thrust open the two shutters which covered the windows. The light poured in.

Then with a slow, deliberate motion, the mare turned her head; but what was that? Surely that was not Zuleika's head!

Claude leaped over the railing, unhooked the door, and pulled the mare out into the full glare of the daylight. He felt chilly and half-benumbed.

He tied the mare to the stable door, and stared straight into her face. She made no response. Could he trust his eyes? It was not Zuleika! Some one had stolen his treasure in the night and substituted this dull beast, which was outwardly not unlike her, but lacked her airy grace, her fiery spirit, and her perfect beauty.

Claude had still a vague hope that he might be dreaming, and that he would presently wake and find that it was all a horrible mistake.

But he was indeed awake. The dapple-grey mare did not become Zuleika. His mare was gone.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

KEEPING UP HIS CONSEQUENCE.

AN English physician, resident in Persia, was called to go some ninety miles to prescribe for the governor of one of the provinces. He found him suffering from gout, and gives an appalling description of his surroundings—thirty or forty persons always in the room, every window of which was tightly closed, though the day was excessively hot.

Having prescribed for the noble patient, I escaped to my quarters under the pretext of dining, and lay down to rest. Two hours later my servant announced that my dinner—furnished by the governor, according to agreement—was about to be served; and a large tray, having some six dishes on it, with bread and all accompaniments, a huge bowl of iced sherbet and a bottle of wine, was brought in.

I was very hungry and anxious to fall to, and was conscious of something like anguish when, to my astonishment, my servant, whom I had brought from Shiraz, ordered the whole away in an indignant voice.

When my dinner had disappeared, I demanded an explanation. It was this:

'I know, sahib, that the dinner I sent away was quite enough for the sahib, and a good one, but here in Persia a man's position is estimated by the quantity of the dinner sent him, and the number of the plates. They have sent you six plates. I have told them that you couldn't think of dining on less than eighteen.

'If I had allowed you to eat the dinner that was sent, good as it was, you would have been looked down on. Are you less than the prince's physician? Certainly not. They would send *him*, or rather he would demand, at least twelve plates. I assure you I am acting in your interest.'

The man was right. Dinner for at least twenty-four persons was brought on three huge trays. I tasted some half-dozen well-cooked dishes, and my servant removed the rest, and I observed him, with the master of the house and numerous hangers-on, dining in the open air on what remained.

DON'T KILL IT.'

'SPARE a copper, sir; I am starving,' were the words of a poor, half-starved, ragged man to a gentleman hastening home one bitter cold night. 'Spare a copper, sir, and God will bless you.'

Struck with the fellow's manner and appearance, the gentleman stopped and said:

'You look as if you had seen better days. If you will tell me candidly what has been your greatest failing through life, I'll give you enough to pay your lodging.'

'I'm afraid I could hardly do that,' the beggar answered, with a mournful smile.

'Try, man, try. Here's a shilling to sharpen your memory; only be sure you speak the truth.'

The man pressed the coin tightly in his hand, and after thinking a minute said:

'To be honest with you, then, I believe my greatest fault has been in learning to "kill time." When I was a boy, I had kind, loving parents, who let me do pretty much as I liked; so I became idle and careless, and never once thought of the danger in store for me. In hope that I should one day make my mark in the world, I was sent to college; but there I wasted my time in idle dreaming and expensive amusements. If I had been a poor boy, with necessity staring me in the face, I think I should have done better. But somehow I fell into the notion that life was to be one continued holiday. I gradually became fond of wine and company. In a few years my parents both died; you can guess the rest. I soon wasted what little they left me, and it is now too late to combat my old habits. Yes, sir, idleness has ruined me.'

Never 'kill time,' boys. He is your best friend. Don't let him slip through your fingers when you are young, as the beggar did. The days of your boyhood are the most precious you will ever see. The habits you form will stick to you like wax. If they are good ones, life will be a pleasure and a true success. You may not grow rich, but your life will be a real success, nevertheless. If, on the contrary, you waste your early years, live for fun only, trifle with your opportunities, you will find after a while that your life is a failure—yes, even if you should be very rich.

