

NATURE'S CURE AND THE DOCTOR.

Mrs. Rogers lay in her bed, bandaged and blistered from foot to head, bandaged and blistered from head to toe. Mrs. Rogers was very low. I opened the blinds; the day was bright, and Nature gave Mrs. Rogers light. I opened the window; the day was fair, and Nature gave Mrs. Rogers air. Bottles and blisters, powders and pills, Catnip, and boneset, syrup and quills; Drugs and medicines high and low, I threw them as far as I could throw. Deacon Rogers he came to me: "Wife is a comin' round," said he. "Your wife," said I, "had Nature's care, And its remedies—light, and water and air."

All the doctors beyond a doubt, Couldn't have cured Mrs. Rogers with-

out. The deacon smiled, and bowed his head; "Then your bill is nothing," he said; "Heaven bless you, doctor; good-day! Good-day!"

If ever I doctor that woman again, I'll give her some medicine made by men.

Serial.

FIFINE.

BY LOUISE SEYMOUR HOUGHTON.

CHAP. XVII.—IN THE LARIBOISIÈRE.

Fifine sat upon the floor of the platform at Mrs. Dalton's feet, watching the movements of the lady's hands upon the melodeon keys, and sometimes touching the fine, soft folds of her black dress. It was her favorite place in the Sabbath school, whence she was often sent upon little helpful errands about the room, and where she exchanged many a bright glance and smile with Ernest, as he went and came between his mother and the floor. Fifine and Ernest seldom spoke to each other, but neither had ever lost the interest in the other that had sprung up at that first meeting, which now seemed so long ago.

The school had been dismissed, the children were all gone, and Ernest was busy in putting things in order about the room, but Fifine had not moved. She looked so wistfully into Mrs. Dalton's face, as she played softly upon the little instrument, that the lady's attention was aroused, and ceasing to play, she laid her hand upon the child's uncovered head, saying, "What is it, my little one? Did you wish to ask me anything?"

Fifine made more than one attempt before she mustered courage to speak and then her words were so low that Mrs. Dalton needed to bend over her till the two faces almost met.

"Marraine wants me to ask you to take me for your little girl," whispered Fifine, not daring to look into the eyes which were so near her own.

"Where is Marraine?" asked Mrs. Dalton, suppressing all appearance of the surprise she could not but feel.

"Marraine is very ill; she is in the Lariboisière," answered Fifine.

Mrs. Dalton took the little girl upon her lap. "Tell me all about it, she said. 'Have you no mamma, no papa?'"

"No, madame. I never had anybody but Marraine and Father Touton, and now Father Touton is dead, and Marraine is in the Lariboisière, and she wants me to live with you and be your little girl."

"But I am going away very soon my child," replied Mrs. Dalton. "My home is a long way off, in America, and I expect to go there in a few weeks. Marraine would not like you to go where she could not see you."

"Madame Legras told us that you were going to America, Madame," replied Fifine; "and Marraine said she should like to have me to go to America, because she has heard that the Americans all love the Lord Jesus, and serve him, and she wants me to serve him too."

There were tears in Mrs. Dalton's eyes, yet she smiled. "I will go with you to see your godmother, my child," she said. "Ernest can find his way home alone, and we will go at once to the Lariboisière."

The long, white hospital ward was clean and still as Mrs. Dalton and Fifine entered. Little groups of friends were clustered around some of the narrow white beds, while the curtains of others were closely drawn, as if their lonely occupants could not endure the sight of the kindly greetings in which they had no share. At one of the bedsides Fifine noticed Madame Dupont, the pleasant-looking woman in the black dress and

bonnet, who was always at the door of the meeting in the Ornano station. Mrs. Dalton passed her with a friendly smile, as Fifine led the way to her godmother's bed.

Marraine was bolstered up in bed, very clean and neat, with her hair smoothed carefully under her cap. Mrs. Dalton remembered quite well that she had seen her in the meetings with little Fifine. They had barely exchanged half a dozen words, when a cry sounded down the long, quiet hospital ward, "Fifine! O Fifine, is it thou?"

In the opposite bed, across the wide hall, a child was sitting up, right, her arms outstretched, her eyes shining, her cheeks burning red.

Fifine stood rooted to the spot with fear, till the child cried again, "O Fifine, have you forgotten me?" Then, with the one word, "Marie!" she flew across the ward.

One of the nurses was already at the bedside, soothing and hushing the excited child; but the clasp of Fifine's arms about her neck was of more avail than all the nurses' whispered admonitions. She sank back upon her pillow, holding Fifine's face with both her little burning hands. "O Fifine, how glad I am!" she whispered, with panting breath.

"But you must not talk," said the nurse; "your little friend will come to you another day. Now you have fatigued yourself with so much excitement, it will not do for you to say one word. The little girl will sit beside you quietly while you sleep will you not mademoiselle?"

