



SAGACITY OF A HORSE.

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A young gentleman bought a hunting-mare from a farmer at Malton, in England, and took her with him to Whitby, a distance of nearly sixty miles. One Wednesday morning the mare was missing from the field where her owner had placed her. A search was made for her, but with no success.

The next day the search was renewed. The owner and his groom went some ten miles, and were told that the mare had crossed the railway the morning before. At this point the trail was easy. The mare had taken the high-road to her old home at Malton.

Six men had tried, but in vain, to stop her. At a place called Pickering, she jumped the railway gates, and then, finding herself in her old hunting country, made a bee-line for home. In doing this, she had to swim two rivers, and cross a railway.

She was found at her old home, rather lame, and with one shoe off, but otherwise no worse for her gallop of nearly sixty miles across the country—all done in one day; for her old owner found her on Wednesday night, standing at the gate of the field where she had grazed for two previous years. Was she not a pretty clever horse?

IT ALWAYS PAYS.

Ralph could hardly put his mind on his lessons, he was thinking so much of the new suit of clothes that would be his after school.

New suits did not fall to Ralph's lot

very often. His father had been dead several years, and his mother had to support her boy and herself by taking in sewing.

Sometimes the brave boy felt as though things were not quite right when he saw the good clothing of the other boys, and looked at his own shabby clothes, or watched his playmates' mothers as they read or entertained, and remembered his own mother sewing hard at home.

Ralph was such a merry, good-hearted boy that the wealthier boys preferred his company to others of their own rank.

Miss Dale, the teacher, looked uneasily at the corner where Ralph and his friends sat. They were all such mis-

chievous boys, and yet they generally recited their lessons fairly well.

"I forbid any whispering or communication whatever this afternoon," she said, as they took out their books.

The boys looked disappointed. Ralph put his head down and prepared to study.

"Say, Ralph, can you come up after tea to-night?" whispered one boy, after a silence of a few minutes.

Ralph had forgotten the teacher's injunction. "I guess so. What are you going to do?" he whispered back.

"O, it's a kind of surprise; mother won't tell us anything about it."

"I'll be on hand, if mother doesn't need me," Ralph said, as he turned back to his lesson.

Miss Dale had been watching that particular corner all the afternoon. She had seen who whispered and who did not. The school bell rang out clearly at half after three o'clock.

Every boy and girl sat in readiness to rise at the three taps of the bell on Miss Dale's desk. Miss Dale rose and stood before them. "All who have communicated with their classmates this afternoon may stand," she said.

That meant a whole hour after school of sitting quietly with one's arms folded. To Ralph it meant waiting two or three weeks longer for his suit, for his mother could not leave her work again very soon; but it also meant a falsehood if he did not stand.

"I'd rather wait a year for it than do that!" Ralph thought bravely, although it was hard work to keep the tears back.

"Keep your seat, Ralph; she'll never

know the difference. We are not going to stand," the boys whispered as he half rose in his seat.

But Ralph stood erect. Not another boy or girl was standing.

"I am sorry if you made all that disturbance, Ralph," Miss Dale said, gravely, but Ralph never flinched.

"Tom Bailey, Ed. Sampson, Taylor Horton, and Sam Finch may remain after the rest have passed out. The school is dismissed," and Miss Dale tapped her bell and smiled at Ralph.

Ralph hurried home. "I'd never tell a lie, mother, for such a little thing. I hope I'll never tell one," he said, after telling the incident to his mother.

"I hope you will not, my boy. Even if one is not rewarded here as you have been, one will surely gain a better reward above," his mother said.

Ralph quite agreed with her.

A NOBLE BOY.

Off the coast of the State of Maine is a rocky island called Saddleback Ledge, on which is a lighthouse. There is a story told about this lighthouse that is well worth repeating, for it shows the bravery of a boy who was only fifteen years old.

One day he was left in charge of the lighthouse, while his father went ashore to buy the food that was needed. A storm sprang up, and the sea was so rough for the next three weeks that the father could not return. Meanwhile the boy in the lighthouse away on that lonely rock kept the light burning brightly every night, but it was hard work, and when at last the storm had ceased and his father was able to return, he found his boy so weak that he could hardly speak. Yet it was a proud father and a happy boy that met that day on the rocky ledge of Saddleback, for the boy had done his duty and the father knew that his son could always be trusted, even in the midst of storm and danger.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

Beautiful faces are those that wear—
It matters little if dark or fair—
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show
Like crystal panes where earth-fire glow,
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,
Yet whose utterance prudence girds.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest and brave and true
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful lives are those that bless—
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountains but few may
guss.