



HIPPOCAMPUS OR SEA-HORSE.

"BLESSED ARE THE PEACE-
MAKERS."

If I make a face at Billy,
He will make a face at me;
That makes two ugly faces,
And a quarrel, don't you see?
And then I double up my fist
And hit him; and he'll pay
Me back by giving me a kick,
Unless I run away.

But if I smile at Billy
Tis sure to make him laugh;
You'd say, if you could see him,
'Twas jollier by half
Than kicks and ugly faces.
I tell you all the while,
It's pleasanter for any boy
(Or girl) to laugh and smile.

HIPPOCAMPUS OR SEA-HORSE.

This strange fish, for a fish he truly is, though belonging to a very odd family—the pipe-fishes—is not an entire stranger to northern waters, being found along the New Jersey coasts, and quite far up the Hudson river. Some very fine specimens constitute one of the points of special attraction in the New York Aquarium.

The picture gives a striking portraiture of the creature; and what a jumble of oddities—the head of a horse, fins of a fish, tail compounded of a crocodile's and a ring-tailed monkey's, and the ribbed

body of a Chinese lantern. In general, he is found holding on to some sea-weed or fragment of shell, swaying backward and forward, with oft repeated and very rapid vibrations of the pectoral fins. If it is his pleasure to release his hold and change his location he moves in the upright form seen in the engraving, using the large back fin for propulsion. His voyaging, however, is very short; as he generally adheres to the first object that lies in his way.

The Hippocampus is very docile, and easily tamed; and to one who is so fortunate as to obtain a specimen, he will serve for many an hour of deeply interested study and observation.

THE ANTS AND THE SPIDER.

One day a man who was walking in his garden noticed some ants. They were trying to drag to their home the body of a large spider that they had killed—for ants eat spider meat just as we eat beef and mutton.

The ants were having a hard time and made slow progress, for the long legs of the spider caught in the grass. After a while they stopped and seemed to talk it over among themselves. Then they rolled the body of the spider on to a dry leaf that lay near by, and each ant took hold of the edge of the leaf. This made a kind of a sled which they could drag over the ground easily.

LITTLE BUNNY'S FRIEND.

Jack's papa and a friend of his were driving home through the woods one day last summer, when suddenly a little brown rabbit ran out into the road from the woods directly toward the buggy. Jack's papa checked his horse and sprang out, saying, "I believe I can catch that little fellow!" And, indeed, he could; for that was just what the poor, frightened little bunny wanted. As papa stooped to pick him up his friend exclaimed, "Ha, see the weasel! He was after him." And out he jumped with the horsewhip and chased the cruel weasel far back into the woods. Little bunny lay panting in papa's arms. How safe he felt, and how glad he was that kind, strong man had come to save him from the weasel's sharp teeth.

When the weasel was gone far away, and bunny's little heart had stopped beating so hard and fast, papa put him gently down on the roadside. The little fellow sat on his hind legs, and looked on this side and that side; then away he hopped, back to his own snug home.

When Jack's papa came home and told him about the frightened little rabbit that ran to him for help, Jack said, "Oh, papa why didn't you bring him home to us?"

"Because little bunny would much rather have gone back to his home," said papa. "He might have thought a little boy was almost as bad as a weasel; and you would not have had me unkind to a poor little creature that trusted me, would you, my boy?"

No; surely not! Jack was glad, after all, that bunny was safe and happy.

MY TWO HORSES.

Some years ago I owned a horse, which I undertook to drive to a neighboring town over the hills in winter. A snow of hidden ice suddenly tripped her, and for a time it was impossible for her to get up. But, by efforts that entirely exhausted me, I finally got her on foot again. She never forgot it. My approach to the stable was invariably welcomed by cordial neighing, and, that not sufficing, she would put her head affectionately on my shoulder or under my arm.

On another occasion my pet Morgan called me, while I was engaged fifty rods from the barn, with loud and persistent calls, that I instantly understood meant trouble. Going hastily to the stables I found the cows had broken down a door and were capable of doing mischief. Soon as I approached, the horse gave satisfied whinny, followed by a long snort of relief, and went to eating very quiet