

eye caught the glitter of arms in the distance; and he knew at once that the King of Etruria, who had threatened to make war upon the Roman Republic, was about to put his threat into execution. Without a moment's loss of time, he set off at the top of his speed toward the great city, to warn its inhabitants of their impending danger, and bid them prepare for the coming foe.

Lithe and active, the little brown mountaineer went bounding down the slopes, and across the wide marshy plain, bestrewn with huge fragments of rock, and intersected by sluggish streams and reedy morasses, amid which the red-eyed buffaloes lurked. On he sped as fast as his sinewy legs would carry him. But he had a long way to go; the sun was scorching; there was no pleasant shade of leafy trees to shelter him from its fierce glare, nor any clear, cool water to refresh him; for all about was unfit to drink, being brackish and muddy. His limbs were ready to sink under him, his thirst almost intolerable; yet the boy's courage did not fail; he kept bravely on, and at length entered the city gate, through which he passed, and ascended the hill to the Capitol, where the Senate of the Republic held its sittings. He was just able to whisper the fatal news; then he sank down, exhausted, complaining of a sharp pain in his foot. A large thorn had penetrated very deeply beneath the skin. It was necessary that this should be extracted, and, through suffering and loss of blood, the brave little fellow died under the operation, without uttering a sigh.

Grateful for so noble a deed of devotion to his country, the Senate decreed that thenceforth all their gate-keepers should come from Vitrochiano, the boy's native village, and that they should be called *Fidele*—the faithful. In the beautiful city of Florence there is a marble statue of this lad of Vitrochiano, and the story of his devotion is known to every Italian school-boy.—*Ave Maria*.

AN INFANT PRODIGY

A professor of a certain college, who has greatly endeared himself to the students on account of his kind-heartedness, has one particular failing—absent-mindedness.

He visited his married nephew a few days ago, and had listened to the young wife's praise of her first-born. The gentleman felt that he must say something to give the impression that he was interested.

'Can the dear little fellow walk?' he inquired quietly.

'Walk!' the mother cried indignantly. 'Why, he has been walking for five months.'

'Dear me!' the professor exclaimed, lapsing again into abstraction; 'what a long way he must have got!'

TWO DEADHEADS

An innocent-looking little boy whispered to an inspector as he boarded a tramcar in Manners street, Wellington, that there were two men travelling in the car, and that neither of them had a ticket.

The inspector, pleased that he had found the conductor neglecting his duty, hurried off and made a thorough inspection, without finding the deadheads. Then seeing his informer standing near the steps and about to alight, he said: 'Where are the two men you say had no tickets?'

'The driver and the conductor,' shouted the boy, as he jumped off the car and vanished down Cuba street.

WEARING OUT THE PIANO

'What's all that racket about in the parlor?' asked the father.

'Why, that's Mary and Jane playing a duet on the piano,' explained mother.

'Both of 'em playing at once?'

'Yes; it's a duet.'

'Well, can't they wear out the piano fast enough playing one at a time?'

RESPECT FOR OLD AGE

Pedantic Old Gentleman (to restaurant waiter): 'I believe it is improper to speak disrespectfully of one's elders?'

Restaurant Waiter: 'So I've heard, sir.'

Pedantic Old Gentleman: 'Then I will be silent concerning this fowl you have just brought me.'

IF LIVING

An applicant for life insurance wrote under the headings, 'Age of father, if living' and 'Age of mother, if living,' severally 112 and 120.

'Surely,' said the Secretary of the Company, as he read these phenomenal figures, 'your parents were not so old, were they?'

'No,' was the answer; 'but they would be if living.'

HIS OWN PHYSICIAN

An announcement in a provincial journal ran:

'The lecture on "How to be always healthy" announced this evening cannot be delivered, owing to the fact that the lecturer is confined to his bed with a severe attack of gout.'

ALL THE DIFFERENCE

Little Willie: 'What is the difference between a close friend and a dear friend?'

Pa: 'A close friend, my son, is one who will not lend you any money, while a dear friend is one who borrows all you will stand for.'

RELIQS OF A LOST RACE

'Oh, yes,' Mrs. Smith told us, 'my husband is an enthusiastic archaeologist. And I never knew it till yesterday. I found in his desk some queer-looking tickets, with the inscriptions, "Mudhorse, 8 to 1." And when I asked him what they were, he explained to me that they were relics of a lost race. Isn't it interesting?'

FAMILY FUN

Word-making Game.—Few or many may be the players in this game, and as it is instructive as well as most interesting, it is a capital one for either children or grown folks. Each player must be provided with a pencil and paper, and a word in which two or three vowels occur must be chosen. Then the players set to work to make as many words as they can from the letters forming the word they have chosen. Before beginning a certain time must be agreed upon, at the conclusion of which the words are read aloud, the winner being, of course, the one who has succeeded in making the largest number of words.

A MIDNIGHT 'BARK.'

One night recently, just as the members of a South Island chemist's household had retired, someone—a visitor—was suddenly seized with a violent fit of coughing. It was a dry, 'nagging' cough at first, that tickled the throat and irritated the chest, but it gradually grew worse, and by midnight had developed into a veritable 'bark.' The coughing was incessant, everyone was kept awake, and at length the chemist in dismay went downstairs to his shop and got a bottle of cough cure which he took up to the coughing visitor. The visitor took one dose. The coughing ceased immediately. In the morning the visitor asked the chemist 'What was that remarkable stuff you gave me for my cough last night? It stopped my cough like magic!'

'That was Baxter's Lung Preserver, the best Cough Cure I have in the shop,' replied the chemist. 'It's a sure cure for all throat and lung affections, and is famous because it cures quickly. I always use it myself, and have never known it to fail.'

'1/10 the large-sized bottle at chemists and stores,' smiled the visitor, 'I've read a lot about Baxter's—and now I know.'