

SCOTCH OIL MINES.

The Curious Petroleum Field at West Calder, Scotland. William Endley, of West Calder, Scotland, who is the ancient oil shale region of that country, has been making a tour of the Pennsylvania petroleum fields during the last few weeks, and was in New York this week.

"I am more than amazed," said he, "at what I have seen. The petroleum of Scotland is mined like coal, and although I had read of the oil-wells of America, I was not prepared for such a vast difference in the methods of oil production. The Scotch petroleum is not in the fluid state, but in a shale formation. The extracting of the products of this shale was for many years a most important industry, and is quite an extensive one yet; but the American oil, both illuminating and lubricating, is now set down in our markets cheaper than the Scotch oil can be produced, and how long our oil production will last is only a question of how long natural pride will resist consideration of economy."

The Scotch oil shale is black, and lies at a depth of about four hundred feet beneath the surface. The shale-producing regions are all between Edinburgh and Glasgow, and are known as the oil fields of West Calder. They are very extensive and literally inexhaustible. That is one hope we have. The fluid oil of this country will undoubtedly become exhausted or greatly curtailed in production some time in the future. It would not be kind in me to say that I hope so, but, well, I am interested in West Calder. When your fields cease to pour out a quantity of oil that enables you to refine it, export it, and sell it in Scotland at a less figure than it costs us to extract the oil from the shales at the very threshold of Scotch markets we will come to the front with our oil mines again, and know whether we happen they can't be exhausted."

When the oil fields of West Calder were being operated to a full capacity the shale refinery there known as the Addiewell oil works, and which cover seventy-five acres of ground, gave employment to over two thousand men. In various parts of the field there were shale crushing works, not unlike your coal breakers where the shale is run on heavy rollers, and the shale is broken up into small pieces, and the crude oil extracted at the crushers. What we call crude oil, you would call tar over here. The refiners take it in that condition, and from it extract illuminating and lubricating oil, ammonia and wax. The latter is called paraffine in the oil trade of this country. The tar from a ton of shale will yield fourteen gallons of illuminating oil. This is subjected to four different acid distillations, each one much heavier than any the American fluid petroleum requires. The result is a clear, white high-flash illuminant as good as American kerosene, but four times as expensive. If the American product simply came in competition with our illuminating oil, the effect on our trade would not be of much consequence, as in that branch of the Scotch oil business is not where the profit lies. The lubricant, the ammonia, and the wax are the products which make the shale mines valuable. The American lubricating oil is cheaper, and those who use it say better than any. The latter altogether I can't agree with. Of course the American oil does not interfere with our ammonia products, nor with our wax trade, but we can't afford to produce kerosene and lubricating oil to throw away in order that we may get at the ammonia and wax that the shale contains. I am forced to say, therefore, to use an Americanism, that the Scotch oil business is not booming at the present time.—N. Y. Sun.

FLOWERS AT FUNERALS.

Varieties That Are in General Demand for Sympathetic Offerings. "Oh, yes," said the merry little maiden who was tying great bunches of lilies together at the florist's, "we sell more flowers than ever to go to the cemetery. That basket we have just made up. It is for Miss —"

The basket was an oblong mass of delicate cut-flowers banked in sweet profusion. Above it brooded a white dove from whose bill a single rose depended. A card upon which was written, beneath the name, the word "sympathy," was appended.

"What flowers are most used for funeral orders?"

"All the white lilies, the Nepeto roses, white carnations, white bride's rose, white pansies, white violets and lilies of the valley."

Bunches of lilies, tied with knots of white satin ribbon, lay on the florist's counter ready to be delivered. A cluster of roses had a card attached. It read: "To dear Nellie, from her Sunday-school teacher—Auf Wiedersehen."

"Doves," said a young man in another flower store, "are not fashionable. But they are very popular, especially for children and young people. The funeral dove is quite an article of commerce. There is a place on Grand River avenue where they are raised as delicately as if they were children."

