

youth is passed, get in him steady nerves and clear vision. And so forever ever after he is more ready for a struggle, his courage lasts longer, he works harder, he perseveres more persistently because his playground has been the open fields, and not the petty boundaries of a city square.

So that when one day the youth from the country appears on the streets of a great metropolis where he is determined to carve out for himself a path in life, his muscles are strong, his heart sound, and his will iron. The city boy may smile at his clumsy gait and bashful ways, but in a very short time the boy from the country by the strength of his untrammelled spirit and the freshness of vigor within him, goes straight on his way to splendid success, leaving those who smiled at his accent and shyness far behind him in the race.

'Look over the names of the most successful merchants, bankers, and lawyers in all the great cities. The great majority of them were country boys. The shy little man of yesterday, apparently so timid and awkward and self-conscious, is the prosperous merchant of to-morrow. The little chap who with queer clothes and clumsy boots a few years ago entered the great city without much else than the sturdiness which the country had given him, has become the great leader in many walks of life.

'And were it not for this continual influx of the simple character, straight and strong, from the hills and fields, the very prosperity of our great centres would suffer enormous diminution.'

FAITHFUL BASIL

Avis is a little girl whose home is in the great city of London (says *Our Animal Friends*). Every morning she goes to school in charge of her great St. Bernard dog, Basil, who walks proudly at her side, waving his bushy tail majestically, and never deigning to glance at the little street curs, who express their opinion of his state by short barks of derision. A crowded thoroughfare has to be crossed each day, and Avis has taught Basil to run ahead a few steps and bark loudly at the policeman, whose duty it is to stop all traffic until the foot passengers are safely over.

One morning Avis awoke with a sore throat, and her mother would not allow her to go to school. But Basil, whose throat was not sore, saw no reason why he should be deprived of his usual morning walk; and at the accustomed hour he slipped quietly away. With his usual grand air he walked down the street until he came to the crossing.

The policeman stood in the middle of the road, which was packed with omnibuses, hacks, and hansoms. At the sound of his familiar bark he held up his baton, and immediately the crowded 'buses and the other vehicles were drawn up solidly in line.

In response to the wave of his hand, who should step out on the crossing but Basil? He made his way deliberately across to the opposite sidewalk, apparently quite unaware that he was doing a most unusual thing for a dog, while the omnibus drivers burst into a hearty laugh as they realised how, unconsciously, the knowing dog had tricked them all.

NEVER IN THE SAME FIELD

An Anglican bishop was reproving one of the clergy for his interest in hunting. 'It is unfortunate,' he said gravely, 'that your name should appear in connection with the sport—most unfortunate!'

The clergyman ventured to ask whether the bishop considered hunting worse than attending balls.

'I know to what you refer,' said the bishop, with a slight accession of color, 'but I wish you to understand that, although my name appeared as that of a guest at Lady Frampton's ball, I was never in the same room with the dancers.'

'And that,' said the clergyman quickly, 'is exactly my position; I am never in the same field with the hounds.'

THE OTHER FELLOW

Pat was in the museum looking at a copy of the 'Winged Victory.'

'And what may ye call that?' he asked an attendant.

'That is a statue of Victory, sir,' was the answer.

Pat surveyed the headless and armless statue with renewed interest.

'Victory, is it?' he said. 'Then, begor, I'd like to see the other fellow.'

DIDN'T KNOW HER AGE

Emily Edson Briggs, once famous as a newspaper correspondent, was a witness in a will case, and had listened with interest to the badgering of the witness by one of the lawyers, particularly his insistence that they should testify only to what they knew of their own knowledge. Finally she was called to the stand, and this same lawyer questioned her. She cheerfully answered the preliminary questions as to her name, residence, and profession; but when asked her age she said:

'I do not know.'

'What! You do not know your age?' inquired the attorney.

'No, sir, I do not know.'

'Do you know when you were born?'

'No, sir,' she replied. 'I have only hearsay evidence on that subject.'

FAMILIAR FICTION

The girl who is a dream of loveliness when she is drying her hair in the sun.

The blacksmith's daughter in the country village who reads Latin, Greek, and Hebrew.

The beautiful little governess who wins the young lord's heart.

The poverty-stricken maiden who, gowned in simple white muslin and a blue sash, outshines her better-dressed sisters and is the belle of the ball.

The girl whose wind-blown tresses fall in a golden shower about her alabaster neck when she takes a canter on her spirited bay.

The proud beauty who scorns the attention of the humble young artist, and learns too late that he is a man of fame.

The untutored maiden with the voice of a nightingale who brings the whole audience to her feet on her first appearance.

The heiress who wanders about disguised as a poor girl and falls in love with the fisherman's son.

FAMILY FUN

A Puzzling Illusion.—A very puzzling illusion may be presented in this manner. Procure a piece of thin board of soft wood, say pine. It would be a foot and a half in length and a couple of inches wide. Place it upon an ordinary kitchen table, allowing the end to protrude half its length almost beyond the edge of the table. Now place a newspaper upon the table, covering the board to the edge, and smooth it out carefully, being sure that the paper is in perfect contact with the board as well as with the table. Then announce to the company assembled that, with no other fastening upon the board than the sheet of newspaper, you propose to strike the end of the board hard enough to break it, or at least to tilt the table. It will appear impossible. Everyone will imagine that the newspaper will be torn in two as soon as the end of the board is struck, but this will not occur. Strike it a smart, sharp blow with the hand or an instrument, and the board will either break off or tilt the table and remain fast to it, just as if it had been nailed fast. The explanation is simple. When the blow is struck there is a tendency to tilt the end of the board upon the table, but the air having been pressed out from under the paper, a semi-vacuum has been created, and the compression of air upon the outer side of the paper holds the board fast.