

THE WHITE OWL.

The Story of 'Toinette, a Little Breton Maid.

(Copyrighted 1895, by Gerald Brennan.)

'Toinette was 7 and 'Toinette was naughty. The naughtiest little girl (said her adopted mamma) in all the broad province of Brittany. But much of her naughtiness—which was in truth only thoughtlessness—was corrected by the simple Breton peasants of Cahurac, among whom she dwelt, because of her birth and blood.

For, let it be known, 'Toinette was no mere daughter of the soil. She was one of those who were common in modern Brittany, the last offshoots of an ancient but impoverished race. In the days of the French monarchy her ancestors had been lords of many estates and broad domains. In fact her real name was Marie Antoinette de Lacherol-Jarnac, and her father had been a grandseigneur of the famous 'Maison Henri—the brilliant Marquis de Larochejacquinot.

But poverty and the republic had done their work upon the family of Lacherol-Jarnac. Men said that far away Paris on some such distant place there still lived a Comte de Lacherol, but poor 'Toinette's branch never heard of or saw him. Kindly presents reached the orphan child, 'Mere Bihan' adopted her after her father's death; and so she was brought up in the primitive simplicity of a small Breton.

In spite of the kindness displayed by these good people, it must be owned that 'Toinette was not quite happy. Through some strange respect for her rank, old 'Mere Bihan would allow the little girl to associate with the other little folks of the village. Consequently 'Toinette had no playmates—at least no human ones. There arrived at the house one fair summer, a strange friend at the house of 'Mere Bihan. Roger, 'Toinette's adopted brother, captured in the woods

some kind of vehicle. This vehicle did not jig, however, but went easily like the cure's gig at Cahurac, and its voyage was a brief one. For the third time the lifting process was gone through, and 'Toinette recognizing the gruff tones of 'Mere Lachaudel said: "Gentle now—gentle! Carry it into the main room. Has Monsieur le Comte arisen yet?" "M. le Comte is waiting monsieur's arrival," was the answer.

IV. The cage was carried still further and then set down upon what sounded like a large table. A strange and rather agreeable voice broke up the silence. "Ah! 'Toinette—welcome! You have brought me my white owl! It is well. Open the cage."

One by one the ropes were cast. 'Toinette's big white owl, with its feet tucked under the green batz, was dexterously plucked aside and a flood of light poured into the cage. For a minute the child was dazzled. "Mon dieu!" exclaimed the kindly voice, which belonged to a tall, very grizzled old gentleman. "What is this? A little child? 'Mere Lachaudel was even more astonished. She exclaimed: "It was some time before he could find breath to answer. Then he blurted out: "This, M. le Comte, is a little Breton peasant girl."

'Toinette hung over the door of the great cage and stared for a long time. "I am not a peasant girl, M. le Comte," she exclaimed. "'Mere Bihan says my blood is the oldest in Brittany."

The elderly gentleman glanced from the eager little face to the clumsy sabots and burst into amused laughter. "What is your name, then, mademoiselle?"

"She called me 'Toinette,'" responded the little maid. "But I am really Marie Antoinette de Lacherol-Jarnac."

"The countess put her eyes and stared at the girl for a moment. M. le Comte stared back at his patron. "Is she poking fun at me?" demanded the former, or is she an idiot? Then advanced in a friendly way, he caught up the arm of the shivering child: "What was your father's Christian name?"

"His name was Gaston," sobbed 'Toinette, who sat darning her sabots over the edge of the table. "But he has gone to live with the good God. I reside with the old 'Mere Bihan, who has no friends but her and my white owl. Oh, please, please, do not take away my white owl."

"Roger Bihan fashioneed a huge osten case for 'Monsieur Jarnac, with balze curtains around the sides, so that the light could be shut off when necessary. From far and near the peasants came to see this white owl, and strangers even arrived at intervals from Breton, Morbihan and the coast towns with the same purpose in view. M. le Comte, a very learned antiquary, had written a paper for the Breton Folk Lore Society about the owl, and that the paper had been published in the Parisian newspapers.

