

THE EVENING TIMES, ST. JOHN, N. B.

OUR FOLKS PAGE

ANDY'S DREAM

By MAUD WALKER.

"Come, Andy, look lively there! It's half-past five. No sleeping after that time in the morning!" And Andy, sleeping so soundly in his little bed in the low, unplastered room, half-roused himself at sound of Uncle Dan's rough voice. "Come, do you hear? I don't want to have to come up that break-neck ladder again to wake you. So out of there quick, or you'll wish you had."

Then a heavy step on the floor and a grumbling and panting as a heavy form lowered itself down a ladder, which was the only means of entrance to the attic room where Andy slept, pronounced Andy's uncle's exit.

Andy forced open his eyes still heavy with sleep. Then he dragged himself from his pillow and proceeded to dress. After a few minutes he went down the ladder—which his clumsy uncle, with his two hundred pounds of fat, found so difficult to descend—and sought the wash-basin in the back yard. He washed him- self, combed his hair before a piece of broken mirror that hung in the kitchen porch, and then proceeded to the cow lot to milk three cows before breakfast. He found the milk pail on a table by the well.

As he drew the warm milk into the shining tin pail he began wondering for the hundredth time how long, oh, how long! it would be before his father should come for him and take him away from a life of drudgery. Over a year before this story opens Andy's father—a poor man—had determined to improve his fortunes by going to the gold fields of the far west. Andy's mother, being dead, his father had brought him to this uncle's house, his only brother, and arranged for Andy to live there till his return. The understanding between the two brothers was that Andy should help with the light chores about the house and barnyard, but that he should not have heavy work put upon him as he was a delicate boy and could not endure too much hard labor. His father also requested that he be sent to school regularly while it was in session. But before Andy had been a week the fate of his Uncle Dan's house a week the fate of his home there in the fall he was kept from school on first one pretext and then another by his aunt, who felt no interest in the motherless little boy. She was indeed an orphan, now that his father was dead, and from letters that came even more rarely. And it always happened that no matter how hard Andy worked there was found a new job for him as soon as the one in hand was finished. So the months wore away, and the child became a veritable little beast of burden, seldom going to school a week together, and never having any childish pleasure at all.

While the uncle was not wholly a bad man, he had listened to his wife, who reasoned that Andy was delirious from too much fondling by his father, and that work and plenty of it—would make him strong. As for school—well, he could get school-leaving after his father came back. She could not afford to wash, iron and

cook for a dependent. The boy must earn his bread at least.

And so Andy had worked from early dawn till dark six days in the week, going to school about three months altogether during the year and a half that he had been an inmate in his Uncle Dan's home. And now summer was with them and the garden and fields were in glorious green, making fine promise of a fine harvest. But though Andy's uncle Dan and aunt Rachel were overjoyed at the prospect of so bounteous provender for the coming year they made no plans for Andy's schooling during the coming fall and winter. Nor did they get the child what necessary clothing he needed, but let him wear his uncle's cast-off arm clothing, which was, of course, about twice too large for him. Thus he was a deplorable and wretched sight in overall rolled up about his slim little ankles and held in baggy folds about his body by means of a pair of home-made "pallies."

After breakfast on the morning of this story Andy's aunt sent him to an adjoining farm on an errand. He was to make the trip over the hills and back in a given time. And she gave him to understand he should suffer punishment if he loitered on the way.

The day was hot and the wind strong, and Andy, having put in three hours' hard work—such as milking, weeding the garden and clearing out the stable yard—fell in no condition to make the three-mile walk in a given time; but with a basket on his arm he started out to do his best. His little body so tired that his heart, in sympathy with it, became very heavy indeed.

He reached the farm and told the good housewife there his errand. But before she took time to prepare him for his journey she gave him a slice of bread and jelly, and a glass of milk, declaring: "Why, Andy, child, you look as thin as a white paper and as white as ashes. You're not strong 'nough to walk three miles without restin' a bit between. Come, you lay right down on my lounge and rest while I have the hired man hitch up my horse and buggy. I'm going to town today and I'll drive you home to your own home. Here to me some people can see how delicate a child is, anyway."

