

with anything called a soul. I don't know of anybody that has. The soil's my text and I shall stick to it. They'll find that out. Reckon if I should drop out somebody'd be missing, now! But I'll go along in, same's ever. Good-natured—huh! I don't care the snap of my finger, that's all. He'll find that out. And M'ri, she'll find it out, too. Beats me what's the matter with a man's earning an honest living by the sweat of his brow. Hi, there, Specky, thought you're going to have your own way to-night, didn't ye, old bird? Not so long as Alton Rigby's running this ranch, sure's you live. Business is business, preaching or no preaching.'

Making Faces.

Did you ever, says the Rev. E. H. Byington, in the 'Congregationalist,' make faces at anybody? You know that it is not nice, and that children who do such things are often punished for it. But we all are making faces for ourselves all the time.

If you are real cross, you scowl and wrinkle your face, just above your nose and between your eyes. If you are worried and anxious, some lines appear across your forehead. If you smile, some little lines run from the other corner of your eyes toward your hair, spreading out like a fan. If you laugh, you have some dimples in your cheeks or other marks about your mouth. If you are very set and determined, your lips come together and the muscles about them stand out rather distinctly.

Now just as soon as you stop being cross, or worrying, or smiling, or laughing, these lines and wrinkles disappear, and your skin seems as smooth as ever. Still the muscles get in the habit of taking these marks and, if you keep on, little lines begin to appear; and, year by year, they grow deeper, and at last are there all the time. When you are not cross, the wrinkles that show irritation are there. When no merriment is in your heart, the smiling lines are there. All these years you have been making your face, and you have to wear it all the time.

As you enter a car of older people you often can tell much about them by the faces they have made and are wearing. That one is pleasant and jolly, for the smiling lines are there; that one's wife and children must have a hard time in life, for he has lots of scowling furrows on his face. The next one is a trial to his friends; the marks of 'I never give up to others,' he has written all over his face. Be careful, because in smiling and scowling, in laughing and frowning, you are making the faces you will have to wear when you are older.

A Trip to a Star.

'Let us suppose a railway to have been built between the earth and the fixed star Centaurus,' said the lecturer. 'By a consideration of this railway's workings we can get some idea of the enormous distance that intervenes between Centaurus and us.'

'Suppose that I should decide to take a trip on this new aerial line to the fixed star. I ask the ticket agent what the fare is, and he answers:

"The fare is very low, sir. It is only a cent each hundred miles."

"And what, at that rate, will the through ticket one way cost?" I ask.

"It will cost you just \$2,750,000," he answers.

"I pay for my ticket and board the train. We set off at a tremendous rate."

"How fast," I asked the brakeman, "are we going?"

"Sixty miles an hour," says he, "and it's a through train. There are no stoppages."

"We'll soon be there, then, won't we?" I presume.

"We'll make good time, sir," says the brakeman.

"And when will we arrive?"

"In just 48,663,000 years."—Selected.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent ~~one~~ on application.

Dot and Carry One.

(S. G. von S., in 'Chatterbox'.)

A few days ago I was staying at the house of a friend in Berkshire, and there became acquainted with his clever dog.

Dot, a fox-terrier, is three years old, and has learned many amusing, and some very useful, tricks, such as the following.—

The house of Mr. D., Dot's master, is very near to the railway, and Mr. D.'s daily newspaper is brought from London about nine every morning, by the guard of a passing train. Regularly as the time draws near for the train's arrival Dot scampers off and posts himself on the bank. The train rattles past, the paper is flung out, Dot gives a bark of delight, seizes the paper, and scampers home again.

Does he go and lay the paper at his master's feet? No; Dot is a thoughtful dog, a

people do every day, for his fame is spreading. He may be seen about nine o'clock, if alive and well, on the line between Reading and Newbury, nearly five miles from Reading, and on the left bank from that place.

For Distinguished Service.

(Kate Freeman Carter, in the 'Delineator'.)

Jack's father was a captain in the army, so Jack had always lived in an army post, where he saw soldiers all day long. He knew all the bugle calls, and he loved to go to parade, and when he became a man he wanted to be an officer just like his father. Even now everybody in the post called him 'Captain Jack.'

Christmas was near, when one clear, cold afternoon Jack started out, his skates slung over his shoulder. At the end of the row of houses where he lived he met his chum, Tom-



'DOT.'

wide-awake dog. With the paper still in his mouth, he always goes to his place in the kitchen, where he has his breakfast, and he will not give up his charge until his breakfast is laid before him.

But though Dot is a wide-awake dog he is also an honest one. Nothing will tempt him to take his breakfast before he has worked for it, by bringing the paper. On one occasion the paper was not thrown to him, having been forgotten in London, and that day poor Dot slunk home; he had no playful scamper over the lawn, but he went round the premises into the kitchen as though he were a guilty dog, and he felt so much disgraced that he would not touch his breakfast, till hunger compelled him, when it is supposed he satisfied his conscience by calling it lunch.

On Sunday, Dot never thinks of stirring, and when visitors have tried him by saying, "Dot, you have not fetched the paper," he only looks up with a puzzled eye, and a wag of the tail, as though he would say,—"I am not angry, but I know you are chaffing me."

Any of your readers may for themselves see Dot and Carry One fetch his daily paper, as

my Drummond, and off they went together to the pond.

It was almost dark when Tommy skated on some thin ice, and went down into the water. He clutched the edge of the ice to help himself up and shouted: 'Jack! Jack! Help! Help!'

Around the edge of the pond Jack ran. 'Hold on, Tom; I'm coming,' he called. Then he pushed a hockey stick towards Tom and, bracing himself against a tree called, 'Pull, Tom; I'll try to drag you out.'

Jack pulled with all his strength, and at last Tommy managed to get up on the ice, and then on the bank. As Jack gave a final pull his foot caught on a root of the tree, and became so wedged in he couldn't move. He gave one great wrench and was free, but something was the matter with his foot.

'Take my coat, Tom, I'm warm; but I can't move. Think I've hurt my foot; we'll have to stick it out until some one comes.'

'I can't do a thing, Jack, I'm so stiff; but you've saved my life and I'll give you my best knife when we get home,' chattered Tommy, and then fainted.