THE 'OLD WOMAN.'

SAILORS commonly speak of the captain of the ship as 'the old man.' It was left for a stout Norwegian quartermaster to invent an equally appropriate designation for the captain's wife.

The young wife of a certain commander in the navy was expected to visit her husband's ship. The gig had been sent ashore for her, and the captain stood on deck watching for her return.

The quartermaster also was on the look-out, and with the aid of his telescope caught sight of the returning boat first. He walked up to the commanding officer, touched his hat respectfully and said: 'The gig's coming, captain, and I think the old woman is in her, sir.'

The captain looked at the Norwegian's innocent face, and saw that no disrespect was intended. If the captain was 'the old man,' naturally enough his wife must be 'the old woman.' The intelligence was accepted, therefore, in the spirit in which it had been offered.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

SOLUTIONS OF THE NAUGHTY BOY PICTURE PUZZLE.

DEAR COUSIN KATE,—It looks like a man who is watering the footpath, and a boy comes and treads on his hose, and he says: 'Get off!' and he doesn't, and a policeman comes along and he says, 'Get off!' So the man waters the policeman. Is this right?—WALTER HILL.

[Very nearly right, Walter, only it is rather a short story. —COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE,—One day an old man was watering the pavement, but a naughty boy came and danced on his hose. And then a policeman tried to catch the boy, but however, the man who had the hose did not notice the policeman but gave him a dose of water.—REGGIE COTTLE.

[Yours is a very good solution, Reggie.—COUSIN KATE.]

GRANDPAPA'S STORY.

IT was a wet summer afternoon, and grandpapa was sitting in his rocking-chair, when his little grandchildren, who had come out into the country to stay with him for a few weeks, begged him to tell them a story. Janie sat on his knee, Maud put her hand on his shoulder, (she was wearing one of grandmamma's caps for fun) Frankie rested his elbows on grandpapa's right knee, and little Bertie leant over the other.

'Tell us what our papa did when he was little and lived here,' they said.

So grandpapa began.

'Let me see,' he said, 'it was forty-nine years ago this very spring, and I was ploughing this very same piece of ground. It was all solid woods when I moved here the year before, but I had chopped down the trees and dug out some of the stumps, and now I was ploughing it for the first time.

'Your father was a baby then, about six months old, and the crossest baby I ever saw cutting teeth. Your grandmamma had all the work to do, and take care of him besides.'

'Didn't she keep a nurse for the baby?' asked Phil.

'I s'posed they always did,' said Teddy.

'No, indeed, my boy! We lived in a one-roomed log-cabin, standing just where the house does now, and we had to keep one or two men to help clear the land, so there was not much room to spare, and your grandmamma had to work very hard.

'She came out here where the man and I were ploughing that morning, the baby in her arms crying as hard as he could cry, and she was crying too.

'"O John!" she said, "I'm all discouraged. Baby is so cross and my head aches to split. I've got bread to make and churning to do, and I can't put him down a minute. You've got to take care of him."

'"Give him here," I said, and took him in my arms, while she went back to the house.

'I took my old frock and tied it by the sleeves in among the plough-handles, making a sort of hammock for him. Then I put him into it and went to ploughing again.

'It was pretty rough shaking, but he seemed to enjoy it, and lay watching the oxen till he fell asleep. Then I made him a bed of our two frocks among the bushes right about here, and left him to finish his nap.

'About noon your grandma came out to get the baby. She had taken a nap; so her head felt better; and she had done up her work and got dinner ready.

'The man was digging at a stump over about where those bushes are, and I was over here ploughing.'

'"Where's the baby, Mr Cook?" she asked, when she came to him.

'"Well," he said, "the little feller was awful cross, and you didn't seem to care much what became of him, so Mr Clark, he just threw him down and turned a furrow over him!"

'She glared at him; then ran across the ploughed ground to me as fast as she could come.

'"Where's the baby?" she screamed, so loud that it frightened me.

'I pointed into the bushes, and there she saw him still fast asleep.'

'The man told a lie, didn't he?' said Teddy.

