

boys, then tell me what you think of it. So," continued Mrs Lanberry, "I thought if we were to send the invitations out this week we could have the dance on Eddie's birthday. Now tell me: what you think of it."

"I think," said Tom—"Eddie first, Tom, as it's to be his dance."

"This is my opinion, then," said Eddie. "Have the dance the time you mentioned, and we can ask Mr Abbe (their tutor) if he knows any nice lads, as we don't know very many ourselves."

"A very good idea," interrupted their mother.

"Then," continued Eddie, "we could have a good tuck in about ten o'clock and keep the thing going till twelve." "Splendid! Splendid!" cried both Mrs Lanberry and his brother.

"You go on now," said Eddie. Tom did not answer for a little. He was thinking if he won the prize he could give Eddie the set of Dickens and Thackeray (for he knew Eddie was wanting them as much as himself, and he also knew that his brother would lend him the books if he wanted them.)

"I think what Eddie said would be very nice indeed," said Tom aloud. "Well, that is settled," said their mother, smiling.

"We can both write the invitations. Can't we, mother?" said Eddie "When can we start?"

"I think you could to-morrow, as it is Saturday, and you will be having no lessons."

The next day turned out to be a lovely bright one, so with Mrs Lanberry's permission the boys had dinner on the lawn. After dinner they went into their mother's boudoir to write the invitations.

"What shall we put?" said Tom.

"Oh," said their mother, "put 'Masters Tom and Eddie Lanberry request the pleasure of so-and-so's company on July 24th. Then at the end, in a corner of the paper, put 'Dancing.'"

The next Monday saw little pink and blue envelopes flying all over the town. The children could hardly wait for the time to come. At lessons poor Mr Abbe must have had a lot of patience to endure what he did with the boys. He was constantly finding them passing notes to one another, and when he made them give them up, he would always read something connected with the "Dance." It seemed to the boys that that Wednesday would never come. But at last it came round. Mrs Lanberry gave the boys a holiday, for she knew they would not do any lessons. I forgot to mention that Monday morning was the day for Tom to go and see if he had won the prize for the story. Directly after breakfast he tore down to the office to see if he had won it, and sure enough, when he got there, on a table was an envelope addressed to him, and, as you will see, it was the precious money. After he had carried it safely home he told his mother all about it, and she was delighted. That afternoon Tom and his mother went to town to buy Eddie's presents. And what should he buy with the money he had won? Dickens' and Thackeray's works.

Returning to Wednesday: Directly Eddie awoke Tom carried the precious books over to his bed, wishing him "Very many returns of the day." Eddie was delighted. He got a great many presents, but it would take me too long to tell you about them. The dance went off splendidly, and all the children admired the presents very much. They did not stop dancing and playing till nearly twelve o'clock. But what they admired most of all was Tom's books, got through his unselfishness.

Sylvia and Her Little Pig.

ABOUT A LITTLE GIRL WHO ALMOST GOT RUN OVER.

It was not a real live pig, but a little toy one that she loved dearly; and it had gone to bed so often with her, and been so kissed and hugged, that even its ears and its tail had gone entirely; but that didn't make the least difference to its mistress.

Wherever Sylvia went the pig went too, whether it had an invitation or not. And it always had its place at tea and dinner, and a yellow wooden saucer to eat out of.

"Lend us your pig, Sylvia," the other children used to say. "We want to start a farmyard, and your piggie will just do to go in our empty stable."

But though Sylvia would lend any

thing she had to the boys, she hugged the pig, and began to cry.

"Not my pig!" And she ran and hid her face in mother's dress, and was so unhappy that the boys could not tease her any more.

"Let's go and play on the parade-ground, mother dear?" the nursery party clamoured one day. "We want to gather grass for the rabbits; and we will take Sylvia in her cart, because nurse has a headache."

"You can go if you promise not to get into mischief."

"Oh, father is going down to look at his battery driving the guns, and he will look after us. And don't be afraid, mother dear, we won't go near the horses."

"Very well; and I will come out by and by; but you must go with Jane to look after you. I can't let you go alone."

"Jane's no use—" the boys began. But a visitor came to call on mother, and she had to leave the schoolroom, and didn't wait to hear more. "We might as well go alone!" the boys grumbled. "Jane always has a book, and never looks after you at all."

But it would be better than not going. So Jane put on her hat and went with them. She was the housemaid, and not a favourite with the children; but they were much too polite to tell her so.

"She has a book. I can see it in her pocket," Claude whispered to Maurice. "Well, we can't help that, only we must look much sharper after Sylvia, or she will be getting into all kinds of mischief."

And they meant every word they said; but a white butterfly started up from the grass, and they were away over the parade ground after him, without a second thought of anything else.

"Now, Miss Sylvia, you are to stop

by me. We will sit here, and then the nasty guns won't come near to us."

