

A Fatal Material

I used to have a rubber doll,
And she was like a cat—
That she had many lives, you know,

She dropped into a river once,
But wasn't nearly drowned:
She bobbed up quite serenely, and
She calmly floated round.

Yet something always happens and
I've lost my rubber pet.
So I am feeling sad, although
I'm told I 'mustn't fret.'

What the Gold Piece Bought.

BY AUGUSTA KORTRECHT.

It was a happy day for the little
Jacksons, for that very morning
father had broken the toy bank, and counted
all the pennies and nickels, and had
taken them down town with him,

Miss Mehitabel Jackson would not
give the money up, so mother let her
alone, only trying to keep an eye on
the young lady and the gold piece,

When father came home, he said he
would buy another toy bank, and they
would start all over again; but they
could not quite give up the hope of
finding their gold piece,

It was about a month later, when
mother got a letter from Uncle Dick
about the clothes for his poor people.

Every spoon went down into the
oatmeal plates, and every child pricked
up his ears and listened while mother
read:

'And the best of all was the surprise
in the pocket of the smallest coat,—
Meg's it must have been. If your little
ones could have seen the joy that gold
piece brought, they would have had a
pleasure nothing else can give.'

There was a little more, about candy
and apples the children were so de-

lighted with, and then mother looked
round at the children a minute, and
asked:

'Shall I write Uncle Dick it was a
mistake? Perhaps the chair has not
been bought yet, and we could still get
the money, and buy the party.'

And such a regular chorus came
back, 'Oh, no, mother! oh, no!' that
Hit took it up, and thumped her spoon
against her silver cup to a lively 'rat-
tat-tat, and sang 'Oh, no! oh, no!'

Pluck, Not Luck.

A TRUE STORY.

I do not imagine that Frank Corn-
well was unlike other boys of his age.
He lived with his grandmother and as
grandmothers are supposed to spoil
little folks, perhaps he was indulged a
trifle more than was good for him,

Frank was a plucky little fellow, but
he cried sometimes, I am certain of
that, since it is about this very matter
that I set out to tell you.

He went fishing one day with a num-
ber of other boys, and although he was
small, I can assure you he thought
himself quite as large as any boy in the
party.

But the fish would not bite on that
particular day. The boys sat patiently
for some time before they finally de-
cided to adopt another method. Then
one little fellow said, 'Let's take off
our shoes and wade in, dig holes and
catch them with our hands.'

Frank was somewhat afraid, but I
am glad to tell you that no one would
ever have guessed so from his actions.
He threw off his shoes as bravely as
the other boys, and laughed as merrily
when the cold water sent creeps over
him: although, when nobody was look-
ing, he brushed a little salt water from
his eyes.

Now fish are contrary sometimes and
are not easily caught, even when boys
and men use all the ingenuity of which
they are possessed. They seem to
have some blind instinct which pre-
serves them from danger. The boys
dug holes in the sand; some succeeded
in catching a few, but dear little Frank
the hero of our story, had not a single
trophy to show as the fruit of his
labor.

Frank dug down by the side of a
rock, and this I consider a very brave
act, because he was afraid of snakes,
and was every minute expecting one to
appear. Still he stuck his little hands
under and dug away; he was plucky
enough for anything when he had once
decided upon a course of action.

Suddenly he screamed. It was not
a shriek of delight, but rather one of
horror and dread. He had caught
something—or rather, something had
caught him, since a great snapping
turtle had enclosed his mouth over one
of his fingers and held on with a death-
like grip.

Now Frank had something of the
spirit of a martyr. He came of good
Southern stock, and some of his an-
cestors had been noted for bravery.
But he forget it all now and yelled as
seldom a boy is heard to yell. His
voice sounded more like the blast of a
trumpet in battle than anything else I
can think of at the present time.

Boys are sympathizing creatures, at
least these boys were. They went to
work with a will and took turns in
pulling the snapping turtle and holding
Frank. It was not the turtle's nature
to let go, and the harder the boys
pulled, the stronger the turtle held on,
if that were possible.

Then one bright boy said, 'I'll fix
him, I'll cut his head off.' It might
have seemed a cruel thing under some
circumstances, but now it was the last
resort. So they cut off the turtle's
head. You will pity poor Frank when
I tell you that the turtle still held on,
at least that part which was fast to his
finger. They took a penknife and
pried it off, and then Frank found to
his great joy that his finger was still
left.