Andy, really exhausted, thanked the good woman for her kindness, and feeling that he should have plenty of time to rest since she was going to take him home in her buggy, stretched himself on the cool floor—declaring his clothes were too much soiled to be on her lounge—and proceeded to fall into a quiet nap.

Half an hour later the good woman came tip-toeing into the sitting room, dressed for her visit to town. She stooped over the prostrate Andy, and seeing him sound asleep, decided to step into another room and await his waking. "He's a bit tired," sighed she, "but he'll sleep in the forenoon and do him good." Then she went to the gate where the horse and buggy had been brought by the hired man, and leading the horse into the shade of a tree said: "We're waiting, Deck, for that poor little abused boy to have his sleep out."

And while he lay sleeping on the cool floor of the cosy farmhouse sitting-room

A Story of Five Little Bears



Five little bears in the mountain;
One heard a lion roar!
It frightened him till he quickly died;
And then there were four.

Four little bears in the mountain;
One fell from a great high tree!
He broke his neck as soon as he struck;
And then there were three.

Three little bears in the mountain;
One fell some thin ice through;
But beneath the water was very deep!
And so there were but two.

Two little bears in the mountain;
They thought to have some fun.
One got too near a precipice!
And then there was but one.

One little bear in the mountain;
He was so lonely and sad,
That at last he emigrated
To a country far.

MAUD WALKER.

Andy smiled sweetly, for a dream full of happiness was in his brain. He dreamed that his father had returned for him and that they were in one of their own. He dreamed that his father was happy, for he had found the gold he had gone in quest of. Also, he dreamed that Andy—Andy—had on a nice new suit of clothes that fitted him like the clothes of the town boys. But all these dreams came to a close all too soon. And a fly buzzing about Andy's ear roused him from his pleasant dream to the hard reality of his real existence. He quickly arose and said aloud:

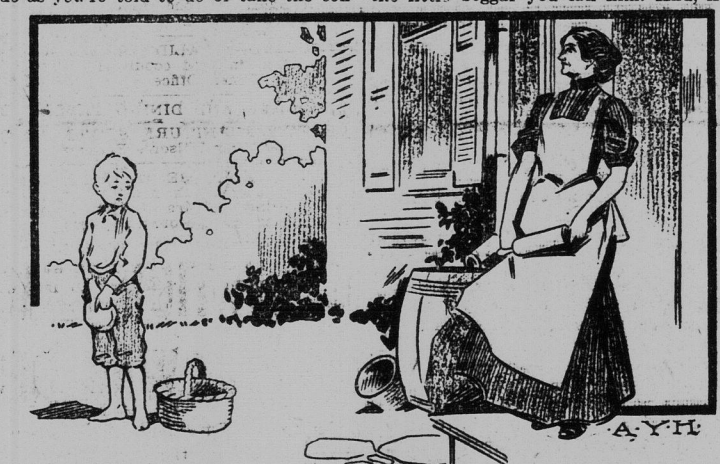
"Goodness, Aunt Rachel will thrash me good for staying away so long."

The farmer's wife, sitting dressed and hatted in the adjoining room, heard Andy's words and came into the sitting-room. "No, I shall explain to your aunt how you come to stay," she said. "But if you're rested we'd better go now. It's getting a bit along into the middle of the day."

Andy declared himself very much rested and went to the buggy with the good woman, whom he knew to be his sympathetic friend. And they rode over the country road Andy told her of his dream, sighing and saying: "Oh, how I wish that dream would come true some day."

