

## Family Reading.

## Little Shiny-eyes.

"I'm lost! could you find me please?"  
Poor little frightened baby!  
The wind had tossed her golden fleece.  
The stones had scratched her dimpled knees  
I stooped, and lifted her with ease,  
And softly whispered, "Maybe;"  
"Tell me your name, my little maid,  
I can't find you, without it."  
"My name is Shiny-eyes," she said,  
"Yes, but your last?" She shook her head;  
"Up to my house 'ey never said  
A single fmg about it."  
"But, dear," I said, "what is your name?"  
"Why, didn't you hear me told you?  
Dust Shiny-eyes." A bright thought came;  
"Yes, when you're good; but when they blame  
You, little one—is't just the same  
When mamma has to scold you?"  
"My mamma never scolds," she moans,  
A little blush ensuing,  
"Cept when I've been a-frowning stones,  
And then she says (the culprit owns)  
"Mehitabel Sapphira-Jones,  
"What has you been a-doing?"  
Wide Awake.

The following interesting visit to the Mammoth Cave, will greatly interest our young readers. The dog part of the story too, will add greatly to the pleasure of reading it.

## Visit to the Mammoth Cave.

## BRIGHAM, THE CAVE-DOG.

A common yellow cur is the hero of this true story. William—a wag, as well as a first-rate guide—explained to me the odd name given to the dog; "We call him Brigham—'cause he's young, you know!"

The creature is remarkable for but one thing, and that is his fondness for life below ground. He seems at home among the elves and gnomes, and appears to have no fear of darkness.

Jack, the old dog, with Brigham, the new one, will trot side by side, as far as the Iron Gate. But there they part, Jack, as usual, returns to the hotel; but Brigham advances, pushing ahead of the guides, choosing his own path, digressing now and then, yet always returning in safety to the light of the lamps.

Brigham and I became fast friends during my fortnight's stay at Mammoth Cave, last summer. The gentle dignity which he sought to aid my underground researches was very amusing.

Brigham was a great favourite with the manager of the cave, who particularly warned us not to lose him; for it was feared the dog would be unable to find his way out again. Other cars that had been left behind invariably staid in the place where they had become lost, not daring to stir, but yelping and howling till help came.

The dreadful accident happened at last. We went one day on what is called the Long Route, to the end of the cave, said to be nine miles from the entrance; and Brigham went with us. We left the main cave at the Giant's Coffin, by an arched way, leading among some pits, the most famous of which has long been known as the Bottomless Pit. My guide, however, measured it, and found that it was exactly one hundred and five feet deep. There are six pits in all at this place two of them lately discovered. We named them Scylla and Charybdis—because, in trying to keep out of one, you are in danger of falling into the other. These we measured, finding them to be more than two hundred feet deep.

Brigham did not like the pits very well. It was only by much coaxing that we led him across the narrow bridge thrown over the Bottomless Pit. But, indeed, we all were glad to get away from that dangerous place.

We went through the "Fat Man's Misery," and entered River Hall, where there are several deep lakes. Presently we came to Echo River, about thirty feet deep, from twenty to two hundred feet wide, and three-fourths of a mile long. Getting into a small boat, we paddled our way over the clear, cold water, wading the echoes from the steep, rocky walls, Brigham helping with some lively barking. Presently we

landed on a nice sandy beach at the farther end.

Poor Brigham became very tired, and cared less for the lovely arches of flower-like crystals than for some cosy nook where he might curl down for a nap. At length, after taking lunch with us in Washington Hall, he started in chase of a cave-rat, and probably availed himself of the chance to take his siesta. At all events, he disappeared, and made no answer to our calls.

"Perhaps he has gone ahead to Echo River," said I "and is waiting for us there."

"Like enough," said William, the guide. "I hadn't thought of that."

