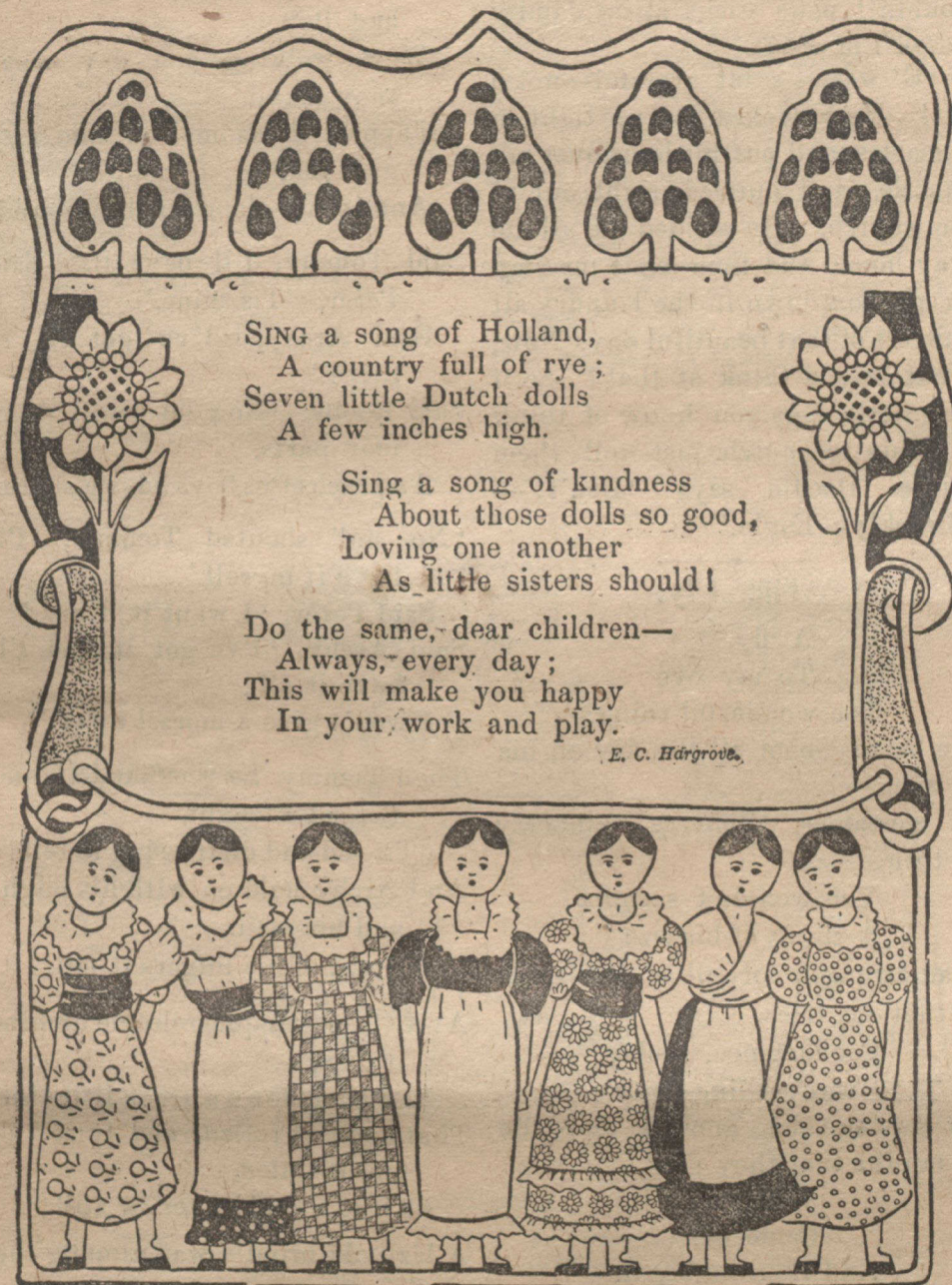


LITTLE FOLKS



A Shaggy Newsboy.

The railway ran along one side of a beautiful valley in the central part of the great State of New York. I stood at the rear end of the train, looking out of the door, when the engineer gave two short, sharp blasts of the steam whistle. The conductor, who had been reading a newspaper in a seat at the end of the train near the door, asked if I wanted to see a 'real country newsboy.' I, of course, answered 'Yes.' So he stepped out on the platform of the car.

The conductor had folded up his paper in a tight roll, which he held in his right hand, while he stood on a lower step of the car, holding on by his left.

I saw him begin to wave the paper just as he swung around a curve in the track, and a neat farmhouse came into view, 'way off across some open fields.

Suddenly the conductor flung the paper off toward the fence by the side of the railway, and I saw a black, shaggy form leap over the fence from the meadow beyond it, and alight just where the newspaper, after bounding along in the grass, had fallen beside a tall mullein stalk in an angle of the fence.

It was a big, black dog. He stood beside the paper, wagging his tail, and watching us as the train moved swiftly away from him, when he snatched the paper from the ground in his teeth, and, leaping over the fence again, away he went across the field toward the farmhouse.

When we last saw him he was a mere black speck moving over the meadows.

'What will he do with the paper?' I asked the tall young conductor by my side.

'Carry it to the folks at the house,' he answered.

'Is that your home?' I enquired.

'Yes,' he responded; 'my father lives there, and I send him an afternoon paper by Carlo every day.'

'Then they always send the dog when it is time for your train to pass?'

'No,' said he, 'they never send him. He knows when it is train time, and comes over here to meet it of his own accord, rain or shine, summer or winter.'

'But does not Carlo go to the wrong train sometimes?' I asked with considerable curiosity.

'Never, sir. He pays no attention to any train but this.'

'How can a dog tell what time it is, so as to know when to go to meet the train?' I asked again.

'That is more than I can tell,' answered the conductor, 'but he is always there, and the engineer whistles to call attention, for fear I should not get out on the platform till we had passed Carlo.'

'So Carlo keeps watch on the time better than the conductor himself,' I remarked.

The conductor laughed, and I wondered as he walked away, who of your friends would be as faithful and watchful all the year round as Carlo, who never missed the train, though he could not 'tell the time by the clock.'—Exchange.

Dixie Doodle's Naughtiness. (Told by Himself.)

I'm going to tell about a time when I was very naughty—only promise me not to tell any other little dogs about it. I don't want to set a bad example.

My little master 'C' loves me dearly. He takes me out with him almost everywhere except on Sundays. Then he says 'Good-by Dixie. Be a nice little brown dog until master gets home. No, you can't come. Little doggies don't go to church!'

Well, I thought and thought about this and I didn't like it. I've got good sense even if that impolite grocery boy did call me a 'silly yellow cur' just because I chased him—some people can't take a joke