



#### In Little-Folks' Eyes.

How strange it would be if the pixies came down,  
And set up a shop in the midst of our town;  
And sold to us spectacles, through which the guise  
Of all things would seem as in little-folks' eyes.

In little-folks' eyes, oh, what dreams will come true!  
How long is a lifetime! What things one will do!

How wealthy one is with a purse of small size;  
For pennies are dollars—in little-folks' eyes.

How easy it is from all danger to flee  
To a harbor of safety, on somebody's knee!  
How quickly soft kisses and low lullabies  
Will clear away trouble—in little-folks' eyes.

Such wee clouds of darkness make everywhere  
Such wee glints of sunshine make everything  
And birthdays come slowly, for time seldom  
flies

But crawls toward the future—in little-folks' eyes.

What a great world of singers we'd have before  
long

If these magical glasses were sold for a song!  
Oh, clowns are so funny, and sages so wise,  
And hearts are so honest—in little-folks' eyes!

—S. WALTER NORRIS.

#### Under a River.

M. Suinnard, who passed three years in captivity in Patagonia, survived many perilous adventures. Probably some of our western readers will feel something like contempt for a traveler who would act so thoughtlessly as did this Frenchman on one occasion. He and his companion, Pedritto, had been marching for five days on the borders of Patagonia. Most of that time they had no fire and little food, and the rain had fallen in torrents. In the evening they came to a river which lay between steep, rocky banks.

They descended the bank with great difficulty, but when they had found a place to cross they were so exhausted that they concluded to remain where they were until morning. With knives they dug a cave in the bank just above the water's edge. They built a fire, and prepared to pass a comfortable night in their cave, protected from cold and dampness.

But they had forgotten how the rains of the past few days must swell such a stream. They had just fallen asleep when a torrent rushed in upon them, and Suinnard realized that the river had risen above their cave, which in another moment would become their tomb. He roused Pedritto. They seized their firearms, and through the darkness and the rushing waters began to struggle up the bank.

The ascent was so steep that they had to cut steps with their knives, and the earth, soaked with water, threatened at every movement they made to give way, and carry them with it back into the stream.

At last they reached the top of the bank. They had lost part of their powder and provisions, and their compass, but they were safe and had saved their firearms. After waiting a day for the waters to abate they swam across, holding their guns in one hand over their heads.

#### Not Used to It.

Abner Stone had lived "inland" all his days, and knew all there was to be known about pork and beef as articles

of food. His acquaintance with the products of the sea, on the other hand, was very slight; in fact it was confined to one lobster, which his younger brother Wilson had brought up to the farm from Bayport one summer, when he came up for a short visit.

Abner had enjoyed that lobster amazingly, and it was in some measure his praise of this fish that led Wilson to press his brother to "make him a call" the next autumn or spring, and "eat his fill" of fish. "There's heaps o' things better'n lobsters," Wilson averred. "There's shad, now; I reckon you'd find shad would relish pooty fair."

"Yes, indeed, he'd orter eat some of our shad," chimed in Mrs. Wilson Stone; and the next spring, with thoughts of shad in his mind, Abner went down to Bayport.

He had a tiresome journey, for he was not used to traveling, and when he reached Bayport, at night, he was more than ready for bed.

"You're goin' t' have some shad in the mornin'," remarked Mrs. Wilson Stone, as she bade him good night.

The promise was kept, but somehow Abner did not seem to enjoy the delicacy as his brother had expected. In fact he ate so little of it that Wilson said at last, "Don't ye like it, Ab, after all?"

"Well," said the old farmer, with a brave attempt at a smile, "I calc'late I shan't, when I get kinder wotented to it, mebber; but it doos seem, jest at fust, ye know, consid'able like tryin' t' eat a paper o' buttered pins!"

#### Use Your Eyes.

One of the best possible illustrations of the great, and sometimes unexpected, value of careful observation of small things is furnished by an English naturalist's recent discovery that nearly all writers on the habits of bees have blundered in asserting that a honey-bee, when on a foraging trip, confines itself to one species of flower.

It has been said that if a bee begins, for instance, gathering pollen from a daisy it will visit only daisies during that trip, avoiding clover blossoms, honeysuckles, violets, and so on.

But Mr. G. W. Bulman announces that he has watched bees changing from one kind of flower to another during a single trip. One bee in particular, visited twenty-seven flowers belonging to ten different species.

If this is correct, the discovery has an important bearing upon the theory of the influence of bees in producing cross fertilization of plants.

But how easy it would be for any person, a boy or a girl who loves flowers, for instance, to carry on such observation for himself or herself, thereby opening up not only a new source of intelligent recreation, which would rapidly increase in interest, but gathering facts which might make a reputation for the young discoverer, and add materially to the stores of science.—Youth's Companion.

#### Surprised Pig.

Little Pete never intends to misstate things, but his very figurative imagination sometimes gets the better of his facts. He starts out to tell something which is perfectly true, but before he is done he has generally drifted off into some picturesque exaggeration. The other day he exclaimed to a companion:

"Just think, Billy! Out in Chicago they aren't going to be cruel to the pigs any more when they kill them. They're going to chloroform them."

"How do they do it?" asked Billy. "Why, they just put a sponge in front of the pig's nose, and he goes right to sleep, and when he comes to himself he says, 'Why, my ham's gone!' And by and by he says, 'Goodness! Somebody's sawed my leg off!' and then he finds out that he's all cut up!"

A lie a mile away looks a good deal like the truth.



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