

The Way to Gossip Town.

Have you ever heard of Gossip Town,
On the shore of Falschood Bay,
Where old Dame Rumour, with rustling
gown,
Is going the livelong day?
It isn't far to Gossip Town,
For people who want to go
The Idleness train will take you down
In just an hour or so.

The Thoughtless Road is a popular
route,
And most folks start that way;
But it's steep down grade, if you don't
look out,
You'll land in Falschood Bay
You glide through the valley of Vicious
Talk,
And into the tunnel of Hate;
Then, crossing the Add-To
Bridge, you walk
Right into the city gate.

The principal street is
called They Say,
And I've Heard is the
public well,
And the breezes that blow
from Falschood Bay
Are laden with Don't
You Tell.
In the midst of the town
is Telltale Park,
You're never quite safe
while there,
For its owner is Madam
Suspicious Remark,
Who lives on the street
Don't Care.

Just back of the Park is
Slanderer a Row,
'Twas there that Good
Name died,
Pierced by a shaft from
Jealousy's bow,
In the hands of Envious
Pride.
From Gossip Town, Peace
long since fled,
But Trouble, and Grief,
and Woe,
And Sorrow and Care,
you'll meet instead,
If ever you chance to go

WAITING FOR HER BOY

A few years ago, in one
of the growing cities of
New York State, there
was a home into which
the great sorrow of a
father's death had entered.
The sons, of whom there
were several, were of a
nervous temperament, full
of animation, and exposed
to many temptations
which endanger the youth
in large cities.

The widowed mother
realized the vast import-
ance of her responsibility,
and many a time did she
look upward toward the
heavenly Father for divine
aid in the guidance of her
fatherless boys. She made
it a rule never to retire
for rest at night until all
her sons were at home.
But as the boys grew
older this became a severe
tax both on her time and
health, often keeping the
faithful mother watching
until the midnight hour.

One of her boys dis-
played a talent for music
and became a skillful
violinist. He drifted
among the wrong class of
people, and was soon at
balls and parties that sel-
dom dispersed until the
early hours of day.

Upon one occasion it
was nearly seven o'clock
in the morning before he

went to his home. Entering the house
and opening the door of the sitting-room,
he saw a sight that never can be effaced
from his memory.

In the old rocking-chair sat his aged
mother fast asleep, but evidently she had
been weeping. Her frilled cap, as white
as snow, covered her gray hair; the
knitting had fallen from her hands, while
the tallow from the candle had run over
the candlestick and down her dress.

Going up to her the young man ex-
claimed:

"Why, mother! What are you doing
here?"

His voice startled her, and, upon the
question being repeated, she attempted
to rise, and piteously, but, oh, so ten-
derly, looking up into his face, said, "I
am waiting for my boy."

The sad look and those words, so ex-
pressive of that long night's anxiety,

quite overcame the lad, and, throwing
his arms around her, he said:

"Dear mother, you shall never wait
again like this for me!"

That resolution has never been
broken. But since then that mother has
passed into the world beyond, where she
still watches and waits, but not in sor-
row, for her boy—Classmate.

FLOOD ON THE OHIO.

The picture on this page gives a very
striking presentation of an occurrence
which occasionally happens on the Ohio
and other large rivers. At the breaking
up of the ice and melting of the snow
in the spring, it sometimes happens
that the ice jams and the melting snow
and rain produce a great flood. The

mamma as she took the beautiful cut
glass pepper bottle from the hands of
Baby Bess.

"Oo! oo! oo!" whimpered Baby Bess.
"Naughty mamma! naughty mamma!"

After dinner mamma commenced clear-
ing the table, but before she had quite
finished was called to another part of
the house. This was Baby Bess' oppor-
tunity, and she improved it. By the
chair route she climbed to the top of the
table. "Pitty! pitty! pitty!" she cooed
to herself as she took in her hands the
forbidden pepper bottle. "Pitty! pitty!
pitty!"

Suddenly the pretty bottle was flung to
the floor. A shriek and more shrieks
ran through the house; little feet hys-
terically drummed the table and chubby
hands commenced to jab at eyes and nose

ARMIES OF ANTS.

