

moral of this foolish story. But I think we both want something to take the taste of it out of our mental mouths, so now you must listen for a minute to my favourite passage in "Lucile":

Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its will,
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby,
The spirits of just men made perfect on high,
The army of martyrs that stand round the Throne,
And look into the Face that makes glorious their own,
Know this surely at last, Honest love, honest sorrow,
Honest work for to-day, honest hope for to-morrow,
Are these worth nothing more than the hands they make weary,
The hearts they have saddened, the lives they leave dreary?
Hush! The sevenfold Heaven to the voice of the Spirit,
Echoes, "He that overcome shall all things inherit."

QUEER INDIAN CRADLES.

GIRLS and boys who sleep the happy sleep of infancy in luxurious bassinets are fortunate indeed as compared with the red babies of the American plains, whose little beds are far from comfortable. The Indian cradle is used for a variety of purposes. It has generally the shape of a huge shoe, and when the child is laced up within its folds, the baby looks like a wee mummy more than a living infant. When the tribe is on the move, then the cradle is strapped on to the mother's back, and some of the women in this position bear an unpleasant resemblance to a butcher carrying a joint on his tray. One of the simplest kinds of cradles was that used by the Comanche Indians. It consisted of a piece of black bearskin thirty inches long and twenty wide, and when the baby was wrapped up in it the sides were laced together; and a very cosy bundle it made. What think you? The Pitt River Indians used a cradle that must have been nearly as uncomfortable as a plank bed. A pole was bent double in the form of a big tennis racquet; the two ends were passed through a thin slab of wood that served as a foot-rest, and were then bound together with thongs of buckskin. Then planks were fastened across the upper part of the frame, and upon them the infant was laid, its tiny feet resting against the foot-board. The Mohave cradle was a sort of ladder or trellis-work; and the Yaqui cradle was merely a bundle of reeds. When shredded willow has been heaped upon these articles, the bed was supposed to be 'made.' On the other hand, the Sioux cradle was more elaborate. Two planks placed in the shape of a big V formed the frame, crosspieces of wood keeping them in position at top and bottom. The cradle was attached to the lower part of the framework, and the two ends of the V projected some eighteen inches beyond the bed, and were adorned with brass-headed nails. The shoe-shaped cradle of hide or birch-bark was ornamented with beads or painted designs.

PARODY ON CASABIANCA.

A CASE OF BOY-SPANKING.

The boy stood at the master's desk,
Whence all but he had fled;
The master dozed while urchins bold
Shield pellets at his head;
Yet bolt upright the good boy stood,
Though all the school should storm,
For when the teacher woke he would
Be first boy of the form.

The games went on, he would not go
Without the master's word;
The master, fast asleep by now,
His voice no longer heard,
He called aloud, 'Say, teacher, say
If yet my task is done?'
His new pot hat now caved in lay,
His lunch was also gone.

'Speak, teacher!' once again he cried,
'If I may yet be gone?'
And—but the urchins ink pots abied,
The master still snored on,
They spattered ink upon his clothes,
They tugged his waving hair,
They dropped a form upon his toes,
But still he did not swear.

And shouted but once more aloud,
'O, teacher! must I stay?'
Until at last the yelling crowd
Rushed headlong on their prey,
They clapped his slate upon his head,
They chucked his bag on high;
It skimmed and turned, and onward sped
Bang in the master's eye.

There came a burst of thunder sound,
The boy! O where was he?
Ask of his mates, who made no sound,
But hugged their sides with glee,
The master pinned him to a chair,
And warmed a tender part;
And when a boy is punished there,
I tell you, don't it smart!

F. H. SMITH.

SCALING THE HEIGHTS.

It takes a small brother to inform the world of a big brother's accomplishments.

Two boys were bragging of the respective merits of their older brothers, when one was overheard to say:

'My brother's doin' a big business. He makes £2 a week by sittin' at a big desk and doin' sums.'
'Poh!' returned the other, scornfully; 'my brother writes poetry. He's had two half-calf books printed already.'

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THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

LITTLE PEOPLE'S LETTERS.

SOLUTIONS OF PUZZLE STORY NO. 2.

THE little cousins are answering the puzzle very cleverly. I shall put in three letters this week, and some more next, taking them as I receive them. Then I will tell you all what the real answer is, and you will see how close your solutions are to the right one.—COUSIN KATE.

