

LITTLE FOXES.

Crafty Mr. Fox watches a chance to catch Mrs. Turkey and make a meal of her. Mrs. Turkey will do well to keep out of the reach of Mr. Fox. Here is something from the *Children's Hour*, that you will do well to learn:

Among my tender vines I spy
A little fox named—By-and-by.

Then set upon him quick I say,
The swift young hunter—Right-away.

Around each tender vine I plant,
I find the little fox—I can't.

Then, fast as ever hunter ran,
Chase him with bold and brave—I can't.

No use in trying—lags and whines
This fox among my tender vines.

Then drive him low and drive him high,
With this good hunter named—I'll try!

Among the vines in my small lot,
Creeps in the young fox—I forgot.

Then hunt him out and to his den
With—I will not forget again!

The little fox that, hidden there
Among my vines is—I don't care.

Then let I'm sorry—hunter true—
Chase him afar from vines and you.

What mischief-making foxes yet!
Among my vines they often get.

But now their hunters, names you know,
Just drive them out, and keep them so.

Serial.

TOMMY GRUMBLE'S MISHAP.

If I had piles and piles of paper, and dozens and dozens of pens, I am not positive there would be enough to tell of all that happened, that was happening, and in all probability would happen to Tommy Grumble; for such a boy for having queer things happen to him you never saw or heard of before, I am sure.

You may, at this moment, have fallen into the idea—naturally, too—that Tommy was a large boy—quite a large boy, stout and brave—to have had hair-breadth escapes and queer experiences; but he was not—that is, he was not a large boy, unless he stood upon tiptoe, and then his head just reached the lowest shelf in the pantry, and the distance from the floor to the shelf was just three and a quarter feet.

Tom was just in trousers when this one special thing happened—in fact, that very afternoon saw him in his first cunning little jacket and trousers to match, and proudest, vainest, most puffed-up little soul alive at that moment.

Almost any boy will say that nothing else should happen—could reasonably be expected to happen—to one boy on the same day, after stepping from dresses into pantaloons; and this is just what Tom's mother thought.

Therefore, firmly believing he would pass the entire afternoon admiring himself, she decided to spend an hour or two with a sick neighbor, leaving Tommy with grandma, who always kindly left Tommy to himself.

"There's a piece of cake on the lower shelf in the pantry, Tommy," Mrs. Grumble stopped a moment to say, as she was hurrying off.

"Yes'm!" said Tommy absently from the chair before the mirror, where he was stretching his neck over one shoulder, to see how "just like papa" he looked on his back.

Then he turned about for a front view, laughing and stretching himself up to look as tall as possible, and then, a moment later, as a new idea presented itself, he sprang from the chair with a bound, and rolled over twice without hurting himself, of course. He did not seem to hurt himself, not even when he jumped from the hay-loft at grandpa's, a distance that would have broken every bone in any other boy's body; nor the time when he jumped in the brook to see how it would seem to be a duck, and was fished out by Towser. Jumping from a chair would not be apt to injure such an india-rubber ball as Tommy Grumble.

Ten minutes spent in genuine admiration of himself finished the trousers and jacket. They had ceased to be a novelty, and then first remembering the cake, with a hop, skip, and jump he entered the pantry, which, unfortunately, was very light, as some one had opened the window and forgotten to close it again.

This pantry, or store-room, Tommy had always been forbidden to enter unless mamma or grandma were

there, also. There were too many goodies upon the upper shelves, too many jars and boxes under the lower ones, to risk such restless fingers as Tommy possessed, and what mamma could have been thinking about that afternoon no one could tell, for she could not herself, as she confessed later, not only to have left the door unlocked, but bid him to go and help himself to cake.

He helped himself, to be sure, dancing and frisking about until every crumb was eaten, and then the twinkling gray eyes flew around, not only in search of more cake, but anything in the way of dainties.

As I said, the window being open, and a bright light streaming in, every object, even upon the highest shelf, was visible to the eager, searching eyes, even to the pretty china shepherdess, with crook and dog, which had disappeared so mysteriously from the dining-room mantle because Tommy would handle it constantly; therefore grandma had hidden it safely away, and there it was, to be sure—the shepherdess and dog, too—looking down upon Tommy in the old, delightfully-familiar way, which caused him to whirl about again to relieve his feelings.

"Grandma don't know how to hide things. She might a-knowed I'd find it. I'd a-hid it up the chimney: if I was goin' to be so silly, as to hide things. Now I've find it, I'll have to climb up there some day, and if I fall, then it's all grandma's fault, for putting it up so high."

While Tommy was talking to himself in this manner, his hands had not been idle. The boxes, jars, and two high stools under the lower shelf had been drawn out to the middle of the room, and a queer shaky ladder was building.

After collecting his material, he had placed one of the high stools before the shelf, directly under the smiling shepherdess, and upon the top of this stool after a deal of hard work and puffing, he managed to place an empty soap-box.

"Now, if this other stool'll go right on top of this, I guess I'll fetch it," muttered Tom, raising the stool, and vainly trying to get it up.

