

TAMING OF A BEAR CUB.

On the return trip of the steamer "Pomona" from the Alaska gold fields, a brief stop was made at Juneau, where a polar bear was presented to the captain of the ship. He at once named it after the village whence it had come, and chained it on the after-deck for the amusement of the passengers.

Every one took great interest in the polypoly stranger, as sundry scratched hands and legs soon bore testimony; but Juneau refused to be cultivated by the human family. She was a vicious little savage, snarling and snapping at every offer of peace and good-will, until finally the passengers were glad to give her a wide berth. We had a bright little Indian girl on board, however, who persisted in thrusting her friendship on Juneau. Her guardians, the missionaries, were prepared to see the cub give her a bad scratch; but it was soon evident that she was quite equal to caring for herself.

Each evening little Olga saved her dessert of fruit and cake, and fed it to the cub. Although Juneau ate the peace-offering greedily, she still threatened her admirer with her claws. But Olga had a plan.

One day she cut an apple into tiny bits, and deliberately seated herself on the deck within the circle allowed to the cub. The very presumption of the act caused Miss Bruin to stand and stare; while Olga took the bits of apple, and dropped them in a line, starting as near the cub as she could reach and leading to her feet. Then she continued the apple line to her knees, and, spreading out her skirt, dotted it here and there with the pieces. Several good-sized slices were saved for her arm and shoulder, and last, to top off, she placed the core on top of her head.

All this was done slowly and deliberately; and, when it was finished, Olga sat as still as a statue. Blinking and sniffing, the wily Juneau stole softly toward the apple line. The apple was juicy; and the bear put aside all fear and malice, and nibbled contentedly up to the two blunt little feet which were set up so sturdily before her. There the cub paused to study the silent figure; but, finding that it did not move or offer to be friendly, she continued her feast.

Slowly and carefully she searched over the dress, not missing a morsel, and finally sniffed at the little girl's shoulder. Stepping gingerly into the soft lap, Juneau rose on her hind feet, rested her fore paws on Olga's chest, and hastily gulped down the remaining bits of apple, until none was left but the tempting core on the child's head.

Then the bear, clinging with her sharp claws to the cloth jacket, climbed up on Olga's shoulder, clasped her round the neck for a balance, and nibbled the core.

I wondered if any of the grown up white people on that ship could have sat so still. Our little passenger's courage

never failed her. There was not the quiver of an eyelash to show that she was alive; and the wary cub, with a grunt of satisfaction, went back to her box to sleep. Not until then did the child move from her cramped position. Jumping up, she ran away, full of glee, to tell her friends.

Next day there was a large audience, which stood at a respectful distance to watch the novel performance. The experiment of the day before was repeated, with even greater success, for Juneau ended it that time by cuddling down in the soft, warm lap, and going to sleep.

Of course, these two little natives of Alaska became great friends; and, when we docked at San Francisco, the captain unchained the pretty cub and put her into the arms of the only person who had wit enough to tame her.—Youth's Companion.

WHEN THE TRAIN WAS LATE

"An hour late—a whole hour! What shall we do?"

Bess and Nell looked at one another and glanced around the stuffy waiting-room. People were standing and sitting about in discontented groups, some talking in hushed tones, others nervously fidgeting about from door to windows.

"This is too funeral for me," laughed Bell. "Let's take a walk, Nell, and plan to be back just on time."

The air was crisp and cool. Three squares down the street brought the girls to a city park, in which workmen were dismantling the flower-beds, piling up geraniums, foliage plants, salvias, and other discarded, but flourishing, plants with reckless hands.

"What a pity it seems," Nell said, turning over the leaves of a Lady Washington geranium. "Some people would enjoy them so!"

"If you can use them, help yourselves," said the man in charge of the work. "We put in new ones every spring."

Bess and Nell hesitated. "Aunt Ellen would be delighted," said Bess. "But how shall we get them there?"

"Oh, her window-gardens—how she would like them! Let's take all we can carry!"

So the girls sorted and arranged and filled their arms with the most promising specimens, thanked the man in charge, and went on their way. Crossing to the further gates, they came upon a little hardware store, where they bought a quantity of wrapping-paper and twine and wrapped the plants into a large, neat bundle.

There was just time for a brisk walk back to the station. The girls reached it, fresh and rosy from their exercise. The people they had left were still standing or sitting about the waiting-room, or pacing to and fro on the platform outside. Everybody looked tired and cross and out of patience. Children were fretting and men and women complaining. The long-suffering station agent breathed a sigh of relief when the belated train at

last pulled itself into sight around a distant curve.

"Well," remarked Bess, when the two girls were snugly ensconced in their seat, "how I did enjoy that walk! It was better than sitting around a waiting-room for an hour!"

Aunt Ellen's window-garden and plant stand were then envy and despair of her neighbors that winter; but she dispensed slips and cuttings with a generous hand. "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," and the train that was an hour late had not been altogether an ill wind!—Alice Miller Weeks, in Western Christian Advocate.

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