Friends and Helpers

Sarah J. Eddy

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Produced by Juliet Sutherland, Charles Franks
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PREFACE.

The object of this book is to teach children to treat all living creatures with considerate kindness and to appreciate the services of man's helpers in the animal world.

In many homes this teaching is entirely neglected, and it is left for the school−teacher to arouse interest in the animals dependent upon us, and to encourage pity and compassion for their suffering.

Sir Arthur Helps says: "The great advancement of the world, throughout all ages, is to be measured by the increase of humanity and the decrease of cruelty."

Cruelty in any form is a species of savagery. Civilization can be brought about only by education. The savage does not know that he is a savage. The child does not realize that he is cruel, until he is shown the ways in which the lower animals suffer and are made miserable.

The thoughtless child makes the selfish man or woman, and selfishness lies at the root of crime.

"Evil is wrought by want of thought
As well as want of heart."

Children have tender hearts and quick sensibilities, but they sometimes lack imagination and sympathy through their ignorance of actual conditions. They are easily influenced by one whom they love and respect, and the teacher's power to make the world better by pointing out the great duty of humanity should find more scope than it has done in our educational systems.

"The humane movement is a broad one, reaching from humane treatment of animals on the one hand to peace with all nations on the other. It implies a step beyond animal's rights. It implies character building. Society first said that needless suffering should be prevented; society now says that children must not be permitted to cause pain because of the effect on the children themselves."

Mr. Frank M. Chapman has kindly written for the book the chapters on "Our Friends the Birds," "Feathered Travelers," "When the Birds Return," "Birds' Homes," and "The Robin."

Through the courtesy of Messrs. Houghton Mifflin Company several poems by Celia Thaxter and others have been used. The publications of the English Humanitarian League, especially the pamphlets by Mrs. Florence H. Suckling and some of the writings of Miss Edith Carrington, have proved helpful and suggestive. The

compiler has had the assistance of Mrs. Charles A. Lane in editing and preparing material.

PART I. ROVER AND OTHER STORIES

ROVER AND HIS FRIENDS.

WHY ROVER RAN AWAY.

One morning Rover was very hungry indeed. He had been going from place to place with his master, and now it was two long days since he had eaten a good dinner. His master was a poor tinker who traveled about the country and never stayed long in one place. Rover would have liked this if his master had been kind to him, but the dog was used only to blows and kicks.

Rover was a rough, shaggy dog, and his tail curled down under him in a way that showed he had been ill−treated. But he had good, faithful, brown eyes, and the drooping tail was always ready to wag at a kind word.

The tinker's breakfast was on the table. How good it smelt! Rover looked at it with longing eyes.

"Please give me a bit, master," said Rover. "I am so hungry!"

The tinker did not seem to hear. At last he said roughly: "Be still, Rover!"

Rover waited patiently for a few minutes, but his master had no thought of feeding him. At last Rover put out his long, red tongue and swept the meat and bread into his mouth.

[Illustration: Caption: "Can't you talk?" Small child kneeling in front of dog, while kitten looks on.]

Then the angry tinker struck the poor dog and spoke sharply to him. An hour later Rover had run away.

ROVER'S NEW HOME

It was a hot day in summer, and Rover stopped to drink some water out of a mud−puddle. How hungry and thirsty he was! He ran on for miles and miles. At last he saw a cottage with smoke coming out of the chimney. High hills were all around it, and a thick, dark wood was not far away. On the doorstep were two little children. When they saw the dog they shouted with delight.

"It is Rover!" cried Sandy. "It is Tommy Tinker's dog. Where have you come from, old fellow, and where is your master?"

It was plain that Rover was no stranger to them. He had been there with his master only the week before, and while Tinker Tom was mending the kettle, the children and the dog had made friends. The mother had given him a bone, and though some persons may forget a kindness, a dog never does. Rover could not answer Sandy's question. All he could do was to wag his tail faster than ever. The little girl put her arms about his shaggy neck.

"Poor doggie!" she said. "You shall have some of my supper."

HOW ROVER WAS CARED FOR.

When the children's mother saw Rover she brought him a large bowl of water, which he quickly lapped up. Then she gave him something to eat and made a soft bed for him in a corner of the room. She said: "Perhaps Tinker Tom may come for his dog, and we will keep him till then."

Rover hoped he would never come, but he could not say so. He curled himself up in his bed and, with a long sigh of happiness, went to sleep.

Rover was very happy in his new home. He had no wish to run away again. He had good brown bread to eat, which was better for him than white bread would have been. Sandy learned to make for him a thick cake out of oatmeal, and sometimes he had a bone. Fortunately for the dog, Sandy's mother was too poor to be able to give him much meat. There was always a dish of fresh water ready for him, and a bit of cabbage with his food kept him well and strong.

Sandy would often talk to Rover, and the dog soon learned to understand what was said to him. He was delighted when Sandy said, "Would you like to go for a walk?" But Sandy never said this unless he was really going to take Rover out, or the dog soon would have learned that the boy did not always mean what he said.

One of the things that Rover liked best to do was to run after a large ball of wool which Sandy made on purpose for him.

[Illustration: Caption: "Speak for it!" Photograph of boy approx. 5 years old holding treat above head of dog sitting expectantly in front of him.]

Sandy often brushed and combed Rover, and this made his coat glossy and clean. One would hardly have recognized the rough, neglected dog in the pet of the household.

TINKER TOM COMES BACK

One day when Rover was playing with the children on the hill, he suddenly ran away as fast as he could go.

"Oh, Rover, come back, come back!" called little Jessie; but Rover kept on until he was lost to sight in the dark woods. In the distance he had seen a well−known figure. Tinker Tom was coming along the road with his pack on his back.

When the tinker came to the house, Sandy's mother told him about Rover.

"You may keep him and welcome," said the tinker, "if you will give me something to eat."

So a good, hot dinner was spread for him, and at last he went away with his pack on his back. When he had been gone a long time and it was quite dark, Rover appeared. He came in looking pleased and proud, as if he had done some very wise thing. He said as plainly as he could, "Am I not a clever dog?"

You may be sure that Sandy and Jessie were glad to see him again and to know that now nobody could take him away.

ROVER LEARNS TO BE USEFUL.

Sandy's father was a poor man who had charge of a large flock of sheep. In summer he led them from one feeding−place to another over the high hills. Often he was away for many days at a time. In winter the sheep were kept near the cottage and fed with food which had been laid up for them in the autumn. The sheep did not belong to Sandy's father, but he took the best possible care of them.

[Illustration: Caption: "Rover learns to be useful." Group of sheep standing around under a tree. Several appear to be looking at something off to the right Rover?]

One day when he came home from the hills he said: "We must not let Rover be idle all his life. He must learn to do something useful. I shall take him to the hills in the morning and teach him to look after the sheep. He will be a great help to me, and I will be a good master to him."

So the next morning Rover started off with his master, looking very proud and happy. At first it was hard to make the dog take care of the sheep in the right way. He thought it was great fun to run after them and bark at their heels, but he did not know when to bark and when to be quiet. However, he did his best to learn, and when the shepherd went home he said that Rover would make a very useful dog.

THE LOST SHEEP.

Soon the snow began to fall and it was pleasant to sit round the fire and watch the great logs crackling on the hearth. They were all very happy at the cottage and Rover was sure that he had the best home in the world.

One bitterly cold night the wind blew in great gusts. In some way the door of the sheep−shed blew open and in the morning not one of the sheep could be seen. The poor things were so tired of being shut up that they had wandered off in the cold.

When the shepherd missed his sheep, he was in great trouble.

"Rover, my boy," he said, "the sheep have run away. What shall we do? I wonder if you are wise enough to help me find them."

Rover jumped up quickly and shook himself as if to say, "I am all ready!" and then ran to the door. First he ran round and round the sheepfold, smelling with his moist, black nose close to the ground, and looking very wise. Then he ran a little way towards the hills and stood looking back, with one paw in the air. His ears were lifted, his eyes were bright, and he gave a low whine, as if to say, "I think those poor sheep have gone to the hills. Are you coming with me, or shall I go alone?"

THE LOST DOG.

Rover trotted off towards the hills and his master followed, but he could not walk fast enough to please the dog.

There was no snow on the ground at first, but before noon it began to fall thick and fast. The day passed and the father was still away; night came and he had not returned.

Sandy and Jessie were very sad, for they could think only of their father and his faithful dog. It was very dangerous to be out on the hills in such weather. Often men were lost in the snow and died from cold and hunger.

At last, after hours of anxious waiting, a welcome footstep was heard and the happy children ran to open the door. Their father came in, shaking the snow from his rough coat. He looked very grave and tired.

"Oh, father!" cried Sandy. "Where is Rover? And have you found the sheep?"

The poor man shook his head. "The sheep are not to be found," he said sadly. "And I have lost our good Rover, too. It is a terrible storm. I fear they are all frozen. If the sheep are killed, it will take all I have in the world to pay for them."

ROVER COMES HOME.

Sandy and Jessie began to cry. Their mother, too, was crying. She was busy with the supper, but her thoughts were with the poor, hungry animals in the bitter cold.

Early the next morning, and for several days the shepherd went out to look for his lost sheep, but he could find no trace of them.

"There is nothing for me to do now but to go to the owner of the sheep," he said, at last. "He is a very hard man. I am afraid he will turn us out of our home."

Suddenly, while he was speaking, there was a noise at the door, and in a moment a familiar voice was heard.

"Bow−wow−wow! Bow−wow−wow!"

"Rover has come back!" shouted Sandy, flinging himself upon the door in his hurry to open it.

"Rover has come back!" cried little Jessie.

"The sheep have come back!" said their mother, looking out into the yard. Yes, there were the sheep, every one of them safe and sound. And there beside them, wagging his tail with joy and pride, was poor, tired, cold, hungry Rover. He was hoarse from barking and breathless from running, but he was the happiest dog in all the world.

The unhappy sheep had paid dearly for their wish to get out. They were glad to go back into their warm shed and eat a good meal of turnips. As for Rover, he was treated like a prince. He had the supper he liked best, and a soft bed was made for him near the fire. He put his curly head down on his paws and went to sleep, while Sandy and Jessie watched him lovingly. How far he had tramped over the hills or how he had found the sheep he could not tell.

"He is tired out," said the shepherd. "He must have a long rest now, for he has earned it. Good, faithful, grateful Rover!"

FAMOUS DOGS.

The story of the dog Argus was told two thousand years ago by the great Greek poet, Homer. Argus may not have been a real dog, but the poet must have known some dog like him or he could not have told the story so well.

Argus belonged to Ulysses, king of Ithaca. He was only a puppy when his master went away to the Trojan war. The years went by and Ulysses did not return. Every one thought that he was dead. At last Argus grew

so old and feeble that he could not run about the palace. All day long he lay in the warm, sunny courtyard, too weak to move. It was twenty years since he had heard his master's voice.

One day a beggar came into the courtyard. No one knew who he was. The queen looked at him coldly. There was no friendly face to greet him. But the old dog lifted up his head and whined and wagged his tail for joy. The beggar's rags could not deceive him. He knew his master had come back at last, and Ulysses stooped to caress him with tears in his eyes.

The most famous dog in the world was a mastiff of St. Bernard's. His name was Barry. He lived high up in the Alps where it is winter the greater part of the year. He was trained, by the good monks with whom he lived, to go out and hunt for travelers lost in the snow. When he found a man lying half−frozen in the drifts, he would run back, barking for help. Then the monks would follow him and bring the traveler to their warm house.

[Illustration: THE CONNOISSEURS. By Sir Edwin Landseer.]

Barry knew all the dangerous places, and when there had been a snow slide he was sure to be on the spot as soon as he could, to see if any one were hurt. Once he found a little, boy in the snow and in some way made him understand what he must do. The child climbed upon the dog's broad back and was carried safely to the fire and the good supper always waiting for the lost ones.

Barry lived with, the monks for twelve years, and saved forty lives. Other St. Bernard dogs have been brave and wise, but Barry's name stands first among them all.

Many great men have had dogs whom they loved and trusted. Sir Walter Scott, one of the most famous story−writers that ever lived, had several dogs. He used to take them with him whenever he went to walk. There was an old staghound named Maida, and a black greyhound called Hamlet, after one of Shakespeare's heroes. Then there was a beautiful setter with long ears and a silky coat. Her name was Finette. Sir Walter would often stop and talk to these four−footed friends and they seemed to understand what he said. In one of his best stories a dog plays a very important part.

Dr. John Brown was another Scotch writer who loved dogs. He gave an account of his pets in a book called "Spare Hours." He wrote the story of "Rab and his Friends," a tribute of which any dog might be proud.

There was a great artist named Landseer, who painted his dogs' pictures so wonderfully that we know he must have loved them very much. In one picture he shows his two dogs looking over his shoulder at his drawing. He gave them a very long name which means "Those who know all about it"; but I am sure he did not laugh at them unkindly. Dogs do not like to be laughed at any more than we do.

Odin was the name of one of Sir Edwin Landseer's dogs, When we look at his portrait we can understand why the artist should have thus named him, for Odin was the all−wise god of the old Norsemen.

[Illustration: ODIN. By Sir Edwin Landseer.]

Jack was a famous dog who was with the English soldiers during a great war in eastern Europe. He was not a dog of fine breed or gentle training. He had been rescued by one of the soldiers from a cruel death, and he gave in return his love and gratitude. He fought in one of the battles and saved his master's life. When the fighting was over he used to go about the battlefield carrying a can of tea for the wounded men.

Mrs. Browning had a dog named Flush, to whom she wrote one of her poems. She was unable to leave her room for many long months of illness, but the little dog spent the weary days by her side, cheerfully giving

up merrier company for her sake.

Lord Byron's dog was named Boatswain and he is buried in the garden of the poet's beautiful home. There is a monument to his memory and on it are these lines:

Near this spot
Are deposited the remains of one
Who possessed beauty without vanity,
Strength without insolence,
Courage without ferocity,
And all the virtues of man without his vices.
This praise, which would be unmeaning flattery
If inscribed over human ashes,
Is but a just tribute to the memory of
BOATSWAIN, a dog,
Who was born at Newfoundland, May, 1803,
And died at Newstead Abbey, Nov. 18, 1808.

There was once a poor man in Scotland, who, when he died, was buried in a graveyard in Edinburgh, his only mourner being a little Scotch terrier. On two mornings the sexton found the dog lying on his master's grave and drove him away, but the third morning was cold and wet and the dog was allowed to remain. From that time, for twelve years and a half, no matter how stormy the weather, the faithful animal made the graveyard his home, only leaving it once a day to get food.

At last he died of old age, and was buried in a flower garden near by. A costly marble fountain was erected to the memory of the faithful little dog, and a bronze statue of "Grey−Friar's Bobby" sits on top of it.

The most famous dog in America was Owney, the postal dog. He traveled with the mail−bags from one end of the country to the other. He even went to Alaska and across the Pacific Ocean.

Owney first joined the Post−office Department at Albany, N. Y., and he always looked upon that office as headquarters where he must report himself after a long trip.

When Owney was ready for a journey he did not ask any one to go with him. He was quite able to take care of himself. He would follow the mail−bag to the station and jump into the postal car. Having chosen the particular mail−bag which he wished to follow, he would stretch himself out upon it for a good nap. He had no further care, of course. When the mail−bag was taken out, Owney went, too.

Owney was not a handsome dog, but he knew how to make friends. He was welcome wherever he went, and he often came back to Albany cohered with checks and medals to show how far he had traveled and in what esteem he was held.

His intelligence was very wonderful. Many times a tired postal clerk who had fallen asleep, forgetful of the stations, was wakened by Owney's barking. The dog had a fine saver collar of which he was very proud. One day a clerk had slipped it off to examine the medals which were hung on it and in the hurry of extra work it was laid down and forgotten. Owney was too wise to leave his collar behind him, so putting his nose through it and rubbing his head against a post, he slipped it on for himself. After this he was often made to put on his collar to amuse his visitors.

[Illustration: OWNEY, photographed by Edward Chickering. Dog bedecked with ribbons and medals.]

Owney died a few years ago, to the grief of the largest circle of friends a dog ever had. In nearly every large city of the United States he was known and missed, and many years will go by before he is forgotten.

HOW TO TAKE CARE OF DOGS. William and Edward were two boys who lived in the same village. They were cousins, and they had a kind uncle who was always trying to give them pleasure.

One day he gave to each of the boys a puppy. These puppies were so nearly alike that neither the boys nor their uncle could tell them apart.

The boys were delighted with their new pets, and thinking that his dogs were in good hands, Uncle Frank went away for two years.

When he came back he went to see William, and asked about his dog.

"Oh, he was very troublesome, Uncle Frank!" said William. "He cried and whined all the time, and after a while he was so cross that I did not like to go near him. I kept him chained to the kennel, but one day he broke his chain and ran away."

"Why did you chain him?" asked Uncle Frank. "We were going to train him for a watchdog," said William.

"That is not the way to train a watchdog," said his uncle. "I am sorry that I gave him to you. How would you like to be tied to a kennel all day, with no chance to run about? Did you take him to walk often?"

"Not very often," said William. "When I am playing I have no time to look after a dog. He would get into mischief if I let him go where he liked."

[Illustration: HEARING. By H. Sperling.]

"Of course," said Uncle Frank. "He was only a baby. I can remember when you needed looking after. Now I am going to see Edward."

"Edward's dog is different from mine," said William. "He is very kind and gentle. I wish I could have a dog like that."

Uncle Frank walked away without a word. When he came to the house where Edward lived, he saw a fine dog lying near the steps, looking very comfortable and happy.

"Is it possible this was once my little dog?" asked Edward's uncle, when the first greetings were over. "How do you keep him in such good condition?"

"When you first gave him to me," said Edward," I fed him five or six times a day with boiled milk. After a few weeks I gave him oatmeal or Indian meal porridge. Sometimes he had bread or crackers in milk.

"As he grew older, I gave him brown bread and corn cake, and once in a while I let him have a beef bone to play with. He liked that very much, and he did not object to being tied up sometimes, if he had a bone to gnaw."

"Did you keep him chained?" asked Uncle Frank.

"Oh, no!" said Edward. "He soon learned not to run away, and now I never chain him. Even when he was tied up, he had room to run about. I stretched a long wire across a corner of the yard, and on the wire was a large

iron ring. When the dog's light chain was slipped through the ring, he could run back and forth for twenty feet, and could lie in the sun or shade as he liked."

"Where does he sleep?" asked Edward's uncle.

"He has a large, clean kennel," said the boy, stooping to pat the dog's silky head. "I wash the whole kennel every week. His bed is made of pine shavings, and in cold weather I put in a pile of them, so that he can have a blanket as well as a bed. The kennel is raised on blocks, so that it will not be damp, and there is a platform in front of it for hot nights. When it is chilly, I hang a piece of old carpet over the door, and on very cold nights he sleeps on his own rug in the laundry. He is a big, strong dog, and he doesn't like too warm a room to sleep in."

"How often do you wash him?" asked Uncle Frank.

"About twice a month," said Edward, "I give him a bath in lukewarm water and with Castile soap. I rinse the soap off with clear water, rub him dry, and let him have a good scamper in the fields. I comb and brush him thoroughly every day. That makes his coat clean and glossy. Once when he had fleas I washed him with carbolic soap, and then took him in swimming. I have been told that for a small dog the yolk of an egg is better than any kind of soap, but I have never tried it for Chum."

"What does he have to eat, and how often do you feed him?"

He has two meals a day now. Sometimes he has dog biscuit soaked in water or soup. Sometimes he likes his biscuit dry. Nearly every day he has a few scraps of meat or a bone. He likes corn cake and brown bread and macaroni, too. Sometimes I mix the meat and vegetables with mush made from some cereal."

"I suppose you know," said Uncle Frank, "that a dog needs vegetable food, and that he cannot keep well without it?"

"Yes, indeed. I give him cabbage and potatoes very often."

"Is Chum a good watchdog?" went on Uncle Frank. "He didn't bark at me when I came up the path."

"It is just as well that you didn't try to open the door," said Edward; "he would have barked loudly enough in that case. He barks at night when he hears a strange step, because I have praised him for that; but in the daytime he keeps his eyes open and lies still."

"What is that yellow dish by the laundry door?" said the boy's uncle, looking about the pleasant yard.

"That is Chum's water dish," said Edward. "It is hard to keep tin or iron clean, so mother gave me that. It is in the shade, you see. Chum likes cool water as well as I do. You have always found it there, haven't you, old fellow?"

The dog looked up gravely into the boy's face and panted a little from the heat.

"Why does a dog pant like that?" asked Edward.

"He perspires through his tongue," said his uncle. "That is why it is so cruel to put a muzzle over a dog's mouth. When he is overheated he suffers very much. I hope you never take Chum with you when you ride on your bicycle."

"No, sir!" said Edward with emphasis. "Chum knows that when the bicycle goes he must stay at home. I would never let him tire himself out by trying to keep up with me. But we have long walks together after tea."

Chum pricked up his ears at the word "walk" and laid his head lovingly on his master's knee.

"There is another reason for not letting him follow your bicycle," said Uncle Frank. "It might seriously injure him to run so fast. I am glad his ears are not cropped. Sometimes a dog is made deaf when his ears are cropped. They are very sensitive, and it hurts him to have them pulled or roughly handled in any way."

"I wouldn't have his ears or his tail cut off," said Edward indignantly, "and no one has ever struck him. He knows by my voice when I am displeased with him, and he will beg to be forgiven by wagging his tail as hard as he can. Chum shall not be hurt if I can help it.

"The other day a great bulldog got hold of him. We tried almost everything to make the fierce dog let go, but it was impossible to separate them. A man came out of a house with a pail of water, which he threw over the bulldog's head. The dog immediately let go and ran away. "A sudden dash of cold water," the man said, "will almost always break up a fight."

"That is a good thing to remember," said the boy's uncle. "It is your thoughtfulness that has made Chum such a fine dog. You have not overfed him; you have given him plenty of fresh water and a comfortable home; you have been patient with him and willing to teach him. Best of all, you have never deceived him or been cruel and unkind to him. No one ought to have a pet unless he is willing to take some trouble to keep it well and happy. See how Chum watches you when you talk! He has doubtless learned to understand much of what you say. He seems to think that he has a good master, and I think so, too."

STORIES OF DOGS.

One of the great men of history was William, Prince of Orange. He is to the little country of the Netherlands what George Washington is to us. One night he was asleep in his tent, and a small spaniel was lying on his bed. The guards, faithless to their trust, were sleeping. Suddenly the dog sprang up, barking wildly. A small band of the enemy was approaching, unheard by any of the men. There was just time for the Prince to escape, before the Spanish soldiers were in his tent. To the end of his life, William of Orange kept a spaniel of the same race in his room, and in the statues of the Prince a little dog is frequently seen lying at his feet.

A dog was once left in the room alone with a baby who was learning to creep. On the hearth an open fire was smouldering. Suddenly there was a bright little flicker of flame and the logs blazed up once more. Pleased with the sight, the baby began to creep towards the fire as fast as he could go. The dog saw the danger at once and seized the baby's dress tightly between his teeth. Baby pulled and pulled, but the wise old dog held the tiny skirts firmly. Then the baby cried and screamed, until his nurse came to see what could be the matter. The dog wagged his tail and looked up as if to say: "I'm glad you have come. You ought not to leave a baby near a fire. What would have happened if I had not been here, I should like to know?"

There is a well−known painting called "Saved," which tells its own story. A pet kitten has been chased by two lively little terriers, and the big, friendly dog has taken her into his care. She is not afraid of the little dogs now. They may bark as much as they like. The big dog looks as if he were saying, "Run away, little dogs! You may not mean to hurt Miss Puss, but you are very rude to frighten her so. If you were as large and strong as I am, you would be ashamed to bark at a poor, helpless little kitten. Come now; run away, and do not tease her any more."

A large dog once hurt his leg, and a friendly surgeon bandaged it for him. One night, some months after, the

surgeon received a call from his former patient, who brought with him another dog, suffering from a similar accident. The larger dog introduced his friend as well as he could, and then retired politely to a corner of the room until the operation was over.

Once there was a small fox−terrier named Chip who hurt his foot in some way, and was taken to the doctor for treatment. Not many weeks later he was found on the doctor's doorstep, crying to get in. When the doctor appeared the dog held up his swollen foot with a long thorn in it. "You helped me before," he must have thought. "Do you suppose you can help me now?"

[Illustration: "SAVED" From a Painting by H. Sperling.]

