

SNOWFLAKES.

The little ones kneel in the twilight gray, And the trustful prayers that their pure lips say...

A RIDE WITH 'RUSHY BUDD.

She was a tiny creature—the woman in rusty black who was toiling up the steep hill that hot July morning. So singular she was, so jerky in all her motions...

sharpened stick, won't you? Sometimes I have to punish him with it before he'll budge an inch. Whitley's past experience had taught him when it was wise to yield, and as Mrs. Budd brandished the well-remembered hickory wand...

himself on that tree furthest to the eastward," replied Mrs. Budd, with the air of imparting a delightful communication. "He done it the night of the big blizzard, and he had to hang there two days before they could get him down..."

they'll turn out. I guess the new woman'll hev her hands full!" The listener made no reply, but averted her face and stared moodily at the shifting landscape...

RACE ABOUT EXTINCT. Few Survivors of the South African Bushmen Left. One of the most interesting races in the world, from an ethnologist's point of view, is on the point of extinction...

back and orange colored underneath, dotted with black or blue spots. There is something curious in watching the different ways nature takes with various creatures to achieve a similar end...