They marched bravely home, and if
they did not have any fish, they found
plenty to talk about. Frank was the
hero, and his pluck was the subject of
the conversation.

'Pluck is a funny little word,' said
Frank's grandmother, as she listened
to the story, and drew the boy tender-
ly to her. 'If you drop the p it is
luck, but I have no faith in that word
whatever. And since your finger is

left and you are not much the worse
for the accident, it will not do any real
harm, and may increase your power of
endurance. Indeed, my dear boy, I
have a feeling that God has in store for
you some great and particular work
and that you will live to be a message
bearer to dying men.'

Grandmother was right; to-day
Frank is a minister of the Gospel of
Christ. Chris. Intelligencer.

The Story of Dick, the Turtle.

Dick's life is not all sleeping and
worm-hunting. Every second day he
has a long swim in the bath, and he
has certain social and domestic duties
to perform which are very important.

When company is expected, Dick
has to wear his swellest garb, a broad
crimson ribbon, which is tied around
his shell and into a huge bow upon his
back. So attired, he gravely marches
about as if he considered himself no
unimportant personage. When all the
pets are 'dressed up' with similar
ribbons, the effect is very comical.

Dick has to do his share of the work,
too; for this is insisted upon by a very
young lady, whose commands are not
to be trifled with. She owns a small
cart and a vague number of dolls, in-
cluding one springy rubber man.

To the hinder edge of Dick's shell is
affixed a ring,—a solid gold one, by
the way; for it rightly belongs to the
stem of a certain watch. The cart has
a cord and a gold snap, which should
be at the end of a watch-chain I know
of. This snap is fastened to the ring.
The lady dolls are seated in the cart.
The springy rubber man is placed upon
Dick's back, and hay—away they all
go for a ten foot dash down the stone
walk.

This performance never fails to
delight the young lady who owns the
dolls, while Dick does not mind it in
the least. One terrible day—I almost
shudder to think of it!—the rain had
left a pool about four inches deep at a
low spot in the walk. Dick was hitched
up to take his party for its usual airing;
and lo! 'he yumped away,' as the
young lady put it. Away he went full
gallop, straight for the pool. The
party came near being drowned!

So exciting was the work of rescue
and the restoring to consciousness of
the lady passengers that the rubber
man was forgotten. Later, after the
pool had been dragged and everything
possible had been done, he was found
in a thick-growing plant, where Dick
had left him a la Absalom.

Dick, for a time, strove to make
friends with the black turtle; but of
late he has discovered his own image
in a mirror which extends to the floor
of the studio. He climbs up the carved
moulding, and intently regards his
reflection for an hour at a time.
Whether he fancies that he has found
some captive maiden of his race or
merely desires to be sociable, as other
turtles are upon logs, I am not pre-
pared to say.

Taken upon his merits, Dick is a
harmless and most interesting pet. He
has already shown much more intelli-
gence than would be expected of a
turtle, and I should not be astonished
if a few years of good treatment de-
veloped his faculties much further.—
Our Animal Friends.

What Split the Log.

'There is nothing like giving a boy
a little encouragement once in a while,
said a wealthy down-town merchant,
the other day. 'I know I owe a great
deal to a remark a crabbed old farmer
made to me when I was quite small.

'I was trying to split a cross-grained
hickory log, and, as our wood-pile was
close by the roadside, my efforts at-
tracted the notice of the farmer, who
stopped his team.

'I was greatly flattered by his atten-
tion, because he was the crassest and
surliest man in town, and never took
any notice of us boys, except to sit in
his orchards with a shot-gun in his
hand when the apples were ripe. So
I put in my best licks, and covered my
hands with blisters, but the log refused
to split. I hated to be beaten, but
there seemed no help for it. The old
man noticed my chagrin.

'Humph! I thought you'd hev to
give it up!' he said with a chuckle.

'Those words were all I needed.
'I made no reply, but the way that
axe-head went into that log was a reve-
lation to me. As I drove it into the
knots, they yielded. There was a
cheerful crackle, the gap widened, and
soon the halves lay before me, and the
farmer drove of discomfited.

'But I never forgot that scene.
When I first went into business, I
made mistakes, as every young man
will. But whenever I got caught in a
doubtful enterprise, I remembered that
my friends were standing around wait-
ing for the chance to say 'I thought
you'd have to give it up!'

