

knew 'em to go in that direction before. It's a mercy they didn't mire. Have to turn out and rig up the old fence a little, I guess. Dan? Oh, he went over to Dayhoff's a spell ago. He wanted to see your steers haul in the twenty-five dollars. Said he knew Darkey and Nig wouldn't stand no show with 'em for speed. He'll be tickled plum to death to think you found 'em and got 'em out safe. Must have took a pile of tackin' and turnin'.

Ted put up the bars and turned away. He hoped the teams would be gone when he got back, but they were all there waiting and the teamsters set up a shout when he entered the gate.

'Come and get your money, Ted. The steers just naturally waltzed right through the figger; never lost a step and won it slick as a whistle. Never knowed a yoke to go to a loggin' bee all by their selves and put up a heap in fifteen minutes by the clock, before! kept it right up, too.'

Ted looked from one to the other in a dazed way. Were they making sport? Mr. Ezra Dayhoff came up and shook him by the hand.

'I'm proud to know a boy that can break a yoke of steers to work like that,' he said. 'They tell me you broke them?'

'Yes, sir.' Ted blushed girlishly.

'I never took a better yoke of cattle in hand in my life, and I've handled some pretty handy yokes. Clear cut they are and spry as colts. I see you drive them as I always do, in an ordinary tone of voice. Some folks seem to think an ox is deaf, but mine never seem to be hard of hearing.' He glanced quizzically around the group. 'Perhaps I took a liberty in driving them, but the boys all agreed that if they'd work under a strange driver they deserved their good luck, so as you did not come, I took your place. I wouldn't have missed seeing them pull for a good deal.'

Ted stammered out his thanks as he took the money. 'I'm much obliged to you, sir. Prob'ly they done better for you than they would for me.'

'I'd give it all if Nig and Darkey could have had a show, too. It's just as mean to cheat an ox as 'tis to cheat a boy, but when you've cheated of 'em both it makes a feller feel pretty mean, don't it, old boy?' he told Barney when he went to hitch up and Barney put his cold nose to his master's cheek as if he understood.

'And just supposing they had mired, mother,' he said after he had relieved his feelings by making a clean breast of the matter. 'Of course I didn't know it was Nig and Darkey, but I felt dead sure. I don't know what ever made me do it; I never did such a mean trick before,' he said contritely.

'I told you it would work both ways, Ted, you remember,' declared Aunt Jane triumphantly. 'I s'pose you was wishing you could keep Dan out of it some way and when the chance come, why you just naturally took it, that's all. A body wants to watch out what sort of thoughts they let into their minds, for thoughts always come first—then deeds.'

This opportunity of applying her lecture was too good to be neglected, and for once Ted could only bow a meek acquiescence.

### Worth Remembering.

'Make good use of other men's brains.'

'Best time is present time.'

'Listen well; answer cautiously; decide promptly.'

'The man who does the little thing well is always ready to do the big thing better.'

'Doing nothing is doing ill.'

'Not in pulling down, but in building up, does man find pure joy.'

'Books like friends, should be few and well chosen.'

'Zeal without knowledge is a runaway horse.'

'Lessons hard to learn are sweet to know.'

'A word to the wise is enough.'

'Heaven helps them that help themselves.'

'Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor; the used key is always bright.'

'The sleeping fox catches no poultry.'—Ex.

### Short Grammar.

The whole science of grammar cannot be included in twenty lines of verse, but the ten couplets which are here given have started many young learners upon the difficult road which leads to the mastery of language:

Three little words you often see  
Are articles, a, an and the.

A noun's the name of anything  
As school or garden, hook or swing.

Adjectives tell the kind of noun,  
As great, small, pretty, white or brown.

Instead of nouns the pronouns stand—  
Her head, his hand, your arm, my hand.

Verbs tell of something to be done—  
To read, count, laugh, sing, jump or run.

How things are done the adverbs tell,  
As slowly, quickly, ill or well.

Conjunctions join the words together,  
As men and women, wind or weather.

The preposition stands before  
A noun, as in or through the door.

The interjection shows surprise,  
As, Oh, how pretty! Ah, how wise!