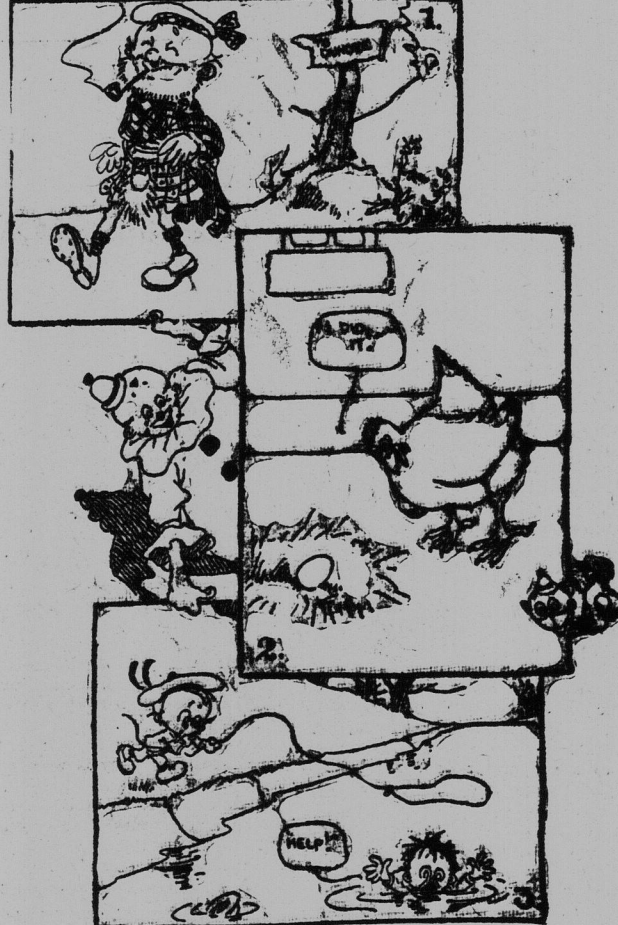
"Maybe it will, Andy, child," said the good woman, her heart throbbing with sympathy. "But if it doesn't come true, she went on, 'I'm going to see if I can get you to allow me to come and live with me. I'd send you to school along with my Tom and you could be his brother.'"

Tears filled Andy's eyes, but he bravely winked them back. He wished he might know how to tell this motherly woman how much he appreciated her kindness and heartfelt sympathy, but he was just a little country-bred boy whose mind was not yet opened to the full of the little ways of sincere expression, and his father had entrusted him to the hands of an aunt by marriage who cared



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Beheaded Word Puzzle



Picture No. 1 represents the color of the Scotchman's kilt. No. 2 represents something that the hen has just done. No. 3 represents what the boy in the water wishes. Can you guess them?
(Answer to last week's puzzle: Scold, cold, old.)

ter ques-tioning him, I think I owe you anything for his accommodations—why I'll settle the bill. But, if, on the other hand, I find that you have wronged my motherless little Andy—well, beware. As for my brother, I shall expect to see him in town, where he will find me at the best hotel. I've engaged apartments there for Andy and myself till my plans for the future are developed. As for you, madam, adieu."

And before Andy's aunt, overcome with confusion, could think of a way to pacify her rich brother-in-law he was gone, leaving little Andy to a nice carriage that stood near the gate.

As father and son rode along over the dusty road, Andy, his heart full of happy guesses, said: "Father, I dreamed you'd come home to me, and that you'd come very rich, too."

"Yes, my dearest little man, your father's struck it all right. And now you will never eat the bitter bread of dependence any more. Your dream has come true, you see."

Never suffer your children to require services from others which they can perform themselves. A strict observance of this rule will be of incalculable advantage to them through every period of life.

WHAT IS IT?
Find one word of a proverb in each of the following sentences:
Boys and girls should make the most of their opportunities.
Never let the rain fall on untacked shoes.
While youth lasts the paths of life are easy.
Charity comes from the heart, not the hand.
Like the lark, it is well to rise with the sun.
An honest heart shines through the eyes and speaks its own language.
THE GAMBLER'S BETTER HALF.
The unsuccessful gambler is constantly a debtor.
His wife is not at all bad as he is, but then she is no better.
—Philadelphia Press.

MUST BE THE MOST EXPENSIVE
"I want some rice," said the haughty lady. "You have it for sale, have you not?"
"Sure, ma'am," replied the grocer, "six cents a pound or two pounds for—"
"Oh, I must have the most expensive kind; it's for a very fashionable wedding." Historical Knowledge.

BIG BUG'S WISDOM By William Wallace, Jr.

There had been a great rain, lasting a day and night; one of those rains that come down gently, but persistently, making rivers of streamlets and lakes of tiny ponds. The sun came out after the clouds had cleared away and smiled on every thing so genially that Nature's heart shuddered with life and growth.