But no bounding form nor joyful bark welcomed our approach. The echoes answered our calls, until it seemed as if a thousand voices were crying. "Brigham, Brigham!" in every conceivable tone, from the softest whisper to the deepest bass; and our whistling was, in like manner repeated, until it seemed as if all the spirits of the cave had been let loose for an Æolian concert.

Plainly, the dog was lost. William thought Brigham might track us as far the river; but that on reaching the water he would surely lose the scent, and would not try to swim across. Lighting a freshly filled lamp, William set it on a ledge, so that in case the dog should come thus far he might not feel too lonely.

Sadly we returned to the hotel, where our announcement of the loss caused a sensation: the ladies especially declaring it "perfectly dreadful to leave the poor thing alone in that horrible cave all night,—as if it were darker there at midnight than at noon. Early the next morning, a party of explorers crossed Echo River, and were met by Brigham. The guide reasoned with him, as one might reason with a runaway child, and tenderly took him in his arms aboard the boat.

Alas, the warnings were wasted! For, almost as soon as we had landed, that capricious cave-dog disappeared again; and, as before, refused to obey our loudest summons. Compassion was now mixed with indignation, and we left him to his fate.

Nothing was seen of him all that day and this time, of deliberate choice, he remained a second night under-ground.

And now comes, perhaps the strangest part of my story. On the following morning, Jack, too, was missing. The guides had to dispense with their customary canine escort. On arriving however, at the Iron Gate, three hundred yards within the cave, they found Jack just outside, and Brigham behind the bars; and there the dogs stood, wagging their tails, and apparently exchanging the news!

Our curiosity led us to examine Brigham's tracks, to see by what route he had found his way back. Beginning at the Echo River, we had no difficulty in seeing that he had, step by step, followed our trail; his only guide of course, being the sense of smell. Here his tracks were deeply printed in soft mud, and there more sharply, defined in the mellow banks of nitrous earth, less distinctly along ridges of sand, or over heaps of stone, or up steep stairways.

Thus Brigham had followed us, through darkness deeper than that of midnight, along the narrow beach of Lake Lethe, across the treacherous natural bridge spanning the River Styx, up to the galleries overhanging the Dead Sea, through the wild confusion of Bandit's Hall, and by many a spot where one misstep would have sent the poor, lonely creature, plunging downward in darkness to inevitable death.

It will be remembered that we had gone on past the Giant's Coffin, by the arched way among the deep pits, and through the mazes leading to River Hall. But we had come out by a newly-discovered mode of exit, through an intricate set of fissures, known, on account of its winding nature, as "The Corkscrew." We preferred this, because it saved a mile and a half of travel. Our four-footed friend, pursuing the freshest scent, went, of course, up the Corkscrew. The opening is too irregular, to be called a pit, or shaft. Yet it winds upward for a distance, vertically, of about one hundred and fifty feet; but fully five hundred feet, as one climbs, creeping through crevices, twisting through 'auger-

holes, and scaling precipitous rocks scattered in the wildest confusion imaginable. Three ladders have to be mounted in threading this passage. One emerges, at last, on the edge of a cliff overlooking the main cave, and down which he clammers to the level floor, where the road runs smoothly along to the Iron Gate, a quarter of a mile distant.

Only think of it! Through all this intricate and hazardous pass, where, without a guide, we should have found it difficult to make our way, even with lamps and a map of the cave, that yellow dog had safely gone alone! He offered no explanation of his proceedings, nor told us what motive prompted his independent explorations. But that was his affair not ours. We honored him as a hero, and obtained for him, from the Manager, Mr. Francis Klett, the freedom of the cave for the rest of his life.—H. C. Hovey, in St. Nicholas.

## The Correction Box.

Yesterday morning a missionary man came to our Sunday-school, and told us all about the little heathen. They don't have to be dressed up, nor learn the catechism, nor sew patchwork, nor behave, nor do anything disagreeable. And they don't know the value of money; they'd a great deal rather have a bright button than a gold dollar.