The most useful dog in the world is the collie, or shepherd dog. Without him the Scotch shepherds would need more men than they could possibly afford to hire.

The collie has had very careful training. It is a dog's instinct to chase sheep, but the collie has been taught to take care of them. He drives the flock to pasture, watches them to see that none strays away, keeps them close together when any danger is near, and brings them home again in safety.

Not long ago a collie was brought from England to this country. In his new home there was a little girl, three years old. One day she wandered away through the fields to an open well at some distance from the house.

Her father was on his way home, when he heard the barking of the dog, and knew that something was wrong. Springing over a stone wall, the man saw his little girl and the dog near the well. There was a light snow on the ground, and by the rows of tiny footsteps it could be seen that the child had walked round and round the well, and that the faithful dog had walked beside her, keeping always between the edge of the well and his little charge.

When the collie is kindly treated he is the most faithful and devoted of dogs, but he feels very keenly any neglect or harsh words. Unkindness makes him sullen, and sometimes cross.

Every book about dogs is full of stories of their faithfulness, their intelligence, and their unselfishness. We have made the dog dependent upon us, and he is too often the victim of our thoughtlessness and cruelty. Dogs are made happy or unhappy in very much the same ways that children are. If you are kind to your dog and willing to learn how to take care of him properly, he will probably give you very little trouble. He will grieve when you scold him, but he will love you faithfully through all kinds of trouble and pain.

"FORSAKE NOT AN OLD FRIEND."

Goodness moves in a larger sphere than justice;... kindness and beneficence should be extended to creatures of every species.... A good man will take care of his horses and dogs, not only while they are young, but when old and past service. Thus the people of Athens, when they had finished the temple called Hecatompedon, set at liberty the beasts of burden that had been chiefly employed in the work, suffering them to pasture at large, free from any other service. It is said that one of these afterwards came of its own accord to work, and, putting itself at the head of the laboring cattle, marched before them to the citadel. This pleased the people, and they made a decree that it should be kept at the public charge so long as it lived. Many have shown particular regard in burying the dogs which they had cherished and loved, and among them Xantippus of old, whose dog swam by the side of his galley to Salamis, when the Athenians were forced to abandon their city, and was afterwards buried by him upon a promontory which is still called the Dog's Grave.

PLUTARCH.

CATS AND DOGS.

Cats and dogs seem to be natural enemies, but it is quite possible to make them very good friends. The easiest way to do this is to bring a kitten in your arms to your dog and explain to him that he must never chase her, or bark at her. He will listen, looking very wise, and if, in his presence, you are careful not to pet her too much, he will try to please you. If you make him jealous, or if you think it is fun to see him run after the kitten, you can never succeed.

A bull−terrier named Teddy lives in the same house with Fluff, an Angora cat of great beauty. Teddy has been carefully taught, and his manners are delightful. Often when passing the chair where Fluff lies asleep, Teddy will put up his black nose and give her face a friendly lap. Fluff stretches out her fore−feet sleepily, but she does not object in the least. Sometimes Teddy is too rough in his play, and Fluff taps him gently with her soft paw to remind him that she is not as strong as he is.

It is not easy to teach an old cat to be very friendly with a dog. She has too good a memory for that. She remembers the times when she has scrambled up the tree−trunk, panting and frightened, with a dog barking at her heels. She remembers that the children have often cheered and praised the dog, and have made no effort to help her. On the whole, she would rather arch her back and wave her tail than try to be agreeable. It is quite possible that if you were in her place you would feel very much as she does.

[Illustration: BREAKFAST. By H. W. Trood]

FAMOUS CATS.

Cats were household pets in Egypt more than two thousand years ago. The Egyptians worshiped them as beings superior to men, and would suffer no harm to come to them. If, by accident, an Egyptian killed a cat, the punishment was death.

Once a Persian king named Cambyses was fighting against the Egyptians. Knowing how cats were cherished by his enemies, Cambyses gave to each of his soldiers a cat to carry, instead of a shield. Not one of the Egyptian soldiers would hurt a cat, and so the Persian army was safe.

Probably the first cats lived in Egypt, and though they are no longer worshiped in that country, they are protected and cared for. In the city of Cairo is a cats' hospital, where sick cats are nursed, and where stray or homeless cats may come every day for their dinner.

When the Romans conquered Syria and Palestine, they found in nearly every house a kato or kitt. From these eastern names we get our words cat and kitten. The Romans were so much pleased with the little animals that kitts soon were carried to Italy and western Europe.

The Roman goddess of Liberty was pictured with a cat lying at her feet. It is quite true that it is easier to make a slave of any other animal than it is of a cat. Your cat will love you, in his own way, but he holds himself free to do as he likes.

Cats, as well as dogs, have been the pets of great men. The Arabian teacher Mahomet; the founder of the Mohammedan religion, was very fond of cats. One day his pet kitten went to sleep upon the wide sleeve of his robe, and he cut off the sleeve rather than disturb the comfortable pussy.

Richelieu, the great French statesman, kept several kittens in his house to amuse him when tired and discouraged. As kittens will grow into cats, Richelieu must have changed his friends often.

Cowper, the English poet, mentions his favorite cat in more than one of his poems. The famous Dr. Johnson had a cat named Hodge, who was treated with the greatest kindness. When Hodge was not well, the doctor would go out himself to buy oysters, lest the trouble of waiting upon so dainty a pet should cause it to be disliked by the servant.

Charles Dickens's favorite cat was old and deaf, but she had a warm corner in her master's heart. One evening he was so busy reading that he did not notice her when she jumped into his lap. Pussy's feelings were hurt. She purred gently, but the reader did not seem to hear. Suddenly the candle went out. Dickens lighted it again to go on with his reading. In a minute the light grew dim again, and, looking up, he saw the cat putting out the candle with her paw. Then she looked at him in such a pleading way that he laid down his book for the rest of the evening.

Perhaps the most famous American cat was Agrippina, who belonged to Miss Agnes Repplier of Philadelphia. She is famous because of the charming essay which her mistress wrote in her honor.

Madame Henrietta Ronner is known as one of the most successful painters of cats and kittens. Her pictures are wonderful reproductions of cat life. Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller says: "We may safely assume that Madame Ronner is a cat lover, for no one really knows a cat who does not love him."

[Illustration: ALEXANDER.]

The intelligence and good breeding of the cat in this picture are so apparent that it is no wonder he made hosts of friends. His picture once adorned a humane calendar, and thus became familiar to many persons in the United States and in Europe.

Rev. J. G. Wood, in describing his own pet cat, said:

"His gestures and actions are full of that spirited yet easy grace, which can never be attained by any creature, be it man, beast, or bird, who has once learned to crouch in terror, and to fear a harsh tone or an uplifted hand."

In Spain it is the custom to store grain in garrets, and there the cats are treated very kindly. There is a small door in each attic for their use; food and drink are given to them; and they may walk where they like over the roofs of the city. Many of them never care to come down to the ground.

If there were no cats in America, we should be seriously disturbed and inconvenienced. It is said that the government of the United States keeps an army of more than three hundred cats for use in the Post−office department. Their duty is to guard the mail−bags against the attacks of rats and mice, and this they do very thoroughly and well. Before they were employed valuable letters and mail matter were often destroyed.

The government cats are fed well, some postmasters being allowed forty dollars a year for "cat meat." The work that this army does proves that well−fed cats make the best mousers. As the postal service is known for its high standards, we may be sure that these workers are industrious and satisfactory, or they would not be allowed to stay.

KITTY'S CHRISTMAS.

"Mew! mew! mew! Why don't they let me in? I have been here on these cold steps for three days. I am very hungry and unhappy. Why do they shut me out in the cold?

"Ethel said she was going to the city for the Christmas vacation. She said I could catch mice till she came

back. But the mice are in the barn and I can't get in.

"The house, too, is shut up. No one is there to give me any milk. My warm bed is in the kitchen, by the stove. I can't sleep on these cold stones.

"This is a dreadful Christmas! Last year I had a pitcher of cream and a string of popcorn from Ethel's Christmas tree. She is very good to me when she is at home. I wish she would come back. I am so frightened and hungry! Mew! mew!"

TO MY CAT MUFF.

Thou art not "dumb," my Muff;
In those sweet pleading eyes and earnest look
Language there were enough
To fill, with living type, a goodly book,
Wherein who read might see
What tones unheard, and forms of silent speech
Are given, that such as thee
The eloquence of dumbness, men might teach.
JOHN OWEN.

HOW TO TAKE CARE OF CATS.

"Mamma!" cried Philip, coming in one day with something in his arms, "see this poor kitty I found in the street! A dog was barking at her and she ran straight into my arms. May I keep her for my own?"

Mrs. Grant looked up from her work. Such a rough−coated, dirty little cat as she saw! But there was something in the tired, frightened eyes that touched her.

"Are you willing to take a good deal of trouble, Philip?" asked his mother. "If not, it would be kinder to kill the poor thing quickly."

"I am willing; indeed I am!" cried the boy. "Please tell me what to do."

"You should give her a saucer of warm milk, with a little bread crumbed in it first; for the poor kitten must be very hungry. Then she will know you mean to be kind to her. After that she had better sleep. When she wakes up she will begin to feel at home, and then I think we must sponge her gently with warm water, because she is so very dirty. You must not do that alone, but you may hold her and stroke her softly, and if you think she will scratch you I will get you a pair of old gloves."

"Can we not put her in a little tub and bathe her?" asked Philip.

[Illustration: GENTLE KITTY GRAY.]

"It is not best to do that if you can get her clean any other way. Cats do not like water, and it frightens them very much, to be put into it. Once in a great while we hear of cats that will be patient if put into a bath, but usually they will struggle and cry and act very much frightened. As soon as this kitten has been fed and begins to get over her fright at being homeless, you will see her wash herself.

"Then you must make her feel at home," said Mrs. Grant. "You can take her in your arms and carry her about

the house, talking softly to her, so that she may feel that you will be good to her. It is fortunate that it is growing dark. She can see better in the twilight, and is not so easily startled."

The kitten lapped up the milk hungrily, and then came purring about the boy's feet.

"Where may she sleep?" asked the boy, pleased to see that the kitten was not at all afraid of him.

"A low, wide basket half full of shavings will make a soft bed," said Mrs. Grant. "Over the shavings I will spread a piece of old flannel. Cats like a warm, cosy bed, and it is always best to keep them in the house at night."

To their delight, the kitten did not object at all to the warm bath. She stood quite still while Mrs. Grant washed her gently and dried her in an old blanket.

"You can easily teach her to be clean if you are kind and patient," said Mrs. Grant. "She will not need a bath again, for she will learn to take care of herself; but it would be very good for her to be brushed every day, and I will give you a small brush for that purpose. If you put a pan of dry earth where she can always get at it, she will give no trouble when she cannot go out of doors."

"I think she likes me already, mamma," said Philip.

"I am sure she will like you if you are kind to her," said his mother. "If you hurt her, she will never forget it. Dogs forgive many cruel blows, but a cat's nature is different. She is very brave in bearing pain, and she rarely cries out when she is hurt; but she is very sensitive, and that ought to make us careful how we handle her. Don't let the baby have the kitten to play with. He could not understand how his clumsy little fingers hurt her. He does not yet know the difference between a plaything and a playmate. But you can teach him to feed her and to be kind to her."

"What else must I do?" said Philip.

"You must keep a dish of water where Kitty can find it, and you must not forget to fill it every day with fresh water. Cats are more dainty than dogs are. They like clean dishes and fresh food. They must have plenty of warm milk, and brown bread and milk." "May she eat meat and fish?" asked Philip.

"Not yet," said his mother. "She is too young. When she is older she should have meat cut up and mixed with bread or vegetables. The fat and tough fiber should be removed. When raw meat is given, boiling water should be poured on it to cleanse it. Fish may be given once a week. That should be boiled and all the bones removed, as cats have sometimes been badly choked with fish bones. Meat and fish should be fresh. Dogs and cats have been poisoned by eating pieces of old meat and fish."

"I thought cats lived on mice," said Philip.

Mrs. Grant smiled.

"I am afraid that your kitty will starve if she has no food but the mice she finds here," she said. "Perhaps there are a few in the barn. Never let her tease a mouse, Philip. If you take the mice away from her when she plays with, them, she will learn, in time, to kill her prey quickly."

"Fred's cat eats asparagus," said Philip.

"Yes; cats need some vegetable food. They usually like corn, string beans, boiled rice, potatoes, cabbage, and

even carrots. Oatmeal, very thoroughly cooked, is an excellent food for them. If you give your kitten corn to eat, you must scrape it carefully off the cob in such a way that she will get only the inside of the kernel. I cut it for you, you know, so that the empty hulls are left clinging to the cob."

"May she have all the milk she wants?" asked Philip.

"I think so," said Mrs. Grant, "if you feed her regularly and not too often, and if you are sure that the milk is fresh and good. In summer it is well to scald the milk, and it is safer to do this in winter also, if there is any doubt about its freshness."

"What else may she have, mamma?"

"Corn bread and graham biscuits will be good for her, and perhaps she will like them crisp and dry better than if they are soaked. You can raise some catnip next summer. Kitty will like that dried quite as well as the green herb. It may be kept for a special treat or for medicine, although a cat that can find plenty of grass rarely needs medicine. In the winter you can have some grass growing in a pot or box of earth."

"How much better she looks already!" said Philip, watching the sleeping pussy. "I think she will be a beauty. When she is a fine, large cat I shall ask papa to take her picture."

CAT QUESTIONS.

Dozing, and dozing, and dozing!
  Pleasant enough,
Dreaming of sweet cream and mouse meat,
  Delicate stuff!

Waked by a somerset, whirling
  From cushion to floor;
Waked to a wild rush for safety
  From window to door.

Waking to hands that first smooth us,
  And then pull our tails;
Punished with slaps when we show them
  The length of our nails!

These big mortal tyrants even grudge us
  A place on the mat.
Do they think we enjoy for our music
  Staccatoes of "scat"?

To be treated, now, just as you treat us,
  The question is pat,
To take just our chances in living,
  Would YOU be a cat?

LUCY LARCOM.

THE CAT FAMILY.

Our little house cat belongs to the same family as the lion, the tiger, and the leopard. They are known as the old and powerful family of cats, and though pussy is small, tame, and gentle, she is not unlike her fierce cousins in many of her ways.

All cats have sharp claws which can be drawn back until quite out of sight. They walk softly because their feet are padded with soft, elastic cushions. Not only is a cat one of the most sure−footed animals in the world, but she is also one of the most graceful.

Cats are restless creatures, and in a wild state they are prowling about, day and night, with only short periods of rest. Yet, when they are hunting for food, they will patiently lie in wait for hours.

It is the nature of all cats, big and little, to pounce upon their prey and not to chase it.

No cat likes to run. She will hide from danger if she can, and she runs only when she must.

The teeth of cats are sharp and pointed so that they can tear their food in pieces. Their tongues are rough and are of great use in eating. The surface is covered with little prickly points which also serve pussy in the place of a brush and comb.

A cat's whiskers are very sensitive. Even to touch them lightly sometimes hurts her, and to pull them is to make her suffer intense pain. Little children, who do not know what delicate nerves are bound up with their cat's whiskers, are often the cause of great suffering to their pets.

Have you ever looked at your cat's eyes? How well she sees in places that seem dark to us! In what way are her eyes different from ours?

At noon, the black spot in a cat's eye is only a narrow slit, but as the light grows less bright, the pupil of the eye grows rounder and larger. In this way her eyes gather in more and more light as darkness comes on, so that at twilight she can easily find her way. When it is really dark, her sensitive whiskers help her to feel what she cannot see.

Pussy's tail is part of her backbone or spine, which is made up as carefully and delicately as our spines are. If we pull a cat's tail, we run the risk of giving her as severe pain as we should feel if our spines were hurt.

Dogs and cats have been seriously hurt by forcing their heads into empty cans that have contained meat or soup. Sometimes they are not able to free themselves. Their terror is pitiable, and if not found they may run into some hiding place and die a miserable death. It would be easy to see that a can, when emptied, is pounded out of shape, so that no animal can get its head into it. To do this might save great suffering.

[Illustration: A HAPPY PAIR.]

THINGS TO REMEMBER.

It is a mistake to suppose that cats are unloving and selfish. When a cat loves no one, it is usually a proof that no one loves her. She responds warmly to gentle treatment, and often shows personal devotion in very striking ways.

Remember that it is unfair to call a cat cruel and to punish her for following out her own instincts. She knows

nothing of the pain she inflicts, and is quite innocent of any cruel intention. Often a word or two of reproof is effectual, but it is useless to strike her or frighten her. She knows no reason why she should not catch birds as well as mice. If something she likes to eat is given to pussy the last thing at night, she will get into the habit of coming into the house for it. If she is kept in at night, she cannot disturb the early morning songs of your feathered friends. Care and watching will be needed to insure their peace and safety through the day. Especially must she be well fed and have an early breakfast when she has kittens to care for, or she will bring birds for them to eat.

Remember that a half−starved cat makes a poor mouser. When she is exhausted with hunger she loses the sense of smell, and with it all interest in catching mice.

Cats grow very fond of places as well as of people, and dread to change their homes. When a cat is to be taken to another house to live, she should be carried in a cat−basket with openings in the top so that she can have fresh air to breathe and can see what is going on. Holes may be made in a common basket, but the cover must be firmly fastened with a strong strap or cord. Once arrived at her new quarters, pussy should be shut up in a quiet room with food and water and a pan of dry earth. At dusk, when the outer doors are shut, she may be allowed to go into other rooms with some friendly guide. For two or three days she should be kept in the house, and great pains should be taken not to trouble or frighten her while she is learning to feel at home.

Remember, in handling a cat, that it hurts her to be lifted by her front paws alone. Her hind legs should be supported at the same time.

[Illustration: THE TRAVELING BASKET.]

Ribbons and collars are entirely out of place on a cat. They are likely to get caught on twigs and nails, and may even cause death. They certainly give no pleasure to the wearer. Harrison Weir, who has written a book about cats, calls especial attention to the danger of collars and ribbons.

There are so many cats in the world that if all the kittens were allowed to grow up, no good homes could be found for them. It is a hard thing for a kind−hearted person to do, but many little kittens must be killed or they would live to suffer. One kitten of every litter should be left to the mother cat. The others should be killed as soon as possible, but never in the mother's sight. Think how poor pussy would feel when she saw her babies drowned!

One of the greatest hardships that can come into a cat's life is to be left without a home. At the beach in winter and in the city in summer may be seen many homeless, starving, miserable cats, left there by their cruel owners. Once these cats were petted and well−fed. They know what it is to lie on soft cushions and to be caressed. Now, through no fault of their own, they are wanderers in an unfriendly world. Can any name too harsh be given to the men and women who turn adrift these timid, helpless creatures? Remember that it is a thousand times better to chloroform or drown the cat it is impossible to carry with you, than to let her take her chances in so wretched a life.

Cats are so nervous and sensitive, and so timid when taken away from home, that they must suffer very much when exhibited in cages at a cat show. It has frequently happened that cats have been made ill by the fright and confinement.

Cats and dogs sometimes take contagious diseases from each other, and if allowed to run at large they may carry the disease to children or to other pet animals. If our pets are ill they should not be turned out of doors, but should be kept by themselves in a comfortable, quiet room, taken good care of, and on no account should children be allowed to handle them. If we are ill with a contagious disease, our pets should not be allowed in the room with us.

[Illustration: "PLEASE GIVE ME SOME MORE!"]

To keep in good health, cats need to have access to fresh grass and clean water. They much enjoy being brushed with a brush that is not too stiff.

Remember that cats are delicate and easily injured about the head and should be handled carefully.

Agnes Repplier says: "Cats are extremely sensitive and dislike loud voices and bustling ways. They love repose, calmness, and grace."

STORIES OF CATS.

There was once a cat that lived in a house in London. Her master owned a country home also, and twice a year pussy made the journey between the two houses. She always showed great interest and pleasure when the trunks were brought out and the packing cases were being filled.

She herself traveled in a comfortable basket with openings at the top, which had been bought expressly for her. Often her master lifted her out and held her in his lap for a while, so that the journey might not seem long to her.

One day, when the usual preparations were going on, pussy seemed very uneasy. She had a little baby kitten scarcely old enough to walk, and she was afraid the kitten would be left behind.

At last she spied a box half full of dresses.

"There!" thought Mrs. Pussy. "That is a fine place for my baby. I can hide it away under those dresses and it will be quite safe."

When the kitten was discovered, carefully tucked in among the silks and laces, you may be sure that a place was found for it in the cat's basket.

In a monastery in France lived a cat who always came to dinner when the big bell rang to call the monks. One day she happened to be shut up in a room alone when the bell rang, and the poor kitty had no dinner.

[Illustration: DRIVEN OUT By M Stocks]

As soon as she was set free she ran to look for her plate, but none was there. Presently the monastery bell was heard, and when the monks came to see what could be the matter, there was the cat hanging upon the bell rope, ringing for her dinner.

Another story is told, in the Popular Science Monthly, of a cat who knew the name of each member of the household. If she was asked about an absent one, she would look at his vacant seat and then at the speaker. If told to fetch him she would run upstairs to his room, take the handle of the door between her paws, mew at the keyhole, and wait to be let in.

A cat will often become especially attached to one member of a family. Dr. Gordon Stables, who has written a book about cats, tells a story of a cat named Muffle that belonged to him when he was a boy. She was so fond of him that when he went away to school she left the house and went into the woods to live. The boy came home frequently, and whenever he did so she came back to welcome him. Dr. Stables also tells a story of a cat who knew the footsteps of every member of the family, and before any one else could hear a sound she would hasten to the door. She also knew if a stranger knocked at the door, and would give a low growl.

A remarkable story is told in a French scientific paper. There was a certain cat named Cadi who lived in Roumania. The winter of 1880 was very cold, and her master, to save his fuel, often went without a fire.

One day Cadi mewed and mewed until her master followed her. She led him straight to the coal−box, on which she sat until he had filled a hod with coal. Then she led him to the wood−box, and finally back to his own cold room.

While the fire was being made Cadi rubbed against her master's knees with many caresses, and when at last it began to burn bright, she stretched herself before it, contented and happy.

A mother cat will go through fire and water to save her kittens, and she will fight most bravely to protect them. One poor cat, finding that she could not save her baby from the flames of a burning building, went back to die beside it, rather than escape alone.

[Illustration: FRIENDS.]

A BRAVE GIRL. [Footnote: Published by Ticknor Fields, 1867.]

A little girl was once coming home from school across Boston Common, when she saw a party of noisy boys and dogs tormenting a poor kitten by the side of the frog pond. The little wretches would throw it into the water, and then laugh at its vain and frightened efforts to paddle out, while the dogs added to its fright by their ferocious barking. Belle was a bright−eyed, spirited little girl, and her whole soul was roused in indignation; she dashed in among the throng of boys and dogs, and rescued the poor half−drowned little animal. The boys, ashamed, slunk away, and little Belle held the poor, cold, shivering little creature, considering what to do for it. It was half dead already, and she knew that at home there was no room for another pet, for both cat and kitten never were wanting in their family. "Poor kitty!" she said, "you must die, but I will see that you are not tormented;" and she knelt bravely down and held the little thing under water, with the tears running down her own cheeks, till all its earthly sorrows were over, and the little cat was beyond the reach of dog or boy.

This was real, brave humanity. Many people call themselves tender− hearted, because they are unwilling to have a litter of kittens killed, and so they go and throw them over fences, and comfort themselves with the reflection that they will do well enough. What becomes of the poor little defenseless things? In nine cases out of ten they live a hunted, miserable life, crying from hunger, shivering with cold, harassed by cruel dogs, and tortured to make sport for brutal boys. How much kinder and more really humane to take upon ourselves the momentary suffering of causing the death of an animal than to turn our backs and leave it to drag out a life of torture and misery!

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

AUNT ESTHER'S RULE. [Footnote: Published by Ticknor Fields, 1867]

One of Aunt Esther's rules for the care of animals was "Never frighten an animal for sport." I remember that I had a little white kitten, of which I was very fond, and one day I was amusing myself with making her walk up and down the key−board of the piano, and laughing to see her fright at the strange noises which came up under her feet. It never occurred to me that there was any cruelty in it, till Aunt Esther said to me: "My dear, you must never frighten an animal. I have suffered enough from fear to know that there is no suffering more dreadful; and a helpless animal, that cannot speak to tell its fright, and cannot understand an explanation of what alarms it, ought to move your pity."

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

[Illustration: THE LION AT HOME From a Painting by Rosa Bonheur]

LION STORIES.

