



IN THE ANDES MOUNTAINS.

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BY A. M. BARNES.

How would you like to take such a trip as this? I shouldn't think it would steady one's nerves much to look downward into an almost bottomless abyss, and know that one's safety, one's very life depended upon the next step of that tall fellow with the rather shaky-looking staff. Yet hundreds of adventurous travellers have taken just such perilous journeys across the peaks of the Andes. But so sure-footed and steady-headed are these Indian guides of South America that there have been fewer accidents than the nature of this dangerous mode of travelling would lead one to believe. In most cases, when accidents have occurred they have been owing to some foolhardiness on the part of the traveller himself or through some wilful disobedience to directions.

The Andes, the great mountain-chain of South America, are among the wonders of our continent. They are next to the highest mountain-chain in the world. The average elevation is about twelve thousand feet, and many of their peaks are constantly covered with snow. Yet among them volcanoes are numerous and earthquakes common.

Mount Chimborazo is not the highest mountain in the world, but it has been ascended to a higher altitude than any other. An explorer by the name of Boussingault is reported to have ascended to the distance of twenty thousand feet, which was one thousand feet above the point reached by Humboldt. This monster mountain is fully four miles high.

Cotopaxi, one of the volcanoes of the Andes, when in eruption causes a noise that can be heard for hundreds of miles, and gives forth a torrent of flame which

ascends for many thousands of feet.

One of the great wonders of the Andes is the Natural Bridge of Leonzo. The structure presents so perfect an appearance as to make it appear almost incredible that it could have been formed by nature and not by man. Humboldt, who visited it in 1802, pronounced it one of the most extraordinary wonders he had seen on either continent.

A QUEER DREAM.

A little boy had a dream. He had eaten a big supper; more because it was good, than he ought to have eaten, hence the dream. And the dream had a mis-

sion which was not overdone as the mission of the big supper had been overdone. He dreamed that his head ached, O so hard! It jumped as if the pains were playing leapfrog, and it twinged and stung till it seemed as if his head must go to pieces. But there was a little work which must be done, and so he hurried to do it. As soon as that was done there was a little more and a little more, and the boy's head ached a little more and a little more, but it seemed that he must do the work before he could lie down and rest. And all at once the boy dreamed that he was not a boy at all, but the boy's mother, and he (or she) was saying to herself: "If my little boy would only help me, or if he would only remember to wipe his feet and

to put away his playthings, and to leave his dinner plate clean and in tidy fashion as to bones, and crumbs, and not litter the tablecloth; if he would 'play at work' sometimes, run willing errands for mother, and learn to do the things which he dislikes, maybe my head wouldn't ache so hard, and I should have time to lie down and rest it." The little boy awoke and saw his mother holding the candle above him, and he heard her saying, "Are you sick, dear?" and he answered, "No, mother, I am not sick. I thought I was you in my dream, and my head ached so. Does your head ache, mother?"—*Young People's Weekly.*

THE LITTLE LAD'S ANSWER.

Our little lad came in one day
With dusty shoes and tired feet;
His playtime had been hard and long
Out in the summer's noontide heat;
"I'm glad I'm home!" he cried, and hung
His torn straw hat up in the hall,
While in the corner by the door,
He put away his bat and ball.

"I wonder why," his auntie said,
"This little lad always comes here,
When there are many other homes
As nice and quite as near.
He stood a moment in deep thought,
Then with the love-light in his eye
He pointed where his mother sat,
And said, "She lives here, that is why!"

With beaming face the mother heard;
Her mother heart was very glad.
A true, sweet answer he had given,
That thoughtful, loving little lad;
And well I know that hosts of lads
Are just as loving, true and dear;
That they would answer as he did,
" 'Tis home for mother's living here."



JOSEPH SOLD INTO EGYPT.