

**This and That**

**FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.**

A railway train was approaching the city of Montreal, when the engineer saw a large dog on the track. The dog was much excited, and barked furiously at the approaching engine. The engineer blew the whistle, but still the dog kept on the track, and, just as the engine came upon him, he was observed to crouch down and extend himself across the track. In this position he was struck by the locomotive and killed. The engineer, looking out towards the front of the engine saw a piece of white cloth fluttering in the wind. At once he stepped along the side rail, and found it to be a part of a child's dress. He stopped the engine, and, backing, found by the side of the track, not only the mangled body of the dog, but the body of a little child. At once the position was taken in. The child had wandered upon the track and fallen asleep, watched by his faithful companion, the dog, who seeing the train had done his best to save the child, but falling had covered it with his body and died with it. Faithful unto death, he died in the effort to save.

**SELF-DEPRECIATION.**

"Sometimes I think I never can be as pretty or as lively as Allison, and there's no use in trying to be attractive at all when she is present."

"Don't get the notion into your head that every one is prettier than yourself, Mollie." I was nursing my usual patient, a lame knee, and somehow, that night, it made me feel cross.

"Auntie!" cried Mollie in astonishment. "Yes, I mean it. It's better not to think of yourself in comparison with another person at all. Don't always be considering whether you are prettier or uglier, brighter or stupider, better dressed or not as well dressed as some one else. You are not exactly like some other girl, but it is likely that you are quite as attractive, if you act as if you were, and forget to think whether you are or not."

"But certainly it is not right to think too highly of one's self."

"Yes—and no. It is better not to think about yourself in a comparative way with others, if you can help it. Be yourself, but don't think about it!"—Eva Lovett, in *The Making of a Girl*.

**ANTS ON HORSEBACK.**

A French traveller has discovered a new species of ant in Siam, or at least a new trait he has never before seen recorded. The creatures were small, of a gray color, and lived in damp places. They travelled often, and in troops, which seemed to be under the direction of a commander who rode on "horseback." M. Meissen, the

**MEAL TIME DRINKS**

Should Be Selected to Suit the Health As Well As the Taste.

When the coffee toper, ill from coffee drinking, finally leaves off coffee the battle is only half won. Most people require some hot drink at meal time and they also need the rebuilding agent to build up what coffee has destroyed. Postum is the re-builder, the other half of the battle.

Some people stop coffee and drink hot water but find this a thin, unpalatable diet, with no rebuilding properties. It is much easier to break away from coffee by serving strong, hot, well boiled Postum in its place. A prominent wholesale grocer of Faribault, Minn., says: "For a long time I was nervous and could not digest my food. I went to a doctor who prescribed a tonic and told me to leave off coffee and drink hot water."

"I did so for a time and got some relief but did not get entirely well so I lost patience and said: 'Oh, well, coffee isn't the cause of my troubles' and went back to drinking it. I became worse than ever. Then Postum was prescribed. It was not made right at first and for two mornings I could hardly drink it."

"Then I had it boiled full fifteen minutes and used good cream and I had a most charming beverage."

"I fairly got fat on the food drink and my friends asked me what had happened I was so well. I was set right and cured when Postum was made right."

"I know other men here who use Postum, among others the Cashier of the Security Bank and a well known clergyman. My firm sells a lot of Postum and I am certain at your service for Postum cured me of stomach trouble." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Frenchman who noticed this peculiarity, was attracted to these groups by discovering that each company contained a large ant, that travelled more rapidly than the others. Observing them more closely, he noted that each large ant always carried a small gray ant upon its back, though the remainder of the troop were on foot. This mounted ant would ride out from the line, travel swiftly along the column from head to rear, and apparently overlook their manoeuvres. M. Meissen concluded from what he saw that this species of ant, while on its travels, is under the direction of a commander, though such "ant-horses" as the general rides must be rare and valuable; for he scarcely ever found more than one mounted ant in a colony.—Christian Register.

**HASTY PROMISES.**

Little did Mrs. Ford realize what confusion she was heaping upon herself, and what her small nephew was heaping upon the back piazza, when she repeatedly responded, "Yes, yes," to his half-understood questionings.

"Boo! fal tick, auntie; may take home to mamma?"

"Yes, yes, pet"; and Donald's little feet scampered out into the garden again.

"Mell, auntie, f'owers; me take home to mamma?"

"Yes, dear, very nice"; and auntie smelled the rose and the celery stalk without noticing either.

But when the baby's two days' visit, was over and he was ready to go back to the city, Mrs. Ford went out with the eager child to get the things so lovingly collected 'for mamma.'

Dismissed upon Mrs. Ford as she saw:

A pile of little stones.

Two cream bottles.

A heap of faded flowers and withered vegetables.

A yard of rubber hose.

A mouse trap.

Several clothespins.

A clothespole, and a kitten.

"Oh, we can't take these!" she exclaimed.

Donald opened his brown eyes wide.

"O!" said me take to mamma."

Then it flashed over his aunt that Donald had been reared thus far in an atmosphere of positive truth, where a promise was never lightly made, and her own absorption and carelessness revealed themselves to her.

"Mamma shall have them, every one," she diplomatically went on, "if she wants them, but we will take the kitten first. Can you carry the kitten if we put him into a cunning little basket?"

Diverted, Donald was sure he could, so they picked up the little yellow, mewling ball, and in finding the basket and putting kitty comfortably into it the child forgot his other treasures; but Mrs. Ford has not forgotten them; they form a wall which prevents her from entering that dangerous region where unkept promises rob little children of faith and trust.—Christian Advocate.

**IN THE DARK.**

Who's afraid in the dark?

"Oh, not I," said the owl;

And he gave a great scowl,

And he wiped his eye,

And fluffed his jaw—"Tu whoo!"

Said the dog: "I bark

out loud in the dark—Boo oo!"

Said the cat: "Mew!

I'll scratch any one who

Dares say I do

Feel afraid—Mew!"

"Afraid," said the mouse,

"Of the dark in the house!

Hear me scatter

Whatever's the matter—

Squeak!"

Then the toad in the hole

And the bug in the ground,

They both shook their heads

And passed the word around;

And the bird in the tree,

The fish and the bee,

They declared, all three,

That you never did see

One of them afraid

In the dark!

But the little boy who had gone to bed

Just raised the bed-clothes and covered his

head.

—Louisville Western Recorder.

Santos-Dumont is busy with his air-ship at his headquarters in Neuilly, on the bank of the Seine. He is now completing his No 7. It will be about 49 feet long and of 260 cubic metres capacity. Its front end is slightly larger than the rear, and the air-ship is provided with a compensating balloon filled with air. The motor is of three-horse power. If the weather is favorable M-Santos-Dumont will sail over the Bois du Boulogne next week.

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