A large lion was once to be seen in a cage in London. He was so big and fierce that many persons came to have a peep at him.

One day his keeper opened the cage door and put in a little black dog. Everybody wondered what the lion would do. As for the little dog, his heart beat fast with fright and he cowered against the side of the cage.

The lion looked down at the small, shrinking form, but he did not growl or roar. Perhaps he was lonely and glad to have a companion. In some way he must have told the dog that he need not be afraid, for presently the little fellow put out his tongue and lapped his huge friend on the lips.

After that they were very good friends, and the lion often allowed the little dog to tease him and pull his mane. When they were fed, the lion stood back like a true gentleman, and let the dog have his dinner first. He seemed to know that because he was so strong, he must be gentle to the weak and helpless.

Gerard, the great lion−tamer, once brought home from Africa a baby lion. He named it Hubert and for a time it was his pet and playmate.

When it grew large, Gerard sent it to Paris. The next year he went to France and visited his pet. The lion was in a cage, and when he saw his master, he began to quiver with excitement.

Gerard put his hand between the bars, and Hubert snuffed it eagerly.

"Hubert!" said the lion−tamer. "My old soldier!"

With a furious bound the lion sprang upon the bars. He stood close against the grating and filled the building with his roars of joy. His enormous tongue scraped his master's hand, while with his paws he vainly tried to caress him.

After a time he grew more quiet, but whenever Gerard turned to leave him, there were the same heart−breaking moans and roars.

Daily, Gerard spent hours in the same cage with his pet, and the two were very happy together.

Several years ago a lion and a lioness were in the menagerie at Paris. Their keeper, Mr. Felix, was taken ill one day, and could no longer attend to them. The duty of feeding them and keeping the cage clean fell upon a stranger to whom both lion and lioness took a strong dislike. The lion would sit, for hours, at the end of his cage, with bristling mane and flaming eyes. He refused all food from the hands of the new keeper and roared at him so furiously that no one dared to go near the cage.

Days went on and it was evident that something must be done or the lion would become seriously ill. Fortunately, Mr. Felix was getting well, and one morning, intending to surprise the lions, he crept softly to the cage and showed his face between the bars. In an instant the lion sprang forward, patting the man's arm with his great paws and showing the greatest delight. The lioness also ran to him, but the lion drove her back and seemed unwilling that Felix should show her any favor. Fearing that they might quarrel, the keeper entered the cage and caressed them by turns. The huge beasts obeyed him promptly as if eager to show how much they loved him, and peace and quiet were thus restored.

Rosa Bonheur, whose pictures of animals are among the most famous in the world, loved the wild creatures that she painted. At one time she had for a model a fierce lion named Nero who, after a while, had to be taken away to Paris.

The day came when he was to go. The horses that were to draw the great beast's cage to the city shivered with dread at the odor of the flesh− eater. Nero was quiet, but he looked sadly at his mistress, and his gold−yellow eyes seemed full of reproach.

[Illustration: ROSA BONHEUR.]

Months later the artist went to see him in one of the gardens of Paris. He was blind and dying.

"Oh, my poor Nero!" she said. "What have they done to you?"

The lion lifted up his huge head, and listened for a moment. Then, slowly and with pain, he crawled close to the bars of his cage, where she could stroke him. About the artist and her pet there were only rough men and women and boys of the city streets, but every man's hat came off, and there was not a dry eye in the crowd.

Rosa Bonheur did not confine her tenderness to dumb animals. In her prosperity she was kind to many poor artists who were working under hard and discouraging conditions. For years before her death she lived in a village on the edge of the Forest of Fontainebleau, and here she brought the wild animals, the tame pets and the human friends whom she loved, to share her cheerful, happy life.

EXHIBITIONS OF TRAINED ANIMALS SHOULD BE DISCOURAGED.

Those who enjoy going to the circus or menagerie or to any show of wild animals ought to consider how they would like to be shut up as prisoners all their lives, and forced to do unnatural tricks. Some animal trainers try to make the public believe that tricks are taught by kindness and that the animals are comfortable and happy; but persons not in the business who have had an opportunity to watch trained animals behind the scenes say that there is a great deal of suffering among them. To all these questions we can apply the Golden Rule and deal with these creatures that are at men's mercy as we should wish to be dealt with if we were in their place.

[Illustration: THE KING OF BEASTS. From a Painting by Rosa Bonheur.]

THE KING OF BEASTS.

I am a great lion, and one of the strongest animals in the world. I used to live far away in Africa, and when I roared, all who heard my voice were afraid.

I hunted to get food for myself and my little ones. I never killed for fun. It is only men who kill creatures and call it sport. Wild animals are not so savage as that.

You wonder that I am in this cage when I am so strong. I am afraid of men. They are wise and cruel. They made a trap and caught me. They have made these iron bars which are stronger than I am.

I have tried my best to get out. I am weary and homesick I need the wide plains, and the deep streams, and the fresh, sweet air of the forests.

Sometimes when I am asleep I dream of my old home. I forget the crowds who stare at me, and the smell of the sawdust, and the narrow, narrow cage. I think I am once again in the great, free, open country.

Then I spring up gladly, and there are only the iron bars and the low roof. I roar with pain and grief and my keeper comes to punish me with his sharp−pointed stick. When you see me in my cage, pity me, for I am very miserable.

[Illustration: THE SHIP OF THE DESERT]

THE SHIP OF THE DESERT.

The home of the camel is in Arabia. In that country there are many miles of sandy desert.

We use ships to carry goods and men across the sea; in Arabia the camel is used to carry goods and men across the sand. He carries heavy loads over the scorching deserts, and for this reason he is called the Ship of the Desert.

No horse or donkey could tread where the camel does. Their hoofs would sink in the loose, dry sand. But the foot of the camel is like a broad pad or cushion, and it spreads out as he puts it down, so that it neither slips nor sinks. It has also a very thick sole to protect it from the burning heat of the sand.

The camel is able to go for a long time without food or water. He can do this because he carries with him a supply of both. The hump on his back is a large lump of solid fat, which the camel is able, in some strange way, to use as food. He does not bite it or take it into his mouth, but it wastes away, and grows smaller and smaller, when he is making a long journey with little to eat. If the poor camel is starved, his back becomes quite flat.

The camel stores up a supply of water in his two stomachs, a part of which is lined with masses of cells. When the camel drinks, he fills these cells, keeping the water in them for future use so that he is not thirsty again for a long time.

The camel's sense of smell is very acute. It is said that he can detect water long before it is in sight.

When he is carrying a burden across the wild, barren places where no green thing grows, he is fed with a few dates, beans, or cakes. Sometimes he finds a dry, thorny plant to browse upon, but when other food is gone he must depend upon his hump.

In a caravan there are often thousands of camels. Without them, merchants could not send their goods across the desert, for no other animal could endure so long a journey under such conditions.

A HEAVY LOAD.

One day a workman, who was helping to build a new house, saw the driver of a large cart trying to back his horses into the yard. The cart was filled with a heavy load of wood, and though the two horses seemed to be patient and willing, they could move it but a little way. Then it would roll down upon their heels again.

The driver grew angry. He shouted at the horses and gave them cruel cuts with his whip. The horses stopped pushing and began to kick, without moving the cart at all.

By this time the workman had come up to the horses.

"Get down a minute," said he to the driver, "and let me see what I can do."

He went first to one horse and then to the other, stroking their necks and speaking kindly to them. Then he lifted off several heavy timbers and laid them on the ground. Finally he took from his dinner−pail a big red apple, which he cut in two, giving half to each horse.

When the horses had eaten the apple, the man mounted the cart and took up the reins.

"Come, now!" he said cheerily, giving the reins a little shake. "I am sure you can do it if you try once more. Now, then, there you go!"

The horses took new courage, and with all their might bent to their work. With a vigorous push and a great rattle of stones the cart went up into its place.

"It isn't easy to work when you are being scolded." said the workman, handing over the reins to the driver of the pair. "Try my way the next time. It pays."

FAMOUS HORSES.

The horse has been known as man's companion and helper from the earliest times. In Greek mythology horses play a very important part, as every one knows who has read the stories of Arion and the winged horse Pegasus. The most famous horse in history probably was Bucephalus (Bull Head), who belonged to Alexander the Great. Alexander was the son of Philip, king of Macedonia.

When the boy was about thirteen years of age, there was offered for sale to his father a superb white horse with a black mark, like a bull's head, on his forehead. His price was twenty thousand dollars. He was brought before the king, but no one was able to mount him. Philip was angry and was about to send the horse away when Alexander begged to be allowed to try.

He went up quietly to Bucephalus and stroked him for a few minutes with a steady, careful hand. As he did so he noticed that the horse was afraid of his own shadow dancing on the grass before him.

Turning the frightened animal with his face to the sun, the boy leaped lightly on his back, and using every means to soothe him, soon brought him under complete control.

Bucephalus became Alexander's constant companion. The horse was once taken prisoner by the barbarians against whom Alexander was fighting, but the concern shown by the great soldier was so serious that his favorite was promptly restored to him.

[Illustration: A NORMAN SIRE. By Rosa Bonheur.]

This famous horse died when he was thirty years old from wounds received on the field of battle. Alexander mourned his death as that of a dear friend and built a city as a monument to his memory.

Swift and Spurred On were horses that belonged to two Roman emperors. These horses were fed on almonds and raisins; they had ivory mangers and marble stalls; and one of them drank wine out of a golden pail. But I am sure they were too sensible to like such a life and would have preferred a handful of fresh grass and a drink of cold water.

There are many other horses whose names are known in history. There was Copenhagen, the Duke of Wellington's favorite charger, that carried him for ten hours through the battle of Waterloo. Copenhagen lived to a peaceful and honored old age, but he had a fancy for sponge cake and chocolate creams, and he died at last from eating too many sweets.

Then there was Roan Barbary, Richard the Second's favorite, and Agnes, who carried Mary, Queen of Scots. Washington's big white horse, whose picture you have often seen, was carefully tended and cherished as long as he lived.

In art the horse is the emblem of courage and generosity, and as we know him to−day he is not lacking in these noble traits.

HOW TO TREAT HORSES.

It is quite safe to say that of all animals the horse best repays kind treatment. The better you treat him, the better horse he is, and the more work he can do.

Yet no animal is more frequently abused and neglected than the horse. He is left standing in the cold without a blanket or only partly covered; he is whipped by angry drivers; he is ill fed; and he is kept in a dark, close stable for days at a time.

A horse is often brave in facing a danger which he understands. He can be trained to go into dangerous places without shrinking. But it is well to remember that a horse learns only by seeing and smelling, and that a new sight which he does not understand will fill him with terror. He is steadfast before the danger he knows; he is timid as a deer before the danger he imagines.

It should be the business of any one having the care of a horse to let him examine everything that may frighten him. If a horse shies, lead him up gently to see and smell what he is afraid of. He may not dare to go near it the first time, but patience and kindness will teach him, while blows and angry words will only frighten him more.

A bit of paper blowing in the wind is enough to frighten many horses. Their eyes are not like ours, and often on coming out of a dark stable they are so blinded by the light that familiar things look strange to them. To pick up flying pieces of paper may prevent a serious accident.

[Illustration: THREE MEMBERS OF A TEMPERANCE SOCIETY. By J. F. Herring.]

If a horse can be used without blinders, he will be more comfortable and can see better where he is going. He is not so likely to be frightened if he can see what is on each side of him.

Sometimes a horse will not cross water or bridges. It is of no use to whip him; he will only grow more frightened. The best plan is to wait until another horse comes along and goes over the bridge. Then the timid one sees that nothing dreadful happens, and he follows quietly.

A horse that is frightened in his stall will often refuse to be led out. If his harness is put on him, he rarely objects to following his master.

It is often difficult to get a horse out of a burning stable, but if a blanket or cloth is thrown over his head to cover his eyes, he can easily be led away from the fire.

In driving a horse, a poor driver often jerks and pulls the reins. This hardens the horse's mouth and makes it difficult to guide him properly. Horses learn very readily, and will soon obey their master's voice as quickly as the rein.

A horse should not be continually urged when he is doing his best. It only discourages him. He should have a chance to get his breath on reaching the top of a hill before he is started into a faster gait.

In hot weather flies are often a torture to a nervous horse. There are several good preparations for sale to rub on horses and cattle to keep off the flies. A fly net is also a great protection. A wet handkerchief, tied over the top of a horse's head, will sometimes prevent prostration from heat. In the south of France horses often wear hats in the summer, when they are in the hot sun. A wet sponge or a cabbage leaf is placed inside.

It is a mistake to think that a horse should not drink much water. If the body is over−heated it is always well to wait before drinking a great quantity of cold water, but while exercising, horses as well as men need to drink often.

Every time a horse has been out, his feet should be carefully lifted and brushed out. If a small stone gets fixed in the hollow part of the foot, it will soon make a horse lame. It is so simple and easy to take out the stones which a horse picks up in this way, that all boys and girls should learn how to do it, as soon as they are old enough.

The horse is very sensitive to the sound of the human voice. If the tone is loud and harsh he is frightened and irritated, while he is easily encouraged if it is quiet and friendly. Teamsters have a careless habit of shouting at their horses, which is unnecessary and unkind.

When a horse is balky see that the harness does not hurt him, and that the load is not too heavy for him to draw. Then try some simple encouragement, such as a friendly pat or a lump of sugar.

Lastly, the over−check rein is the cause of intense pain. The use of this rein is so common that it is well to know how painful and dangerous it is. A horse needs to put his head and neck down in order to draw a load well. The over−check is the direct cause of several diseases, and a horse often becomes knee−sprung from its use.

[Illustration: NATURAL AND COMFORTABLE.]

It is sometimes said that a horse looks better with his head in the air. Does not the horse on the right look quite as well as the other? He certainly seems much more comfortable and happy.

[Illustration: STRAINED AND MISERABLE.]

A horse driven with an over−check rein is more likely to fall, as he cannot see what is before him, and when he does stumble, he cannot recover his footing quickly. He can no longer move freely and gracefully, and no doubt he wishes that his master would care more about his comfort and well−being. Such a horse looks awkward and ill at ease, and would surely protest for himself if he could.

[Illustration: MARE AND COLT. By C. Steffeck.]

CATCHING THE COLT.

With forehead star, and silver tail,
  And three white feet to match,
The gay, half−broken, sorrel colt,
  Which one of us could catch?

"I can!" said Dick, "I'm good for that";
He slowly shook his empty hat;
"She'll think 'tis full of corn," said he;
"Stand back, and she will come to me."

Her head the shy, proud creature raised
As 'mid the daisy flowers she grazed;
Then down the hill, across the brook,
Delaying oft, her way she took;
Then changed her pace, and, moving quick,
She hurried on, and came to Dick.
"Ha! ha!" he cried, "I've caught you, Beck":
And put the halter round her neck.

But soon there came another day,
  And, eager for a ride,
"I'll go and catch the colt again,
  I can," said Dick with pride.

So up the stony pasture lane,
And up the hill he trudged again;
And when he saw the colt, as slow
He shook his old hat to and fro,
"She'll think 'tis full of corn," he thought,
"And I shall have her quickly caught.
Beck! Beck!" he called; and at the sound,
The restless beauty looked around,
Then made a quick, impatient turn,
And galloped off among the fern.
And when beneath a tree she stopped,
And leisurely some clover cropped,
Dick followed after, but in vain;
His hand was just upon her mane,
When off she flew, as flies the wind,
And, panting, he pressed on behind.
Down through the brake, the brook across,
O'er bushes, thistles, mounds of moss,
Round and around the place they passed,
Till breathless, Dick sat down at last;
Threw by, provoked, his empty hat,
"The colt," he said, "remembers that!
There's always trouble from deceit,
I'll never try again to cheat."

MARIAN DOUGLASS.

A REMARKABLE HORSE−TRAINER.

Nearly half a century ago, an American, named John Rarey, made a name for himself by taming one of the most unruly horses in the world.

This horse was named Cruiser. He belonged to an English nobleman, and was a race−horse of fine blood. Unfortunately he had a bad temper. No groom dared to venture into his stall, and one day, when he had been put into a public stable, it became necessary to take off the roof of the building to get him out. After this he was practically left to himself for three years. His huge bit was loaded with chains, and on his head was a large muzzle, lined inside and out with iron. No wonder that his temper grew worse and worse. When any one came near him he screamed with hate and fury.

Mr. Rarey had already met with such success in taming horses in his own country, that it was decided to let him see what he could do with Cruiser. "Kindness, fearlessness and patience will subdue him," said the American; "I am not afraid to try."

When the time came for the trial, and Mr. Rarey threw open the door as if there were nothing to fear, Cruiser was too much astonished to move. Before he had made up his mind what he should do, the "kindness, fearlessness and patience" of Mr. Rarey were at work. One of Cruiser's fore−feet was gently strapped backward in such a way that he could neither run nor kick. By another strap on the off fore−foot it was possible to draw up the other leg, and presently to bring the powerful creature down upon his knees. All the time this was going on, Mr. Rarey spoke quietly and encouragingly to him, until at last Cruiser felt that he had met a master and a friend.

In three hours Cruiser's owner was able to mount him, and Mr. Rarey's fortune was made, for the horse was a distinguished individual, whose return to society was hailed with joy. Queen Victoria expressed her pleasure at Cruiser's improvement and frequently came to see him and caress him.

Cruiser became the property of his tamer, and went with Mr. Rarey through the principal countries of Europe. Everywhere throngs came to see him and his still more wonderful master.

"My mission," said Mr. Rarey, "is to teach men that kindness, patience and firmness must be used in the management of horses. They are taught by gentleness and not by harshness."

Rarey gave free lectures to cabmen and truck−drivers wherever he went, and the crowned heads of Europe were glad to share the privilege of hearing and seeing him. Horses that had been frightened and angered by ill−usage became, under his treatment, mild and easily governed. The amount of good he accomplished it is not easy to estimate. He died before he was forty years old, but the lesson he taught is not wholly forgotten. Just before his death he said: "If I could only get back once more to the old farm, and put my arms round my dear horses' necks, I believe I should get well."

THE ARAB TO HIS HORSE.

Come, my beauty! come, my desert darling!
On my shoulder lay thy glossy head!
Fear not, though the barley−sack be empty,
Here's the half of Hassan's scanty bread.

Thou shalt have thy share of dates, my beauty!
And thou know'st my water−skin is free:
Drink and welcome, for the wells are distant,
And my strength and safety lie in thee.

Bend thy forehead now, to take my kisses!
Lift in love thy dark and splendid eye:
Thou art glad when Hassan mounts the saddle,
Thou art proud he owns thee: so am I.

Let the Sultan bring his boasted horses,
Prancing with their diamond−studded reins;
They, my darling, shall not match thy fleetness
When they course with thee the desert plains!

We have seen Damascus, O my beauty!
And the splendor of the Pashas there;
What's their pomp and riches? why, I would not
Take them for a handful of thy hair!
BAYARD TAYLOR.

[Illustration: After a painting by Sir Edwin Landseer]

"WAITING FOR MASTER."

Though late the master's voice is heard above,
And slowly lag his footsteps on the stair,
No hint of weariness to him ascends
From those who uncomplaining wait him there.

If patience, faithfulness and perfect love
Are ranked as noble virtues everywhere,
May we not claim for these three loyal friends
A right in such nobility to share?

PART II. A GROUP OF WORKERS

ROBERT'S DREAM.

One hot afternoon Robert was playing under the maple tree. He was tired of his wagon and his train of cars, and he looked about for something else to play with. "Come here, Prince!" he said to his dog. "Let me put my hat on your head and play that you are a little boy."

Prince was sleepy and tired. He did not feel like playing that he was a little boy. He shook his head until the hat fell off, and Robert struck him with a stick. Then the poor dog ran away.

Under the rose−bush was Snowball, the cat, having a good nap.

"Oh, Snowball!" said Robert, "I will give you a ride." And he tried to put her into the tiny wagon.

Snowball did not care to ride. She scratched Robert and ran off as fast as she could go.

"What a naughty cat!" said Robert angrily.

"What a naughty boy!" said Robert's mamma, who had been watching him from the porch. "It was unkind to disturb Prince and Snowball as you did. I think you must go and stay by yourself a little while."

Robert ran upstairs, shut his door very hard, and threw himself upon his bed.

It seemed to him that he had been there only a minute when he heard voices. He looked up and found himself in the garden again. Near him several dogs and cats were talking. To his surprise he understood what they said.

Prince was speaking. "I am tired of living here," he said. "My little master does not treat me very well. This morning he took me with him when he went on his bicycle. I was tired out and very hot and thirsty when we

came home, but he would not take the trouble to fill my pan of water. I asked him plainly for a drink of water, but he laughed at me and said he was busy."

"I scratched him to−day," said Snowball. "Perhaps that may teach him not to hurt me so often. He lifts me by one paw, and yesterday he swung me about by the tail. I am sure he doesn't know how much he hurts me."

"You are a brave cat to dare to scratch him," said a sober little kitten. "We have a baby at our house, and of course I can't scratch a baby. She pulls my fur and puts her fingers in my eyes. The other children catch me when I run away, and give me back to her."

"That is very unfair," said a dog who was walking about. "You must excuse me for walking while I talk, but I have been chained so long that I am quite stiff. Of course I run away when the chain is taken off. Who wouldn't?"

"But you have enough to eat," said a thin cat who sat under the tree and who was looking up longingly at the birds. "No one gives me anything to eat until I cry for it. Then I am scolded for making such a noise. I should be glad to catch mice, if there were any to be found in our house."

"Still, you have a home," said a faint voice. "It is something to be thankful for, if you have a place to sleep."

All turned to see where the voice came from. A forlorn cat came out timidly from the currant bushes. It made Robert's heart ache to look at her.

"You had a good home a few weeks ago," said Prince, "though I must say I hardly knew you when you came up. Do have some of my dinner. I am not hungry myself."

"Thank you," said the newcomer gratefully. "Yes, I had a good home, and the children were kind to me. They have gone to the seashore now, and the house is shut up. They are not coming back for weeks. I don't believe I can live till then. I wish I were dead. I should be thankful if somebody would be kind enough to kill me."

Her voice died out in a wail of despair.

Robert's eyes were full of tears, and he began to sob. Then he heard his mother say:

"Why, my boy, what are you dreaming about? Wake up, dear. It is almost supper time, and papa is coming up the street."

"Oh, mother!" said Robert, "I have had such a bad dream! I am sure I shall never be cruel to poor Snowball again."

[Illustration: A FARM YARD]

ROBERT ON A FARM.

When Robert was ten years old, he spent several weeks on a farm. He had always lived in the city, and he was eager to know something of country life.

The farmer, Mr. Spencer, promised to teach Robert all that he could about the animals on the farm. The boy had not been long in his new home before he ran to the barn. There were three cows in the barn and two horses. They looked very comfortable and happy.

"What wide stalls they have!" said Robert, "and I never saw a cow in a box stall before."

"Yes," said James, who was milking the cows, "all these stalls are wide enough for the cows and horses to lie down whenever they like. Do you see, too, that the animals face the barn, instead of staring at a blank wall all day?"

"It must be more fun to look into the barn than at a few boards," said Robert, "but I never thought of it before."

"They like to watch what is going on," said James, "and they have better air than they would in a close stall."

"What delicious milk we had last night!" said Robert, stooping to rub Clover's head, to her great delight.

"Our cows give good milk," said James. "Mr. Spencer makes his cows happy, and he finds that it pays. Only last week he sent off a boy because he made the cows run on the way to the pasture. You know that injures the cows and spoils the milk."

"Do they go to pasture every day?" asked Robert.

"Yes," said Mr. Spencer, who came into the barn just then. "They go every day in summer, unless there is a heavy rain. Some cows take cold easily, and should never be out in a long storm. In winter, when it is not too cold, they have an hour or two in the cow−yard at noon. The barn is warm, and they have a good bedding of straw. In a cold barn, cows should be blanketed in freezing weather."

"Do cows eat anything but hay and grass?" asked Robert.

"Oh, yes!" said Mr. Spencer. "Cows need a variety in their food, and plenty of water to drink. My cows eat corn−stalks, carrots, mangel− wurzels, and sometimes bran and corn−meal mixed."

"How sleek they look!" said Robert.

"James cards and brushes them every day, to keep them in good condition."

"They seem very friendly," Robert went on. "Clover is not at all afraid of me."