"Is that care necessary?"

"Yes, to preserve their plumage. The white ones are reared by themselves, and at a certain age they are killed and prepared by the taxidermist. Germans are very fond of them at the funerals of children."

"Are there any new features in this business of flowers for the dead?"

used. We have had rose funerals, pansy funerals, tinted funerals and heliotrope, the last for old people."

"What you expect?"

"What you expect to make it. It is easy to estimate roses at seventy-five cents a dozen. Nine hundred roses were recently ordered from one florist for such an occasion. Lilies are about the same price at the present time of year. Camellias are much more expensive. Then there are the tropical plants for the house. The whole expense does not fall on the family, however, in any instance. There are always many pieces sent in by friends."

referring to the notice "omit flowers," which is sometimes mentioned with the fact of decease, a well-known florist remarked that it was in very poor taste. "It would be more gracious," he said, "to receive the flowers and send them to a hospital than to repress the kindly sentiments of friends by such an announcement. It amounts to a churlish refusal of sympathy."—Detroit Free Press.

COARSE CREATURES.

Conditions Which Justify a Man to Use Force Against a Woman. It is becoming rather an interesting question how far a man is bound to refrain from using force against a woman.

In many places it seems to be a frequent practice for women to wield the law over men, even to the public scandal of the courts. It has happened on several occasions of late that women have thus assailed men by mistake, or for some trivial offense. In Jersey City not long ago a reporter was lashed across the face with a whip in the hands of a young woman of unsavory reputation whose appearance before a police court he had reported in the regular course of his duty. A few weeks ago a married woman in New York met her husband walking on Fourteenth street with a young woman. The wife pulled a cowhide whip from under her cloak, lashed the man till he ran away, and then turned her attention to the young woman, whose face she lacerated in a horrible manner. An innocent bystander, who ventured a word of remonstrance, was treated in the same manner. Only recently a young actor was severely punished by a female member of his company, who, while intoxicated, fancied herself the victim of some trivial slight.

In each of these cases the man made no resistance whatever, being restrained by a mistaken sense of honor from using force towards a woman, even under those circumstances. But there is no ground for such a sentiment. The woman who will so far forget her womanhood as to resort to such measures has no claim upon any chivalric feeling among men. She who appeals to force has no ground of complaint if force be used against her. The man who would willingly strike a woman is a brute; but no man is called upon to endure passively the blows of the unsexed creatures who especially in this country are so generally the licentious and the innocent spectator who remonstrated, the man be blamed, he has a perfect right to use whatever force may be necessary to protect himself.—Boston Globe.

TO CURE HYDROPHOBIA.

How to Tell Whether a Dog Is Really and Truly Mad. A physician has recently printed an article entitled "How to tell a mad dog and how to treat hydrophobia." Now, that seems a very simple matter. You should never have any thing on your mind that you want to tell a mad dog. We can tell a mad dog any thing we have to communicate on a postal, or we could send him the information by a rapid telegraph messenger, the young man who makes every body mad with whom he comes in contact, but never gets mad himself. In diagnosing a case of hydrophobia, a dog with a wire muzzle is the most sensitive subject, but any dog will answer. To see if he is mad, pull his tail. Pull hard. It is best to pull with both hands. If the dog jerks away and runs howling down the street, he is not mad. He is only scared. But if he turns around and bites a piece out of your leg, and tries to bite out another larger piece before he swallows the first one, he is mad. Then you have the hydrophobia. Now follows the treatment of hydrophobia. This peculiar form of madness originated with the camel. The camel, you know, can go forty days without water. In treating hydrophobia, offer it any thing but water. Hydrophobia in the North is the same thing as a snake-bite in Texas. It is believed by the best physicians that hydrophobia rages as fearfully in the dead of winter as in the summer. What a wise Providence is this! because when the snow is on the ground all the snakes are dormant, and the thirstiest man in America could not even bite himself at the Zoological Garden. Hydrophobia is contagious. One man who has it had can communicate it to a whole crowd of men. It is not always necessarily fatal, although the worst morning the victim usually wishes that it "had been."—Robert J. Burdette, in Chicago Journal.

