

and her mother laughed. "You know Mr. Toots hasn't any teeth," she explained, "so he has to grind his food in a little tough bag inside of him, which is called his gizzard. But there needs to be something hard, like gravel stones or bits of crockery, to mix with the food and help grind it fine as the gizzard squeezes and squeezes it. Your buttons, with their fine edges, will be nice for that purpose."

And just at that moment Mr. Toots answered for himself in a hearty voice, looking in at the door, "Cock-a-doodle-do!" he said; which meant, "Nonsense, don't worry about me!"—*Little Folks.*

THE TROUBLE.

Little Flora was complaining that her stomach felt bad.

"Perhaps it's because it's empty," said her mother. "It might feel better if you had something in it."

Not long afterward, the minister called. In reply to a question as to his health, he said that he was well, but that his head felt rather bad that day. "Perhaps it's because it's empty," spoke up Flora. "It might feel better if you had something in it."

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A NEWFOUNDLAND'S REVENGE.

A large Newfoundland dog belonging to a physician gives evidence of the intelligence generally alleged of the canine race. He is the mail carrier for the household, and is deeply impressed with the confidence reposed in his fidelity in the performance of his duty. This fidelity seems to be recognized by his canine neighbors, and one of them, at least, has shown a mean disposition to take advantage of it, and to annoy the Newfoundland when thus engaged.

This teasing poodle is of spotless white, belonging to a lady of means, who employs a colored servant, whose duty it is to give the poodle a daily bath and comb its hair. Gyp never attempted to molest the big Newfoundland when the latter was free to prevent it. Nor did he ever molest his giant neighbor but twice when he was carrying his master's mail. The first time the Newfoundland treated Gyp's jumping up and snapping at his tail with dignified contempt. This emboldened Gyp to repeat the indignity the next morning, as the Newfoundland was returning home with a large bundle of letters in his mouth.

The Newfoundland never paused on his errand. He laid the package of letters on his master's desk and then turned back in the direction of the postoffice. There was in his movements, as well as in his intelligent face, an air of quiet determination. But no one could guess his intentions until he reached the place where Gyp was standing, fresh from his morning toilet. He then turned quickly, seized the spotless poodle by the neck, and carried it across the sidewalk to the gutter. There had been a rain the night before and the gutter was filled with muddy water. The Newfoundland dipped the poodle into the dirty water twice, then deposited the mud-bedraggled and humiliated dog upon the sidewalk and returned to his home quietly, without so much as a backward look at his victim.

A bystander was watching the entire proceeding, and vouches for all the details, and for the dignity maintained by the Newfoundland as he administered what he evidently believed to be necessary discipline. And this witness' veracity is in no way impeached by his declaring that it seemed to him that the Newfoundland was positively laughing as he returned home.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

THE COW AND THE CROCODILE.

BY PAUL PERGRINE.

A cow and a crocodile having met on the banks of a river, had a violent dispute as to the merits of their respective places of abode. The cow naturally preferred the land. It was dry, it was solid, it produced abundance of rich grass.

The crocodile could not sufficiently praise the river. Its waters though muddy, were deep and pleasant to the touch, and abounded in life-giving properties. The cow quoted many learned authorities to prove the dry land the proper place for animals. The crocodile, on the other hand, quoted as largely to show the river to be the best and safest dwelling place.

"But," said the latter, "since you will not be convinced by words, you would better come down into the water and learn by experience the truth of my words. If, on making the trial, you should retain your present opinions, I will abandon my views as erroneous, forsake the water, and dwell with you, henceforth on dry land."

The cow, pleased at the candor of the crocodile, went down into the river.

"What have you to say, now?" said the crocodile.

"That I am as much convinced as ever that the land is the only place for me to live."

"You might have said so a few moments ago with safety to yourself," answered the crocodile, "but now the utterance shall cost you your life."

And the cow, not being able to defend herself in the deep water, came to an untimely end.

"Beware," croaked the solitary frog that had witnessed the scene. "Beware of meeting an adversary on grounds selected by himself. Concede nothing to the wicked, even with the hope of reclaiming them from vice."

"I'd Like to be a Boy Again,"

I'd like to be a boy again, without a woe or care; with freckles scattered o'er my face, and hayseed in my hair; I'd like to rise at 4 o'clock, and do a hundred chores, and saw the wood and feed the hogs, and lock the stable doors; and herd the hens and watch the bees, and take the mules to drink; and teach the turkeys how to swim, so they will never sink; and milk a hundred cows, and bring in wood to burn, and stand out in the sun all day, and churn and churn and churn; and wear my brother's cast-off clothes, and walk four miles to school, and get a licking every day for breaking some old rule; and then get home again at night; and do the chores once more, and milk the cows, and feed the hogs, and carry mules a score; and then crawl wearily upstairs, and seek my little bed, and hear dad say, "That worthless boy, he doesn't earn his bread!" I'd like to be a boy again, a boy has so much fun; his life is just one round of mirth, from rise to set of sun. I think there's nothing pleasanter than closing stable doors and herding hens, and chasing bees, and doing evening chores.—*Farm and Field.*

HOW MANY CAN YOU GUESS.

What is the difference between the Prince of Wales, an orphan, a bald-headed old man and the gorilla? The first is an heir apparent, the second has never a parent, the third has no hair apparent, and the fourth has a hairy parent.

Why is the letter "A" the best remedy for a deaf woman? Because it makes her hear.

Why is bread like the sun? Because when it rises it is light.

Which was the largest island before Australia was discovered? Australia.

What trade should be recommended to a short person? Grocer (grow, sir).

When is money wet? When it is due (dew) in the morning and missed (mist) in the evening.

What is larger for being cut at both ends? A ditch.

Why is a watch-dog bigger by night than by day? Because he is let out at night and taken in in the morning.

Under what condition might handkerchiefs be used in building a wall. If they became brick (be cambric).—*Ex.*

The pens used by the children of Japan consist of bamboo and rabbits' hair.

The pen itself is a tiny brush of hair tied to the end of a bamboo-stick. It doesn't seem possible that writing under such circumstances could be good, but Japanese children really write very well, indeed.

COUGHING ALL NIGHT.

It's this night coughing that breaks us down, keeping us awake most of the time, and annoying everybody in the house. Lots of people don't begin to cough until they go to bed. It gets to be so that retiring for the night is an empty form, for they cannot rest.

Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam makes life worth living to such people by its soothing effect on the throat. The "tickling sensation" promptly disappears when the use of the Balsam is begun, and the irritation goes with it. This medicine for coughs hasn't a disagreeable thing about it, and does efficient service in breaking up coughs of long standing. It is prepared from barks, roots and gums of trees, and is a true specific for throat troubles.

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