AN EASTER IDYL.

The April sky had freakish clouds To fleck its tender blue. In blurs, in lances all of geld, The April sun came through. Buds burst them out a merry rout, And robins 'gan to sing. As Mistress Jane came down the lane, A pattern of the spring.

Her eyes did match the April blue Her gown the light cloud's gray, And valley lilies kissed a throat As fairly white as they. The silver wind blew yet more kind That she did pass along. And riches sweet before her feet The purpling violets flung.

Slow loitering at my lady's side That happy Easter-time, Full softly through the sunlit morn We heard the church-bells chime. Her cheek grew red, as swift I said, While low her sweet eyes fell, "Grant me, I ask, the happy task To ring an Easter belle."

MARTHA WILLIAMS, in Harper's Bazaar.

MISS MANDY'S EASTER BONNET

It was raining hard, and the wind, which was from the East, blew raw and chill.

Miss Mandy, who had a cat-like horror of getting wet, stopped an instant to secure a firmer hold of her scant black skirt; then, with a sigh, she trudged bravely forward up the village

"I 'most wisht I hadn't said I'd come to-day," she said, carefully avoiding a little pool of water in her path. "But what's the use o' fussin'?" she went on, almost as if angry with herself. "I'd got to come to-day, spite of everything. if I want my bonnet by Sunday; and I do want it by then," with a desperate clutch at her dragging sirts. "I've had somethin' new fur Easter Sunday—new or fixed up, that is-fur years; an' I don't see no need to do different now, jest because o' what fools say."

Miss Mandy jerked her head dealantly. She knew perfectly well that "folks"-identical, by the way, in spirit, at least, with the constantly quoted, one of us-were saying, some in pitying. Wilkins was mighty liable to live begond her means and git into trouble, if brief interval of grieved whimpering. gleam of excitement in her eyes, her she kep' on a-spending money so free on her clothes."

True it was that Miss Mandy had a her lonely, crusty, old-maid's heart for orderly, old-maid soul particularly Was she defying Miss Anson and the pleasure. a pretty bonnet. True it also was that loathed (an untidy house and screaming world in general, or was she only forti-Miss Mandy was poor; comparatively poor, that is, even for Bloomfield.

picking her way across the muddy screamin' long o' the rest of 'em." street, "what business is it o' other folks how I spend my money; ain't I town?"

So she defied them all; and this walk through the rain to consult Miss Anaddition of a bunch of violets or a deep der." red rose, with bits of velvet, lace and ing her indifference to public opinion.

a few minutes, came down again harder but as she stooped down, with no idea some toys on the further counter. than ever. Miss Mandy's defiant ex- in the world what to do, the frightened Miss Mandy started, and her face redpression gave place to one of disgust. eyes and tear-stained cheeks turned to- dened as she replied stoutly, "Yes, I said, "an' git all wet. I declare, I've a resumed her seat as suddenly as if the guess you're surprised at my lookin' at great mind-" She paused, anxious, widespread mouth of the helpless in such things, Mr. Stubbs; but I'm going irresolute.

Directly in front of her in the doornervous tremble in her voice:

You'd better; it's raining awful hard."

her old shawl. The fact was she and Mrs. Hales were "not on good terms;" effecting a reconciliation.

originated in a quarrel years before be- dren themselves—the "little tikes!" tween Mr. Hales and Miss Mandy's

sipe of peace. No so. Miss Mandy's family pride vigorously carried on the siege.

doorway, and Miss Mandy under the

yield?

During Mrs. Hales' long illness in the winter, Miss Mandy's conscience had had many qualms. Should she? No! It was asking too much. Besides, "folks" would make such a fuss about it; everybody knew--. She suddenly became aware of the pleading look in Mrs. Hales' eyes; she shook her damp skirt flercely. No! She would not yield; she would brave the elements, and so preserve her own self-respect.

