

I pushed for that oak,
Going forward quite ready,
While you struggled on
Without aim, and unsteady."

Now, you see, my dear boys,
What such lessons teach—
If there is a point
That you wish to reach,
A position in life
At all worth the naming,
If you gain it, 'twill greatly
Depend on your aiming.

—Mary S. Ladd, in *Christ*

BELL THE CAT.

There is an old fable which tells how the mice once, being persecuted by the cat, held a convention to consider means of getting rid of their tormentor. It was decided to put a bell on the cat, but as no mouse volunteered to perform the feat, the scheme fell through.

This fable is recalled for a practical and merciful purpose by a correspondent of an English paper, who proposes that people who live in the country, or in country towns, shall, in the summer-time, make a practice of putting a bell around the neck of the favorite cat.

This would no doubt save the lives of a great many birds, for every active cat catches, on an average, at least one bird a day at this season, and many of the victims are song birds or insect destroyers.

CHILDREN'S SAYINGS.

Papa had planted some *Hubbard* squashes in the garden, and Delia's little baby brother's name was Herbert. Going up to grandma, she asked, in an aggrieved tone, "*Grandma, don't they have Delia squashes, too?*"

Louise, after eating her dinner, went to plant some pits of the cherries she had for dessert, "so that she might have some trees for herself." She came in, thinking deeply, and presently came to me with the remark, "Say, does *meat* have pits?" I said, "No, dear. Why, what kind would you like to plant?" "Oh," she said, "I was thinking I would like to grow some 'veal to roast.'" —

Little Aec had been burned several times, and had been cautioned to keep away from the stoves. Walking out in a country garden with his mother

one day, he chanced to be stung on the hand by a bee. He did not cry, but, wringing his hand, said in a voice of astonishment, "Whew! mamma, that bee had fire in him."

"Did you look at the sun, yesterday, Freddy?" said Anna to a little four-year-old caller, the day after the eclipse. "Yes, and a piece of it was *tooked out.*"

Little Helen was taking a sail in a steam-boat. All at once the steam was let off.

"Oh!" said Helen, "they ought not to do that, it will make it too hot for the fishes."

There was unexpected company in the parlor. Edna ran out to tell Ralph of the arrival. "Now, Ralph," she said, "you must be very polite; when anybody speaks to you, you must say yes'm; an' when they *don't* speak to you, you must say, no's'm."

THE "L" ROAD.

The tendency is to abbreviate words, especially if they are long, or several are used to designate a corporation. An amusing illustration of this fact, and also of the fondness of certain people for seeking remote explanations of simple facts, is given by the *Commercial Advertiser*:

A gentleman on the elevated railroad a few days ago enlightened a country friend and amused a score or two of city folks who were in hearing of his voice, which had been raised for the occasion, by explaining the origin of the term "the L roads," as applied to the elevated structures.

"You see," he said, "that at every curve, in turning a corner, the road has to run at right angles to itself, thus forming a letter L. That is why they call it 'the L road.'"

A suggestion that the term was only an abbreviation of the word "elevated," and might as well be written "the El road," was lost in the laughter which followed.

The incident reminded one person present of another which occurred some years back, when the Metropolitan road did not run on Sunday.

