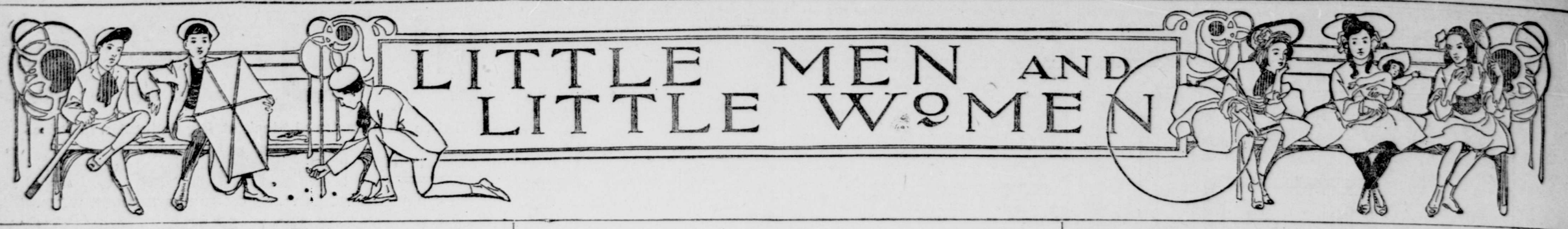

The Stolen Prince.

BY E. M. JAMESON. ILLUSTRATED BY H. C. SANDY.

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CHAPTER VIII.

After hearing from the fairy Stella that the king of the gnomes was such a very peculiar personage, the little princess and Otho naturally felt some curiosity about him.

They had no idea of the distance of his realms, and there was no one to ask in what direction his kingdom lay.

Toward noon, when the sun was at its height, they sought shelter from its burning rays, but in vain. They were in the open country now, far from forests and trees, on an undulating plain, where the turf was springing and soft beneath the tread, and where there were numbers of stunted bushes too small to afford shelter.

They grew very hot, and exhausted, and thirsty, but they could see no water anywhere.

A hedge ran along by the roadside, and the princess sat down on the bank to rest a while.

It was no cooler, and the sun shone down with cruel strength.

Otho was much concerned at her weary condition.

"You stay here, princess," he said, "and I will seek a stream of water; one cannot be far distant."

"No, no!" exclaimed the princess, terrified lest she should be left all alone in a strange country; "suppose we lost each other. Do not go."

The same thought had occurred to Otho, and he, too, sat down by the roadside disconsolately, and fanned himself with his plumed cap.

They were both too tired and hot to talk, and each longed unutterably for the shelter and comforts of home. The most provoking thoughts of foaming sherbet and lemonade and strawberry ices would come to torment them, together with a mental vision of the cool, green glades of the palace gardens, and the sound of its splashing fountains.

And the day grew hotter.

Nerissa's cheeks became scarlet, her eyes heavy and her throat felt dry and parched.

As far as the eye could see stretched undulating plain and burning, blue sky, while far in the distance the Shining Mountain stood bathed in a shimmering haze. Long as had been their journeyings, it appeared to be as far away as ever, and to-day Nerissa felt that she could go no further.

Then her hand encountered the tiny white shoe, and she took fresh courage. She looked again at the distant goal—the Shining Mountain—and tried to "make believe" that it was nearer.

"Otho," she said suddenly, "don't you think the Shining Mountain seems nearer to us to-day?"

Otho's eyes followed her's in that direction, and then, to her great disappointment, he shook his head with a sigh.

"It looks further away, princess."

Nerissa's "make believe" faded away, and she, too, seemed to think it more distant than it ever had been.

At that moment there broke upon their ears the sound of a man's voice, singing lustily. So close was the sound—indeed, it appeared to come from behind them—that they both started violently and looked around them.

The voice was accompanied by the tap, tap, tap of a hammer, ringing upon granite blocks.

It seemed to come from the other side of the hedge.

Count Otho stood on tiptoe and tried to look over, but the hedge was too high. The princess tried also, but she, too, failed.