But 'Toinette did not care about the fame of her pet bird. She loved him for himself alone, and because he was her only playfellow. So the two held long secret confabulations under the green balze covering the big case. 'Toinette told her little sorrow to 'Monsieur Jarnac, and 'Monsieur Jarnac blinking back at 'Toinette in silent sympathy. 'Mere Bihan rather approved the strange confabulations, and she would say: "After all," she would say (for your true Breton peasant is an aristocrat at heart) "after all it is natural that two children should have much in common with a bird who knew all her great ancestors. It is better than running wild with the cannibals of the villages." The cage was large and became very pleasant for 'Toinette.

But pleasant things rarely last long. One day a positive bombshell in the way of news exploded in the 'Mere Bihan farm house. 'Mere Lachaudel, a bird dealer, it seemed, came all the way from the great city of Paris, to buy this wonderful white owl. The price offered seemed fabulous to 'Mere Bihan and her neighbors. But 'Mere Lachaudel explained that he was merely acting as agent for a very great and very rich nobleman, who desired to purchase the owl as a present to his world-famous collection of birds.

Poor 'Toinette heard of the negotiations and hastened to inform 'Mere Bihan of all 'Monsieur Jarnac's doings. But 'Mere Bihan was poor and money is a specious argument. 'Mere Lachaudel conquered, and it was arranged that the bird cage and all about it should be shipped in his care to Paris on the morrow.

That was a woful night for 'Toinette. She did not trust the bird dealer. Her pillow was wet with tears and her heart ached with unutterable sorrow. When the yellow moon peeped through the lattice, like one of those hateful lous d'or which had tempted 'Toinette to misbehave in her little life, she thought of the child's brain. "Why not go to Paris with 'Monsieur Jarnac? Why not share the cage with her beloved owl?"

Trembling with excitement 'Toinette slipped out of bed, and hastily robbed herself in her simple short kirtle, warm stockings and hooded cloak. Then she opened the door and sheathed the lock with a single stone. She slipped into the deserted kitchen where stood the cage of 'Monsieur Jarnac. Quickly withdrawing the curtain she found the great yellow eyes of the owl fixed upon her with what seemed to be a look of pleading. That settled the matter to the little girl's mind. The cage was large enough for three 'Toinettes, so unbolting the door she slipped in among the straw, and wound her arms around 'Monsieur Jarnac's downy neck. The cage was large enough for three 'Toinettes, so unbolting the door she slipped in among the straw, and wound her arms around 'Monsieur Jarnac's downy neck. The cage was large enough for three 'Toinettes, so unbolting the door she slipped in among the straw, and wound her arms around 'Monsieur Jarnac's downy neck.

The hours passed slowly, but at earliest cock crow came 'Mere Lachaudel to claim his prize. "Quick, boys," he cried. "That green balze tightly round with ropes. We don't care for it, and we don't want it. Make haste, or that fool of a little girl will be down stairs making a fuss."

'Toinette heard them unbolting the cage ropes; but she was only nestled close to the broad back of 'Monsieur Jarnac. Then the men began to lift the cage to the village cart, which was to take it on the railway station at Cherbourg.

"Bigre!" cried one of the lifters, "it is heavy, this owl's cage." "Explained another, "Roger made it out of solid oak."

Then ensued a long period of jolting over uneven roads, during which poor, tired 'Toinette fell fast asleep.

When she awoke the uneven motion had exchanged for one of great speed and comfort. Unknown to her the cage had been placed on the express train for Paris. 'Monsieur Jarnac,' she called, to make sure that all was well, and the bird answered by a soft rustling of its feathers. He made a quiet follow traveler, did the white owl.

Very cramped and sadly hungry was 'Toinette when the even onward motion finally ceased, and after a five-minute interval the cage was once more lifted by men who grewed about its weight, and carried it to

water. The pipe at the end of the cart is in gill, and yields eagerly when in motion. A delightful scheme for the morning hours, its value is \$5.