The whole are called nine parts of speech,  
Which reading, writing, speaking, teach.  
—Exchange.

### German Affability.

'Hearty greetings to the Frau Doctor F. from the Frau Professor W., who hopes that the gracious Frau Doctor and her family are all well and would the gracious Frau Doctor tell the Frau Professor how many pounds of goose feathers go to a pair of pillows?'

Something after this stately fashion does a housemaid in Germany who prides herself on her good manners, deliver a message from her mistress. This stilted language takes time, but short speech and a brusque manner find scanty tolerance in the Fatherland.

The street car conductor knows this, and he civilly touches his hat as he asks his fare, and if perchance you have given him a penny over the amount, he will set you down at your station with a friendly adieu!

Enter any little knick-knack shop to buy perhaps a paper of needles, and a pleasant smile and good-day will greet you from the busy employees. However trifling your purchase, the honor of your gracious patronage is begged for a future occasion, and every one in the shop is for the moment your obedient servant.—Rachel Carew, in 'The Pilgrim.'

### A Bagster Bible Free.

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### The Diary.

(F. E. C. Robbins, in 'Youth's Companion'.)

The look of satisfaction on Caleb Jenkins's face when he came home one afternoon attracted attention almost as soon as the bulky parcel that he carried in his hand.

'What on earth have you got now that you're so tickled over?' demanded his wife. She took the parcel from Caleb's unresisting hands.

He watched her with a kind of fascination while she impatiently tore off the brown wrapping-paper, and as she brought to view something that looked like an overgrown account book he found voice to say, 'It's only a diary.'

'A diary!' echoed Mrs. Jenkins. 'Just as though you had patience enough to keep a diary! I should judge by the size of the book that you expected to write in it every day, and live to be a hundred, at that!' Then, as she opened the book, she exclaimed, 'Why, it's been used! Somebody has palmed off a second-hand diary on to you, Caleb Jenkins!'

'Oh, that's why I bought it. I wanted to see if I couldn't floor Zenas Perkins with it once in a while. You see, Zenas has got to be considerable of a nuisance with that diary of his, that he's kept for a dozen years or more.'

'He doesn't allow anybody else to know anything. If anybody remarks that this is about the warmest October that he ever saw, why, Zenas is ready to prove that the mercury averaged to run higher in October only two years ago.'

'Then he's always wanting to know if we remember that it is just so many years ago today that Joel Pike's barn burned, or that something or other else happened. Only the other day I was saying that Cap'n Baker's third wife hadn't been dead more'n six months when he married his fourth, and Zenas took me right up, and got his diary, and showed by it that the cap'n had remained a widower just eight months and eleven days.'

'You can't bring up a nameable thing but Zenas is waiting to pounce on you with his diary. And I don't believe he's right more'n half the time. I calc'late he doesn't keep the diary along regular, but writes it up at odd jobs rainy days.'

'I s'posed Zenas spent his rainy days hanging about the store, like some other folks I know.'

'Time and again,' continued Caleb, disregarding his wife's thinly veiled allusion, 'I've thought of keeping one myself; but a diary has to have some age before it's good for very much, and Zenas had most too much of a start.'

'One day when I had an errand at old Uncle Artemas Baxter's, I found him writing in a big book, and he remarked that he had kept a diary for thirty odd years, and I thought then that I'd kinder like to get hold of it. Well, when the old gentleman passed away, and I heard that his son-in-law, Seth Strout, was a-disposing of the household goods, I recollected the diary, and I thought I'd see if I couldn't dicker for it. I've just come from Seth's, and there's the book. I'm going to read it all through, and then I'm going to keep it along myself, and we'll see if Zenas Perkins will be the only authority on happenings in Pondtown!'

'How much did you pay for that book?' asked Mrs. Jenkins. 'If you paid for it by weight it must have come to considerable.'

'Well, I paid three and a half for it. I offered two, and Seth wanted five, and finally we split the difference.'

'Three dollars and a half! Well, I never did!' and Mrs. Jenkins retired to the kitchen, leaving her husband to the undisturbed perusal of his dearly bought treasure.

When she looked in on him, an hour later,