And the great voice went on singing, cheerfully; tap, tap went the hammer on the granite. Beside the road were three or four large stones. Otho and the princess carried them one by one to the side of the hedge and built up a little mound.

"You look first," whispered the princess; and Otho climbed upon the stones, which were very insecure, and then he looked over the hedge.

So absorbed did he become in what he saw that Nerissa grew impatient.

"What is it?" she asked.

"I think—at least I'm almost certain—it's a man," whispered Otho, with a perplexed frown; "he's immensely tall, and has such a round, red face! You look, princess."

He got down, and the princess clambered up in her turn, and she, too, grew absorbed in what she saw. Seated before a heap of stones, with a great hammer in his hand, was the strangest looking creature she had ever seen. A tall cotton umbrella, the size of a tent, overshadowed him, casting a pleasant green shade, the mere sight of which made Nerissa feel cool. She looked round at Otho.

"Shall I speak to it—to him?" she asked; "perhaps he's a gnome. He's very strange to look at, but I think he's kind."

Otho nodded, eagerly; the green umbrella made their side of the hedge appear all the hotter.

So Nerissa put her head well over and said, timidly, "Please, are you a gnome?"

But the lusty voice went on singing and the hammer continued to break the stones.

Nerissa spoke in a louder tone.

"Please, are you a gnome?" she asked again.

The hammer paused in a huge, uplifted hand; and the man looked up and down and around him in every direction but Nerissa's.

"I really believe he must be doing it on purpose," she said, in despair; and then, as the hammering and singing recommenced, she broke a bit of twig from the hedge and threw it down. It alighted on his head, for the umbrella was raised a good height from the ground.

She saw that he rubbed his head perplexedly and looked around him. He was just beginning his work again when a thought seemed to strike him, for he rubbed his head afresh, and slipped from under the umbrella, a look of wonderment on his round, red face.

To Nerissa's great relief he at last caught sight of her.

"People that lives in glass houses hasn't no business to throw stones," he said.

Nerissa felt that perhaps she had been rather impolite, and hastened to explain.

"I don't live in a glass house, and it was a twig I threw, and not a stone," she said, apologetically, "but you were such a long time hearing me that I got tired of waiting."

At this explanation the man's face grew good natured at once.

"I was singing," he said. "I likes dearly to hear my own voice, and I makes up as I goes along. Did you hear the beautiful words I was singing?"

Nerissa looked embarrassed. She thought he had a very unmusical voice.

"I—I only heard a few words," she said, "and you kept on saying them over and over again, so I remembered them—'Cheerful I be, as all men may see.'"

"That's it!" exclaimed her companion, his round face beaming with pleasure; "beautiful, I calls it. And it goes on"—— he paused and looked about him; then he shook his head.

"It just comes and goes," he said, "and more often it goes than comes."

"But it couldn't go if it didn't come," suggested Nerissa.

"Why couldn't it? Now, why couldn't a thing go without coming?"

"I don't see how it could," replied Nerissa, "but never mind. Are you a gnome?"

"A gnome?" asked her new friend, and he burst into a great laugh. He laughed for so long that the princess began to feel seriously offended. Princesses are not accustomed to be laughed at, and even the most insignificant commoner never likes it.

Presently he stopped as suddenly as he had begun.

"Ever seen a gnome?" he asked.

"No," said Nerissa, "but I was told that they are very peculiar looking people, and so I thought"—— she paused quickly, afraid that she had been rude, but he appeared pleased rather than offended.

"Well, if you've never seen a gnome," he said, "you might think I was one, because there's something a bit out of the common about me." He smiled broadly, as if thoroughly pleased with himself, which Nerissa thought very fortunate.

"Folk hereabouts calls me the Country Bumpkin," he said, "and one name's as good as another."

Otho grew impatient.

"Ask him if we may shelter under his umbrella," he said; "it grows hotter and hotter, princess."

The Country Bumpkin appeared to be delighted to offer them shelter, and hastened to help Nerissa over to his side of the hedge, which he did by merely grasping her waist with one huge hand and lifting her bodily. Then he did the same for Otho.