In the garden the vegetables nodded and smiled a "good-morning" to one another. In the barnyard the chickens clucked out their good spirits, old turkey gobblers strutting about like a veritable monarch. In the pasture the cows ran about in happy frolic, kicking up their heels till the damp earth flew about them in clouds. Even the older animals—horses and cows—frisked about a bit to show their good feeling with things in general. Indeed, there is nothing finer than a good summer rain to cool the earth, wash away dust, feed the vegetation and purify the atmosphere when it is followed by brilliant sunshine with a stiff breeze.

And so though a band of little bugs that had hidden beneath a bunch of fine potato foliage to shelter themselves from the recent rain. But now that the sun was out the little bugs peeped from their leafy house and one of them said:

"Gee, buggies, it's as fine a June day as I ever saw! Come, stir out of this dark place and get into the open. Pshaw! how stiff my legs are after staying still so long." And the speaker, a fine fat fellow, crept out from the clump of growing green into the glare of sunlight.

"Well, I must have a bite of breakfast before I wander forth," declared another bug, beginning to climb out of the soft, green, potato stalks to whose roots were growing a cluster of fine potatoes. "I'll take a bit of leaf—the softest one I can find—before I'm off to any pastime!" And he fell at once to eating with a relish one of the many tender green leaves through whose agency the potatoes under

the ground were fed with sun and moisture.

"I'm with you," acquiesced another bug. Then the idea of breakfast determined all to eat before playing. But the big bug, who seemed to be the leader of the crowd—remained sunning himself outside the shadow of the potato foliage, fidgeting first one leg and then another, he felt so cramped from their long idleness.

And while he sat there sunning himself and taking a few physical culture exercises the big bug heard a sound which frightened him a bit. But he was not a coward and kept his great mind from being more than soundly become evident.

But before he got further with the story it must be told that the present place of habitation was a new one for this crowd of bugs. They had been great travelers, coming over the hills and the valley by stages. With the arrival of the warm spring days they had come from somewhere (the place has not been located) into the garden lands of a beautiful farming region. There they had found food and fresh dew in plenty to nourish them as they traveled still further on. In fact, they had not rest until they had reached the place that which only their acute sense of smell could detect. It was the potato root that attracted them. And so they had traveled the long and weary way, finding the delicious spot they were in quest of just before the heavy rain began to fall.

And now let us return to the big bug and the sound he heard which frightened him. There he sat, quieting his legs and straining his ears. And the sound did not diminish, but became louder and louder. This is what he heard:

"Ah, Sally, lookie at the tomato vines! Haven't they grown powerful tall since the rain?"

"Ugh, I should say so. But—lookie at

the beetle! And lookie at the potatoes! Oh, how I wish I could have all the potatos we can eat. Let's go into the patch and look at 'em. I saw mama dig underneath the potatoes the other day and get out a pan full of nice potatoes for us to eat and still not kill the vines."

The big bug listened. Then he began to think of some way to get into the patch that danger was near. He crept back beneath the vines just as he saw two children running coming down a little furrow that lay between two large rows of potato hills. They were advancing in this direction. But to them these two little folk appeared no more than a pair of small insects.

Tom was almost taken off his feet when he heard himself addressed by a potato bug. But the novelty of such a thing repelled to him sufficiently to prevent his vent his running away. Indeed, Tom had more grit and curiosity than he had fear. So he stood his ground and replied:

"Because these potatoes are ours, you impudent bug. And you'll kill them if we allow you to eat all the leaves off. So it's more on with you or take a little dose of something what you wouldn't like," answered Tom.

"Well, I hadn't thought of it that way," admitted Tom. "But friend bug, as you did nothing to make these potatoes grow you should understand that you have no right to eat them up. My father has worked and worked to get this nice patch of potatoes, and now we cannot let you and your wife and children and kindfolk come and strip the stalks of the leaves. Of course, we don't like to—to harm a hair on your heads, but we can't let you eat up our vegetables."

"Well, since you have explained to me the more powerful than me, should come and drive you out with a threat to smash you if you refused to go. Would you call that just?" And the big bug looked very seriously at Tom as it waited for an answer.

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"But how do you come to own all these vines?" asked the big bug. "We are born in the world to live, and can't starve while food is in sight."

"We'll you'll have to look for it elsewhere," declared Tom. "My father planted and planted this garden and it's ours. So there's no use arguing the question with you. Do you mean to be a big bug or shall I take a clod and smash you?"