"They have never been frightened or hurt," said Mr. Spencer, "and they are affectionate creatures. Cows are often homesick in a new home with a strange master, and they grow to love those who are kind to them. I knew a little boy who tried to comfort a cow for the loss of her calf. She was very unhappy and the boy did all that he could to show how much he pitied her. Soon the cow would follow him about the place. When he went away she was lonely, and when he came back she greeted him with evident delight."

"Is it easy to milk a cow?" asked Robert. "It looks easy."

Mr. Spencer laughed. "It is not so simple as it looks," he said, "but James will teach you, if you like. My cows never kick, but if you ever try to milk a cow that kicks, you must be very gentle with her. I have heard that a cloth wrung out in cold water and laid over her loins will keep her quiet when other methods fail."

"I will try to remember that," said Robert.

"Cows, like most animals, are kind to one another," said Mr. Spencer, seeing that Robert was interested in the pretty creatures. "I was at work in the barnyard one day when two cows came up the road to the gate. They

seemed to be looking for something.

[Illustration: A GROUP OF FRIENDS.]

"It was a hot, dusty day, and suddenly the thought came to me that they were looking for some water. I opened the gate, and they went at once to the trough by the pump. When I had filled the trough they drank as if they were nearly choked with thirst.

"As soon as they were satisfied they went away, but in less than an hour they came back again, bringing three other cows with them. During all the hot weather these cows came to me every day for water. When I found out who their owner was I told him the story.

"'I am ashamed to think that my cows had to go away from home to find water to drink,' he said. 'In future I will see that they have fresh water in their own pasture.'"

ROBERT FEEDS THE POULTRY

On his way back to the house Robert met Mrs. Spencer carrying a large tin dish full of something which looked like hasty pudding. She turned as she saw Robert, and said pleasantly, "Do you want to help me feed the chickens?"

"I should like it very much, thank you," said Robert, and he followed Mrs. Spencer down behind the barn, where he saw several little houses opening into small hen−yards enclosed with wire netting.

"Why do you have all these little houses besides your large hen−house?" asked Robert.

"These little yards give the hens a chance to move about and scratch for their chickens. The old slat−coops were not half so comfortable as these. It is better, too, that the little chickens should be kept by themselves. They need to be fed often, and they cannot eat what the older ones like. In this way each brood is kept with its mother."

"Will you let me feed them?" asked Robert.

[Illustration: HEN AND CHICKENS.]

"Yes," said Mrs. Spencer. "You may put a large spoonful into every yard. It is better to give them a little at a time; then the food does not stay on the ground and get dirty and sour."

"What is this I am giving them?" asked Robert as the chickens ran and clustered round the food. "They seem to like it."

"It is Indian meal, thoroughly scalded," said Mrs. Spencer. "Raw or slightly scalded meal is likely to do them harm."

"Isn't it fun to watch them!" said Robert. "What else do chickens eat?"

"They eat a variety of things. The first food I gave these little chicks was stale bread−crumbs wet in warm water, and I mixed with that the yolk of one hard−boiled egg. Oatmeal would have been just as good as the bread−crumbs. I always keep a dish of fresh water, too, in their yard."

"What nice little houses you have for them!"

"They are good little houses, tight enough to keep out the rain and draughts, for hens and chickens must be kept warm and dry. It is important, too, that their houses and yards and nests should be very clean."

"My uncle said it was too much trouble to keep hens, and he sold his because they did not lay many eggs," said Robert.

"It is a great mistake to think that we can keep animals of any kind without some trouble. The horse, the cow, the dog, the cat, the pigs and hens, all need patient, thoughtful attention.

"If they are to be well and happy, and do the work for us that we demand of them, we must feed them well and wisely, keep them clean, give them fresh water every day, and a comfortable place to sleep in.

"Unless we are willing to do this, we have no right to keep for our pleasure any living creature. It is selfish to expect them to do all they can for us, when we give them as little as we can in return."

While Mrs. Spencer was saying this, Robert had finished feeding the chickens, and he was sitting on the grass in front of one yard admiring a white hen with ten lovely white chickens. "I think these are the prettiest little chickens I ever saw," he said, "and their mother seems very proud of them. Is the mother hen always fond of her chickens?"

"Almost always," Mrs. Spencer replied, "but this white hen you admire so much is a queer creature. If her chickens are not all white, she will not own them.

"We found it out in a strange way. In her last brood all the chickens were white but one. She was not kind to this one when it was little, and as it grew older she seemed to like it less and less.

"One day James saw her drive it away when the other chickens were going to bed under her wings at night, but he thought she would let it in to its shelter when the chickens she liked best were safe. The next morning when James went out to milk the cows, he had a great surprise.

"A half−grown kitten, which had come to us, was waiting to go into the barn with him and get the breakfast which James always gave it when he had milked. In company with this kitten was the poor little chicken that had been driven away by the hen."

"That was very strange!" said Robert.

"We thought so," answered Mrs. Spencer. "After this the kitten and the chicken became fast friends. They ate together, and slept together in the barn, and seemed very fond of each other."

"Did you ever know of another cat that was friendly with a hen or a chicken?" asked Robert.

"Yes. I remember that a cat which had been deserted, and had grown very wild, made friends with our hens. He often used to be seen feeding with them in the barnyard."

"I wonder the hens were not afraid of him."

"They seemed really to pity him and never tried to drive him away. At first, and for a long time, the cat was so wild he would not let any of the family come near him. I think he had been ill−treated. At last he learned that we were his friends, and he became very fond of us. We kept him until he died of old age."

"That speckled hen with eleven chickens looks gentle," said Robert.

"She is brave, too," said Mrs. Spencer. "Last summer, when she was roaming about with a brood of chickens, a large dog came into the yard through the gate, which happened to be open.

"The brave mother hen flew at him and came down on his back. She clung to him and pecked him with her sharp bill, until he ran howling out of the yard with the hen on his back."

"How far did she go with him?"

"She flew off as soon as he was fairly out of the yard and came clucking back to her chickens, her feathers all bristled up, as proud a hen as I ever saw. She is very fond of me. Just see this!"

Mrs. Spencer opened the door of the little house and called the speckled hen, who ran out clucking and calling her chickens after her. The whole brood crowded themselves into Mrs. Spencer's lap, as she sat on the grass beside the house.

Robert laughed merrily. "That is the funniest thing I ever saw a hen do!"

"I never before had one that would get into my lap," said Mrs. Spencer, "though my hens often eat out of my hand."

"I thought hens were too stupid to care for any one," said Robert.

"I believe it is possible to win the affection of any creature we have under our care," said Mrs. Spencer.

[Illustration: A HAPPY FAMILY.]

HOW TO FEED AND CARE FOR HENS.

"Do you give meat to the hens?" asked Robert.

"They do not need meat in summer," said Mrs. Spencer, "because they catch bugs and grasshoppers. In the winter, if it seems to be necessary, it is possible to buy animal food that is prepared for the purpose.

"I give them potato peelings, or small potatoes mixed with some kind of meal, and in winter I always warm their food before I give it to them. A very good supper is whole grain, but in the morning it is better to give them soft food.

"They must have lime in some shape to form the eggshells. I give my hens burnt oyster shells, pounded fine, or clam shells. All the year they need some kind of green food; if they do not have this they are very likely to be sick."

"What do you mean by giving them green food?" asked Robert. "You cannot get grass in winter."

"That is true," said Mrs. Spencer, "but you can give them cabbage, which they like very much, or cooked vegetables. In the spring and summer they will enjoy the fresh clover. When they are allowed to have free range, they eat grasshoppers and crickets and do not need meat.

"All fowls must have some kind of grit with their grain food. Crushed stone, which can be bought, will supply this need. Fowls must have clean straw for their nests, and dry earth and plaster or lime must be put on the floor of the hen−house under the roosts. It is important also to sprinkle dry sulphur in the nests once in a while, to keep insects away.

"They like dry earth for their dust bath. Did you ever see a hen lying down in the dust, and throwing it all over herself? She enjoys this just as much as you enjoy going into the salt water, and she needs it as much as you need your bath."

"I should think a hen would find it hard to know her own chickens."

"Oh, no! The youngest chicken knows the voice of its mother, and the mother can tell the difference between the cry of her chickens and the voices of those which do not belong to her.

"It is interesting, also, to watch the rooster care for the hens. When he finds something particularly good, he calls them all around him, and often he will not eat a morsel until he sees that they are satisfied.

"Of course there are greedy roosters sometimes, as well as greedy boys and girls, but usually the rooster is good to the hens.

"Some thoughtless farmers carry live fowls with their heads hanging down. This is very cruel. Think how you would like being carried in that way. It is cruel also to crowd them into little hampers when they have to be carried to market.

"Fowls cannot be healthy if kept on the same ground year after year, for the earth becomes poisoned. They should be moved to new ground every year, and the soil occupied the year before used to grow grain, grass, and vegetables; then the fowls could be returned. Unless a movable coop is used it is a good plan to move the yard from one side of the hen− house to the other. If the fowls are diseased either through being kept on poisoned ground or as a result of crowding in taking them to market, their flesh cannot be wholesome for food.

"Fowls are sensitive, timid creatures, and should be treated with kindness. If one cannot take good care of them, it is far better to give up keeping hens and chickens."

ROBERT VISITS THE PIGS.

"Can I help you about anything this morning?" asked Robert of James, as he strolled out into the barnyard after breakfast.

"I am going to feed the pigs," said James. "You may go with me if you like."

Robert did not seem very much pleased with this invitation, and, as James looked surprised, he said:

"I do not like pigs, they are so dirty. Besides, they are always squealing, and they live in such a disagreeable place under the barn."

James smiled. "Come with me and see our pigs," he said; "perhaps you will like them better than you think."

James had a large wheelbarrow with him, and on the way he stopped in a fine field of clover and cut enough of it to fill the wheelbarrow to the very top. Robert helped him pile up the clover, and he would have liked to wheel the barrow, but it was too heavy for him.

They passed on into another field where Robert saw a row of little houses. Each little house had a yard inclosed by a board fence, which was not too high for Robert to look over.

In the first yard was a fine, large sow and six clean little pigs, four of them white, and the other two black and

white. They were frisking around their mother and playing almost as prettily as young puppies. There was space enough in the yard to give them plenty of room for their frolic.

Robert was so delighted with them that he wanted to feed them, and James let him put an armful of the sweet clover into the yard. "I have fed them once this morning," said James. "They had their regular breakfast before I had mine, which was very early."

Robert went on to the next yard where a large hog was lying contentedly in the sun. He gave a cheerful grunt as if to say "thank you," when James threw some clover over the fence.

"Here, old fellow, are some acorns!" said James, as he took a handful from his pocket and flung them over into the clover pile. "That's right. Hunt them up!"

Robert laughed to see what a good time the hog was having. As he went on he saw that all the yards were clean and so were the pigs. There was a trough of fresh water in each yard, and another trough for the food.

"I thought all pigs were dirty," said Robert.

"No, indeed!" said James. "They like to be clean and to have room to run about. They need to root in the earth and roll in the mud, but they prefer clean earth and clean mud to the filthy stuff they often get."

"There's a great difference in mud," said Robert, in such a wise way that James laughed. "Pigs like sunshine, too," said he, "and when you have seen me give them a bath you will never say again that they like to be dirty. We wash them and brush them with a stiff brush, and they think it great fun."

"Do they eat anything but scraps from the kitchen?" was Robert's next question.

"Of course," said James. "They have milk, beets, potatoes, a little grain, with plenty of hay, and green or dry clover. I don't give them much corn because it makes them too fat. In those small troughs I keep a mixture of clay, salt, ashes, and charcoal so that the pigs can reach it easily. In winter I always warm their food for them and take great pains to keep their bedding warm and dry. I am not allowed to give them any food which isn't sweet and fresh. If I were careless about it I should lose my place directly. Mr. Spencer made me understand that when I came. He said that a dirty pig−pen was a disgrace to a farmer and a danger to the neighborhood."

"These pigs look as if they knew you," said Robert. "Do you think they do?"

"I know they do," said James. "They are as bright as any of the other animals I take care of. Don't you know the old Welsh saying, 'Happy is the man who is as wise as a pig'? When they are stupid it is because they have been ill−treated. If we lived in a dark, damp hole under a barn we might look a little dull, sometimes. Don't you think so, Robert?"

A MORNING'S DRIVE.

One beautiful morning, when Robert had been at the farm nearly a week, Mr. Spencer invited him to take a drive to the sheep−pasture. There was a large basket in the buggy. "I am taking a little treat to my sheep," said Mr. Spencer. "Once a week I carry them some chopped carrots and turnips."

It was only a short drive to the sheep−pasture. As Robert and Mr. Spencer went through the gate the sheep came running to meet their master. They were fine, fat creatures, and so tame that Robert could stroke their woolly heads and soft noses.

The pasture was well fenced in, and four horses were near the fence, under a large tree. Three of them came up to share the carrots and to hunt in Mr. Spencer's pockets for lumps of sugar. The fourth horse did not move from where he was lying.

"Are these your horses?" asked Robert.

"Only one is mine," said Mr. Spencer. "The others belong to a wise friend of ours who gives his horses a vacation in the summer. Did you ever think how many horses work all their lives without any rest worth mentioning?"

"No," said Robert slowly. "I never thought of it before. It does seem hard that they shouldn't have a vacation sometimes."

"It seems hard that they cannot be sure of a rest on Sunday, at least," said Mr. Spencer. "Some horses work all the week, and are then driven for miles on Sunday."

"Yes," said Robert. "We often see tired horses taking heavy wagonloads of people to the beach."

"Horses need to rest one day in seven," said Mr. Spencer. "When horse− cars were used in New York, it was found that no horse could do good work unless he had a day of rest once a week. A horse is not a machine. He suffers just as we do with hunger, thirst, and fatigue. Sometimes he needs a dentist or a doctor, just as we do."

As Mr. Spencer talked he was walking toward the white horse under the tree. The horse got up stiffly and slowly, and rubbed his nose against Mr. Spencer's shoulder.

"Oh, what a wretched−looking old horse!" said Robert. "He doesn't belong to you, does he?"

Mr. Spencer patted the horse's neck and gave him a few lumps of sugar.

"This horse isn't old," he said, "but he is worn out with hard work and abuse. He doesn't look like my other horses, does he?"

"No, indeed!" said Robert. "How did you happen to own him?"

"A few years ago," said Mr. Spencer, "he was a fine young horse. He belonged to a man I knew who thought little of the comfort of the animals in his care. I doubt very much if this poor horse ever wore a blanket in cold weather, and I know that many a time a frosty bit was put into his mouth."

"Does a bit need to be warmed?" asked Robert.

"Oh, no!" said Mr. Spencer. "If it is held in cold water a few minutes the frost will come out of it, and there will be no danger of making the horse's mouth sore. The owner of this horse would never have taken the trouble to do that. His one thought was to be in the fashion. So he had poor Whitey's coat clipped, bought a curb−bit for him, and cut off his long tail."

"What a cruel man!" said Robert warmly.

"There are many others like him," said Mr. Spencer. "They do not see how helpless a horse is when his head is drawn back with an over−check or hurt by a curb−bit and when he has no chance to drive away the flies that torment him. To cut off a horse's tail not only hurts him very much at the time, but makes him miserable

afterwards."

"If I were a horse and were treated like that, I'd run away," said Robert.

"That is just what old Whitey did," said Mr. Spencer. "He ran away. Then his owner sold him to a grocer."

"Our grocer is very good to his horses," said Robert. "I hope this one was, too."

"No," said Mr. Spencer. "Poor Whitey grew more and more miserable. The boys who drove the wagon whipped him and teased him. They cared little whether or not he had a good dinner, and water to drink, and time to rest at noon. At night they often forgot to rub him down, and sometimes, after a long, hard day's work, he went without his supper."

"That was mean!" Robert's voice quivered with indignation.

"One day last March," went on Mr. Spencer, "I saw the poor fellow standing in the cold wind and rain, with no blanket on. His head was down and he was shivering with cold. I could hardly believe that it was the same horse I had known a few years ago. To make a long story short, I bought him for a small sum and took him to a stable near by. There I saw him well rubbed down and fed with warm bran−mash. After a few days I brought him out here. He is very happy and comfortable, but it will take him all summer to get well. He can do only light work for the rest of his life."

"Does he need any food but hay and grass?" Robert asked, as he held out a handful of sweet clover to Whitey.

"If he were working, he should have plenty of oats," said the farmer; "and all horses need a bran−mash once a week, at least."

"Will his tail ever grow again?" asked Robert.

"No," said Mr. Spencer," but I rub him with an ointment which the flies do not like. I use it for all my horses and cows."

"I wish I could buy all the worn−out horses in the world and send them here," said Robert.

Mr. Spencer laughed. "I should need a big pasture," he said. "See the sheep in the brook, Robert! They enjoy running water as much as the cows and horses do."

"Do sheep need much care?" asked Robert, who found farm life very interesting.

"They need to be protected from stray dogs and to have a shelter from the cold and storms. Otherwise they give very little trouble. They should always keep their warm wool coats until the cold spring winds are over. Some farmers are very thoughtless about this, and their sheep and lambs suffer and die from cold. It would make your heart ache to see, as I have often seen, the little dead lambs in the bleak pastures."

"I'll remember that, when I have my farm," said Robert, with ready sympathy. "I'll have my sheep keep their coats on, just as I wear my reefer, until it is warm."

THE AIR−GUN

On the way home from the sheep−pasture, Mr. Spencer saw a boy by the side of the road with an air−gun in his hands.

"There is Frank Weston shooting birds," he said, stopping his horse. "What are you shooting, Frank?"

"English sparrows, Mr. Spencer," said the boy, coming forward. "My father said I might shoot all I could find. There's one, now."

"You are mistaken," said Mr. Spencer quietly. "That is a song sparrow and a native of our fields."

"Oh, yes, so it is!" said the boy carelessly. "But there are plenty of English sparrows. I shot five yesterday. They do ever so much harm, Mr. Spencer."

"They certainly do some good, also," said the farmer. "They eat cankerworms and other harmful insects. They are said to devour that troublesome pest, the tree caterpillar, which no other bird will touch."

Frank looked thoughtful for a minute. Then he said: "A boy wants to have some fun with his gun."

"It seems to me," said the farmer, "that it would be more fun to shoot at a mark than to give pain to some living creature. But a gun is a poor toy, at the best, Frank. Ask your father for a good pair of opera− glasses, and study the birds instead of killing them. We know very little yet about any of them. See if you can't bring me a bit of news about some of our feathered neighbors before the summer is over. I'm a real bird−gossip, you know, and I'm always anxious to hear of what is going on in their homes."

"All right, sir," said Frank, smiling into his friend's kindly eyes. "I'm afraid it will be hard work to find out anything that you don't know already, but I'll try."

Mr. Spencer drove on for a few minutes in silence.

"I never could understand why boys are always trying to hit something," he said at last. "When they haven't an air−gun, they throw stones and snowballs. I could tell you of some serious accidents from stone− throwing. A little friend of mine was killed by falling from a horse which had been frightened by a snowball. It is disgraceful that there should be no strict laws to forbid that kind of play."

Robert's cheeks and ears were beginning to burn.

"Father won't give me an air−gun," he said, presently. "He says it will make me hard−hearted to kill anything even English sparrows. But I thought all boys threw snowballs."

"Perhaps they do," said Mr. Spencer. "I wish they could know some of the risks they run and the pain they give. I have seen little girls come home from school, crying and hurt, and I knew they had been snowballed."

"They were pretty mean boys who did that," began Robert. "We don't throw snowballs at girls."

"Tired old men and hard−working horses and other busy workers are not much better targets," said Mr. Spencer, and again Robert's cheeks flamed. "Perhaps, however, your snowballs always go just where you intend to have them. That makes it safer, of course."

The farmer's tone was so polite that Robert looked up suspiciously. There was a twinkle in the kind, gray eyes.

"Now, Robert," said Mr. Spencer, good−humoredly, "you have heard me preach a good many sermons since you came. Let me tell you just one thing to remember. Don't do anything, to any living creature, which you wouldn't enjoy if you were in its place."

"Why, that's the Golden Rule," said Robert.

"I know it," said the farmer, as he drove into the clean, pleasant yard, "but I never heard that the Golden Rule wouldn't work wherever it was tried."

APRIL SONG.

Now willows have their pussies,
  Now ferns in meadow lands
Hold little downy leaflets,
  Like clinging baby hands.
Like rosy baby fingers
  Show oak−leaves 'gainst the blue;
The little ones of nature
  Are ev'rywhere in view.

There's purring in a sunbeam
  Where Tabby's babies play.
The hen is softly brooding,
  Her chickens came to−day.
Up in the crimson maple
  The mother robin sings;
The world is full of caring
  For little helpless things.

MARY E. WILKINS. From "Songs of Happy Life," by permission of publishers.

EARTHWORMS AND SNAKES.

The little earthworm, crawling across the garden path or burrowing its way into the loose soil, seems very common and insignificant, but it is a most useful servant to man.

Without the earthworms it would be difficult for us to live. It is by their help that grass grows for the cattle, and the garden yields food for our own use.

Long before any one thought of making a plough, the hard lumps of earth were broken up by the slender bodies of the earthworms. These worms have no eyes or feelers or feet, but they have, on each ring of their bodies, four pairs of bristles, which aid them in making their way through the earth.

Air is let into the soil through the holes that the worms make, and the moisture is drained away. Thus the roots of the plants are kept in good condition.

Worms are useful in another way. They can make poor soil into rich mould. This they do by swallowing earth and dried leaves.

After passing through the body of the worm, the earth is cast up in little heaps, which are soon scattered by the wind and rain. Hundreds of these "casts" may be seen in any large garden, and thus the whole surface is constantly changing.

In this way fields which were unfit for crops of any kind are made ready for the farmer's use. In some places

it has been found that ten tons of dry earth on every acre are made into good soil each year by the worms.

No gardener can prepare fine mould for plants so well as the worms can do it, and no farmer can so carefully make ready his fields.

There are some creatures which are commonly disliked and avoided because they are not attractive to look at. Often this is a mere prejudice against them, and careful study reveals a beauty not noticed before. There is a very general and absurd feeling against snakes which is the cause of much unnecessary suffering. This fear is so common that for many children and grown people a walk in the woods and fields loses half its pleasure.

Most of our common snakes are harmless and are useful in destroying insects. Instead of shuddering with horror at the little green snake, watch him as carefully as you can. Soon you will begin to wonder how he can go so fast, what he eats, and where he makes his home. You will find that he is not at all like the earthworm. He belongs to a very different class of animals, but he is as innocent as the worm of any wish to do you harm. He prefers to be left to himself in the long grass, but you may be sure if he should glide over your feet, or across your hand, he would not hurt you at all.

HUMANITY.

Turn, turn thy hasty foot aside,
  Nor crush that helpless worm!
The frame thy wayward looks deride
  Required a God to form.

The common Lord of all that move,
  From whom thy being flowed,
A portion of his boundless love
  On that poor worm bestowed.

Let them enjoy their little day,
  Their humble bliss receive;
Oh! do not lightly take away
  The life thou canst not give!

T. GISBORNE.

ANTS, BEES, AND WASPS.

Ants, bees, and wasps belong to the same family of insects. The ant, to begin with the smallest, is a good proof that size has little to do with intelligence.

These little people, as King Solomon said of them long ago, "are exceeding wise." A long chapter might be filled with an account of the wonderful things they do. In this country there are ants who are farmers. They plant their fields, keep them carefully weeded, and gather each year the seed for the new crops. They make roads, build bridges, and fashion wonderful houses with underground storerooms and galleries. If their harvest gets wet, it is brought out to dry on the first sunny day, and then carried back again with the greatest pains.

Other ants are master−builders and make elaborate houses of more than forty stories. These houses are made of bits of stick and straw. Some ants are soldiers, others are gardeners, while still others are famous bridge−builders. The red ants make slaves of black ants and become very dependent upon the faithfulness

and industry of their servants. Many ants keep as cows the small green plant−lice on the rose−bushes. These tiny green cows fill themselves full of a sweet juice which they make from the plant−leaf. The little people like the sweet juice and have found out that they can get it by stroking the cows. So they keep herds of fat cattle and often mount guard round the branch or tree where their cows are feeding.

Ants have a keen sense of smell and a wonderful way of talking to each other by touching their antennae. They must have a complete set of signals, for they are able to carry on a long conversation.

How do we know so much about them? Wise men have spent years in studying their ways. There was a blind Swiss naturalist, named Huber, who, with the aid of his servant, was able to learn more of ants and their doings than any one had dreamed of before. It was Huber who found out that ants go to war and make slaves. In England another famous observer noticed that ants knew and welcomed each other after ten and twelve months of separation.