Under the green umbrella they grew cooler. The Country Bumpkin had a bottle of water and a bottle of cider. The children drank some water thankfully, and in return offered him a cake. He took it on his palm, where it lay looking no bigger than a lozenge, and then he cautiously nibbled a corner of it. Greatly to their surprise, he made a wry face and threw the cake away in disgust.

"Don't you like it?" asked Otho, pausing in the act of nibbling his own cake.

The Country Bumpkin shook his head, and drew from a red bandana handkerchief a thick slice of bread, and a piece of cheese, even larger. These he began to eat with the aid of a clasp knife so large and shining that the little princess shuddered every time it went near the Country Bumpkin's mouth.

"I likes bread and cheese best," he said, and went on eating steadily until the last morsel had disappeared. Then he snapped the blade of the knife, folded the red bandana and took up his hammer.

"Why do you break big stones into little ones?" asked Otho.

"Because they pays me threepence a week for doing it," said the Country Bumpkin; "it's a nice comfortable life too; tap, tap, tap all day and no worry."

"But don't you wish sometimes to go into the world in search of adventure?" asked the little count, playing thoughtfully with his jewelled dagger, "to fight dragons and things? You are so big that you must be very brave."

The Country Bumpkin shook his head and shuddered all over his big body.

"I am brave, of course," he replied, "but I don't like dragons; and things don't sound nice either, though I don't know exactly what they are. I likes to stop at home safe and comfortable, I do. It's only the great bird I feels afraid of."

"What kind of bird, and where does it come from?" asked Nerissa, eager to know if it could possibly be their enemy, Golconda.

The Country Bumpkin put down his hammer and spoke in a frightened whisper.

"A great white bird that flies from the Shining Mountain yonder!" he said, pointing with his thumb over his shoulder, "with yellow eyes that frightens me so that I gets inside my umbrella, where the bird can't find me."

"Does she often come?" asked Otho, breathlessly.

The Country Bumpkin opened his mouth to reply, and kept it wide open, but not a word came from his lips. Then he crawled on hands and knees and looked out.

"Quick, hide, hide!" he shouted; and before they had realized the danger he had seized the umbrella, had folded it and crept into its capacious folds, whence only his huge, hobnailed boots issued to defy Golconda. There was a glint of silver in the sky overhead, and Otho stood looking up as if powerless to move, but Nerissa thrust a seed between his lips, and took one herself, and when Golconda darted downward there were only two pearly, half blown field daisies where the princess and Otho had been standing a moment earlier.

(To be continued.)

CACTI AND THEIR WAYS.

Perhaps little folks who are not very well acquainted with the cactus family, knowing it only by the slips and odd, crooked branches they see in small pots in florists' shops or the sunny windows of their mamma's old fashioned friend, might find out many interesting things about it if they would study it up a little.

To begin with, cacti are desert plants altogether. They are built to hold a great deal of water, so that, no matter how long it is between rains, they never have to go thirsty. The giant cactus, which often grows to a height of eighty or ninety feet without a branch, is more like a great, jellylike tube or cylinder covered over with barbed wire, than like a plant. The purpose of the long, stout spines ranged up and down the whole length of the tall cactus is to protect its soft body from injury. But for these spines, buffalo and other large animals would break the plant down and the Indians would destroy many more than they now do, for the sake of the water secreted in their honeycombed interiors.

When it does rain on the Arizona, Mexico and New-Mexico deserts, the cactus roots, which spread out for great distances in every direction, just under the surface of the soil, suck up all the moisture they can and send it up into the tall, spike covered reservoir above ground, where it stays in the pulpy cells until the long drouth comes. Then, while all the smaller plants around are wilting and dying on the hot sand, the cactus stands straight and strong, using up the water that it has already stored against this time of need.

The cactus is the camel among vegetables. Camels, you know, drink a great many gallons of water before they start on long journeys across the desert, and then they do not suffer from thirst as other animals do on the sunny, sandy marches. This is just what the cacti do. The liquid which they store is not pure water, but has a sweetish taste like the juice of raw, green corn. Despite the prickles, Indians and travellers across the Western desert often have to find their only drink in the heart of the thrifty cactus.

