

The Birds' Breakfast.

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The white flakes came floating downward

Till the earth was covered with snow,
And hid were the trees and bushes

And all beautiful things that grow.

Then Mr. and Mrs. Birdie,
Seeing what had come in the night,
Looked sadly at one another,
And they both exclaimed in affright:

"Oh, chee, chee, chee!
Oh, me, me, me!

Where on earth can our breakfast be?"

Then came a sweet little maiden,
Saying, "Birdies, dear, have no fears;
I've breakfast here for both of us,
And I'll share it with you, dears."
She opened her little window
And scattered the crumbs on the sill
And called to them, "Come, come,
birdies,"
And the birdies answered, "We will;
For chee, chee, chee,
We can plainly see
There's plenty for you and plenty for
me."
Trenton (N. J.) American

Trenton (N. J.) American.

Friendly Cats.

Cat lovers are not ashamed now of showing their affection for their favorites, as a handsome, "talented" ca is the fad now for a pet. I do not be lieve in the great selfishness attrib-uted to cats, but know that they are extremely self-willed and of highstrung nature, just as some human beings are, and some who are the best friends man or woman ever had. There is always a cat in our house hold, upon whom much petting and many dainties are lavished. has never been taught tricks other than to turn door knobs and to lay his head in my hand, and a game of peek-a-boo, but it is my belief that he understands many words spoken without particular emphasis or in flection of voice so that one can by no means intimate the meaning. His greatest failing is his adoption of waif cats with whom he shares food and often to his own discomfort.

Much more wonderful is the grotesquely homely "Moses," belonging to a friend, who rings a suspended hell when he is hungry and jumps through a hoop, plays dead, assume a devotional attitude, and has a dozen more tricks. His favorite dainty is scrambled egg and he gets it often, even if the owner takes the trouble cook it at an unseasonable hour when he comes home late and un usually battered; for he has his

Terrier and Retriever.

A little black-and-tan terrier dog, named Beau, and his owner were at Penmaenmawr. They were one day on the sands, and were overtaken by tide, which cut them off from the shore by a belt of water. A bathing machine came up and took off the dog's owner. Beau refused to enter the machine, of which he seemed to be suspicious. The owner gives the following account of what happened:

When I found myself on the beach I looked for my dog thinking that he would probably come swimming after But no; the little idiot the machine. was still on the island, yelping and barking in great distress, and I called to him for a long time, bidding him swim across, as I knew that he could as on land. But the naughty animal would not come, and meanwhile the sea was gaining on the sand, and Beau had scarcely space to stand and whine

Playing near me on the beach was a large rough-haired brave dog—a sort of half-bred retriever, I should sup-pose. He perceived the fix we were in, and suddenly dashed through the water and went up to Beau and said something to him, but my little dog would not heed, so the big dog returned to shore alone. By this time the sea had risen around my little terrier, and he was himself like a tiny black and-tan island. Now what did the brave dog do? For a second time h dashed through the water, and stood beside the shivering, yelping creature; went behind Beau, and very gently but firmly pushed him through the water toward the place where I was standing. As soon as they were both fairly in the deep sea, and it seemed to be a case of sink or swim with Master Beau, the wise, brave dog let him go, and with a few vigor-ous strokes brought himself to shore. Beau, having received such an impetus, very soon presented himself drip ping and breathless at my feet, amid the applause of the assembled multi-The brave dog, like a true hero made no fuss about what he had don and I had nothing to give him but a on the head."-The Weekly

Ha! ha! ha!

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the little

"What are you laughing at now?" asked his sister Stripes, running up.
"I was thinking of the old Hyena, Mr. Gloomy, you were telling me

about, who never laughs. How funny ! ha! ha!" he answered.
"I don't think it's very funny! He must be either very unhappy or very

coss," cried Stripes.
For a minute or two the little Hyena looked grave. Then he laughed again.
"Ha! ha! ha! I've thought of such a
lovely plan," he cried. "I'll go and
make Mr. Gloomy laugh."
"You can't. Don't be so silly. Why.

he'd eat you all up. Besides, I'm sur mother would not like it," san

Yes, she would, she's always telling

the little Hyena, kicking his heels in the air. And, as soon as it grew dark, he set off to find Mr. Gloomy.

old Hyena lived in a very dark but the little Hyena trotted boldly in, and marched up to Mr. Gloomy, who was gnawing a bone, and looked very cross.
"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the little

little Hyena did not return, his mother called Stripes to her. "Do you know where your brother

is?" she asked. "Oh, yes," answered Stripes, said he was going to make Mr. Gloomy

"What nonsense! Why, he may be killed by this time!" cried Mr. Hyena; and, followed by Stripes and her mother, away he went to the cave where Mr. Gloomy lived.

