

HOW SHE MANAGED HIM.

"If it wasn't for Bob Whitney," said the Chairman of the School Committee, looking at the minister.

"Yes," sighed the minister, looking in his turn at the doctor.

"What is it about Bob Whitney?" asked Miss Willis, the newly-appointed teacher.

"He is the worst boy in school; he's run wild all his life, and the teachers all have trouble with him," replied the chairman.

"There isn't anyone that can manage him," added the minister, while the rest of the committee nodded assent.

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The clock struck four. Miss Willis touched the bell, and, one after another, the boys filed out until none were left but Bob Whitney. Miss Willis closed the door and went over to his seat.

"Have you learned your lesson, Robert?" she asked.

"No," was the gruff response.

"Don't you think you ought?" she asked again.

Bob would not look up to meet the grave, kind eyes bent upon him. "Why doesn't she punish me as the rest do, and have done with it?" he thought to himself.

"Robert, don't you think you have been doing wrong all day in neglecting your lessons and disturbing the school as you have?"

"No," he said, just as gruffly as he possibly could. "No, I don't."

Miss Willis made no reply, but went to her desk, took out her cane, and came back to where Bob sat.

"She thinks she can lick me into it; but I never yet was licked into anything, and I don't think I will be now," thought Bob scornfully.

"Either you or I, Robert, have done wrong," she said quietly as she stood behind him, cane in hand. "I supposed it was my duty to see that you obeyed the rules of the school and improved your time. I thought I ought to do all in my power to assist you in the preparation of a noble, intelligent and useful manhood. But I believe you are honest and sincere, and you say you have been right in following your idle, mischievous inclinations as you have; consequently I am the guilty one instead of you, and you must punish me."

Bob's face crimsoned with surprise as Miss Willis held out her cane to him. "I shan't touch it," he said, drawing back. "But you must," replied Miss Willis firmly. "And the rule is twelve good strokes." She laid the cane in his hand, and extended her own. Bob looked at the fair, delicate hand awaiting the stroke. How could he?—and yet there was but one other alternative, and that was to "give in." He felt somehow that this giving in would mean a good deal. He raised the cane.

"That will not count, Robert; you must strike harder."

"I'd rather be punished a thousand times over myself," he thought, but still he could not quite give in. Once more he struck—this time he left a red band on the white palm, and in spite of herself Miss Willis flinched and changed color.

"That is right; eleven more just such strokes" she said. But instead of striking, Bob dropped the cane as though it was a hot coal. "I've been an idle, good-for-nothing boy all my life," he said, trying hard to choke back the sobs. "And I'm too mean to live, to punish you for trying to make me do as I ought. If you will try me once more I'll do better, if it kills me."

"As sure as his name is Whitney we shall be proud of him," thought Miss Willis exultantly. "You can do nobly, Robert, if you only will, for God has given you grand capabilities; but you must ask Him to help you to keep them from running to waste, as you have let them all your life. It will be a hard struggle to overcome the habits of years, but it will pay, Robert."

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Years after, all the town was talking of the eloquence and talents of Judge Whitney. Among the judge's most treasured possessions is a cane which, once belonged to Miss Willis. "It was the making of me," he says.—*Exchange*.

JOHN AND BYRON.

John was a negro boy, full of fun and frolic. Byron was a large, white horse. Both lived and worked on Grandma Hudson's farm.

John had a habit that Byron disliked. While he was eating his supper of sweet

hay and golden corn, John would stand in front of the stall and tease him, by making all sorts of ugly grimaces.

John thought it fine fun to see Byron get angry, and try to bite him through the bars of the stall.

Uncle George had often reproved John for this naughty habit, telling him that the horse would hurt him some time if he continued his insults.

One day, when Uncle George was away, John went into the stable to bridle Byron, and led him to the well. But, as he was reaching up to take hold of his mane, Byron opened his mouth, seized John by his thick, curly hair, lifted him from the floor, and walked leisurely out into the barnyard.

Grandma heard a loud scream, and ran to the kitchen door to see what was the matter. There was Byron, with John hanging from his mouth, marching across the yard: he was not trying to hurt the boy, but only giving him a vigorous shake now and then, to show him what he could do if he had a mind to. When he had punished him sufficiently, he dropped him on the ground and trotted away to the well. In this novel way, John was taught to abandon the cruel and dangerous habit of teasing animals. We all thought Byron's trick a very smart one for a horse.

John never ventured to play any tricks upon him again, and there was no further trouble between them. All that Byron wanted was to be treated with proper respect.—*Our Dumb Animals*.

WHITE ANT PALACE.

The white ant is known as an insect very destructive to wood in all tropical regions, and the temperate zones are not wholly free from its ravages. It is all the more destructive because its work is never seen upon the surface, and the strength of timber is all wasted without any indication to the eye. The ant, if it has occasion to work upon the surface, first covers it with a coating of clay. Its manner of living as well as of working appears from the description given of the abode of an ant colony by Mr. Moore, of Australia.

Upon the brow of a small rounded eminence there stood a sort of pillar of clay about five feet high, which had once filled

up the centre of a hollow tree, the shell of which had been, from time to time, broken and burned away. This pillar was the work of white ants. As it interfered with the working of the plough, I commenced breaking and digging it down, not without some difficulty.

The clay, which was surprisingly stiff, hard, and dry, broke off in large fragments. At length, near the level of the surface of the ground, a rounded crust was uncovered, looking like the crown of a dome. On breaking through this, the whole city of the ants was laid bare—a wonderful mass of cells, pillars, chambers and passages. The spade sank, perhaps two feet, among the crisp and crackling ruins, which seemed formed either of the excavated remnants of the tree, or a thin, shell-like cement of clay.


The arrangement of the interior was singular; the central part had the appearance of innumerable small branching pillars, like the minutest stalactitic productions. Towards the outer part the materials assumed the appearance of thin laminae, about half the thickness of a wafer, but most ingeniously disposed in the shape of a series of low elliptic arches, so placed that the centre of the arch below formed the resting-place for the abutment of the arch above.

These abutments again formed sloping platforms for ascent up to the higher apartments. In other places I thought I could discern spiral ascents not unlike geometrical staircases.


The whole formed such an ingenious specimen of complicated architecture, and such an endless labyrinth of intricate passages, as could bid defiance to art and to Ariadne's clue. But even the affairs of ants are subject to mutation. This great city was deserted—a few loiterers alone remained to tell to what race it had formerly belonged. Their great storehouse had become exhausted—even the very roots had been laid under contribution, till at last its myriads of inhabitants had emigrated to begin anew their operations in some other soil.

GIVE THY LOVE FREELY! do not count the cost;
So beautiful a thing was never lost
In a long run.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.




I
ho has fed
the
chickens.




Just as they would
wish

Who has tended Baby
Almost half the day?
Who has spread her cradle,
Set her toys away!




Who has picked the cherries?
Mamma
spoke of
pies;




Here the
fruit is
ready
Much to her surprise!


Who has carried water
Rinsed and filled
the dish?




Whom does Baby call for
Always when
he goes?




Who has filled the wood-box
With the driest wood?



Who has been a-weeding
In the onion rows?



Patient little brother,
Mamma knows!
Mamma
knows!



Mamma's little Brownie
Doing good!
Doing good!