Being so full of moisture, cacti are very heavy, and a plant about twelve feet high will often weigh more than a thousand pounds. For thousands of miles in Arizona there is not a tree nor a leaf to be seen, the only living thing in sight being the sentinel-like cacti.

THE ROAD TO GRUMBLETOWN.

'Tis quite a straight and easy road
That leads to Grumbletown,
And those who wish can always find
A chance to journey down.

'Tis customary for the trip
To choose a rainy day—
When weather's fine one's not so apt
To care to go that way.

Just keep down Fretful Lane until
You come to Sulky Stile,
Where travellers often like to rest
In silence for a while.

And then cross over Pouting Bridge,
Where Don't Care Brook flows down,
And just a little way beyond
You come to Grumbletown.

From what I learn, this Grumbletown
Is not a pleasant place:
One never hears a cheerful word,
Or sees a smiling face.

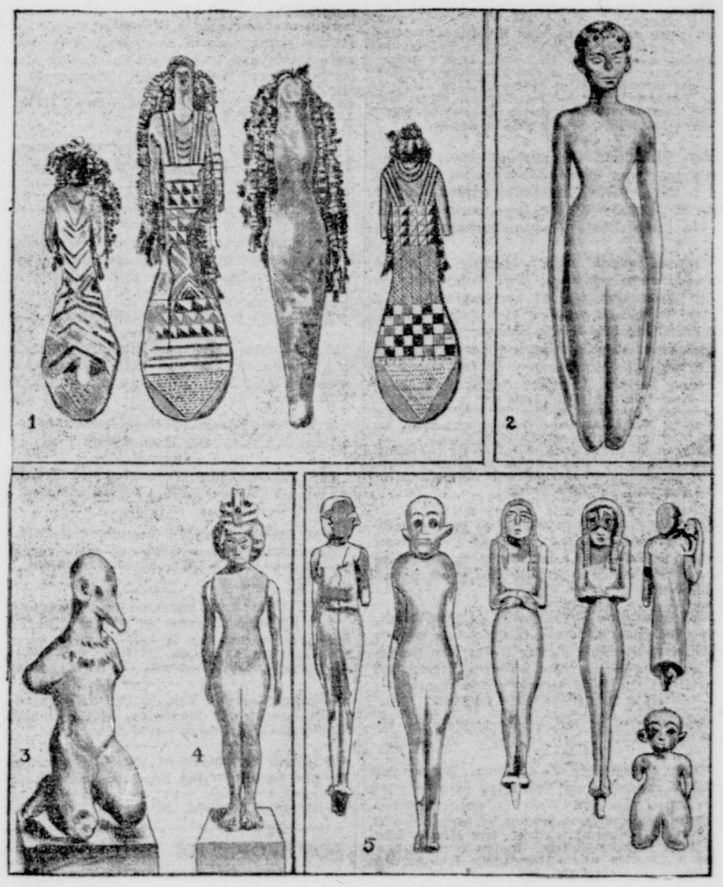
The children there are badly spoiled
And sure to fret and tease,
And all the grown-up people, too,
Seem cross and hard to please.

The weather rarely is just right
In this peculiar spot;
'Tis either raining all the time,
Or else too cold or hot.

The books are stupid as can be;
The games are dull and old;
There's nothing new and nothing nice
In Grumbletown, I'm told.

And so I've taken pains, my dears,
The easiest road to show,
That you may all be very sure
You never, never go!

—(Ellen Manly, in St. Nicholas.



SOME OF THE OLDEST DOLLS IN THE WORLD.

(1) Egyptian dolls, with heads of clay, representing hair, 900 to 1000 B. C. (2) Egyptian doll representing Nubian woman, wood, 700 B. C. or earlier. (3) Man with a duck's head, terra cotta, 600 B. C. or earlier (this is more a toy than a doll), Egyptian. (4) Egyptian doll representing a queen, 600 B. C., bronze, made with movable arms. (5) Early Egyptian dolls, 4400 B. C., made of ivory.

