

Slumber Street.

miles and miles of beds in a row, of coverlets white as snow, of pillows and sheets galore, of blankets and quilts by the hundred score—these are the sights that each night greet children who go to Slumber street.

hush-a-byes, hush-a-byes, soft and low; hymnical murmurs, both fast and slow; lullabies and ballads rare; and with plaintive air; lullabies tender and soft and sweet—this is the music of Slumber street.

visions delightful, happy and gay; wonderful toys and merry play; beautiful pictures of rare delight, verdant fields and skies that are bright—the e are the dreams the children meet who travel each night to Slumber street.

scores upon scores of weary heads peacefully resting in 'miles of beds'; each pair of eyelids is closed up tight, and each pair of eyes is hid from sight, resting bodies and tired little feet, this is the business of Slumber street.

—Arthur J. Burdick

Too Late.

'Say Felton, how deep do you think you can make it?' 'Oh, about as deep as the house is deep. We want it to be an unfailing well, you know. I'll dig on this side, while you dig on that.' The two brothers, Felton and Alton, were making what they were pleased to call a city, out in their father's back yard. A water supply was one of the things which they deemed necessary. Hence, they began to dig a well and had reached the depth of two feet when Nora's voice was heard calling, 'Come in, boys, your mama wants you to come to supper right away.'

'Isn't it time for supper,' the brothers replied in unison. 'Well, I can't help that,' said the maid, 'your ma bid me get supper ready early, and I got it, and now she's sent me to call you in.'

'Bother,' said Felton, 'who was the younger. Don't let's go yet,' said Alton. A few moments won't make any difference; we'll dig another foot first. It may rain to-night, and then there'll be water in our well.'

'But papa told us last night that we must go directly in when mamma sent Nora for us, and if we didn't we'd have to wait for our supper.'

'Oh, he's forgotten that by this time. Dig a little faster.'

So Felton tried to dig faster, and he became more and more interested as he went on, and before either of the boys knew it a half hour had gone from the time of Nora's visit. Then Alton began to feel somewhat tired and hungry, so he announced that work would stop until the next day. He and Felton ran up the back stairs to wash their hands and faces and brush their clothes and then entered the supper room.

But where were their father and mother, and their sister Minnie? Evidently they had been there, for the plates from which they had eaten were still upon the table with fragments of food upon them.

Then there was part of an omelette, quite cold upon the dish. There was some milk toast, quite cold also. There were berries and cake. There was a cup of cocoa by each of their places, but that was cold, too. 'Nora, Nora,' shouted Felton; 'where's mother.' But then, through the window, he caught a glimpse of Nora taking down clothes which had been drying, and knew that she could not hear him.

'I guess we may as well eat what's here,' said Alton, 'and find out where the folks are afterward.' So they began to eat, but, somehow, they were not so hungry as they supposed, and the food seemed tasteless. So, after various attempts to regain an appetite, each boy took a piece of cake in his hand and went out to interview Nora.

'Where's mamma, Nora?' asked Alton. 'Why, your ma said it was a pleasant evening to take a trolley ride, so she and your sister's gone over to your Aunt Jane's in the electric, and your pa, he's gone the other way to make a business call. They said they'd all be back about 9 o'clock.'

Nine o'clock, and it was scarcely 7! What a long evening to wait in! They were too tired to dig any more, and, as digging was just then the business of life for them, they didn't know what to do. Felton tried in vain to find his ball, which he had lost in the garden that afternoon, and Alton gave a half-hour of discomfort to the cat by petting her in ill-judged ways, and then he said, 'I'll tell you what, Felton; just let's go to bed and surprise mamma. She won't know where to find us.'

To this Felton agreed. It was rather difficult to undress without their mother's help, and then they almost choked when it came to saying their prayers alone, but it was finally done, and two tired, heavy-hearted little boys crept into their beds and covered themselves as best they could.