So a shawl was spread under the shade of a tree, far away from where the artillery guns and horses were, and Jane played at houses with Sylvia. But she didn't care about little children, and Sylvia, who wasn't two yet, didn't like her. So by and by the book came out, and Jane was soon deep in its thrilling adventures, while Sylvia sat at her feet with the pig in her hand.

How golden the buttercups were out there in the sunshine! And how the pig would love to see them! So up Sylvia got, and walked slowly towards the patch of gold. But Jane was too deep in her book to see anything.

And when the buttercups were gathered, there were tiny daisies and butterflies beyond, so Sylvia and the pig strayed far away.

"Left wheel!" shouted the sergeant. And the guns and the horses galloped over the grass, turned, and came back again. And then once more he shouted: "Left wheel!" And the horses and the guns came galloping over the grass.

Sylvia had strayed by this time into the middle of the ground, and sat on the grass, holding up her pig to see the pretty horses.

Nearer and nearer they dashed, when the sergeant caught sight of a pink frock and a sun-bonnet just in front of the flying hoofs. And then his voice rang out above the rattle of the guns:

"Right wheel!" And the teams turned sharp, and galloped back again.

But Sylvia was only twenty feet away when they turned, and the sergeant, with a very white face, ran forward and picked her up in his arms, and took her back to the now weeping Jane.

And father galloped up on his horse and kissed her, and carried her off to the house. And the boys never could understand why Jane left the next day; but they were never tired of looking at the gold watch that father gave the sergeant, or of hearing how he saved Sylvia's life.

How Hawaiian Boys Earn Pennies.

The first thing that a Hawaiian baby learns, after it has mastered the art of walking, is how to swim. Just as soon as a Hawaiian boy can steady himself on his feet, he is led into the water to paddle up to his neck. And just as soon as he can take a step, he is carried by his father into deep water and is told to kick and splash until he feels perfectly at home in the water.

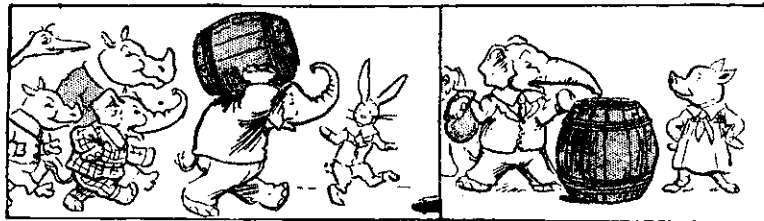
By the time a Hawaiian boy is three years old he can swim "like a fish," as the saying is. And when he has reached the age of ten years, he not only swims but dives, also, and goes long distances under water.

Little boys, elsewhere, often earn pennies and dimes by doing tricks or dancing. But the Hawaiian boys pick up their spending money by diving far under water to get the shining pieces which are thrown out by visitors who love to watch the antics of these little natives when in the water.

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JUNGLE JINKS.

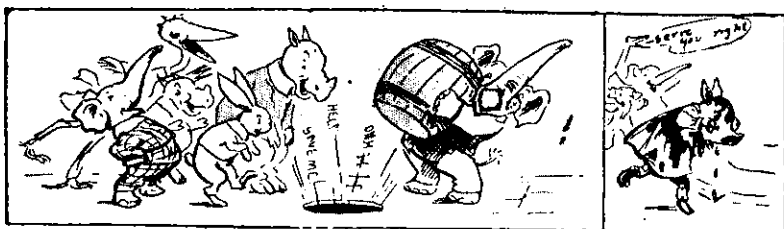
Piggedy Porker Has a Bad Day.



1. Piggedy Porker, from the farmyard, had been telling tales to Dr. Lion, and the Jungle boys were awfully mad about it. "I'll pay that young sneak out!" exclaimed Jumbo one afternoon. "Come along, you fellows, and see me have some fun with him." "What are you going to do?" inquired Rhino; "put him in the barrel?" "Ah! you must come and see for yourself," replied the elephant. And off they all trotted to a street where they knew they should meet Piggedy coming home from school.



2. Arriving at the spot, Jumbo put his barrel in the middle of the pavement. Presently young Porker appeared on the scene. He looked rather frightened when he saw the crowd of boys, but when Jumbo told him they had only been having a little fun, trying to jump into the barrel without knocking it over, he looked relieved. "Look here, Porker," said Jumbo, in a friendly tone, "if you can jump into the barrel without touching it with your hands I'll give you this big bag of toffee." Piggedy's eyes sparkled with delight. "Right you are," he said; "I'll do it easily." And, taking a few steps backwards, he ran forward and leapt into the air.



3. It was a splendid jump! He went right into the tub without touching it; but you should have heard him squeal when he found that there was no bottom to the tub! Jumbo had placed the barrel just over a coal-cellar, taking care to remove the iron lid in the pavement. "Help! Save me! Oh, help!" screamed Piggedy; but the boys roared with laughter at his sorry plight, and when at last he managed to scramble out of the hole he was so black with coal that his own mother wouldn't have known him. Porker won't tell tales again in a hurry.