But it was utterly impossible—for, with all his stretching up on tiptoe, and puffing and tottering about, it could not be managed.

And just at this discouraging point, there are boys who would have given up and left the pantry, but Tom, being one of them, after a moment's deliberation mounted the ladder, laughing gleefully to find he could not only investigate matters upon the second shelf, but could step upon it, and by clinging to the third could peer into mysteries up there also.

Now, the shepherdess being upon the third and last shelf, Tom considered the matter finished, and after a hasty survey of the third shelf, which held nothing besides mamma's best china, one little foot rocklessly mounts the third shelf, while one chubby hand caught hold of the fourth, and then slowly the other hand and foot followed, and Tommy was up—really up in a perilous position, with his two naughty feet on the edge of the third shelf, and his equally naughty hands clinging to the fourth.

"Now, then, grandma ought to be ashamed of herself, to make me climb so high. I wonder what's in this big jar! Apricots maybe; cause mamma cooked up lots of 'em, and they're good, I tell you. Now, if I only had four hands! Guess I'll set the shepherdess down first, and then we'll see."

Accordingly, Tom clung desperately with one hand to the shelf, while he reached carefully out for the shepherdess, and securing her with a satisfied chuckle, he placed her upon the shelf below, and then the naughty hand touched the jar which was directly before him, and by an amount of cautious movement, he succeeded in bringing it nearer, quite to the edge of the shelf; and here was another difficulty. The jar was too high, even after the cover was pushed off, to get his hand in, to find out what it held. He could reach the top with one hand, and that was all.

Now there was nothing positive about it; but the thing that happened just then might not have happened

ed but that "a miserable old bumble-bee had to fly right in the open window," and caused it, at least, that is what Tom said later. Just as he was slowly, s-l-o-w-l-y turning the jar over toward him, to see what was in it, his dreadful bumble-bee flew right in his face, and in the sudden scare over came the jar, and as quick as you could wink, all the apricot preserves were pouring over Tommy's head and streaming down his shoulders, over his new coat and trousers, right into his slippers; and you would never have known Tommy Grumble from any other boy at that moment.

Don't get to thinking that, in his fright, he let go his hold and fell down, breaking several ribs, to say nothing of other bones! Indeed, no! He clung desperately to the shelf—notwithstanding the jar, when it fell, almost knocked him breathless—and then he yelled as loud as the trickling preserves would allow him to, until grandma rushed in from the garden, looking scared enough to faint; and Bob the gardener, having heard the commotion and yells, dashed out from the carriage-house, with a pitchfork and whip, believing a tramp had entered the house and was making off with the silver.

For a moment or two, neither grandma nor Bob could comprehend matters and when they did, Bob laughed aloud—which he ought not to have done—as he released him from his perilous perch.

And then grandma was so relieved to think not a bone was broken, and he was quite safe, she forgot to scold, but instead she gave him the china shepherdess to play with.

But when mamma came back—I am obliged to tell the truth, just as it happened—she looked at the soiled trousers and coat, at the empty apricot jar, and Tommy was punished.

Oh, yes; he really was punished severely; but I promised not to tell what the punishment was, and then he was sent to bed. Tommy has not ventured near the pantry since. —Golden Days.

WINNIE'S MISSION BOX.

Winnie field was a bright, interesting little girl of ten years. One day after sitting quite still for some time, a thing quite unusual for her to do, she suddenly said,

"Mother who are the missionaries that Mr. White told us about yesterday?"

"Missionaries, my child," answered Mrs. Field, "are people who go away from their home and friends to tell others the story of Jesus."

"The story of Jesus, I supposed every one knew that."

"Now, there are many in our own country even, who know nothing of Him, beside others who live in far off lands over the ocean. Those who do not go out of their own country, are called Home Missionaries; and others are called Foreign Missionaries."

"But where do the foreign missionaries go?" asked Winnie.

"To Asia and Africa, and some to Europe."

"And they leave their friends and home to tell the heathen of Jesus?"

"Yes, and do you not think we ought to thank him a great deal for putting us in a land where He is known and revered?"

"Oh! yes, dear mother," cried Winnie, flinging her arms around her mother's neck, "and I will save my pennies, and send them to the missionaries too."

"And my darling, when you send your pennies to the missionaries, send your prayers too."

"Yes mother, I will," said Winnie; then she added, "but I must have something to put my pennies in."

"You have a little blue bank that Frank gave you."

Winnie hesitated. "You must expect to practice self denial, Winnie. King David said he would not give unto the Lord that which cost him nothing," said Mrs. Field.

Winnie ran at once and brought the bank. "And I will wait a long time before I open it, and then I shall be surprised to think how much I have." At the end of the year Winnie opened her bank, which had grown very heavy, "so as," she said, "to begin the year anew." She counted her money and found she had five

dollars and twenty-eight cents exact.

Children who of you cannot do the same? If you have not the "bank," take a box instead, and save your pennies as Winnie did. If you do not have as much as she, remember "Every little helps," and some other girl or boy may have and so even it.