A few tears fell up in their pillows, and as each wished to conceal the fact that he was crying, they were perfectly still. The stillness was so unusual that they fell asleep.

At 9 o'clock mamma and Minnie came home from one direction, and a few moments later papa came from the other. 'Nora, where are the boys?' inquired the mother. 'Well, mum, I've not seen them very recently. A friend came in to call on me, mum, and I was so occupied that I forgot the boys entirely.'

With that Minnie ran up-stairs, where she discovered the boys fast asleep. Mamma followed her and did papa.

'Poor little fellows!' said mamma, gazing with pitying eyes on the forlorn children. 'Yes, poor boys,' said their father, 'it was very hard to get a cold supper and to miss a visit to Aunt Jane's, but then we must teach them in some way to mind promptly.'

Chris. Intelligencer.

A Temptation and a Victory.

'Thieves are not made at once. The boy that steals a pin or penny now may some day rob a bank and die in the penitentiary. Be careful not to take the first step in crime.'

These lines recall an experience which a little boy is known to have had and which we will now relate, taking time to say beforehand that our story is a true one in every particular.

This little fellow, only five or six years old, was at play in the back yard one day when he suddenly thought of the school house near by. He decided to run over and enter the school room and see what he could find there that would interest him. He found the door partly open. He entered, and was presently among the desks. One was found that held, among other things a parcel of the most beautifully striped slate pencils that his eyes had ever beheld. Reaching his hand far back in to the desk where their little owner had placed them, he drew these shining pencils forth and gazed admiringly upon them. How he wanted one! Something seemed to say to him: 'Why not take one? It is a very little thing, and will never be missed.' He was almost in the act of obeying this tempting voice when another voice seemed to say: 'It is not yours; to take it thus would be stealing it, and stealing is sin. You must not do this wicked thing.'

He stopped and reflected: 'Yes I want it, it's so very pretty, and it's very small, and nobody will ever know I've taken it; but when I start to carry it away something says, 'No,' and my heart hurts and will not let me go. What shall I do to make it my very own?' A voice replied: 'See that large tree in the middle of the street; take the pencil there and bury it in the sand. Then run off and play awhile, and forget the pencil; then go back again, and dig it up, and it will then be yours, for it will be the same as finding it.'

The little fellow did not feel so sure that this plan would work; but so anxious was he to obtain the coveted treasure that he was willing to make the experiment. The pencil was soon buried between the roots of the tree, and the boy was off at—not play, but an attempt at play, as he soon realized. Try as hard as he might, he could not entirely forget the pencil and what he had done. Other things had lost their usual attraction. After awhile he said to himself: 'I'll go now and get the pencil.' He dug it up from its hiding place with the hope that an approving voice would say, 'Well done, little fellow; it is yours now, and you may go in peace.' But when his eyes rested upon it again a voice clear and strong said: 'It is not yours; to take it thus would be stealing it, and stealing is sin. Take it back—back where you found it.'

He arose, and slowly and thoughtfully approached the schoolhouse. He entered the schoolroom, and, placing the pencil where he found it, he closed the lid of the desk upon the object of his first great temptation, and went away with a light heart, a wiser and a better boy.

The lesson for you, boys and girls, is: Do not heed the voice of the tempter, but always hear the voice of God, which speaks in your hearts, warning you of danger and evil that may be nigh. You will always be safe as long as you pray God to show you the right way and walk as his Spirit directs.—Chris. Observer.

A Temperance Dog.

The old blue farm-wagon, with its load of fresh, green 'garden truck,' gave a pleasant touch to the city square, and the farmer had such a kindly face and such a homely air about him that many a man in the hurrying throng smiled half involuntarily as he caught his eye.

But it was the farmer's dog on which the glances of the passers-by rested longest—a magnificent, pure-blooded

Newfoundland, black as coal except for a little patch of white on his chest, and a hint of gray with which advancing age had touched his muzzle. He stood on the curb by his master, watching the passers with expectant eye, and wagging his tail in dignified approval whenever some one stopped to make a purchase.