She opened her lips to say coldly, "Thank you, Mis' Hales, I guess I'll jest step along," when her eyes fell on the parcel in her hand. Its cover was quite wet already, the "fixin's" for her bonnet-her velvet, her lace. The temptation was too strong, the risk too great. Instead of uttering the chilling speech trembling on the tip of her tongue, almost before she knew what she was about, she had said, rather weakly: "Well, I believe I will, Mis' Hales," and was walking up the narow path to

Poor Miss Mandy! She had barely parlor before her heart misgave her. thing. Why had she done this foolish thing? She had committed herself past rein reply to her delighted hostess's turned. rather incoherent words of welcome, then, seating herself stiffly near the door, responded as briefly as possible nerves were not of the strongest. She was a new look on Miss Mandy's sharp proved beyond question to be the owner

kitchen. Jacky had slapped Tommy, will do. Jest because I've ben a' ole the tin soldiers, the Noah's Ark. who had promptly returned the compli- fool ain't no reason fur my goin' on At last the temptation was too strong ment, after which preliminary passages that way. Let folks talk, ef they've with a shamefaced glance at the winwhile the baby, incensed past endur- house and shut the door. of the severe-looking stranger, after a went shopping. She walked rapidly, a wails.

independent o' everybody in this walls in the parlor grew more frequent fringe of her shawl, growing more and no less heartrending.

ribbon, used for years, and now care- had frequently been heard to say that Miss Mandy had turned a little away "I jest hate to be out in the rain," she wards her were so appalling that she do," adding, with a forced laugh, "I

way of a little tumble-down cottage, to the relief of her youngest offspring; see that Noah's ark," she demanded. stood a woman with a baby in her but scarcely had she settled herself in "an' one o' them jumpin' jacks, an' arms. As she recognized Miss Mandy the old rocker near Miss Mandy, with some pictur' books; an' what's them a perplexed look came into her eyes; the baby in her arms, when sounds of sugar images on that top shelf?" she, too, seemed uncertain what to do: war again issuing from the kitchen, the Mr. Stubbs' curiosity became almost then suddenly she called out, a little distracted parent, breathing out threat- too great to be restrained as he pro-"Miss Wilkins," she said, "won't you with apologies to her guest, departed Mandy's inspection; but the grim mancome in an' wait 'til it's quit raining? again for the scene of action, this time ner of the purchaser inviting neither the heavy basket with a sudden, happy those in whose companionship he had Miss Mandy fairly squirmed under ing Miss Mandy in comparative peace. he held his peace.

In peace? Far from it. She sat "My, but won't Mary be surprised clutching her umbrella, growing more when I tell her?" he soliloquized, bendwhen they chanced to meet they were angry every minute-angry with her- ing low over his cash drawer, as if homeward through the tender twilight fection as if they considered him quite civil, but that was all, although Mrs. self for being there; angry with "them afraid that his austere customer might with a radiant face. Hales had done all she dared towards shiftless Haleses fur havin' such a hear his thoughts. pack o' children anyway:" angry be- When the bundles were tied up Miss