It would be interesting to know what the ants think of us, who in some ways are no wiser than themselves. How blundering and clumsy we must seem when with careless feet we crush millions of the innocent dwellers in their underground cities! Surely we might try not to disturb the little people in the wonderful homes they have made.

Bees and wasps are cousins of the ants. They have four wings, the front pair being the larger. In flight the two wings on each side are hooked together so as to form one broad wing.

We all know how helpful bees are to us. They lay up enough honey to feed themselves through the winter, and we think this a very desirable addition to our own table. The wax they make for their houses is useful to us in more ways than one. But they help us in another way, which is still more curious and interesting. While the bee is burrowing for honey in the heart of some deep blossom, the yellow flower−dust, or pollen, sticks to its hairy body and legs. When it flies to the next flower, some of this dust is brushed off and falls in the right place to make the seeds in that flower grow. So, without knowing it, the bee is helping us in our gardening. Some plants would never bear fruit if the bees did not carry the pollen from one flower to another.

Next to the ants, the bees are the most intelligent insects we know. They make wax houses of beautiful shapeliness, and they rear their little ones with great wisdom and care. There is always a queen bee, and no real princess is more royally tended than are the princess bees. They are fed on different food from that of the other babies, and the royal cradles are of the finest quality. Should all the princesses die, one of the common bees is put into the royal cradle and fed upon the dainty food, and she often makes quite as good a queen as if she were born in the purple.

Bees seldom sting if they are let alone. They are easily frightened by a sudden movement and will try to defend themselves. If a bee alights by mistake on your hand or face, it will soon fly away without hurting you if you can keep quite still. As a rule, they are good−tempered and harmless.

Wasps have not earned for themselves a reputation for good−nature or thrift. They have never learned to store up honey, and every winter many of them freeze to death in their elegant paper houses. It is considered wise not to handle a wasp, lest his feelings, which are easily ruffled, get the better of him. But there is room to admire his good looks, his skill in house−building, and his sturdy pluck and courage.

[Illustration: PAPER−MAKERS.]

Wasps do much good in the garden by destroying grubs and caterpillars, and they are quite willing to take their wages in overripe fruit at the end of the season.

A LITTLE BLACK SLAVE.

I am going to tell you about a little slave who lived in France. Her name was Alerta, and she was a tiny black ant.

Not far from Paris there lived a colony of red ants great lazy fellows who would not work and who would hardly find food for themselves. They thought that a set of slaves would help them very much.

"If we had slaves," they said, "we should not have to milk our cows or take care of our children."

So one fine morning they set out to conquer some weaker colony and make slaves of the prisoners of war.

It was not long before they came upon a nest of black ants.

"These are good workers," said the lazy red ants. "They will make good servants." So they fell upon the nests and carried off all the baby ants.

"We could never carry the older ones so far," said the red ants, "but these children will grow up before long."

This was true. Soon Alerta was a fine, strong young ant. One morning her mistress tapped her on the shoulder.

"Do get me some food, please," said she.

"What would you like, and where shall I get it?" asked Alerta briskly. She was glad to have something to do.

"Oh, run outside," said the red ant, "and you will find our cows grazing on a rose−bush near the door."

Alerta ran up the narrow winding passage−way and came out in the warm sunlight. Numbers of slaves were running about, but they were all so busy that Alerta did not like to stop them. At last, however, she saw one of them approach a small green insect which was clinging to a leaf, and tap it gently. A big drop of honey came out of the little insect, and the ant passed on to another.

"Those must be the cows," thought Alerta, and she hastened to follow her companion's example. She found that the honey was very sweet and delicious. Soon she had a good supply for her hungry mistress and was about to return to the nest, when she met another servant.

"Where are you going?" asked Alerta.

"I am head−nurse in a large family of children," said the other slave. "They need all my time and attention. I mustn't stop to talk, thank you," and she hurried on.

"I wonder," thought Alerta, "what would become of the red ants if it were not for us. They seem to be a very helpless people." Then she went back to her mistress.

"Now," said the red ant, when she had eaten all she wanted, "please carry me to bed."

"I wonder if I can lift her," thought Alerta doubtfully, as she looked at her heavy companion. "Still, I can try." So, with many stumbles and stops, and a great deal of panting, she bore the large ant to the place she pointed out as her bedroom.

"That will do," said the sleepy lady. "Now go and give the children a bath, and as soon as the sun is warmer, carry them up into the air."

Alerta ran off to find the nursery. The soldiers were on guard at the door, but they let her go by when she told them her errand. Some of the babies were being fed, while others were already on their way upstairs. Alerta was about to pick up one of the children when a cry came from above.

"Take the children down at once. It is going to rain!"

Down the passage−way swarmed a crowd of nurses with their charges.

"No," cried another voice, "it is not rain. Some one is flooding our house."

Great was the terror of the hard−working nurses. "Can we get the children to a safe place?" was their first thought.

"What shall I do?" cried Alerta. She was thoroughly frightened.

"Your first duty is to the children," said an older ant. "You see that not one of us is looking out for herself. But I think we shall be able to stay here after all. See! the water is going down."

At this moment a stern voice was heard outside. It was the first time that Alerta had heard human speech, but she understood every word.

"What a mean, cruel thing to do!" it said. "Were the ants doing any harm to you? In future, remember that you are never to hurt or frighten any creature, even the smallest of them, for your own poor pleasure or amusement. I am ashamed of you, my son."

"Now we are safe," said the ants joyfully. "Let us go on with our work. This is a great day for us. That boy will not harm us again."

Adapted from an English story.

A BUTTERFLY'S WING.

When a great green worm crawls across our path, we shrink with disgust because we are too ignorant to see its real beauty. But when, after a few weeks, a gorgeous creature is seen waving its exquisite wings in the summer twilight, we all are ready to admire the caterpillar in its new dress.

Moths and butterflies are among the loveliest things living. Moths fly at night, spread their wings when resting, and have no knobs at the ends of their antennae. Butterflies love the sunshine and fold their wings over their backs when at rest. Their antennae are thickened at the ends.

To some people, catching butterflies seems a harmless sport, especially if the pretty creature is soon released and allowed to flutter away in the sunshine. Those who have studied them, however, say that much suffering is caused in this way.

On the surface of the wing are soft, tiny feathers, set row upon row like shingles on a house. There are over two million feathers on each wing. When the butterfly is held in hot, hasty hands, these feathers are rubbed off and do not grow again. It is very much as if we should have our teeth pulled out, or our hair torn out by the roots. When we think of the shock and pain, and of the helplessness that will surely follow, catching

butterflies no longer seems an innocent pleasure.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

Poor harmless insect, thither fly,
And life's short hour enjoy;
'Tis all thou hast, and why should I
That little all destroy?

Why should my tyrant will suspend
A life by wisdom giv'n,
Or sooner bid thy being end
Than was designed by Heav'n?

To bask upon the sunny bed,
The damask flowers to kiss,
To range along the bending shade
Is all thy life of bliss.

Then flutter still thy silken wings,
In rich embroidery drest,
And sport upon the gale that flings
Sweet odors from his vest.

JANE TAYLOR.

CUNNING BEE.

Said a little wandering maiden
To a bee with honey laden,
"Bee, at all the flowers you work,
Yet in some does poison lurk."

"That I know, my little maiden,"
Said the bee with honey laden;
"But the poison I forsake,
And the honey only take."

"Cunning bee with honey laden,
That is right," replied the maiden;
"So will I, from all I meet,
Only draw the good and sweet."

ANON.

GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET.

The poetry of earth is never dead!
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new−mown mead;
That is the grasshopper's, he takes the lead

In summer luxury; he has never done
With his delights, for when tired out with fun
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
The poetry of earth is ceasing never:
On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
The cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever;
And seems to one in drowsiness half lost
The grasshopper's among some grassy hills
JOHN KEATS

PATIENT WEAVERS.

Is a spider an insect? If you have thought so, you have been mistaken. Insects are made up of three distinct parts; they always have six legs, and they breathe through air−tubes along the sides of their bodies.

Spiders breathe through lungs as we do. Their bodies are in two sections, and instead of six legs they have eight. They have six or eight eyes on the top of the head. The spider spins from her body a silk so fine that we can scarcely see it, of which she makes a web as carefully measured as if she had a foot rule. In fact, she has a useful pair of compasses in the shape of claws at the ends of her fore legs.

The spider is one of the most industrious, cleanly, and patient workers in the world. More than six hundred separate strands go to make one slender thread of her web. She can choose, moreover, whether she will spin a fine or coarse, a dry or spangled thread for the particular work she has in hand.

In an hour a spider will make a web more than half a yard across, and of a strength wonderful in proportion to its size. Steel wire of the same thickness as a spider's thread would be less than two−thirds as strong.

The spider is a devoted mother, and will die with her little ones rather than leave them. Some kinds of spiders carry their babies about with them, while others fasten their cradles to a crevice in the wall. Spiders are very useful to us in destroying the flies and troublesome insects that annoy us. Though spiders are often called cruel, they never torture their victims, but kill them at once by means of a poisonous fluid which is said to deaden pain.

One day when the Scotch king, Robert Bruce, lay sick and discouraged in a lonely shed, he watched the patient efforts of a spider to repair its web. Six times she tried to throw the frail thread from one beam to another, and six times she failed.

"Six times have I been beaten in battle," said Bruce. "I know how to pity that poor spider."

But the spider was not discouraged. A seventh time she flung her thread, and this time she succeeded in fastening it to the beam.

Bruce sprang to his feet. "I will try once more," he said, and went forth to victory. Since that day, the story goes, no member of the family of Bruce will injure a spider.

THE WOODMOUSE.

Do you know the little woodmouse,
That pretty little thing,

That sits among the forest leaves,
  Or by the forest spring?
Its fur is red like the chestnut,
  And it is small and slim,
It leads a life most innocent,
  Within the forest dim.

It makes a bed of the soft, dry moss,
  In a hole that's deep and strong,
And there it sleeps secure and warm,
  The dreary winter long;
And though it keeps no calendar,
  It knows when flowers are springing,
And it waketh to its summer life,
  When nightingales are singing.

MARY HOWITT.

A MOUSE'S STORY.

Men call me a thief. I wonder if they are right. I used to live in the fields, and I found nuts and acorns in the woods for my little family. Then a man came. He dug up my field and planted his own crops. He destroyed my home and killed my little children. He said that the nuts were his, and the field, too, was his. I thought they were mine.

Now I have to live on what I can find near his house. I am sure I eat a great deal that he would not care for. Usually I am half−starved. It seems to me as if the world were big enough for me to have a corner of it in peace.

I dare say the man thinks that he is wholly in the right. He says I am very troublesome, and he sets a trap every night to catch me. One night I was caught by the paw, and held for hours in an agony of fright and pain. I have been lame ever since. He would have been kinder if he had killed me outright.

There is another dreadful trap which does not hurt at all at first, and it is often used for this reason. There is a little door which opens easily, and you find yourself in a wire house. There you starve to death, unless some one comes to drown you. If we are to be caught in traps, I wish that we might be put out of pain at once.

WISE RATS.

Rats are clever and intelligent, and in their way are very useful. In large cities they eat the garbage which collects in harbors and at the mouths of drains. This would cause sickness if it were not removed.

Although the rat's work takes him into the foulest places, he always keeps himself neat and tidy. To wash his coat he uses his tongue and paws in the same way that a cat uses hers, and he invariably takes such a bath after he has been eating or working.

Rats are disliked and hunted by men, yet they often shield our homes from the danger of disease. When rats infest a place it is proof that there is work for them to do, and though they may easily become a plague, we should remember that it was probably our own carelessness which first brought them.

The intelligence shown by rats is remarkable. They have frequently been known to carry eggs up and down

stairs in their paws; one rat pushing the egg and others receiving it. It happened, one day, that a trap was set and carefully watched. A young rat was about to step upon the fatal spring, when the watcher saw an old rat rush to the rescue. The little one was seized by the tail and promptly dragged off to his hole. Probably he was told to be less reckless in future.

Rats have great courage and devotion, as many stories prove. Once, when some rats were being driven from a ship, a young rat was seen carefully making its way along a rope, with an old and feeble rat upon its back. It shrank from the stick in a seaman's hand, and it might easily have saved its own life if it had been willing to leave its companion. Instead of running away, however, it went on bravely and carefully in the face of danger. The gallant animal was allowed to reach a place of safety, amid the cheers of the crew, who knew how to appreciate such devotion and sacrifice.

Rats are said to become warmly attached to the friends who care for them. A minister had a pet rat which liked to sit on his desk. One day, having poked its nose into the ink−bottle, the rat was in evident discomfort in consequence. The minister went for a saucer of water, saying, "There, wash your face!" The neat little fellow carefully scrubbed its inky nose, first with one paw and then with the other, holding up at last a clean and satisfied face for its friend's inspection.

While rats may be useful and brave and wise, they are not good housemates. Cleanliness and care, however, are usually sufficient to keep them out of houses and storerooms, and a good cat makes an excellent policeman. In our wish to be rid of the company of the rats there is no excuse for treating them with cruelty.

THE SQUIRREL'S STORY.

Do you know who planted that little butternut tree in the field? I planted it; I, a tiny gray squirrel.

To tell the truth, I did not think of setting out a tree when I dropped my nut in the ground. I meant to leave it in a safe place until I was ready to eat it, and I forgot where it was. The first thing I knew it was sending up a fine green shoot through the loose earth.

I suppose you think I steal your nuts. Please remember that I plant nut trees, too. That ought to be put down to my credit.

I have a very pleasant home, high up in a large elm tree. It is carefully hidden so that the boys may not see it. That is the most important thing to think of in building a house.

My house is made of the smallest twigs, of dry grass, and of straw that I found in the field. I built it near a house where all the family are kind to me. The children feed me with apples and nuts.

I have had some happy days in my life, but I have had some sad ones, too. The saddest days were when I lost my two little children.

The brightest child I ever had was Chippy. He liked to ask questions and look at every new thing he saw. This was all very well if he had been a little more careful. One day when I was away, Chippy saw a box under the tree. Down he went to see what was in the box. Of course you know what happened. Chippy was caught in a trap.

[Illustration: LITTLE FREEHOLD. By S. J. Carter.]

The boy who had set the trap carried Chippy home and put him in a cage. He was kind to the little fellow and gave him fruit and nuts to eat. Still Chippy was not happy. He longed for the green trees and a frolic in the

open fields.

For several days after Chippy was caught, I was very unhappy, but I tried to be cheerful for the sake of my dear little Bushy Tail. Then I lost this little one in a way that is almost too sad to think of.

Bushy Tail was playing in a tree one day, running up and down and jumping from limb to limb, when some boys saw him among the green leaves.

They began at once to stone him. Poor little Bushy Tail ran up the tree as far as he could, but at last a stone hit him. For a minute he clung trembling to the branch, and I hoped he was not hurt, but another stone struck him and he fell.

The boys shouted when they saw him fall, but a little girl ran and picked him up so gently that I have loved her ever since that day. I was his mother, but I could not help him.

She carried him to a house near by and put him in a box filled with soft grass, but the little fellow was badly hurt. Three days later I saw her bury him in her little garden, and I knew his pain was over.

I went home feeling that I could never be happy again, but a great surprise was in store for me. When I had climbed up to my nest, there sat Chippy, safe and sound.

"My dearest Chippy, how did you get out of the cage?" I asked.

"Frank let me out," said the joyful Chippy. "He was watching me this morning, and at last he said, 'Chippy, I don't believe I should like to run in a wheel if I had been used to running in trees. I think those wires must make your feet sore. I am sure I should like my own home better than this dull cage. Chippy, old fellow, I am going to let you out.'

"Didn't I run! I forgot to say 'Thank you,' I was so happy, but I think he knew how glad I was."

FORBEARANCE.

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Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?
Loved the wood-rose, and left it on its stalk?
At rich men's tables eaten bread and pulse?
Unarmed, faced danger with a heart of trust?
And loved so well a high behavior,
In man or maid, that thou from speech refrained,
Nobility more nobly to repay?
O, be my friend, and teach me to be thine!
RALPH WALDO EMERSON.
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THE STEEL TRAP.

In a little village in the northwestern part of America there once lived a boy named Amos Hunt. In that part of the country the trade in furs is extensively carried on, and Amos frequently caught some of the smaller wild animals in his steel traps.

One morning, early in the winter, Amos went into the woods to look at two of his traps. As he came near the first one, he saw that a fine mountain mink was caught in it. The poor creature was struggling to escape, but the teeth of the trap held its leg so firmly that the more it tried to get away, the more cruelly its flesh was torn.

Amos ran toward the trap, when suddenly his foot slipped, and he was thrown violently to the ground. He felt a sharp pain in his ankle, which was held fast so that he could not move. He was caught in the other trap, which, in his excitement, he had forgotten.

He was not frightened at first, for he thought he could easily set himself free, but the chain would not yield an inch. Soon his ankle began to swell, causing him the most intense pain when he tried to move. The teeth of the trap pressed closer and closer into the aching flesh, and he knew that he could only wait for help to come to him.

Not far from where he lay was the mink, suffering similar agony, and after struggling in vain to set himself free Amos watched the frightened, trembling little creature. It panted with terror, uttering now and then low moans of pain.

For the first time, Amos realized how cruel he had been, and as he thought of the long hours which would pass before any one came to look for him, he wished that he might at least set his fellow−sufferer free.

"Poor little creature!" he said. "This may be a punishment for my cruelty. I know now how much pain my traps have given."

No one came and the long day went by. Night darkened, and the woods were cold and dreary. Amos was chilled through, and thought with longing of the warm fire at home. The little mink was still now. Amos hoped its sufferings were over. He almost wished that his own might end in the same way.

Suddenly, very early in the morning, there was a noise in the bushes, and a man came towards the traps. He saw at once what was the matter and ran to set the boy free.

"Now," said he, "you must get on my back and I will try to carry you home."

"Wait a minute," said Amos. "I have a fellow−prisoner there in that other trap. If he is dead, I wish you would bury him. No one shall ever have his fur to sell, and I will never catch another animal in that fashion."

The hunter walked over to the other trap and looked at the mink closely.

"I think it is still alive," he said.

"Put my comforter round it," said Amos. "I am going to take it home."

So the mink was carefully wrapped in the comforter and laid in the hunter's bag. Then they started homewards. There was great rejoicing when the missing lad appeared, and the little mink was taken out of the bag by gentle hands and kindly cared for. It became tame and affectionate, and when it was quite well again Amos took it to the mountains and let it go free.

As for the boy trapper, that was the last time that he ever set a trap for any of the creatures of the woods. "Even a cage−trap must cause much suffering from fright," Amos would say. "I shall not soon forget how terrible it is to be a prisoner."

Adapted from a story by Mrs. C. Fairchild Allen.

One lesson, shepherd, let us two divide,
Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.

WORDSWORTH.

THE RABBIT.

Rabbits are such gentle, pretty, furry little creatures that boys and girls like to make pets of them. A caged pet needs much more care and intelligent kindness than one that can run free, and the poor little rabbit is often made very miserable.

A boy or girl who is truly kind can take little pleasure in playing jailer to some unhappy prisoner who longs for the sunshine and green grass. Sometimes, however, the care of such a pet is forced upon one, and it is well to know how to make imprisonment as easy as possible.

The rabbit lives on vegetable food, cropping leaves and grass, and gnawing the young shoots of trees. Its teeth are beautifully adapted to the purpose. In the front of both jaws are two long, flat teeth, with, sharp edges like a chisel. As so much filing and scraping wear away the teeth very fast, these keep on growing from the root. Each upper front tooth meets one in the lower jaw, so that the constant rubbing against each other keeps both the right length. Sometimes one tooth is broken and the other goes on growing till it stands out like the tusk of an elephant. Then the poor rabbit, unable to gnaw its food, dies of starvation.

A tame rabbit should have carrots and turnips to gnaw, and sometimes young tree−twigs and cabbage stalks. If it has nothing hard to rub its teeth against, they will grow too fast, and the rabbit will be unable to bite anything.

[Illustration: AN INTERESTING FAMILY. By S. J. Carter.]

In feeding tame rabbits, try to give them their green food with the dew upon it. A sprinkling of fresh water will answer the same purpose. They need plenty of water, and both food and drink must be kept fresh and sweet. Rabbits love the sunshine. They were made to live in warm, sunny lands, and they are too often shut up in cold, damp places.

A rabbit is the most timid creature in the world, but the devoted little mother will fight for her babies if she sees them in any danger. When she burrows in the warm, sandy earth to make a snug home for her family, she strips the soft fur from her own breast to line the beds of grass for her little ones to sleep in. Sometimes a mother rabbit's chest is raw and bleeding for days after making her nest. She is timid because she is so defenseless, but no one can call her a coward. Timid folk are often braver in times of real danger than the strong and daring ones.

Rabbits require variety in their food as much as we do. In summer there are many weeds which are a great treat to them. Dandelion, plantain, clover, grass and hay, with an occasional sprig of parsley, will give them much pleasure. In winter they may have carrots, turnips, and parsnips with barley meal and some oats. Too much green food is likely to make them ill, and too much grain is equally harmful. If we prevent them from finding their own food, we ought to give them the best we can, so that they may be well and happy.

DAVID'S STORY.

A man was fishing by the river. Splashes near by, round the bend, sounded now and then. David grumbled mildly to himself. Voices rose suddenly, and the splashing ceased. Presently a small boy came breaking through the bushes.

"Well, Sammy?" said David inquiringly.

"It's mean," said Sammy, in an explosive fashion. "A boy came and spoiled all my fun. Now I haven't anything to do."

"Too bad," said David. "How was it?"

"I was throwing stones at the biggest bullfrog you ever saw. That boy came along and made him jump."

"Anything else?" asked David. His voice was calmly indifferent.

"He said I was a coward," added the small boy.

"So you are!" said David. "The meanest kind of coward I know."

Sammy sat down on a flat rock to consider this astonishing remark. David drew up a lively fish, which he killed with a sharp blow on the back of its head.

"What did you do that for?" asked Sammy, glad to change the subject.

"To save his feelings," was the brief answer.

"Ho!" said Sammy contemptuously. "He hasn't any feelings."

"Nonsense!" said David in sudden wrath. "Does he wriggle? Yes. Why? Because he suffers out of water. I've caught him to eat, and I owe it to him not to make him suffer any more than is necessary. What did that boy say to you about the frogs?"

"He said frogs were good for something in the pond."

"So they are," said David. "When they are growing up they live on the decaying weeds and the rubbish which would be dangerous if left in stagnant water. What else did he say?"

"He said they were pretty," said Sammy scornfully.

"That's true, too," said David. "That boy knew a good deal. They are as handsome as they are harmless. Did you ever know of a frog's doing any harm? Well, that's more than can be said of boys."

Sammy was silent for a minute.

"They don't know much," he said at last.

David looked round quickly.

"Now who told you that?" said he. "In the first place, if ignorance were any excuse for tormenting a poor creature, I might make you wretched for an hour or two. Fortunately for you, it isn't. We don't have to stop and ask what you know before we can be kind to you. But you make a mistake if you think frogs are stupid. See how well they dive and swim! I have been trying all summer, and I can't dive like that. They don't ever go down on their shoulders and stick their heads in the mud. I taught a frog to come and eat out of my hand. That was a brave thing for him to do. He knew as well as you know what some boys would have done to him."

Sammy was beginning to look ashamed.

"There's just one thing more," said David. "When you have to kill anything, kill it as quickly as you can. Don't let it suffer pain. There isn't any excuse for half the suffering there is in this world. Did you ever hear the story of Theodore Parker and the frogs?"

"No," said Sammy; "I should like to."

"When he was a little boy, perhaps less than four years old, he had to go home alone by a frog−pond where he had seen boys stoning frogs. He raised his hand to throw a stone at a frog, when he heard a voice say, 'Don't.' He looked all around but could see no one, and he raised his hand again to stone the frog. Again he heard a voice say, 'Don't.' Still he could see no one. He was frightened, and running, home to his mother he told her about it, and asked who it was that said, 'Don't.' She took him on her knee and told him that it was the voice of God speaking in his heart, and that if he would always listen to it he would grow up to be a good man."

"Will you take me fishing this afternoon?" said Sammy, after a long pause.

"No, I will not," said David with emphasis. "I don't go fishing for fun, and I have here all that I need."

"May I go swimming with you then?" persisted Sammy.

"Of course you may," said David cordially. "We'll see if we can swim any better than the frogs. I haven't much hope of it, but we can try."