By and by one man, who seemed to have more leisure than his fellows, paused a moment to speak to him.

'What's his name?' 'Dow,' replied the farmer, promptly. 'Dow? That's a queer name for a dog!'

'Yes I s'pose it is, but it fits him. Neal Dow is his full name.'

'O, I see! Temperance dog!' said the stranger, smiling. 'Never takes anything but water, I suppose.'

'Yes, but he's more than that. He's a prohibitionist—a regular temperance reformer.'

'The stranger evidently wanted the story, and the farmer continued:

'Yes, Jim Snow, a hired man up our way, got him of a tin-peddler when he was about a year old. Jim was a good worker and a pretty decent fellow otherwise, but he never went to town without coming home the worse for liquor. One day a week or two after he got the dog, he came home as usual, staggering drunk. The dog was lying in the sun on the door-step. He had grown very fond of Jim; but this time, instead of running to meet him, he rose up, growling with the hair on his back as stiff as bristles, and every tooth in his head showing. Any man in his senses would have kept away, but Jim was too far gone to know what he was doing. He spoke to him, but the minute he started to go a step nearer, the dog fastened on his hand, and there he hung. Jim yelled, and the Spragues where he worked, came running out, but the whole family had all they could do to make him let go. The next day the dog was as good-natured as ever, but when Jim came home drunk again a week or two later, he growled and snarled, just as he had before, and finally went off out to the barn and stayed two days. Jim kind of took the thing to heart. He'd had good advice before, but it didn't seem to take hold on him the way this did; and after it happened the third time, he said: 'Well, if I've got so low my dog is ashamed to associate with me, I guess it's time to quit!'

He stopped and reflected: 'Yes I want it, it's so very pretty, and it's very small, and nobody will ever know I've taken it; but when I start to carry it away something says, 'No,' and my heart hurts and will not let me go. What shall I do to make it my very own?' A voice replied: 'See that large tree in the middle of the street; take the pencil there and bury it in the sand. Then run off and play awhile, and forget the pencil; then go back again, and dig it up, and it will then be yours, for it will be the same as finding it.'

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The 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 cub 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 roly-poly 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 knee, 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 had wit enough to tame her.—Youth's Companion.

Pin Dolls.

Do you ever get very tired on a warm or stormy afternoon, and wonder what you shall do? Of course you do; all little folks do that. Well, the next time it happens you had better try making pin dolls. It is the greatest fun, and you will not have to bother mamma at all. You will not need pieces out of her basket, and you can do all your work out under the trees.

First get a dozen or so of pins. Common white ones will do if you have no others; but if you can find a few larger ones with pretty glass heads, it will be much nicer. When you have your pins you will want a table to work on. A common box, with a smaller one for a seat, will do very nicely. Now gather your hands full of flowers. In this lovely month they are to be found everywhere. When you have your material all collected, you can dress your dolls. To do this, break off the stem of the flower and press the pin-point into the blossom. The petals will then spread out into the daintiest of skirts. If one blossom is not long enough, use two or more. When they are dressed, they may be stood up by simply pressing the point of the pin into the paper. You can make a whole procession of the most bewitching maids that you ever saw, and you will forget that it is a warm afternoon, and that you are tired.—Youth and Age.

Every Animal its Own Doctor.

Animals get rid of their parasites by using dust, mud, clay, etc. Those suffering from fever drink water, and sometimes plunge into it. When a dog has lost its appetite it eats that species of grass known as dog grass, which acts as an emetic and a purgative. Cats also eat grass. Sheep and cows, when ill, seek out certain herbs. An animal suffering from chronic rheumatism always keeps as far as possible in the sun. The warrior ants have regular-organized ambulances. Latreille cut antennae of the ant, and other ants came and covered the wounded part with a transparent fluid secreted in their mouths.

