

Three Little Servants.

I have a little servant
With a single eye,
She always does my bidding
Very faithfully;
But she eats me no meat,
And she drinks me no drink—
A very clever servant, as you well may think.

Another little servant
On my finger sits,
She the one-eyed little servant
Very neatly fits.
But she eats me no meat,
And she drinks me no drink—
A very clever servant, as you well may think.

Now one more little servant,
Through the single eye,
Does both the other's bidding
Very faithfully;
But she eats me no meat,
And she drinks me no drink—
A very clever servant, as you well may think.

A needle and a thimble,
And a spool of thread,
Without the fingers nimble,
And the knowing head,
They would never make out,
If they tried a day.
To sew a square of patchwork, as you well may say.

—Troy Budget.

The Dog That Found a Fortune.

By Florence Yarwood Witty.

CHAPTER I.

"Call up the dead from their cold, cold graves,
Summon up memory's link,
And see if a human tongue can tell
The mill'ns lost through drink."

What a glorious morning for a spin on a wheel! It was a perfect summer day—neither too hot nor too cold. The air was laden with the fragrance of new-mown hay, and the music of the birds made one think that they were wild with joy.

Dick White stood before his father's beautiful residence giving his handsome wheel a few finishing touches before setting out. He was dressed in a stylish bicycle suit, his fine, tan-coloured shoes had just the right point to be in the latest style; the cap on his head was quite up-to-date, and his outfit in general would lead one to think that there must have been plenty of money at hand when all these stylish things were purchased.

But his clothes were much more attractive than his countenance. Although not more than sixteen years of age, a careless, dissipated look was already stamped on his face.

Just as he was about to mount, a boy about his own age came along the street, and Dick called out in a proud tone: "I say, wouldn't you like to have a dandy new wheel like mine?"

"I would," replied Ernest Brown, quietly, "but I can't afford it, so there is no use thinking anything about it."

"Pooh! I should say not!" replied Dick, with lofty sarcasm. "Everybody knows that your father is a drunken sot, and can't afford anything!"

Ernest Brown's dark eyes flashed as he took a step forward, and with clenched fist angrily retorted, "Yes, and your father sells him the liquor, don't he? And the fine clothes you wear, and the wheel you ride, are bought with our money, or else some other poor creature's, while the family goes without bread. I consider that my father is just as respectable as yours!"

"That was quite a remark!" sneered Dick. "I wouldn't wonder but what you will make a good preacher some day. Oh, I wouldn't bother fighting if I were you," seeing Ernest take a step nearer, "because you see you really couldn't catch me." And, springing on his wheel, he was soon a mere speck in the distance.

"Oh, how I hate that Dick White!" exclaimed Ernest to himself, as he walked on down the street. "It is true I can't wear such fine clothes as he can," and he looked rather sorrowfully down at his own shabby ones, "but I hope to see the day when there is more man about me than there is about him!"

Ah, Ernest, there is more man about you already. We have only to look at your honest, open countenance to read there that you are upright and manly.

But we will follow this morning the fortunes of Dick White—or rather misfortunes, for it proved to be an unlucky day for him.

He sped swiftly along over the hard country road, and in a short time reached the neighbouring city of —, which was only a short distance away from the pretty little town of Pleasant Valley, where he lived.

It was market day in the city, and there was an unusual jam of rigs crossing and recrossing the streets, and the trolley car kept running back and forth every few minutes, so that it made wheeling rather dangerous work—in fact, it was not at all wise to attempt it; but our young wheelman held his head proudly up, and kept on his wheel, assuring himself that he was expert enough to wheel through anything. Reaching Main Street, he saw the trolley coming, but he was sure that he could get safely across the track before the "old slow coach," as he called it, could get within reach. So he made a dash.

Bystanders saw his danger, and shouted to him to wait, but he curled his lip in scorn. He did not need any advice. His head was level enough to take care of himself.

The next moment there was a collision and a crash, and he reached the opposite side of the street it is true, but he there a little quicker than he counted on.