DEAR COUSIN KATE,—I have thought out your puzzle. There was a little dog named Jack. One day his master came in late for his dinner. Jack got up on a chair, and saw a nice-looking chop, and thought he would like to have a meal from it, so he began to eat. As soon as he had finished he heard a footstep on the stairs. His master came in and found his dinner all eaten up, so he gave Jack a good whipping.—RICHARD TUCKEY, age 12. Wellington.

DEAR COUSIN KATE,—I read the children's page in the GRAPHIC, and like it very much, and I am now going to try and answer the puzzle, which I see in this week's GRAPHIC, correctly. The first picture shows where Mr. Turner's dinner has just been put on the table ready for him, when a little dog came into the room and began to look about him. He spied Mr. Turner's dinner on the table, and so he jumped on to the chair and looked at it. It smelt so nice that he jumped up on to the table, then he took it off the plate and began to eat it. Just as he had done he heard Mr. Turner coming. He looked up at the door, and when Mr. Turner came in and found the dog had eaten his dinner he whipped him. This is the first puzzle I have ever answered, but I hope it will not be the last.—DAISY PILKINGTON, age 10. Tamaki West.

DEAR COUSIN KATE,—A lady once had a little dog. It used to have its meals at table with the lady. One day its mistress was late and the dog got hungry, so it thought it would smell the meat; so it smelled the meat, and it thought it would take a bite, so it took a bite, and the meat was so nice it ate it all up. The dog had just finished the meat when it heard a step, and who came in but the cook. She gave the dog a whipping, and it went without its meal that day.—E. MURIEL SINCLAIR, aged 10. Blenheim.

BLOWN FROM THE CAR.

IT is wonderful what dangerous experiences a person may undergo without loss of limb or life, and hardly less wonderful what slight accidents will sometimes result fatally. A little girl, three years of age, named Helen Harmon, was travelling in the South with her parents. At the close of a day's ride in the cars the child had become tired and restless. She was a dainty creature and had attracted the attention and admiration of her fellow passengers.

Mr. Harmon had retired to the smoking-car, and Mrs. Harmon sat talking with a chance acquaintance. Helen climbed into her mother's lap, and, as tired children do, teased for one thing after another.

At length she began calling for a drink of milk, and to divert her attention, her mother told her to go and get some water from the ice tank. This took her fancy at once, and she started eagerly for the water at the rear of the car. Here she amused herself for several minutes, Mrs. Harmon turning her head now and then to watch her movements.

Helen knew that her father was in the other car. She had once been there with him, and now she took it into her childish mind to go and find him. She was not afraid; she went up to the door and peeped through the glass.

The day had been cloudy. The wind blew in fitful gusts, and sometimes, heightened by the speed of the train, seemed almost a hurricane.

Unobserved by her mother, Helen opened the door, hesitated a little, and then went out on the platform. She clung to the door handle for a moment. Then someone pulled on the door, and at that instant a violent gust of wind struck the car; the child released her hold, and was whirled from the platform. She screamed and vanished into the blackness of the night.

Only a moment before a lady had said to the mother, 'Your little girl has gone out of the car.'

Mrs. Harmon, in great alarm, rushed to the door just in time to hear the poor child's shriek of terror, and to catch a glimpse of her white dress as the blast whirled her away.

The parents were well-nigh distracted, and entreated the conductor to stop the train and go back for the child.

He refused, kindly but firmly. 'It is impossible,' he said. 'This train is now behind time; the express is close upon us. Fifteen minutes' delay might send us all to destruction. The little girl may be blown a good way, and at any rate we couldn't find her in the dark. I'm sorry,'—and the conductor was seen to wipe his eyes.

At the next station Mr. and Mrs. Harmon, accompanied by several of the sympathetic passengers, left the train, intending to go back and make their sad search. Meantime the express was speeding on behind. The engineer's keen eyes discerned a peculiar-looking object on some bushes beside the track, as the rays from the headlight lighted up the gloom.

'Why, that's a child,' he said to himself. He whistled 'down brakes,' and the train soon stopped. The engineer sprang from the cab and ran back to the bushes. As he came near he heard a child crying. Firmly lodged in a thick-growing clump of blackberry bushes little Helen was lying. She was badly scratched and frightened, but otherwise none the worse for her perilous fall.

The engineer removed the girl with some difficulty from her prickly bed, and took her into his cab, and at the next station she was delivered safe and sound into her mother's arms.

WHISKERS' REVENGE.



