



A SMART MULE.

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AMONG the mules at Fort Ripley, Minnesota, was one kept to haul the cart that was used to clear up the dirt and rubbish around the post; and his working hours were from "fatigue call" to "recall."

Soldiers don't bother about clocks and watches. There is one clock at the guard-house, where the post-guard stays; and a drummer and fifer, or bugler, plays tunes to let the soldiers know when it is time to get up, when breakfast is ready, when to go on guard, when to drill, when to work at cleaning up the post, when to quit work and drill, when to go to dinner and supper, when the sick may go to the post-surgeon, when to go to bed, and when to put out the lights.

The call that tells them when to go to work is called the "fatigue call." Whether it is because they are likely to get pretty tired before they hear the "recall," which tells them to quit work, I cannot say; but it always did seem to me that either that call was named, or some very jolly chap couldn't resist having his joke when he called it the "fatigue call."

You will wonder what all this has to do with the mule. Well, it is just this: That mule learned one of those calls. He paid no attention to any other call; but let the "recall" be sounded, at any time in the day, on drum or bugle, and off he would go, full gallop for the barn, banging the old cart around like a tin kettle tied to a dog's tail.

The soldiers would give chase, but that only made him run the faster. On he would go, behaving all the while, as much as to say, "The first duty of an army mule is to obey orders; and the 'recall' says quit work."

SECRET prayer is a power to the soul that uses it. Cultivate it as a pearl of great price.

## THE CORN AND THE LILIES.

SAID the corn to the lilies,  
"Press not near my feet;  
You are only idlers—  
Neither corn nor wheat.  
Does one earn a living  
Just by being sweet?"

Naught answered the lilies,  
Neither yea nor nay;  
Only they grew sweeter  
All the livelong day;  
And at last the Teacher  
Chanced to come that way.

While his tired disciples  
Rested at his feet,  
And the proud corn rustled,  
Bidding them to eat,  
"Children," said the Teacher,  
"The life is more than meat."

"Consider the lilies,  
How beautiful they grow!  
Never king had such glory;  
Yet no toil do they know."  
Oh, happy were the lilies  
That he loved them so!

## A DOG THAT REPAID A TRICK.

A GENTLEMAN in Bristol, England, owned a dog, remarkable for both intelligence and devotion. The dog had been taught to run errands. It was a part of his daily duty to go to the meat-market, carrying a basket in which was the money to pay for the meat. One day his master thought he would put a new test to the dog's faithfulness and intelligence. He instructed the man who kept the market to take the money as usual, but to refuse the meat and order the dog to go home without it. This the market-man did, and the poor dog returned

to the house dejected, melancholy, slow, with ears and tail hanging and with the basket empty. Seeing his master, he seemed to try to put on an air of cheerfulness, evidently hoping that the situation would be understood. But no; the master frowned upon him, scolded him harshly, and bade him go out of his sight. This was almost more than the poor fellow could bear, and, sneaking out, he crept under a table in an outer shed, where he lay for two days to all appearances in a state of gloomy despair. On the third day his master called him out, speaking kindly to him again, and the dog was wild with joy. Again his master sent him to the market with the money in his basket. The dog went in, but this time he placed the money on the floor and put his paw on it before he allowed the market-man to take the basket. Then the man gave him the meat; the dog quickly whisked the money back into the basket and trotted off home with both meat and money, giving them to his master with an air of decided triumph.—*St. Nicholas.*

## SPOTTIE'S MOTHER-LOVE.

DID you ever see a gopher?

It is a very small animal—a sort of ground-squirrel. It digs holes in the ground for its house.

One day my big son Phil brought home a baby gopher that some boy had caught. It was too small to eat anything but milk, so we fed it cream from a teaspoon. It would sit up and put one of its little forefeet on each side of the spoon, eat two or three drops of cream, then wash its face like a kitten.

We put it in a little cage, but it made such a fuss that I said, "I will give it to Spottie; she will think it is one of her kittens." So I put it down with the kittens, a little fearful that Spottie might eat it; but no, she was delighted with it. She washed it and made a great fuss over it; thought more of it than she did of her kittens.

Every time we took it out of the basket to feed it, she would come and watch until it was through, then carry it back to the basket.

But after awhile Spottie's warm fur and the kitchen fire were too much for the little gopher, whose natural element was the cold ground, and it died.

Spottie hunted and mourned for it many days. The instinct of mother-love that God had given her, kept her from preying on the helpless little gopher, and made her an adopted mother to it. Spottie teaches us kindness to the unfortunate and needy.