

Our Boys and Girls.

DIDN'T THINK.

Used to let his poor old mother go and carry in the wood,
She was just a packhorse for him, but he never understood;
Never thought of bringin' water from the spring down by the lane,
Or of helpin' her to gather in the clo' before the rain;
Let her keep a-waitin' on him, though her back was achin' so—
'Twasn't 'cause he didn't love her—he just didn't think, you know.

After 'while the weary mother put her burden all away,
And we went and heard the preacher praise her poor old soul one day;
And I stood and looked down at her when they pushed the lid aside—
Poor old hands! I didn't wonder that her boy sat there and cried
Just as if he couldn't bear it—just as if his heart'd break—
He had kind of got to seein' what she'd suffered for his sake.

There's a lot of kinds of sinnin' that the Good Book tells about—
Sins concernin' which a body needn't ever be in doubt;
But there's one sin that I reckon many a man who doesn't think,
Will be held to strict account for when he goes across the brink—
For the wrong that's done a person by another's want of thought
Hurts as much as though the injured was the victim of the plot!

—Ensign.

JANET'S AUTOMOBILE PARTY.

BY MARY ALDEN HOPKINS.

Margaret and Hilda and Rose and Caroline were coming to spend the afternoon with Janet. The five girls had played together at Lindenport all summer and had become good friends. The expectant hostess was in a brown study.

"I want this to be the best of all the parties we have had," she explained to Uncle Jack. "Next week Margaret is going home, and Rose; and Hilda doesn't know how long they will stay. It will probably be the last of the 'season.' Father says he'll take us out sailing, but Rose is always seasick, so that will not do; mother says wouldn't a clambake on the shore be nice, and it would, only it's not new."

It was not without reason that Janet chose Uncle Jack for her confidant. He always had some delightful idea and was ready to help carry it out. Some people averred that he "spoiled," his niece.

The "spoiler" looked meditative. "Now there's my automobile eating its head off in the stable," he remarked thoughtfully.

"O!" said Janet.

"And my physician prescribed out-of-door exercise for me."

"You're looking a little pale," consoled his crafty niece. Then she threw herself upon him with a hug. "You're a dear!" she asserted.

The next afternoon Rose and Margaret and Caroline were squeezed into the back seat of Uncle Jack's automobile. It was a tight fit, but "it's all the better," they voted, "for we haven't room to tumble out." Hilda and Janet were on the front seat with Uncle Jack.

"We'll be back in about an hour," he said when they started out. "There isn't very much power left in the storage batteries, but I suppose you'll not mind if it gives out and we have to come home afoot?"

The girls had no clear idea concerning "storage batteries," but they declared they were willing to risk the walk.

First they rode about the village and proudly waved to all their friends—for were they not riding in the only automobile at the port?—and then they started toward Lahant.

"We'll go over and see what their soda is like in Lahant," said Uncle Jack, "and if it isn't as good as we could get here, we'll sue the town for damages."

But the druggist of Lahant brought no disgrace upon his townsmen; the soda was not judged, because it was not tasted—at least not that day.

The automobile whizzed along the country road, going faster and faster till the girls squealed with delight. But Janet noticed that they passed the Lahant road without turning into it. She was sitting next to Uncle Jack, and when she looked up at his face she saw that something was wrong.

"O!" she gasped under her breath.

Uncle Jack gave her a quick glance. "Steady, Janet," he said in a low tone. Then to the others: "If any young lady sees a policeman coming to arrest us for running too fast will she please tell me, so we can stop for him to catch up." But Janet knew that policeman or no policeman he could not stop the automobile—it was running away.

The other girls had been growing a little frightened at the high rate of speed, but at Uncle Jack's light tone they laughed and clung to each other. Janet held tight to Hilda's hand, and said not a word. She was thinking: "When a horse runs away you mustn't grab the driver's arm, because he needs it himself, and I guess Uncle Jack needs his as bad as a driver would."

The road stretched out in front of them smooth and broad, and there was not a team in sight. Straight ahead was a long gradual, upward slope. "You can stop a runaway horse going up a hill and perhaps an automobile knows as much as a horse," thought Janet.

And this particular automobile did. There was not power enough in the batteries to carry the machine more than halfway up the hill. Its speed gradually decreased, and when it came to a full stop Uncle Jack jumped out and swung the girls out too.

"End of the line; change cars for all points farther on," he called out. "If I am not much mistaken," he added, "this is Mr. Grant's farm, and I shouldn't wonder if we could find a hayrick here to carry us home."