The target for the lawn is in full sway and the numbers sold in the city are all the time. The game was much in vogue for elders as for little people. There are tall and small ones, some three or four kinds, and one increasing in size, called 'War, with bright tints and as inviting looking as possible. Among the smallest is the Punch target. This affair is made of wood, the ball being thrust at a hole in the lower part of the target, opens a door at the top and Punch in smiling array peeps out. There is a double target of this same game. One, \$25; the other, \$35.

But the real fun turns out to be the true donkey cart, an expensive affair, which brings \$20. It is built on a very elaborate plan, the seat handsomely carpeted and mull gilt ornamentation, which, of course, adds to its value. This cart is of unusually large size and designed for either donkey or pony; it is not easily upset and a delight to a family of growing children.

FOR SAILORS AND FISHERMEN. As for ships, they are of all kinds, from the boats to the great ocean liner. The trawler, rough shanty, which cost a mere trifle, rough shanty, which cost a mere trifle, rough shanty, which cost a mere trifle.

There are, however, the restful waves of time have vainly roiled and dashed. Back of the poet and the philosopher of modern times, beyond the glitter and show of feudalism, before the world-wide empires of the early Christian era, back of that dim period when the father of history first recorded the acts of men, even before the great Pythagoras wrestled his truths from the boundless realms of mathematics, the principles upon which our order is based were assuming tangible form and the great fraternal institution of the age was slowly lifting itself into being and glowing with the light of truth, through doing it has acquired the strength of action.

Every epoch has its questions and its crises. The dull routine of time is often broken by heroic actions and brilliant achievements. The different stages of progress in society and government are constantly presenting different phases of event and general issues. There is always present the stress struggle between the right and the wrong. Error crushed in one form, defeated in one purpose, reappears in another form, but not yet another purpose. From the dawn of time to the present, the forms is a gain, for each succeeding one is generally less hideous than its predecessor, but this is not ultimate victory. It does not remove the cause, which is ever present.

There are evil actions in the world because there are evil hearts; there are acts of injustice because there is a perverted sense of right; there are wars because there are hearts cruel and vindictive. The development of a higher and better civilization is largely a question of character, and it is the character and the sense of duty, animated by the spirit of fraternal love, rejoicing in the joy of others, the world may inaugurate a new and rational hope. Then, of the great world, we may say: "Not in vain the distance beckons, Forward, forward, let us range, For the great world is our heaven, Down the ringing grooves of change."

In this great work those who live in the light of the lofty principle of brotherhood cannot but take their part. The all that the principles of our order have accomplished can never be told or even known. Those principles have wrought upon the world. The chain of human influence is endless and conservation is as true of moral as of physical forces. Shining brilliant kindly thought drops into the great ocean of human feeling. Their waves never cease to ripple the surface of that fatuous sea. The more we are drawn to the fraternal touch, the more we are drawn to the fraternal touch, the more we are drawn to the fraternal touch.

Some Wonderful Animals that Belonged to the Great Novelist. Theophile Gautier, one of the most famous and artistic French authors of the present century, has been especially fond of all animals, but cats were his particular favorites. In his book called "La Menagerie Intime," he describes his household of pets.

One of the first was Childbrand, a short-haired, fawn-colored beauty, striped with black velvet like the clown in Hugo's "Roi sans Pitié." He had a green eye, and a black-shaped and surrounded by bands of black.

Madame Theophile was another favorite, a reddish white beauty, with blue eyes and blue-tinted skin. She dwelt with him on terms of great intimacy, sleeping with him, sitting on the arm of his chair when he wrote, following him on his walks through his garden and always present at his meals, when she sometimes stole attractive bits from his plate.

He tells an amusing tale about her and a parrot left in his charge for a short time by an absent friend named Thelard, who had never beheld a parrot and it astonished her greatly by its gyrations with beak and claw and the strange motions of its awkward green body. She sat at a table, as if she were an Egyptian mummy cat watching it with meditation, for she had never witnessed such a peculiar example of animal history.

The elderly gentleman glanced from the eager little face to the clumsy sabots and burst into amused laughter. "What is your name, then, mademoiselle?" "She called me 'Toinette,'" responded the little maid. "But I am really Marie Antoinette de Lacherol-Jarnac."