He was wildly conscious of flying through the air with his heels straight up and his head down, and the next moment he landed in one dejected heap clear over on the opposite side of the street.

Strange to say, he was not hurt much. Beyond a little scratch on his arm, and his new suit of clothes completely covered with dust, he was not any the worse. But, instead of thanking the Lord for his miraculous escape, he picked himself up, and began using some rather bad words, for, alas, his beloved wheel had not been so fortunate.

It was "completely smashed," as he termed it, and slowly he gathered up the fragments and took them to the nearest bicycle shop, and left it there to be repaired.

No delightful wheel home for him in the cool of the evening, somewhere near the hour of midnight, after he had "bummed around," as he called it, all he wanted to! He must go back on that horrid four-o'clock train.

The thought made him frown, but there was no help for it; so, after completing his errands, he found it was nearly train time, and hurried over to the station.

Quite a number of people were in the waiting-room. Here on one side sat an intelligent young school-teacher discussing the Boer war with an elderly gentleman. Yonder sat a Salvation Army woman with her papers under her arm. Her gentle face and quiet garb were restful to look at.

Near by sat a very stylish young lady, dressed in the extreme of fashion, who seemed constantly alarmed lest some one should step on her rich velvets, though the way they swept the floor made one wonder how such an accident could be avoided.

Over near the door sat a middle-aged man and woman—I call her woman, but she is not worthy of that title—for her countenance was coarse and repelling, at once giving the index of her life. When she spoke, her voice corresponded with her appearance—it was harsh and grating. She found it necessary to use her musical voice quite frequently in upbraiding her old man, who sat in the opposite corner of the seat, just tipsy enough to be silly, and kept making faces at two little girls over near the stove, which sent them off in convulsions of laughter.

Presently the door opened, and another man appeared on the scene, so drunk that he could scarcely keep on his feet at all.

Presently a woman came in, and as she was this drunken man's wife, he, of course, tagged in after her, and sat down by her, much to her annoyance, although it was evident that she had been drinking too.

Every one hoped that he would keep his tongue still, but presently he commenced singing some idiotic song in a loud tone. It reached the station agent's ears. He came in, and catching him by the arm quickly dragged him across the door and put him in the baggage room until train time.

Dick White watched this scene all the way through with much contempt; and yet his father had sold this man more liquor than any one else ever did, for this man is none other than Henry Brown, "old Hank Brown," as everybody in Pleasant Valley generally called him, and the bright boy named Ernest Brown, whom we met this morning, is his son.

Perhaps it will also add to the interest of my story to tell you, dear reader, that this scene in the railway station is a true incident.

(To be continued.)

A NEWSPAPER CLIPPING.

BY ESTELLE LEONARD.

Charlotte was an enthusiastic member of the Junior Epworth League. At the last meeting, before adjourning for the summer, it was decided to raise a fund for the support and education, for one year, of a young girl they know. She was very poor, and had no opportunities except such as these young people gave her. This League was well known for its helpfulness to others, but this year they decided not to search in distant localities for some one upon whom to bestow their charities, when at their very door was a young girl very needy and very worthy, and very ambitious for an opportunity to improve herself. To raise a part of this fund each member was requested to earn twenty-five cents during the vacation, and bring it to the first meeting of the League in the fall, with an account of the manner in which it was earned. As the summer days passed, Charlotte was puzzled to know how she could really earn that much money.

One morning her little brothers, George and Donald, suffered from a severe attack of ennui. They had been playing hard all morning. Nobody in all the village had been busier. They had run around the square with their express waggon so many times there was no more fun in that. They rode down town with a neighbour several times. Even that pleasure had ceased to be greatly desired. They did not want to swing in the shade any more. They looked with disgust on their stick horses. Their rubber balls were spurned with an impatient foot.

They were tired of all the old things, and did not know what to do next. Donald tumbled down and began to cry. George helped him up, and, hand in hand, they went in search of their mother, who always knew how to comfort them in one way or another. A guest in the house heard the lamentations, and saw the children wearily crossing the yard. She intercepted them at the door, and with sympathetic words coaxed them into the parlour.