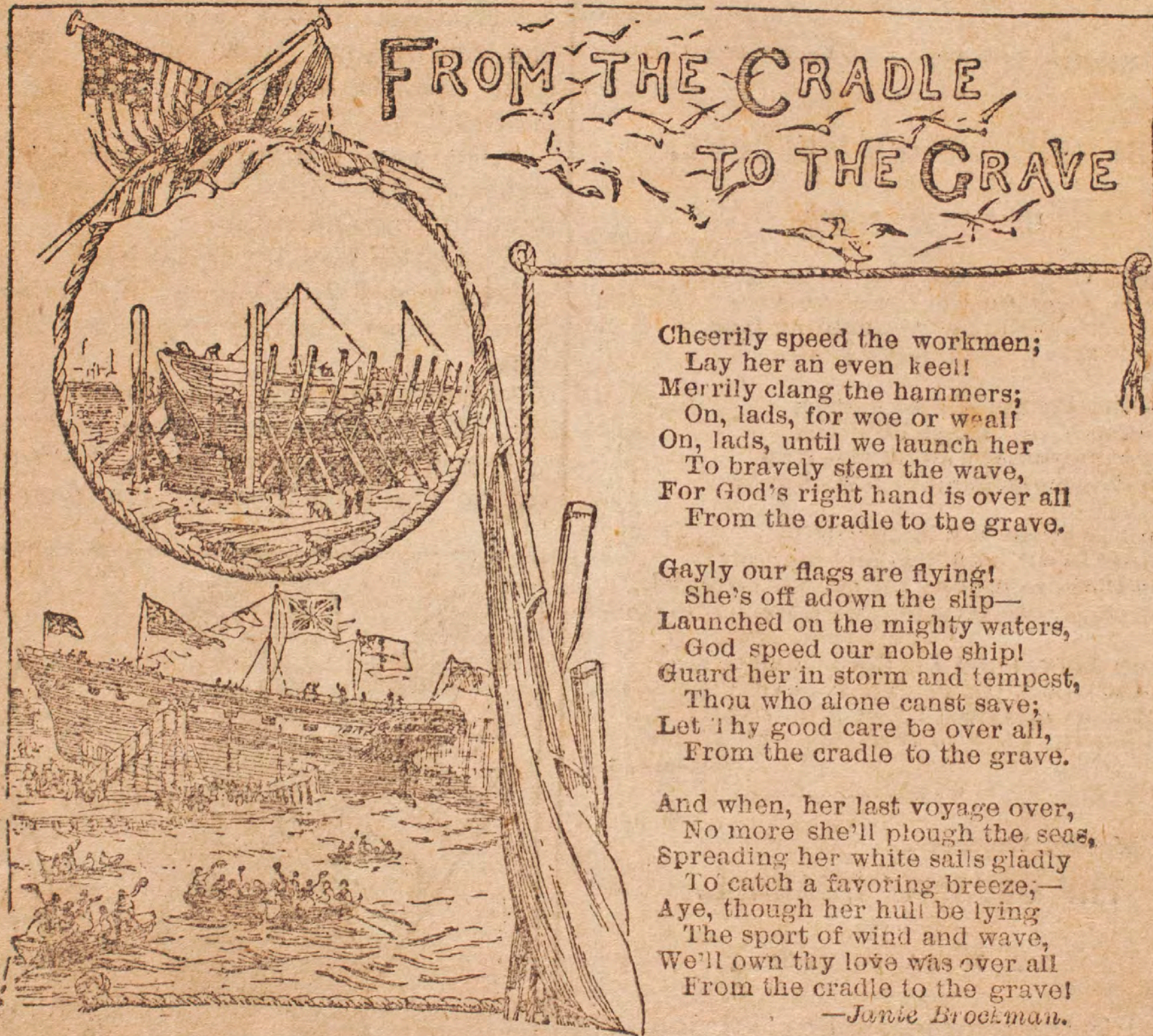
A person had laboriously climbed the stairway at Park Place only to find the gates closed and the ticket-office deserted, and only the big gilt letters M. E. R. R. (Metropolitan Elevated Railroad) staring at him from above the office window.

"Of course," he muttered, as he descended the stairway again, "I might have known that no Methodist Episcopal Railroad would run on Sunday."

THE TRAPPER

more wolves in these parts. Some hunters went out into the woods and found where they met. They said there must have been an immense number, for the snow was filled with their tracks for acres around."

Now, these little four
Were Philip and John,
And merry-faced Harry,
And sober-eyed Don.
The best friends in the world,
And full of invention
In play, but they seldom
Were found in contention.



Cheerily speed the workmen;
Lay her an even keel!
Merrily clang the hammers;
On, lads, for woe or weal
On, lads, until we launch her
To bravely stem the wave,
For God's right hand is over all
From the cradle to the grave.

Gayly our flags are flying!
She's off adown the slip—
Launched on the mighty waters,
God speed our noble ship!
Guard her in storm and tempest,
Thou who alone canst save;
Let thy good care be over all,
From the cradle to the grave.

And when, her last voyage over,
No more she'll plough the seas,
Spreading her white sails gladly
To catch a favoring breeze;—
Aye, though her hull be lying
The sport of wind and wave,
We'll own thy love was over all
From the cradle to the grave!

—Janie Brockman.

TAKING AIM.

There were four little boys
Who started to go
From the very same spot,
To make tracks in the snow.
Who made his path straightest,
They laid in their plan,
Of all the contestants
Should be the best man.

Well, they started together,
And traveled along,
But John, Don, and Harry,
In some way went wrong;
But Phil made his path
Nearly straight, and they wondered,
When all tried alike,
Why they three had blundered.

Then Philip replied,
"The reason you see;
Though no harder I tried
To succeed than you three,