

Boys and Girls.

My Bed Is a Boat.

My bed is like a little boat;
Nurse helps me in when I embark;
She gives me in my sailor's coat
And starts me in the dark.

At night I go on board and say
Good-night to all my friends on
shore;
I shut my eyes and sail away,
And see and hear no more.

And sometimes things to bed I take,
As prudent sailors have to do—
Perhaps a slice of wedding cake,
Perhaps a toy or two.

All night across the dark we steer;
But when the day returns at last,
Safe in my room, beside the pier,
I find my vessel fast.

—A Child's Garden of Verse.

Leonard Bradley and the Wolves.

I have learned a little more about
dead generations from the attic than
from the many-branched Family Tree
hanging in the wide hall, under the
original grant of land signed by Cecil
Calvert, Lord Baltimore. The last
time I undertook the attic I was armed
with a bunch of keys (wardens to the
more valuable heirlooms) and accom-
panied by grandmamma. For grand-
mamma delights in talking "old
times" to one who loves to listen.
Therefore, when grandmamma was
seated upon a little low chair, with
a very high back, belonging, no doubt,
to a spinning-wheel and a chimney-
corner, I proceeded to look at the con-
tents of a brown hair trunk.

"What an extraordinary garment!"
I said, holding up to view a coat with
tails torn or chewed directly off.
"It looks as if it went with a pow-
dered queue and knee-breeches and
buckles, and all that sort of thing. But
why are there no coat-tails?"
"That coat belonged to your great-
great-uncle, Leonard Bradley, on your
mother's side. The Bradley things are
in the trunks, and the Herberts in the
chests."

"But the coat-tails!" I said, closing
the trunk and spreading the garment
upon it. I settled myself beside it, and
grandmamma smiled at me.

"I'll not take so long to tell, for it
didn't take long to happen. I am very
proud of those lost coat-tails. It hap-
pened this way—and I've heard my
father tell about it so often that I can
close my eyes and see it. Your great-
great-uncle, Leonard Bradley, was a
famous huntsman in his day, and used
to make excursions into the heart of
the mountains near which he lived,
and bring back game, and plenty of
pelts besides. That part of the coun-
try was so wild and lonely then, and
the little settlement so near the foot
of the mountain, that for years the
sheep-pens were not safe at night from
a howling bear or wolf. One day, many
years ago, as a child, of the creatures
which inhabited those mountains and
never showed themselves by light of
day."

One evening Leonard Bradley, who
was quite a young man, returned, at
dusk, with two of his friends from a
hunting expedition in the mountains.
A town meeting had been called for
that evening, and was to be held in
the school house. The school house
stood some distance from the group of
houses which formed the settlement,
it having been built near the foot of
the mountain, because the village
seemed to be growing in that direc-
tion. It was a bitterly cold evening,
and the ground was covered with
snow. The hunters, who had not
brought back much game, determined
to stop at the school house and await
the several townsmen, who, with
themselves, would form the meeting
of the principal men of the village.
One of Leonard Bradley's friends had
shot a bear, and shortly before dark
and, returning, had grown tired, and
dragged it after him over the snow
to the door of the school house. The
third man of the party was the school-
master, who, having a duplicate key
of the door, had then in and then pro-
ceeded to build a fire preparatory to
the meeting to be held later.

"They sat around it, getting warm
and chatting, and by and by one said:
"The wind is rising. Hear it com-
ing down the mountain!"

"Yes," said another, "it's like a hu-
man voice. It will be bitterly cold to
go home in."

"Harken," said Leonard Bradley,
suddenly. Then they sat silent for a
moment, and in that moment the
wind's voice took a strange and terri-
ble note. Nearer and more loud it
came. Nearer and more terrible.

"The men sprang to their feet with
blanched faces. Then a prolonged and
frenzied sound swept down the moun-
tain through the night, and wrapped
them round with a terrible nearness.

"Wolves!" said Leonard Bradley.
"They are starved out and have fol-
lowed our track. There must have
been blood dropped from the game!"

"An instant of listening showed that
it was right. The wind-like sound
that, at a distance, seemed to come
from a throat, broke suddenly from a
frenzied pack of wolves lurled later,
dashing and leaping, upon the door of
the little school house."

"The mark of the cub's blood," said
Leonard Bradley, briefly. "How many
charges have you?"

"Two," said one man, examining his
gun. "One," said the other, looking at
his. "None," said Leonard Bradley,
snapping his flintlock, and the door
is not over strong."

"Between the chinks of a shutter
they could see the howling forms
black against the snow, making vain
dashes upon the door sill, over which
the body of the cub had been drawn.
The door shook ominously as they
battered themselves against it."

"We cannot shoot from here," said
one of the men. Then Leonard Brad-
ley leaped up a low flight of steps to
a little landing, where hung the bell-
fellow, the long end of which lay coiled
upon the floor. On this landing there
was also a window, and to this window
the three men pressed.

"Far off they could see a gleam of
light here and there from the houses
in the settlement. The moon had
risen, and all around them was a
world of snow, with the darkness of
the mountain in the background, and
beneath was a panting, ravenous pack
of wolves—how many they did not
dare conjecture. The tracks of blood
in the snow had fairly frenzied the
beasts. They were howling like mad,
and leaping upon the door of the
school house."

