

Boys' and Girls' Corner.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

International.		Institute.	
July 7th..	Ex. xx. 1-17.....	Ex. xx. 1-8.	
" 14th..	Ex. xxxii. 1-8; 30-35..	Mark I. 40, to end	
" 21st..	Lev. x. 1-11.....	Mark II. 1-13	
" 28th..	Num. x. 29-30.....	Matt. ix. 9-14	

NOTHING LIKE TRY NG.

Life, after all, is a kindly affair ;
Why is it stupid and not worth the living ?
Striving and getting won't drive away care—
Try giving.

Scowling and growling will make a man old ;
Money and fame at the best are beguiling ;
Don't be suspicious and selfish and cold—
Try smiling.

Happiness stands like a maid at your gate ;
Why should you think you will find her by roving ?
Never was greater mistake than to hate—
Try loving.

—John Estlin Cooke.

DID PRINCE KNOW ?

We were discussing dogs, when Capt. Clark, a native of Illinois, related an incident that will bear repeating.

About ten years ago the captain purchased some land on the south branch of the Big Wichita River, Texas, and a few months later went out to make arrangements for establishing a ranch. He took with him a large shepherd dog of great intelligence. From Fort Worth he journeyed to within twenty-five miles of his destination by rail. At the fort he hired a horse for a week, got his directions about the roads, and set off in good spirits. It was lovely weather and a bracing atmosphere, and the captain was jolly enough until, after the first five miles had been covered, he noticed that Prince was acting in a queer manner. Three different times the dog headed the horse as if to turn him back, and when this did not avail he sat down in the road and howled. The captain got down to look him over, but could find nothing wrong. The dog would look up at him and whine and bark, and run back toward the town, and when his master refused to follow him he howled. No such conduct had ever been noticed in him before. He left the town at two o'clock in the afternoon, calculating to stop over night at a ranch eighteen miles distant, and, after waiting a quarter of an hour with the dog, remounted and rode on. Prince howled louder than ever. He followed, but with his tail and ears down, as if in great trouble.

Two things happened to prevent the captain from reaching the ranch as he had

planned: a thunderstorm, and he got among the cattle trails and lost his way. The dog kept up his strange conduct. It was nine o'clock in the evening, with another storm threatening, when he drew up at a cabin on a small creek flowing into the Wichita. He had seen the light, and made a short cut to reach it. In response to his call an evil-looking woman about forty years old came to the door, and to his request to be accommodated for the night granted a ready affirmative. While the horse was being cared for in a brush stable, the man of the house came home. He had a face more vicious than the woman's. The supper consisted of hoe cake and bacon, and the house and everything in it indicated shiftlessness and poverty. The woman had no questions to ask, but the man was full of them.

At ten o'clock, with the storm still raging, Capt. Clark went to bed. There were two rooms in the house, with a bed in each, and he had the front room. While he did not like the looks of the pair, he had no suspicion that they intended harm. He was well armed, a brave man, and he did not intend to sleep too soundly. There was neither lock nor catch on his door, and he kept it closed by placing a light stand against it. He had gone to the door and whistled for Prince before removing his clothes, but the dog would not come. Nevertheless, the captain was only fairly in bed when the dog came to the outer door, snuffed about for a minute, and then set up a howling. The master got up to let him in, but he ran away. It seemed as though Prince was mad, and the captain made up his mind to shoot him in the morning.

"It was after midnight when I was awakened. The dog had his nose at the bottom of the door, and was howling. I heard a movement in the next room. I heard the man walk across the floor in his bare feet and open the back door and go out. No doubt he had gone to drive Prince away, and I settled back in bed and thanked him for it. The dog ran off, but though I listened long I did not hear the man return. I did hear something, but supposed he had cried out to the dog. The storm was over now, and the light of the moon flooding the room, and as I turned over I saw that the door was ajar. I rose up on my elbow to get a better look, and at that instant the door was pushed further open and in came the woman. She had a light axe in her hands, and no sooner had she made out that I was awake than she sprang forward and struck at me

with all her might. I had do time to calculate, but evaded the blow by instinct. She struck at my head, and I drew myself downward, with only an inch or two to spare. As the blow fell I twisted myself out of bed, and before the woman could strike again I had her. I weighed 165 pounds, and there are few men who can lay me on my back, but I tell you I had to exert myself to conquer that woman. She had muscle, and it was not until I got a good hold on her throat that she wilted. Our struggle lasted fully five minutes, and during all that time Prince was at the door barking and growling in the most furious manner. I had just worsted the woman when the dog came in by way of the back door, and he would have killed her if I had not restrained him. I told him to stand guard, and then proceeded to strike a light and dress.

"I couldn't understand what had become of the husband. With the light in one hand and my revolver in the other, I inspected the back room, but he was not there. I had heard him pass out, and why had he not returned? I looked out of the back door, and the mystery was explained. There lay the man on the broad of his back, feet drawn up and arms extended, and he was dead. I could see no wound, and I knew that no pistol had been fired. After hesitating a bit, I seized hold of him and turned him over, and there in his back, driven clear up to the hilt, was his own knife. I did not attempt to pull it out, but returned to the woman. She had recovered from the choking and was sitting up, but Prince would permit no further move. Her hair hung down about her body, and added to this was the fact that her face was all blood. She was about as hard a sight as I ever saw. I had no sooner entered the room than she began to curse, using the most awful oaths and most terrible threats.

"It was not until daylight that I had a satisfactory explanation. The couple had determined to murder me. About midnight, or as soon as the storm passed over, my horse was saddled and led out. They knew I was armed, and the man had the door open almost wide enough to admit his body when Prince came and awoke me with his howling. The man retreated, and went out doors to settle the dog. There was a clothes line stretched from the corner of the cabin to a tree, and, as he was moving rapidly along, this caught him under the chin and flung him backward. He had the knife in his hand, and as he fell it was twisted about in such a manner