SHE WROTE "LITTLE DROPS OF WATER"

Mrs. Julia A. Carney, the Author, Now an Aged Woman, Living in Illinois.

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the pleasant land.

There are many people who do not know the first verse of "America," and some who cannot say the Ten Commandments, but there are very, very few in the United States who cannot repeat at least the first stanza of "Little Drops of Water."

Who knows anything about the author? Yet Mrs. Julia A. Carney, the author of what is probably the most popular poem that has ever been written

THE AUTHOR OF "LITTLE DROPS OF WATER."

in America, is still alive; but she is old now, and the children of America are contributing a penny each toward a memorial gift to her.

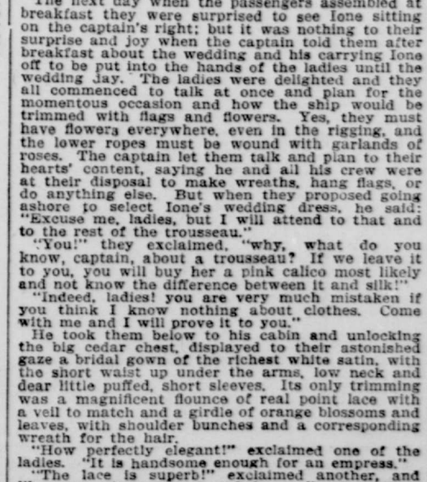
As Mrs. Carney tells it, the story of the way she came to write "Little Drops of Water" is as strange as it is interesting. The greater part of it was dashed off hurriedly as a school exercise, was written in less than ten minutes, and handed in by her (then quite a young woman) as an example of shorthand work.

"In 1845 I was teaching in a primary school in Boston," she says, "and was writing verses and little tracts for religious papers. A friend who published Sunday school tracts for the Universalist Church asked me to write something for his scholars, so I sat down and wrote a 'Letter to Sabbath School Children,' in which I urged them to remember the little things of life.

"'The whole world is made up of little things,' I said. 'I will put this in rhyme for you'—and I ended with the first verse of 'Little Drops of Water.'

"The next morning I was taking a lesson in shorthand, when the teacher asked us to write something orizinal in shorthand. I at once thought of the little poem in my pocket, so I wrote the first verse over in shorthand and then added on the other three. I handed it in, hurried off to school and taught all the morning. At noon I gave it to my friend, who published it in 'The Gospel Teacher.' That is how it first saw the light. 'The Gospel Teacher' is still published, only it is now called 'The Myrtle.'"

After marrying the Rev. Thomas J. Carney, she lived for a time in Maine and Cooperstown, N. Y., but in 1851 they set their faces toward the great West. Mr. Carney became the minister of a church in Chicago for some years, then he went to Beloit, Wis., and from there to Sycamore, Ill., a stronghold of Universalism. In 1858 they moved to Galesburg, Ill., where they made their permanent home, and there Mrs. Carney now lives with her two sons, Fletcher and James Carney. She has never lost her interest in children or in the writings of



other people, and she still believes as she did many years ago, that

Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Help to make earth happy
Like the heaven above.

Parent (sternly)—Another time, Tommy, when you yawn keep your mouth shut.

The Wonderful Electric Elephant.

BY FRANCES TREGO MONTGOMERY. ILLUSTRATED BY C. M. COOLIDGE.

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CHAPTER XI.

A WEDDING IN HONOLULU.

That same evening both the big steamer and the elephant entered the harbor of Honolulu just as the sun was setting. In the gloom the elephant was not noticed, as Harold kept in the shadow of the big boat. He did not want the natives to see him and come swarming around that night, for he had very important business to attend to, and that was to make arrangements for his marriage to Ione. Now that the idea of marrying her had entered his head, he could think of nothing else until it was accomplished.