If a chimpanzee is wounded it stops the bleeding by placing its hands on the wound or dressing it with leaves and grass. When an animal has a wounded leg or arm hanging on, it completes the amputation by means of its teeth. A dog, on being stung on the muzzle by a viper, was observed to plunge its head repeatedly for several days into running water. This animal eventually recovered. A terrier hurt its right eye. It remained under a counter, avoiding light and heat, al-

though it habitually kept close to the fire. It adopted a general treatment of rest and abstinence from food. The local treatment consisted in licking the upper surface of the paw, which it applied to the wounded eye, again licking the paw when it became dry.

The Boy Who 'Started' Niagara Suspension Bridge.

There lately died at Lincoln, Neb., a man named J. H. Walsh, who had an important part in the construction of the first suspension bridge at Niagara Falls.

When he was still a boy the first steps for the construction of the suspension bridge were taken. The first thing of all was to stretch a single wire across the chasm. The engineer in charge had thought of a way to get it across.

'What boy is the best kite-flyer in town?' he asked a resident.

The Walsh boy was named, and the engineer asked that he be brought. He was made to understand that he must fly his kite across the Niagara River. He flew it across, and allowed it to come down on the other side. Men were there to seize it. Then the engineer attached a wire to the string on his side, and the men on the other side detached the kite, and by means of the string drew the wire across, and the bridge was well begun.

Mr. Walsh afterward moved to Nebraska and became a prominent citizen of Lincoln.—Youth's Companion.

"Hunger is the Best Sauce."

Yet some people are never hungry. Whatever they eat has to be "forced down." There is, of course, something wrong with these people. By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla a short time they are given an appetite and then they enjoy eating and food nourishes them. If you find your appetite failing, just try a bottle of Hood's. It is a true stomach tonic and every dose does good.

The best family cathartic is Hood's Pills.

Worth Knowing.

Potatoes should be thinly pared, as the best part lies next the skin.

Try taking your cod-liver oil in tomato-sauce, if you want to make it palatable.

If you keep a few crusts of bread in your jar of cookies, the cookies will not get hard.

If rice is not disturbed during the process of boiling, the berries will be whole, dry, and easily digested. A few drops of lemon-juice added to the water will make it whiter and finer flavored.

A fruit-man gives the following formula for an excellent whitewash for trees: Make a weak solution of concentrated lye and water (not strong enough to float an egg), thicken with lime and add enough coal-tar to give the compound a cream color. It is good as a summer wash to prevent injury from borers and insects, and another coat at the beginning of winter will protect the trees from the ravages of rabbits. Tree-shields are not as good, as they harbor mice. Don't use too much lye or coal-tar.

Home Hints.

A cause of oiliness on the outside of lamps is the wick is kept too high when unlighted.

Window plants should be kept free from the dust of the room that settles upon them.

Constant coughing is precisely like scratching a wound. Let a person when attempting to cough take a long breath until it warms and soothes the air cells.

It is wasteful to throw away soup meats. Valuable food qualities yet remain in it, and with proper skill it can be made into an attractive dish.

Impurities in the Blood.—When the action of the kidneys becomes impaired, impurities in the blood are almost sure to follow, and general derangement of the system ensues. Paralee's Vegetables Pills will regulate the kidneys, so that they will maintain healthy action and prevent the complications which certainly come when there is derangement of those delicate organs. As a restorative these Pills are in the first rank.

ALWAYS ON HAND.—Mr. Thomas H. Porter, Lower Ireland, P. Q., writes: 'My son, 18 months old, had croup so bad that nothing gave him relief until a neighbor brought me some of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, which I gave him, and in six hours he was cured. It is the best medicine I ever used, and I would not be without a bottle of it in my house.'

WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP.

If you take a Laxa-Liver Pill to-night before retiring, it will work while you sleep without a gripe or pain, curing Biliousness, Constipation, Dyspepsia and Sick Headache, and make you feel better in the morning.

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