OLD WHISKERS lay on the top of a sunny garden wall, blinking his eyes in the bright light, but showing no other sign that he heard the rude conversation of three young Angora kittens in the garden below.

Very beautiful were the kittens, with their long, delicate fur and small paws. One of them, named Fluff, was as white as snow, and always had a bright blue ribbon tied round her neck, on which hung a silver-bell that went tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, wherever she went. Fluff was very vain, for she was accustomed to hear herself admired so much that she thought no one could be so lovely as herself, so she did what a great many children do who are spoiled by over-indulgence and foolish petting. She gave herself airs, and behaved in a manner that quite spoiled her good looks, and made people dislike and laugh at her.

Looking up she saw old Whiskers on the garden wall, and began to speak in her usually silly manner.

'Look,' she said to the other two kittens, 'at that stupid great Whiskers. What a fright he is! He has lost the best part of his ears, and one eye is smaller than the other, because he will fight the great rats, and says it is his duty, as they destroy his master's property. What shall we do to tease him?'

Then these three kittens put their heads together and began to whisper and giggle. What rude kittens they were! Presently they climbed up a high cherry tree that grew in the garden and hung just over the place where Whiskers was lying.

Whiskers was sound asleep by this time. He had felt very much hurt by the words of Fluff, for he had been very kind to her always; but he dozed off just before the kittens climbed the tree, being very tired from a fierce fight he had had with a rat, and wishing to rest himself before going to the corn-loft to look for a larger and fiercer rat which he knew lived there, and did much damage in his master's corn-bins.

Up in the tree the kittens watched the good old cat, and then all at once down came Fluff, right on his back.

Whiskers was very angry for a moment, but when he saw it was Fluff he moved quietly away without speaking, for he could not bear to speak unkindly to a little delicate thing like her.

Fluff knew why Whiskers did not speak, and the knowledge should have taught her to love and respect him, but she thought only of amusing herself. So she followed him until he found another sunny seat, and then she rudely pushed against him and said, 'I want to sit there.'

'Very well,' said Whiskers, and walked away again, and this time he went to the corn-loft.

'Come along!' said Fluff to the other kittens, 'let us follow him. But the other kittens were busy running after their own tails, and did not answer her, so she followed by herself.'

Up in the corn-loft Fluff had never been before, and she felt half afraid to go, for she had heard her mother speak of the great battles that had been fought there between the cats and rats for many years. But as she looked round she saw nothing that would alarm her. The sun shone in brightly, and the floor was quite warm; the loft door was open, and there sat Whiskers washing his face, and looking happy and contented.

'Ah!' cried naughty little Fluff, 'now I have caught you sir. I thought all your tales about the rat were made up; and now I see you come here to enjoy the sunshine and sleep.'

Directly Whiskers heard Fluff he got up and said: 'Do not come here; if a rat were to catch a tiny kitten like you, he would kill you.'

'I don't believe there are any rats,' said Fluff. Then she began her old game of wanting to sit wherever Whiskers was, until at last the old cat was really angry, and said: 'Very well, I will leave you in the loft alone, and away he went.'

Fluff sat in the warm sunshine and washed her face, and played with a piece of straw, and was just beginning to think she would fetch the other kittens, when she heard a strange noise, and looking up she saw close to her a great grey old rat! Oh! how her heart beat. She set up her back and spat at the rat, who only grinned, and said, 'Ah! ah! I have caught you, have I, and was just about to spring upon her, when something dark came between them, and there was dear old Whiskers, holding the rat in his mouth.

A dreadful fight they had, for the rat was very strong, and no cat had been able to kill him. He bit Whiskers dreadfully, and Fluff screamed with fright. Soon the great rat was dead, and Whiskers stood growling over it, looking so fierce that Fluff was quite afraid of him. At last she went up to him and said:

'Oh! Whiskers, dear, brave Whiskers, can you forgive me? I am so sorry for being so rude to you, and so thankful to you for saving my life.' Then she rubbed her nose against Whiskers and licked his face, and the good, brave, old cat forgave her, and from that day Fluff learned that good looks are nothing compared to brave hearts and kind actions.

It is no merit to be pretty if we are made so. But there is great merit in conquering a wayward or fearful spirit, and becoming gentle, brave, loving.—Exchange.

Mother: 'Don't talk just now, Belle, I have to write something, and I want to think.' Seven-year-old Belle, who writes letters too: 'Well, mother, you needn't think at all. I get all my words out of the dictionary.'

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