

LITTLE JOHNNY AND THE BEARS.

Little Johnny Schulze and a playmate were out in the woods, along Schulze's Run, gathering wild flowers on Thursday. A pretty red squirrel ran across the road ahead of the boys, whisked up a big tree, and disappeared with a saucy chatter in a hollow place in the tree trunk. Little Johnny discovered another hollow place in the tree trunk, near the ground, and much larger than the one the red squirrel had disappeared in. Little Johnny argued that the trunk must be hollow all the way up, and consequently it would be great larks to build a fire in the hollow near the ground, and force the red squirrel out at the top with the smoke it would make.

So Johnny and his playmate gathered a lot of dry sticks and leaves, and placed a big pile of them in the hollow trunk near the ground. Then they struck a match, set fire to the mass, and waited for the smoke to roll upward. Little Johnny and his playmate glued their eyes on the opening toward the top, expecting momentarily to see the red squirrel rush out in a great state of alarm. It seemed to take a good while for the smoke to disturb the squirrel, for it did not appear as expected, and little Johnny was about to remark to his playmate that things are not always what they seem, when he saw his playmate's eyes bulge out like a pair of white seed onions. Then little Johnny's playmate gave a howl that made the woods ring, and away he went across the country like a startled deer.

Little Johnny mechanically let his eyes rest where his playmate's had rested when they began to bulge, and then Johnny's began to bulge. A head that Johnny recognized as that of a very big bear, and another head that any one would have known was that of a smaller bear, had appeared at the hole in the trunk where the smoke had been started. The bears were the tenants of that hollow trunk, and they had come down to see what was going on at the entrance. Little Johnny Schulze yelled. Then he turned and fled down the creek. He reached the old saw-mill, nearly a mile from the bears, before he ventured to look back. There were no bears in sight. Little Johnny made up his mind that he would rest awhile in the old mill before he went the other mile he had to go before reaching home. He sat down on a log, and was just beginning to get his breath back, when his heart almost quit beating.

Looking up the creek, not ten rods away, he saw two bears coming toward the mill at a lively rate. Little Johnny Schulze felt that he could never get away from those bears by running, so he dashed into the mill, and, shinning up the tottering saw frame, perched on a rafter. He saw nothing more of the bears, but for fear that they would be lurking about waiting for him to come down, he remained where he was, and used his strength in howling. He had clung to the rafter and howled for half an hour before he had discovered the clouds of smoke that were rising in the woods up the creek. Little Johnny then knew that there was a fire raging in the dry bush, and that it had more than likely been started by the efforts of himself and playmate to astonish the pretty red squirrel in

the hollow tree. The wind was blowing strong in the direction of the mill, and little Johnny knew that unless some one came to his rescue before night he would be compelled to run the gauntlet of the bears or stand a good chance of being burnt up in the mill. By the way the fire spread, little Johnny was certain that it had reached the big ranks of tan-bark that were piled all around that part of the woods, and which were like so much tinder to the flame.

But for the fire in the woods Johnny might have remained howling in the mill for many hours before he would have been called for; but the clouds of smoke warned the tannery men that there was danger in the woods, and a dozen or more of them hurried up the creek to fight it. They had to pass the mill, and little Johnny hurried out to join them. They had no time to listen to anything about bears, and it was long past midnight when they got the fire under control.

Little Johnny's bears have not been seen since, although a missing sheep at a neighboring farm, and other signs, told of their presence. But it is reported that little Johnny's father admonished him in the privacy of his home that evening against wantonly playing tricks on pretty red squirrels. —The Church Year.

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NECESSARY GIRLISH QUALITIES.

Patience and gentleness are necessary qualities in every girl's life. Patience aids in extinguishing envy, overcoming anger, and crushing pride. How much good may be done and joy brought by a gentle word or look! Truly "a soft answer turneth away wrath!" Girls are not called upon to do great things, except in rare instances; but the every-day trials of life in the ordinary and appointed exercise of the Christian graces afford ample scope for practicing that virtue of mankind which has become proverbial. The best exercises of patience and self-denial—and the better because not chosen by ourselves—are those in which we have to bear with the failings of those about us; to endure neglect when we feel we deserved attention, and ingratitude when we expected thanks—to bear with disappointment in our expectations, with interruptions of our retirement, with folly, intrusion, or disturbance—in short, with whatever opposes our will or contradicts our humor.