brother, but it did seem to Mrs. Hales, indication of the volcano of wrath bub- unfrequented back lane, towards home. admiringly. "I'd no idea this bonnet now that her husband was dead and bling within, when her indignant re- Even then she tried to hide the bun- looked half's well 's this. It 'ud been Joe no longer lived at Bloomfield, Miss dections were sharply broken in upon dies under her shawl. Indeed, her be- jest sinful waste fur me to ha' got a Mandy might relent, and smoke the by a painful, hollow cough. Miss havior during the whole expedition new one; besides"-she fell into a revwas strong; so, though she had never little hard bed, lay Willie Hales, dying, prehensible project, of which she fully At last she roused herself. "To-morknown the exact cause of the quarrel, people said, of consumption. She had realized the iniquity, but which, with row afternoon I must run in and see and had, consequently, no real knowl- scarcely noticed the child before, for hardened heart, she was determined to Willie," she exclaimed, brightly, addedge as to the justice of Joe's bitter he had been asleep, but the noise had carry through. resentment against "them Haleses"- awakened him, and she watched him She was just congratulating herself "an' ast him how he likes my Easter for her anger had in time come to in- now, almost against her will, a strange, that no one had seen her, when, as ill bonnet." clude Mrs. Hales also-she espoused new feeling at her heart. She saw him luck would have it, as she drew near her brother's cause with such warmth shrink and shiver as the sounds from her own gate, Mrs. Perkins, a spiteful that even the death of his enemy was the kitchen reached him; she saw him old lady and desperately jealous of not sufficient to appease her wrath. In close his eyes and clinch his tiny fists Miss Mandy, crossed the street, coming strongest thirteen story I know of is spite of murmurings of disapproval when the sharp cough came; she saw towards her. Miss Mandy's hand the one which I have heard told about from various sisters in the church, and the dark circles under his eyes, the shook as she unlatched the gate. "I Arthur McQuade, who was in the wistful glances from humble, care- blue veins throbbing in the white tem- ain't goin' to hurry one bit," she said to boodle Board of Aldermen. It was said worn, shabby Mrs. Hales, Miss Mandy ples, the pitiful little figure outlined herself, with a furtive glance at the that when misfortune overtook him his by the worn quilt, the most unchildlike approaching figure. But to return to Mrs. Hales in the curves of the sensitive, quivering mouth.

twenty minds in a minute. Should she friendship between the two families, anyway. Hope you'll have a good day and Joe had loved the little fellow dear- to-morrow to show it off." ly, and he had been named William Joseph, for his father's friend. How long Miss Maudy faced her squarely, and ago it seemed; and now-Miss Mandy spoke out loud and clear: "Yes, I have shifted uneasily on her chair. There got my new Easter bonnet in here, Mis' was a strange feeling in her throat; Perkins," she said, "an' I presume it's she swallowed once or twice convul- big enough. Anyway, I like it better'n sively, then, with stealthy glance at the any bonnet I ever had before. I'll be child, she raised her band to her face. | wishin' you a good-mornin', Mis' Perk-To brush away a tear? Hardly; she kins"; and she turned away, leaving was looking more severe than ever as, the old woman devoured with curiosity the hand still trembling with anger that and rage. clutched the old umbrella, she mut-Haleses!

walking down the village street towards home.

The rain had ceased; the late suntender green of the trees, and, falling there's so much." upon the puddles in the road, turned crossed the threshold of the poor little life and freshness and joy in every- little children.

clutched the sides of her chair with face-a gentle, pitying, half-ashamed of the magic slipper.

twitched, and, as she afterwards said. the store she asked to see "some comnervous every minut-

Miss Mandy almost forgot something | She looked at Mr. Stubbs helplessly of her own discomfort as she watched once or twice, and replied to his obserson, the village milliner, about her new little Johnny, and her anger grew apace vations as to the probabilities of its bebonnet to be trimmed, with the possible towards "them little plagues out yon- ing an early spring so absently that the worthy shopkeeper regarded her with Miss Mandy did not like children; she curious eyes as he folded the calico.

fully pinned together in the little par- "she never felt no great drawin' to- from him now, and, his gaze following cel in her hand, was her way of show- wards 'em," but the baby's distress hers, his wonder deepened. Then he aroused a feeling somewhat akin to spoke, his voice a little sharp from sur-As she reached the further side of the pity, even in her stern breast. She prise: "Want to see some o' them street the rain, which had lessened for really wanted to try and comfort him; things?" his bony finger pointing to

fant had been the mouth of a cannon. to, and that's enough." She crossed the As soon as possible Mrs. Hales flew store, Mr. Stubbs following. "Let me

street, and, with a hasty glance to right worn springs. "Well, I do declare," wards the window near which, on his suppose her to be engaged in some re- the carpet, her bonnet still in her hand

"Well, Miss Wilkins," called out Mrs.

