

day she grew, and now the lifeboat captain leans in his declining years upon the strong arm of his only son and the loving care of his restored wife, and often on warm spring days, when the ocean lies peaceful and shimmering in the sunlight, he tells the wonderful story of the double rescue—"When the Missus and Jack was both saved, sir."—*American Messenger.*

### A Cat That Climbs a Church Steeple.

One beautiful summer evening the avenues were thronged with people on their way to church. At a corner, several persons were standing, gazing apparently into the air. Others soon joined them, until so large a crowd was gathered that the way was blocked. Soon the windows along the streets were thronged, and a number of persons were seen on the tops of the houses in the neighborhood.

And what do you think they saw? Clinging for dear life to a jutting ornament, near the top of the tall church steeple that pointed straight up into the soft evening air, was a black cat. 'How did it get there?' was the first question every one asked, and 'How will it get down?' was the next.

The poor thing was looking down, and at frequent intervals it uttered a pitiful cry, as if calling to the crowd below for help. Once it slipped and fell a short distance down the sloping side of the steeple, and an exclamation of pity came from the crowd, now intensely interested in its fate. Luckily the cat's paws caught on another projection, and for the moment it was safe.

Some looker-on suggested that it be shot in order to save it from the more dreadful death that seemed to await it; but no one was willing to fire the shot. Ere long a window some distance above where the cat was clinging was seen to open. Two boys had determined to save it; they had mounted the stairs to where the bell hung, and then by a ladder reached the window. The boys were seen to be lowering a basket down the side of the steeple.

Pussy watched it intently as it slowly came nearer. When it was within reach, she carefully put out one paw and took hold of the side of the basket, then she carefully repeated the action with the other paw; then with a violent effort flung herself over the other side into the bottom of the basket. She was safely drawn to the window, amid loud cheers from the spectators below.—*St. Nicholas.*

### Laddie.

A correspondent of the 'Scientific American' writes as follows:—

'I was the possessor of a bright, active Irish setter dog, Laddie, who accompanied me on my many drives through the country. My dog and horse were inseparable friends, and when we went out driving Laddie assumed to take charge of both the horse and myself; several times helping us out of what might have resulted in serious difficulties, at one time catching and holding the horse when frightened and running away, until I could reach her. But the instance I desire to relate occurred two years ago last spring. I was driving through a rough and hilly section of the country, where the road was frequently crossed by brooks, which at that season of the year at times, assumed large proportions, flooding both roads and bridges. I approached one of those streams over which was a bridge about 12 feet long and somewhat raised above the road on the farther side from me. The water was up to the bridge, and beyond the bridge was a pond of water some five or six rods in width, dark and muddy and several feet deep in places. A little way from the point of crossing were some large rocks standing close together, over which the dog could cross without taking to the water, and he started to cross in that manner. When I drove on to the bridge my horse stopped and refused to take to the water, which stood level with the bridge; my dog stood on one of the large rocks watching my progress, and when the horse

stopped and refused to go on, the dog, with human intelligence and reasoning, instantly leaped from the rock on to the bridge, ran up in front of the horse, looked into her face, gave a sharp bark of encouragement, and then turned and deliberately waded off the bridge into the water, all the time looking over his shoulder at the horse, saying, "Come on," as plainly as his intelligent face could express those words. Then without any urging on my part the horse at once followed the dog into the water and across the flooded strip of road to the dry land, at times up to her belly in the flood, the dog swimming over the centre of the road just in front of her.'

### Nan's Fence Building.

The family were at the supper table when John came in with his skates. After supper father said to him:

'John, you have been gone all the afternoon. You did not get your work done. It must be finished to-night, you know.'

John went out into the shed with a gloomy brow. It was not long, however, before the tones of his voice came in very cheerfully through the closed door into the sitting-room.

'Is that Nan out in the shed with John?' asked Janetta.

Her mother smiled and nodded.

Janetta was almost grown up. She felt herself to be wise, and often liked to give her mother advice, as most of us have liked to do in our time. She gave her some now.

'I think, mother, that you ought not to let Nan help John so much. She will spoil him. It is no girl's work for her to be carrying wood for him down into the cellar. She never seems to mind what she does, if it will make things easier for John.'

'He pays her for it pretty evenly, I think,' said Mrs. Neville, quietly.

'Pays her?' repeated Janetta in surprise, looking doubtfully at her mother. 'How?'

