

that noted place on his favorite horse. It was pitch dark when he reached the river below where his farm lay. He crossed where the bridge had always been, arriving home after all the household had retired and did not disturb them. The next morning his wife asked him how he crossed the river.

"On the bridge, of course," was the reply.

"Why you are crazy! The bridge went down stream when the ice went out," exclaimed she.

"I don't believe it and I shan't until I see for myself," said the worthy man, starting up.

He went directly to the river, and there, spanning the stream, was one rather narrow plank beneath which a torrent of muddy water poured. His plucky horse had in the inky darkness crossed on that single plank.

EATING HIS WAY.

Freddie despised the multiplication table. It was easy enough to learn to read and spell, and writing wasn't anything. But it made you ache all over to say your tables. My how it made you ache! And you couldn't remember. Mamma got up and went out of the room. When she came back she had the glass jar of tiny-colored candies that you put on birthday cakes in her hand. She was opening it and pouring out a splendid heap on the tablecloth. "My!" breathed the boy who could not remember and who didn't like multiplication. "Now," said she, brightly, "here are five little candy dots in a row. Here are eight rows. How many candy dots?" "Forty," promptly. "Yes. Now make seven times five and four times five and the rest. When you have made the whole table learn it. When you have learned it, eat it!" "O!"

It was the most splendid way to learn your tables! Freddie forgot they were tables. They were tiny red and yellow and white candies. He went to work with a will, and when the teacher—

that is, mamma—said, "School's out," he had learned his five tables. He didn't eat it till after school.

The next day they went back and reviewed the two tables, and the next day after, the three, and the next day after that the four. Freddie had little picnics out in the back yard and shared the multiplication tables—I mean the candy dots—with the next door twins.

The next door twins were six, like Freddie; but they went to a school with blackboards and desks in it. One day the next door twins' teacher was making their mother a call. Freddie was making one on the next door twins.

"Don't you go to school, little boy?" the teacher asked him. "O yes'm," politely. "O, you do? Well, I suppose you think the multiplication table is perfectly dreadful, too?" she asked, smilingly. "O, no'm!" eagerly; "I'm very fond of mine." "Indeed! How far along are you?" "I've only eaten as far as seven times seven, yet," said Freddie. And he went home wondering why the next door twins' teacher had opened her eyes so wide.—*Annie H. Donnell, in Youth's Companion.*

SING IT.

When I was a little boy I used to play with my brother and sister under the window where mother sat knitting. She rarely looked out, but the moment we got angry she always seemed to know, and her voice would come through the window, saying: "Sing it, children, sing it!"

Once, I remember, we played marbles and I shouted out to my brother: "You cheated!" "I didn't!" "You did!" "Sing it, children! sing it!" We were silent. We couldn't sing it.

We began to feel ashamed. Then came the sweet voice, the sweetest but one I ever heard, singing to the tune of "Oh, how I love Jesus!" the words:

"Oh Willie, you cheated!
O Willie you cheated!
O Willie you cheated!
But I didn't cheat you."

It sounded so ridiculous we all burst out laughing.

You cannot sing when you are angry; you cannot sing when you are mean; you cannot sing when you are wicked. In other words, you cannot sing unless you feel in some degree faith or hope or charity.—*Unidentified.*

THE CAT AND THE DOUGHNUTS.

This is a true story that my grandmother told me about her cat and dog. She used to find the cover off her doughnut-jar, and also noticed that her doughnuts disappeared.

One day she heard a noise, and found that her cat was on the shelf where the doughnuts were kept.

Then it put its paw in the jar and drew out a doughnut and pushed it off the shelf; and the dog, who was looking up at the cat, caught the doughnut in his mouth and ate it.

When they found they were caught, they acted very guilty.

Then there was a cat who did not allow any cat or dog in her yard, and had a special dislike to the cat who thought it owned the next yard.

One day the latter cat's mistress went away to have a good time for

several weeks, and left her cat with no food, as people too often do.

Then the cat, who before this would not allow any cat in her yard, actually coaxed the abandoned cat into the outer shed where her meals were served and fed the cat in that way till the people came back. After that it would not allow the cat there any more than before.—*Our Four-footed Friends.*

ANTS ON HORSEBACK.

A French traveller has discovered a new species of ant in Siam, or at least a new trait he has never before seen recorded. The creatures were small, of a gray color, and lived in damp places. They travelled often and in troops, which seemed to be under the direction of a commander who rode on "horseback." M. Meissen, the Frenchman who noticed this peculiarity, was attracted to these groups by discovering that each company contained a large ant that travelled more rapidly than the others. Observing them more closely, he noted that each large ant always carried a small gray ant upon its back, though the remainder of the troop were on foot. This mounted ant would ride out from the line, travel swiftly along the column from head to rear, and apparently over-look their manoeuvres. M. Meissen concluded from what he saw that this species of ant, while on its travels, is under the direction of a commander, though such "ant-horses" as the general rides must be rare and valuable; for he scarcely ever found more than one mounted ant in a colony.

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COUGHING ALL NIGHT.

It's this night coughing that breaks us down keeping us awake most of the time, and annoying everybody in the house. Lots of people don't begin to cough until they go to bed. It gets to be so that retiring for the night is an empty form, for they cannot rest.

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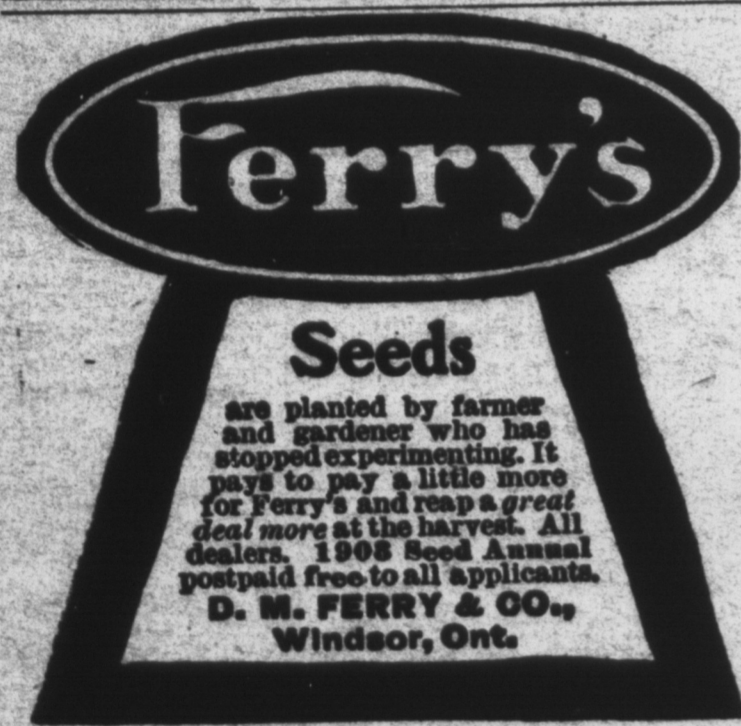
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