Fifine promised readily, and Marie lay obediently still, with closed eyes opening them now and then to gaze delightedly upon the dear face of the only friend the poor little waif had ever known. By degrees her hot hold upon Fifine's hand relaxed her breath came more regularly, and little Marie slept.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Dalton was engaged in earnest conversation with mother Touton.

"Do you really wish to part with your little girl?" asked the American lady, after the old woman had told her enough to show that Fifine was her only tie to this world.

"Must I not leave her soon, madame?" asked mother Touton, sadly. "It will be hard, indeed, to part with her one day before the time, but that is nothing. If only I could know her safe with those who would teach her to love and serve and serve the Lord Jesus! I have always taken great pains with my salvation, madame, but it has all been a mistake. I want the little one to learn the right way."

"The right way is to love our Lord Jesus, to trust in him for our salvation. 'You have learned this, dear madame?'"

"I do not think I understand exactly, though I know now that our Lord loves us, and is not angry with us, as I once thought. And I know that good works and pilgrimages are of no avail, though I once trusted to them. Now I have nothing to trust to."

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved," repeated Mrs. Dalton.

Madame Legras read me those very words," replied the old woman, "and they gave me rest, though I do not quite understand them. But, madame, my little Fifine. I want her to learn the right way from the first. She is with good people, and who understand quite well, but they are very poor, and my little one is obliged to go into the streets alone, to dance and sing, that she may earn her living. I cannot die in peace while my little one is exposed to such temptation and hardship."

"She is not your grandchild," said Mrs. Dalton. "Has she no relatives living?"

The old woman hesitated. "I promised never to tell," she replied. "But of late I have feared that the promise was a wrong one, and that some one ought to know."

"You are the best judge of that. But do you not fear that you may wrong the child, by letting any knowledge you possess die with you?"

"It is a hard matter, a hard matter," replied the old woman, looking between the curtains to where Fifine sat at Marie's bedside. "I will tell

you, at any rate, madame, and you shall decide whether the secret should be kept. Little Fifine's mother was the daughter of a government official in Bayeux. She was a pretty girl, but very wayward. And they were not careful of her, as they should have been; they loved her too well to endure a frown on her pretty face, and they let her go about to the fairs like any peasant girl. When the time came for her to be betrothed, they wanted to engage her to a rich old rentier (person of independent property); very rich he was, and very old. It would have been a good match for her, but she would not consent. She had more spirit than most girls, and she had been badly brought up, else she would never have dared to tell her mother what she did."

To be Continued.

A RACE WITH A LOCOMOTIVE.

"Boys," said father, "can't you take Mr. Fenton's sleigh home this morning as you go to school?"

Of course, we could take it, just as well as not. John was seventeen and I nineteen, hale and hearty; and the long sleigh with three seats and heavy awan-necks in front, was soon at the door. The dinner basket and books were placed therein, and each took his place at the pole for a brisk run along the icy road.

"Let me say one word, boys, before you go," said father. "Don't undertake to ride down hill. It's icy and it's dangerous."

"All right," we replied, as we started on a run.

The half mile that intervened between our place and the school house was soon passed. A number of girls and boys were running about the yard as we came up.

"Hurrah for a sleigh ride—a genuine old fashioned good one!" I shouted, as we halted before the door. "Come, boys and girls, get in. Load up, and go down to Mr. Fenton's with us. We'll have a glorious time, and can all get back before school commences. Come."

In less than five minutes the long sleigh was filled with a laughing, merry crowd, and we were ready to start. Billy Smith stood up in front to hold the pole, and two of the large boys took their places on the sides to steer.

Herb Martin stepped behind and pushed the sleigh two or three rods as fast as he could run, and then leaped aboard. We were fairly under way. Before we had got ten rods, I began to see that we had undertaken a dangerous ride. On we flew, gathering speed faster and faster with every rod we passed over, until the keen air blew in our faces, and the trees and fences seemed to dash past us at an amazing speed. We had not taken into consideration the icy road, and the weight of the load that was propelling the smooth steel sleigh shoes with almost irresistible power.

The road extended along a steep hillside in a southwest direction for half a mile or more, when it crossed the railroad, near the foot of the descent. In a moment the shrill shriek of the locomotive rang fearfully in our ears. It was the up mail train, sounding its approach to the station. Neck and neck we flew along, even with the great puffing monster below.

It was a wild race for life; for if we met the train at the crossing, no earthly power could save us. The engineer saw us, and promptly sounded the danger signal—sharp and distinct. It rang alarmingly in our ears like the knell of approaching death. The steersmen grasped the side of the sleigh with the energy of despair, and setting their teeth together, made a last concentrated effort to check our lightning-like career. But the moment their feet touched the surface they were thrown violently upward, nearly jerking them from their positions, and the mad runaway sleigh dashed on as before.