Man's Most Reliable Capital.

A man for whom we have always had the highest regard said in our hearing recently: "A man's friends are his capital," a truth to which we heartily assent. One may have honor, position, wealth or learning, but if he have no friends, of what avail are they? There is no treasure so precious as a life-long friendship. How few such friendships there are! There are so many ways of losing friends that when one is gained he should be grasped to with hooks of steel. Pride, selfishness, advancement or adversity, should never be thought of between friends. It is only the same excellence looked for that we are willing should be sought for in us, if only the same standard is used by which we are willing to be measured, then there would be much less to divide those who give promise of being life-long friends, and it must always be remembered if a man is to have friends he must show himself friendly.—Christian Inquirer.

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

Mr. Bowser Tries His Hand at House-Cleaning With Bad Results. "Is there any thing the matter with you?" asked Mr. Bowser the other evening as he suddenly looked up.

"No, certainly not. Do I look bad?"

"Your looks are all right, but you seem nervous and uneasy. I didn't know but your corns had come back."

"You—you—what?"

"I was wondering if you were going to York State to see your mother this spring."

"And suppose I go?"

"Then I shall clean house. It is two years, you know, since we had a carpet up."

"And if I don't go?"

"I was silent."

"Look here, Mrs. Bowser," said my friend, "you can't lay this out on me! You want to pretend that if I am home through house-cleaning I'll prance around and raise the old Harry, and you want to get me into the papers as raising a great fuss."

"But won't you?"

"Won't I? Don't I know that house-cleaning should come once a year! Don't I like it? Did my mother ever clean house without me?"

"And may I go ahead, and will you help me?"

"Of course you can go ahead, and it so happens just now that I've four or five days to spare. I'll begin right off now."

"You are so good, Mr. Bowser, that I must kiss you. There, take that!"

"Oh, pshaw! I'm good, of course, but no better than a husband ought to be. I'll get the soap-ladle, and begin by taking the pictures down."

"I suppose you could get a colored man to do the climbing and lifting?"

"Yes, but I won't. I want no stranger rambling through our house and picking up things."

He got the ladder and began work, and from the way he whistled I think he enjoyed it for about half an hour. In that time he took down a dozen pictures and carried 'em up two flights of stairs to the store-room, but as I went up with the duster he said:

"Why didn't I think to put an elevator into the house? And the man who made this step-ladder ought to be shot! I believe I've climbed a mile or more. What you got there?"

THE HEALTH CRANK.

A Concentrated Nuisance of the Most Disagreeable Type Ever Invented. Health is no doubt a good thing to have in the family, for no one is more to be pitied than the invalid, but it is a remarkable fact that there are healthy people who complain much more than the average invalid. We refer to the health crank. By this term we designate the man who is sorely afflicted with chronic theories in regard to the proper way to promote longevity.

His liver, ears, nose and throat, and bores people according to certain rules that he has adopted for his guidance and their annoyance. He is sick half his days from the effects of what he eats and drinks, and from the exercise he takes to encourage his health, while he shortens the lives of his friends by urging them to become cranks, even as he is a crank. Verily, the condition of the health crank is not one to be envied.

He is never free from some infirmity, and if he could acquire two infirmities at once, his dream of Heaven would almost be realized. As soon as he gets one weak part of his system renovated some other part breaks down, and he has to go to work at that. It may be mentioned incidentally that he never does any thing for his head, which is the weakest part of his system. He drinks acidulous beverages to make his blood thin, and sleeps on his back, with his head toward the north, to make it circulate properly.

