



PETER DELIVERED FROM PRISON.

A NIGHT FISHER.

While we are all sleeping, the otter, like the owl, frequently makes this its time for catching its prey. It is a shy animal, and at the approach of the trapper it dives into the stream and remains under water, after a while coming to the surface some distance from where it entered the water.

It is a rapid swimmer, and its webbed toes and strong tail serve as excellent oars and rudder in its water journeys. By the help of its strong tail it can change its course quickly if pursued.

The fur of the otter is much sought for, and the trapper has watched the habits of this creature closely until he has found that it has a custom of sliding down slippery banks or icy places; so he sets a trap at the foot of these slopes in order to catch it.

The otter, if taken when young, can, like the seal, be trained and domesticated, and made to perform many strange feats. It becomes attached to its trainer,

and will follow him and return to him when called. Sometimes a fisherman keeps an otter to help drive fish into a net.

THE MOUSE IN THE PANTRY.

A certain old man used to say to his granddaughter, when she was out of temper or naughty in any way: "Mary, Mary, take care; there's a mouse in the pantry!"

At this she would often cease crying, and stand wondering to herself what he meant, and then run to the pantry to see if there really was a mouse in the trap; but she never found one. One day she said: "Grandfather, I don't know what you mean. I haven't a pantry; and there are no mice in mother's, because I have looked so often."

He smiled, and said: "Come; I will tell you what I mean. Your heart, Mary, is the pantry; the little sins are the mice that get in and nibble away all the good,

and that makes you sometimes cross and peevish and fretful. To keep them out, you must set a trap, the trap of watchfulness."

THE LAND OF STORY-BOOKS.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

At evening when the lamp is lit
Around the lamp my parents sit;
They sit at home and talk and sing,
And do not play at anything.

Now with my little gun I crawl
All in the dark along the wall,
And follow around the forest track
Away behind the sofa back.

There, in the night, where none can spy
All in my hunter's camp I lie,
And play at books that I have read
Till it is time to go to bed.

These are the hills, these are the woods,
These are the starry solitudes;
And there the river by whose brink
The roaring lions come to drink.

I see the others far away,
As if in fire-lit camp they lay,
And I, like to an Indian scout,
Around their party prowled about.

So, when my nurse comes in for me,
Home I return across the sea,
And go to bed with backward looks
At my dear land of story-books.

NO USE FOR IT.

At school little boys and girls learn lessons about how many inches make a foot, how many ounces make a pound, and how many farthings make a penny.

One day, when the lesson was the table called "ale and beer measure" a little boy, remarkable for the correct manner in which he usually said his lesson, was quite unprepared.

"How is this, John?" said his teacher.

"I thought it was of no use," said John.

"No use!" interrupted the teacher.

"No, sir; it's ale and beer measure," said John.

"I know it is," said the teacher.

"Well, sir," said the boy, "father and I both think it is no use to learn about ale and beer, as we both mean never to buy, sell, or drink it."

THE SURE WAY.

Little five-year-old Alice was sitting on her father's knee in the cosy parlour. Her father was speaking with some friends about temperance. During a break in the conversation the little girl looked up; her father's face and said, "But, papa, if no one should begin to drink, there would be no drunkards." The little one had learned a great truth.