The Ecitons, or warlike ants, may be
called exclusively military, inasmuch as
they have no permanent homes, but
spend nearly all their time in warlike
expeditions. Some species of them are
found in Texas and elsewhere in the
United States, the Boston Transcript tells
us, but they are most numerous in Brazil.
Their armies often number millions, and
move in serried columns. Nothing liv-
ing can successfully oppose them, and
the largest and fiercest creatures of the
tropical forests fly before them to escape
being devoured. Wherever they move,
the whole animal world is set in com-
motion and put to precipitate rout.

The main body of the army of Ecitons,
as it moves forward in steady, disciplined
march, is made up of the worker ants,
so-called, though they are
fighters as well as toilers.
For every one thousand
workers there are perhaps
fifty "soldier ants," which
are of the same breed but
specially built for fighting
purposes, having enor-
mous heads and powerful
jaws. These soldiers never
carry anything, or attend
apparently to any other
business, but trot along
on the flanks of the
column, being distributed
at regular intervals like
subaltern officers. Their
shining white heads make
them very conspicuous,
bobbing up and down as
the regiments pass over
inequalities in the road.

An army of Ecitons as it
moves forward clears the
ground of all animal mat-
ter, dead or alive. Every
living creature that can
get out of the way does so.
It is especially the various
tribes of wingless insects
that have cause to fear,
such as other kinds of
ants, heavy-bodied spiders,
maggots, caterpillars, etc.
If a man making his way
through the tropical forest
happens to encounter a
marching column of these
ants he is instantly at-
tacked. Numbers of the
ferocious insects swarm
up his legs, and wherever
they find a bare spot they
attack it, each one driving
its pincer-like jaws into
the skin, and stinging
with its tail with all its
might. There is nothing
for the man to do but run
for it, and, when he gets
to a place of safety, he
proceeds to pluck off the
insects one by one. Usu-
ally, in the operation, they
are pulled in twain, leav-
ing their heads and jaws
sticking in the wounds.
These military ants never
let go when once they
have grabbed anything.

One of the most remark-
able engineering works of
ants is a tunnel that has
been made by a tribe of
the leaf-cutting species
under the bed of the
Parahyba river, near Rio,
at a place where the
stream mentioned is as
broad as the Thames at
London Bridge. Not far
from Para, ants of this
kind pierced the embank-
ment of a large reservoir,
and the great body of
water which it contained
escaped before the dam-
age could be repaired.
These ants have been
known to carry off the
contents of a two-bushel

basket of mandioca meal in a single
night, taking it grain by grain.



FLOOD ON THE OHIO.

rivers overflow their banks, wide areas
of low-lying land are submerged, the
people have to be removed from their
house by boats or barges. Sometimes
barns and houses, with their furniture,
are swept down the stream, and great
numbers of cattle are destroyed. One
of the most curious effects is where a
railway is slightly submerged. It is
very odd looking to see a train plough-
ing through the water with no track
visible, as in our cut. A similar flood
took place on the Don, at Toronto, in
February.

PEPPER.

"Mustn't! mustn't! mustn't!" said
mamma.

"Pitty! pitty! pitty!" said Baby Bess.

"Pitty! pitty! pitty!"

"But it would smartly smart," said

and mouth. Baby Bess had got a dose
of pepper.

"Poor little Bess!" cried mamma, run-
ning in; "poor little Bess!"

Then mamma hurried with the little
sufferer up to the bath-room, where she
quickly bathed the smarting eyes and
the poor little tip-tilted nose and the
quivering little mouth. After the pain
had somewhat ceased she took her to
mother's room to rock her darling to
"Mamma," said little Bess tearfully,
"I—I duss I'd better minded 'oo."

"Poor little Bess!" said mamma; "it
was a pretty hard lesson for the baby,
wasn't it?"

"Mamma," continued Baby Bess after
a pause, "mamma, Dod told me not to
climb up. I duss I'd better minded Dod.
I duss I'd—better—minded—Dod!"

Baby Bess was asleep.—Sunday-school
Advocate.

Not long ago an Episcopal bishop was
a guest at a dinner party in Baltimore.
"By the way," said one of the guests, a
woman, "do you know that there are
times when it is dangerous to enter an
Episcopal church?" "What is that,
madame?" said the bishop, with great
dignity, straightening himself up in his
chair. "I say there are times when it
is positively dangerous to enter the
church," she replied. "That cannot
be," said the bishop; "pray explain,
madame?" "Why," said she, "it is
when there is a canon in the reading
desk, a big gun in the pulpit, when the
bishop is charging his clergy, the choir
is murdering the anthem, and the or-
ganist is trying to drown the choir."