"All right," said Sammy as he rose to go. He had gone not more than thirty feet before he stopped. "I won't stone them any more, David," he called back over his shoulder. Then he went on into the woods.

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
COWPER.

SOME READY HELPERS.

We often fail to understand some of our best friends in the animal world. We know so little about them that we think they are useless and uninteresting. Frogs, and especially toads, are often the objects of unjust dislike, yet their lives are very useful and full of interest.

The toad and frog are somewhat alike. Both come from eggs laid in the water, and both begin life as little swimming tadpoles.

The young toad, when he is a tadpole, is sprinkled all over with very fine spots, which look like gold−dust, while the frog tadpole is dark.

The first few weeks of a toad's life are spent in a ditch or a pond. Here he lives on water−weeds and dead leaves. After a while he eats water−insects and small grubs.

While living in the water the little toad looks very much like a fish. He has a large head and a long tail. He breathes through two branches, like feathers, which are called gills. These gills grow on each side of his head.

The toad changes very much before he is ready to live on land. In the water he has no legs, but soon he has

four. His gills are gone and he draws in air through his throat. He is going to begin a new life. In the spring the toads go back to the shore of the pond. Mrs. Toad knows that her eggs must be hatched in the water, although she prefers to live on the land.

Frogs must live near the water, for they will die if their skins are not kept moist and cool. Yet they cannot live long in the water, and a drowned frog is no uncommon sight. Kind−hearted boys and girls should remember this, and be ready to lend a helping hand to some poor frog that finds the sides of his swimming−place too steep for him to climb.

Young toads are very sensitive to heat, and secrete themselves in cool places during the day. A summer shower will bring them out by the dozens, so that many ignorant people think that the thirsty creatures have "rained down." Mr. Toad carries under his skin a great many small sacs full of liquid. This keeps him cool and comfortable, no matter how dusty his home may be. If he is frightened he can defend himself with this liquid, which is harmless to the hands, but probably bitter and disagreeable to the taste, since dogs and cats show signs of discomfort after taking toads in their mouths. Care should be taken to wash one's hands after touching a toad, as this liquid is also very irritating to the eyes, and might be rubbed into them.

The most curious thing about a toad is its tongue. This is very long, and its tip is turned backward into the mouth. It can dart out and snap up a fly or a beetle so quickly that it is almost impossible to see the motion.

Toads are not only harmless, but they are our very good friends. If they are not disturbed they will live a long time in one place, and destroy many bugs and insects that injure our gardens.

It has been estimated that every year in this country property to the amount of $400,000,000 is destroyed by insects. If this is true all creatures which feed upon insects are entitled to our care and gratitude.

The United States Department of Agriculture has published a paper on the toad. It estimates that he saves to the farmer, by eating the cutworms which destroy the crops, about twenty dollars every season.

Toads eat the common house−fly, which is such an annoyance to us. A toad has been seen to snap up eighty−six flies in less than ten minutes.

Toads are sometimes kept for pets, and they are not lacking in intelligence. Once a toad lived in a garden, and every day at the dinner hour he came to be fed. It happened that the dinner hour was changed, and when the toad came there was nothing for him to eat. Mr. Toad made up his mind that he would not lose his dinner twice. On the second day he came at the new hour, and after this he was as punctual as the rest of the family. No one could tell how he knew that in the future his dinner would be served two hours earlier.

The toad is often the victim of thoughtless cruelty. He can do no one any harm. He cannot even run away when he is stoned and tormented. The fun of teasing him must be like that of beating a baby or a helpless cripple. No one but a coward could ever think it an amusing thing to do.

Perhaps no animal is so misunderstood as the bat. He seems such a queer compound of mouse and bird, and to most of us he is such a stranger, that we do not have a very friendly feeling for him.

Of course you know that he is not a bird at all. Birds have feathers and the bat has soft, smooth fur. He is absolutely harmless, unless frightened or hurt, and he is a very useful little fellow. He eats mosquitoes and house−flies and the insects that cause most of the worm− eaten apples.

Bats fly only at night. They soon become friendly with any one who is kind to them, and will come to be fed or stroked. One who has studied them says that the good they do is very great and that the value of one of the

little animals might easily amount to fifty dollars a year.

Are we not unjust to any living creature when we shrink from it because to us it does not seem beautiful? It may well be that our eyes are too dull to see its real beauty. But whether we can see the beauty or not, it is only fair that we should recognize the service which we are so willing to accept.

A TRIUMPH.

Little Roger up the long slope rushing
Through the rustling corn,
Showers of dew−drops from the broad leaves brushing,
In the early morn,

At his sturdy little shoulder bearing,
For a banner gay,
Stem of fir with one long shaving flaring
In the wind away!

Up he goes, the summer sunrise flushing
O'er him in his race,
Sweeter dawn of rosy childhood blushing
On his radiant face;

If he can but set his standard glorious
On the hill−top low,
Ere the sun climbs the clear sky victorious,
All the world aglow!

So he presses on with childish ardor,
Almost at the top!
Hasten, Roger! Does the way grow harder?
Wherefore do you stop?

From below the corn−stalks tall and slender
Comes a plaintive cry;
Turns he for an instant from the splendor
Of the crimson sky,

Wavers, then goes flying toward the hollow,
Calling loud and clear,
"Coming, Jenny! Oh, why did you follow?
Don't you cry, my dear!"

Small Janet sits weeping 'mid the daisies;
"Little sister sweet,
Must you follow Roger?" Then he raises
Baby on her feet,

Guides her tiny steps with kindness tender,
Cheerfully and gay,
All his courage and his strength would lend her

Up the uneven way,

Till they front the blazing east together;
But the sun has rolled
Up the sky in the still summer weather,
Flooding them with gold.

All forgotten is the boy's ambition,
Low the standard lies,
Still they stand, and gaze a sweeter vision
Ne'er met mortal eyes.

That was splendid, Roger, that was glorious,
Thus to help the weak;
Better than to plant your flag victorious
On earth's highest peak!

CELIA THAXTER.

PART III. OUR FRIENDS THE BIRDS

THE CANARY'S STORY.

Am I happy? No, not quite happy, though I sing as if I were. Do you think that a cage would make you happy if you had wings?

I am willing to say that I am grateful. Helen is very good to me. She never forgets to fill my seed−cup and my glass of water. Every morning I have my bath and my cage is cleaned. At night I am taken into a cool, dark room to sleep. If the house is too warm I am very uncomfortable, and Helen is careful to keep my sleeping−room cool.

Sometimes Helen takes me out of the cage for a while. It is a great pleasure to fly in and out among the plants in the window. I pretend that I am in the woods. For a time I am very happy.

I was a wretched little bird when Helen's mother bought me. For days I had been in a tiny wooden box, with no chance to move about. Every morning a man took several of these boxes in his hand and walked up and down the streets crying, "Birds! Singing birds! Only two dollars!" He swung the boxes back and forth until I was sick and dizzy. It seemed to me that I could never sing again.

Then Helen saw me and begged her mother to give the man two dollars, so that she could take me out of the hot sun and the narrow box. How big and bright this cage seemed then!

I am never cold and hungry, it is true, but sometimes I try to fancy how it would seem to be free, to fly where I like under the open sky, and to have other birds near by. I dream of waving branches and distant mountain−tops. I can almost hear the sea pounding on the sunny beaches of those warm islands where I first saw the light. Do you think, if you were I, you could be quite happy?

THE CAGED THRUSH.

Alas for the bird who was born to sing!
They have made him a cage; they have clipped his wing;

They have shut him up in a dingy street,
And they praise his singing and call it sweet;
But his heart and his song are saddened and filled
With the woods and the nest he never will build,
And the wild young dawn coming into the tree,
And the mate that never his mate will be;
And day by day, when his notes are heard,
They freshen the street, but alas for the bird!
R. F. MURRAY. In the "Academy."

HOW TO CARE FOR A CANARY.

The original home of the canary was in the Canary Islands. These are warm, sunny islands not far from the west coast of Africa. Winter is almost unknown there, and before the bird−catchers came the canaries must have led happy lives.

The birds were trapped and sent to all the countries of Europe. The first canaries brought to America came from Germany in 1842. It was a long voyage in a sailing−vessel, and many of the poor little prisoners died on the way.

The birds are put into wicker cages so small that there is scarcely room to stretch their wings. These cages are packed in boxes or crates, and one hundred and sixty−eight birds are sent in one crate.

The birds are kept in the tiny cages until they are sold. The cups of food and water are put inside the cages. Sometimes when they are moved to a larger cage, the birds do not know where to look for their food. They have been known to die of hunger because they could not find their seed−cups, which in their new cages are on the outside.

Every day, when the cage is cleaned, fresh water and food should be placed in it. Birds like a daily bath in a shallow dish of tepid water. After the bath they should have an hour or two of liberty. It is unkind to keep them shut up in a cage all the time.

After a bird has had his morning frolic he should not be chased or frightened into his cage. When the little fellow is hungry he will be glad to go back, especially if he sees there a bit of food that he likes. In time he will even learn to fly to the outstretched finger of his master or mistress, and to answer, as well as he can, the caressing tones which he loves.

A canary is one of the most sensitive creatures in the world. A harsh or sudden noise disturbs it, and a severe fright may kill it.

Canaries like the sunshine and dread the cold, but they should not be left in the sun in warm weather. Do not hang the cage in a draught or away from the light. It should be about five feet from the floor and not too near a register or radiator.

Once a month the cage must be thoroughly washed and the perches scalded, if you wish your bird's home to be healthful. The floor and perches will also need cleaning every day. Coarse sand should be sprinkled on the thick, brown paper which covers the bottom of the cage. At night put the cage in a dark room or spread over it a square of soft, dark material, in such a way that the air is not shut out.

The ordinary bath−tub provided for a canary is much too small. Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller says that it should be nearly as wide as the spread of his wings, so that he can beat the water and toss it over him in a spray. A

common earthen saucer belonging to a flower−pot is very good for the purpose. As this saucer will be too large to go through the cage−door, it should be placed on a large folded cloth or paper and the upper part of the cage placed over it. While the bird is taking his bath, the floor of the cage may be made clean for the day.

It is a good plan to give a canary bread, crackers, a little of the hard−boiled yolk of an egg, or a piece of apple. In summer he will enjoy a bunch of chickweed. In winter he may have a bit of lettuce or cabbage leaf. He should have something green every day. Of course he must have also canary and rape seeds, and occasionally a very little hemp seed for a treat.

If the canary or rape seed is poor the bird will scatter it and refuse to eat it. Only seed which is large and clean should be used. It is better to buy each kind by itself and mix them afterwards. The hemp seed is so rich that not more than half a small teaspoonful should be given at a time. Do not mix this with the other seeds, but scatter it on the floor of the cage.

Mosquitoes sometimes annoy a canary very much. A loose bag of netting drawn over the cage will save him from unnecessary suffering. When these poor prisoners are in our care we must do what we can to protect them and make them happy. No true bird−lover would choose to see his pets in cages, but we cannot turn the defenseless little creatures out into the cold. If no one would buy a canary, there would be no more caught, and the cruel business would come to an end. Is it not worth while to think how much better it is to have no caged pets at all? In this free land of ours shall we deny freedom to the bird, which, above all other creatures, needs space and sunshine?

AN INDIAN STORY.

In a little book about Omaha there is this story which is told by Bright Eyes, the daughter of an Indian chief. "We were out on a buffalo hunt. I was a little bit of a thing when it happened. Father could neither speak English nor read and write, and this story shows that the highest moral worth can exist aside from all civilization and education.

"It was evening. The tents had been pitched for the night, the camp−fire made, and mother and the other women were cooking supper over it.

"I was playing near my father when an Indian boy, a playmate, came up and gave me a little bird which he had found.

"I was very much pleased. I tried to feed it and make it drink. After I had played with it a long time, my father said to me: 'My daughter, bring your bird to me.'

"When I took it to him he held it in his hand a moment, smoothed its feathers gently, and then said: 'Daughter, I will tell you what you might do with your bird. Take it carefully in your hand out yonder where there are no tents, where the high grass is. Put it softly down on the ground and say as you put it down, "God, I give you back your little bird. Have pity on me as I have pity on your bird."'

"I said: 'Does it belong to God?'

"He said: 'Yes, and He will be pleased if you do not hurt it, but give it back to Him to care for.'

"I was very much impressed and carefully followed out his directions, saying the little prayer he had told me to say."

HIAWATHA'S BROTHERS.

Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in summer,
Where they hid themselves in winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."
Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

TO THE CUCKOO.

Sweet bird! Thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year.

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
We'd make on joyful wing
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the Spring.

JOHN LOGAN.

OUR FRIENDS THE BIRDS.

We have few better friends than the birds. They spend their lives working for us. Without them our crops would be destroyed by insects and mice. Soon no green thing would be left, and the earth would no longer be habitable.

Birds do all this without being asked. If we treat them kindly and try to make friends with them, we shall find that in addition to the good they do in protecting our fields and gardens, they may also bring us a great deal of pleasure.

Birds are the most beautiful of creatures. Their plumage is often brilliant and always pleasing. Their motions are so graceful it is a delight to watch them. Their voices are so sweet that they charm every one who loves the fields and woods.

It is very interesting to study the habits of birds. They make journeys thousands of miles in length and return to the same home each year. They build the most wonderful homes and take the best of care of their young.

If we would have these beautiful and interesting creatures live near us we must show them that we mean them

no harm. Then they will come about our homes, cheering us with their glad songs, and amusing us with their intelligence.

It is sad to think that birds have learned to fear man because he has killed and trapped them, or robbed their nests of eggs or young. This is not a very good way to treat a friend, is it?

Travelers tell us that when they have visited islands where men did not live, the birds were so tame that they perched upon their shoulders and could be easily caught.

Birds soon find out when man is their enemy, and then become wild and shy; but they are always willing to become our friends again. If we can make them understand that when near us they are safe, they will show their faith in our good−will.

The wild eider−duck makes her nest and lays her eggs in the huts of the Icelanders because she knows that she will not be harmed. In nesting time the birds may be seen in the village streets. They are so tame that one might think they were domestic ducks.

In Europe the storks build upon the house−tops. The peasant welcomes them as friends when each spring they return to their home. He is glad to have them near him, and he places an old cart−wheel on top of his house as a foundation for their nest of sticks.

Near some of the steamboat landings in Florida no shouting is allowed. The wild ducks and coots quickly learn to know where they are safe, and in these places they are very tame, so that one can walk quite near them. But when they are outside the spot in which they are protected they are as shy as the wildest ducks.

Throughout the South it is against the law to kill the buzzards or vultures. These birds are very useful. They are public scavengers, devouring many things which would cause disease. The birds know that they have no one to fear and they hop about the streets as tame as chickens.

You see, therefore, that the birds will trust us when they learn that we are their friends. If you would encourage them to make their home near yours, you might provide little boxes for them to occupy or make holes in hollow limbs where they can place their nests.

They enjoy, too, a trough of water in which they can bathe. When winter comes a piece of tallow in the trees will prove a rich treat to the chickadee, and a few seeds scattered on the snow will make a feast for the hardy snowbirds.

[Illustration with caption: Bird−house. Made from a bark−covered log, 8 inches long and 8 inches in diameter, a hole 5 inches in diameter "being bored from end to end, leaving an outer wall 1 1/2 inches thick." From "Bird−Lore" by permission of The Macmillan Company.]

FEATHERED TRAVELERS.

Some birds are great travelers. They may pass the summer in the Arctic regions and in the autumn go to Patagonia to spend the winter. Is it not wonderful how they can make this long journey without a compass or map to guide them?

Generally they follow rivers or coast lines; but they may have to cross large bodies of water where no land can be seen Still they find their way to and fro, returning each year to the same place Sometimes they even use the nest they built the year before.

Large birds and those which can fly swiftly, like swallows, are not afraid to travel by day. But the little birds, like wrens and warblers, that live in the shelter of trees and bushes, wait for the night.

They are not afraid of the dark. It hides them from their enemies. So when the sun has gone down and night comes, they fly up into the air and start on their journey.

If you should look through a telescope at the moon some clear night in spring or autumn, you could probably see the birds flying by. They look like bees going across the face of the moon.

Large birds, like ducks, fly very swiftly. It is thought that they may travel one hundred miles an hour. But the small warblers and flycatchers go less than half as fast.

Most birds that fly at night are far above the earth. They go as high as two or three miles. If you have ever been on a mountain top or a very high building, you will know how much farther you can see than when you are on the ground.

So the birds, too, can see a great distance as they fly by, high in the air. At night they can see the water sparkling in the starlight. This helps them to find their way.

When it is foggy or raining they cannot see which way they are going This is a sad time for the little feathered travelers. Some fly far out to sea and are drowned. The feathers of some are so wet that they cannot fly. Then they must seek shelter in the trees.

In wet and foggy weather the birds sometimes fly to the lighthouses. The light seems to attract them, just as a light attracts moths. They fly against the glasses which protect the light, and often are killed.

Sometimes large birds fly through the glass about the light. The light− keeper therefore puts wire netting outside the glass to protect it from these large birds.

While the birds are traveling at night they often call and chirp to each other. This keeps them from being lonely and from getting lost. If you should listen very carefully some still night in September, you might hear the birds calling as they fly swiftly by.

When morning comes the birds fly down to earth. Would you not think that they would be very tired after flying all night? They do not seem to be. But they are hungry, and as soon as they alight they begin to look for something to eat.

After breakfast they rest for a few hours. In the afternoon they go out for supper, for they must have a good meal if they are to fly again all night.

WHEN THE BIRDS RETURN.

How pleasant it is to hear the song of the robin on a March morning! At the first sign of spring he comes back to us from his winter home in the South. His cheerful song tells us that winter will soon be gone. In a few weeks we can look for wild flowers, and the fields will be green again.

The blackbirds follow a few days later. With a merry, jingling chorus they perch in the leafless trees. We know now that soon there will be leaves and blossoms, and the thought makes us glad.

Now we may look for the bluebird also. His soft, sweet warble is one of the most welcome of the springtime sounds. See him looking at the box in which last year he had a nest! Probably he is planning repairs. How

happy he seems!

When we see gnats or small insects in the air we may expect the phoebe. The phoebe belongs to the family of flycatchers. He spends his life in man's service, catching the insects which are so troublesome.

When the first insects appear the phoebe comes to prevent them from growing too numerous. You will know the phoebe by his note. "Pewit− phoebe!" he calls, with a wag of his tail, as he sits on a fence or bridge rail.

If the frost has left the ground, you may be sure that the woodcock has come. The woodcock has a bill nearly three inches long. He sticks it into the soft earth to hunt for the worms on which he lives. So you see if the ground were hard the woodcock could not get his usual fare.

For the same reason the kingfisher waits until the ice has left the ponds and streams. Then we can hear him sound his rattle−like voice and watch him fishing. What a sure aim he has! See him hovering over the water, waiting for some small fish to come near the surface! Then he closes his wings and plunges downward like a dart. There is a splash, and a second later he flies up with his prize.

Early in April the chippy comes. He has not much of a song, but we are always glad to see him because he seems glad to see us. He comes to the piazza steps, plainly asking for crumbs. If we give them to him, he may build his hair−lined nest in the vine on the trellis.

Some day later in the month the barn swallow may be seen flitting in and out the barn door or hay window, twittering merrily. He has seen many countries since he left us last October. Probably he has been to Central America, or even Brazil. But in all his travels I am sure he has visited no place he loves as well as the old barn.

The chimney swift loves his chimney, too. Let us hope that when he returns early in May he will not find smoke curling from his home.

Each day now brings a host of the little feathered travelers. In February and March we cannot tell just what day to look for our bird friends. If it is cold and bleak, they must wait for warmer weather. In May, when the sun shines brightly, and the season of storms has passed, we know almost exactly when to expect each bird.

About the first of the month we shall again be cheered by the songs of the catbird and wren. From a tree−top near the roadside a brown thrasher will sing a song of rejoicing. In the woods the wood thrush will chant a hymn of praise.

The ground is carpeted with wild flowers, and we may gather the beautiful anemones, violets, and buttercups. The trees are putting on their dresses of green. The air rings with the joyful music of birds. Now we know that the song of the robin was true.

BIRDS' HOMES.

Nearly every bird has a trade. Some are carpenters, others are masons, weavers, tailors, basket−makers, etc. It is only when building their homes that birds work at their trades.

Then you may see the woodpecker hammering with his chisel−like bill, making a home in some dead tree. You can hear his strokes a long way through the woods. The chips fly from beneath his strong blows.

The robin, the phoebe, and the barn and eave swallows are masons. The robin moulds an inner layer of mud in his round nest and covers it with fine grasses. The phoebe uses a mixture of mud and moss in plastering his

large nest on some beam or rafter.

The barn swallow also uses a beam. His nest is nearly all mud, but is lined with soft feathers. The eave swallows are the most expert masons of all. They build rows of mud tenements beneath the eaves of the barn. Each little apartment is rounded over and has a round hole for a door.

The chimney swift or swallow uses wood and glue in making the pretty little bracket−like basket he fastens to the chimney wall. His feet are so small that he cannot perch as other birds do, so when he rests he clings to the side of the chimney and leans on his tail. Each tail feather is tipped with a stiff, sharp point that keeps it from slipping.

How then do you suppose he gathers the twigs for his nest? Watch him some day when he is flying rapidly about. You may see that he goes by a dead tree, and as he passes he hovers for a second near the end of a limb. Then it is that he snaps off with his bill a small, dry twig for his home.

But how can he fasten a nest of twigs to the upright chimney wall? Well, the chimney swift carries a gluepot with him. It is in his mouth, where certain glands produce a sticky substance like mucilage. With this he glues the little twigs together and fastens them to the bricks.

Sometimes a heavy rain will moisten this glue. Then the nest is loosened from the chimney and, with the poor little birds in it, falls to the fireplace. If you fasten it as high in the chimney above the fireplace as you can, the parent birds may come down and feed their young.

The humming−bird is an upholsterer and decorator. He and his tiny wife build the daintiest little nest it is possible to imagine. They use plant−down or "thistle−down" and cover it all over with grayish or greenish lichens, those flakes of "moss" we see growing on the bark of trees. Generally they place it on a limb of a large tree. There it looks so much like a knot that it takes sharp eyes to find a humming−bird's nest.

The great crested flycatcher places his nest in a hollow limb and though he seems to care very little about its appearance he has, nevertheless, an idea of his own about decoration and evidently thinks no nest is complete without a bit of cast−off snake skin.

Just why he should want to have such a thing in his home no one can say. Some naturalists believe that he uses it as a scarecrow to frighten his enemies away. But I do not think he could give a reason if he were asked.

Birds build the same kind of nests their parents built, without asking the reason why.

The chipping sparrow always lines its nest with hairs, the crane uses cedar bark, the robin mud, the vireos often place a bit of wasps' nest in their bag−like nests; but no one has ever tried to explain why they should always employ these particular things.

The oriole is a master weaver. Have you ever seen his cradle swaying from an elm branch? It is so well made that it often lasts through the winter.

It is usually made of long grass fibres. If the birds can find strings or worsted, they are glad to use them, but they sometimes get their claws caught in the string, and are not able to free themselves, so it is better for them to use other material. When the birds have left their nests in the autumn, yon may take them to study and to show to others.

Many thoughtless boys rob birds of their nests and eggs. They do not intend to be wicked, but they do not

know any better. If they could learn how interesting it is to see the birds building their homes and rearing their young, they surely would not wish to destroy them.

THE ROBIN.

Some birds are shy and retiring, and if we would meet them we must go to their haunts in the forests. Others are comparatively tame and domestic, living about our dwellings and meeting us more than halfway when we attempt to make friends with them.

Among these familiar birds of the garden and orchard, none is better known than the cheery robin. Robins are very numerous, and are found in all parts of North America, from New England to Alaska, and south to the city of Mexico.

It is due to his tameness and also to his brick−red breast that he bears the name of "Robin."

When the first English settlers came to this country, of course everything was new and strange to them. The birds had only Indian names which the newcomers could not understand, even when they heard them. So they had to make up names for those birds that were common enough to attract their attention.

The robin was probably one of the first to be named. When the settlers saw this friendly bird, with a breast colored somewhat like the robin redbreast of England, they called him "Robin," after the favorite of their far−away homes.

The two birds are really quite unlike. The robin redbreast is less than six inches in length, and is slighter than our bluebird, while our robin is ten inches long, and is, as every one knows, a stout, heavy bird. There is only a general resemblance in color, both birds having a brownish−red breast; probably our bird's name is due as much to his friendly ways as to his appearance.

