

and Rima is in the third standard. Now, I will say good-bye, as I cannot think of any more to say. I know there is another Marjorie, so will you call me Marjorie Grace, please!—MARJORIE GRACE.

[Dear Cousin Marjorie Grace,—I shall be very pleased to have you for a cousin, and I will send you a blue badge at once, blue is my favourite colour too. It is funny that both my cousin Marjories should live in Napier, isn't it? I wonder if you know one another? Do you have to walk the mile and a half to school, every day. It is rather a long walk, especially in wet weather. I suppose you and Alan are very nearly the same age, as you are in the same standard at school. Couldn't you persuade him to join the Cousin's band, too? I want some more boy cousins to join. Botany is very interesting, isn't it? and it gets more and more interesting as one gets on with it.—Cousin Kate.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I was very pleased to see my letter in the "Graphic" on June the 19th. We are just having our midwinter holidays, and if it is fine I am going to town to stay from Friday till Saturday. You asked me to send you my address, so I will write it at the end of my letter. It has been a very wet day, and very cold, and the creek was very high. One time, when it was very wet, and the creek was high, it carried away our bridge, but it did not wash it away this time. I think I will close my letter, as this is all I have to say, with love from Cousin MADGE.

[Dear Cousin Madge,—Thank you very much for remembering to send me your address. Have you had a badge yet? If not I will post you one next time. I am sorry you are having such disagreeable weather for your holidays, but I darsay you will manage to amuse yourself somehow, won't you? It is a good thing your bridge was not carried away this time, I suppose last time you had to stay at home until it was replaced, hadn't you?—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I was very glad to see my letter in the "Graphic" on June 19th. We have just had our quarterly exam, and the ones that did the best in every subject get their photos taken. We are just having our midwinter holidays, and I might go to town for a day or two. I am going to send you my address this time. I am away staying with a friend of mine, and I am having a good time. If I write any more perhaps you will get tired of reading it. So I will close with love from EDNA.

[Dear Cousin Edna.—It is very good of you to write again so soon, and I hope you are always going to be a very regular little correspondent. I am afraid you are not having very good weather for your midwinter holidays, but I suppose one hardly expects fine weather at this time of the year. I wonder if you did come to town as you expected. You must tell me how you amused yourself if you did next time you write. I am glad you are having a good time. Does your friend live at Henderson, too?—Cousin Kate.]

When Animals Weep.

Animals are said to weep from various causes. Grief at the loss of young ones and mates makes the dog, horse, elephant, rat, bear, deer, monkey, donkey, mule, cattle, camel and giraffe shed tears. Sobbing has been proved in the parrot, though this may be mimicry. The stag at bay and the caged rat have been seen to weep, while monkeys have wept when pitted or from terror. The elephant has wept at the loss of its liberty, and in some cases, also from vexation. The dread of punishment has caused captive chimpanzees and other apes to weep. Joy, pain, fatigue, thirst, ill-usage, sympathy, old age, approaching death, and pettishness have all drawn tears from animals or at least driven them to a tearful state.

A flight of colds set out one day,
Great ugly throats, and flow away,
Across the hills and o'er the sea,
Determined vengeance thus to be.
But all at once these colds grew fewer,
Vanquished by Woods' Great Peppermint Cure,
And so they died, all one by one,
Their deadly work left all undone.

Like Mother, Like Son.

(By MRS. EDITH E. CUTHELL, Author of "A Fearful Flight.")

Roy, the old retriever, opened half an eye and growled: Patch, the pointer, sprang up half asleep and pointed. Trim, the terrier, cocked his head on one side and yapped interrogatively, "Who on earth are you?"

"What do you want?" asked Patch. "Stop that row, kids, and don't disturb me," grumbled Roy.

For, with a rush and tumble, their entrance hastened by a push behind from Carey the keeper, came bundling, suddenly and hurriedly, two fat and active puppies, into the kennel at the Homo Farm.

"Foreigners," criticised Trim, taking their measure with its black eyes. "Not sportsmen, I'll be bound, remarked Patch and Roy.

The puppies sat down on their haunches and surveyed their new home solemnly. "I'm Brother Bernard," said one.

"And I'm Sister Charite," echoed the other.

"And we've come such a long way," they said, both together. "We've been days in that horrid and stuffy basket, and the world's been going up and down, and jolting and banging, and whistling and puffing—oh! it is nice to be able to stretch one's legs!" With which they scampered round the yard, scrambling over the prostrate Roy, jostling Patch, till they fell one over the other and landed in a corner on their backs and out of breath.

The occupants of the kennel all heaved a sigh.

"What an awful couple of kids! Why on earth have you come here?"

Would you, too, like to know? Well, then, this is the story.

It was on a dull day, with a lowering sky, a few months back, that the Squire, molting back from Italy, homeward bound, thought he would attempt the pass of the great St. Bernard, which leads into Switzerland. He had been well-advised had he lingered on the south side of the Alps till the weather looked more promising. For the storm burst ere the car was half-way up. The flakes fell thicker and faster every yard they went, and the road grew deeper in snow. Slower and more laboured drove the car. Denser grew the air, more and more difficult was it to steer the way.

Then suddenly, before the occupants had time to think, there came a jolt, a lurch, the car turned slowly on one side, and down—down—down—over the edge of the precipice. And with a bang some of the machinery exploded.

Up on the summit of the pass, at the Hospice of the good monks of St. Bernard, a lay-brother at the porter's lodge looked out into the night.

"Misericorde! what a storm! And so sudden! If but mercifully it do not catch unawares some poor travellers tempted by the spring season to cross the pass! I will loose the dogs."

For centuries the good monks have kept this breed of huge and sturdy mastiffs, generations of training and practice have taught these wonderfully sagacious dogs to seek and find and succour travellers lost in the snow. But it was surely the first time in the annals of the race that one of them had brought help to the victims of a motor-car smash! The strange form lying overturned in the snow, the stranger smell that pervaded it, made even Charite, the oldest, wisest, and most experienced of all the dogs of the Hospice, pause in her search and sniff suspiciously. But she soon went on with her duty. Scratching here in the snow, smelling there, sniffing in tracks, nosing heaps and hollows, she suddenly stopped short, and began to dig furiously with her great paws. Charite's nose had told her true, as it always did. Ere long she had scurried up the snow and uncovered the Squire's head. He lay motionless, and the blood oozed slowly from a cut. Charite waited. The next move she expected from those she found was that they should notice the flask of brandy she wore hanging round her neck and restore themselves with a drink from it. But the Squire made no sign. So Charite went on with her work of mercy.

"Boo-oo! Boo-oo! Boo-oo!" Deep and resounding, like the tone of a church bell, her baying rang over the mountain-side through the frozen midnight air.

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