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across their backs after the fashion of a man bearing a gun. In their heads are little grooves in which the bit of pine rests easily. They make an odd procession. Some ants it is said, plant sunflower, but this is not known, though it is not unbelievable. They certainly eat them, for they have been seen to climb to a sunflower and pull out the seed. Their tongues are like files and they rasp the seed or grain and lick up the oil.—Eagle.

### How Robbie Held The Horse.

There was once a little boy named Robert who loved to go driving behind his father's horse, Kate. One day his mother called him.

"Robbie," she said, "wouldn't you like to go driving with auntie and me?" He said he would, and so Kate was hitched into the buggy and Robert climbed in between his mother and his auntie and off they drove. Kate was feeling fine that morning and pranced along fast, when all of a sudden his mother said: "There, now, we must be sure and stop at the dressmaker's this morning, to try on my new jacket. I came near forgetting all about it." So they stopped at a little white house, and mamma said: Hold the horse, Robbie, and we'll be out soon.

So Robert held the horse, and held the horse, and held the horse, and his mother and auntie did not come out of the house. After he got very tired sitting and standing he saw a boy going by on foot with a fishpole.

"Where going?" called Robert. "Down to Whipple's brook fishing," said the boy; "don't you wish you were going?" And the boy went on whistling, and left Rob sitting in the buggy. By and by Rob heard some boys coming. They were running and laughing.

"Where going?" he called. "The circus came to town this morning," shouted one of them, "and they're taking the elephants and camels out of the cars down ter the fair grounds, and we're going down to see'em. Don't you wish you was going?" And so Robert waited and waited and waited, and after a while his mother and auntie came out of the dressmaker's.

"Oh, mamma, the elephants and camels are down ter the fair grounds and all the boys have gone, and I want to go, too," said Robert.

"We'll drive around that way," said mamma. So off they went, and Kate pranced along fast, and Robert was so glad to get started that he didn't know what to do. Then suddenly his auntie said: We must stop just a minute at the postoffice; I'm expecting that braid that the dressmaker's been waiting for so long." So they stopped at the postoffice, and mamma stayed in the carriage and helped Robert hold the horse. And they waited and waited and waited, but auntie did not come out of the postoffice.

"I don't see what keeps her so long," said mamma. "It's too bad to keep us waiting like this."

"The circus'll be all unloaded, and I shan't see any of the animals come out," said Robbie, almost crying. Mamma got out to see what had become of auntie, but the postmistress had to see mamma a minute about some very important work at the church, so auntie helped Rob hold the horse, and then they waited, and waited and waited for mamma. At last she came, and off they started again.

"Only one more stop, Robbie," said mamma cheerfully; "we promised old Mrs. Brown we'd look in on her to-day; she's very feeble, and it won't do to put her off." So they had hardly got going before they stopped in front of a brown house with a pump in the yard, and mamma and auntie got out.

Rob was dreadfully disappointed. "I guess they think I'm nothing but a hitching post," he sighed, with the tears coming into his eyes in spite of himself. He waited and waited and waited. Then they came to the door and stood there talking, but after a while they turned back and went into the house again. Then all of a sudden Rob heard the sound of a band play-

ing away down the road toward the fair ground. Then the band came nearer, and the elephants, and the camels, and the animal cages and all the boys running along beside them. Kate gave a start and wheeled around so quick that Bob didn't have time to steer her at all and started toward home on the run.

"Whoa! Whoa!" he shouted. The men and boys shouted "Whoa!" But Kate ran all the faster.

"She's a good, safe, reliable horse," thought Rob, for I've heard papa say so, and I'm not going to be afraid. I've always wanted to drive fast." He pulled as hard as he could at the reins, and the carriage bumped up and down, and Kate leaped into the air and came down again; but Rob tugged at the reins and steered her around the corner above the post-office, with men shouting and waving their arms, and then he steered her around by the cemetery up the steep hill, and she turned through the gate without hitting the posts and dashed into the barn without hitting the sides of the door because he steered her so well.

"That was a fine ride!" thought Rob, as he climbed out of the buggy; but I did want to wait long enough to see the elephants and the camels."

Papa came running up terribly frightened.

"I held the horse, didn't I?" asked Robert.

"You held her well," said papa, "and you shall go to the circus this afternoon."

### A Voice That Was.

"That's the most pathetic thing I ever read," said Frances Cowan, laying down her book and lifting her eyes, full of tears, to her father. "It's about a man who wrote a wonderful book, and lost his power to write any more. Oh, he could write, but not in the same way. The divine fire had gone out, and he got so that he couldn't enjoy anything—not a beautiful sunset, even, because of a yearning sadness that he wasn't able to make it his own, as he had done in the past, to give it to others in his own words, on his own pages. It drove him to melancholy. I don't know when I've cried over a book, but this has just made my heart ache."

"Yet you laughed last night because Aunt Millie's voice cracked when you asked her to show you how that little song went."

"But, papa, that's so different! A cracked voice is funny."

"Frances, at your age your Aunt Mildred was a beauty—popular, admired, sought after. She had a voice—I've never heard one like it. Its sweetness thrilled your heart, and singing was the joy of her life. Then ill-health came—a throat trouble—years of invalidism. She lost the power to sing. You never hear her speak of it, but I know, child, that she never listens to a beautiful voice nor reads the music of an exquisite song without that same yearning sadness your writer felt when he looked on the sunset and knew that he had lost his divine gift."

"She never murmurs; she lives here in my home; to my children she is a delicate, elderly aunt—beloved, to be sure, but one who spends herself freely for their comfort and happiness, day after day, as a matter of course."

"Frances, you needn't go to that book for a heartache. Your Aunt Mildred can remember how people used to hold their breath and listen in ecstasy when she sang, and now her younger brother's children ask her to help them recall a forgotten air, and when she hums it for them her voice cracks—and they laugh."

"O father, father!" said Frances, softly. "They never will again. I didn't dream it was like that."

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