



Children's Column

A Moon-Bath.

Last night I saw the silver moon;
It was a pretty sight.
I filled the street, it filled my room
With such a shining light
That I could see to go to bed
Without the gas high overhead.

I wish we had a silver moon
Each night the whole year through;
I think 'twould make a child all good,
And clean and pure—don't you?
After the bath-tub big and white
To take a bath in silver light.

Caution Notes.

Hardly any animal is so well known to us as is the cat. It is found in nearly every home, and seems to be the proper ornament of the hearth. But common as it has become, pussy is not a native of the British Isles, for it is not a descendant of the wild cat once hunted in England and Scotland for its fur. Our feline friend came from the far east, probably from Persia, which can still provide such beautiful specimens. In Egypt it was actually an object of worship, and cat mummies are sometimes found in the land of the Pharaohs. Considering its eastern origin it is passing strange that no mention of it occurs in the Bible. This was due, so it has been said, to the fact that the Jews of old did not love animals and that they saw so much cat worship during their stay in Egypt that they took a special dislike to the animal. The Dutch on the other hand, remarking how stoutly it fought for life and liberty, chose the cat for their ensign.

An Aesthetic Canary Bird.

I wonder if, among the thousands of children who love and care for pet canaries, many realize that there is just as much difference in the characters and dispositions of the birds as there is in their little owners. Some birds are out and aristocrats, while others are the veriest little plebeians. I had once a canary who, in spite of all my bribes, entreaties and coaxings, simply would not bathe. Every time I came near his cage with the little white bathtub filled with water, he would curl up into the sulkiest little yellow ball you can possibly imagine. High on the topmost perch would he sit, the very picture of rage. If I put the tub in the cage, he would fight me, shriek out little discordant notes, and fly into such a tempest of anger that for fear he would hurt himself I had to take out the hated tub.

So deep seated was this yellow atom's aversion to bath that I named his "Tramp," and, although as a matter of form I still took the tub to him daily, I had resigned myself to his untidy nature, when, one day, I accidentally broke the white tub, and in its place I chanced to take a curiously shaped little Japanese dish of blue and white china.

As I came near the cage, "Tramp's" joyous morning carol stopped short, and he flew up to his topmost perch, as sulky a little bird as you would care to see. But what is this? I placed the dish in the cage; and as the sharp little black eyes rested on it, the yellow ball flew down with outstretched wings and glad chirps of joy, perched for an instant on the brim of the dish, and then splashed into the water with every indication of the utmost joy. I was amazed, of course, and could not understand the change. Day after day went by and each morning Tramp welcomed his bath in the blue and white dish.

Then, one morning, the blue and white dish was broken; and I proffered a white one similar to the old one.

Once more Tramp showed the old aversion to his bath. Sulkiest than ever now, he flew on his topmost perch, and greeted me with shrill chirps of rage. So it continued, till I found another blue and white dish. Then my aesthetic little pet resumed his daily bath.—Christian Register.

Foxy's New Collar.

One day while I was eating my breakfast of bread and potatoes Elsie said: "Wouldn't it be nice if Fox had a collar? He shall have one, shan't he, Mother? Do buy him one, please do." And my mistress said, "Yes."

I didn't think much about it then. I didn't know what a collar was, but I've found out now.

Next day Elsie sat in the parlor studying and I was gnawing her shoes, when my mistress came in and gave Elsie a little package. And Elsie jumped up so quick she knocked me over, and clapped her hands, and cried: "Oh, mother, you really did. It's the loveliest little collar I ever saw." And I jumped up and barked, too.

Just then I found a newspaper and dragged it up to Elsie, 'cause I thought she wanted to tear it up, like I do when I feel glad. She looked so glad, you know. And I guess she did want it for she tried to tear it away from me, and then I dodged 'round the room, so's she could have some fun chasing me.

But at last she caught me and took away that beautiful newspaper, and—just think—threw it in the waste paper basket. Then she held me down and fastened something around my neck. I didn't run away. I sat still, wondering what that funny thing was 'round my neck.

Then I remembered that newspaper and I wanted it. But when I moved something jingled. I cocked my head and listened and it jingled again. I wondered where the noise came from, and I ran all 'round the room, hunt-

ing for it. And all the time it kept jingling in my ears, and all the time Elsie and my mistress sat there and laughed at me.

