

Tommy had had all the apples that he wanted, and he paid no attention. 'You'll be killed, Tommy!' screamed Johnny suddenly, for he heard the freight train coming.

The engineer had told Johnny that he would always whistle once if the train must stop; but if the track was clear and the signal was out, he would blow twice as he came on.

Clear and sharp came the two blasts that said, 'No stop!'

Johnny lay down on the grass and sobbed to think of his dear little white Tommy being crushed by the big engine. But Tommy outside planted his feet firmly on a tie, and, like the 'goose' a young calf often is, stood and faced the monster.

Suddenly the engineer saw Johnny's Tommy, and brought the train to a standstill. A grimy brakeman leaped off, seized the stubborn fellow, rushed down the bank, and, in spite of his kicking, thrust him through the very hole where he had crawled out to the track an hour before.

'Don't cry, Johnny!' he called out cheerfully. 'Tommy is all right. You watch this hole till some one comes, for another train'll be along pretty soon! Can't wait?' And in a minute the train was rushing on again.

When he had wiped away all his tears, Johnny buckled on Tommy's strap, and led him to the house; for he didn't dare have him in the orchard until the hedge was mended. He led Tommy up to his mother, and told her the story.

'That was a very kind engineer,' said Johnny's mother after she had heard it. 'Guess he remembered the apples?'

Then they both laughed at the big black finger-marks on Tommy's white coat; but that foolish fat little animal just kicked up his heels, broke loose, and scampered to the pail by the gate to see if dinner had been served.—Hilda Richmond, in 'Little Folks.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is May, 1904, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

'Nelly, Shake Hands.'

One day my brother was out driving in the country when a stranger stopped him by exclaiming: 'Hallo! that used to be my horse.'

'Guess not,' replied my brother. 'I bought her at a livery stable, and they told me she came from Boston.'

'M'm!' said the man. 'What do you call her?'

My brother answered that the horse was sold to him under the name of 'Pink.'

'Ho,' said the man, 'that isn't her name.'

Suddenly he cried out sharply: 'Nelly!'

Quick as a flash the horse pricked up her ears and looked around.

'Nelly,' said the man, stepping in front of her, 'shake hands!'

Up came the horse's right hoof for the man to take.

'Now give us the other hand, Nelly.' And she raised her left fore-foot.

'There!' said the smiling man, 'do you suppose that wasn't my horse?' —'Our Dumb Animals.'

The Instincts of a Duckling.

A TRUE STORY.

(Mrs. Emma C. Thomas, in New York 'Observer'.)

My father who was a Connecticut farmer, found upon going out into his yard one morning, a very proud and happy mother hen who was walking about followed by one solitary little duckling. Ah! thought he, that hen has stolen her nest; for had she been properly set, she would have had a family of ten or a dozen chickens, instead of this one duckling, and could have cared for them equally well.

A few days later his grandson, a boy about eight years of age, living on an adjoining farm, came to visit him. He showed the little duck to Walter, for this was his name, and said:

'I will give you this duck, and you may take it home and give it to some of your mother hens to bring up with her chickens.'

Walter was much pleased, and ran to the house for a basket. A willow one with a tight cover was given him, and soon grandpa and he had the yellow ball-like fluff deposited under the cover. His home was a mile away over a winding

country road. He walked home, carrying his treasure, and reached home just before dark.

He sought out a mother hen with her brood of chickens and deposited the new comer with her for adoption. Now we would naturally think that with a kind mother, and ten new brothers and sisters, this lonely little duck would be very happy. But this is what really happened.

The next morning early, when grandpapa looked into the yard, there much to his surprise was this same yellow duckling closely following its own mamma, having just walked back alone over this long stretch of road to find her.

'Well!' said my father, 'if you love your mother like this, you shall never be separated,' and they never were.

Tit For Tat.

Six and Nine had a falling out, I can't tell what it was all about. One grew angry and said, 'O fie, You know you are worth three less than I!'

The other cried, with a pout and a frown,

'You're nothing but Six turned upside down!'

Leave Out the T.

I can't do sums! I really can't!

I'm sure I don't know why.

I can't do figures well at all,

I can't, and will not try!

But this was mother's good advice:

'Look here, my little man,

Leave out that horrid T in can't,
And change it into can!'

A dismal face was turned aside,

All thoughtful for a while;

And then at once it brightened up,
With such a happy smile!

'I see, dear mother,' cried the boy,

'You want me just to say,

I can, and will, do all my sums,

And get them right to-day.'

And then, somehow, he found his sums

As easy as could be;

And every figure came quite right
Through leaving out that T!

—Constance M. Lowe.

Almost without exception all great London physicians and surgeons are in favor of total abstinence. Some surgeons will not perform operations upon persons who have been addicted to drink.