"Come in here, children, where it is cool, and perhaps we can find something nice to do. George, find the scissors for me, and Donald, you may bring me that newspaper over there."

Passively the little fellows obeyed, but it did not seem likely that scissors and paper could do them any good. They had often tried them on rainy days with poor success; but they would give them one more trial.

"Now, children, let us see what we can find in this newspaper."

Mrs. J— was a scissors artist of unusual gifts, and delighted to amuse little people with her creations. George and Donald drew near, watching her fold the paper many times.

Snip! snip! The scissors flashed in and out of the paper, and as the scraps fell to the floor Donald caught gleefully at the floating bits of paper, forgetful of his recent griefs. George looked on quietly, his bright eyes reflecting his growing interest.

In a moment there appeared between Mrs. J—'s thumb and forefinger a little boy in blouse waist and knee-pants, his arms stretched out as though joyful that he had burst the bonds of obscurity, and was now an individual of some importance. At least, two very bright-eyed little boys seemed so to regard him.

What was their surprise and delight when, at Mrs. J—'s magical touch, the paper boy sprang forward, and, behold! there were a dozen boys standing in line, holding fast to each others' hands.

"Oh! Oh!" cried Donald, touching each small figure with an inquisitive forefinger.

George placed them along the wall, where they were joined by a similar line of little girls. At last, here was something new under the sun. The children were not slow to see wonderful possibilities in scissors and paper.

"Make a dog!"
"Make a pig!"
"Make a fish!"

The procession along the wall grew rapidly in length. A horse and waggon, with a boy sitting on the front seat holding a whip, was cleverly produced with a few quick clips, and was received with exclamations of wonder and satisfaction. But the greatest marvel of all, was a barn with a waggon standing under the shed, and a horse looking out of a window and the door of the hayloft swinging open.

Mrs. J—'s skilful fingers seemed capable of turning a newspaper into anything she might fancy.

During the afternoon George and Donald were much occupied with their new toys. The paper boys were made to climb in and out of the barn loft at breakneck speed, and otherwise display their athletic skill, when suddenly Donald said:

"Want to show 'em to Jia. George, shall we show 'em to Jim?"
"Yes, we will put them all in our express waggon and go now."

And away they went, showing their treasures to all their playmates in the neighbourhood. Forthwith everybody tried to make paper toys, but all, except George's sister Charlotte, soon grew tired. Charlotte soon became an expert scissors-artist. She was quick to observe how fond of paper toys all the children were, and how very stupid they thought it was to try to make them nice. Remembering the quarter she must earn for the Junior League, she formed a little plan that proved to be a great success. One day the children saw a sign in Charlotte's yard:

Charlotte L—, Scissors Artist
Paper Toys, Two Cents a Dozen.
J. Epworth League Fund.

That toy-shop became a popular resort, and pennies were plenty. It was a never-ending delight to George and Donald. Every morning Donald would say: "Want to go to toy-shop, George; shall we go to toy-shop?" And George always answered: "Yes; come on."

Charlotte was well pleased with her efforts, as she could give more than twenty-five cents without asking the home folks for one penny.

The first meeting of the League was unusually interesting. The little people told of making money in many funny ways, and the fund was much larger than expected.

Hoax—"Klumsy is very fond of horses, isn't he?"
Joax—"If he is, it's something new."
Hoax—"Well, I saw him out riding the other day, and he had both arms around the horse's neck."

Layman—"Realism, eh? Now, you don't mean to tell me that the sun really sets like that?"

Artist—"Ha, ha! My dear fellow, you don't grasp the significance of the new art at all. That, sir, is the way the sun ought to set."

"I dunno how Bill's a-goin' to vote on this election," said the campaign worker. "I've heard tell he's on the fence."
"He wuz thar," replied his neighbour, "but one of the candiderates let fall a dollar on the offside o' the fence, an' Bill got dizzy an' fell over!"

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