

that fly is unusually gifted, its minutes are numbered. The toad almost invariably captures the insect, and it enjoys nothing more than a place by the window where flies are numerous. The horned toad likes to be petted. Rub its head and it will roll up its eyes, puff out its throat, and you can almost see it smile.



A HERO'S CHILD.

THE *Daily Mail* tells a pretty anecdote of Sir George White's six-year-old daughter. This little lady, while walking with her nurse in the neighborhood of Windsor, met the cripple boys sent down by the Ragged School Union to Princess Christian's holiday home. Finding out the most helpless urchin, she cried, "Poor little boy—oh, you poor dear little cripple boy!" and would not be content until she had obtained cakes and oranges for the sufferers, while her chosen way of celebrating the relief of Ladysmith was by having these children to "tea and fireworks."



WHY SHE DIDN'T CARE.

The many things that have been written concerning the wearing of feathers on ladies' hats for adornment, remind one of a woman who met a small boy carrying a nestful of eggs. "You cruel wretched boy," she cried, "how could you have the heart to do such a horrid thing? No doubt the poor mother is now breaking her heart for the loss of her eggs." "Oh, no, she don't care," said the small boy, moving cautiously out of reach, "she ain't got the chance. You've got her in your hat."

