

**Little Dog Under His Wagon.**

"Come wife," said good old Farmer Gray, "Put on your things; 'tis market day—And we'll be off to the nearest town, There and back ere the sun goes down. Spot? No, we'll leave Spot behind." But Spot he barked and Spot he whined, And soon made up his doggy mind To follow under the wagon.

Away they went at a good round pace, And joy came into the farmer's face; "Poor Spot," said he, "did want to come, But I'm awfully glad he's left at home; He'll guard the barn, and guard the cot And keep the cattle out of the lot." "I'm not so sure of that," thought Spot, The little dog under the wagon.

The farmer all his produce sold And got his pay in yellow gold, Then started homeward after dark, Home through the lonely forest. Hark! A robber springs from behind a tree— "Your money or else your life," says he; The moon was up, but he didn't see The little dog under the wagon.

Spot ne'er barked, and Spot ne'er whined, But quickly caught the thief behind; He dragged him down in the mire and dirt And tore his coat and tore his shirt, Then held him fast on the miry ground; The robber uttered not a sound While his hands and feet the farmer bound And tumbled him into the wagon.

So Spot he saved the farmer's life, The farmer's money, the farmer's wife; And now, a hero grand and gay, A silver collar he wears to-day; Among his friends, among his foes, And everywhere his master goes He follows on his horny toes, The little dog under the wagon. —New Orleans Picayune.

**How the dry Bones Lived.**

"Pears to me you look kinder down in the mouth for a boy that's been spendin' New Year's 'th his uncle 'n aunt," said Mr. Amasa Flint to the figure beside him in the big wagon. "Gittin' homesick to see yer marm 'n the baby, eh, Neal? Want to git home quicker 'n this, mebbe. Well, them critters oughter step 'long a little brisker 'n if they was haulin' twenty-five sacks o' wheat to market 'tid o' six. Come on, Jeff. Git up, you lazy Fan!"

Uncle Amasa touched the sorrel mare's flank with the end of his whip, and away she went at a high trot, while the black colt in the harness beside her lowered his handsome head and galloped off smartly, in advance. "How'll that suit yer?" queried Uncle Amasa, as the wagon rattled on over the smooth brown road.

"Oh, I like to go fast! Neal answered; 'but I ain't a bit homesick, Uncle Am'sa. I had a good time at your place with you 'n Aunt Mercy, 'n such fun with Bruno!"

"Aunt Mercy outer given ye a fried cake or two to munch, so yer wouldn't git lonesome a-ridin' 'th yer ole uncle. There! Jes' see them hosses a-goin' it. Give 'em an inch 'n they'll take an ell. That Jeff don't know when to stop a gallopin'! Ain't he a pooty critter, though? There! You needn't mind kickin' over yer traces jes' now!"

Uncle Amasa reined in his lively team as they turned a corner, and rode between acres of plowed land, from whose rough, black lumps the midday sun had melted the slight snow-sprinkle of the night before.

"Oh Uncle Am'sa," cried the boy suddenly, "see all the bones lying 'round here!"

He pointed toward patches of low slough land here and there, where whitening skulls and bones showed among piles of stone and yellow-gray grass.

"Bones? Yis, lots of 'em 'round here. Dennis 'n Jim Grantly owns these claims, 'n they both lost a sight o' cattle 'n hosses two or three years ago. Seemed 's if their critters dropp'd right down in the spring after a hard winter 'n short feed. Them Grantlys do better now. Lots, too, over on t'other claim—that's Bert Jansen's. Well, well! I ain't drove up this road for some time. 'Minds me o' the prophet 'Zekel's vision o' the dry bones. Ever read 'bout that in yer Bible, Neal?"

"Yes, sir. Wasn't that fine? Neal smiled brightly. "They all came together, 'n God made 'em live men again. Just s'posin' all these cattle bones stood up alive now, Uncle Am'sa!"

"Ha, ha! laughed Mr. Flint. "What does that story mean, sonny?"

"My teacher said that it meant that God could give power to folks 't wasn't doin' anything for him, so 't they'd be live folks ready to fight 'n work for him."

"That's 'bout it, I guess. Lots o' ways to work fur the Lord, ain't ther, my boy?"

The keen brown eyes looked down into the blue ones, which suddenly grew sad and tearful, while the boyish voice said very mournfully:

"Yes, cert'nly, Uncle Am'sa."

"Well, well, ther ain't no need o' lookin' 'n feelin' so bad about it, is

ther?" said the old man, cheerily. "Jes' look 'round 'n enjoy this good, fine day. Nuthin' nowhere to beat it! On common weather fur fust week in January! Dassay them folks down East in the cold 'n blizzards 'd like to have a taste o' our Dakoty weather—eh?"

But Neal didn't smile; he only said, mournfully: "Uncle Am'sa, I just feel dreadful to think I haven't any money to give to the missionaries, 'n I don't know any way to earn some!"

"Ho, ho! that's the trouble! Glad you've got the missionary spirit. Ain't goin' to be one o' the dry bones—be yer?"