The countess put her eyes and stared at the girl for a moment. M. le Comte stared back at his patron. "Is she poking fun at me?" demanded the former, or is she an idiot? Then advanced in a friendly way, he caught up the arm of the shivering child: "What was your father's Christian name?"

"His name was Gaston," sobbed 'Toinette, who sat darning her sabots over the edge of the table. "But he has gone to live with the good God. I reside with the old 'Mere Bihan, who has no friends but her and my white owl. Oh, please, please, do not take away my white owl."

"Roger Bihan fashioneed a huge osten case for 'Monsieur Jarnac, with balze curtains around the sides, so that the light could be shut off when necessary. From far and near the peasants came to see this white owl, and strangers even arrived at intervals from Breton, Morbihan and the coast towns with the same purpose in view. M. le Comte, a very learned antiquary, had written a paper for the Breton Folk Lore Society about the owl, and that the paper had been published in the Parisian newspapers.

But 'Toinette did not care about the fame of her pet bird. She loved him for himself alone, and because he was her only playfellow. So the two held long secret confabulations under the green balze covering the big case. 'Toinette told her little sorrow to 'Monsieur Jarnac, and 'Monsieur Jarnac blinking back at 'Toinette in silent sympathy. 'Mere Bihan rather approved the strange confabulations, and she would say: "After all," she would say (for your true Breton peasant is an aristocrat at heart) "after all it is natural that two children should have much in common with a bird who knew all her great ancestors. It is better than running wild with the cannibals of the villages." The cage was large and became very pleasant for 'Toinette.

But pleasant things rarely last long. One day a positive bombshell in the way of news exploded in the 'Mere Bihan farm house. 'Mere Lachaudel, a bird dealer, it seemed, came all the way from the great city of Paris, to buy this wonderful white owl. The price offered seemed fabulous to 'Mere Bihan and her neighbors. But 'Mere Lachaudel explained that he was merely acting as agent for a very great and very rich nobleman, who desired to purchase the owl as a present to his world-famous collection of birds.

Poor 'Toinette heard of the negotiations and hastened to inform 'Mere Bihan of all 'Monsieur Jarnac's doings. But 'Mere Bihan was poor and money is a specious argument. 'Mere Lachaudel conquered, and it was arranged that the bird cage and all about it should be shipped in his care to Paris on the morrow.

That was a woful night for 'Toinette. She did not trust the bird dealer. Her pillow was wet with tears and her heart ached with unutterable sorrow. When the yellow moon peeped through the lattice, like one of those hateful lous d'or which had tempted 'Toinette to misbehave in her little life, she thought of the child's brain. "Why not go to Paris with 'Monsieur Jarnac? Why not share the cage with her beloved owl?"

Trembling with excitement 'Toinette slipped out of bed, and hastily robbed herself in her simple short kirtle, warm stockings and hooded cloak. Then she opened the door and sheathed the lock with a single stone. She slipped into the deserted kitchen where stood the cage of 'Monsieur Jarnac. Quickly withdrawing the curtain she found the great yellow eyes of the owl fixed upon her with what seemed to be a look of pleading. That settled the matter to the little girl's mind. The cage was large enough for three 'Toinettes, so unbolting the door she slipped in among the straw, and wound her arms around 'Monsieur Jarnac's downy neck. The cage was large enough for three 'Toinettes, so unbolting the door she slipped in among the straw, and wound her arms around 'Monsieur Jarnac's downy neck.

The hours passed slowly, but at earliest cock crow came 'Mere Lachaudel to claim his prize. "Quick, boys," he cried. "That green balze tightly round with ropes. We don't care for it, and we don't want it. Make haste, or that fool of a little girl will be down stairs making a fuss."

'Toinette heard them unbolting the cage ropes; but she was only nestled close to the broad back of 'Monsieur Jarnac. Then the men began to lift the cage to the village cart, which was to take it on the railway station at Cherbourg.