That night at about 8 o'clock he went on board the Empress of India. While waiting for his card to be sent in, he saw the captain sitting on the deck in the moonlight. Harold approached him, and after the courtesies of the evening had been exchanged, he plunged into the subject uppermost in his heart, and surprised the captain by saying: "Captain, I want to marry the young lady that has been my companion through all my adventures, and I want you to help me."

"My dear young man, you take my breath away! But I shall be delighted to do all in my power to bring about such a happy event, and I congratulate you on having found and won the heart of one who is, I am sure, as sweet and good as she is beautiful. There is one condition, however: I must be allowed to give the bride away, and to have the wedding take place on my ship; also the ladies of my boat must have the care of Miss De Valley from now on until you come to claim her at the altar dressed in her bridal robes. I ask you to grant me this favor in memory of a daughter I lost on the eve of her wedding. She was just your sweetheart's size and age, and I have always carried her bridal robes with me, locked in a chest in my cabin. Now that I am an old man, alone in the world, all my family dead, I should like to see these sacred robes given to one worthy of them and not handed over to a stranger when I am dead. Every article is there, even to the slippers and fan."

"I am sure, captain, it is too good of you," said Harold, as he stealthily wiped a tear from his eye. "And I am sure Ione will accept them in the spirit they are given and thank you from her heart. It is getting a little late, but will you not come and see the inside of my elephant? While there you can speak to Ione herself."

"Certainly, with pleasure," replied the captain. As the two men walked off along the deck, the captain turned and, looking Harold straight in the face, said: "What would I not give to have a son like you!"

"And what would I not give to have a father like you!" answered Harold.

"I tell you what, young man, if you will allow me, I will adopt you on the spot," said the captain.

"I accept your offer and shake hands to bind the bargain," replied Harold. And the two continued on their way laughing.

The captain did not go to bed until a late hour that night, for he had too many things to think about. First, the wonderful electric elephant that Harold showed him from trunk to tail; second, the wedding that was to take place on his ship in three days, and, third, the two beautiful children that had entered his life so strangely and suddenly.

"By the great Horn Spoon! I do love them as if they were my own. And they shall have a wedding breakfast and dance that will not be forgotten for many a day," he said to himself.

The next day when the passengers assembled at breakfast they were surprised to see Ione sitting on the captain's right; but it was nothing to their surprise and joy when the captain told them after breakfast about the wedding and his carrying Ione off to be put into the hands of the ladies until the wedding day. The ladies were delighted and they all commenced to talk at once and plan for the momentous occasion and how the ship would be trimmed with flags and flowers. Yes, they must have flowers everywhere, even in the rigging, and the lower ropes must be wound with garlands of roses. The captain let them talk and plan to their hearts' content, saying he and all his crew were at their disposal to make wreaths, hang flags, or do anything else. But when they proposed going ashore to select Ione's wedding dress, he said: "Excuse me, ladies, but I will attend to that and to the rest of the trousseau."

"You!" they exclaimed, "why, what do you know, captain, about a trousseau? If we leave it to you, you will buy her a pink calico most likely and not know the difference between it and silk!"

"Indeed, ladies! you are very much mistaken if you think I know nothing about clothes. Come with me and I will prove it to you."

He took them below to his cabin and unlocking the big cedar chest, displayed to their astonished gaze a bridal gown of the richest white satin, with the short waist up under the arms, low neck and dear little puffed, short sleeves. Its only trimming was a magnificent flounce of real point lace with a veil to match and a girdle of orange blossoms and leaves, with shoulder bunches and a corresponding wreath for the hair.

"How perfectly elegant!" exclaimed one of the ladies. "It is handsome enough for an empress."

"The lace is superb!" exclaimed another, and like expressions were heard from all sides. Poor little Ione was too overcome to speak and stood looking on with hands clasped trying to keep back the tears.

"Oh, captain! you are too good; but I could not wear such an elegant gown. A little white muslin will be good enough for me," said Ione.

"My dear, nothing is too good for you, any more than it was for my dear daughter, whom I hope to live to see again in you. I beg you to cheer an old man's heart by wearing this dress to please him," answered the captain.

