, "Of course there is; at least there is no harm in trying."