'In spite of myself, that old farmer
gave me the key-note of my success.
'So you see that if a boy has any grit

in him, he is bound to profit by the
right sort of encouragement; and in
that connection I may remark, a well-
placed sneer is often worth more than
a barrel of taffy.'—Puck.

Scrofula the Cause.

Eczema, catarrh, hip disease, white
swelling, and even consumption have
their origin in scrofulous conditions.
With the slightest taint of scrofula in
blood, there is no safety. The remedy
for this disease in all its forms is
Hood's Sarsaparilla, which goes to the
root of the trouble and expels all im-
purities and disease germs from the
blood.

The best family cathartic is Hood's
Pills.

The Pigeons Saved the Baby's
Life.

An incident occurred recently in the
family of G. F. Marsh, a member of
the Pacific Coast Pigeon Society, says
the San Francisco Examiner, which
proved to him in a most impressive
manner the valuable services which
may sometimes be rendered by the
carrier pigeon, and probably explains
some of his enthusiasm in that direc-
tion. His little baby boy was taken
suddenly sick with most alarming
symptoms of diphtheria. The mother,
watching by the bedside of the little
one, dispatched a message, tied on a
carrier pigeon to her husband at his
store on Market Street. In the mes-
sage she wrote the nature of the child's
alarming illness, and made an earnest
appeal for medicine to save its life.
The bird was started from the home of
the family, near the Cliff House, five
miles from Mr. Marsh's Market Street
store.

The bird flew swiftly to the store,
where Mr. Marsh received it. He
read the message, called the doctor,
explained the child's symptoms as his
wife had detailed them in her message,
and received the proper medicine.

Then trying the little vial containing
the medicine to another pigeon, he let
it go. The pigeon sped away through
the air, straight for the cliff. It made
the distance, five miles, in ten minutes,
a distance which would have required
the doctor three-quarters of an hour
to cover. In twenty minutes from the
time the mother's message was sent to
her husband the baby was taking the
medicine. Naturally enough Mr.
Marsh is partial to pigeons, for he
considers that he owes his baby's life
to one.

Death to Moths.

A housekeeper writes to an Eastern
contemporary: 'It gives me pleasure
to inform you what will entirely ex-
terminate, root out and destroy every
moth, or egg of moth, whether in car-
pets, cloths or furniture. I have a
large house full of the richest carpets,
all very woolly, also rich furniture, all
of which has been in use since 1875,
and not a moth has been seen at this
date. But the first year we moved in
we had millions, although everything
was new. Twice a year I take turpen-
tine and a paint brush and saturate
the edges of carpets around, move all
the furniture, and get at the dark and
dusty corners and in dark closets. I
rub the brush all over if carpeted.
For rich furniture take paper and wet
it with turpentine, and nail the paper
under the sofas and chairs. The smell
of this will drive out the moths and
kill their eggs.'

A strip of flannel or towel folded
several times lengthwise and dipped in
hot water, then slightly wrung out and
applied about the neck of a child
suffering with an acute attack of the
croup will usually relieve the sufferer
in the course of ten minutes if the
flannel is kept hot.

'My brethren,' said an old African
preacher, 'a good example is the tall-
est kind of preaching.'

THE D. & L. EMULSION benefits
most those having Lung troubles
with tendency to hemorrhages. A few
bottles taken regularly make a won-
derful improvement. Made by Davis
& Lawrence Co., Lim.

SORE FEET.—Mrs. J. J. Neill, New
Armagh, P. Q., writes: 'For nearly
six months I was troubled with burn-
ing aches and pains in my feet, and
as extent that I could not sleep at
night, and as my feet were badly
swollen I could not wear my boots
for weeks. At last I got a bottle of
Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil and resolv-
ed to try it and to my astonishment I
got instant relief, and the one bottle
accomplished a perfect cure.'

FAGGED OUT.—None but those who
have become fagged out, know what a
depressed, miserable feeling it is. All
strength is gone, and despondency
has taken hold of the sufferers. They
feel as though there is nothing to live
for. There, however, is a cure—one
box of Paralee's Vegetable Pills will
do wonders in restoring health and
strength. Mandrake and Dandelion
are two of the articles entering into
composition of Paralee's Pills.



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