In the afternoon, when we were ready for church, mother gave us each a five-cent piece. "That's to put in the correction box," says she. "The missionary is going to preach, and your father and I want you to give him something for the heathen."

On the way to church, Johnny said: "It isn't the least use to send five-centes to the heathen. They'd rather have a bright button than a gold dollar, and of course they wouldn't care about five cents. And there's no candy in heathenland, so what do they want of money, anyhow?"

Then I said: "If I only had my buttonstring, we could each give a button, and spend the five centes for candy, and so we would be pleased all 'round." Johnny said that was a good idea; and 'there's a button loose on my jacket this minute; and if I can twist off another before the correction box comes round, I'll give it to you Kitty."

I thought it was a lovely plan, for Johnny's buttons are just beauties. I heard mother tell sister Em that they cost two dollars a dozen. They look like gold. But when we got to church they made me go in the pew first, and father put Johnny beside him next the door, so's we couldn't talk.

The missionary talked a long time, and then they sang "Greenland's icy mountains," and then they went 'round with the correction boxes. Father takes one of them, and they're on long sticks like a corn-popper, and deep, so 't'other folks can't see what you put in. I had to drop in my five cents, and then mother and Em put in their money, and last of all Johnny put in his button. He held his hand close to the box when he did it, and then he looked at me behind the others, and nodded, so I'd know he had his five cents all safe.

This morning we bought five lovely squares of taffy. We didn't have time to eat it before school, and when we were going home Johnny said: "Let us wait till after dinner, and then give everybody a piece; and then I'll tell father what the missionary said, and may be after this he'll give buttons and it'll save him a great deal of money."

So we waited and after dinner, just as we took out the candy to divide it, father pulled something bright out of his pocket, and rolled it across the table to mother. She thought it was money, and said, "Just what I wanted!" But it wasn't money; it was a brass button.

"How did you come by this?" said she.

"I found it in the correction box, yesterday afternoon," said father. "Some little rascal put it in, I suppose, and spent his money for candy, and whoever he is, he ought to have a wholesome lesson. If he was my son—"

And then mother said, "Why, it is just like Johnny's buttons!" And sister Em said, "Well, there's one gone off

his Sunday jacket. I noticed it this morning, and meant to speak about it." Everybody looked at us. Father asked "what we had in that paper, and John, is this your button?" And what could we say but, yes? They called us unhappy children, and sent us upstairs.

We've both had a wholesome lesson. I had one 'cause they said I put it into Johnny's head. For two weeks, father is going to put our pennies away for the heathen, to make us remember.

Johnny says he wishes he was a heathen.—Ada Neil.

## A Weasel's Wit.

A man in California, who had been greatly troubled by rats in his barn, found them gradually disappearing, and was puzzled how to account for it. The mystery was explained when he found a very wide-awake weasel which was engaged at the time in a vigorous combat with an unusually large-sized rat.

The latter proved too much for his adversary, and finally chased his weaselship out of the barn. A few mornings later, the gentleman found the same animals engaged in a similar battle.

The weasel at last ran away, as before, and the rat followed in hot pursuit. This time, however, the weasel ran into a hole it had burrowed through a pile of hardened compost. This hole was large at the entrance, but the outlet was scarcely large enough to admit the passage of the weasel's body.

The weasel darted into the hole, with the rat at his heels. A moment later the weasel emerged from the other side, ran quickly around the compost pile, and again entered the hole, this time in the enemy's rear.

The gentleman, interested in the proceedings, watched the place some time, and found that only the weasel came out.

Digging into the compost, he found the rat quite dead and partly eaten. The weasel had arranged his trap so that the rat could enter, but becoming closely wedged in the narrow portion of the hole, could be attacked at a disadvantage and be easily killed.

## For the Boys.

## How to Run.

Very few boys know how to run. "Ho, ho!" say a dozen boys. "Just bring on the boy that can run faster than I can!"

