

That Good Little Boy Next Door.

BY G. E. BILLINGS.

They say he's the best little boy in the town,
He never does anything wrong;
Though he wears an old jacket that's faded and brown,
They say that he's never been known to frown,
And he's good as the day is long.
And if I am careless or tired of play,
And leave all my toys on the floor,
They make such a fuss, and they always say
That my things had better be given away
To that good little boy next door.

He must be a dreadfully good little boy
If he's like what I've heard them say,
He loves to bring in the cows at night,
And thinks it is silly to play with a kite.
And would rather study than play.
No matter how hard I try to do right,
It's just no use any more;
For it's, "Oh, don't, Teddy!" from morn-
till night,
And, "Teddy, I wish you were half as polite
As that good little boy next door."

Why it is I hate to go after the cows,
And study at school all day?
Why is it I always break my toys,
And can't get along without making a noise,
And why do I like to play?
But if I'm not anxious to pick up the chips,
Or sleep on the garret floor,
Or rock the baby on rainy days,
They always speak of the willing ways
Of that good little boy next door.

I often watch for that good little boy
That I hear so much about;
But I never see his face at the door,
Or hear him talking, and then, what's more,
He never seems to come out.
But I think if I knew him quite well, you see,
And coaxed him to tell me, or
Watched how he does it, it seems to me
That some day or other I really might be
Like that good little boy next door.
—Youth's Companion.

Slaying the Dragon.

BY MRS. D. O. CLARK.

CHAPTER XIX.

TOM KINMON AS ZAVESDROPPER.

"Be sure your sin will find you out."
"It's no good a-fishin' here," said George MacDuff to his brother, as he cast his line impatiently into the little whirlpool at his feet.
"Tis, too," replied Peter, holding up a hand some rock-cod, its scales glistening as they caught the sunlight. "Jest mind this beauty! He'll weigh four pounds, sure. These fellers can only be caught in holes like this, where the water runs swift. Hist! you've got a bite, sure's fate! George, out! Ain't he a lusty feller!" he added, as his brother took a large cunner from the hook. "This is the place ter fish, an' don't you forget it."
Silence reigned for some minutes. Then George broke forth again. "I say, it's too bad!"
"What's too bad?" queried his brother.
"Thet Dow hes got ter suffer fur what he never did."
"Hist, George! The rocks hev ears sometimes," and Peter cast furtive glances around.
"There's nobody ter hear," said George, also looking around. "We're early birds, this morning, an' none of the fishermen are out here, yet."
"I don't care for any on 'em but Tom," said Peter, as he again surveyed his surroundings, anxiously. "He's allus a-peekin' round when you don't know it."
"Oh, bosh! What you afear'd of?" and George regarded his brother with a contemptuous air.
"Wal, I wouldn't say nothin' more about it," and Peter resumed his fishing.
"When's the next meetin' of the Skulls?" inquired George.
"Next Wednesday night, at Powder House. Joe said we'd be sure ter hev some fun that night, an' he hinted es ter how he would pervide a treat. Charlie Chapman is in fine spirits, 'cause the plan worked so well."
"Chapman's quite a crack feller; don't you think so?"
"Yes, I do. He's jest es smart es a steel-trap, too. Plays lots o' games on old Ray, and the old chap don't know it. Charlie ken appear jest es quiet es a