"Suppose, Great Monster, that another much more powerful than me, should come and drive you out with a threat to smash you if you refused to go. Would you call that just?" And the big bug looked very seriously at Tom as it waited for an answer.

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And I have a good deal of respect for you. I know bugs and worms have the worst of it; for, after all, they're made to eat like we are. I guess, though, you'll find plenty to eat down by the river. There's soft leaves of every kind, except potatoes, of course. And now I'm going to the bug patch to see if I can get you to allow me to come and live with me. I'd send you to school along with my Tom and you could be his brother."

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QUEENS OF ENGLAND

Adelaide, queen consort of William IV, king of Great Britain and Ireland, was the eldest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Meiningen, a state in Germany. Adelaide was born in the year 1792. She was truly pious, being so devout in her religious observances that she rarely took part in any of the simple and innocent forms of amusement so prevalent at that time in court circles. Indeed, it was this exemplary character which might be said to have won for her a king for a husband, for queen Charlotte of England, bearing of Adelaide's virtues, recommended her as a fitting companion for her third son, William, then Duke of Clarence.

At Charlotte's suggestion negotiations for a marriage between her son and Adelaide were entered into. The match was speedily made, and the marriage took place in July, 1818.

Although Adelaide and William were the parents of several children, they all died in infancy. In 1830 George IV, died, and having no children, to succeed him, the crown reverted to his surviving brother, next in line, William.

During William and Adelaide's reign the court of England assumed a pure and elevating atmosphere, proving a model for the young, something which cannot be said of it at any former period.

In the year 1837 William IV died, and as queen dowager Adelaide survived him twelve years. She was present at the

marriage of the young and beautiful Queen Victoria and the charming Prince Albert. Much of her later life was spent in works of charity and religion. She also endeared herself to the people of "Fut him off, then," said the woman. "He's nothing to me. I never saw him before today."

There was a small boy from the West. Who said, "I'm most awfully dressed. In a fine suit of clothes. And nobody knows. They're my old ones dampened and preat."

NOT HER AFFAIR.

The following conversation took place between a railroad traveler and the train conductor:

"I shall have to ask you for a ticket for that boy, ma'am," said the conductor, holding his hand out for the ticket.

"I reckon not," answered the woman, not budging.

"Indeed you must pay for him," insisted the conductor. "He's too large to be traveling free. He occupies an entire seat and you must pay for it."

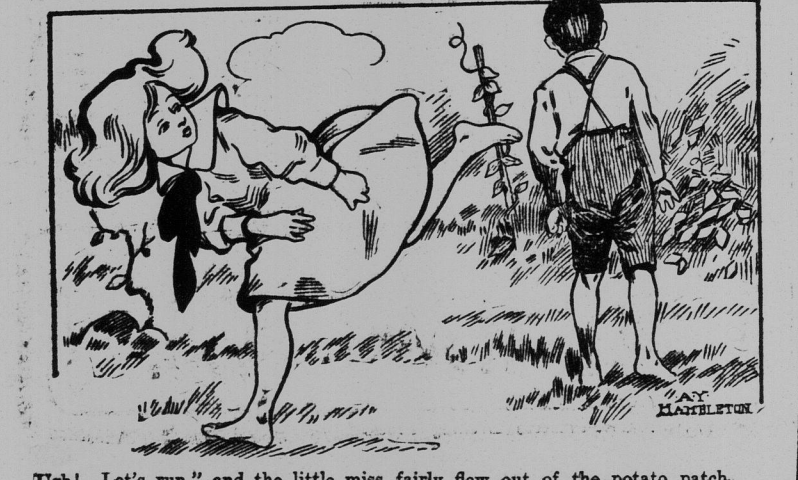
"I can't help that," snapped the woman.

"See here, madam. I've no time to argue the matter. If you don't produce a ticket for the boy or pay his fare I'll have to put him off the train." And the conductor glared in a determined way at the woman.

"Fut him off, then," said the woman. "He's nothing to me. I never saw him before today."

Queen Adelaide.

marriage of the young and beautiful Queen Victoria and the charming Prince Albert. Much of her later life was spent in works of charity and religion. She also endeared herself to the people of England by the generous and upright course she pursued in regard to William's fore today."



Ugh! Let's run, and the little miss fairly flew out of the potato patch.