Laughing and chattering and exclaiming, the girls hurried up to the farmhouse where Mrs. Grant welcomed them cordially. They sat down under the trees and regaled themselves with cookies and glasses of milk, "thicker than hotel cream," as Hilda confided to Janet, while Uncle Jack and Mr. Grant went to see about a team.

Half an hour later the girls heard Uncle Jack's voice calling, "All aboard for Lyndenport!" They walked out to the road expecting to see the hayrick of which he had spoken, but instead they found a vehicle the sight of which sent them into gales of laughter. The two men had hitched a pair of farm horses on in front of the automobile. Uncle Jack had mended the brake that had

caused the trouble and was ready to start back.

"They are gentle horses," Mr. Grant said, "and they'll haul an automobile as carefully as they would a mowing machine or any other kind of machine." Then he laughed at the funny sight.

The horses were as good as he had said. They trotted along as if they had drawn automobiles all their lives, and the girls were not sure but the return journey was more fun than the outward bound. Everyone they met stopped to laugh at them and people came to the windows of the houses along the road to see them go by. When they reached Lyndenport the cottagers laughed most of all.

The girls had a long story to tell when they reached their homes that night, but they omitted the most exciting part, for not one of them except Janet knew that when they went so fast the machine had been really running away. At Janet's home Uncle Jack told that part of the story and he added some remarks about a certain brave little girl that made Janet's father and mother look very proud and made Janet herself hide her face on his shoulder.—*Congregationalist.*



DICK, THE ENGINEER'S CAT.

A father and little son were travelling from St. Louis to a town in the western part of the State, and among the things they carried was a small yellow kitten in a basket.

They had a sixty-mile ride before they changed cars. The gentleman pulled out a newspaper and began reading. The little boy amused himself by looking out of the window. At last, tired of that, he thought of his pet kitten, and, taking him out of the basket, played with him until he went off to sleep. The kitten being left alone climbed into the next seat and went to sleep.

The train arrived at the station where the man and the little boy were to change cars. And the man, folding up his newspaper, took the little boy and his bundles and the empty basket and rushed into the other train. The boy had been awakened so quickly that he had not thought of his kitten.

The first train passed on. At night, when it drew up to its final station, the conductor went through the train and found the little yellow kitten asleep on one of the seats. He carried it to the fireman, who was fond of cats. The fireman fed the kitten, and put him in the baggage car for the night.

When the train went out the next day, the kitten, which the fireman called Dick, went with it. Dick rode in the baggage car for a week or so, when his master took him on the engine with him one day. Dick was quite frightened at first, but soon got over it, and always rode on the engine after that.

One thing very much frightened Dick, that was when he heard another train coming. He would crouch on the floor of the cab at his master's feet, and would remain so until the other train passed. His master had tried in vain to break of him of this.

A year passed, and Dick was on the same engine with his master, who had been promoted to be an engineer. Dick still appeared frightened at hearing another train.

One day in winter Dick's master was running in the western part of Missouri, when a severe snow-storm came up. They reached one station at 4:30 in the



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TAKE

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AND KEEP WELL

afternoon, and a freight was due about the same time. They waited fifteen minutes for the freight, and then the conductor decided to go on to the next station, ten miles beyond. So he telegraphed to the next station to keep the freight until he reached there; and, receiving no message back that the freight had left that station, he thought it all right, and Dick's train started.

They had gone about five miles when Dick suddenly raised his head, listened for a moment, and then jumped to the floor and crouched at his master's feet. The engineer knew that Dick had heard a train. Then it flashed into his mind that perhaps it was the freight.

He reached his head out of the cab window and listened, but he could hear nothing but the wind. He had so great confidence, nevertheless, in Dick that he signalled for the conductor. The conductor came and inquired the matter; and, when the engineer told him how Dick had acted, he advised the engineer to back the train to the last station. The engineer lost no time in taking the conductor's advice, and backed the train at full speed.

They had been in the station about five minutes when in came the tardy freight. They all agreed that it had been a narrow escape from a serious accident. When Dick's train arrived at the next station, they asked why they had not telegraphed back that the freight had already started. The station agent said that he had telegraphed back that the freight had already started. The station agent said that he had received no message from the conductor at all. The next day the wires were found broken, so that the station agent had not received the despatch.

Dick received due praise. His master is very proud of him, and he is a general favorite on that railroad.—*Our Dumb Animals.*