

minute all three were being hurried off at the muzzle of six revolvers, while the astonished Indians were stumbling to their feet round about them. Before any resistance could be organized, the prisoners were mounted and carried away into the darkness, to find themselves by breakfast time secure in the headquarters cell.

Now and then, however, it happens that the police do not come out first. A large theft of horses had been reported at a post, and a detachment of the police went off in pursuit of the robbers. They had been searching fruitlessly for several days, and were inclined to give it up.

Late one afternoon, while his men were preparing to encamp for the night, the officer in command rode out alone several miles across the prairie. Suddenly he came upon a narrow *coulee* with a thicket filling its bottom, and what should he see, partially concealed in this thicket, but the "pinto" horse that had been specially described as one of those stolen! The next moment a man emerged from the underbrush, and the officer shouted to him:

"What are you doing with that pinto horse?"

"Pinto horse, is it!" shouted back the man, promptly covering the officer with a well-aimed Winchester. "I'll give you two minutes to get out of sight. Now—git!"

The officer looked at the man, and saw he meant business. He had nothing but a revolver himself, and even if he had had a rifle it would have been too late to use it. There was no alternative but to turn ingloriously and depart, which he sensibly did without further parley, vowing, no doubt, that that was the last time he would go reconnoitering alone and lightly armed.

As the line of settlement extends, the responsibilities of the mounted police increase, for they have not only to look after the Indians and horse-stealers, but to see to the strict enforcement of the law which prohibits the importation and sale of liquors in the North-west—a duty which constitutes a heavy proportion of their work.

They are certainly a very fine and very well-equipped body of men. The discipline maintained is almost perfect. The life has many attractions for adventurous, hardy spirits, and there is little doubt that the North-west Mounted Police will continue to be, what it always has been, an eminently adequate and successful organization.—  
J. MACDONALD OXLEY, in *Youth's Companion*.

### FAMOUS DUNCES.

It is somewhat discouraging for a boy of moderate abilities, who aims to do his best, to be told that others accomplished in childhood what he can only do by hard study the best years of his youth. But such a boy should not relax his efforts. He will succeed if he gives his heart and mind to the work.

Sir Isaac Newton was pronounced a dunce in his early school days. He stood low in his classes, and seemed to have no relish for study. One day the "bright boy" of the school gave him a kick in the stomach, which caused him severe pain.

The insult stung young Newton to the quick, and he resolved to make himself felt and respected by improved scholarship. Newton owed his pre-eminence in his philosophical studies more to perseverance and application than to any marvellous natural endowments.

Oliver Goldsmith, than whom no boy could appear more stupid, was the butt of ridicule. A school-dame, after wonderful patience and perseverance, taught him the alphabet—a thing which she deemed creditable to her school, and which she

lived to mention with pride when her pupil became famous.

Sir Walter Scott was a dull boy, and when attending the University at Edinburgh he went by the name of "The Great Blockhead." But he wasted no time on trifles; and in pursuing a study that he loved, he was persevering and methodical.

Sheridan found it hard to acquire the elements of learning. His mother deemed it her duty to inform his teacher that he was not bright to learn like other boys.

Adam Clarke was pronounced by his father to be "a grievous dunce;" and Dr. Chalmers was pronounced by his teacher an "incorrigible" one.

Chatterton was dismissed from school by his master, who, finding himself unable to teach him anything in a satisfactory manner, settled it that the boy was a fool.—*Selected*.

### KEEPING THE PLEDGE.

WE know a dear little boy in Pennsylvania who signed at a temperance meeting held for children. A short time afterward his mother was busy in her kitchen preparing cakes and pies. "Davy," she said, "go up to the closet and bring me down the brandy jug. I want some for these mince pies."

Davy, as was his habit, instantly obeyed. But as he went dancing up stairs the thought came to him, "Can I, a temperance boy, carry a brandy jug?" He stopped right there on the stairs and decided the question. Then hurrying back to the kitchen, he said, "O, mamma! I can't carry that brandy jug—I've signed the pledge; but I'll stir the batter while you go."