"Bigre!" cried one of the lifters, "it is heavy, this owl's cage." "Explained another, "Roger made it out of solid oak."

Then ensued a long period of jolting over uneven roads, during which poor, tired 'Toinette fell fast asleep.

When she awoke the uneven motion had exchanged for one of great speed and comfort. Unknown to her the cage had been placed on the express train for Paris. 'Monsieur Jarnac,' she called, to make sure that all was well, and the bird answered by a soft rustling of its feathers. He made a quiet follow traveler, did the white owl.

Very cramped and sadly hungry was 'Toinette when the even onward motion finally ceased, and after a five-minute interval the cage was once more lifted by men who grewed about its weight, and carried it to

ECHOES OF THE ANTE ROOM.

The thirty-eighth annual meeting of the Masonic grand lodge of the state of Nebraska was held in the Masonic temple in this city last week, convening Wednesday afternoon. This year all of the 206 blue lodges of the state were represented and more than 600 delegates were in attendance. The oration to the delegates was delivered Wednesday evening by Grand Orator Benjamin F. Thomas of this city, who spoke as follows:

Few are the institutions that live to look upon the graves of successive generations of empires. Against the adamantine walls of time, however, the restless waves of time have vainly roiled and dashed. Back of the poet and the philosopher of modern times, beyond the glitter and show of feudalism, before the world-wide empires of the early Christian era, back of that dim period when the father of history first recorded the acts of men, even before the great Pythagoras wrestled his truths from the boundless realms of mathematics, the principles upon which our order is based were assuming tangible form and the great fraternal institution of the age was slowly lifting itself into being and glowing with the light of truth, through doing it has acquired the strength of action.

Every epoch has its questions and its crises. The dull routine of time is often broken by heroic actions and brilliant achievements. The different stages of progress in society and government are constantly presenting different phases of event and general issues. There is always present the stress struggle between the right and the wrong. Error crushed in one form, defeated in one purpose, reappears in another form, but not yet another purpose. From the dawn of time to the present, the forms is a gain, for each succeeding one is generally less hideous than its predecessor, but this is not ultimate victory. It does not remove the cause, which is ever present.

There are evil actions in the world because there are evil hearts; there are acts of injustice because there is a perverted sense of right; there are wars because there are hearts cruel and vindictive. The development of a higher and better civilization is largely a question of character, and it is the character and the sense of duty, animated by the spirit of fraternal love, rejoicing in the joy of others, the world may inaugurate a new and rational hope. Then, of the great world, we may say: "Not in vain the distance beckons, Forward, forward, let us range, For the great world is our heaven, Down the ringing grooves of change."

In this great work those who live in the light of the lofty principle of brotherhood cannot but take their part. The all that the principles of our order have accomplished can never be told or even known. Those principles have wrought upon the world. The chain of human influence is endless and conservation is as true of moral as of physical forces. Shining brilliant kindly thought drops into the great ocean of human feeling. Their waves never cease to ripple the surface of that fatuous sea. The more we are drawn to the fraternal touch, the more we are drawn to the fraternal touch, the more we are drawn to the fraternal touch.

Some Wonderful Animals that Belonged to the Great Novelist. Theophile Gautier, one of the most famous and artistic French authors of the present century, has been especially fond of all animals, but cats were his particular favorites. In his book called "La Menagerie Intime," he describes his household of pets.

One of the first was Childbrand, a short-haired, fawn-colored beauty, striped with black velvet like the clown in Hugo's "Roi sans Pitié." He had a green eye, and a black-shaped and surrounded by bands of black.

Madame Theophile was another favorite, a reddish white beauty, with blue eyes and blue-tinted skin. She dwelt with him on terms of great intimacy, sleeping with him, sitting on the arm of his chair when he wrote, following him on his walks through his garden and always present at his meals, when she sometimes stole attractive bits from his plate.

He tells an amusing tale about her and a parrot left in his charge for a short time by an absent friend named Thelard, who had never beheld a parrot and it astonished her greatly by its gyrations with beak and claw and the strange motions of its awkward green body. She sat at a table, as if she were an Egyptian mummy cat watching it with meditation, for she had never witnessed such a peculiar example of animal history.

