

A Shaggy Newsboy.

The railroad ran along one side of a beautiful valley in the central part of the great state of New York.

I stood at the rear end of the train, looking out of the door, when the engineer gave two short, sharp blasts of the steam whistle. The conductor, who had been reading a newspaper in a seat near me, arose, and, touching my shoulder, asked if I wanted to see a "real country newsboy." I, of course, answered "Yes." So we stepped out on the platform of the car.

The conductor had folded up his paper in a tight roll, which he held in his right hand, while he stood on the lower step of the car, holding on by his left.

I saw him begin to wave the paper just as we swung around a curve in the track, and a neat farmhouse came into view, way off across some open fields.

Suddenly the conductor flung the paper off toward the fence by the side of the railroad, and I saw a black, shaggy form leap over the fence from the meadow beyond it, and alight just where the newspaper, after bouncing along in the grass, had fallen beside a tall mullein stalk in an angle of the fence.

It was a big black dog. He stood beside the paper, wagging his tail and watching us as the train moved swiftly away from him, when he snatched the paper from the ground in his teeth, and leaping over the fence again, away he went across the fields towards the farmhouse.

When we last saw him he was a mere black speck moving over the meadows, and then the train rushed through a deep cleft in the hillsides, and the whole scene passed from our view.

"What will he do with the paper?" I asked of the tall young conductor by my side.

"Carry it to the folks at the house," he answered.

"Is that your home?" I enquired.

"Yes," he responded; "my father lives there, and I send him an afternoon paper by Carlo every day, in the way you have seen."

"Then they always send the dog when it is time for your train to pass?"

"No," said he, "they never send him. He knows when it is time for the train, and comes over here to meet it of his own accord, rain or shine, summer or winter."

"But does not Carlo go to the wrong train sometimes?" I asked with considerable curiosity.

"Never, sir. He pays no attention to any train but this."

"How can a dog tell what time it is, so as to go to meet the train?" I asked again.

"That is more than I can tell," answered the conductor; "but he is always there, and the engineer whistles to call my attention, for fear I should not get out on the platform till we had passed Carlo."

"So Carlo keeps watch on the time better than the conductor himself," I remarked, "for the dog does not need to be reminded."

The conductor laughed, and I wondered, as he walked away, who of young friends would be as faithful and watchful all the year round as Carlo, who never missed the train, though he could not "tell the time by the clock."—Our Dumb Animals.

The Art of Not Hearing.

The art of not hearing should be learned by all. There are so many things which it is painful to hear, very many which, if heard, will disturb the temper, corrupt simplicity

and modesty, detract from contentment and happiness. If a man falls into a violent passion, and calls all manner of names, at the first words we should shut our ears and hear no more. If in a quiet voyage of life, we find ourselves caught in one of those domestic whirlwinds of scolding, we should shut our ears as a sailor would furl his sail, and, making all tight, scud before the gale. If a hot, restless man begins to inflame our feelings, we should consider what mischief the fiery sparks may do in our magazine below, where our temper is kept, and instantly close the door. If all the petty things said of a man by heedless and ill-natured idlers were brought home to him, he would become a mere walking pin-cushion stuck full of sharp remarks. If we would be happy, when among good men we should open our ears; when among bad men shut them. It is not worth while to hear what our neighbors say about our children, what our rivals say about our business, our dress or our affairs.—New York Ledger.

"In the Country."

BY EUGENE FIELD.

It seems to me I'd like to go
Where bells don't ring, nor whistles blow,
Nor clocks don't strike, nor gongs don't sound,
And I'd have stillness all around.

Not real stillness, but just the trees'
Low whisperings, or the hum of bees,
Or brooks' faint babbling over stones
In strangely, softly tangled tones.

Or maybe a cricket or katydid,
Or the songs of birds in the hedges hid,
Or just some such sweet sounds as these
To fill a tired heart with ease.

