

BILLY PIKE'S LESSON.

When Agnes went into the dining-room the morning of her eighth birthday she found, among her other presents on the table, a small glass tank nearly filled with water. And in it a handsome young pike was swimming about among the shells and stones.

Agnes was more pleased with this present than with any of the others. She had never had an aquarium before, and here was a real live fish, which she could watch and feed. She named him Billy Pike.

After a time she began to fear that Billy Pike was lonesome, so she asked Uncle Tom to get her some more fish. The next evening he brought home three minnows.

But he had no sooner put them in the water than greedy Billy Pike swallowed them, so swiftly that neither Agnes nor Uncle Tom could save them.

Poor Agnes cried, and her uncle said, "Never mind, you shall have some more fish."

"But Billy Pike 'll eat 'em all up," said Agnes, sorrowfully.

"No, he won't," answered Uncle Tom; "I'll see to that."

The next day he brought home six

pretty little minnows in a two-quart glass can.

"Let's keep 'em in the can. If you put 'em in the 'quarium, I just know Billy Pike 'll kill 'em. He doesn't mean to be cruel—it's just his way," she sighed.

But Uncle Tom had a different plan. He meant to teach Billy Pike a lesson. So he fitted a pane of glass from side to side in the centre of the aquarium, dividing it into two rooms. In one room was Billy Pike. Into the other he put the six minnows.

When Billy saw the tiny fish, he started quickly toward them, but he struck his gills on the glass partition, and found that he could not reach them. Again and again he swam after them, and often he struck so hard that he would lie on his back for a long time afterwards, as though he were dead.

For several months Billy Pike kept up his efforts to catch his little neighbors, but after a time his attacks became less frequent, and finally he seemed to have forgotten all about the minnows. One afternoon when Agnes came home from school, she found that Uncle Tom had taken the pane of glass out of the tank, and that Billy Pike and the six minnows were swimming about together.

Billy often swam toward the other fish, but he would always stop at a respectful distance of about an inch, and he never again attempted to harm them. He would share the meat which Agnes threw into the aquarium, and seemed completely cured of his taste for fish.

After a while Uncle Tom brought home two more minnows, and put them in the water, and in less than a minute Billy Pike had swallowed both of them. But he never offered to touch the six minnows he had been taught to respect, and they lived peaceably together—a happy family in the pretty glass home by the sunny south window.

Billy Pike was a "really truly" fish, and so were the six little minnows he lived with, and the other poor little minnows he swallowed. Which shows that even a fish can be taught to avoid temptation.—*Epworth Herald.*

RAYMOND'S ARITHMETIC.

"Chrissie, dear, what's the matter?" asked Raymond, coming suddenly upon his sister, crying and sobbing.

"I can't tell you," sobbed the little girl; "but it's the worst thing that could possibly be."

"As bad as anybody dying?"

"Oh, no, Ray, not that!"

"Anybody very sick, then?"

"No."

"Or cut, or bruised, or awfully hurt, you know?"

Chrissie shook her head, without taking her fists out of her eyes.

"Well, then, I don't believe it's so very bad. See here, I'm sure you ought to be gladder than you are sorry, this very minute."

Chrissie looked up now, with watery eyes, to see what Raymond meant. "Is this the only thing you've got to be sorry about?" he asked.

"Yes, Ray; but it's"—

"Never mind; if nobody is dying, or sick, or hurt, it can't be the worst thing. Now how many things ought you to be glad about! And as Chrissie was in no humor for counting, he began the list himself.

"There's the sunrise, I s'pose that's first; and if the sun hadn't risen this morning other things wouldn't have made much difference. Then you have father and mother, and"—

"And you," suggested Chrissie.

"Yes, and me," agreed Raymond, modestly, "and this house, and the flowers in your window-garden and your canary, and a lot of books, and three dresses, one or two coats"—

"Why, Ray, I have five summer dresses," said the little girl, with a smile, "besides I don't know how many winter ones put away in the chest."

They went on adding up the list of things to be pleased about until the dinner-bell rang, just as Ray had added up seventy-two things to be glad for.

"Seventy-two things to be glad about, and one thing to make you sorry!" cried Ray, as they scampered off. "One from seventy-two leaves seventy-one times glad as you are sorry."—*The King's Own.*

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WAYS TO INJURE HEALTH.

Giving way to fits of anger. Leading a life of unfeeling, stupid laziness.

Contriving to keep up continual worry about something or nothing.

Allowing the desire for gain to absorb our minds so as to leave no time to attend to our health.

Tempting the appetite with bitters and niceties when the stomach says no, and forcing food into it when nature does not demand, and even rejects it; gormandizing between meals.

Marrying in haste and getting an uncongenial companion, and living the remainder of life in mental dissatisfaction, cultivating jealousies and domestic broils, and always being in a mental ferment.

Surfeiting on hot and very stimulating dinners, eating in a hurry, without half masticating the food and eating heartily before going to bed, when the mind and body are exhausted by the toils of the day and the excitement of the evening.

Marcus M. Marks tells the story of his four-year-old boy, who, noticing for the first time a lock of gray hair on his father's head, asked:

"Papa, why are some of your hairs gray?"

Thinking to drive home a moral lesson, the father answered, "Papa gets a gray hair every time his little boy is naughty."

The child seemed lost in thought. After a short pause, he said, naively:

"Well, then, grandpa must have had awful naughty boys."

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Barring accidents, the person who gets along with the least amount of cough, will live the longest. Of course, the right time to attack a cough is at the commencement, when it is a simple thing, or the right treatment to drive the cough quickly away. As a general thing, however, people spend so much time experimenting with various remedies that the cough is well under way before they know it. Then comes the long siege. You feel the hard racking all through your system, and get relief from nothing. You fill your stomach with nauseating mixtures to no purpose. Then you use compounds containing narcotics, which deceive temporarily, and leave you slightly worse. Some coughs of this kind hang on for weeks, or even months, and, of course they frequently develop into serious lung troubles. A true specific for all coughs is Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam, and it should be kept in the house against any emergency. With a cough that has become chronic, the first effect of this remedy is a lessening of the dull cough. Then you are conscious that the soreness is leaving you, and presently the desire to cough grows less frequent. All this process is brought about by the healing properties of the Balsam. It is a compound of barks and gums. You can test it, 25 cents at any druggist's. Get the genuine, with "F. W. Kinsman & Co" blown in the bottle.

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