BY HANS GOEBEL.

A funny name for a cat, was it not? But she came by it in this way. Farmer Clifford had a dear little girl named Nellie who thought "periwinkle" was the prettiest name of anything that grew in their oldfashioned garden, which was full of roses, and pinks, and holyhocks, and bachelors' buttons, and sweet William, and hearts-ease, and forget-me-nots, and all sorts of sweetscented flowering herbs. And so when her father brought home a cunning little Maltese pussy-cat for her "very own" she immediately gave it the favorite name from that dear old-fashioned garden. Now, "periwinkle" was rather a big name for such a little kitten, and so at mamma's suggestion it was shortened to Winkle.

Farmer Clifford lived away back in the country, and was not a rich man, so they all had to be very saving and careful in everything. His little Nellie did not have as many playthings and pets as some other children, and Winkle was prized accordingly. But you must not think she was any less happy than the happiest of my little readers, for she was as joyous and lighthearted as a bird from morning till night.

In the summer she went with the boys to bring home the cows, and picked strawberries, or raspberries, or blackberries in her bright tin pail. And sometimes she would take off her shoes and stockings and wade in the cool brook. In the winter what fun it was to build snow men and forts, or huts such as were in the boys' geography, and play Esquimaux in them. And on the stormy days papa played cat's cradle with her or helped her to read and spell. Nellie loved her home and free country life but thought that if she only had a dear little kitten to love and cuddle and play with, she would be perfectly happy. So one day when farmer Clifford was coming home from the distant market and saw a deserted little Maltese kitten piteously meowing in the road, he got out of his wagon and picking up the poor half-frozen thing, put it in the pocket of his great coat and carried it home safe and warm.

O dear, if you only could have seen the sport that kitten created for Nellie. She wondered she had not felt lonesome without it. It made enough fun for two or three houses. Why, it understood more games than a city cat could even imagine. There was tip-over-the-basket play, and tangle-up-the-thread play, and roll-a-ball-ofyarn play, and hide and seek around the broom, and turning summersaults, and chasing its tail, and after a while it learned to run up Mother Clifford's back and sit on her shoulder. And indeed they all agreed, with its little mistress Nellie, that Winkle was "the darlingest, playfulest, cunningest kitten" ever known.

As she grew older, however, she learned many naughty tricks that spoiled all her beauty and playfulness and finally ruined her, causing much sorrow and anxiety to loving little Nellie who had built so many air castles for herself and Winkle.

WINKLE'S SINS.

One morning when Mother Clifford opened the door of her dairy she started back with an exclamation of surprise and displeasure, for there, right in front of her, was a large pan of milk with the cream licked off the top. Such a thing had never happened in that dairy before. Who had done it?

"That must be Winkle," said the farmer. "O, no," said Nellie; "Winkle is good. She would not do such a thing, would she mother?" (You see in this home, away back in the country, the beautiful word mother had never been tortured into ma or mamma, as is the fashion in cities and towns.)

"I don't know, darling," was the reply. "I am afraid she is the culprit. I have noticed of late that she is inclined to be something of a thief."

Winkle a thief? What a horrible thought. Nellie could not believe it. There must be some mistake. And she took kitty up in her arms and petted her more than usual to make up to her for the suspicions of the family.

Before long, however, she was herself without further notice." convinced of pussy's guilt for the very next morning, as the milk-room door was opened, there was a sound of a splash, a struggle, a smothered "meow," and then a cat all covered with cream, the milk dropping from each paw and every hair of her now white fur, flew past them all and out of doors. Yes, there was no mistaking her this time. That half-drowned and much frightened thing was certainly Win-

This was Nellie's first grief—to have her beautiful cunning kitten, that she loved so a vast sheet of glass; suddenly the sail ap- depredations of sparrows at £770,094 a year; much, turn out a thief, all the brightness