Ione without saying another word turned and threw her arms around the old captain's neck, calling him her dear adopted father. This pleased him so that he took her in his arms and gave her a big hug and kiss, and then hurried from the cabin to hide his emotion. As soon as the ladies could collect themselves after this affecting scene, they called Ione to come and see the rest of her trousseau. Such exclamations of joy and admiration you never heard as piece after piece of beautiful, lace trimmed underwear was disclosed; but when at the very bottom of the chest they found a handsomely carved sandalwood box containing the slippers, painted fan and lace handkerchief to complete the wedding costume, the excitement knew no bounds and they fairly kissed Ione from joy.

During the next few days Harold was not idle. He had selected from the pearls they had gathered enough evenly matched in color and shape to make Ione a superb necklace. These he had taken to the jewellers in Honolulu to have strung and fitted up with a clasp of emeralds and diamonds. He also had mounted for her a solitaire diamond as an engagement ring, and a circle of emeralds for another, and two pink pearls set with diamonds for another. Besides, he had bracelets, chains and all kinds of brooches made for her. When they were all finished he put them into a magnificent solid gold jewelcase set with precious stones, which he had found hidden away in the elephant, and which had contained the phial of colorless liquid that the old man had thought would give him everlasting life.

As Harold returned to the elephant with his case of jewels that had once contained such rare, precious water of life, he thought, "I hope Ione won't wear any of them but the string of pearls on her wedding day."

The day of the wedding dawned bright and fair, as all wedding days should dawn, and by high noon, the time set for the ceremony, everything was in order on board ship and flags of all colors and nations fluttered and waved from the head and rigging while the deck and saloon were turned into veritable flower beds. Birds of beautiful plumage in gilded cages helped the band make music everywhere and added much to the beauty of the scene.

Precisely as eight bells were sounded, a weird Hawaiian wedding march was played by natives hidden from view by tall palms and flowers, and to this music Ione walked the whole length of the saloon and took her place under a canopy of white and pink flowers arranged in the shape of a huge seashell, half of which hung over her head and the other half formed the platform on which she stood. As she stood there alone waiting for Harold to join her, she looked like some fairy queen that had been hidden in the gigantic shell until it had suddenly opened and disclosed her standing within.

Harold stepped to her side, the chaplain took his place in front of them, and soon they were made man and wife; and you never saw a more handsome couple than they as they stood together receiving the congratulations of their guests and the fatherly kiss of the captain. Of guests there were not a few, for the captain was a great favorite in Honolulu and had invited all his friends to be present at his daughter's wedding, very few of whom guessed that Ione was not his real daughter.

The decorations and presents, which were displayed on a long table at one end of the saloon, were marvels of beauty, taste and exquisiteness, while the wedding breakfast was a delight to all.

(To be continued.)

EXPERIENCE WITH A LION.

Lions, it seems, take to man-eating only as a means of self-defence, or when they become too old to be a match for the wild prey, the favor of which they so much prefer. Old hunters declare that they never knew a lion really to "stalk" a man; that, as a rule, they rather "turn up their noses" at civilized flesh, and are more or less easily diverted from the scent. In "Days and Nights by the Desert" Parker Gilmore tells of a trick he once played on one of these animals.

"I was hunting ostriches," he says. "At a bend in the ravine the bird disappeared, and I was about to follow it, when, by the merest chance, I looked behind me, and to my surprise and horror saw that a large lion was not over seventy yards behind me, and evidently stalking me as carefully as I had been stalking the bird.

"If I could have gained a tree I should certainly have climbed it in a hurry; but no tree was near. To make a run for it would have brought the lion upon me at once. I kept steadily along the edge of the ravine till I came to a place that promised shelter; it was a drop of four feet to a ledge about thirty inches wide and afterward a perpendicular descent of fifty to sixty feet, terminating in a quantity of broken bowlders and jagged stones.