lamb when he's got an axe ter grind, an' he pulls the wool over the old man's eyes, I tell yer!" and Peter laughed aloud at the remembrance of what he had seen and heard.
"Joe's purty smart, too," said George. "He makes a first-class president of our society. I guess we've got es good a society es the St. George League, ef a parson does run it."
"You're right!" replied Peter. "Guess we'd better be gittin' home, now, ef we calculate ter hev fish fur breakfast," and he put up his fishing tackle, and swung his string of fish over his shoulder.
As the boys disappeared over the brow of the hill, Tom raised himself out of his cramped position, and gave another of his silent laughs, and swung his cap in the air.
"We'll attend the next meetin' of the Skulls, so we will, my hearties, an' we'll bring a few friends with us, too. Ha! ha! my young sculpins. I guess we'll hev a stop put ter some of your grim-cracks. Your lectle game is 'bout played out."
Tom made no allusion to his adventure, but attended to his customary duties. "Taint no use raisin' their hopes on what is yet so onartin," he thought. "Time enuff ter crow when I git those young chaps by the neck!" and Tom rubbed his hands gleefully.
Maurice pursued his dally work at the store, and three evenings in the week he recited to Mr. Strong. It had been his ambition to enter college another year, but his courage had now deserted him. It was only by the encouragement of friends that he kept up during this trial.
It was quite an event for Tom to be away from home evenings, but Monday night and Tuesday night he was out quite late. He gave no explanation for his strange conduct, but when Wednesday night, at dusk, he took his cap and prepared to leave, his wife expostulated. "Sure, lad, you don't mean ter leave me agin ter-night? You don't seem quite like yourself of late. You ain't sick, be you, Tom?" and Janet looked anxiously into her husband's rugged face. "Don't you go ter worritin' 'bout me, wife. Tom K.'s all right, but what he wants ter do is ter hev the boy in the other room thare all right, so I be out gittin' what information I can. I guess ter-night will be the last time I shall go skylarkin'. Dyer see?"
"Oh, Tom, you've got jist the biggest heart. You're bound ter help the weak an' those es has no friends."
"Wal, wife, ain't that one way of bearin' other folks' burdens? You know I promised 'fore angels an' men ter do this very thing."
"Yes, I know, Tom, an' you've kept your word faithfully."
Tom did not go alone to Powder House. Mr. Strong, Constables Davis and Parker and Deacon Ray went at different times to the place designated. Concealed in the overhanging bushes, they witnessed the proceedings of the Silver Skulls, a society of whose existence they had been ignorant until the keen wits of Tom Kinmon had exposed it.
A large boulder, called Mountain Rock, formed a grand rendezvous for the young roughts. Behind this rock ten boys were seated, most of them with cigars or cigarettes in their mouths. Joe Chase was spokesman, as usual, and dictated the crowd.
"Come, boys, what do you say to a game of poker?" and he took a pack of greasy cards from his pocket.
"Good! good!" cried a chorus of voices.
Peter MacDuff lighted the lantern he had brought, and the game began. After all the loose change the boys had had found its way into Joe's pocket, the president grew tired of the game, and said, "Now, boys, fur the treat I promised you!" and he proceeded to uncork two bottles.
"Here's some prime lager beer fur them es don't like somethin' stronger, but John and Charlie think, with me, thet the other bottle is the best."
The bottles were then passed around, and their contents eagerly swallowed.
When Joe had mentioned his treat, Mr. Strong desired at once to interfere, before the lads had drunk, but Constable Davis said, "By no means do this. We shall lose what we came to hear, namely, who fred Judge Seabury's barn. Be patient, sir."
Nor did they have long to wait. The subject of the fire was uppermost in the minds of the boys, and the matter was soon under discussion.
"We did a purty good stroke of business that night," said Joe, rubbing his hands. "Charlie Chapman deserves a premium fur thinkin' up so smart a job."
"I think I deserve a lectle credit," replied Peter MacDuff. "Those pesky old