"But I will, Uncle Am'sa, if I don't do anything to help those societies that we learn about in our mission band. Father'd give me a penny or a nickel for collection's long 's he had 'em; but I want some o' my really own, put away in my box to give whenever there's a chance, 'n I don't know how I can learn any. Summer 'fere last I caught gophers when they was carryin' off the corn after father'd seeded it, 'n he used to give me a penny a tail, 'n I had a whole bunch, 'n got thirty cents; but the dog 'n cats have been catchin' 'em since, 'n they don't seem to bother so much. Do you know of any way, Uncle Am'sa?"

"How'd yer like to come 'n live 'th me next spring? I'll be wantin' some help then, 'bout seedin' time."

Neal glanced up quickly into his great uncle's twinkling eyes.

"Oh, fie! you know I'm not a man! I can't leave home 'n hire out either," said he, rather pettishly.

"Well, well, the same Lord that could make the dry bones live can make a way fur ye to 'arn money to help his cause. Remember that, my boy."

Would that great being, who taught Ezekiel in such a wonderful way really direct and help such a small person as he was, in so small a matter as the earning of missionary money? The thought made Neal's eyes shine as he soon bade his uncle "good-by" and hurried into his pleasant home to tell his mother of the good time at the Flint farm.

When he had kissed his little sister Nora, who came running to tell how a pin had "hurted" her finger, and peeped into his tiny bedroom to see if things were just as he had left them he took up the county newspaper from the table. The first words that he noticed were:

**BONES WANTED!**

"Guntle & Co., of Clayton, will pay fifty cents per hundred-weight for bones until April 1."

"Mother! What in the world do they want old bones for?" Neal's eyes widened and sparkled as he showed her the advertisement and asked his question.

"Oh! to grind into a fertilizer, I suppose," mother answered, while she fastened the big, loosened buttons on Neal's ulster. "There's father coming from the slough with the horses. It's a good thing that the threshers' well up there holds out so long. When that fails we'll have to send for the well-drillers."

There was no one but Nora to hear her last sentence, for Neal had rushed out as soon as he had seen his father; and in a few minutes he returned full of delight.

"Father says I may get 'em, mother! I'm goin' to-morrow morning, with Doll 'n the stone drag. I'll go every day till I get a big load, 'n father'll take 'em to Clayton when he goes to pay his taxes; 'n I'll go too! Hurrah!"

Neal danced about the room, while Nora screamed with joy at his antics. "Get what? Take what to Clayton? What pleases you so much, my boy?" asked his mother, wondering.

"Bones! bones!" cried he, jumping again. "Pounds and pounds o' bones over on Grantly's! He'll let me get 'em, 'n so will the rest o' 'em, I know; 'n I'll have some missionary money all my own, some for Home Mission Day, 'n Foreign Mission Day, 'n the darkies, 'n the Injuns, 'n everything. Ain't it splendid, mother? The bones will live, in a kind of a way, some thing like Ezekiel's dry bones did. I'll be kind of helping do a miracle, won't I, mother?"

Mrs. Clarke was glad to see the interest taken by her ten-year-old son in giving the gospel to the whole world, and his earnestness roused her own soul anew.

Neal and old Doll made several trips southward to the "valley of dry bones," and one fine day Mr. Clarke and his son rode westward to Clayton, with a big load for Guntle & Co.

Carl Shuter ran out of his home as the farm-wagon crawled up a long hill, "Them bones yours, Neal?"

"Yes, I'm goin' to sell 'em."

"Oh my! Won't you have lots o' money for the Fourth next summer?"

You can buy ole Adams out o' fire-

crackers 'n pinwheels 'n things, 'n have a chance at the wheel o' fortune 'n knockin' them dolls over with a ball for cigars, can't you? Any more bones left over where you got them, Neal?" "Yes; but I'm goin' to sell mine to get money for missionary contributions," answered Neal.

"Hub! That's no good! You don't ketch me doin' that." Neal heard the boy's scornful laugh as the horses galloped along the level road.

Uncle Amasa overtook them just as they reached Miller's tree claim, where acres of bare young cottonwoods and box elders stretched to the westward of a fine bluff and red farmhouse.

Neal's face shone as he called out in boyish glee: "I've found a way, Uncle Am'sa."

"Well, I never!" exclaimed the old man. "Bout how many pounds do you alkilate you've got there?" "Father thinks about four hundred. I'm going to turn them all into Bibles and things to help heathen boys. Are you glad?"

"Sartin I am, sonny. [You 'member, I told you the way'd be showed ye. These boys shame us ole fellers, eh, Clarke?]

"I believe they do," said the father, as Uncle Amasa's Jeff and Fan rushed off past them.

There was not a happier boy in Foots county than Neal Clarke when he came home with his two silver dollars.

"I've thought of something else to do, mother," he said that evening. "Isn't it strange? When God has opened one door, and I've gone in, I see more doors. 'I'm going to give some of my prettiest cards to the Armenian boys in that lady's school in Turkey. I must keep from being a dry bone, musn't I?"

"May God keep us all to be a part of his great, live working army!" said the mother earnestly. —Sunday School Times.