"With as little appearance of alarm as I could assume I sat down on the edge of the precipice, ever and anon taking a careful glance behind to see where my foe was. About twenty rods behind me were a few ragged bushes. Behind these the lion had taken shelter, and was keeping a careful survey upon my every movement. Darkness was rapidly coming on when I slipped from my seat and dropped down to the ledge. Instantly I slipped off my coat and hung it on the muzzle of my musket, and shoved it up over the upper ledge where I had so lately been sitting.

"Scarcely was this done when my coat was torn away and my gun hurled to the bottom of the gully. But they did not go alone. No; my assailant was with them, and there he remained all night, grumbling over his disappointment at not having me for supper.

"A colder night I never passed, but I had to make the best of it. In the morning I found my assailant had smashed his fore leg in his fall. The musket was not much injured, and I soon ended his suffering."

THE DUEL.

The gingham dog and the calico cat
Side by side on the table sat:
'Twas half-past twelve, and what do you think?
Neither of them had slept a wink!
And the old Dutch clock and Chinese plate
Seemed to know as sure as fate,
There was going to be an awful spat.
(I wasn't there—I simply state
What was told to me by the Chinese plate.)

The gingham dog went "bow-wow-wow!"
And the calico cat replied "me-ow!"
And the air was streaked for an hour or so
With fragments of gingham and calico,
While the old Dutch clock in the chimney place
Up with its hands before its face,
For it always dreaded a family row!
(Now, mind, I'm simply telling you
What the old Dutch clock declares is true.)

The Chinese plate looked very blue
And wailed: "Oh, dear! what shall we do?"
But the gingham dog and the calico cat
Wallowed this way and tumbled that
And utilized every tooth and claw
In the awfullest way you ever saw—
And, oh! how the gingham and calico flew!
(Don't think that I exaggerate—
I got my news from the Chinese plate.)

Next morning where the two had sat
They found no trace of the dog or cat!
And some folks think unto this day
That burglars stole that pair away;
But the truth about that cat and pup
Is that they ate each other up—
Now, what do you really think of that?
(The old Dutch clock, it told me so,
And that is how I came to know.)

—(Eugene Field.

TENDER ANIMAL MOTHERS.

A wild beast tamer of long experience tells some interesting things of the affection of animals for their young. He had an elephant once, he says, who did all in her power to spoil her young one. She fussed over it and cuddled it up so that when the time came for it to leave the cage it was simply unmanageable. When one of the men made a bold move toward the baby he was promptly butted in the stomach and bowled over in a peculiar way which the youngster had of expressing his feelings toward those whom he disliked. At last, by a ruse, the mother and son were separated. But there was no such thing as keeping them apart. The baby rubbed the skin off its forehead and trunk, trying to get through the bars, and both wailed so long and piteously that the keeper was obliged to put them together again.

A shy baby camel that passed through the hands of this same trainer refused to look upon the world except from its favorite station, between its mother's legs. The mother, too, would show her displeasure at any effort toward intimacy by spitting violently at every one in sight.

The kangaroo also is very fond of her offspring, and will patiently carry it about long after it is ready to hop on its own account.

But for a display of pure affection the mother monkey beats any other animal, and when there is an addition to the family circle there is general rejoicing. A baby monkey sticks fast by its mother, and asleep or awake it seems always in her thoughts.

TO TEST LIFE OF SEEDS.

The Agricultural Department at Washington is experimenting with the vitality of various seeds. Such wonderful stories are told from time to time of grains that have sprouted after centuries of entombment that Dr. Beal, of the department, determined to give the matter a practical test.

Thirty-two complete sets of seeds, representing 109 species, have been buried in dry clay in porous clay pots and covered with saucers at the Arlington farm. Tests of the vitality of these are to be made at the end of one, two, three, five, seven, ten, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, thirty, forty and fifty years, a few seeds of each kind being taken out and planted at these periods.

"PLEASE ARE YOU A GNOME?"

"I LIKES BREAD AND CHEESE BEST," HE SAID, AND WENT ON EATING.

WHEN GOLCONDA DARTED DOWNWARD THERE WERE ONLY TWO FIELD DAISIES WHERE THE PRINCESS AND OTHO HAD BEEN STANDING.