It worried me awfully. I thought it was a new kind of rat, and I tore all over the house looking for the rat, with that jingle in my ears. It drove me 'most crazy, I can tell you.

But now I've found out it was two little bells on that collar thing on my neck that jingled so. And though I don't mind it so much now as I did at first I keep scratching and working hard to get that collar off. I haven't got it off yet, but I will some day. I don't like such things on my neck. Would you?—Brooklyn Eagle.

What the Gold Piece Bought.

It was a happy day for the little Jacksons, for that very morning father had broken the toy bank and counted all the pennies and nickels, and had taken them down town with him, and at dinner time brought back a beautiful gold piece in their place. And, more than that, mother said that, just as soon as Hit was quite well again, they would take the gold piece and buy the party. That was what they had wanted for ever so long—a party, with ice cream, you know, and crackers to pull and take out tissue-paper caps. So, of course, they were happy. And Tom and Dick and Meg and Johnnie-Jump-Up all kissed Hit harder than usual and started off to school again in high glee.

Mother was very busy that afternoon. She was packing a box of half-worn clothes to send out west to Uncle Dick's poor people; and while she brushed and folded and smoothed little dresses Hit toddled about and reached for things she ought not to have. She reached for the big vase on the table and Meg's doll and many other things, but the only thing she got was something round and yellow and not very large; and when mother opened the fat little fist and looked to see what it was, it turned out to be the gold piece.

Miss Mchitable Jackson would not give the money up. So mother let her alone, only trying to keep an eye on the young lady and the gold piece, to see that no harm came to either of them. The day passed away and after a while the children came trooping home from school. The very first thing they wanted—after being well kissed, of course—was the gold piece that was going to buy the party.

Then a dreadful thing came to light. The gold piece had disappeared. They searched high and they searched low. Mother shook out Hit's little skirts and looked carefully under every rug in the room. But there was no sign of the money. Then she asked the baby, "Darling, did you put it into the drawer?" and "Did mother's baby throw the pretty money out of the window?" And to every question Hit would show her tiny teeth in a smile, and answer, "Yes"—which, you know, was very annoying to the children, they wanted the party so much.

When father came home he said he would buy another toy bank, and they would start all over again; but they could not quite give up the hope of finding their gold piece, and every few days Meg or Dick or one of the others would insist on turning the rugs all up again or putting Miss Hit through new questions as to where she had put their money. But it was always the same, and they did not learn anything new.

It was about a month later when mother got a letter from Uncle Dick about the clothes for his poor people. Sue read the letter through at breakfast; and as she came to the last part she gave a funny little cry, and said: "Oh, children, do listen to this."

Every spoon went down into the oatmeal plates, and every child pricked up his ears and listened while mother read:

"And the best of all was the surprise in the pocket of the smallest coat—Meg's it must have been. If your little ones could have seen the joy that gold piece brought, they would have had a pleasure nothing else can give. Tell them all about it. Tell them the little coat with the precious money went to a baby girl—a little lame thing whose back has often ached for the easy chair they have given her now. And tell them the children had a party—all the youngsters from the neighborhood, each one feeling very fine in something out of the big box. And the way those little chaps joined hands and danced about their crippled queen was a delight to see."

There was a little more about candy and apples the children were so delighted with; and then mother looked around at the children a minute, and asked:

"Shall I write Uncle Dick it was a mistake? Perhaps the chair has not been bought yet, and we could not get the money and buy the party."

And such a regular chorus came back, "Oh, no, mother, oh, no," that Hit took it up, and thumped her spoon against her silver cup to a lively "tat-tat-tat," and sang "Oh, no, oh, no," until Jane came in and took her, wriggling and squealing, off to the kitchen—Augusta Kortrecht, in Sunday School Times.

The Late Queen's Autographs.

Great annoyance has been caused at court by recent sales of Queen Victoria's private letters and autographs, of which an immense number have been produced in the open market during the last few months. It is impossible to understand how such strictly confidential communications as the queen's private letters to foreign sovereigns and to the Duchess of Gloucester and other members of the royal family can have come to be publicly offered for sale, unless they have somehow passed into the possession of the servants of the recipients.—London World.

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