## THE ANT'S SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

You have heard of the suspension bridges made by men. Now let me tell you of a curious one made by some of the smallest creatures that live.

Men use wire ropes, very strong; but here are the driver ants of Africa, so small that you can hardly see them. Yet they do wonderful work at making bridges without any rope.

This is the way they go about it. One of the largest ants takes hold of the branch of a tree with its fore-legs, letting its body hang. Another climbs down over the first one, and clings to his hind-legs, letting his own body hang down. Thus they keep on until these bright little fellows form a chain.

Then away they go, swinging until the end ant can get hold of something, usually some tree or shrub,—and the bridge is done!

A regiment of ants go over this live suspension bridge. When all are well over, the ant on the first tree lets go the branch, and climbs over the string. The next one follows this example, and pretty soon they all take their places at the rear end of the marching company. These ants have big heads, and they must have a good deal of brain to help them.—*Mrs. G. Hall.*

## MASTER BARTLEMY OR THE THANKFUL HEART.

*By Frances E. Crompton, Author of 'Friday's Child.'*

II.

The squire was a very shy man. The Throgmortons of Forest Morton had always been slow to come forward in any respect, and the squire was additionally characterized by that passive acquiescence which often distinguishes an old and almost worn-out family. There was no older name in the county, and none that had been longer established in one spot than Throgmorton of Forest Morton; but, at the same time, there was no old name less celebrated, and no house less interesting. The hall was almost as ugly as man could make it, having been rebuilt by the squire's grandfather in a style more to be remarked for solidity than beauty. A square house of dark-red brick, a roof almost flat disguised by a heavy stone balustrade, and rows of windows of praiseworthy equality; in front, a paddock dotted with thorn-trees, and a straight drive between hurdles; on one side of the house, the gardens, on the other, the only remnant of the older Hall, the group of great elms where the rooks lived. The interior of the house was plain, and heavy, and dull, for there had never been much romance, never much talent, in the family,—a family at no time more (old as it was) than a line of simple country squires, who had been born in Forest Morton, and had quietly lived there from one sleepy year to another, until they had as quietly died, and there been buried. The squire was a silent man from personal habit, and shy, with an hereditary shyness that nothing had ever been able to overcome. The habit of silence—if habit it were—had doubtless grown upon him, but it had been a habit even when his wife was alive. Aunt Norreys had said to her at times, 'But, my dear Margaret, does John Throgmorton never talk to you?' And when she came to think of it, the squire's wife had not been able to say that he did; and yet there never could have been a more perfect understanding than that which existed between them.

The squire had married his second cousin, against the wishes of her guardian aunt,—for, properly speaking, Aunt Norreys was Miss Nancy's great-aunt. She used to say, 'Why Margaret married him, I never could tell. If she must have married a relation at all, why could it not have been one of the Lester Norreys? Of course I have nothing at all to say against John Throgmorton, for he is really a very good sort of man, but it was quite incomprehensible, quite incomprehensible, my dear.'

But Miss Margaret had married him, and the most incomprehensible part of all was that she had never rued it. Perhaps she had found more in John Throgmorton than did the world in general, perhaps she even had found in him all she had need to seek on earth. She had married him, and had come to the Hall to be the light of the house for a brief half-dozen years,—and then died. So the squire and Miss Nancy were left alone, to walk through the fields, and drive down the lanes, and sit in the square pew at church, in forlorn companionship,—the big, silent squire, with his brown cheeks and bushy beard, and his little daughter, with her mother's dark eyes and refined moulding, but too much like the squire in feature to have any pretensions to beauty. The squire and Miss Nancy had learnt at this time to be a great deal to each other, and indeed the latter had never felt that she required more company than dear daddy could give her; but her view was necessarily a limited one, and as usually happens in such cases, to add to a loss which nothing in this world could ever repair to him, the poor squire found himself plunged into innumerable difficulties with his household. So Aunt Norreys came to the rescue, and remained for compassion's sake and tranquillity returned to the Hall. With Aunt Norreys and the dove of peace came Trimmer, neither maid nor companion, and a person whose severe aspect involuntarily, if unreasonably, suggested to the mind the old term 'waiting-woman.' And Trimmer coming into contact with Miss Nancy's nurse-maids found herself quite unable to agree with any one of them, and so differed materially with three in succession; at which point, for the sake of a quiet life, which Aunt Norreys loved above everything, she was permitted to ascend undisputed to the throne of authority, whence she governed Miss Nancy with a wholesome if rather severe rule.