As they came near the cave, they stopped, and looked at each other in surprise. Surely that was the little Hyena's voice, and surely that was Mr. Gloomy laughing with him. "Ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho! He! he! he! "Ha! they went. ran in, father and mother

quickly followed; and there was her little brother sitting on Mr. Gloomy's knee, and both laughing away with all their might.

"I'm so glad you've come," said the little Hyena. "Do you know what

"No. What?" asked Stripes.
"We've been making riddles," said the little Hyena. "Here's one. do we all laugh at nothing?"

"We give it up," they all cried.
"Because there's nothing to laugh at," answered Mr. Gloomy.

"Ho! ho! ho!" chuckled Mr. Hyena.
"Ho! he! he!" said Mrs. Hyena. "Haw! haw! haw!" shouted Mr.

Gloomy.
"Oh! oh!" cried Stripes, and
"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the little Hyena.—Cassell's Little Folks.

A Greedy Youngster.

Every day during the summer we sprinkle crumbs on our lawn for the birds, robins, sparrows, chippies and the beautiful red-winged blackbirds. They learned to look upon us as their friends, and many of them grew quite

The blackbirds came quite close to the window and chirped an imperative call when they were hungry, and continued calling until their demands were satisfied. One old fellow who has come back year after year to nest in the swamp near by answered whenmate to pick up the crumbs when he

was not too hungry himself.

A dear little song sparrow day after day as we sat on the plazza in the afternoon, perched himself on a nearby post of the railing and trilled his sweet song directly to us. Who shall say he was not trying to express his gratitude for all the choice tidbits we provided for him!

The birds were generally very pleasant and polite to each other when they came to our little feast. There was plenty of food for all, so there was no need to squabble. But one day in June, as I sat reading on the piazza, I heard a great scolding and fault-firing on the lawn. I looked down and saw two strange birds among the

One was a thin, little chippy bird, and the other, who was making all the noise in a harsh, disagreeable voice, was a larger bird-about the size of a large sparow. His feathers, muddy gray in color, were puffed out angrily, and his wings flapped as if he were wounded. The little chippy was picking up crumbs as fast as she could and feeding them to this great lazy bully, who no sooner swallowed a crumb than be began to scold her and squawk for more.

If she stopped working for an instant or tried to eat a morsel herself, he would peck at her unmercifully. I went down the steps to get a closer view, but both birds flew away at my approach, the larger bird leading and that he was quite strong enough to take care of himself. Like all bullies, he was a coward.

The next day they came back, and I saw them go through the same per-formance again. I could not under-stand why that poor little chippy should allow herself to be imposed upon. So I went to the wise man bird and told him all about them.

The ugly bird was a young cow tekhird," said he. "The cowbird, blackbird," said he. like the English cuckoo, lays her eggs in another's bird's nest-generally that of a chippy or some bird smaller than herself. The chippy mother than herself. The chippy mother broods over this egg with her own the cowbird hatches he is generally larger and crowds them out of the nest. Often the cowbird's egg hatches before the others, and he pushes the eggs from the nest before the baby chippies are out.

The mother chippy loves him as her own child, and nearly wears herself out feeding him. He is so greedy that he grows fast, and is soon stronger than the little mother, but he makes her find him food long after he learns

Next time I saw the cowbird I wanted to throw a stone at him and drive him away, but I feared to frighten the other birdies away from their supper.—Helen Hopkins, in Boston

Owners of orchards along the Des chutes and creeks near The Dallas say that since the coyotes have been killed off, rabbits have become so numerous that they make raids on young trees and eat off their bark, in many places doing serious injury.— Portland Oregonian THE MEXICAN AND HIS HAT.

Why He Spends So Much Upon His Cherished Headgear.