The elderly gentleman glanced from the eager little face to the clumsy sabots and burst into amused laughter. "What is your name, then, mademoiselle?" "She called me 'Toinette,'" responded the little maid. "But I am really Marie Antoinette de Lacherol-Jarnac."

The countess put her eyes and stared at the girl for a moment. M. le Comte stared back at his patron. "Is she poking fun at me?" demanded the former, or is she an idiot? Then advanced in a friendly way, he caught up the arm of the shivering child: "What was your father's Christian name?"

"His name was Gaston," sobbed 'Toinette, who sat darning her sabots over the edge of the table. "But he has gone to live with the good God. I reside with the old 'Mere Bihan, who has no friends but her and my white owl. Oh, please, please, do not take away my white owl."

"Roger Bihan fashioneed a huge osten case for 'Monsieur Jarnac, with balze curtains around the sides, so that the light could be shut off when necessary. From far and near the peasants came to see this white owl, and strangers even arrived at intervals from Breton, Morbihan and the coast towns with the same purpose in view. M. le Comte, a very learned antiquary, had written a paper for the Breton Folk Lore Society about the owl, and that the paper had been published in the Parisian newspapers.

But 'Toinette did not care about the fame of her pet bird. She loved him for himself alone, and because he was her only playfellow. So the two held long secret confabulations under the green balze covering the big case. 'Toinette told her little sorrow to 'Monsieur Jarnac, and 'Monsieur Jarnac blinking back at 'Toinette in silent sympathy. 'Mere Bihan rather approved the strange confabulations, and she would say: "After all," she would say (for your true Breton peasant is an aristocrat at heart) "after all it is natural that two children should have much in common with a bird who knew all her great ancestors. It is better than running wild with the cannibals of the villages." The cage was large and became very pleasant for 'Toinette.

But pleasant things rarely last long. One day a positive bombshell in the way of news exploded in the 'Mere Bihan farm house. 'Mere Lachaudel, a bird dealer, it seemed, came all the way from the great city of Paris, to buy this wonderful white owl. The price offered seemed fabulous to 'Mere Bihan and her neighbors. But 'Mere Lachaudel explained that he was merely acting as agent for a very great and very rich nobleman, who desired to purchase the owl as a present to his world-famous collection of birds.

Poor 'Toinette heard of the negotiations and hastened to inform 'Mere Bihan of all 'Monsieur Jarnac's doings. But 'Mere Bihan was poor and money is a specious argument. 'Mere Lachaudel conquered, and it was arranged that the bird cage and all about it should be shipped in his care to Paris on the morrow.

That was a woful night for 'Toinette. She did not trust the bird dealer. Her pillow was wet with tears and her heart ached with unutterable sorrow. When the yellow moon peeped through the lattice, like one of those hateful lous d'or which had tempted 'Toinette to misbehave in her little life, she thought of the child's brain. "Why not go to Paris with 'Monsieur Jarnac? Why not share the cage with her beloved owl?"

Trembling with excitement 'Toinette slipped out of bed, and hastily robbed herself in her simple short kirtle, warm stockings and hooded cloak. Then she opened the door and sheathed the lock with a single stone. She slipped into the deserted kitchen where stood the cage of 'Monsieur Jarnac. Quickly withdrawing the curtain she found the great yellow eyes of the owl fixed upon her with what seemed to be a look of pleading. That settled the matter to the little girl's mind. The cage was large enough for three 'Toinettes, so unbolting the door she slipped in among the straw, and wound her arms around 'Monsieur Jarnac's downy neck. The cage was large enough for three 'Toinettes, so unbolting the door she slipped in among the straw, and wound her arms around 'Monsieur Jarnac's downy neck.

The hours passed slowly, but at earliest cock crow came 'Mere Lachaudel to claim his prize. "Quick, boys," he cried. "That green balze tightly round with ropes. We don't care for it, and we don't want it. Make haste, or that fool of a little girl will be down stairs making a fuss."