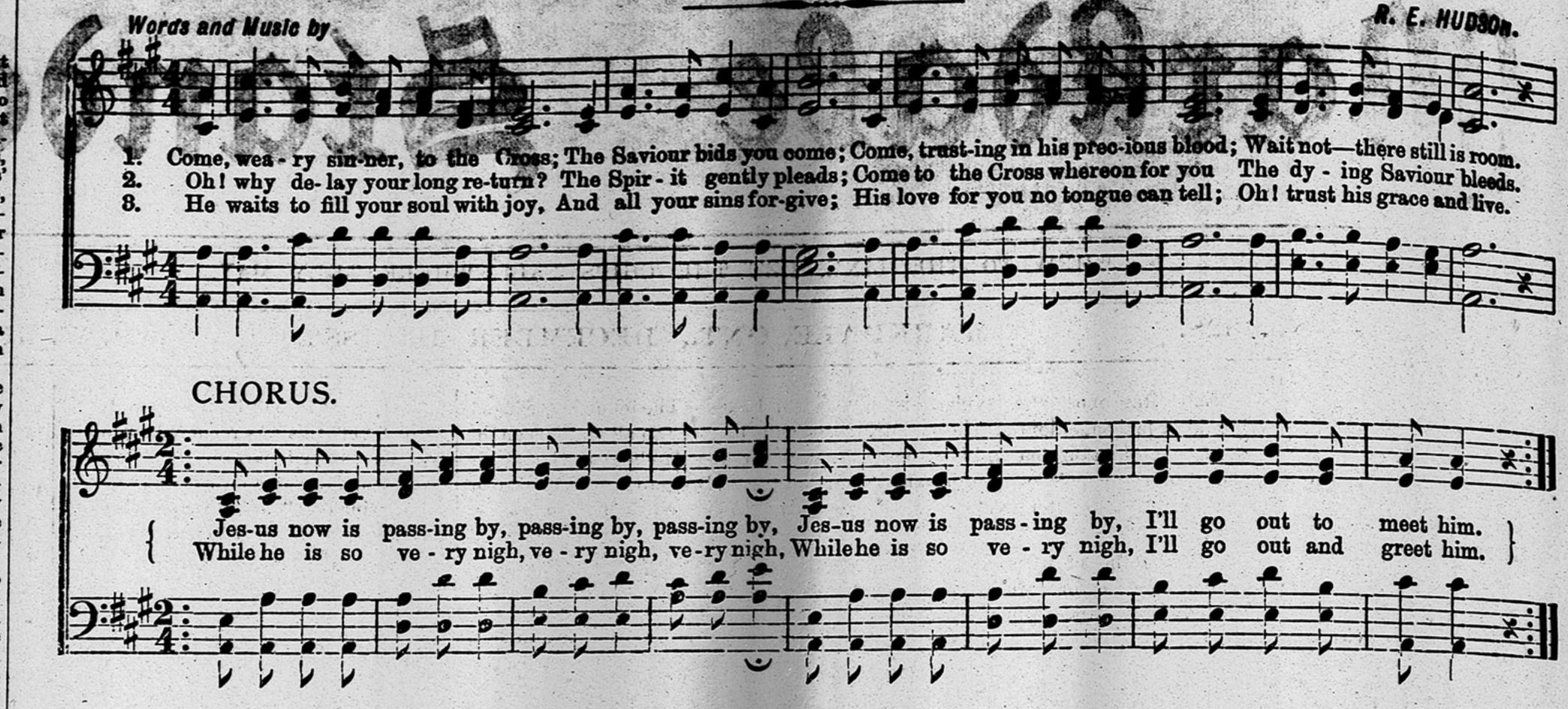
Bad habits and evil tendencies seem to grow very rapidly, after a first indulgence, even in cats. So it was with Winkle. She could not be trusted at all after that. If she found the table laid ready for dinner she was sure to jump up on it and eat anyin the yard and fields, and often brought veloped dorsal fin that was over ten feet and just now his power is such that he ing. And once when, after the winter killing, there had been some delicious headcheese made, that naughty cat stole into the pantry, though she had been well fed. and bit a piece out of every mould full of the nice meat.

Nellie's heart, all this time, was very sorrowful over these things, and very anxious tails and long sword-like snouts, capable of as to what would happen next.

At last the climax came. The farmer had one pet, a fine canary, which was a brilliant singer, and of which they all thought a great deal, and when Winkle found the pantry Ocean. doors closed against her and the dinner table and dairy closely guarded, she turned her covetous eyes on Dick. Poor Dick! The farmer, coming from the fields to tea with a handful of groundsel as a treat for his bird, found only an upset cage and a few green and yellow feathers. This was more than he could bear, and so he ordered the hired man to take the thief, and now murderer, and drown her in the creek.

