

for the crow it would have been. The crow, as soon as the flames spread, flew up the chimney, and, perching on the roof, set up such a yelling as only a crow can give when so disposed. This unusual noise was heard by the neighbors, and they went out to see what was the occasion of it. Flames were then bursting from the windows, but the crow kept his place on the roof, yelling furiously. The children were rescued just in time, they having run into the kitchen, where they were found huddled together. But for the timely warning given by the crow, though, they would have perished in the flames, as the fire was so far advanced that the house was soon consumed.

A story even more remarkable is told by an Ohio farmer. 'I had,' he said, 'two tame crows once, and while they were most amusing pets, they, after a while became such incorrigible thieves that I saw we must get rid of them. They stole anything and everything they could get hold of, including money and jewellery. One article they purloined was a gold watch belonging to a young woman who was visiting at our house, and they lugged it away somewhere and hid it where it could not be found. It was that theft that decided me to get rid of the crows, and one exceedingly dark night I took them off their roost, put them into a feed bag and drove with them nearly ten miles to a piece of woods, where I dumped them out of the bag and drove on, returning home by a circuitous route, for fear the cunning birds might hear the sound of the waggon if I turned around at the spot where I released them and went back the road I had come. I might have saved all the trouble, for the next day one of the crows came flying leisurely into the yard, perched itself on the railing of the back porch, where I was at work, and gave me the most outrageous doing ever imaginable. I was glad I couldn't understand crow talk, for I am sure I would not have been complimented by what that crow said. After it got through giving its opinion of me the crow busied itself about the premises as usual. In an hour or so the other crow came back. Those two incorrigibles jabbered together in the most earnest manner for several minutes, and then seemed to have come to some understanding, for they flew away toward a wood lot at the back of the farm. I hated to do it, but I made up my mind to make away with those crows that very night if they came back again. I went to the barn to think up how I would do it, and was there some time. When I returned to the house my wife met me with a curious expression on her face. The crows had got back and were strutting sedately about the yard.

"What do you think?" said my wife. "Those crows must have brought Mary's watch back, for she found it a minute ago on her bureau, just where they took it from."

"And so they had. I didn't make way with the crows that night, nor I didn't have to make way with them at all, for from that day, as long as they lived, those crows never stole another thing. Did they know and appreciate the fact that I had made an effort to turn them adrift from a comfortable home because of their thievery, and therefore came back to restore the watch they had purloined and hid away, and with a determination to reform? There isn't a particle of doubt in my mind that they did."

#### THE VOWEL GAME.

'Now,' said Charlie, when everybody was gathered around the table, 'let's play the vowel game father told us he used to play when he was a boy.'

'How do you play it?' asked everyone at once.

'It's very easy,' replied Charlie, distributing pencils and paper among the family group. 'You take the five regular vowels—*a, e, i, o, u*—and, beginning with the first letter, each player writes as long a sentence as he can, using no vowel except '*a*' in any word, but repeating that letter as often as he wishes.'

'I don't quite understand,' said Cousin Lucy. 'Please give us an example.'

'You'll have to give me a few minutes' grace, then,' laughed Charlie, taking his pencil and paper.

'Suppose I take '*a*.' He wrote industriously for a few minutes, and then read the result aloud:

'Ah, madam, Frank Farns, a tall, tasty, black man at Panama, has a cat that can catch all bad ants rats, and bats at Nathan's pantry and barn.'

'Bravo!' cried uncles and aunts, as Charlie finished reading the queer sentence.

'You see,' continued Charlie, 'you may give the players five minutes, or any time you agree on beforehand, to make up the sentence. When the time is up, the sentences are read, and the one having the longest sentence of good, plain, common-place English has gained the first point. You go on this way for each of the five vowels, and when all the sentences are read and compared, the person who has gained the most points wins the game.'

#### ENABLES THE DOCTOR TO LIVE.

Admiral Dewey, on being complimented on his superb health, smiled and said:

'I attribute my good condition to plenty of exercise, and no banquets. One-third of what we eat, you know, enables us to live.'

'In that case,' said his friend, jestingly, 'what becomes of the other two-thirds?'

'Oh,' said the Admiral, 'that enables the doctor to live.'

#### A MODERN HINDU.

Sir Pertab Singh, an Indian prince now in his seventieth year, has left India to fight with the Allies. Mr. Coningsby Dawson, the well-known English writer, tells the following anecdote of the prince in a recent London dispatch:

A young English lieutenant had died of cholera in his palace. The boy was the son of an English friend. When the body had to be carried out to be placed on a gun carriage, Sir Pertab Singh went forward to lift it up. Before he touched it, he was stopped by some English officers. They reminded him that, by his religion, were he to touch the dead, he would lose all his caste, and perhaps, despite his wealth, never be able to buy it back. They advised him to send for the sweepers, who are outcasts. In spite of their protests, he picked up the body and carried it down the palace steps to the gun carriage.

A gasp went up at the sight: every one of his subjects knew what he had done. The next morning, when he arose, five hundred Brahmin priests were waiting in the courtyard. He came out, a proud figure, to face them. He knew what they had come for—to make him the lowest thing in India, a man without caste. He asked them what was their errand, and they told him. They had come to make him of as little account as the humblest sweeper in his palace.

Sir Pertab Singh laughed. 'I belong,' he said, 'to a higher caste than any of you have ever dreamed of, and you can't take it from me: you're welcome to all the rest. I belong to the same caste as the dead son of my friend—the caste of a soldier.'

With that, he walked back into his palace, and the Brahmin priests went away one by one, ashamed and puzzled.

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