

YOUNG FOLKS.

WINKLE.

BY HANS SOBEL.

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 old-fashioned garden...

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.

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.

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.

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.

"That must be Winkle," said the farmer. "O, no," said Nellie; "Winkle is good. She would not do such a thing, would she mother?"

"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 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 dripping from each paw and every hair of her now white fur, flew past them all and out of doors.

This was Nellie's first grief—to have her beautiful cunning kitten, that she loved so much, turn out a thief, all the brightness seemed suddenly to have gone out of that summer day.

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 anything she could catch before some one drove her down.

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 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 grouse as a treat for his bird, found only an upset cage and a few green and yellow feathers.

At this Nellie's grief burst forth, and she 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, "the next time there is any cause for complaint against that cat she will be killed without further notice."

Words and Music by

JESUS NOW IS PASSING BY.

Luks 18: 37.

R. E. HUDSON.

Musical score for 'Jesus Now is Passing By' with lyrics: 1. Come, we - ry sin - ner, to the Cross; The Saviour bids you come; Come, trust - ing in his pre - cious blood; Wait not—there still is room.

CHORUS.

Chorus musical score with lyrics: Jes - us now is pass - ing by, pass - ing by, pass - ing by, Jes - us now is pass - ing by, I'll go out to meet him.

THIS IS WHY I LOVE MY JESUS.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1st time musical score for 'This is Why I Love My Jesus' with lyrics: 1. Would you know why I love Je - sus? Why he is so dear to me? From my sins has ran - somed me.

2nd time musical score for 'This is Why I Love My Jesus' with lyrics: Je - sus, This is why I love him so He a - toned for my transgres - sions, He has washed me white as snow.

2. 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.

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

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

5. 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 without further notice." (CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

The Sailor-Fish.

In the warmer waters of the Indian Ocean a strange mariner is found that has given rise to many curious tales among the natives of the coast thereabout. They tell of a wonderful sail often seen in the calm seasons preceding the terrible hurricanes that course over those waters.

The English Sparrow.

English sparrows get a severe berating in a recent number of the London Academy, which says, "It is hard for a lover of birds to approach the 'sparrow question.' Sparrows are found to do more harm than snakes or tigers. Nature's thieves and vagabonds they are. This is the verdict of every one who investigates the matter.

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 means, if he be poor enough in the goods of Heaven to lack the sense of Charity.

Der Oak und der Vine.

I don't say preaching voman's rights, Or anything like dot, Und I likes to see all beoples Shust gondenit mit der loir; Budt I vants to der glinging vine, Dot made dis leedle shoke; 'A voman vas der glinging vine, Und man, der shirty oak.'

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 ever used to swab the throat.