The robin is a migratory bird, and in winter is not usually found north of New Jersey and Pennsylvania. This is his playtime in the sunny South. He lives in flocks containing hundreds and even thousands of birds. They feed on the berries of the dogwood, china tree and mistletoe, and are the jolliest lot of birds it is possible to imagine.

Some are singing; not so long a song as they sing in the summer, but just a kind of gay humming; while others are dashing about, chasing one another through the woods in sport.

But the robin is a great home−lover. At the very first sign of spring he begins to think about returning to us, and some warm day, late in February, we may generally find him hunting for food about the grassy banks of a spring, or on the sheltered side of a wood.

Soon, if the weather continues pleasant, we shall hear him sing. What a welcome sound it is! How it recalls memories of cherries and strawberries, and of all the good things of summer!

In the latter hall of April he and his mate go to housekeeping. Who hasn't seen a robin's nest? that strong, large house of grasses, plastered inside with mud, and furnished with a lining of rootlets.

He places it almost anywhere in the trees, but generally in a broad crotch. If you are fortunate, and the robin has learned that you are his friend, he may build his mud and grass cabin in a tree near your window.

Then you can learn all about his household affairs. You will see the four blue eggs. You will know how many days it takes them to hatch, and you will see what faithful parents birds are.

Not only will they give every minute of their time to securing food for their hungry family, but they will bravely fight any enemy who appears. If it rains, you may see the mother bird standing on the nest with wings spread over her young, to shelter them from the falling drops.

Generally the robin rears two families each season. When the first brood is ready to leave the nest, Father Robin takes charge of them. Every night he leads them to a great roost or nursery where other young robins are brought by their fathers to sleep. In the daytime he returns to help Mother Robin care for family number two.

At last all the young are old enough to care for themselves. Then they gather in large flocks and go for a holiday in the wild cherry trees. When the cherries are gone, they visit the sassafras and pepperidge trees, and the woodbine tangles. Then comes a course of dogwood, with a dessert of nanny−berries.

Cedar berries are added by way of a bit of cracker and cheese. Then the robin's great feast is over, and he leaves us for the repast which is awaiting him in the South.

The robin is very useful to the farmer. He eats ants, bugs, caterpillars, army worms, and many other worms and insects which would harm the grass and fruit trees.

In return, what does he ask? Only to dine on a few ripe cherries and strawberries.

ROBIN REJOICE.

Among the first of the spring,
The notes of the Robin ring;
With flute−like voice,
He calls, "Rejoice,
For I am coming to sing!"

To any one gloomy or sad,
He says, "Be glad! be glad!
Look on the bright side,
'Tis aye the right side;
The world is good, not bad."

At daybreak in June we hear
His melody, strong and clear:
"Cheer up, be merry,
I've found a cherry;
'Tis a glorious time of the year!"

GARRETT NEWKIRK. From "Bird−Lore," by permission of The Macmillan Company.

TO A SKYLARK. (EXTRACT.)

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire,
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow
The world should listen then, as I am listening now!
PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

FRIGHTENED BIRDS.

"Hush, hush!" said a little brown thrush
To his mate on the nest in the elder−bush.
"Keep still! Don't open your bill!
There's a boy coming bird−nesting over the hill!
Let your wings out, so
That not an egg or the nest shall show.
Chee! Chee! It seems to me
I'm as frightened as ever a bird can be!"

Then, still, with a quivering bill,
He watched the boy out of sight o'er the hill.
Ah, then in the branches again,
His glad song ran over vale and glen.
Oh, oh! if that boy could know
How glad they were when they saw him go,
Say, say, do you think next day
He could possibly steal those eggs away?
ANON.

DON'T ROB THE BIRDS, BOYS.

Don't rob the birds of their eggs, boys,
'Tis cruel and heartless and wrong;
And remember, by breaking an egg, boys,
We may lose a bird with a song.

When careworn, weary, and lonely,
Some day as you're passing along,
You'll rejoice that the egg wasn't broken
That gave you the bird with its song.
ANON.

A GOOD SHOT

There was once a boy whose eye was so true, and whose hand was so steady, that he became a very good marksman. If he threw a stone, or fired at anything with his air−gun, he usually hit what he aimed at. He took such pride and pleasure in his skill that he was always looking for good shots.

Near his house lived a bird. Five young ones were in her nest. So many mouths, always wide open for food, kept the little mother busy. From morning till night she flew over fields and woods, getting worms and bugs and seeds for her babies to eat. Every day she flew off chirping gayly, and came back as soon as she could with a bit of food. The smallest bird had been hurt in some way and could not cry so loudly as the others. The mother always gave him his breakfast first.

One day when she had picked up a worm and was resting a moment, the good marksman saw her.

"What a fine shot!" he said, and fired his air−gun. The bird felt a sharp, stinging pain in her side, and when she tried to fly she found that she could not lift herself from the ground.

Fluttering and limping, she dragged herself along to the foot of the tree where her nest was. Her broken wing hurt her very much, but she chirped a little, in as cheerful a way as she could, so that her babies should not be frightened. They chirped back loudly, because they were hungry, and they could not understand why she did not come to them. She knew all their voices, and when she heard the plaintive note of the smallest, she tried again and again to fly. At last she fell in such a way that she could not move her wings again.

All day she lay there, and when her children called, she answered with her old, brave chirp. But as the hours went by, her voice grew fainter and fainter, until at last it was still.

In the morning she was dead. The little ones called now in vain. They cried until they were so tired that they fell asleep; but soon their hunger waked them and they cried again.

The next night was cold, and they crowded together, hoping to get warm. How they missed their mother's warm, soft feathers! It grew colder and colder. Before dawn they all died, one after the other. Would the boy have been so proud of his good shot if he had known the whole story?

Adapted

"Be kind to animals," as a motto for every schoolroom in the United States conspicuously and constantly displayed by teachers upon wall or blackboard, will go far and help greatly towards inculcating a spirit of kindness to animals and educating humanely the boys and girls who are to be future citizens of this great country.

THE GOLDFINCH

Have you ever noticed the downy white seeds of the thistle? A puff of wind will carry away hundreds of these soft, woolly tufts, which sail like tiny balloons. When they drop to the ground they take root and soon become young thistles.

There is no weed more troublesome to the farmer than the thistle. It will soon crowd out the young wheat, and if let alone would cover the whole farm. If the farmer had no help, it would be difficult for him to raise anything but thistles.

He has, however, one of the best helpers in the world. The goldfinch is ready to look for thistle seeds, and asks no wages at all. The farmer ought to be grateful to such a busy little worker.

The mother goldfinch builds a beautiful nest for her little ones. For food they have seeds which she has carefully softened in her own crop. As soon as the young birds can fly, she takes them to the fields where the thistles grow.

In winter birds are thankful for food and shelter. The story is told of a man who has part of his house−wall covered with cages. The finches which live near his home find snug lodgings in these cages during the cold weather. In the spring his feathered guests build their nests in the cages and pay their rent by working in his garden. They are not confined to the cages, but come and go as they please.

Their wild sweet notes seem to come from a happy heart, and nothing can be prettier than to see a number of these goldfinches swinging on the brown sunflower and daintily feasting on the seeds.

Mr. Frank M. Chapman in "Bird−Life" says: "I wish that every one knew the Goldfinch. His gentle ways and sweet disposition are never−failing antidotes for discontent. One cannot be long near a flock of these birds without being impressed by the refinement which seems to mark their every note and action. They show, too, a spirit of contentment from which we may draw more than a passing lesson. 'HEAR ME, HEAR ME, DEARIE,' they call as they feed among the weeds or on the birch buds, and, no matter how poor the fare, they seem thankful for it. The seeds of the dandelion, thistle, and sunflower are among their favorites; and if you would attract goldfinches as well as some other birds, devote a corner of your garden to sunflowers."

BIRDS' TRADES.

The swallow is a mason,
  And underneath the eaves
He builds a nest, and plasters it
  With mud and hay and leaves.

Of all the weavers that I know
  The oriole is the best;
High on the branches of the tree
  She hangs her cozy nest.

The woodpecker is hard at work
  A carpenter is he
And you can hear him hammering
  His nest high up the tree.

Some little birds are miners,
  Some build upon the ground;
And busy little tailors, too,
  Among the birds are found.

THE SPARROW.

One of the most common of our American birds is the sparrow, of which there are as many as sixteen varieties. Those that we know the best are the field sparrow, the song sparrow, and the chipping sparrow, often called the chippy.

The sparrows are among the earliest comers in the spring, and some of them stay with us through the winter. Their nests may be found in hedges, under bushes, in thick grass tufts, and in low shrubs.

These nests are usually made of dried grasses and fine roots, but the chipping sparrow weaves horsehair with the grass and makes his nest very delicate and dainty. He is often called the hair−bird. He is known also as the social sparrow because he likes best to live near houses, and seems ready to be friendly with mankind. The tree sparrow, though larger, closely resembles him, and is often called the winter chip−bird.

The chipping sparrow's eggs are greenish−blue, speckled with dark brown. They are four in number. The nest is built in a bush or a low tree.

The song sparrow is a very sweet singer. Early in the spring we hear his song, and he stays late in the autumn. Sometimes he is with us all winter. His nest is usually on the ground or in some low bush. The eggs are grayish−white, clouded and spotted with brown and lavender. When the nest is not disturbed, there are often three broods of little ones during the summer.

We cannot have too many of these sweet songsters. They make our hearts glad with their delightful melody, and they help us to keep our gardens beautiful.

The field sparrow is found in pastures and woodlands. If he is disturbed, he flies up suddenly from the grass and alights again farther on. He has a sweet song that ends in a little trill.

While we find our own sparrows lovable we are not so fond of the English sparrows, which have become more numerous than the native birds. The English sparrow, or finch, as he is more properly called, may be a troublesome visitor, but we invited him to come, and he is not to blame for some of his disagreeable ways. He is by no means useless, for he clears the gutters of quantities of unsavory and unsightly fragments which would decay and become a nuisance if not removed. The English sparrow eats also a great many of the army worms which have done so much harm in some parts of the country, and he has in many places entirely destroyed the cankerworms.

He has good traits, and he may certainly be admired for his courage and perseverance. He bears our hard winters very cheerfully, and when no other birds are to be seen he flies about, chirping as bravely as in the summer sunshine.

SPARROWS

Let skies be sunny or clouds hang low
Little brown sparrow away you go
Ever in search of food or fun
Come summer or winter rain or sun

Boughs of lilac whereon to rest
April spreads when you build your nest,
Autumn feeds you with golden corn
And berries ripe on the wayside thorn

Winter comes with its frost and snow
Waters may freeze and winds may blow
Yet little you care and nought you rue,
For every hand has a crumb for you

Through sunshine tomorrow and storm today
You go like a friar of orders gray,
Finding wherever your fancy leads,
A table spread for the wanderer's needs

CHRISTMAS IN NORWAY.

In the far−off land of Norway,
  Where the winter lingers late,
And long for the singing birds and flowers
  The little children wait;

When at last the summer ripens
  And the harvest is gathered in,
And food for the bleak, drear days to come
  The toiling people win,

Through all the land the children
  In the golden fields remain
Till their busy little hands have gleaned
  A generous sheaf of grain.

All the stalks by the reapers forgotten
  They glean to the very least,
To save till the cold December,
  For the sparrows' Christmas feast.

And then through the frost−locked country
  There happens a wonderful thing:
The sparrows flock north, south, east, west,
  For the children's offering.

Of a sudden, the day before Christmas,
  The twittering crowds arrive,
And the bitter, wintry air at once
  With their chirping is all alive.

They perch upon roof and gable,
  On porch and fence and tree,
They flutter about the windows
  And peer in curiously.

And meet the eyes of the children,
  Who eagerly look out
With cheeks that bloom like roses red,
  And greet them with welcoming shout.

On the joyous Christmas morning,
  In front of every door
A tall pole, crowned with clustering grain,
  Is set the birds before.

And which are the happiest, truly,
  It would be hard to tell;
The sparrows who share in the Christmas cheer,
  Or the children who love them well!

How sweet that they should remember,
  With faith so full and sure,
That the children's bounty awaited them
  The whole wide country o'er!

When this pretty story was told me
  By one who had helped to rear
The rustling grain for the merry birds
  In Norway, many a year,

I thought that our little children
  Would like to know it too,
It seems to me so beautiful,
  So blessed a thing to do

To make God's innocent creatures see
  In every child a friend,
And on our faithful kindness
  So fearlessly depend.

CELIA THAXTER

THE CROW.

The poor crow has had very few friends. Like many mischievous people, he has been more severely blamed than he really deserves. He has been called an egg−stealer, a bird−eater, and a corn−thief. I am afraid that this is all true, and yet it is not fair to forget the good that he does.

In the spring, before there are many insects for him to eat, the hungry crow will sometimes do a great deal of mischief.

He troubles the farmer by pulling up the tender young corn, but a way to prevent this has been found. If the corn is dipped in soft tar, and afterwards in powdered lime to give it a white coating, the crow will not touch it. He does not like the taste of tar, and he will look elsewhere for his dinner.

Some farmers feed the crows by scattering loose grain over the surface of the cornfield, and in many cases the birds have been satisfied with what they received in this way.

Now let us see why it is for the farmer's interest to make friends with the crow. In the early days of New England, crows were thought to be so harmful that many of them were killed. The next year the grass and the crops were greatly injured by worms which the crows would have destroyed. It has often been proved that when a large number of crows and blackbirds have been killed, there has been an increase of harmful insects.

Crows eat the cutworm, the white grub, and the weevil. They like no food so well as mice. In the spring they like to follow the plough and pick up hundreds of insects that would do more harm than the most mischievous crow.

A tame crow should never be kept in a cage. If the bird is well fed and kindly treated, it will not fly far from its home, but it is a noisy and sometimes a troublesome pet, and it is better to leave it in the woods.

Crows are social and intelligent creatures. They choose a thick wood for their winter home and gather in flocks which sometimes number thousands of birds. In the summer they build their nests in neighboring trees, and are ready to lend each other aid if danger arises.

The United States Department of Agriculture says that the crow does more good than harm, and that he is a friend to the farmer instead of the enemy that he is commonly supposed to be.

THE BLUEBIRD.

I know the song that the bluebird is singing,
Out in the apple tree where he is swinging;
Brave little fellow! the skies may be dreary,
Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery.

Hark! how the music leaps out from his throat!
Hark! was there ever so merry a note?
Listen awhile, and you'll hear what he's saying,
Up in the apple tree, swinging and swaying.

"Dear little blossoms, down under the snow,
You must be weary of winter, I know;
Hark, while I sing you a message of cheer!
Summer is coming! and Springtime is here!

"Little white snowdrop! I pray you, arise;
Bright yellow crocus! come open your eyes;
Sweet little violets, hid from the cold,
Put on your mantles of purple and gold
Daffodils! daffodils! say, do yon hear?
Summer is coming! and Springtime is here!"

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.
By permission of the author.

THE FARMER'S FRIEND.

We all know from pictures what owls look like, though we do not often see them. Their wise faces, with large, solemn eyes, are familiar to every one of us. Why do we see these birds so seldom?

The owl flies at night, and at all times he is a shy bird. He likes a quiet home and does not wish to be disturbed.

As for himself, he makes no noise. He is like a cat, not only in his face and in his taste for mice, but in his quiet ways. His broad wings are fringed with the softest down, so that they move with as little sound as a feather fan. The owl is a large bird, but his wings never make the sharp whirr of a pigeon's flight.

The barn owl builds his nest not far from the farmyard. He catches the mice arid rats in the barn and feeds on many harmful beetles and moths. The number of mice he catches for his little ones in a single night is

sometimes very large. He is said to bring to his nest four or five of his hapless victims every hour.

Pennsylvania once offered a premium for killing hawks and owls, not knowing how much good they do. Before long the state was overrun with little rodents, and many valuable crops were destroyed.

No bird is more devoted to her little ones than the mother owl. She will take up her tiny owlet in her claws and carry him away, if she fancies that any danger is near; and she will not leave him, even to save her own life.

It has been supposed that an owl is unable to see in the daytime, but probably this is not true. He can see better at dusk than we can, but when it is really dark he cannot see at all. He hunts at night, because rats and mice do not often venture out in the daytime.

Unless he is free, an owl is miserable. It is cruel to keep him caged, because it makes him ill and unhappy. When he is at liberty he is a good friend to the farmer.

THE WOUNDED CURLEW.

By yonder sandy cove where, every day,
  The tide flows in and out,
A lonely bird in sober brown and gray
  Limps patiently about;

And round the basin's edge, o'er stones and sand,
  And many a fringing weed,
He steals, or on the rocky ledge doth stand,
  Crying, with none to heed.

But sometimes from the distance he can hear
  His comrades' swift reply;
Sometimes the air rings with their music clear,
  Sounding from sea and sky.

And then, oh, then his tender voice, so sweet,
  Is shaken with his pain,
For broken are his pinions strong and fleet,
  Never to soar again.

Wounded and lame and languishing he lives,
  Once glad and blithe and free,
And in his prison limits frets and strives
  His ancient self to be.

The little sandpipers about him play,
  The shining waves they skim,
Or round his feet they seek their food, and stay
  As if to comfort him.

My pity cannot help him, though his plaint
  Brings tears of wistfulness;
Still must he grieve and mourn, forlorn and faint,

None may his wrong redress.

O bright−eyed boy! was there no better way
A moment's joy to gain
Than to make sorrow that must mar the day
With such despairing pain?

O children, drop the gun, the cruel stone!
Oh, listen to my words,
And hear with me the wounded curlew moan
Have mercy on the birds!

CELIA THAXTER.

THE SANDPIPER.

Across the narrow beach, we flit,
One little sandpiper and I;
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
The scattered driftwood bleached and dry.
The wild waves reach their hands for it,
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,
Uttering his faint and mournful cry;
He starts not at my fitful song,
Or flash of fluttering drapery;
He has no thought of any wrong,
He scans me with a fearless eye,
Stanch friends are we, well tried and strong,
The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to−night
When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
My driftwood fire will burn so bright!
To what warm shelter canst thou fly?
I do not fear for thee, though wroth
The tempest rushes through the sky:
For are we not God's children both,
Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

CELIA THAXTER.

[Illustration of two birds.]

THE COST OF A HAT.

"What does it cost, this garniture of death?
It costs the life which God alone can give;
It costs dull silence where was music's breath,

It costs dead joy, that foolish pride may live.
Ah, life, and joy, and song, depend upon it,
Are costly trimmmgs for a woman's bonnet!"
MAY RILEY SMITH

Among the cruel things that are done thoughtlessly there is none more common than the wearing of birds' feathers as ornaments in hats. The coloring is often exquisitely soft and delicate, and we do not think, at first, what these beautiful feathers mean.

In the morning some mother bird sings her sweetest songs under your window as she flies forth to look for food for her nestlings. At night she lies wounded or dead and her little ones must starve alone in the nest. Is the pleasure of wearing a dead bird enough to pay for this suffering?

Perhaps you will say that since the bird is already killed when you buy it, it may as well be in your hat as in the shop window. Now think a moment. You may be sure that when you buy such a bird, another will be shot to take its place in the milliner's show−case. If no woman would buy these feathers, do you suppose that milliners would keep them for sale?

THE HALO.

Think what a price to pay,
Faces so bright and gay,
Just for a hat!
Flowers unvisited, mornings unsung,
Sea−ranges bare of the wings that o'erswung,
Bared just for that!
Oh, but the shame of it,
Oh, but the blame of it,
Price of a hat!
Just for a jauntiness brightening the street!
This is your halo, O faces so sweet,
DEATH: and for that!
REV. W. C GANNETT.
In "Voices for the Speechless"

[Illustration with caption: THE SNOWY HERON.]

THE SNOWY HERON.

One of the greatest sufferers among the bird mothers is the egret, or snowy heron. The pretty, airy plumes which we see on many hats grow on the egret's back, and fall over the sides and tail of the bird. They are most beautiful at the time when the mother bird is raising her brood of little ones. This is the time for the hunter to shoot her, and he finds it easy, because the egret will not readily fly away from her babies.

The little birds starve to death, and in many places there are no egrets left. Every feathery plume in the dainty bonnet means that at least one happy, innocent life has been taken. Do the feathers look quite so pretty to you when you think of all this? Is it comfortable to feel that for the sake of being in the fashion you have been the cause of such distress? If you can, for one moment, put yourself in the place of the mother bird as she lies dying on the grass and thinking of the little ones that will never see her again, I am sure nothing will induce you to be seen with her beautiful feathers in your hat. No ornament, bought at such a price, is worth the cost.

WINGED FISHERS.

The seagull loves the salt sea and the wild wind. The waves are his cradle. When he wishes to fly, he spreads his long, narrow wings, and the breeze carries him along as if he were a white boat with sails.

Now and then he pounces down upon the water. That is when he catches sight of some shining fish which he thinks will make him a good dinner. He is a hungry bird, and, fortunately for us, he is not very particular as to what he eats. He swallows the floating scraps which would soon become unsightly and dangerous if they were left along the shore.

The common gull has a pure white breast, a slate−colored back, and black−tipped wings. Its nest is built of seaweed on some rocky cliff or ledge. As soon as it can scramble out of its nest, the young gull likes to sit on a ledge of rocks, where it looks like a ball of soft, gray down. When hundreds of them are seen sitting on the same cliff, it seems wonderful that the mother birds can find their own children, but they make no mistake. They are devoted and faithful mothers. Often their lives are in danger, and they might easily seek safety for themselves, but they will not leave their helpless birdlings.

The gulls have the same sad story to tell that belongs to all beautiful, soft−hued birds. They are much less numerous than formerly, because sportsmen take advantage of the mother's devotion to kill her and steal her wings. When girls and women consent to wear these feathers in their hats, they forget the pain and terror of the dying birds. Few girls would go so far as to kill a bird. Perhaps not one would harm a mother bird defending her little ones. Yet to wear the soft, pretty wings is to doom another victim to this piteous death.

WHAT THE LITTLE SEAL THINKS.

I am very lonely and hungry. Here I have been, for days, hidden in a cave in the rocks, and I do not dare to come out. Only a little while ago my mother and I were so happy! To lie on the sunny beach, to splash and swim in the salt sea, to nestle close to her soft, warm fur when I was cold and tired, this was my life.

Then men came in boats and drove away my playmates in a flock to be clubbed and killed. When I ran back to my mother I could not find her, but her beautiful coat had been torn off and thrown upon a pile of skins. My mother had been killed while she was trying to find me. I wonder if any woman would wear my mother's coat if she knew this.

WHAT THE YOUNG SEABIRD THINKS.

There comes that man with a gun! The winter wren has just told me what it means. It seems that women like to wear the feathers of dead birds, and that man is trying to shoot my mother as she comes back to her nest. I am afraid I shall never see her again.

The wren tells me that people like to adorn themselves with the skins of fur−coated animals. It does seem strange that men and women think that they cannot be well dressed without killing us and wearing our clothes.

WHAT THE BIRDS DO FOR US.

Have you ever thought what the world would be without the birds? A learned Frenchman, named Michelet, said that if it were not for the birds there would be no plant life, no animal life, no life at all upon this earth. Hosts of insects would destroy all plant life, and if there were no plants, no animals could live. The common chickadee destroys in twenty−five days more than a hundred thousand eggs of the cankerworm moth, and the

chickadee is one of our smallest birds.

In winter, if you have an apple tree near your home, you can watch the hungry woodpecker getting his dinner. He runs up the trunk, digging into the bark for insects and insects' eggs. Almost seventy−five per cent of his food is made up of insects.

Perhaps you have read of the army worm and of the harm it does to grass and grain. In a single night a green field attacked by this pest is made brown and bare. In 1896 the damage done in Massachusetts by this worm was estimated at $200,000. As soon as the birds discover that the army worm is at work, they come flocking from long distances. No farmer could summon helpers so promptly. Kingbirds, phoebe birds, cowbirds, Baltimore orioles, chipping sparrows, robins, English sparrows, meadow larks, crows, golden−winged woodpeckers, and quail eat the army worm, but of all these helpers, none is so valuable for this work as the red−winged blackbird and the crow blackbird.

About fifty years ago, caterpillars were destroying an immense forest in Europe, when suddenly a flock of cuckoos appeared and saved the woodland. During the great locust invasion of our own western country, when the farmers had given up the battle, an army of birds would sometimes alight upon a field and save the crop.