The engineer seeing our situation opened the throttle and threw on all steam the engine was made to bear. Fearing for our lives, he made the effort to pass the crossing before we reached there. The sleigh tracks spun out behind us like silver ribbons, and the stumps and corners of fences seemed to dash past us like flames of lightning. Little pieces of ice from

the road-bed flew spitefully in our faces, and the wind blew so hard we could scarcely breathe.

O, how forcibly did father's kind words come back to our recollection now, and pierce our disobedient hearts with mental anguish! Thoughts of home and eternity passed vividly through our minds in quick succession. The girls clasped each other's hands, and with staring eyes and bated breath tremblingly awaited the dread moment. A moment only we had to think; and we were at the crossing, and the crisis was at hand.

The sleigh struck the iron rails just ahead of the cow-chatcher, and with a sudden shock leaped forward and upward. There was a frightful clanging and hissing around us, and a deafening scream from the steam valves, as we leaped the track. The hot breath of the fiery monster fairly swept in our faces as we dashed before him; and he even left his mark, in the shape of a long and deep indentation, on the rear of the sleigh box.

The girls uttered a wild shriek of despair, and two of them fainted. Billy Smith sank down, pale and trembling, and the steersmen tottered and shook as though their almost palsied limbs were struck with deathly weakness.

It was all over, however. We had won the race; we were at the bottom of the hill, and we were safe. The engineer and fireman swung their hats, and a score of handkerchiefs fluttered at the car windows as they dashed past us; but we were too much frightened and excited to return the congratulation.

We returned to the school house ten minutes late. The teacher had heard the story of our narrow escape, but he did not mention it to us then.

Father forgave us when he heard of it, but it was the last of our riding down hill; and from that day to this I cannot witness the sport anywhere near the railway without recalling my fearful experience, when so many of us passed through such a narrow escape from a death so horrible.—*Golden Days.*

WHAT MAMIE DID.

BY RUTH ARGYLE.

Little Caro was very poor. Her papa had to work hard for so many mouths to eat. Sometimes they had just bread for days, not one bit of butter; and once in a while they had had no bread at all, nothing to eat for a day. And then, perhaps, some one would help them, and they would have enough. Now, there was a little girl who lived next door to poor Caro. Her name was Mamie. One day she saw Caro and her brother Willie out on the porch, crying. "Mamma," said she, "may I go out to our fence, and ask them what they are crying for?"

Her mamma was willing. So Mamie ran to the fence and called, "What are you crying for? Are you sick?"

At first they were afraid to tell, and just stood looking down on the ground; but when Mamie had asked them three or four times, Caro said: "We haven't had anything to eat since the day before yesterday, and now my papa has hurt his hand so he can't work. My mamma says we shall all starve now."

When Mamie heard these sad words she gave one look at Caro's tear-stained face, and then flew, like a frightened bird, to her dear mamma's side.

"Mamma, Oh! mamma," she cried, "do give me something, quick for Caro and Willie to eat; they are going to starve; their mamma says so."

When Mamie's mother found out the true state of the case, she sent Mamie with a basket of nice things for the children to eat, and then she went over to see them herself, and took a good many very good things for the sick papa, and the tired, worried mamma.

Always, after that day, she watched to see when Caro and her little brothers and her baby sister were in need of food.

Thus, one kind child may do great deal of good by just trying to help those who look sad and troubled. If Mamie had not called to Caro in or-

der to find out what was making her cry, why then all the poor children might have been without food until they were ill, and their papa and mamma would have been heart-broken. Ah, there is no telling from how much trouble this one dear thoughtful little Mamie saved a whole family. When you see a little boy or girl crying, try to find out some way in which to help, and you will be able to do a great deal of good while you live.—*Advocate and Guardian.*

DIXEY'S SIX CENTS.

A short time ago a little girl walked hurriedly into a bookstore in Anasburg and said to the man serving at the counter, "Please, Sir, I want a book that's got 'Suffer little children to come unto me,' in it: and how much is it, sir? and I am in a great hurry."

The shopman bent down and dusted his spectacles. "And suppose I haven't the book you want, what then, my dear?"

"O sir, I shall be sorry, I want it so!" and the little voice trembled at there being a chance of disappointment.

The kind shopman took the thin hand of the small customer in his own. "Will you be very sad without the book? and why are you in such a hurry?"

"Well, sir, you see, I went to school one Sabbath when Mrs. West, who takes care of me, was away, and teacher read out the Good Shepherd here who said those words, and about a beautiful place where he takes care of his children, and I want to go there. I am so tired of being where there is no one to care for a little girl like me, only Mrs. West, who says I had better be dead than alive."

"But why are you in such a hurry?" "My cough is getting so bad now, sir, and I want to know all about it before I die; it would be so strange to see him and not know him. Besides, if Mrs. West knew I was here she'd take the six cents I've saved running messages to buy the book with; in a hurry to get served."