'Yes,' said grandpapa,' 'it was a lie all the same though he said it in fun.'

'How queer it seems that papa was ever a baby!' mused Phil.

'Everybody was a baby once,' said Teddy, wisely.

'Yes,' corrected Phil, 'everybody 'cept Adam and Eve!

GRANDPA'S WAY.

My grandpa is the strangest man!
Of course I love him dearly,
But really it does seem to me
He looks at things so queerly.

He always thinks that every day
Is right, no matter whether
It rains or snows, or shines or blows,
Or what the kind of weather.

When out-door fun is ruined by
A heavy shower provoking,
He pats my head, and says, 'You see
The dry earth needs a soaking.'

And when I think the day too warm
For any kind of pleasure,
He says, 'The corn has grown an inch—
I see without a measure.'

And when I fret because the wind
Has set my things all whirling,
He looks at me, and says, 'Tut! tut!
This close air needs a stirring!'

He says, when drifts are piling high,
And fence-posts scarcely peeping,
'How warm beneath their blanket white
The little flowers are keeping!'

Sometimes I think, when on his face
His sweet smile shines so clearly,
It would be nice if every one
Could see things just so queerly!

M. K. B. W.

A DARLING LITTLE DUNCE.

SHE did not look at all like a dunce, as she sat on the lowest step of the new house that the workingmen were finishing inside.

I wondered whose home it was to be, and I fancied that the little girl might know.

'Can you tell me who is building this house?' I asked.

'Oh, my papa,' she said, looking up into my face with the brightest blue eyes I ever saw.

'And who is your papa?' I asked.

'Why, he's papa!' she said, with loving emphasis.

'Yes, but what is your papa's name?'

'His name is papa.'

'But what do other people call him?' I urged. 'They say Mr —what?'

'I—don't—know,' a little cloud coming over the sunny face.

'Can't you recollect what strangers call your papa, gentlemen who ask you if he is at home? Don't they ever ask you that?'

'Oh, yes; they say, "Is your papa at home!"'

'Well, what is your name?' I asked, thinking I might now find out what I wanted to know.

'Celeste,' was the answer.

'Celeste what?'

'Celeste Rosabel Marguerite. That is enough, isn't it? Mamma says I have almost as many names as a princess.'

Just as I was turning away, a girl of about eight years ran out from a house opposite.

'There's Bessie! P'raps she'll know. Bessie! Bes-sie!' called the little one at my side.

And Bessie came.

'Bessie, what's papa's other name 'sides papa?'

'Why, Mr Griffith, of course! What a little dunce you are!'

'Am I a dunce?' and the blue eyes looked up tearfully.

'You are a darling,' I whispered, taking the sweet up-turned face between my hands and kissing it.

Then the blue eyes smiled again, and the dimples danced back to their places, and I continued my way down town.

WHAT THE LITTLE ONES SAY.

'WHAT are you going to be when you grow up, Harry?' asked Uncle John. 'Somebody's uncle,' returned Harry.

A little girl gravely applied to a grocer recently, to have her doll weighed. Of course she was accommodated.

Little Willie was very fond of his aunt. One day he said: 'Oh auntie, I do love you dearly. I love you so much that when I die I shall have your name put on my gravestone.'

Mamma: 'Willie, you must not spin that humming top of yours to-day. This is Sunday.' Willie (whirling it again): 'That all right mamma; it's humming a Sunday-school hymn.'

OLD AND YOUNG.

THERE is no surer antidote for the effect which time has over us all, in making our age evident, than a young heart.

'I should like to live to be as old as you are grandmamma,' said little Helen, 'but I don't want to be as old as Aunt Susan, ever.'

'Why, why,' said grandmamma, looking over her spectacles, 'what do you mean, my dear child? Your Aunt Susan is a great many years younger than I am!'

'I don't see how that can be,' said Helen, much perplexed. 'You always remember the plays you had when you were a little girl; but when I asked Aunt Susan one day, she said, "For pity sake, child, you don't expect me to remember any of the games I had as a little girl. It's so long ago I've forgotten whether I ever played any!"'