Swallows live entirely upon insects, and a very large proportion of the food of most of our birds is made up of insect life. Thirty−eight kinds of birds have been seen to feed on some form of the gypsy moth, and they are not expecting the salaries that are paid to government agents. The sea−gull is another official on a small salary. He is the best health− inspector of our coasts, for he not only sees what is to be done, but does it himself, promptly and well. The little tree−sparrow, in Iowa alone, destroys more than a million harmful seeds every year.

Sometimes, it is true, the birds eat the fruits that men have taken pains to raise. "What little thieves they are!" says the gardener. "Please tell me," says Mr. Robin, "how I am to know that you care so much for some kinds of fruit, and so little for others? If you would plant shad−berries for me, I would not eat so many strawberries. In September I should be quite willing to make a dinner of choke−cherries, if they were as conveniently near as your grapes. Perhaps, in time, you will learn to be more careful in your planting. Why not protect your fruits by planting wild varieties that we like?"

Mr. Lawrence Bruner says: "If we take pains to water our birds during the dry season, they will be much less apt to seek this supply from the juices of fruits so temptingly at hand." He suggests placing little pans of water in the orchard and vineyard.

There is another side to the same question which is worth considering. Not only does the agriculturist know how useful birds are to us, but every child can tell us of the pleasure they give. One does not have to be a poet to know the beauty of the birds. What would spring be without the bluebird, or June without the oriole? To the eye and to the ear alike they are a joy.

From a selfish point of view, then, it is folly to let the wholesale destruction of birds go on. We are losing more than we fully understand. But can there be no other motive than a selfish one? Have the birds no rights which we are bound to respect? Must their claim to life be based on the fact that they do us good or give us pleasure? We are hopeless tyrants if this is true. Let us not be content with the smaller question, What can the birds do for us? but ask ourselves the larger one, What can we do for the birds?

"THE BRAVEST ARE THE TENDEREST."

It is remarkable how many great men have been noted for their interest in birds and beasts. We have seen how devoted Scott and Dickens were to their pets. Daniel Webster's dying request was that his beloved cattle might be driven by his window, so that he might see them once more. Abraham Lincoln often went out of his way to do a kindness to some weak or suffering creature. [Footnote: The following incident is related by one who knew Lincoln: "We passed through a thicket of wild plum and crab−apple trees, and stopped to water our horses. One of the party came up alone and we inquired: 'Where is Lincoln?'

"'Oh,' he replied, 'when I saw him last he had caught two young birds which the wind had blown out of their nest, and he was hunting for the nest, that he might put them back in it.'"] A great German poet so loved the birds that he left a sum of money with the request that they should be fed every day on his grave.

Thoreau, who has written many beautiful books about nature, had a great love for the little wild creatures of the woods, and they in turn loved and trusted him. "Even the fishes came into his hand when he dipped it into the stream. The little mice would come arid playfully eat from his fingers, and the very moles paid him friendly visits. Sparrows lighted on his shoulders when he called them; the phoebe birds built their nests in his shed, and the wild partridge with her brood came and fed quietly beneath his window.

"After he had lived two or three months in the woods the wild birds ceased to be afraid of him, and would come and perch on his shoulder, and sometimes on his spade when he was digging."

Amiel, a great French writer, said in his journal: "I have just picked up on the stairs a little yellow kitten, very ugly and pitiable. Now, rolled into a ball on a chair at my side, he seems perfectly happy and asks for nothing more. He followed me from room to room as I went to and fro. I have nothing for him to eat, but a look and caress satisfy him, at least for the present.

"I have been told that weak and feeble creatures feel happy near me. I know that this is true, but I take no credit for it. I know that it is a gift. With a little encouragement the birds would nest in my beard.

"This is the true relation of man with the weaker creatures. He would be heartily adored by the animals if he were not a tyrant... So that all unnecessary murder and torture are not only cowardly actions, but crimes. A useful service imposed on the animal world demands in return protection and kindness. In a word, the animal has claims on man, and the man has duties to the animal."

St. Francis of Assisi not only cared for the birds and the harmless creatures of the fields and woods, but he is said to have fed a fierce and hungry wolf until it followed him like a dog.

Some years ago, General David S. Stanley, of the United States Army, was leading a force across the plains. He was laying out the route for a great railroad. There were two thousand men, twenty−five hundred horses and mules, and a train of two hundred and fifty wagons heavily laden.

One day the general was riding at the head of the broad column, when suddenly his voice rang out, "Halt!"

A bird's nest lay on the ground directly in front of him. In another moment the horses would have trampled on the nestlings. The mother bird was flying about and chirping in the greatest anxiety. But the brave general had not brought out his army to destroy a bird's nest.

He halted for a moment, looked at the little birds in the nest below, and then gave the order, "Left oblique!"

Men, horses, mules, and wagons turned aside and spared the home of the helpless bird. Months, and even

years after, those who crossed the plains saw a great bend in the trail. It was the bend made to avoid crushing the bird's nest. Truly, great hearts are tender hearts, and "the loving are the daring."

"There is one language that all creatures comprehend the language of loving−kindness. Love to an animal is what sunshine is to a plant. It has a tonic effect, and they thrive on it. This does not mean fussiness it means a combination of sympathy, wisdom and justice."

The Humane Pleader

LINES TO A SEABIRD.

Bird of the stormy wave! bird of the sea!
Wide is thy sweep, and thy course is free;
Cleaving the blue air, and brushing the foam,
Air is thy field of sport, ocean thy home.

Bird of the sea! I could envy thy wing,
O'er the blue waters I mark thy glad spring;
I see thy strong pinions as onward I glide,
Dashed by the foam of the white−crested tide.

M. A. STODART.

THE TRUE HERO.

FOUR WAYS OF LOOKING AT IT.

Four boys were standing at the corner of the street. Bound the next turn, with a great burst of splendid music, came the regiment on its way to the troop−ship. Along the street were lines of eager faces, some sad and anxious, to be sure, but all interested and full of excitement.

"It must be glorious to fight for your country," said George, feeling his heart beat faster and faster as the regiment drew near. "I'm going to be a soldier when I grow up."

"I'm not!" said Dick, with a laugh. "It's too hard work, and I don't care about being shot. I like plenty to eat, and a good bed to sleep in. Soldiers' fare would never suit me!"

"I'm on your side, George," said the tallest boy of the group, as he watched the men marching by. "A man can make a name for himself when there's fighting going on. If we are only lucky enough to have another war, I'm not going to spend my life at a high desk, or digging potatoes on a farm. A soldier's life is the life for me."

"I don't feel just that way about it, Ned," said George doubtfully. "I hope I'm not thinking about my own glory. I should be glad to go as a common soldier, if I could feel that I was doing all that I could for my country."

The fourth, boy was silent. With his hands in his. pockets, he had his eyes fixed on the lines of glistening bayonets.

"What do you think, Jack?" said Ned. "You look as wise as an owl."

Jack turned slowly on his heel. He settled his firm chin a little deeper in his coat collar.

"I don't agree with any of you, wholly," he said. "George has the best of it so far, but I think fighting is a poor way of deciding whether a thing is right or wrong."

"You'd make a noble hero," said Ned, with a good−natured laugh.

"I'd rather make my life count for something in doing work that is worth doing, than in fighting with men who never did me any harm," said Jack calmly.

"A man can't do more than give his life for his country," persisted George.

"That's true," said Jack quickly. "Only you were talking about giving your death, which isn't half so valuable."

George looked blank for a moment. The others laughed at his puzzled face, but he recovered himself promptly.

"I don't see why fighting isn't a good way to settle disputes," he said.

"So everybody used to think," said Jack. "If a man quarreled with his neighbor, it was the proper thing to have a duel. We don't have duels nowadays, and I think we are better off. Don't you remember, George, that day when we fought over the bag of marbles we found in an old cellar? It was years ago, when we were little fellows. Father found us fighting and sent us home. The next day he divided the marbles between us. I'm sure that was a better way than if I'd held you down a minute longer and got them all."

George had still a lively recollection of that fight.

"You were bigger than I was," he began.

"I know it," said Jack, "and because I was bigger, I should have got the marbles if father hadn't stopped me. But that wouldn't have made me the rightful owner of them. You had as much right to them as I had. Father talked to me, and made me see how silly our fighting was."

"Do you truly think that a man who stays at home can be as good a patriot as a soldier who goes to fight for his country?" asked George, feeling a little ashamed of his friend.

"I think that a man can do more for his country in time of peace than in war," said Jack. "And as for courage, I know it is harder to do some of the little, common, everyday things well than to do great deeds. Father says that the mothers are the real heroes in the world. I dare say it took more courage for some men to stay at home than for any of those in the regiment to go."

"But you never hear about the bravery of those men," objected George. "Of course, once in a while, there is a fire or a railroad accident, and somebody is very brave and heroic, but that is the exception."

"I don't call daring the only kind of bravery," said Jack. "Just think of those nurses and priests who go out to the leper islands to care for the sick. They know that they are going to something worse than death, yet they give up everything to make life easier for a few unknown people."

"I wasn't speaking of them," said George. "I mean those who stay at home, and don't do anything very remarkable."

"I've noticed one thing," said Jack. "The heroes are usually those who have done their work well every day.

Father says that what the country needs is the quiet faithfulness of every citizen."

"Do you think," said Ned, with a superior smile, "that wars are going to stop because you disapprove of them?"

"I think that war is cruel," said Jack stoutly, "and I don't believe there is any need of our being cruel. I know that some of our wisest men think that the time is coming when nations will be ashamed to settle questions in that way."

"How do you propose to show your wonderful patriotism. if you won't fight?" demanded Ned.

Jack flushed a little, but he answered steadily:

"I propose to make of myself as good a citizen as I can. I propose to keep my temper, and to remember that others beside myself have rights. I propose to be honest and fair. If I do all my work as well as I can, I hope that some day my life will be of service to my country."

Ned and Dick walked off with a disagreeable laugh, but George slipped his arm through his friend's. "If I didn't know better, I should say that you were a coward, Jack," he said. "I wish you had more of the hero in you."

"Even a hero doesn't like to be laughed at," said Jack. "I know one thing, George: it takes more courage to be called a coward, and to stand up for what you think is right when others are laughing at you, than it does to fight."

"I believe you are right," said George; "I can see that a man may be as much of a hero and patriot in one place as another, if he is only true to himself."

He serves his country best
Who lives pure life, and doeth righteous deed,
And walks straight paths, however others stray;
And leaves his sons, as uttermost bequest,
A stainless record which all men may read.
SUSAN COOLIDGE.

SELECTIONS.

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."
COLERIDGE.

If I can stop one heart from breaking,
I shall not live in vain;
If I can ease one life the aching,
Or cool one pain,
Or help one fainting robin
Unto his nest again,
I shall not live in vain.
EMILY DICKINSON. Copyright 1890 by Roberts Bros Little, Brown Co.,

publishers.

[Illustration with caption: A BAND OF MERCY.]

WHAT THE CHILDREN CAN DO.

SUGGESTIONS

SPEAK GENTLY. Animals are very sensitive to loud, harsh tones. Listen to the teamsters on the street and you will find that much of their shouting is unnecessary. Watch a boy with his dog and notice the rough, masterful way in which he likes to speak. There is no occasion for these harsh tones. Dogs, cats, and horses are rarely deaf. On the contrary, their hearing is most acute, and a loud tone, even if it is not an angry one, is frequently a cause of positive suffering. Some birds are so sensitive that they have been frightened to death by an angry tone. Let us be courteous whenever we can, not only to each other, but to our dumb friends.

BE KIND TO THE BIRDS. Many birds spend their winters with us, but we rarely stop to think how a heavy snowstorm must fill their small hearts with dismay. If we feed them, they will stay near our houses all winter. Fasten a bark cup for water, and a bone with a bit of meat on it, to some convenient tree−trunk and watch for your visitors. They may not come to you while it is warm, but the first cold storm will bring them in flocks. A flat board, fastened to the top of a clothes−post, will hold seeds and crumbs, and makes a safe dining table for your guests. Keep a cleared space on the ground for those who do not dare to be seen in high places.

[Illustration with caption: MAKING FRIENDS.]

Here you may scatter cracked corn, nuts, and sunflower seeds. See to it in the household that nothing is thrown away that can make a bird's heart glad.

HELP THE HORSES. There are many ways in which this may be done. Sometimes the day is warm, and you can bring a pailful of cool water for some tired traveler. Or it may be cold and the horse−blanket has slipped off. A pair of willing hands can soon fasten it properly. Perhaps the street is icy, and a sprinkling of ashes would make it safe once more. If a horse has fallen, a blanket spread upon the ice will help him to regain his feet. Often kind−hearted boys, going up the hill to school, will carry part of a heavy load, or will put their strong, young shoulders to the wheel. If the hill is long, you can bring a stone or a log of wood to block the wheel, and give the horse a moment's needed rest. Do not get angry even with a cruel driver. Every kind thought, kindly carried out, will not only be an immediate help, but it may lead a thoughtless driver to be careful. If you can do nothing more, you can speak a friendly word, which is never thrown away, even on a horse. Sometimes a little encouragement will help over a hard place.

REMEMBER THE VALUE OF LITTLE THINGS. A cup of cold water to some toiling worker may mean the difference between comfort and misery. Animals, as well as human beings, suffer very much if they cannot get water. Louisa Alcott tells a pretty story of the efforts of two little girls to give water to the thirsty cattle in a dusty cattle−train.

"Full in the hot sun stood the cars, and every crevice of room between the bars was filled with pathetic noses, sniffing eagerly at the sultry gusts that blew by, with now and then a fresher breath from the pool that lay dimpling before them. How they must have suffered, in sight of water, with the cool dash of the fall tempting them, and not a drop to wet their parched mouths!

"I could not hear what the little girls said, but as they worked away so heartily, their little tanned faces grew lovely to me, in spite of their old hats and their shabby gowns. One pulled off her apron, spread it on the

grass, and emptying upon it the berries from her pail, ran to the pool and returned with it dripping, to hold it up to the suffering sheep, who stretched their hot tongues gratefully to meet it, and lapped the precious water with an eagerness which made the little barefoot's task a hard one.

"But to and fro she ran, never tired, though the small pail was so soon empty. Her friend meanwhile pulled great handfuls of clover and grass for the cows, and having no pail, filled her 'picking−dish' with water to throw on the poor dusty noses appealing to her through the bars. I wish I could have told those tender−hearted children how beautiful their compassion made the hot, noisy place, and what a sweet picture I took away with me of those two little sisters of charity."

In a foreign city many of the shopkeepers provide dishes of water for the thirsty dogs, cats, and birds who may need it. It is a pretty custom and one easily followed.

Here is a clipping from a Western newspaper:

"A short time ago, as I was crossing Market Street, near Twenty−second, a boy, not over ten years old, who had been walking just before me, ran into the street and picked up a broken glass pitcher. I supposed he intended the pieces as missiles, since the desire to throw something seems instinct in every boy. Consequently, I was very much surprised when he tossed the pieces into a, vacant lot at the corner and walked quietly on. As he passed me, whistling, I said:

"'Why did you pick up that pitcher?'

"'I was afraid it might cut some horse's foot,' he replied.

"My next question was a natural one.

"'Are you a Band of Mercy boy?'

"He smiled as he said:

"'Oh, yes; that's why I did it.'"

The little story may serve to suggest other ways in which children can be of service, not only to the animals and to each other, but to the world of grown−up men and women. Fragments of orange and banana skins make our sidewalks dangerous as well as unsightly; rusty nails and bits of glass may do much harm which the truly helpful child will prevent.

There is a mutual helpfulness among animals which is very beautiful to see. They will come together for defence and to get food, and sometimes help each other in sickness and trouble. A blind swan was fed with fish brought twice a day by other swans from a lake thirty miles away. An English sparrow pluckily rescued his mate from a big snowdrift at the risk of his life. Livingstone tells of a wounded buffalo who was caught up on the strong shoulders of another buffalo and carried to a place of safety. The little mice in the meadow, and the birds upon the marshes, have learned that to be strong they must keep together and help each other. This is the law of all life.

When young people learn to think about the causes of pain and suffering, and to respect the rights of animals, they will soon learn to respect each other's rights and to render this mutual aid.

John Bright, a noted English statesman, said: "If children at school can be made to understand how it is just and noble to be humane even to what we term inferior animals, it will do much to give them a higher

character and tone through life."

There are men and women who would be thankful if they could blot out some careless deed of their childhood. We may be sure that we shall never regret the kind things we have done. George Eliot says:

"It is only a poor sort of happiness that could ever come by caring very much about our own narrow pleasures. We can only have the highest happiness, such as goes along with being a great man, by having wide thoughts and much feeling for the rest of the world as well as ourselves. ...If you mean to act nobly and seek to know the best things God has put within reach of men, you must learn to fix your mind on that end and not on what will happen to you because of it."

In many places in this country and in Europe the children are uniting to do what they can to lessen the suffering that is going on around them. To aid in this work, they are forming little companies that are known as Bands of Mercy.

The object of these bands is to encourage brave, generous, and thoughtful deeds. The members do not pledge themselves not to kill any creature, for sometimes that is the kindest thing that can be done, and a wounded bird or insect should be put out of its pain at once.

This is the resolution which the children make:

"I WILL TRY TO BE KIND TO ALL LIVING CREATURES, AND WILL TRY TO PROTECT THEM FROM CRUEL USAGE."

No fee is needed to belong to such a band. The children should sign the pledge, choose a name, and elect a president and secretary. It is well that the teacher should be president. The meetings may be made very interesting and helpful. Reading, recitations, and anecdotes will give all the children a chance to share in the exercises. Each child should be encouraged to tell the kindly actions he has witnessed, and to suggest ways in which children can help each other and the animals about them.

There are now several hundred thousand children in the United States and in Canada who have pledged themselves to this good work. If these children are faithful to the pledge which they have signed, an immense amount of good will be done. Children who are taught to be kind to animals and to each other make good citizens.

TO THE TEACHER.

BANDS OF MERCY.

So much of childish, cruelty is thoughtless that the help to be obtained from Bands of Mercy is apparent. To make a boy understand the misery that his air−gun and his fishhook may cause, to show the cowardly cruelty in throwing stones and in hurting innocent and defenseless creatures this is what the Band of Mercy may accomplish. There is abundant testimony from teachers who have introduced humane teaching into their schools, to the effect that the children are not only kinder to the lower animals, but also more thoughtful and considerate towards each other.

We want our boys and girls to be strong and brave, but in no way can their strength and bravery be made more certain than in protecting the weak and helpless.

When young people learn to respect the rights of animals and to think about the causes of pain and suffering, they will apply these thoughts to their everyday life. They will learn to respect each other's rights, and crime

of all kinds will be diminished.

Upon teachers and parents a great responsibility rests. They are forming the minds and the habits of the coming generation. Upon their instruction may depend future peace or war, good citizenship or a low standard of patriotism and morals.

With the best intention of implanting the humane idea, teachers sometimes indirectly teach what is not really humane. For example, physiology lessons are sometimes illustrated by parts of dead animals, which must be obtained from a butcher's shop or a slaughterhouse.

This is not directly cruel, because the animals are already dead, but it is not refining to the sensibilities.

Sometimes the teacher enlarges on the special use of animals for food. It is unnecessary to lay emphasis on the use of animal food, when we remember that the number of people who live without it is constantly increasing, and that these people maintain at least as high a standard of health as those who make use of it; indeed, it is claimed that their health is better and that they are more likely to be free from certain diseases to which meat eaters are subject.

The Bands of Mercy are valuable in teaching young people the highest ideals of life, and in showing them that the universal law of love is the only law which will bring what we all desire, "Peace on earth, and good will to all."

SUGGESTIONS FOR SUBJECTS FOR COMPOSITIONS.

In connection with school work, compositions may be written on some of the subjects suggested below:

The Rights of Animals and the Protection that we should give them.

Transportation of Cattle; or, A Journey from the Western Plains to the Market.

How does Cruelty to Animals affect Meat, Milk, and Fish?

Influence of Humane Education.

Importance of Early Lessons in Kindness.

Some Account of the Humane Work done by Henry Bergh.

Some Account of the Humane Work done by George T. Angell.

Cruelty to Horses. Checkrein, Blinders, Docking.

Various Ways in which the Tight Checkrein affects the Horse.

What are the Principal Lessons taught by "Black Beauty"?

Acts of Kindness which I have observed.

The Rights of Cats.

The Cruelty of Abandoning Cats when moving from One House to Another.

Good Work done by Frogs and Toads.

The Value of Bird Life.

How shall we protect the Birds?

Cruelty of Caging Birds and Squirrels.

Egret Plumes and how they are obtained.

Valuable leaflets on the care and kind treatment of animals may be obtained by addressing The Animal Rescue League, 51 Carver Street, Boston, Mass.

"We and Our Friends" and other leaflets may be obtained of Mrs. Mary F. Lovell, 215 Summit Ave., Jenkintown, Pa.

Leaflets and pamphlets suitable for use in schools and for distribution elsewhere, including some with stories of cats, dogs, etc., can be obtained from The American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston, Mass.

At the same address may also be obtained other inexpensive publications. Among them are the following:

"Songs of Happy Life," a fine collection of songs, many of them with original music by eminent modern composers. This book inculcates a love of nature and kindness to all living creatures. Many of the songs are suitable for Peace day, Bird day, and Arbor day exercises. It contains, besides the music, an outline of Band of Mercy entertainments, selections for readings, recitations, memory gems, etc., which may be found very useful for school work as well as suitable for Bands of Mercy. American Humane Education Society, Boston. Price 50 cents.

"Voices for the Speechless," a collection of poems from standard authors, suitable for recitations etc.

"The Teacher's Helper in Humane Education," by Dr. Rowley. 32 pages. Price 10 cents.

NOTE. As soon as a Band of Mercy numbers thirty members it should be reported to the American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Ave., Fenway Station, Boston, Mass., which will send Our Dumb Animals free for one year, with an assortment of valuable leaflets. From this society may also be obtained interesting books, "Black Beauty" among others. Several hundred thousand copies of this book have been sold. Its price, paper bound, is twenty cents, postage paid.

"Our Gold Mine at Hollyhurst" and "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" may also be obtained from the Society.

INFORMATION CONCERNING THE JACK LONDON CLUB

All exhibitions of trained animals should be discouraged, as much cruelty is involved in teaching them the unnatural tricks. Persons who have witnessed the training of animals say there is a great deal of suffering behind the scenes. They not only suffer from cruelty but are forced to live in unnatural surroundings and suffer from close confinement. Use your influence to discourage such shows. The Jack London Club has been formed to stop this kind of cruelty. It is an organized protest against the cruelties involved in training animals and exhibiting them on the stage.

Send your name and address to Our Dumb Animals, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston, Mass. Sending your name will mean that you are willing to leave your seat in any place of amusement while performing animals are on the stage. Even if you won't do this, talk about the cruelties connected with these performances. Join the Jack London Club now; no dues, no fees. The Club, in little over three years, secured a membership of over two hundred thousand and is growing rapidly. Free literature about the Jack London Club may be obtained. The book by Jack London, "Michael Brother of Jerry," which deals with this cruelty, is sold at one dollar per copy.

Laws have been passed in the following states making humane education compulsory in the public schools: Maine, Washington, California, Colorado, North Dakota, South Dakota, Oklahoma, Idaho, Montana, Texas, Wyoming, Pennsylvania, Utah, New Hampshire, Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, Alabama, Connecticut, Kentucky, and New York. Many testimonials have been received from school superintendents and teachers as to the good results obtained since humane education has been made a part of the regular school work.

As state after state is passing the law making humane education a part of the school work, some students may ask why the state is especially interested in their being taught kindness to all living creatures, to the lower animals as well as to human beings. The teacher can mention the fact that eighty per cent of the criminal class in our jails and prisons were cruel from childhood, and that it is less expensive for the state to educate the child in humanity than to support him as a criminal. The teacher can tell the child that if it is necessary to take life, it should be done as quickly and painlessly as possible. It is cruel to inflict needless pain. Tell the child that our hearts warm toward one who is kind, while we shrink from one who is cruel.

The child should be taught to remember that no living creature is here from choice; all comes from the hand of God, and each has its special work. We must also remember that a child when cruel is morally hurt, and a moral hurt is greater than a physical one.

"We and the beasts are kin. Man has nothing that the animals have not at least a vestige of; the animals have nothing that man does not in some degree share. Since, then, the animals are creatures with wants and feelings differing in degree only from our own, they surely have their rights." ERNEST THOMPSON SETON.