



### CLIMBING THE MOUNTAINS

Travellers frequently visit the celebrated mountains in South America, and go up to their tops after the manner shown in the picture. These mountains are so high that they are always covered with snow, and they are so steep and rugged that horses and waggons cannot climb them. The ignorant and poor people who live there fasten a kind of chair on their backs by means of stout straps. A traveller takes a seat in the chair, and the poor native lugs him up the mountain, over rocks, across ugly streams and gulches on logs, and through almost every kind of danger. It is a tiresome climb for the poor fellow who carries the load, but I have long thought I would as soon take his place as to risk my chances on his back in the chair. If his foot should slip as he crosses a gulch on a log, it would be good-bye Mr. Traveller. But I suppose a man would feel as safe riding in a chair on another man's back, after he gets used to it, as in a saddle on a horse's back. To those who were never on horseback it does not look at all safe to see a man go prancing over the country on a rollicking steed. But those who are accustomed to it never think of there being any danger in it.

### HE GUESSED RIGHT.

"Well, I didn't mean to do it, cry-baby. You make as much fuss as if it was a live baby."

"Oh, my poor dolly!" wailed Nannie, the big tear-drops running down.

Lee really was very sorry. He had caught the doll by her arms, and was dancing her on the table, when the rubber that holds a "jointed doll's" arms together snapped, and they fell apart, and poor Nannie burst into tears.

Lee was sorry, but he was a little mad

too mad at dolly, for being so easy to break, mad at Nannie, for being so easy to make cry, and a little mad at himself, so he called the little sister a cry baby, and that neither mended dolly's arms nor Nannie's hurt feelings.

"Didn't mean to 'is poor payment," said mother, coming in.

Lee was ashamed now, besides being sorry and mad. "I don't see what I can do about it," he said gloomily.

"Several things," answered mother.

"First, you can kiss Nan and tell her you are sorry, then you can come and smile at me, and say, 'Mother, won't you please

mend this doll?' in such a way that I couldn't refuse you, and while I am doing it you can bring an armful of wood for the fire; and—"

"Stop, mother," cried Lee, laughing; "don't you think that enough?"

"There was one more thing," said mamma, "but maybe you'll find it out yourself."

And sure enough, while mamma mended the doll, and while the mended fire roared up the chimney, Lee went over to Nan's table, and drove away her sad looks by playing castle-building with her. "That's it," said mamma, smiling; "you have guessed right, being nice to the little sister was the other thing."

### NOT AN UP-TO-DATE SERPENT.

BY MISS O. V. WILLIAMS.

You have heard, dear children, of "the wisdom of serpents," but I am going to tell you a little story of a chicken snake that casts some discredit on the family. Down on the South Carolina coast is a long, narrow island known as North Island, to distinguish it from South Island, which lies in sight right across the bay. On North Island is a tall, white lighthouse, built in 1811, kept at present by Mr. R—, a Dane. One of the married daughters sent Mrs. R— six china nest eggs. Well, in June a year ago, a couple of chicken snakes glided out of the woods behind the sand dunes and visited the hen-house. In the mornin' four of the eggs were missing. The summer passed away and the fall and nearly the whole of the winter. One day in February Mrs. R— went to visit her chickens, surprising a snake. She picked up a hoe and struck it on the head. She noticed three curious lumps in its body, and, her husband being up in the tower, called to a coloured woman in the government house near by to come

and help her dissect it. They found three of the missing eggs, but the fourth was never recovered. The supposition is that the other snake made a meal of that. It must have been the wiser of the two. There is an old saying that "Once a fool is no fool, but twice a fool—" And what about a serpent being three times fooled?

### CULTIVATING THE VOICE.

"Mamma, mayn't I have something to eat? I'm so hungry," whined Willie Cooper as he came in from school.

"Certainly, my dear," replied the mother, "but you must ask in a different tone from that. Now smile and say, 'Mamma, please give me something to eat,' in this tone;" and she spoke in cheerful accents to show him how.

It took two or three trials, but at last Willie got all the whine out of his voice and all the cloud out of his face, and was given a generous slice of bread and butter to "stay" his hunger till supper time.

It was by no accident that all the Cooper children had pleasant voices and clear and distinct enunciation of what they said, for the cultivation of their voices had begun very early in their lives; so their vocal organs had no opportunity to form wrong habits or learn bad ways. They had not been allowed to talk incorrectly to clip their words, to indulge in slang, or to whine; and the example of the clear, sweet, ringing cadences in which their parents spoke was more potent, perhaps, than any other influence in forming their habits of speech.

A child may be indulged in whining until its vocal organs are so set that it cannot speak without whining, or it may be allowed to talk in a high, shrill key until it loses command of the lower register and can use only a high key. It may be taught to speak with distinct articulation, with natural, resonant tones, with grammatical propriety and correctness, until this shall become a part of him and an inalienable possession.—*Religious Intelligencer.*

### FRANK'S CHANCE.

Sunday morning when Frank went to church he found the building crowded with people. In the pulpit there was a missionary who had come all the way from India. He talked about the people in that country who had worshipped idols and did not know about Jesus.

The missionary said that fourteen cents would buy a New Testament to send to these poor people. Surely any boy could make fourteen cents. Frank tried to think how he could earn that much.

The next day Mr. Long, who lived next door to Frank, said, "I wish I could find some one to cut the grass in my front yard."

"There's a chance," thought Frank, and he asked Mr. Long to let him do the work.

He worked all day and earned enough to buy three New Testaments.