Without a word the mother gave his little hands the spoon with which she was stirring the batter, and went herself to bring the jug. She felt a strange choking sensation in her throat; but she walked up those steps with a firm tread, and seized the jug. When she came down the dear little fellow was beating away at the dough with all his might. His eyes followed her as she went to the sink and began to empty out the contents of the jug.

"What are you doing mamma?"

"I'm emptying out the brandy. We'll not have any more in our mince pies."

"O, mamma! do you mean it?"

"Yes; I mean to use lemons instead."

"O, I'm so glad! We're going to have temperance pies."

And Davy fairly danced up and down in the kitchen, as the brandy gurgled in the sink.

Don't you think Davy is a real good temperance boy? Then follow his example.

Touch not, taste not, handle not the unclean thing, and you will not be defiled.—*Selected*.

### A GOLDEN ENVELOPE.

A POOR servant girl in London had attended the ragged-schools, and had received spiritual as well as mental benefit from them.

One evening at the close of the school she put into the minister's hand a note containing a half-sovereign—nearly two dollars and fifty-cents. Her entire wages were only eight pounds a year, or about forty dollars.

She offered this half-sovereign as a thanksgiving tribute to God for the blessing she had received from the schools, very modestly and beautifully remarking that the sum was not much.

"But, sir," said she, "I have wrapped it up with an earnest prayer and many tears."

Here is, indeed, a most rare and beautiful envelope. Would that our offerings, as we lay them upon God's altar, were more generally inclosed in such golden envelopes.

### What Do You Think?

BY KATE LAURANCE

WHAT do you think I saw,  
All bundled up in fur,  
Swinging at ease on a willow-spray?  
Nine little pussies plump and gray;  
But I could not find the sign of a claw,  
Nor even a tip of a velvet paw:  
What do you think they were?

What do you think I heard,  
When I opened my window wide?  
Tones so silvery, sweet and strong,  
Notes so flute-like, with trills so long—  
The little singer in coat of blue  
Sat on a bough—then away he flew,  
With his dear little mate at his side.

What do you think I found  
As I walked to-day in the wood?  
Something trailing around my feet  
Filling the air with its fragrance sweet,  
Blossoms white, just tinted with pink;  
I stooped and plucked them. You've guessed, I think,  
The flowers 'mid which I stood.

Something I saw and heard  
As I stood to-day on the bridge—  
Something that rippled and sparkled and shone,  
And sang to itself in a quiet tone,  
Then ran away by itself to the mill;  
I followed its course to a spot on the hill  
Where a spring bubbled out of the ridge.

Well, who do you think has come?  
The birds have begun to sing,  
The willows to bud and the lambs to play,  
The grass to grow greener every day,  
The brook to sparkle and dance and leap,  
And the flowers to wake from their winter sleep:  
What is it that has come?

### POOR BLUEBELL!

WHAT could be the matter with the cow! Poor Bluebell! There she stood, stock-still, looking at her beautiful bunch of clover, sniffing at it longingly, but never attempting to eat, wistfully watching us with her great, soft eyes, as though she expected help of some kind from our superior sagacity.

"I'm rale vexed about her," said Mrs. Moir, our good landlady. "I canna think what ails the pair thing."

"Send for the veterinary surgeon," we suggested timidly, not feeling sure whether he would condescend to doctor cows.

"He's awa to Stirling Fair, and we canna get him till night," responded the anxious woman; "and milk cows canna be neglected. Eh, but there he is! coming along the road. Glad am I to see the face of him."

"Give me a long, strong cord," said the doctor; and with this he bound poor Bluebell's head firmly, to the post of the cowhouse door; then, after a good deal of struggling on the part of the patient, he contrived to open her mouth and examine the interior. The tongue was terribly swollen, while the palate was scratched, bleeding, and much inflamed.

It was no easy matter to continue his investigations, as Bluebell began to plunge violently; nevertheless, the doctor contrived to get his hand into her mouth; then, after a few moments, he drew it forth and presented us with a large darning-needle which had been deeply fixed in poor Bluebell's tongue. The relief experienced by the poor cow was immediate, and she at once attempted to eat a mouthful of clover, but the doctor removed it.

"No, no," he cried; "nothing but a pailful of warm gruel."

And with this soothing and healing food, Bluebell was fain to be content.

EARLY in life secure a practical business education.