'Toinette heard them unbolting the cage ropes; but she was only nestled close to the broad back of 'Monsieur Jarnac. Then the men began to lift the cage to the village cart, which was to take it on the railway station at Cherbourg.

"Bigre!" cried one of the lifters, "it is heavy, this owl's cage." "Explained another, "Roger made it out of solid oak."

Then ensued a long period of jolting over uneven roads, during which poor, tired 'Toinette fell fast asleep.

When she awoke the uneven motion had exchanged for one of great speed and comfort. Unknown to her the cage had been placed on the express train for Paris. 'Monsieur Jarnac,' she called, to make sure that all was well, and the bird answered by a soft rustling of its feathers. He made a quiet follow traveler, did the white owl.

Very cramped and sadly hungry was 'Toinette when the even onward motion finally ceased, and after a five-minute interval the cage was once more lifted by men who grewed about its weight, and carried it to



TOINETTE AND HER PET.

hardly a great white Breton owl, who looked as though he had lived ever since the days of the French monarchy. He was of a venerable aspect was. It was said, indeed, that he represented the very last specimen of the old Brittany owl, who was a descendant of an old family nobody was surprised that the two became cronies. "Monsieur Jarnac" (such was the owl's name) seemed always happiest when alone with 'Toinette and her father, and seized every opportunity to spend her hours with 'Monsieur Jarnac.

Roger Bihan fashioneed a huge osten case for 'Monsieur Jarnac, with balze curtains around the sides, so that the light could be shut off when necessary. From far and near the peasants came to see this white owl, and strangers even arrived at intervals from Breton, Morbihan and the coast towns with the same purpose in view. M. le Comte, a very learned antiquary, had written a paper for the Breton Folk Lore Society about the owl, and that the paper had been published in the Parisian newspapers.

But 'Toinette did not care about the fame of her pet bird. She loved him for himself alone, and because he was her only playfellow. So the two held long secret confabulations under the green balze covering the big case. 'Toinette told her little sorrow to 'Monsieur Jarnac, and 'Monsieur Jarnac blinking back at 'Toinette in silent sympathy. 'Mere Bihan rather approved the strange confabulations, and she would say: "After all," she would say (for your true Breton peasant is an aristocrat at heart) "after all it is natural that two children should have much in common with a bird who knew all her great ancestors. It is better than running wild with the cannibals of the villages." The cage was large and became very pleasant for 'Toinette.

But pleasant things rarely last long. One day a positive bombshell in the way of news exploded in the 'Mere Bihan farm house. 'Mere Lachaudel, a bird dealer, it seemed, came all the way from the great city of Paris, to buy this wonderful white owl. The price offered seemed fabulous to 'Mere Bihan and her neighbors. But 'Mere Lachaudel explained that he was merely acting as agent for a very great and very rich nobleman, who desired to purchase the owl as a present to his world-famous collection of birds.

Poor 'Toinette heard of the negotiations and hastened to inform 'Mere Bihan of all 'Monsieur Jarnac's doings. But 'Mere Bihan was poor and money is a specious argument. 'Mere Lachaudel conquered, and it was arranged that the bird cage and all about it should be shipped in his care to Paris on the morrow.

That was a woful night for 'Toinette. She did not trust the bird dealer. Her pillow was wet with tears and her heart ached with unutterable sorrow. When the yellow moon peeped through the lattice, like one of those hateful lous d'or which had tempted 'Toinette to misbehave in her little life, she thought of the child's brain. "Why not go to Paris with 'Monsieur Jarnac? Why not share the cage with her beloved owl?"

Trembling with excitement 'Toinette slipped out of bed, and hastily robbed herself in her simple short kirtle, warm stockings and hooded cloak. Then she opened the door and sheathed the lock with a single stone. She slipped into the deserted kitchen where stood the cage of 'Monsieur Jarnac. Quickly withdrawing the curtain she found the great yellow eyes of the owl fixed upon her with what seemed to be a look of pleading. That settled the matter to the little girl's mind. The cage was large enough for three 'Toinettes, so unbolting the door she slipped in among the straw, and wound her arms around 'Monsieur Jarnac's downy neck. The cage was large enough for three 'Toinettes, so unbolting the door she slipped in among the straw, and wound her arms around 'Monsieur Jarnac's downy neck.