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THE TRIUMPHANT THREE.—"During three years' suffering with dyspepsia I tried almost every known remedy, but kept getting worse until I tried B. B. B. I had only used it three days when I felt better; three bottles completely cured me." W. Nichols, of Kendal, Ont.

WHERE TO-DAY BEGINS.

When it is noon at London the countries exactly on the opposite of the earth—say New Zealand and its neighborhood—are turned directly away from the sun, and therefore have mid-night. Paris, being a little farther east than London, will have been brought directly under the rays of the sun a little earlier—that is to say, at London noon Paris noon has been gone a few minutes. Go to Egypt and Constantinople, further east; their noon has been gone an hour or two. Further on, again, India is approaching eventide, and China and Japan have already sunk into darkness. Turn your face west, however, across the Atlantic, you will find our American cousins have not yet reached their midday; in fact, are thinking in New York about breakfast, and in California are hardly yet getting up. Still to the west we come round again to New Zealand, where the day—which was only just dawning in California—which was high noon at London and afternoon in India—this same day, say the 1st of July, is on the eve of departing altogether, to give place to a new one, the 2d of July. It is clear, then, that, while the 1st is still young in America, and long before it is over in England, the 2d will be well started in New Zealand and countries in that longitude, and will come round the world from east to west as all its predecessors have done.

THE SHEEP.

An old, skilful, and upright shepherd had many sons and daughters. They wished once to go to the fair in the town, in order to attend a ball; but their father said to them, "It is not good for you; I have always tried hitherto to keep your morals pure from corruption, but there you would too readily be exposed to it."

The children replied, "Indeed!—yet other people go there."

But their father said, "Many have already gone there, and have sacrificed health and life, honour and innocence: would you imitate them on that account? Do not, then, act like the sheep. You know, when one jumps over the precipice, all the others jump after. On this account you call them stupid animals. But the man who plunges himself into ruin because others do likewise, is not at all wise than they. "Be wise, nor follow down the precipice The self-abandon'd wretch to shame and vice."

WHY THE YOKE IS EASY.

Mark Guy Pearce tells of an incident which occurred in connection with a sermon of his on Christ's invitation to the weary and heavy laden. I had finished my sermon, when a good man came to me and said: "I wish I had known what you were going to preach about. I could have told you something."

"Well my friend," I said, "it is very good of you, May I not have it still?"

"Do you know why His yoke is light, sir? If not, I think I can tell you."

"Well, because the good Lord helps us to carry it, I suppose."

"No, sir," he exclaimed, shaking his head, "I think I know better than

that. You see, when I was a boy at home, I used to drive the oxen in my father's yoke. And the yoke was never made to balance, sir, as you said" (I had referred to the Greek word. But how much better it was to know the real thing). He went on triumphantly: "Father's yokes were always made heavier on one side than the other. Then, you see, we would put a weak bullock in along side of a strong bullock, and the light end would come on the weak bullock, because the stronger one had the heavy part of it on his shoulder."

Then his face lit up as he said: "That is why the yoke is easy and the burden is light; because the Lord's yoke is made after the same pattern and the heavy end is upon His shoulder."

So shall ye find rest to your soul.

A PERSIAN LEGEND.

It is related of a Persian mother, on giving her son forty pieces of silver as his portion, that she made him vow never to tell a lie, and said, "Go, my son, I consign thee to God; and we shall not meet again until the day of judgment."

The youth went away, and the party he travelled with were assaulted by robbers. One fellow asked the boy what he had, and he answered, with a candor that surprised his questioner, "Forty dinars are sewed up in my garments."

The robber laughed, thinking the boy jesting. Another asked him the same question, and received the same answer. At last the chief called him and asked him what he had. The boy replied:

"I have told two of your people already that I have forty dinars sewed up in my clothes."

The chief ordered his clothes to be ripped open, and the money was found.

"And how came you to do this?"

"Because," replied the boy, "I would not be false to my mother, whom I solemnly promised never to tell a lie."

"Child," said the chief, "art thou so mindful of thy mother, while I am insensible at my age, of the duty I owe to God? Give me thy hand, that I may swear repentance on it." He did so, and his followers were struck with the scene. "You have been our leader in guilt," they said to the chief; "be the same in the paths of virtue." And, taking the boy's hand, they took the oath of repentance on it.

Boys, speak only what is true. You may do much good by it, if you never lead a band of robbers to God and honesty.

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