When he imagines that his liver is working in a reprehensible manner he stimulates it, or props it up, with a horseback ride before breakfast, and if his stomach does not perform its functions with accuracy and dispatch, he floods it with cold water before going to bed, or irrigates it with a sedlitz powder the moment he gets up in the morning. He is always doing or taking something to head off some infirmity.

Anticipated ills trouble him most. His favorite maxim is that about the ounce of prevention and the pound of cure. When he is not engaged in forcing his system with graham bread or oat-meal, he is developing some weak muscle with dumb-bells, or trying to create an appetite, or saving half a cord of wood before the dew is off the grass. He wears cork soles in his shoes, claiming they act as rheumatism insulators. He is very regular in his habits. He cuts his hair according to the seasons, wears a big shape, and his almanac and takes exercise by the clock. He is very fond of explaining how much phosphorus there is in corn, saccharine qualities in cheese, and saccharine matter in wheat.

His talk at the table is about the adulteration of food, and he makes his friends nervous and sick by telling them of the dreadful things that gold-compass. You know how that nail would affect the compass. The ship's officers, deceived by that distracted compass, per the ship two hundred miles off her course, and suddenly the man on the lookout cried: "Land, ho!" and the ship was halted within a few yards of her destination on Nanuet shoals. A sixpenny nail came near wrecking a great Canarder. Small rops hold mighty destinies.

A minister, seated in Boston at his table, lacking a word, puts his hands before his head and tilts back his chair to think, and the ceiling falls and crushes him. A minister in Jamaica, called the candle-fly, is kept from sweeping over a precipice of a hundred feet. F. W. Robertson, the celebrated Englishman, said that he entered the ministry from a train of circumstances started by the barking of a dog. Had the wind blown one way on a certain day the Spanish inquisition would have been established in England; but it blew the other way, and that dropped the institution, with 75,000 tons of shipping, to the bottom of the sea, or flung the broken and splintered logs on the rocks.—N. W. Christian Advocate.

FAR WESTERN THEIVES.

How They Have to Be Watched After They Are Captured. Having captured our men, we were in a quandary how to keep them. The cold was so intense that to tie them tightly hand and foot meant, in all likelihood, freezing both hands and feet off during the night, and it was no use trying them at all unless we tied them tightly enough to stop in part the circulation. So nothing was left for us to do but to keep perpetual guard over them. Of course we had carefully searched them, and taken away not only their fire-arms and knives, but every thing else that could possibly be used as a weapon. By this time they were pretty well cowed, as they found out very quickly that they would be well treated so long as they remained quiet, but would receive some rough handling if they attempted any disturbance.

Our next step was to cord their weapons up in some bedding, which we sat on while we took supper. Immediately afterward we made the men take off their boots—an additional safeguard, as it was a cactus country, in which a man could travel barefoot at the risk of almost certainly laming himself for life—and go to bed, all three lying on one buffalo robe and being covered by another, in the full light of the blazing fire. We determined to watch in succession a half-night apiece, thus each getting a full rest every third night. I took first watch, my two companions, revolver under head, rolling up in their blankets on the side of the fire opposite to that on which the captives lay; while I, in fur cap, gaiters and overcoat, took my station a little way back in the circle of freelight, in a position in which I could watch my men with the absolute certainty of being able to stop any movement, no matter how sudden.

For this night-watching we always used the double-barrel with buck-shot, as a rifle is uncertain in the dark; while with a shot-gun at such a distance, and with men lying down, a person who is watchful may be sure that they can not get up, no matter how quick they are, without being riddled. The only danger lies in the extreme monotony of sitting still in the dark guarding men who make no motion, and the consequent tendency to go to sleep, especially when one has had a hard day's work and is feeling really tired. But neither on the first night nor on any subsequent one did we ever abate a jot of our watchfulness.—Theodore Roosevelt, in Century.

NEAT DUSTER CASES.

How to Make Very Pretty and Inexpensive Dusters. It would often be convenient to have a duster in every room, but a duster seems out of place when conspicuous enough to be at hand. Thus dusting-bags have grown to be works of art.