**I Must Obey My Father.**

One beautiful spring day, several hundred years ago, a farmer's boy was sitting on a stone near a ploughed field, herding his father's cattle. In his hand he held a stout stick, while at his feet lay his obedient dog, Max. The field had just been sowed with grain, and his father had given him orders to keep good watch and not let anything pass over it.

The boy was a bright, manly little fellow, and his name was Herman Billings, and the field he had been set to guard was in far-away Germany. At that time there was soldiers in every part of the country, and while Herman sat there keeping his lonely watch, he saw a company of them approaching him. They were all gaily dressed, and the little boy was greatly pleased with their appearance. One of them, who seemed to be the leader, interested him more than the rest, and he wondered if he were related to the emperor, because, as he imagined, his noble face looked like pictures which he had seen of the great man.

"Let us go to that house and buy some milk for our dinner," Herman heard this man say, pointing, as he spoke, he turned his horse from the highway, as if to start across the field, as that was the nearest way. "Come boys, follow me," he called out, pleasantly, as he urged his horse up the steep bank and prepared for a lively canter. "Here are plenty of cows, and I know the good housewife will not refuse us a bowl of rich, sweet cream; so come along."

Herman sprang to his feet when he saw that the man was really in earnest and pointing to the beaten road, said pleasantly but firmly: "Your way lies there, sir. My father told me not to let any one cross the field, and I must obey my father. You see, sir, the field has just been sowed and it would injure the grain very much if you should ride over it."

"And pray, who are you, that would teach us manners, and lay down laws for us?" said the tall stranger, with a great deal of dignity.

"My name is Herman Billings, and this land belongs to my father," replied the boy respectfully. "He just finished sowing his seed yesterday, and he told me when he sent me to herd the cattle this morning, to keep my eyes open and see that no one went over the ploughed field. No one, not even the emperor, must cross it, he said, and I will not allow you or any other man to trample it, if I can help it."

The rider looked very sternly at the boy for a few minutes, and then said in a firm voice. "I am the emperor, you rash boy. Stand aside, and let me pass! My word is law, and my subjects must know that I will not be dictated to by any one."

"I can well believe you, sir, for you surely look like the picture which father has of the emperor," replied Herman. "But no, that cannot be,

either," he reasoned, "for our good Emperor Otto would not try to make a boy disobey his father. He always tries to do what is right, but it is not right for an emperor to trample down a field of grain which a farmer has just sown."

Here two or three soldiers sprang forward to seize the bold boy and punish him for speaking in this way to the emperor, but the emperor cried out:

"Stop! Don't touch the boy! He is right. If I want royal subjects, I must be loyal to my King—the King of Kings—and he would not consider me a loyal subject were I to oppress the poor by destroying the work of their hands. No, no. I must teach obedience by being obedient myself, and quietly turning his horse away from the ploughed field, he took the traveled highway which led in a round-about-way to Herman's father's house.

When the boy went home after he had finished his watch by the wayside, he found the emperor and his friends sitting around the table eating bread and milk—all that they would allow his mother to prepare for them. As soon as Herman entered the humble room where they were, the emperor took him by the hand, and, turning to his father, said: "Mr. Billings, I want you to send your son to me—to my palace. A boy who will not disobey his father, and stands up so nobly for what is right, has the elements of a good character in him and will make a good and great man—great, because good; for goodness comes before greatness."

So Herman went to live with the emperor, where he received all the benefits of a good education. After his school days were over, he went into the army. Here he rose step by step, and was advanced from one place to another, until at last he wore the crown of Saxony, of which he was appointed the grand duke.

A CABINET PUDDING.—One-fourth pound of butter and one and one-half pounds of granulated sugar beaten into a cream; add the well-beaten yolks of fine eggs, one-half cupful of milk, then half a pound of flour, with the whites of 5 eggs; lastly, half a pound of seeded and chopped raisins with a quarter of a pound of well-washed and dried currants; the fruit must be flavored before mixing. Boil a battered mold or a floured bag; boil three hours, then plunge suddenly into cold water; turn it out at once to prevent sticking. Serve hot with sweet sauce.

**YOUNG PEOPLE'S ASTUTES**

Edited by C. E. BLACK, — ST. JOHN, N. B.

Devoted to  
Puzzles, Solutions, Letters, Stories, etc.

The young people who have been interested in this column, and who had become acquainted with the Puzzle editor, Mr. C. E. Black, are doubtless, feeling badly about his death. Many of them, though they had never seen him, had become much attached to "Uncle Ned." For six years he conducted this department, and always did his work with painstaking faithfulness. He loved children, and delighted in any work that might interest and instruct them. He was a good christian, concerned for the welfare of all, and ready to do his part in every good work. We have much appreciated his efforts in behalf of the younger readers of the INTELLIGENCER, and are sure that he contributed much to their enjoyments and instruction. They will not soon forget him, nor the lessons of good and true living he taught them. His widow and two children may be assured they have the sympathy of all his young friends in the INTELLIGENCER circle. He did his work faithfully to the very last, and then entered into his reward.

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