The bookseller wiped his glasses very vigorously this time and lifting a book off the shelf, he said: "I'll find the words you want, my little girl, come and listen." Then he read the words of the loving Saviour—(Luke 18:16) get your bibles and find the place children—I told her how this Good Shepherd had prepared a home of light and rest and love for those who love and serve him.

"Oh, how lovely!" was the half-breathless exclamation of the eager little buyer.

"And he says 'Come.' I'll go to him. How long do you think it may be, sir, before I can see him?"

"Not long, perhaps," said the shopkeeper, turning away his head. "You shall keep the six cents, and come every day, while I read to you some more out of this book."

Thanking him the small child hurried away. To-morrow came and another to-morrow, and many days passed, but the little girl never came to hear about Jesus again. One day a loud-voiced, untidy woman ran into the shop saying:

"Dixey's dead! She died rambling about some Good Shepherd, and she said you was to have these six cents for the mission box at school. As I don't like to keep dead men's money, here it is," and she ran out of the shop. The cents went into the box, and when the story Dixey was told, so many followed her example with their cents, that at the end of the year "Dixey's [cents]," as they were called, were found to be sufficient to send out a missionary to China to bring stranger sheep to the Good Shepherd.—*The Fountain.*

JACK'S REZURLUTIONS.

Jack started for school in a brown study. He took out his diary, and wrote: "Rezolved, that I'll be xtry good if I have a chance. John Appleton Willis."

Jack surveyed this production with much pride; he took it out every few minutes and read it over, until recess drove it out of his mind. He never thought of it again until the next

morning; then he came rushing the kitchen where mamma was

ing Bridget. "O mother, I want something eat now, and some luncheon put We've got a holiday, and we going chestnuting—the whole of us," he said.

"How's Maggie?" asked Willis of the washerwoman, as put up the desired luncheon.

"She's better, ma'am; but she gain so fast as she would if she get out some of these nice days."

Jack swallowed the gingerbread and rushed up stairs after his nut bag. There on the table lay diary, open at his "rezurlutions."

Last words caught his eye: "I have a chance." Just then Mrs. ovan's words flashed back on mind, and the thought came of how the sick girl's dull eyes brighten at the prospect of such joyment as he was promising him for that afternoon.

"I wonder," he said, "if this chance! But nobody would expect fellow to do it," he said to him then bent his energies to finding bag; but the voice whispered: "If you were sick and poor in dingy little street, think how would like to get out for a nice

Jack hesitated. "How the would laugh to see a fellow taking to ride; and just think of the fun lose if I don't go chestnuting them. It's too much to ask of a low. Where on earth is that bag? The voice kept whispering: It good chance. You are not very if you can't stand laughing at."

There was the bag. Now we decide whether to go chestnuting get old Fan and take Maggie out ride. All at once Jack boun down stairs three steps at a

"Say, Mrs. Donovan, don't you lieve Maggie would like to ride me this afternoon? I drive mam very often, so you needn't be af to trust her; and it's real nice out day."

Mrs. Donovan looked up in prize for a moment, and then broke down completely. "The nothing in the worruld would do more good, and I'll bless you for she sobbed out.

"Inasmuch," whispered mam as she kissed him tenderly.

Jack wrote in his diary at nig "Rezolved, that I'll try being comon good awhile, 'cause I could be xtry good if I did have a cha

HIGHWAYS AND HEDGES.—"I give you lots of money and I e sew cloaks and gowns for poor re because I'm not rich enough big enough, mamma. "But I'll you what I can do; "I can high and hedge 'em'" said a bright girl on her return from a child's mon.

"What is that, my dear?" as her mother.

"Why, it's coaxing poor child and naughty children into Sun school. I can't 'plain it to you, I know how, for the superintende told us. And I'm going to do it. What can you do to bring the ch ren into the Sabbath school?"

Smiles.

A Montana Indian, who was cently convicted of murder expres his opinion of his lawyer who defend ed him with delicious frankness: "Lawyer, too much talk! Heap fool!"

Dr. Boyd was once asked how was that he consented for the marriage of his daughter to a Presbyterian. "Well," he replied, "as far ever I have been able to discoo Cupid never studied theology."

It is said that the male wasp do not sting. But as the male and male wasp wear the same kind polonaise, and look as much alike twins, the only way to disting their sex is to catch one. If it st you, it is a female; if not it is a gentleman.

HE KNEW HIS BUSINESS.—G Breckenridge is a man who never money enough on hand to pay bills. A few days ago Le bought pair of boots on credit. "How are they?" "Five dollars if you on credit, as usual, but ten dollar you pay cash down." "How is that?" "Well, you see," said the simp minded shoe maker, "ven I sella credit I knows it is a dead loss, so makes de loss so small as possib