But, stop a moment. I don't mean that most boys can't run fast—I mean they can't run far. I don't believe there is one boy in fifty, of those who may read this, who can run a quarter of a mile at a good smart pace without having to blow like a porpoise by the time he has made his distance. And how many boys are there who can run, fast or slow, a full mile without stopping?

It hardly speaks well for our race, does it, that almost any animal in creation that pretends to run at all can outrun any of us?

Take the smallest terrier-dog you can find, that is sound and not a puppy, and try a race with him. He'll beat you badly. He'll run a third faster than you can, and ten times as far, and this with legs not more than six inches long. I have a hound so active that he always runs at least seventy-five miles when I stay a day in the woods with him; for he certainly runs more than seven miles an hour, and if I am gone ten hours, you see he must travel about seventy-five miles of distance. And then, a good hound will sometimes follow a fox for two days and nights without stopping, going more than three hundred and fifty miles, and he will do it without eating or sleeping.

Then, you may have heard how some of the runners in the South African tribes will run for long distances—hundreds of miles—carrying dispatches and making very few stops.

I make these comparisons to show that our boys who can not run a mile without being badly winded are very poor runners.

But I believe I can tell the boys something that will help them to run better. I was a pretty old boy when I first found it out, but the first time I

tried it I ran a mile and a quarter at one dash, and I was not weary nor blown. And now I'm going to give you the secret;

## Breathe through your nose!

I had been thinking what poor runners we are, and wondering why the animals can run so far, and it came to me that perhaps this might account for the difference, that they always take air through the nose, while we usually begin to puff through our mouths before we have gone many rods. Some animals, such as the dog and the fox, do open their mouths and pant while running, but they do this to cool themselves, and not because they can not get air enough through their noses.

I found once, through a sad experience with a pet dog, that dogs must die if their nostrils become stopped. They will breathe through the mouth only while it is forcibly held open; if left to themselves they always breathe through the nose.

So possibly, we are intended to take all our breath through the nose, unless necessity drives us to breathe through the mouth.

There are many other reasons why we ought to make our noses furnish all the air to our lungs. One is, the nose is filled with a little forest of hair, which is always kept moist, like all the inner surfaces of the nose, and particles of dust that would otherwise rush into the lungs and make trouble, are caught and kept out by this little hairy network. Then the passages of the nose are longer, and smaller, and more crooked than that of the mouth, so that as it passes through them the air becomes warm. But these are only a few reasons why the nose ought not to be switched off and left idle, as so many noses are, while their owners go puffing through their mouths.

All trainers of men for racing and rowing, and all other athletic contests, understand this, and teach their pupils accordingly. If the boys will try this plan, they will soon see what a difference it will make in their endurance. After you have run a few rods holding your mouth tightly closed, there will come a time when it will seem as though you could not get air enough through the nose alone; but don't give up; keep right on, and in a few moments you will overcome this. A little practice of this method will go far to make you the best runner in the neighborhood.—St. Nicholas.

## A School-boy on Corns.

Corns are of two kinds—vegetable and animal. Vegetable corn grows in rows, and animal corn grows on toes. There are several kinds of corn; there is the unicorn, capricorn, corn dodgers, field corn, and the corn which is the corn you feel most. It is said, I believe, that gophers like corn, but persons having corns do not like to 'go fur,' if they can help it. Corns have kernels, and some colonels have corns. Vegetable corn grows on ears, but animal corn grows on feet at the other end of the body. Another kind of corn is the acorn; this grows on oaks, but there is no hoax about the corn. The acorn is a corn with an indefinite article indeed. Try it and see. Many a man when he was a corn wishes it was an acorn.