A simple one to hang on a key-board near the bureau in all sleeping-rooms is made thus: Take cream-colored muslin, make a big shape, and thirty long. About two inches from the sides draw lengthwise fifteen threads; weave narrow ribbon (the Tom Thumb is the best) over five threads and under five threads; weave in three rows on each side; always putting each row under where the next one to it was put over, the same as split baskets are woven. Now turn a hem on each side, close up the ribbon; then hem each end an inch and a half deep, and put a "rim" at the lower edge of these hems of one-half inch. Take two pieces of half-inch ribbon twenty inches long, and draw into this rim one from the left and one from the right; fasten one at the right in the middle, one at the left; tie each in a bow and draw up like an old-fashioned work-bag. This makes a big shape, but his hemmed sides leave an opening at both sides, so that once hung in its place it need not be disturbed, for the dust-cloth can be taken out or put in at either side. The dust-cloth may be a silk handkerchief, or a square of cheese-cloth can be plainly hemmed or feather-stitched down in red worsted.

One may have good servants and yet often wish that a duster was at hand to wipe a vase or brush some books, and if one takes the whole care of one's rooms, surely convenience is of great moment. More elaborate ones hang now in sitting-rooms and parlors.—Kessah Shelton, in N. Y. Observer.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

How Girls Are Taught Gymnastics in the Pittsburgh (Pa.) High School. The Pittsburgh (Pa.) high school is a pioneer in the matter of physical culture for women. Several times a week the girls of that institution are put through a course of Indian clubs, dumb-bells and other appliances for gymnastics. So far the boys have been excluded.

As a result of this, other institutions have taken this idea up. The Washington (Pa.) school has recently received a donation of a complete outfit for a gymnasium for girls from a wealthy resident of that place. The costume is the regular gymnastic dress. It resembles a bathing suit, and consists of what is called the "flower" waist, short skirt and bloomers. The more variety in color and material, the prettier the effect when donned by a lot of pretty girls. Tennis shoes are worn. The object is to secure freedom of motion and unimpeded circulation.

The appliances are ladders and rings, parallel bars, dumb-bells, Indian clubs, wands, etc. In some of the classes boxing and fencing is added to the list. Then there is running, jumping, wrestling, etc. The class movements are timed by music. There is nothing prettier in the world than a bevy of pretty girls swinging on cross-bars, slipping up ladders, or swinging dumb-bells and Indian clubs in rhythmic motion to inspiring music. It is the cutest little circus imaginable.

Their eyes sparkle, their cheeks glow, their health and muscles develop, and their tempers evaporate into pellucid pleasantness, and all the blessings of a healthful mind in a perfect body.—St. Louis Chronicle.

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

WHEN AND WHY SHE CRIED.

She cried awhile in the morning Because she was so soon; She cried again at breakfast, She hurt her mouth with a spoon. She cried when mamma kissed her, "Cause 'twasn't the hurted spot, And next she cried for slup, Because she wanted a lot.

She cried, when papa left her, To go with baby's cow; She cried when she bumped her forehead, She cried when she tumbled down. She cried when mamma kissed her, "Then cry to dip it in ink, The next time I heard her crying She 'had a pain," I think.

She cried, she was so sleepy, But didn't want a nap; She cried that mamma was busy When she wanted to sit in her lap; She cried because it was bed-time, She thought it came too soon. And as she was carried away upstairs She was singing the same old tune.

Now, don't you think so many tears Make quite a sea of sorrow; Oh, what shall we do with Pearly, If she cries so much to-morrow! —Joy Allison, in Youth's Companion.

"GREYFRIAR'S BOBBY."

For Twelve Years and a Half He Never Spent a Single Night Away From His Master's Grave. "That's a splendid book!" exclaimed my nephew Phil as he closed the last volume of Scott's 'Heart of Midlothian.' I wish I could go to Edinburgh myself and see all those places. Won't you tell us about it, Aunt Madge?"