As she concluded her cutting speech

How Miss Mandy worked that aftertered, grimly, "Them shif'less noon! but by 4 o'clock everything was ready, and in a flutter of delight she Half an hour later Miss Mandy was settled herself to the pleasant task of making up her bundle.

"I declare," she said, exultantly, viewing the various articles spread out shine streamed brilliantly through the before her, "it'll take the big basket, gard as a myth, appears in a different

Then she began, but she made slow them to tiny sheets of gold and silver; work of it, enjoying it with all the the bits of grass beside the path shone power of a naturally warm heart, long ing on the very best terms with such with countless dewy diamonds; the closed against those two mighty influbirds called gayly to each other in the ences for happiness to one's self as tree tops. There was a sense of spring well as others, love and sympathy for

First she took up the small comfort But Miss Mandy walked on, uncon- she had unearthed from the old chest scious of it all. One hand held the lit- upstairs, and covered with the new, trieve; a new order of things was a tle parcel, the other the handle of the bright calico from the store; and as she foregone conclusion. Then, suddenly, a old umbrella, its point dragging in the carefully folded it and laid it in the sense of her own inconsistencies over- dirt behind. Her skirt dragged, too; bottom of the basket, she said, softly: came her, her cheeks flushed hotly, and, it caught the wayside grasses, now and "He'll lay easier on his hard bed. I as was always the case with her when then sweeping the raindrops from their guess, with that under him." A box of struggling with any unwonted emotion, shining blades. Once some one called delicious ginger cookies made from a she looked more grim and forbidding from across the street, "Good-ev'in', recipe of Miss Mandy's great-aunt, a than usual. She muttered something Miss Wilkins"; but Miss Mandy never famous cook in her day, and a little cake with currants in it and icing on Presently she reached her own neat top, followed the comfort; and then, cottage; mechanically she opened the with a sigh of contentment, she took up gate and went up the little walk. On the book of fairy tales, the purchase of to Mrs. Hales' animated flow of talk, the porch she paused and, turning, which had put the finishing touch to which, however, was soon interrupted faced a broad expanse of uninclosed Mr. Stubbs' bewilderment, and there by a wild shrick, the very incarnation ground opposite, and beyond the beauti- was silence until Jack had killed his of terror, pain and rage. Miss Mandy's ful clear-shining western sky. There last giant and Cinderella had been

both hands, and held on for dear life, look; and when she spoke, her voice After the book was disposed of Miss while Mrs. Hales, unceremoniously trembled a little. "Poor child!" she Mandy was free to turn her attention dumping the baby on the floor, rushed murmured, apparently addressing a to the toys, and how she did enjoy that large white cow tethered in the open She gazed at them admiringly, she fin-A lively skirmish was going on in the space. "The little I can do fur you I gered them lovingly—the jumping jack,

of arms blows were dealt indiscrimin- nothin' better to do." By the time she dow she opened the ark-"jest to see 'i ately, varied by an occasional kick, both | had finished speaking she was the old, | the beasts is perfect"-and made a fine the contestants screaming meanwhile defiant, sharp-voiced Miss Mandy; and procession, the march of the animals at the top of their voices. Mrs. Hales with one of her characteristic, deter- to their future home being rendered who exercise such strict watch over the immediately swelled the chorus with mined nods, directed, it would seem, at safe in the presence of the tin soldiers, doings, or the failures to do, of every exclamations of angry remonstrance, the mild-faced cow, she went into the gay in scarlet coats and flashing swords, which was a trifle contrary to some in triumphant tones, that "Mandy ance at being left to the tender mercies | Early the next morning Miss Mandy history, perhaps, but really the effect was most imposing.

