

A SAGACIOUS CALF.

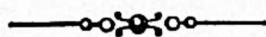
came to ask me for another. "Mother," she said, "have you a worsted-needle?" — "No, Lucy, I have no more." — "Well, have you any '*fives to tens*'?"

Then I got my needle-book, and showed Lucy that the "fives to tens" have such little eyes, that the coarse worsted will not go through them.

Lucy is learning her letters out of the newspapers and the Bible. She finds the large letters at the beginnings of the different chapters in the Bible. She knows I and O and L and W. Do you know as many?

The other day I was rocking her little baby-brother, and singing "By-o-by." Lucy said, "What shall I buy?" Was not that a funny little joke of hers?

LUCY'S MOTHER.



A SAGACIOUS CALF.

OF course, most children have been told about sagacious dogs and horses; but have they ever heard of a sagacious *calf*? Uncle Horace, who lives on a farm, has one, — the only one I ever saw. Her name is Bessie, and she is not quite a year old yet.

In the lot where Bessie is kept, there is a trough which is usually filled with water, so that the calves can come and drink when they are thirsty. The other day the trough happened to be empty when Bessie came to drink; and what do you think she did?

Why, she put up her fore-feet into the trough, and, reaching her head over the fence, took hold of the pump-handle with her mouth, and worked it up and down just as she had seen the folks do when they were pumping water.

Aunt Nancy thinks that when Bessie grows up, she will know so much that "there will be no living with her."

L. P. A.