The hours passed slowly, but at earliest cock crow came 'Mere Lachaudel to claim his prize. "Quick, boys," he cried. "That green balze tightly round with ropes. We don't care for it, and we don't want it. Make haste, or that fool of a little girl will be down stairs making a fuss."

'Toinette heard them unbolting the cage ropes; but she was only nestled close to the broad back of 'Monsieur Jarnac. Then the men began to lift the cage to the village cart, which was to take it on the railway station at Cherbourg.

"Bigre!" cried one of the lifters, "it is heavy, this owl's cage." "Explained another, "Roger made it out of solid oak."

Then ensued a long period of jolting over uneven roads, during which poor, tired 'Toinette fell fast asleep.

When she awoke the uneven motion had exchanged for one of great speed and comfort. Unknown to her the cage had been placed on the express train for Paris. 'Monsieur Jarnac,' she called, to make sure that all was well, and the bird answered by a soft rustling of its feathers. He made a quiet follow traveler, did the white owl.

Very cramped and sadly hungry was 'Toinette when the even onward motion finally ceased, and after a five-minute interval the cage was once more lifted by men who grewed about its weight, and carried it to

SUMMER TOYS.

Amusement for Boys and Girls During Vacation. With the summer comes the outdoor games for children—those special novelties which present themselves in the toy bazaar—and most of them well worthy of mention. Every sort of amusement is ready at hand for boys and girls, and the children are at a cheapness in price that is unrivaled, and one which meets the requirements of any purse, however slender.

For the seashore there is the wooden box square in form, filled with good sized sand molds, in which shovels and a small wheelbarrow quite completes the outfit. This range of all sizes, from the small sum of 20 cents to \$1.50.

But the genuine sand mill seems to be in the lead this season. One of these gorgeous and taking affairs of ladder effect, which after the fall is filled, lifts itself through the whole of the building, and when it is ready to be bagged and sold. This clever invention brings \$5.

Another of great construction is a ladder in which the man of wood the child turns a crank. The pull at the foot of these bars is drawn up—the vessel filled, and this amusing toy is ready for use. This small instrument by a handle in the back the water pours out for daily use, and the pails, numberless.



FRATILE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

Mamma—Here is an English cousin, dear, whom you have never seen. Little (fil) tell me, mamma? "That's a very nice little fellow, isn't he, mamma?"

Teacher—Can you tell me, Johnny, why Satan goes about the earth like a roaring lion? "Johny—Cause he's hunting up sinners in the place where he lives when he's to home."

Johnny—Maw, I should think it would be a heap more careful if he was hunting up sinners to eat 'em before he swine. His Mother—Why so, Johnny? Johnny—"Cause they'd eat 'em."

It was at dinner, and there had been chicken, of which the little daughter of the house had partaken with great freedom. "I want some more chicken," said Frances. "I think you have had as much as is good for you, dear," replied the mother. "I want more," and Frances pouted. "You can't have more now, but here is a wishbone that you and mamma can put that will be fun. You pull one side and I'll pull the other, and whoever gets the longer end can have her wish come true. Why, baby, you've got it! What wish would you make, Frances? "I wish for some more chicken," said Frances promptly. She got it this time.

A teacher of one of the lower grades of a city school was endeavoring to impress upon her pupils the fact that the plural of the word "strife" is "strifes." "Remember this," she said; "strife is a girl, a boy is a strifer. Now do you understand it? Well, then, the room was raised in an instant. "I don't want more," said Frances. "I think you have had as much as is good for you, dear," replied the mother. "I want more," and Frances pouted. "You can't have more now, but here is a wishbone that you and mamma can put that will be fun. You pull one side and I'll pull the other, and whoever gets the longer end can have her wish come true. Why, baby, you