The only remnant of the lawless old days spent with daddy consisted in an occasional escape from Trimmer, and a flying excursion in his company. The squire, as Aunt Norreys was fain to admit, was an easy man to live with, but he still preserved this reprehensible habit of coaxing Miss Nancy to go out with him on every possible occasion. No one could ever see that he took the least notice of her when he had succeeded; but if the squire and Miss Nancy were satisfied, that side of the question could concern no one else. The side which concerned Aunt Norreys and Trimmer took the form of those hurried retreats when the young lady had been caught in storms several miles from home, and, like Caroline in Miss Nancy's 'Looking-Glass for the Mind,' had been compelled to return home 'in a most disastrous condition.' But it was in vain that Trimmer appealed to Aunt Norreys, and Aunt Norreys remonstrated with the squire; he never by any chance entered into argument, and only turned a deaf ear upon them. Perhaps, indeed, there was something about little Miss Nancy's society which dimly recalled to the squire that of her dead mother; but whether it were so or not, he never said. Miss Nancy herself had a faint memory of her mother; she thought at times that home had seemed more when she was quite little than it had ever done since, and she believed that it was because mother was there. But she died, and it was to be supposed that it made all the difference. Miss Nancy could remember that day, when, very early in the morning, Mrs. Plummett came and took her out of bed, and carried her, wrapped in a shawl, to mother's room, Miss Nancy bewildered and half asleep, and Mrs. Plummett with an awed look on her comfortable face.

Dear daddy sat very near to the bed, and Miss Nancy sat on his knee, and mother held both their hands between her failing fingers, but did not speak, for she was speechless then, and only half conscious. So Miss Nancy was laid down for a moment to receive mother's strange, faint kiss, and then Mrs. Plummett carried her away; and Mrs. Throgmorton looked after her, and turned her dying eyes again to the squire.

And when day came, the nurse-maid said that mother was dead. But this Miss Nancy had not been able to fully comprehend, nor had she comprehended the strange silence and desolation of the days that followed. It was certainly not that she suffered then or afterwards an hour's neglect at the hands of any member of the household; it was rather from feeling a lack of something that she was sure she had had once, but had not then, and—alas, poor little Miss Nancy!—never would have again in all her life; that she dimly understood that she had sustained a great misfortune.

And Miss Nancy had also a vague belief that it was after this that dear daddy began to be even more silent than ever he had been before.

*(To be Continued.)*

THE WORLD needs more of the kind of religion that won't stop going to church whenever it happens to have its feelings hurt.—*Ram's Horn.*

## THE TWO MONKEYS.

A PARABLE.

'"Once upon a time," that's the way stories always begin, a gentleman owned two monkeys named Puck and Jolly. These monkeys were great favorites with the master. They ran through his house and garden at will. They were always treated with the utmost kindness by the gentleman and his servants. At one time the gentleman proposed to take a journey. He called the monkeys to him and said: "I am going away. You can play as usual, but mind you, there is one thing you must not play with, or you will be burned; I mean the matches."

'The monkeys were happy for a few days, but finally became tired of the usual round, and thought of the matches.

'"Why do you suppose, Puck, that master forbade us this little box of sticks?"

'"Don't know.'

'"Do you remember just what he said about them?"

'"Why, if we played with them we would be burned."

'"Be burned! Surely he did not say that. It's awful, awful to be burned."

'"Well, it sounded just like that, and I kind o' think he said it."

'"You must be mistaken. Master is a great and good man, lots wiser and better than we are, and if there were other little monkeys, little wee monkeys, and they played with little sticks like these, would we burn them for that?"

'Jolly drew up her face in a dreadful grimmace. "No-o!"

'"Then the master won't burn us. He didn't mean that."

'So they snatched the box and scampered up the haystack, for after all they felt a little uneasy.

'"How does he do it," said Jolly, "when he makes it crack and blaze?"

'"Why, just this way," and Puck deliberately drew one up his hard side. "There, isn't that fun?" and Puck held out the burning thing.

'"Now let me try." So Jolly went through the same manœuvre, except that she held the match until it burnt her fingers. "My, but that hurts!"

'"Don't hold it so long! Just throw it away before it reaches your hand."

'So she did. Match after match was struck and tossed heedlessly over the sides of the stack.

'But my, 'what's that? A great wave of fire rises before them. "Run back! No, that is worse." They had lighted the whole stack. With screams of fear and pain they rushed headlong through the fire.

'Tis said the monkeys recovered, but ever after understood what the master meant by being burned.

'As it is the nature of fire to harm, so it is the nature of sin to destroy.'—*Zion's Herald.*

## THOUGHTFUL COWS.

A gentleman says that one morning, when it was very hot and sultry, two cows came up to the farm-yard gate.

They seemed to be looking for something, and their pleading eyes attracted the gentleman's attention. He was puzzled to know why they stood there, but bethought himself that they might be in want of water.

He called to his chore-boy to bring a pail of water. When it was lifted up to them, their eagerness was so great that they forgot their manners, and it was evident that another chore-boy must be called into service.

One pail of water did not suffice, and when they had allayed their thirst they quietly walked away.

In about a half hour, what was the gentleman's surprise to see these two cows walking up to the gate, bringing three other cows with them.

The newcomers were served liberally, and then with gratified and repeated moo-oos they slowly marched off. It was a unanimous vote of thanks.

The gentleman said: 'It seems quite clear that the first two callers, pleased with their friendly reception, had strolled down to their sister gossips and dairy companions, and had informed them—how, I cannot say—of their liberal entertainment, and then had taken the pardonable liberty of inviting them up to our gates.'