Miss Mandy sat lost in enjoyment of broke into a series of heartrending mouth drawn into a thoughtful pucker. this scene for some seconds, then with a She passed Mrs. Hales' cottage with sudden flush she swept the "perces-Poor Miss Mandy indeed! In the but one swift glance at the window slon" together, exclaiming, "What a great fondness for "nice things," with, house of her enemy, surrounded by near which Willie lay. At the millinperhaps, a particularly weak spot in noise and confusion, such as her prim, er's shop she gazed almost angrily. Proceeded with more speed, but no less

children), what wonder that her nerves fying her own soul? When she reached two great golden oranges came next,"to keep things stiddy," explained the ab-"But then," as she very justly said, she "jest felt mighty like lettin' go an' fort caliker," the purchase of which sorbed packer, fitting the last apple to was easily accomplished; but while the place; and then the crowning Meanwhile the battle in the kitchen Mr. Stubbs was measuring off the glory, six brilliantly colored eggs, care continued to rage briskly, and the goods Miss Mandy stood twisting the fully packed in cotton, and covered with four red-bordered handkerchiefs of diminutive size-"How s'prised he'll be to find them eggs under the han'kerchiefs!" said Mandy, with a dry chuckle-and two wonderful sugar figweirdly ugly as to feature and coloring. but delightful to behold nevertheless.

"There, that's all. I declare, them things is nice. Now fur the card," and Miss Mandy cut a square paper, upon which she wrote slowly, in a stiff hand, "An Easter present for Willie Hales, from"-she paused an instant, then Jumna, a boy was captured from the wrote rapidly with compressed lips, "Miss Mandy Wilkins."

An hour later Miss Mandy was standlilacs, near Mrs. Hales' front door. On the step sat the big basket, the square Often during the night for hours toof paper tied to its handle swinging gether he would give vent to most ungently in the spring breeze.

the door-knob turn. "I declare," she for support, "I feel jest like a thief." Then she heard Mrs. Hales' exclamation of surprise, and, peering cautiously Then a rather curious incident ocenings against the little rebels, mingled duced the desired articles for Miss from behind her leafy screen she saw curred. It was a bright moonlight her stoop and read the card, then lift | night, and two wolf cubs (undoubtedly taking the baby with her, and so leav- question nor comment, with an effort smile, and go in and shut the door; to love, after waiting a moment till that | were distinctly seen to gambol round

This unpleasant state of affairs had youd power of expression at the chil- Mandy stepped cautiously into the her old bonnet and pressed its well- village. This boy did not survive long. Her grim exterior was but a faint and left, sped quickly, by way of an she said, afterwards, turning it about Mandy faced about, and looked to- might have led the casual observer to crie, her eyes fixed on a bright spot in

ing, with a twinkle in her sharp eye,

A Strong Thirteen Story.

A real estate agent said: "The friends-some of them-attributed it to fime, have learned to make known their and the boots will be soft and flexible the fact that he had purchased a house Perkins, panting for breath-Mrs.Perk- for \$13,000 at No. 313 East Thirteenth dripping trees. Mrs. Hales looked half- The sight of the child brought ins was very stout-"got your new East- street. There are people to-day," he frightened at her boldness in thus thoughts of other days, when he was a er bonnet in that bundle, Is'pose. I heerd added, "who will tell you that that bearding the enemy; Miss Mandy had baby, and there had been a close you's gettin' one; looks big enough, was the cause of his trouble.' - Est smaller, come near, they will growl, and is the lark.

WOLF CHILDREN.