EVA.

A LITTLE GIRL AND HER BIBLE.

When the Boston train came steaming into the depot the crowd rushed for seats. As a band of recruits mounted the platform they shouted back to their friends who had accompanied them to the train, the various slang phrases they could command, interspersed with an oath now and then. As the train moved on, they pushed each other into the car, where many ladies were seated, including Mrs. B.—and her two boys.

Then the oaths came out thick and fast, each one evidently trying to outdo the other in profanity. Mrs. B.—shuddered for herself and her boys, for she could not bear to have their young minds contaminated with such language. If the train had not been so crowded she would have looked for seats elsewhere, but under the circumstances she was compelled to remain where she was.

Finally, after the coarse jesting had continued nearly an hour, a little girl, who with her mother sat in front of the party, stepped out timidly from her seat, and going up to the ring-leader of the group, a young man whose countenance indicated considerable intelligence—she presented him with a small Bible.

She was a little, delicate looking creature, only seven or eight years old; and as she laid the book in his hands, she raised her eyes appealingly to his, but without saying a word went back to her seat.

The party could not have been more completely hushed if an angel had silenced them. Not another oath was heard, and scarcely a word was spoken by any of them during the remainder of the journey.

The young man who had received the book seemed particularly impressed. He got out of the car at the next station and purchased a paper of candy for his little friend, which he presented to her. He then stooped down and kissed her, and said he would always keep the little Bible for her sake.

The little girl's mother afterwards told Mrs. — that her child had been so troubled by the wickedness of those young men that she could not rest until she had given her little Bible, which she valued so highly herself. —Chris. Ins.

Smiles.

Thermometers reform late in life. They never become "temperate" until nearly 60.

Although "one swallow does not make a summer," it is certain that one frog can make a spring.

"You did wrong to shoot that man's dog. You might have pushed him off with the butt of your gun," said Recorder Smyth to a man who was charged with shooting a neighbor's dog. "I would have done that," replied the prisoner, "if the dog had come at me tail first; but he came at me with his biting end."

The professor sat in an easy chair on the deck looking very pale. The compassionate captain asked how he felt. "Miserable, miserable; I'm sick, captain, I'm sick. I have paid tribute to Neptune, till I have lost everything." "But," said the captain, "I see you still have your boots left." "Yes," said the professor faintly, "but they were on the outside."

"I assure you, gentleman," said the convict, upon entering the prison, "that the place has sought me and not I the place. My own affairs demanded all my time and attention, and I may truly say that my selection to fill this position was an entire surprise. Had I consulted my own interests, I should have peremptorily declined to serve; but, as I am in the hands of my friends, I see no other course but to submit."

Invalids, should avoid German "spas;" they are Teu-tonic.

The "reversed" New Testament is what a woman called for in a Boston bookstore last week.

"If 'the proof of the pudding is in the eating,' where shall we look for the proof of a printer's pi?"

Miss [Brownstone] says that if she has a dog she wants one of those great Sarah Bernhard dogs that dig those dear old monks out of the snow in Switzerland.

European tours will soon become unfashionable. The horrible discovery has been made that it is cheaper to summer in Europe than at an American watering-place.

A woman-pianist who plays with only one hand is just now the talk of Paris. If we remember rightly, the Italian organist invariably plays with only one hand. The Italian has a wonderful turn for music.

"There's my hand!" he exclaimed in a moment of courage and candor, "and my heart is in it." She glanced at the empty palm extended toward her, and wickedly replied, "Just as I supposed: you've got no heart."

Visitor Pastimes.

Contributions are solicited for this Department. Persons sending the best six contributions during the second quarter of the year will be entitled to a prize volume, and the person who sends the most correct answers to puzzles during the same time will also be entitled to a prize volume.

Address: "Visitor Pastimes," St. John, N.B.

PROBLEM.

If ten men, working ten hours a day, can lay ten pieces of wall, each ten rods long, in ten days, how long would it take five men, working five hours a day, to lay five pieces of wall, each five rods long? N. C. M.

ENIGMA.

Composed of 41 letters.
My 10, 3, 20, 15, 9 is a plant.
My 39, 10, 27, 14, 32, 6, 28 is a root.
My 1, 38, 11, 21 is a river.
My 5, 17, 24, 4 is a man's name.
My 8, 16, 30, 41, 2 is a prong.
My 34, 26, 12, 19 is dear.
My 36, 13, 31, 22, 18, 87 is one of the same faith.
My 23, 7, 29, 32 is a mean habitation.
My 21, 35, 33, 25 is a quoit.
My whole is a French maxim.

L. B. P.

ANAGRAMS.

1. I love to run.
2. On receipt.
3. Near its roof.
4. A tract on sin.
5. I rig ten nets.
6. Ann is so late.
7. Let Ben frame.
8. I mete for us all.

NETTIE G.

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Express from Halifax and Pointe-du-Chêne. 7.50 p.m.

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