

people in the carriage looked warm and tired.

A very lean woman, with an ample lunch basket, divided her time between eating chicken and boiled eggs and fanning vigorously with a turkey-tail fan; while a stout man in the corner mopped his face with a big bandanna handkerchief, and remarked by way of emphasis: 'Hot, very hot!'

The girls and boys took in every incident, laughing and tittering all the while. Just across the aisle, opposite the boys, sat a woman holding a baby. A pale, tired, despairing look was on her face, and her eyes were full of suffering. The little one was fretful, and cried piteously; but the young mother was too sick and exhausted even to try to amuse or quiet the baby.

'Oh, just listen to that young one! I think crying babies ought to be put out of the cars!' one of the girls said, petulantly.

'Yes, my head begins to ache,' said another, while the boys laughed; and the louder the child cried the more merriment it caused among the young people, while the lean woman and the fat man scowled and complained.

'I do not see any cause for ridicule,' said Fred. Western, as he arose; and to the amazement of all the passengers, he crossed to where the woman sat, and, with a courteous bow, extended his arms.

'Please let me hold your baby a while,' he said, 'I have a little sister just her age, and she loves me dearly. You look so tired, ma'am!'

The child opened wide her big brown eyes and gazed into the handsome, bright face of the boy, as, without hesitation, she sprang forward into the outstretched arms. She ceased crying, and her lips puckered into a plaintive little sob.

'Oh, how good you are!' the mother said, with a sigh of relief. 'Thank you.' And she pressed her eyes to keep back the tears of gratitude. 'You are a brave boy,' she said, 'to show such an act of kindness while your companions jeer and ridicule. Thank you,' she said again. 'Ah, she loves you already.'

And the once beautiful face of the woman was bright for a moment as she saw her baby laugh aloud with joy, although tears still hung on the long, dark lashes.

'Now,' said Fred, 'since you see what good friends we are, suppose

you lie down and rest. I will take care of the baby. Come, now, we will see the birdies fly.'

And with his little charge held tenderly in his arms, he took his seat beside the window, and soon had the baby's attention riveted on the passing, flitting scenes as the train sped on its way.

The passengers looked on in surprise, and Fred's companions ceased laughing and became quiet. The effect of his kind, manly act was electrical. It was a silent rebuke to every person in the carriage. In a moment the ladies and the thoughtless girls each offered to assist Fred in caring for the little one.

'Dear little darling!' was the exclamation of the girls. And with motherly tenderness all fondled and petted the child. But she clung to Fred tenaciously, as if resenting her long neglect and their sudden overtures of devotion.

The lean woman put aside her turkey-tail fan, and went deep in her basket for a 'drum stick' for baby.

The stout man forgot it was a very hot day, and looked on with interest. Calling Fred to him he, chucked the baby under the chin.

'Pretty child she is. Now say, young man, why don't the mother go in the sleeping-car, I wonder? She looks mighty uncomfortable over there. She is fast asleep, with her head on that hard leather satchel. Humph! I hadn't noticed the poor woman before. She looks more dead than alive.'

'Yes, sir; she's very bad off, I think,' Fred answered, 'and she hasn't money enough to take a sleeping-car. I have a little change, and I thought I would just offer it to her. From what she told me, sir, I think she is very poor.'

'Indeed, indeed!' said the man, going deep into his pocket. 'Now, my boy, you keep your money. Here, Brown Eyes, you and your ma be comfortable.'

So saying, he pushed a purse containing several pieces of gold into the chubby fist of the child.

'Now I want your name,' Fred Western said.

'Here's my card, Fred, and I want you to keep it, and if you ever want a situation, ever want assistance in time of trouble, ever want a recommendation, just come to me.'

A moment later he left the train, and Fred read on the card the name of a man who is called the Mer-

chant King, and a man of whom he had often heard.

The woman slept on, when suddenly she awoke and looked about her in a puzzled way. Fred was at her side.

'Now,' said she, 'I am feeling so much better. My sleep has given me new life.'

And she took the baby in her arms, and Fred gave her the money the gentleman had left for her, which proved to be a very liberal sum—more than the poor woman had ever seen at one time. She simply bowed her head and wept as if her heart would break.

Again the train stopped. It was at the station at which Fred must get out. The woman raised her eyes with a smile of gratitude that Fred forever remembered, and baby put out her arms and cried piteously for him. He stopped and watched the train until it turned a curve. The woman was waving to him, and the little arms still beckoned him. The engine rushed on its way like a great living monster, with its breath of steam and its eyes of fire, leaving its train of purple smoke.

Only a Pig.

There is a story of a gentleman who made a pet of a little pig. It was white and clean, and very amusing. Every morning it came to his house to be fed. He even directed a blue ribbon to be tied around its neck.

The pig became so tame that he would follow his master through the streets, which was an unusual sight.

But after a time the pig stopped coming to the house. He preferred to stay in the sty. He was no longer clean, but became black and muddy, and his pretty ribbon was spoiled. He loved to root and wallow in the mire like the rest.

He was only a pig, after all.

In the same way we show by our actions pretty certainly what we are. It is useless to try to change ourselves by something that we put on the outside. When our character is changed we shall not need to hide our true selves by false pretensions.—'Friendly Greetings.'

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