Folks that have corns sometimes send for a doctor, and if the doctor himself is corned, he probably won't do so well as if he isn't. The doctor says corns are produced by tight boots and shoes, which is probably the reason why when a man is tight they say he is corned. If a farmer manages well, he can get a good deal of corn on an acre, but I know a farmer that has one corn that makes the biggest acher on his farm. The bigger crop of vegetable corn a man raises, the better he likes it; the bigger crop of animal corn he raises, the better he does not like it. Another kind of corn is the corn-dodger. The way it is made is very simple, and it is as follows—that is, if you want to know: You go along the street and meet a man you know has a corn, and a rough character; then you step on the toe that has a corn on it, and see if you don't have occasion to dodge. In that way you will find out what a corn-dodger is.—Hartford Post.

He who obeys with modesty, appears worthy of some day or other being allowed to command.

## Five Little Chickens.

Said the first little chicken,  
With a queer little squawk,  
"Oh, I wish I could find  
A fat little worm!"

Said the next little chicken,  
With an odd little shrug,  
"Oh, I wish I could find  
A fat little bug!"

Said the third little chicken,  
With a sharp little squeal,  
"Oh, I wish I could find  
Some nice yellow meal!"

Said the fourth little chicken,  
With a small sigh of grief,  
"I wish I could find  
A green little leaf!"

Said the fifth little chicken,  
With a faint little moan,  
"Oh, I wish I could find  
A wee gravel stone!"

"Now, see here," said the mother,  
From the green garden patch,  
"If you want any breakfast,  
You just come and scratch!"  
—American Kindergarten Magazine.

ANOTHER DOG STORY.—On a dairy farm somewhere in New York, there is a smart dog, and what is stranger, there is a sheep just as smart as the dog. The churning is all done by a dog-churn, and as it would tire the dog too much to do it all, the farmer trained a sheep to take turns at the work, the dog working the treadwheel one day and the sheep the next. The dog did not like the arrangement, because he did not want to work, and he soon learned what were his days to churn, and when they came he went, hiding himself so that nobody could find him. To stop this they tied him up the night before. The sheep probably learned the trick from him, and one morning when it was her turn she was missing. After that she would saunter around near the dairy on the dog's churning days, but gave them a great time hunting for her on her own days of service. So she was shut up the night beforehand also. Now comes the best part of the story. One evening the dog, after his hard day's work was done, was lying on the rug in the sitting-room when suddenly one of the boys started up, saying, "Has anybody shut up old Sheepy for to-morrow?" and as nobody knew, out he went to get her. After awhile he came in and said he could not find her anywhere. "No matter," said the farmer, "Bruce has had an easy time to-day, and he can do Sheepy's work to-morrow." At this the dog pricked up his ears, as much as to say, "You don't catch me that way." He was shut up in the wash-room that night, but managed to get out, and about midnight the farmer heard a great barking and bleating and growling, and going out to see what it all meant, he found that the sagacious dog had hunted out the sheep's hiding-place, and driven her into the enclosure. You see, he didn't propose to have her shirk her work on him in that way.

ABOUT A HORSE AND A CAT.—It seems many times as though animals have a kind of way by which they can talk with each other. If not quite that, they certainly can understand each other pretty well. A kind and fine horse, which would follow his master anywhere at the sound of his voice, became lame and had to stay in the stable a long time. A large grey cat made her house just above the horse's manger, and made good friends with him very soon. Every day she jumped down into his manger and went away to get food, then came back and leaped up to her kittens again. But one morning she rolled into the manger with her foot badly hurt and bleeding. She ran away on three feet, got her breakfast, and came back to the stall. But how was she to get to her kittens? Well, she lay down at the horse's feet and mewed and looked up. This she did a few times, when the horse, as if he had just got her idea, reached down, took her by the neck with his teeth, just as she would take one of her kittens, and tossed her up where the little ones were mewing for her. And this was done day after day till she was quite well.

A MODERN YOUNG LADY'S FERN-HEAD.—An editor complains of not having seen one for several years, and is willing to pay a fair price for a glimpse at the genuine old article. "No banged or otherwise mutilated specimens wanted."

Humility is, of all graces, the chiefest when it doesn't know itself to be a grace at all.