How Jungle.

the wolves The story of Romulus and minton Magazine. Remus, which all schoolboys and the vast majority of grown-up people reright when one studies the question of wolf children and ascertains how it comes to pass that boys are found livactual life of a wolf.

that they will require flesh food. She who are all hysterical subjects of a steals out at night in quest of prey. very pronounced type, put themselves Soon she espies a weak place in the through a regular course of training befence (generally constructed of thatch- fore the performance, weakening theming grass and bamboos) which incloses selves by semi-starvation, taking interthe compound or "unguah," of a poor nally various vegetable substances villager. She enters, doubtless in the known only to them, keeping their hope of securing a kid; and while bodies motionless in the same position prowling about inside looks into a hut for several hours at a time, etc. where a woman and infant are soundly When the fakir has by this means sleeping. In a moment she has pounced got himself into the proper condition, on the child, and is out of reach before he has only to lie down in one of the its cries can attract the villagers. At positions enjoined by the sacred books riving safely at her den under the and fix his eyes on the end of his nose, rocks, she drops the little one among to fall into a state of trance. The faher cubs. At this critical time the kirs are also believed to use hashheesh fate of the child hangs in the balance, for the purpose of lessening the force Either it will be immediately torn to of respiration; that hypnotic agent, aspieces and devoured, or in a most won- sociated with other vegetable subderful way remain in the cave unharm- stances and used in a special manner, ed. In event of escape the fact may is believed by them to supply the want be accounted for in several ways. Per- of both air and nourishment. At the haps the cubs are already gorged when | beginning of the trance the fakir has the child is thrown before them, or are hallucinations, hearing heavenly being supplied with solid food before voices, seeing visions, etc. Gradually, their carnivorous instinct is awakened, however, consciousness becomes anso they amuse themselves by simply nulled, the body becomes rigid, and, as licking the smooth, oily body (Hindoo the fakirs themselves say, "the spirit mothes daily rub their boy babies with rejoins the soul of the world."-British some native vegetable oil) of the in- Medical Journal. fant, and thus it lies in the nest, by degrees getting the odor of the wolf cubs. after which the mother wolf will not molest it. In a little time the infant begins to feel the pangs of hunger, and, hearing the cubs sucking, soon follows their example. Now the adoption is complete, all fear of harm to the child from wolves has gone, and the foster-mother will guard and protect it as though it were of her own flesh and

not, as a rule, and the hands and feet, but on the knees and elbows. The reason that the knees are used is to be accounted for by the fact that, owing to the great length of the human leg and thigh, in proportion to the length or the arm, the knee would naturally be brought to the ground, and the instepand top of the toes would be used, instead of the sole and heel of the almost inflexible foot. Why the elbow should ures, dried and hard as brickbats, and be employed instead of the hand is less easy to understand, but probably it is better suited to give support to the head and fore part of the body. An interesting case of a wolf child

was reported many years ago in "Chambers' Journal." In Etwah district, near the banks of the river wolves. This child was, after a time, restored to his parents, who, however, "found him very difficult to manage, ing, well screened by a huge bunch of for he was most fractious and troublesome-in fact, just a caged wild beast. earthly yells and moans, destroying Miss Mandy trembled as she heard the rest and irritating the tempers of his neighbors, and generally making said, clutching at the fence behind her night hideous. On one occasion his people chained him by the walst to a tree on the outskirts of the village. been captured), attracted by his cries while the lonely woman, with so few while on the prowl, came to him, and strange blue should disappear, sped him with as much familiarity and afone of themselves. They only left him on the approach of morning, when After supper Miss Mandy got out movement and stir again arose in the human intelligence ever shed its refining light over his debased features."

Some of these poor waifs have been recovered after spending ten or more in time become tractable in some de- over Sunday."-Washington Star. gree. They are rarely sen to stand upright, unless to look around, and they gnaw bones in the manner of a dog. ful and terrible thing, and hard to un- They may then be deposited in a modtaken they fear approach of adults, and | fected by their bath in the rain. if possible, will slink out of sight; but should a child of their own size, or