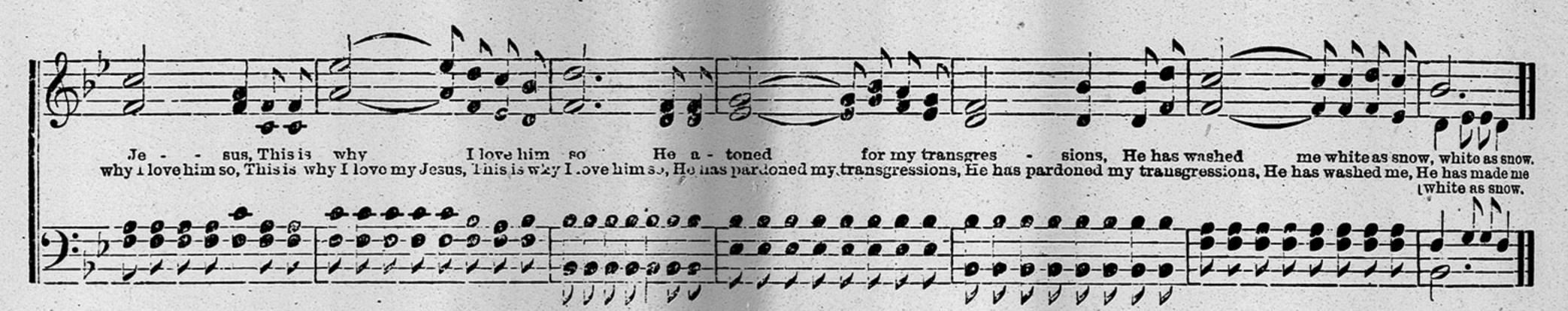


Luke 18: 37.



THIS IS WHY I LOVE MY JESUS.





Would you know why I love Jesus? Why he is so dear to me? 'Tis because the blood of Jesus Fully saves and cleanses me.

Would you know why I love Jesus? Why he is so dear to me? 'Tis because, amid temptations, He supports and strengthens me.

Would you know why I love Jesus? Why he is so dear to me? 'Tis because in every conflict Jesus gives me victory.

Would you know why I love Jesus? Why he is so dear to me? 'Tis because, my friend and Saviour He will ever, ever be.

plaint against that cat she will be killed

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

The Sailor-Fish. pear as if by magic. Many travellers had ence of our colonies and of the Americans heard with unbelief this strange tale; but confirm the facts beyond cavil. There is high, and was richly colored with blue and seems in a fair way to become here, as he aliridescent tints; and as the fish swam along ready has become in Australia, a factor in on or near the surface of the water, this politics. The Colorado beetle can never great fin naturally waved to and fro, so that, commit such ravages as the sparrow is cerfrom a distance, it could easily be mistaken tain to do wherever he is allowed to go on for a curious sail. Some of these fishes attain a length of over

twenty feet, and have large, crescent-shaped doing great damage.

In the Mediterranean Sea, a sword-fish is found that also has a high fin, but it does not equal the great sword-fish of the Indian

The church edifice at Shrewsbury, N. J., is 117 years old, and is built on the site of an old stone church erected over 200 years ago. A bible which was presented by Queen Ann is used in the service. The bible is printed in red and black inks, on thick paper, in quaint type.

Like all the most successful men in Wall- whose possessions while on or At this Nellie's grief burst forth, and she treet, Russell Sage never drinks during busi- have exceeded a lost of l "the next time there is any cause for com- thousands of dollars.

The English Sparrow.

English sparrows get a severe berating in virtue; a virtue of the heart, an offspring of a recent number of the London Academy, the soul, and if it springeth not thence, it is which says, "It is hard for a lover of birds not Charity. It is easy to be charitable to to approach the 'sparrow question.' Spar- those we love and know; our heart then rows are found to do more harm than snakes thaws at once into generous action, but to In the warmer waters of the Indian Ocean or tigers. Nature's thieves and vagabonds those we do not know and whom we therea strange mariner is found that has given they are. This is the verdict of every one fore think we are under no obligations to rise to many curious tales among the natives who investigates the matter. They drive of the coast thereabout. They tell of a won- away birds who do more good and little or North pole. All mankind are strangers derful sail often seen in the calm seasons no harm. For every noxious insect they de- and we know no other world than that preceding the terrible hurricanes that course stroy, they consume more corn than one which gathers round our own cheerful over those waters. Not a breath then dis likes to calculate. A Cheshire farmer, in- hearth,—our own burdened table. turbs the water, the sea rises and falls like deed, estimates the loss to England due to pears, glistening with rich purple and golden and this loss is on the increase. The care- There is a magic about its turkey, and seemed suddenly to have gone out of that hues and seemingly driven along by a mighty ful and long-continued experiments of Colo- mince pie, and plum pudding, which seems wind. On it comes, quivering and sparkling, nel Russell, in Essex, show that sparrows to put us in good humor with ourselves, as if bedecked with gems, but only to disap- do unmitigated mischief, and the experi- while at the same time, the holy graciousone day the phantom craft actually appear- really nothing to be said for the sparrow. us wish that our arms were long enough to ed to the crew of an Indian steamer, and as He carries destruction with him wherever throw around the world. It is then that it passed by under the stern of the vessel, he goes, and leaves devastation to mark his we suddenly discover the sweet satisfaction thing she could catch before some one drove the queer "sail" was seen to belong to a increase. From every point of view he that lies in Benevolence, that Charity, her down. Nothing was safe from her gigantic sword-fish, now know as the sailor- must be looked upon as the enemy of man. though it begins at home, need not end greediness. She would chase the birds out fish. The sail was really an enormously de- Either he must give way to us or we to him; there, and that it is not the rich alone that

Christmas Charity.

