

* This and That *

AS CROSS AS A BEAR.

"You're as cross as a bear," said Bess to Bill.

Uncle Jim whistled. "Bears aren't cross to members of their own family," he said. "Now, I knew a bear once!"

Bess and Billy both ran to him and climbed up on his lap.

"Did you really ever know a bear?" cried Billy, with wide open eyes.

"Well, not intimately," said Uncle Jim, "but I used to go hunting them when I was up in Canada, and one day I was out with a hunting party and we saw right straight in front of us—what do you suppose?"

"A real bear!" gasped the children in concert.

"Yes; a real mother bear and her little son. The dogs started after them, and the mother bear began to run, but the little baby son couldn't run as fast as she did, and the dogs were gaining on him, so what do you suppose the mother bear did? Leave her little son behind? No, sir-ee-ee. She picked the baby bear up on her stout nose and tossed him way ahead; then she ran fast and caught up to him and gave him another boost that sent him flying through the air. She kept this up for a mile and a half. Then she was too tired to go any farther, and the dogs surrounded her. Then she sat up on her haunches, took her baby in her hind paws and fought the dogs off with her fore paws. And how she did roar!"

Bess shuddered. "You could hear her miles away. She never forgot her baby; kept guarding him all the time. When the mother was shot, the baby cub jumped on her dead body and tried to fight off the dogs with his little bear paws. That's the way the bears stand by each other better than brothers and sisters. Hey, Bess, what are you crying about? I guess I won't tell you any more bear stories if that is the way it makes you feel."

"Billy," sobbed Bess, "you're as good—as good as a bear!"

Then they all laughed together and forgot what they had been cross about.—New York Tribune.

THE NEW SCHOOL.

When Gracie got to the Sunday-School her teacher had not arrived; but the girls were there, talking business. As soon as they saw Gracie they told what had happened.

"Do you see that dreadful-looking ragged girl down by the door?" May began. "Well, Mr Hart asked us to let her into our class. The idea!"

"What did you tell him?" Gracie asked. "Lacy told him our class had plenty of scholars, and we'd rather not. I should think he could see that we didn't suit together."

Gracie looked at her little neighbors,

POOR DOMINIE.

Between The Devil And The Deep Sea.

A clergyman of Gresham, Neb. who drank coffee for many years suffered from chronic insomnia and from terrific headaches when he quit coffee. He says: "I have been a very heavy user of coffee for so long and have seen its effects so clearly that there is now no doubt in my mind concerning its injurious effects upon the nervous system."

"When a coffee user I was unable to sleep for hours after retiring at night and on the other hand terrific headache resulted if the regular hour for drinking coffee passed and I did not get it so I was in a miserable position."

"But I found a firm friend in Postum Cereal Coffee and from the very time that I adopted Postum all these evil effects vanished. I now enjoy sound sleep and improved appetite and a decidedly clearer complexion and I am convinced that better health and a longer life would be the result of its general use. I have a friend who has been a user of Postum for several years and the story of her recovery from neuralgia of the stomach simply by using Postum in place of coffee seems almost too wonderful to be true. Many times she was near Death's door and the doctor had frequently given her case up as hopeless but she was entirely healed by leaving off coffee and using Postum. It is a pleasure to say these good things about Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

with their starched frocks and smooth hair and clean faces, and then at the girl by the door; they did not suit well together, it was true. But Gracie's face was grave.

"I don't believe Mr. Hart can find any class for her here," said Lucy. "She ought to go to another Sunday-school."

"Oh, no!" cried Gracie. Then she stopped. But the others were all looking at her, and she had to go on. "You couldn't send anybody away from Sunday-school, could you, any more than if it was heaven?"

Not one of the other little girls had an answer ready for this. And, taking courage from their silence, Gracie added:

"Miss Barbara wouldn't like it I know, nor God, either."

"I believe I'll go tell Mr. Hart we've changed our minds," said Lucy. "Shall I?"

"Yes, do," said May. And in about one minute more the strange little scholar was being welcomed into the class as if she were a princess royal.

As their teacher, Miss Barbara, came up the aisle, Mr. Hart stopped her and told her all about it. This was why, when Sunday-school was over, Miss Barbara called the children, and kept them just a moment under the shade of the big tree by the churchyard gate.

"Girls," she said, smiling down upon them, "I believe if Jesus Christ were to speak to my class this afternoon, he would say, 'I was a stranger, and ye took me in.'"—Sally Campbell, in Mayflower.

A SIMPLE EXERCISE.

One exercise, repeated fifty or a hundred times a day, requiring no more than ten minutes altogether, is of the greatest advantage, and can be done out of doors as well as in, at almost any season of the year. It consists in inhaling through the nostrils a deep breath, retaining it a few seconds, and then, with the lips adjusted as if one intended to whistle, expelling it slowly through the contracted orifice. There is no physiological objection to exhaling through the mouth; there are no muscles whereby the course of the breath can be restrained through the nostrils, but the lips contain sufficient muscular strength for this purpose. If students would rise from their studies, bookkeepers from their desks, women from their sewing or reading, two or three times a day, and take from fifteen to thirty such breaths the result would surprise them.—Ex.

FLAG THAT NEXT TRAIN.

There has been a sad railroad accident. The engineer was caught in the overturn of the locomotive, pinned to the earth, and could not possibly extricate himself. Others came to release his struggling, writhing form. His thoughts, however, were on the next train, the train behind. Could he not see the engine driving along the rails, bringing the train loaded with priceless lives? And then came, in thought, the awful crash of a collision! "Boys!" cried Engineer Kennar, giving the name of the expected and endangered train. "Go back and flag the second Atlantic, if you haven't done it!"

Noble, heroic soul, his first thought was for the train behind. They succeeded at last in liberating his body, but his only liberator from suffering was death itself which came in a very few minutes.

Flag that next train!

Do we always bear it in mind, the train that is coming? As those interested in Sunday school activities, especially when the fall work opens, may our thoughts rest appreciatively upon the next generation! Gathered about us in our classes, and that we are trying to teach. The next train is coming fast. The boys and girls of today will be men and women tomorrow. This next train is confronted by peculiar dangers. On the right track, we hope—heading for righteousness and temperance, honesty and integrity; but what perils may yet be before it!

Our scholars may be tempted to tamper with the evil of "light drinks." Flag the train! There is a beer barrel on the track! Our scholars may be solicited to look upon licentious prints. Flag the train! There is a bad book on the track! Our scholars may be urged to put off the day of salvation. Flag the train! The bowlder of procrastination has fallen across the rails. And her is evil company, beckoning the boys and girls to wrong-doing. Flag the train. Wreckers are at work on the rails, threatening the lives that are coming forward. Whatever be the danger, be alert! Watch! Hasten! Speak! Flag the train! —Sunday-School Journal.

Sick Headache— Lack of Appetite.

Its glorious to feel right in the morning—ready for work. But how seldom one does. Sick headache, lack of appetite, disagreeable taste in the mouth—these are the usual morning feelings of most people—even of careful liver. This morning illness shows that the organs of digestion are not working properly. They need a tonic. Take a teaspoonful of

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At one time or another a mother has usually to fight a decisive battle with her own child. "My dear," she says, "bring me that book; you must bring me that book." The child laughs, and approaching her parent wishes to kiss and be friendly. She is willing to do anything in the world rather than actually obey. "That book," insists her, "be brought!" and finally, after many excuses and much delay, it is handed over to the kind yet firm parent. It is a very small matter, but it settles the question of government, and the child's ultimate happiness depends upon the outcome of that discipline.—Ex.

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