matches you giv me were hard ter light. I used a whole card 'fore I could strike a blaze."
"Oh, yes, you did fust-rate," and the president beamed upon his apprentice. "You'll git promoted ter a high rank in this society, yet."
"I guess that sneakin' Dow won't dare ter peep agin," said Charlie Chapman. "I guess I've fixed him fur Fairport."
"There's bin no suspicion es ter who set the fire," added John Chapman. "People generally b'lieve thet Dow did it, an' I think the Jedge thinks so, too."
"Dow's month is most up," said George MacDuff, "an' then I spose they'll hev ter decide somethin'. But they 'an't prove nothin' agin him, 'cause he's bin an honest lad."
"He's bin a sneakin' lyin' rascal, you mean," interrupted Charlie, casting a fierce look at the speaker. "Don't any of you begin ter stan' up fur the scamp, or I'll make you smart."
"Dow will suffer whether he goes ter gaol or not," said Joe. "Some folks will allus suspect him, an' Dow can't bear that, know, he's so proud. Chapman hes got what he wanted, even if Dow continues ter walk these streets. His name is furever blackened."
"I guess old Ray won't trust him quite so much es he has," continued Charlie. "though I was surprised thet he let the boy come back inter the store at all. I don't see what there is 'bout that white-faced foundling that makes folks rave 'bout him. You'd think there never was such a chap, ter hear Ray or the parson talk."
"The Jedge was awful mad ter lose his barn," spoke Willie Riley, for the first time. "He declared he would do some dreadful thing if he found the scoundrel. People say that he don't like Maurice Dow, and wouldn't care much if he was proved guilty."
"Why should he?" exclaimed Peter. "Dow's nothin' but an outcast that nobody would miss ef he should go away from here in disgrace. He's got no spunk. Was allus porin' over a book. Bah!" With a gesture of contempt the lad squirted tobacco juice from a large quid in his mouth.
"It was a bold thing fur the Skulls ter do," said Joe, "but we did it, an' brought lastin' honour ter perch on our banners. But we'll hev ter be cautious in the future so thet no one need ter suspect us."
"That you will, you young scamps!" shouted Constable Davis, as he sprang forward and seized Joe Chase by the collar. His companions followed suit. Tom seized Charlie Chapman and Peter MacDuff in his strong grasp. Constable Parker took John Chapman and George MacDuff in tow. The other boys were too frightened to resist, and followed Deacon Ray and Mr. Strong without trying to run away. The ringleaders were put into the lock-up for the night, while the remainder were waited on by the constables to their homes, each promising to appear before a trial justice the next morning.
Willie Riley, Steve Barton, and George MacDuff owned their share in the proceedings and implicated the rest. The matter assumed such serious proportions that the case was carried to the Superior Court, which convened the following week at Salem.
(To be continued.)

STOPPING A STAMPEDE.

An army officer has recently told a story of fine courage, in the Chicago Record, a story which loses nothing from its homely language.
One of the slickest things I ever saw was a cowboy stopping a cattle stampede. A herd of about six hundred had broken away pell-mell, with their tails in the air, and the bulls at the head of the procession. They were heading straight for a high bluff, where they would certainly tumble into the canon and be killed.
You know that when a herd gets to going it can't stop. Those in the rear crowd those ahead, and away they go. I wouldn't have given a dollar a head for that herd, but the cowboy spurred up his mustang, made a little detour, came in right in front of the herd, cut across their path at a right-angle, and then galloped leisurely on the edge of that bluff, halted and looked around at that wild mass of beef coming right toward him. He was as cool as a cucumber, though I expected to see him killed and was so excited I could not speak.
Well, sir, when the leaders had got within about a quarter of a mile of him I saw them try to slack up, though they could not do it very quickly. But the whole herd seemed to want to stop, and when the cows and steers in the rear got about where the cowboy had cut across their path, I was surprised to see them

stop and commence to nibble at the grass. Then the whole herd stopped, wheeled, straggled back, and went to fighting for a chance to eat where the rear-guard was.
You see, that cowboy had opened a big bag of salt he had brought out from the ranch to give the cattle, galloped across the herd's course and emptied the bag.

A SMALL BOY HARVESTER.

The Youth's Companion reports a pretty lively adventure which befell a five-year-old Iowa boy last summer. He had gone out to the wheat field where his father was driving the harvester, and had begged to be taken up on the high seat by his father's side.
The harvester was one of those wonderful labour-saving machines of which farmers use so many in these days. It cut the wheat, swept it into sheaves, bound them, and tossed them aside.
For a time all this was very interesting to the little fellow. Then he grew tired of sitting still, and began to squirm, and before the father knew what was going on, the boy had tumbled off.
He screamed as he found himself going, but before the horses could be stopped the machinery had caught him, rolled him up in a bundle of wheat, bound him about the legs and the neck with twine, and there he lay on the ground.
He was not hurt. A little skin had been scraped from one of his shoulders, and he was, or thought he was, almost choked. That was all; but he was very much frightened.

GOD'S LOVE.

Standing on the top of Cheviot Hills, a little son's hand inclosed in his, a father taught the measure of the measureless love of God. Pointing northward over Scotland, then southward over England, then eastward over the German Ocean, then westward over the limitless hill and dale, and then sweeping his hand and eye over the whole circling horizon, he said: "Johnny, my boy, God's love is as big as all that!"
"Why, father," the boy cheerily replied, with sparkling eyes, "then we must be in the very middle of it!"

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