If 'tweren't for sight, and sound and smell,
I'd like a city pretty well;
But, when it comes to getting rest,
I like the country lots the best.

Sometimes it seems to me I must
Just quit the city's din and dust,
And get out where the sky is blue;
And say, now, how does it seem to you?

An Old Time Tea.

A tea-party of sixty years ago, in the days of our grandmothers, says Rosalie Sill in *The Housekeeper*, used to be considered quite an affair. Notes of invitation were not sent out as for parties in more modern days, but a boy or girl was sent over the by-paths or through the woods to half a dozen or more women asking them to come on a certain afternoon to a "tea drinking."

At an early hour in the afternoon the ladies would come with work-bags upon their arms, their high-heeled prunella shoes rolled within a paper until they reached their destination, when they were exchanged and the home-made ones laid aside. The most noticeable feature of their attire was their caps; in fact, the ladies took position in society a good deal according to the largeness and quality of their caps. Many were of the most exquisite hand embroidery, trimmed with heavy frills of lace and satin-striped gauze ribbon, usually of pink or pale straw-color for the younger ladies; white for the elderly ones. These caps were often so large they could not be worn underneath a bonnet, so a small boy was detailed as band-box bearer and accompanied his mother to her destination, beguiled by the promise of a piece of cake. "If you will be a good boy and run home and stay until five o'clock and come back again,"

No woman was expected to pass the hours

A TRYING SEASON.

LITTLE ONES ARE SUBJECT TO COLDS AND THE RESULT IS DANGEROUS UNLESS PROMPT REMEDIAL STEPS ARE TAKEN.

The little ones are apt to take cold no matter how carefully a mother may try to prevent it. While colds may effect children in different ways, the main symptoms usually are that the child grows cross, the skin hot, the appetite fickle and the child feverish. Unless something is done at once to relieve a simple cold, the result is often very serious—so serious that many a child's life has been lost. There is no remedy that can equal *Baby's Own Tablets* in cases of this kind. These tablets promptly break up colds and carry off the poisonous matter that has been retained in the system. By doing that they reduce the fever; the pulse becomes normal; the appetite is restored, and the child is again well and happy.

Mrs. O. E. Earle, Brockville, Ont., says: "I always use *Baby's Own Tablets* for both my children, aged three and five years, when they are at all unwell. When my little girl was a few months old, she had a bad attack of whooping cough, and I found the tablets very beneficial. Since that time I always keep them in the house ready for use. When the children are troubled with biliousness, any derangement of the stomach, are peevish or fretful, or when they have a cold, I always use the tablets, and am always pleased with the results."

These tablets are a certain cure for such troubles as colic, sour stomach, indigestion, diarrhoea, constipation, simple fever and chills. They prevent croup and allay the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth. They are sold under an absolute guarantee to contain no opiate or other harmful drug. May be had from druggists or will be sent postpaid at 25 cents a box, by addressing The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

in idleness, but in knitting. I heard one woman say: "When the country was new I did not always have the means to get the yarn to knit, so I would unravel what I had knit, having the yarn to use the next time I was invited out."

Often the menu was very simple—only there must be tea and plenty of it. The dames spent some length of time over their tea, sipping it and discussing its good qualities. Tea was used much stronger in those days than now, and more drank tea. "Hot water, if you please, my nerves will not allow me to use tea," is often heard of late. Perhaps the excessive tea-drinking of the past is responsible for a part of the weak nerves of to-day.

The conversation differed from that of to-day. It usually concerned the "runs of yarn spun," or of the number of yards of table-linen and towels woven. At a gathering now the conversation would be, "Have you read *Winston Churchill's* latest?" or "What do you think of *Gilbert Parker's* new novel?"

Out of the toil and struggle and limitations of the olden days has come to us a broader life, one of more ease and culture—one not so restricted as to what women should do—only let the doors swing ajar to those best fitted for the position. While woman is making her way into a larger opportunity, let her not look down upon those others who by their thrift and sterling worth helped her to reach a higher level.