even snap, and bite at it. On the other hand the close proximity of "pariah'" They Come to Live in the dogs or jackals is unresented, in some cases welcomed; for I have heard or How They Come to Live in the Jungle. | them sharing their food with these ani-While staying at an up-country mals, and even petting and fondling place called Shaporeooundie, in East them. They have in time been brought Bengal, it was my fortune to meet an on to a cooked-meat diet, but would old Anglo-Indian gentleman who had always prefer raw flesh. Some have been in the Indian civil service for been kept alive after being reclaimed apward of thirty years and had trav- for as long as two years but for some eled about during most of that time. reason or other they all sicken and die, and from him I learned all I wanted generally long before that time. One to know of wolf children, for he not would think, however, that, baving unonly knew of several cases, but had doubtedly robust constitutions, they actually seen and examined near Agra | might be saved if teated in a scientific a child which had been recovered from | manner and properly managed .- Bad-

Hindoo Fakirs.

Herr Kuhn not long ago presented a communication on this subject to the Anthropological Society of Munich. He had the opportunity of personally obtreacherous and rapacious animals as serving two cases as to the genuinewolves sleeping with them in their ness of which he had no doubt whatdens, sharing the raw flesh of deer and ever. One of the fakirs referred to had kids, which the she-wolf provides, and, been buried alive for six weeks, the in fact, leading in all essentials the other for ten days. The condition which the fakir has the power of producing A young she-wolf has a litter of cubs, artificially is in all respects identical and after a time her instinct tells her | with the cataleptic trance. The fakirs,

The Capitol's Weather Map.

The immensity of the rotunda impresses the visitor at the Capitol, the frescoes are attractive, the turbulence of the House and the quiet dignity of the Senate are interesting in their contrast, but, after all, the feature of universal interest in the white-domed building is the weather apparatus. It is something novel to glance at a map Their mode of progression is on all which tells you whether it is raining else in this broad land. You can tell whether the friends whom you left at home are wearing mackintoshes or airing their spring clothes under blue skies, while even the tempeature and the direction of the wind are recorded.

But the map is not the only feature. There is something mysterious in the cabalistic characters which are traced on revolving cylinders, and which tell at a glance how hot or cold it is, or how hard the wind is blowing, or whether the sun is shining. The instruments which furnish the information are up on the roof of the Capitol, but delicate wires, charged with electricity convey the weather to the equally delicate instruments within the building. All day long a crowd of interested visitors at the Capitol throng around the pretty mechanism and never cease to wonder at the progress of the age .-Washington Post.

A Sagacious Dog.

"There are so many stories told of the sagacity of dogs," said Albert Langworthy at the Cochran, "that it would seem that nothing new could be added to them. But I once owned one that kept a perfect record of the days of the week, and by a sharp trick succeeded in getting two days' rest every Saturday and Sunday. Our family lived in Peoria county, Illinois, and were Adventists, recognizing Saturday as the day of rest, while adjoining our settlement were people who observed Sunday. I had a collie named Dick, and, having sold my cattle, disposed of the dog to a man who observed the first day of the week. The first Saturday he was there Dick came to my house, a distance of three miles, and spent the day, returning the next morning. To his surprise, he found in that way he had two days of rest, during which the cattle were kept in the barn lot and needed no driving. After that every years in the fellowship of wolves, and, Saturday he came to me, never on any though wild and savage at first, have other day, but I could never keep him

How to Dry Wet Shoes.

When without overshoes you are holding one end between the forearms | caught in the rain, carefully remove all and hands, while snarling, and snap- surface water and mud from the shoes, ping at everybody who aproaches too Then, while still wet, rub them well near. The wolf child has little except | with kerosene oil on the furry side of its outward form to show that it is a canton flannel. Set them aside until human being with a soul. It is a feat- partially dry, then apply the kerosene. derstand, that the mere fact of a child's erately warm place and left to dry complete isolation from its own kind gradually and thoroughly. Before apshould bring it to such a state of ab- plying the French kid dressing give solute degradation. Of course, they them a final rubbing with the flannel speak no language, though some, in still slightly dampened with kerosene. wants by a few signs. When first as new kid, and will be very little ge-

The only bird that sings while flying