"While on a train in Mexico on my last trip to the country of the Aztecs a young American lady, upon whose astonished gaze was flashed for the first time the fearfully and wondermade sugar-loaf Mexican hat fully is the first out-of-the-ordinary The night passed on; and, as the object that greets the tourist's eyes after he crosses the Rio Grande, asked me why Mexican men of all classes spent so much money upon the cover ng for their heads and appeared to take such evident pride in wide-brimmed, high, conical-crowned shelter from the tropical heat and burning sun," said a New York hat drummer to a Star reporter.

"When the American soldiers de-parted from Cuba for Porto Rico they wore the regulation army slouch hat, with a deep crease in the centre. When they returned, heroes and vet erans, they wore the same regulation hat, but with the peak of the crown pulled up to a sharp point, pyramidlike, in a gallant, desperate attempt to lmitate the Spanish hat, which caught their fancy and had struck them hard, and their wives, sweet-hearts and the public gazed awehearts and the public gazed awe-stricken and reverentially but helplessly at the new style thus created here.

"And then the hat makers took it up for the ladies and this accounts for the present rakish style of ladies' military gray hats with mannish crowns.

"The main reason why the Spaniard and the Mexican devote so much attention, time and money to the hat is because it is to some extent made the symbol of their standing in the community, and because it was the gran-dees of Spain who of all others at court possessed the privilege of sitting or standing in the presence of their sovereign with their hats on while the rest of the court uncovered.

"Naturally the hat became an object of respect and veneration, and the grandees vied with one another in the size of their brain covering, the fine-ness and costliness of its texture and the rich gold and silver ornaments profusely worked thereon. The populace according to their respective means and position in life, emulated the example of the grandees, and thus, as time advanced the hig hat became the distinctive feature of the dress of the Spaniard, as the mantilla corresponded on the head of the senorita and the senora.

placed his hat and his horse before all his worldly possessions, spending as much as \$500 to \$1000 for a goldtrimmed, embroidered hat and as bridle, all trimmed with silver, and this passion is strong today. The higher classes of Mexicans have abandoned the sugar-loaf hat for city wear for the European style, as they adopted long ago our ideas on clothes, though every Mexican gentlemen has his native costume with its gaudily embroidered short jacket and flaring trousers and hat to match, to be worn when the occasion demands.

"The other classes cling to the sugar-loaf hat, made principally of a straw of a fiber peculiar to the country, or of felt, ornamented with gold and silver cord, according to means of the wearer, or perfectly plain and cheap. They look odd to us, these Mexicans, in their white, loose shirts and trousers, standing idly about in their sunlit, adobe cities, as the train speeds on to the capital, and a picturesque lot they truly are.' -Washington Star.

Shot Dead by a Corpse,

A Boer commando retook those where those who died for us lying, and as they marched among our dead they saw a sergeant lying at full length, shot through the brain, yet even in death the man looked, like some fighting machine suddenly gone out of order. His rifle was pressed against his shoulder, his left hand grasped the barrel on the under side, the forefingers of the right pressed the trigger tightly, barrel rested out upon a rock and his death-dulled eye still glared along the sights, for dissolution had come to him just as he bent his head to fire at those who shot him, and now hands had stiffened in the unbendable stiffness of eternal sleep. A Boer sol-dier saw the sergeant as he lay, and with rude hands grasped the rifle by the barrel and tried to jerk it from the dead man's grip, but as he pulled he brought the rifle in line with his own breast, and the unvielding finger on the trigger did the rest, the rifle spoke from the dead man's hand, and the bullet, passing through the Boer's heart, laid him beside the Briton.

Sounds like a journalistic lie, does it not? Read it in a novel, and you would laugh, would you not? But it is the eternal truth, all the same, for the comrade of the Boer who died that day, killed by a dead man, told me the tale himself, and he was one of those who planted the dead Dutchman on slope of Spion Kop.-London

It must be admitted that Mr. Chamberlain enjoys great power and engen-ders sympathy. He came to Italy when all the Italian papers contained ar-ticles against him on the question of the Italian language in Malta. Never-theless, he showed himself with the greatest nonchalance in the stress of Naples and Rome. He made known his views on Italy and on her future, and explained the Maltest language from his point of view. And now he has left the Italians with an entirely sym-pathetic remembrance of his visit.— Rome Il Pungolo Parlamentare.

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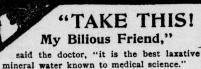
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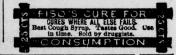
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