'Keep your eyes open, and see,' said Mrs. Neville. She would give no hint of what she meant.

'John,' said Nan, when they had come back into the house and were warming themselves luxuriously, 'Eva Hastings can't go to the singing class because she hasn't anybody to take her home. We could walk just that little distance round the corner with her, couldn't we?'

'Where's her brother Jim? Why can't he go for her?'

'He'll not be bothered, he says. You always come after me, anyway. So I thought that it wouldn't be so very much farther to take Eva on home.'

'I suppose it wouldn't,' said John. 'All right.'

Janetta looked across to her mother. But Mrs. Neville's head was bent over her work.

The next day at noon John was full of a plan which the boys were making at school.

'We are going to get up a sleigh ride—just we ourselves. We are going to pay for the big sleigh among us boys. Then we will invite the young ladies to come with us.'

Janetta condescended to show a little interest. She usually felt herself much above John and his friends, but if it was a question of having a sleigh ride, when sleigh rides were few, perhaps she might forget her dignity for once to advantage. John noticed this. He was divided as to whether to feel flattered or to grumble.

'Yes, of course, some of the fellows want you, Janetta,' he said. 'They know that generally you don't remember that they are a'live; and it is just possible that now and then you slip out of their memory for a minute or two at a time. But on an occasion like this, we can make believe all round. You see, it adds something to the style to have girls on board with long skirts and their hair up.'

Nan was listening wistfully. Her skirts were not long, and her hair was in a pig-tail. Still, she oughtn't to be selfish; it was nice for John and Janetta, and her turn would come, by and by.

'In my own case, though,' John continu-

ed. 'I didn't choose my girl for style I have more sense. She is young; she may fall asleep during the proceedings, but she is the nicest girl in town, for all that, of any size—except mother—Nan is.'

'O John, you didn't!' cried Nan, joyfully. 'How perfectly, perfectly lovely of you!'

Janetta thought of several things, of which the sleigh was only one. Meanwhile Doctor Neville had come in for his dinner.

'John,' he said, 'I hope that you have not been making friends with those two Barbour boys.'

'I haven't,' said John; 'Nan wouldn't let me. I couldn't see anything bad in them, and they are awfully entertaining; but Nan made such a fuss that I had to give in.'

'Well, you may be very thankful to Nan,' said the father. 'They have got themselves into a miserable scrape. They were picked up on a back street drunk last night, and put in a common jail!'

While the others exclaimed and questioned, John was uncommonly silent. At the end, before he started back to school, he said, soberly:

'A fellow doesn't lose much by taking Nan's advice. Maybe if Harry and Phil Barbour had had a deacon for a sister they never would have got into such bad ways.'

In the course of the afternoon Janetta drew her chair up close to her mother's.

'Mother,' she said, 'I have watched, and I see. Nan gets high pay from John for hewing wood and drawing water—the highest.'

'I knew that you would see it before long,' said her mother. 'A girl cannot do better work than build little fences of kindness and love and goodness about her brother, which will help to keep him safe. Even if she roughens her hands a little at it, and works rather more than her share, it is worth while. Isn't it?'—*S. S. Messenger.*

### The King and the Telephone.

Korea, which was for years shut to all other nations, in 1882 opened its doors to foreigners and their modern ideas. It took some time, however, for the Koreans to adapt themselves to the new inventions.

A foreigner, according to an exchange, wished to introduce the telephone into the country. The king granted him an interview, and, by means of an interpreter, the invention was explained to him. His majesty was willing and even eager to give the invention a trial, and ordered that the tomb of the queen dowager should be at once connected with the royal palace. He would like to talk to his mother, who had been dead some months.

The unfortunate foreigner explained that this was impossible. Wonderful as the telephone was, it could not reach those beyond the grave. This protest offended the king. He had been told that the telephone enabled one to converse with those who were too far away to be either seen or heard. Here was exactly a case in point. The old queen had passed away beyond the reach of voice or ear. If the stranger's words were true, he would now be able to talk to her. The thing must be done.

Done it was, as far as the telephone was concerned; but, needless to say, the poor king listened in vain for any reply from his royal mother.

Then he was very angry. The telephone was a fraud. He had given it a fair trial, and found that it was a foolish pretense. It should be destroyed at once. As for the stranger, there was no truth in him, and he must depart forthwith. And doubtless the poor scientist was glad enough to get safely out of the country.—*Youth's Companion.*

### Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.