Charity is so closely linked with Christmas that no man is rich enough in the world's goods to know what the latter Heaven to lack the sense of Charity. The man who shuts his ear to the cry of Wretchedness and Want that wail at his very door, and dies leaving his wealth to found colleges and benevolent institutions, the world is pleased to call charitable; yet, on the Great Day of Reckoning before Him who sifts the actions and motives of all the world -before him who praised the widow's mite, -I would rather take the place of the man begged her father for the cat's life, promising that she would keep her out of doors and in the barn if only they would not kill her. This was granted.

"But mind you, Nellie," said her father, "But mi of colleges, nor hospitals, nor churches, nor age to keep his wigwam for him.

benevolent institutions, nor, indeed, in the bestowing of gifts and alms. It is a deeper love, it is apt to freeze up tighter than the

This state of affairs, however, cannot hold under the genial influence of Christmas. ness of the season, the recollection of Him who was all Charity, comes over us, making have power to give "the charities that soothe and heal and bless."

I have alluded above to the magic powers of the plum pudding. Everybody knows it to be a national Christmas delicacy of England, and everybody knows, too, that it has rather a firm hold in this country, notwithstanding that it may occasionally be crowded out by its second cousin the mince pie. Both dishes, however, have their enemies -and bitter ones, some of them-but these generally show up in the coward stomachs means, if he be poor enough in the goods of comprising the army of dyspeptics, and there seems to be no danger that the reputation of either of these Christmas cates will ever suffer in the estimation of the valiant stomach.

> "Yea, verily, the plum pudding is an institution and one not disposed to be crowded from the recallection by the turkey, nor the roast beef, nor any other preparatory

> dish that a dinner may be heir to. And now that the dear old time for enjoyment is near, let us prepare to receive it with bulging hearts, and in a manner worthy

Der Oak und der Vine.

I don'd vas preaching voman's righdts, Or anyding like dot, Und I likes to see all beoples Shust gondented mit deir lots; Budt I vants to gondradict dot shap Dot made dis leedle shoke : "A voman vas der glinging vine, Und man, der shturdy oak."

Berhaps, somedimes, dot may pe drue, Budt, den dimes oudt off nine, I find me oudt dot man himself Vas peen der glinging vine; Und ven hees frendts dhey all vas gone, Und he vas shust " tead proke," Dot's vhen der voman shteps righdt in, Und peen der shturdy oak.

Shust go oup to der pase-ball groundts Und see dhose "shturdy oaks" All planted roundt ubon der seats-Shust hear deir laughs und shokes! Dhen see dhose vomen at der tubs, Mit glothes oudt on der lines; Vhich vas der shturdy oaks, mine frendts, Und vhich der glinging vines?

Ven Sickness in der householdt comes, Und veeks und veeks he shtays' Who vas id fighdts him mitoudt resdt, Dhose veary nighdts und days? Who beace und gomfort alvays prings, Und cools dot fefered prow More like id vas der tender vine Dot oak he glings to, now.

"Man vand limit leedle here pelow," Der toet ven time said ; Dhere's let die det man he don'd vant, I dink id means, inshted; Und vhon der years keep rolling on, Dheir cares und droubles pringing, He vants to pe der shturdy oak, Und, also, do der glinging.

Maype, when oaks dhey gling some more, Und don'd so shturdy peen, Der glinging vines dhey haf some shance To helb run Life's masheen. In helt und sickness, shoy und pain, In calm or shtormy veddher, Tvas beddher dot dhose oaks und vines Should alvays gling togeddher

A Cure for Diphtheria.

Mr. Delthil, of Paris, has become famous for his success in the cure of this disease. Large flat dishes, filled with spirits of turpentine, are placed in different parts of the room; sponges wet with it are placed at each side of the patient's head, and it is even used to swab the throat. Mr. Delthil claims for his treatment sixty recoveries out of sixty-three cases, where it was instituted Bitting Bull has five wives. They man- and carried out from the beginning of the disease.

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