"Oh do!" joined in Helen and Beth, and, as I smilingly assented, they all drew up to the great wood fire, which was the more cheerful for the chilly November storm which was howling outside.

"Well, Phil," I began, "I saw the very Heart itself in the pavement near the old church of St. Giles, but within a stone's throw there was something which interested me so much more even than that, that to-night I think I will tell you about 'Greyfriar's Bobby' instead."

"Not far from St. Giles is another open square facing the old church and grave-yard of 'Greyfriar's.' In front of the church I saw a fountain, at which many tired and thirsty men and horses stopped to drink even while I stood near it, looking at the marble statue of a shaggy, homely, insignificant little dog, which surmounted the fountain.

"I felt sure that thereby hung a tale."

"Oh!" groaned Phil, "what a pun!"

"And you may know that my curiosity was well gratified when the old sexton inside the graveyard told me that the statue was of none other than 'Greyfriar's Bobby,' the most famous dog on record for his extraordinary fidelity to his master's memory."

"From the sexton and other sources, I finally obtained this true story of Bobby's life:

"In the year 1858 there came one day to Greyfriar's churchyard a humble Scotch funeral. A poor man named Gray was buried in a corner by the church, and only a few poorly clad mourners watched the sexton as he shoveled in the last spadeful of earth upon the newly-made grave. As they slowly left the spot no one noticed a little Scotch terrier, which crept pitifully back and moaning sadly lay down upon his master's grave. Next until the next morning when the sexton of 'curator,' as the Scotch call him—passed that way did he see the poor little dog keeping guard over the newly made mound, lying on the damp cold earth, as if to keep as close to his master as possible. Outside the gate of the churchyard, in big black letters, was posted an order: 'No dogs allowed within.' So the curator drove poor Bobby away, and put him outside the gate."

"The next morning he was again found there and was driven away in the same manner. The third morning was cold and rainy, and when the curator found the faithful dog still lying shivering on the grave his heart was touched. He gave him a little food and left him to his trust in peace. From that day he was back in 1858, until the day of his death in 1871, for twelve years and a half Bobby never spent a single night away from his master's grave! Did you ever hear of such devotion as that in a poor dumb creature, a little insignificant dog like Bobby?"

"When the cold storms of winter set in, and the nights were often bitterly raw and cold, the old curator used to try to keep Bobby inside the house, where he could have a warm and comfortable shelter from the wet and chill, but Bobby always howled dismally whenever such attempts were made, and no matter how rough the night persisted in clinging to the spot, dearer to him than any other—his master's grave."

"As the months and years passed by, the mound where poor Gray was buried became leveled little by little till at last there was almost nothing to distinguish it from the surrounding ground, for the man had been too poor to have even a small footstone to mark it; but Bobby never forgot the spot, and his devotion to his master's memory attracted more attention than any costly monument. People who came from far and near to see the famous Curator's stone near St. Giles, two hundred years ago, the old Curator's stone signed their names in blood, often took still more interest in the little terrier which was now known for miles around as 'Greyfriar's Bobby.'"

"For a long time a weekly treat of steaks was furnished him by a certain kindly Sergeant Scott, of the city engineers. Then for many years a warm-hearted restaurant-keeper near by, named Trail, fed him regularly. Bobby used to go to his house, near the churchyard, every day, punctually at twelve, being guided by the sound of the Edinburgh time-gun, which is fired every day at noon. For six years he was fed in this way, till one day the kind restaurant keeper was summoned to court for not paying the dog-tax demanded of every man who owned a dog. When Bobby's interesting story was rehearsed in court, and the judge was told how Bobby refused to attach himself to any owner, and spent nearly all his time by his master's grave, Mr. Trail was dismissed, though he ex-

pressed his willingness to pay the tax, if the dog would stay with him any longer than to obtain his midday meal.

