

A Lost Mother.

It is no uncommon thing for policemen to find lost children upon the streets, and restore them to their homes, but here is an interesting story of an officer who had the pleasure of restoring a lost mother to her family.

One morning as the policeman was sitting on a box in front of a drug store, he was startled by seeing a strange-looking animal crawling up his trousers' leg. With a quick motion of the hand, he caught it by the tail. At first he thought it was a rat, but it was unlike any rat or mouse he had ever seen. Plainly it was neither squirrel nor gopher, nor could he think of any animal known to him to which he could liken it. He took it to police headquarters, where it was kept on exhibition for a time, but no one—not even a learned college professor who chanced that way—could give it a name.

At length, as one of the officers was passing a fruit store, he saw in a small glass show case a nest of seven baby animals exactly like the one at the police station. The fruit dealer told him they had been found in a bunch of bananas just received from South Africa. Returning at once to headquarters, he fetched the animal imprisoned there, and placed it in the show case with the babies. They at once ran up to it, and showed by unmistakable signs of joy that they had found a lost mother.

Finally there appeared a "wise man," who said that they were South American mice, otherwise known as kangaroo rats. In shape and general appearance they resemble a kangaroo, but have feet like the hands of a monkey, having thumb distinct from the fingers and toes, and, like the monkeys, they hang by the long tails. Having satisfied their hunger, the little ones went to sleep with their tails coiled around the tail of their mother, which she had turned over her back.

The officer declares that when he first discovered the strange animal crawling up his leg there was an appeal for help in its eyes—the look of a stranger in trouble in a strange land!

The Skill of a Mouse.

One day a naturalist lay motionless on a fallen log in the forest, and silently watched an animal at play in the grass near by. This was a large brown-backed mouse—a meadow mouse, that had come out from his home under the log, and, when tired of play, had sat up to make his toilet. Using his forepaws as hands, the mouse combed the white fur on his breast, and licked himself smooth and sleek. Satisfied at length with his appearance, he began to search for food.

He did not have far to go, for a few stalks of wheat grew among the thick weeds near at hand. The mouse was so large that he could probably have bent the stock down and brought the grain within reach. If not, he could certainly have climbed the stalk. He did not try either of these plans, however; for these were not his ways.

Sitting up very straight, he bit through the stalk as high up as he could reach. The weeds were so thick that the straw could not fall its full length; and the freshly cut end settled down upon the ground, with the straw still erect and the grain out of reach. The mouse again cut the straw in two, and again the upper portion settled down. In this way he bit off five lengths of straw before he could bring the grain within reach of his paws. These forepaws were very skillful little hands; and he deftly husked a grain and ate it, sitting erect, and holding it to his mouth as naturally as a boy would hold an apple.

Keep Your Temper.

"I never can keep anything!" cried Emma, almost stamping with vexation. "Somebody always takes my things and loses them." She had mislaid some of her sewing implements.

"There is one thing," remarked mamma, "that I think you might keep if you would try."

"I should like to keep even one thing," answered Emma.

"Well, then, my dear," resumed mamma, "keep your temper; if you will only do that perhaps you will find it easier to keep other things. I dare say if you had employed your time in search for the missing articles, you might have found them before this time, but you have not even looked for them. You have only gotten into a passion—a very bad way of spending time—and you have accused somebody, and unjustly, of taking away your things and losing them. Keep your temper, my dear; when you have missed any article, keep your temper and search for it. You would better keep that, although you lose all the little property you possess. So, my dear, I repeat, keep your temper."

Emma subdued her ill-humor, searched for the articles she had lost, and found them in her work bag.

"Why, mamma, here they are! I might have been sewing all this time if I had kept my temper."

Temper is sometimes hard to keep, but God will help you, if you ask him.

Who is Lovely?

Who is lovely? She who gives
Kindly words and pleasant smiles
To her little friends and neighbors,
And their every grief beguiles.

Who is lovely? She who gives
To her parents honor due,
To her brothers and her sisters
Rich affection, deep and true.

Who is lovely? She who never
Speaks a harsh, ungentle word;
From whose lips of grace and sweetness
Naught but love is ever heard.

Who is lovely? She who weeps
With the sad and weary heart,
And who gently prays the wayward
Now to choose the better part.

The Bird's Intelligence.

During a high wind this summer a young oriole was thrown from its nest to the ground. It was picked up by kind hands, and kept in the house till the storm was over, and then placed on the roof of the piazza. A watch was kept behind the closed blinds of a window near by to note proceedings on the part of the parent birds. They, in the meantime, had seen the little one borne away, and had followed it to the house, and, as it was kept near the open window, its cries had apprized them of its whereabouts. They soon came to it on the roof and hovered over it, doing much talking and consulting together. Finally they alighted near the little one, and the female slipped her wing under it and seemed to urge some course of acting upon the male, who fidgeted about, coming to the little one, spreading its wings over it, then flying to a tree, when the female followed him, and brought him back, and again slipped a wing under the little one. Finally he seemed to understand or to get his nerves under control and, slipping his own wing under, together they made a sort of cradle for the birdling. And, each flapping its free wing, they flew to the tree.—Christian Intelligencer.

Deep Breathing.

Consumption kills more people than the sword, pestilence, or famine? No child was ever born into the world suffering from tuberculosis? Compulsory deep breathing in schools would wipe tuberculosis off the face of the earth in two generations?

The daily practice of deep breathing, acquired in childhood, will make every human being, whatever his tendency or ancestry, proof against the inroads of the bacillus of tuberculosis. There should be two half hours given up during the day's schooling to the practice of deep breathing, in the morning and afternoon sessions. There are three methods of breathing: (1) abdominal, (2) rib, (3) upper chest. The right method to teach the young is the long, deep breath which is a combination of all three, beginning with the abdomen and ending with the upper chest. As much air as possible, please, followed by gradual exhalation. That method can be taught to a child in about two minutes.

Compliments.

An honest exchange of compliments is always an agreeable thing. A New England minister, recently married, had desired one of his neighbors to secure a horse to be driven in the new phaeton which the clergyman had bought with a view to his bride's pleasure.

The minister's wife made her first appearance at church on the Sunday after the wedding, and was approved by the entire congregation for her sweet face and simple manner.

The next afternoon the minister took his wife for a drive, and passing his neighbor on the road, he stopped to say pleasantly, "You bought us a very good horse, and we thank you for that Mr. Wilson."

"You're welcome," said the parishioner, with gravity; "and you've chosen an excellent minister's wife, sir, which is about as difficult. The whole Church thanks ye for that."

A Singular Nesting Place.

As we know birds frequently choose curious places to nest in, and we have seen in the papers instances of this. In one of the journals we are told of a nest having been built beneath a lump of coal in a wagon:—

Last year several trucks of coal were sent for shipment to Grangemouth. The ship having been loaded, it was found that one truck was not needed, and so it was shunted into a siding. By-and-by the shunter noticing a bird flying about the truck, examined the wagon and found a nest in the middle with five young ones. It had been built beneath a lump of coal which somewhat protected it from weather and dust. The birds were not disturbed until the family were old enough to fly. It is very singular that this particular truck was twice moved up for unloading and put back each time. But for this the birds would have had to nest elsewhere." It was fortunate for the birds that the nest was discovered before the coals were tipped out of the truck.

Mrs. Maxwell—"They tell me that Catherine is engaged to the new preacher." Mrs. Gamewell—"She isn't certain. She don't know whether or not he was proposing last night when he talked for two hours on the text—'Where thou lodgest I will lodge.'"