

YOUNG CANADA.

SAVED BY A BICYCLE.

"Four years ago," said the telegraph operator, a mere boy in appearance, but with white hair, "I was telegraph operator at a small country station on a Southwestern railroad. I had little to do, and to enable me to leave the office at will, I had attached a large tin cup to the sounder of my instrument, so I could hear my call from any part of the village. When the south-bound train arrived at noon one Saturday, I hurriedly communicated with the conductor, and, learning that he had nothing to send, I prepared to quit my office for the afternoon. I went away, leaving the train standing at the depot, hot boxes detaining it longer than usual. Luckily I did not go beyond ear shot of my instrument. I frequently left the office for hours, but always kept within hearing distance, the tin-cup sounder enabling me to distinguish my call several hundred feet away. Somehow I had misgivings on this occasion. I kept my ears open, expecting, for some reason I will not attempt to explain, to be called to the office. Before I had been absent ten minutes, and while the train still stood at the depot, I heard my familiar call repeated in what seemed to me unusually rapid succession. Instead of walking leisurely, as was my wont, I ran to the office as fast as I could, and heard as I entered: 'Hold No 4 at your station until special going north passes.'

"Involuntarily I glanced out of the window, and saw the train I was ordered to hold disappearing around a curve a short distance away. I was not told at what time the special left the station south, which was only ten miles away, and I saw in my mind's eye the two trains rapidly approaching each other. Suddenly I remembered, while tearing my hair and cursing my negligence, that No. 4 had to stop at a woodyard two miles down the road to take on fuel. That would take five minutes. My first thought was a hand-car, my second a horse, but I did not know if the first was at the station or the second was to be had in the village. Rushing out of the office I stumbled over my bicycle. Without a moment's thought I shoved it out of the door before me and was on it in less time than it takes to count ten. In my odd moments I had become quite an expert bicyclist. The country road paralleled the railroad for several miles, and the former was down grade the entire distance. I put my whole strength to the effort of propelling the machine, and had the satisfaction of attaining a speed I had never accomplished before. My hat blew off and my coat was doffed through fear that it would retard my speed. I got within perhaps fifty yards of the now stationary train when the engine whistle blew, and the train started. I redoubled my exertions and came alongside the rear platform of the last car just as the train was getting under full headway. With a falling side motion I threw my wheel against the side of the car just forward of the platform, and grasped the hand-rail as it came in reach at the same time letting go my hold on the bicycle. I caught the bell cord and

gave it one vigorous pull, and as the train came to a halt I gave the cord three jerk, the signal to back, and fainted. The conductor found me where I had fallen. Suspecting something wrong, he permitted the train to back to the station, getting there just as the special, loaded with the directors of the road and their families, swung around the curve into the station. I had brain fever, and came near dying, not regaining my reasoning faculties for five weeks after my terrible experience. But the conductor said my hair was white when he found me on the rear of his train."—*Chicago News*.

THE CAT'S SOLILOQUY.

An open cage, some feathers fair,
Two little maidens crying,
And Pussy seated on a chair,
The mournful scene espying.

Tear after tear rolls down each cheek,
Sob after sob arises,
While Pussy, as well as she can speak,
Camlly soliloquizes:

"If they would keep a bird in cage,
They should not leave it undone;
For that's the tail, in every jail
From Panama to London.

"Their ducks and chicks they pet and feed;
And yet I've often noted,
They eat the very birds, indeed,
To which they're most devoted.

"Then wherefore look so cross and sour?
Why make this sad commotion?
Why should not I a bird devour
For which I've no devotion?"

—*Harper's Young People*.

HINTS FOR YOUNG HORSEMEN.

H. W. M., contributes the following interesting hints to the *American Cultivator*. They are reproduced new for the benefit of young readers of THE RURAL CANADIAN.

Never pass behind a horse in the stable nor place your hand upon him in the stall without first speaking to him. You may save life or limb by bearing this in mind. Be kind in word and manner to all horses. Do not whip even a "contrary" or balky horse; make him forget his ill or stubborn intent in some way, such as putting a little dry dirt in his mouth, or wrapping a mitten of newspaper about one or both ears; in studying to know what it means he soon forgets his notion of stopping and at the prompt decided, but not angry, voice of his master, he moves along. In the case of any accident, do not shout or appear frightened: your excitement will at once be communicated to the horse. Instead, you should pacify and reassure him with firm kind tones.

Form a habit of glancing all over your horse and harness before starting from the door. It may save life. In the winter be sure and have the bits covered with cloth or leather. On the road you may go pretty fast down hill and on level ground, if you are a good driver, but don't hurry up hill; never do so with a load; short pulls and rests by "trigging the wheels" will prolong the service of your horse.

Never feed a horse on musty hay; it may do for cows and oxen, but often brings fatal lung diseases upon horses. Hay that is dusty from ordinary road dust blown over it in a dry time, should be well shaken and sprinkled before being fed to horses.

Do not feed a horse when his blood is heated; give him a moderate drink of water and let him cool off gradually and then do not overfeed. Many a horse has been killed by not observing this injunction. Feed well when your horse is working hard, but give more grain than hay. If he is having a vacation of several days or weeks, cut his feed down from a quarter to one-half. Rake up plenty of oak leaves for bedding, if you have not straw; give your horse a good bed, but do not have sticks, pebbles or frozen manure among it; lying down on such, the horse rises and "paws" away his bedding and thus learns a bad trick.

Never run after a horse in the pasture. If he does not like to be caught, feed him a little grain in a pail, but never deceive him with an empty dish. You can soon teach the wildest horse to come to you; when he does come, let him eat a little while before you lead him off. When you "turn the horse out to pasture," do not give him a slap with the bridle; he will remember it to your regret if you do. Make a pet and a friend of your horse, it will improve him and make a better person of you. If you can't afford to feed high, give good air to your horse. Nature has provided enough of this for both of you, and transports it free; do not rob him of his share, for it "will not enrich you, but make him poor indeed." Therefore keep open a window where heaven may send a fresh supply to him!

WHAT CURED SCAMP.

Peter lived on a pretty, green dairy farm. He liked the farm because all the calves were his. They were truly his. His father did not call them Peter's, and then, when they were big enough to sell, sell them without asking Peter and put the money in his own pocket-book.

No, indeed! When the calves were sold the money was paid to Peter, and Peter went to town with his father, and put the "calf money" in the savings bank. He had a bank book like his father's and kept it in his own drawer.

Peter used to go to the pasture and salt his calves himself. He named his calves. At one time he had four. There was Star, there was Redcoat, there was Snowball, and there was Scamp.

Scamp was a scamp. He would bunt. He would come up and lick the salt out of the pan as gentle as a lamb. He would pretend to be good and quiet. And he liked to steal up behind Peter, when Peter was not looking, and bunt him over.

Once when Peter was standing by the pond looking in, Scamp came up behind, on a run, and bunted Peter over into the water, and he had run so hard he couldn't stop, and he went in too, heels-over-head, splash!

They both scrambled out, and Peter was so glad that Scamp had got a ducking too that he never cried at all. He just stood up in the water and laughed to see Scamp scramble out and shake his wet little hide, as though he didn't like it at all.

That ducking cured Scamp. He never tried the bunting joke again.