"So the years passed on, and day by day there came to the graveyard new visitors, who were always interested in Bobby and his story, and who tried more than once, but in vain, to get possession of him.

"Finally eight years and a half had come and gone since Bobby began his faithful 'vigils,' and the curator died, and a new one took his place. This new one was the clever old Scotchman, with kindly face and broad Scotch accent, who showed me around the churchyard, and told me about Bobby, and pointed out the spot where his master lay.

"Bobby lived four years after the new curator came, and though by this time he was growing old and feeble, he still crept every night in fair weather or rough, summer and winter alike, to his master's grave.

"At last, twelve years and a half after he first came to the spot with the few mourners who attended Gray's funeral, faithful Bobby died, too; and if there is a Heaven for dogs, I firmly believe that he has now a high place there, along with Dr. Brown's 'Rab,' Walter Scott's 'Maida,' and all other noble dogs.

"Soon the old curator must die, too, if he is not already dead, and there will then be left only the fountain by the church-yard gate to remind the passer-by of the faithful, homely little 'Greyfriar's Bobby.'"

"That was a good story, said Helen, with a sigh of satisfaction.

"Yes," said her father, who had come in unnoticed and heard the last of the story. "It reminds me of a saying I once heard: 'A mother and a dog are the only two things in the world that seem to have absolutely disinterested love.'—Delia W. Lyman, in N. Y. Independent.

JESSIE AND THE GOAT.

A Little Girl Who Kept Her "Thinking-Cap" On, Even Though She Was Frightened.

"Dear me! If only I could go home through the field. School was just out, and little Jessie May, warm and tired, looked longingly over the cool, green field. It was a much shorter way home, as well as more pleasant, to go through the field than to go around the dusty road. But Mr. Rawson's goat was pastured there. He was a very cross old fellow, and the terror of the school-children. Mr. Rawson had said it was not at all safe for the small children to enter the field while the goat was there; so go home that way this afternoon was not to be thought of.

"As Jessie cast a last longing look in that direction, before turning down the dusty road, she gave a cry of delight. "Why, I do believe old Billy is gone! I can't see him anywhere. Mr. Rawson must have taken him out of the pasture."

Climbing upon the fence, she looked long and carefully. No goat was in sight, so she jumped down from the fence into the long, cool grass of the field.

She had gone about half-way across, when Mr. Billy—who all this time had been lying buried in the deep grass, taking his afternoon nap—gathered himself up for a good shake.

As he caught sight of Jessie tripping along, he gazed for a moment in astonishment. It was only for a moment, for the next instant he gave his head a vicious shake, as though to say: "What right have you here, I should like to know?" and started in hot pursuit.

Jessie soon heard the quick patter, patter of his small feet. A terrified glance behind her showed her the goat, with lowered head, rushing directly at her. Oh, how swiftly she ran, but he was overtaking her.

Just as she despaired of making her escape, she saw a large stump where a tree had recently been cut down. It stood almost directly in her path, and was large enough for her to hide behind it.

Quick as a flash off came her white apron, and was as quickly tied around the stump, on the side toward which the goat was coming.

With a wildly beating heart Jessie crouched behind the stump to await the result. She was completely hidden, and Mr. Goat, with head bent so low that he caught but a glimpse of the white apron, did not discover that it was the stump that wore it, and not Jessie. He came rushing on, and his head struck the stump with terrible force.

All was still, and when the trembling little girl ventured to peep around the stump there lay the goat, apparently lifeless. Seizing her apron, she sped swiftly over the rest of the field, and was soon at home safe in her mother's arms.

Was the goat killed? Well, he was so badly stunned that he did not revive for some time.

When Jessie was on her way to school the next morning she met Mr. Rawson coming out of the pasture. He did not know, until Jessie told him, what hurt the goat. When she had finished telling him about it he said: "Well! well! I must say you have a wise little head, not to let your 'thinking-cap' blow off as soon as you get frightened."—Mrs. C. O. Harrington, in Our Little Ones.