"One of the men fired from the win-
dow, and a huge wolf sprang upward
and dropped dead. A second shot
entered the pack and infuriated the
animals all the more. The third mis-
fired."

"That is all, and the door will not
hold much longer," said Leonard Brad-
ley, at a sound from below. He seized
the bell-rope and commenced to ring
with all his might.

"This may stir them in the village
and show that something is wrong!"
"Twist soon be too late," said one
of the men, leaning from the window,
"they smell the blood yet!"

"Throw out the game and keep
them off the door!" cried Leonard
Bradley. So, while he pulled the bell-
rope, his friends carried upward the
game, which they had piled within the
door, and cast it out of the window.
There were but four pieces in all, and
these were fallen upon and ravenously
devoured. But the portion of the
hungry wolves which had gone none
less upon the school house door in a
fury evidently scenting the blood
which had crossed its threshold.

"Then there came a sudden sound of
cracking timbers. The two men fell
upon their knees, and Leonard Brad-
ley dropped the bell-rope.

"The door is giving way!" he said.
"If there was a little more time help
might come."

"If there were but more game to
throw out!" cried one of the men.
"And again there was the sound of
cracking timber. Then, suddenly,
Bradley seized the coil of bell-rope
and sprang upon the window ledge.

He was a twinkling before his friends
dreamed of his intention, he was out-
side, hanging over the heads of the
howling wolves. "The door is giving!"
he called back. "You both have fam-
ilies, maybe I can keep them off!"

"Then there was a howl. Two black
forms leaped into the air, and there
was a sharp cry from Leonard Bradley
and a pistol shot. The foremost wolf
fell back dead, and a volley of shot
right and left. They dashed backward
in a panic towards the mountain, fol-
lowed by a rain of bullets and shot."

"The bell had rung the alarm, and
neighbours thither, and the school
had caught the wolf which leaped up-
ward after Leonard Bradley.

"They picked Leonard Bradley up,
unconscious but really unhurt. It was
found, however, that his coat-tails
had been seized and torn off by the
fangs of the wolf."

"And this is the coat," said Grand-
mamma, stroking the garment which
lay on the trunk. "Leonard Bradley's
mother kept it, and afterwards his
wife, for it means that, after all, sol-
diers do not always fight with a sword,
and all the heroes are not written
down in history."—The Outlook.

Pickings From the Intellect of Little Plato Smith.

Boys have messes, and men has politics.
I'd rather take a bath than wear a
pair of pants 't school.

Pa says laziness is a crime, but ma
builds the kitchen fire.

Boys get most of their sicknesses
'fore school calls in the morning.
When I want ma to say "yes," I get
ma to say "no."

Pa says I never get excited; but
when our chimney burnt I got
scraped a lot of skin off my legs 'ryin'
t' get on the roof without a ladder.

Bobby's Composition on Parents.

Parents are things which boys have
and girls have. Most girls also
have parents. Parents consist of Pa
and Mas. Pa talk a good deal about
what they are going to do, but mostly
it's Mas that make you mind. Sober
times as have found acceptance among
a certain class, and are related by cer-
tain authors."

Coming to the interesting question
whether dreams have any prophetic
power, the writer says:

"Some very serious stories are un-
doubtedly told on very good authority
of what is called the 'dream of the
future.' How can it be otherwise? The famous
professor, Herr Teufelsdröck, when he
looked out of his garret window in
Weselthow, down upon the town, at
the midnight hour, reflected upon the
fact that upward of five hundred
thousand two-legged animals without
feathers were lying round about in
horizontal positions, their heads all in
nightcaps and full of the foolishness
of dreams. It would be a miracle if
no event happened the next day that
would correspond to one of the dreams
in those five hundred thousand brains.
If you dream but three dreams a
night you have had three hundred
every year you have lived, and as
most of these relate to ordinary life
many must by chance have, what is
called, come true. Consider this. There
are, say, fifteen hundred millions of
persons in the world. Each of these
has dreams, some one, some a score or
more, each of the 365 nights in the
year. Five hundred thousand million
dreams every year! On the other
hand, say, fifteen hundred millions of
events must truly represent coming
events. Every person has at least ten
thousand nights every 30 years. Sup-
pose an individual in good health,
dreaming but one dream a night, form-
ing the habit of remembering his last
sleeping presentation. Say the chances
are a thousand to one against the
waking dream coming true. Then the
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sider the probabilities as less, and add
the experience of acquaintances, then
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dences of dreams and subsequent
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Note carefully the difference between
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lar discovery which might in a faint
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how the remembrance alters even
while you talk. By the time the dream
has lost the features which did not
coincide with the fact to which it
is about to be united as a very re-
markable forecast, and has gained
some additions which improve the
narrative, the dreamer is satisfied
developed into a very satisfactory vi-
sion, and the dreamer, with perfect
good faith, declares that henceforth
no one shall ever persuade him that
he has no truth in dreams, and grows
proud with the consciousness that he
is the subject of functions which do
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Too True.

Reporter—What do you find to be
the easiest thing to run in? Tights?
Athlete—Oh, no; Aids.

Age in the Ministry.

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