2lebrashat Advertiser.
 " TOO TOO" RURAL, AND TRULY



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 Larry омоовеs whisper. antho way widye now, and dont be






 Thhin Til till the shool. maister,",



 sidit Thry wouldnt haad him, it he did.

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 Soly.
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 grimmed hauds on his leathar apron,


 chayer party neever nsembed ined ine $\cdots$ A on-legged man daneed a fifg in Wasb--2b, with haumpack gri, in an-

 mano may take my wort tor thit as as


 All was ging on "as mery asa mar.















| nce there was a yoong maan, and ic yoong maan was he, and a w'aver | Youths' Department. |
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## Joinsy And The horse.

 Johnny was very fond of the countryAt least he always said he was, and a remember, of course nobody could prove Shat he was not.
So was very whad it was ar
ranged that he should visit at his grand ranged that he should visit at his grand
fathor's during vacation. He had not father's during vacation. He had not
been there, he assured his friends at the
kindergarten, for quite a number of rears, had been promised that he should de on the pony his father had ridden When he was a boy, and he though
more of that than of anything else. He
he more of that than or ath the oldes, one
thought the pony must be thy
in tho world, but that was a mistake
for his father was not so very old. for his father was not so very old
It was rally a very nice, plump,
aleek-looking little horse which Uncl Archie brought round that pleasant June
morning. He never did anything now-
a-days but eat and stand under a tree, with his eyes
with his tail.
Johnyy's grandmother and his aun
ame out to sce, and grandmother wa litte afraid Johnnv might get hurt. seven years old next May. Uncle
Archie put him on old Jack and said: stop you must say: When you want
you want to no on you must chirrupyou want
ike this'
Jolany
Johnny managed to make a uoise
something like hiis uncle's and felt like a very large man when Jack moved
under him, and grandmother cried: "Hold, on tight, Johnny." and some "Don't go too fast, Johnny." Uncle
Archie laughed at this, but Johnny did The great meadow was smooth and
green and full of daisies and forget-me-nots. Jack spent hiss summerer in in
mo he felt quite at home, and would sto o he fit quite at home, and would stop
sometimes to take nip at them. without waiting for Johnny to say: "Whoa,"
but he alway went on again whe
Johnoy chirruped a connerer a long way from the hot house.
He went in among some trees and bushes till he reached the fence, an
hen stopped and shat his eves. Johnyy was quite willing Jack should
rest awhile, but as he waited and waited and seemed to have no desire to do any
thing but switch his tail Johnny go
tired and chirruped to himn tired and chirruped to him. Jack
moved a little, but the fence was right
before him and he cauldn't go through hat, so Johnny suid: "Whon, and and
Sack stopped at once and shat his eye d hoor Johnny began to wonder if he
hould lave to sit there all day. He wanted Jack to turs round and tak
him back to the house, but how was he
o make Jack to make Jack understand that? He
knew how to stop him and how to set
him going again, but Uncle Archie $\lim _{\text {g }}^{\text {going again but Uncle Archie }}$
hadn't said a word about turning him
round Johnny, you see, did not belong t
that blessed class of boys who tumble licking young days, riding hay-loads
buek-boards, stone boats, spring agost ess., cearning to handle a horse walk. He had riddeen in steam-cars and street-cars and hacks, and he now trie
to remember something how they wer managed. He did not believe steam-
cars ever turned round-they alway seemed to go straight ahead. He had
neverseen now thathek drivers got their
horses to turn horses to turn, but he had seen street-
cars turn on a turnatable when they
reached the end of their rewte certainly seemed to have reached the
end of his route, but Johnny could not ce anything He called as loudly as he could for
Uncle Archie, but no one heard him. Tong Johnyy eried as he wondered how
long he might sit there, and if it was
nearly dinner-time. nearly dinner-titue After a while he heard some one com ing along the green, shady road on the
other side of the fence. It was a hoy
and a rope and something else. The and a rope and someluing eise. The
boy was at one end of the rope, bu
Johnny could not at first make up h mind what it was at the other end. Ho
knew it was ecther a calf or a sheep, fo
Uncle Archie had shown him both tha morning, but he could not quite remem
ber which was white and which was red
He beeame so much interested in watching the boy as to forget all abou
turn-tabbes and dinner. Sometimes the boy would be ahead, leading or jerking
the calf or sheepp along. And then al
at once the sheep (or calf) would rush forward and pull the boy along. As
they came near Johnny the boy hap-
pened to be ahead, and he stopped at
sight of Johnyy's ght of Johnny's tear-stained face.
"Hullo!" said the boy. "Say" said Johnny, pointing eager
ly at the animal, "is that a calf or
sheep? The boy
without answering. "Oh, never mind." said, Johnny,
very politely, "I thought you'd know.


## Little Rag-Pleker.

A heap of little bits of calico and linen Ay just ahead of Phenie's broom. It
was a rery cunning new broom, and it wept as elean as new brooms always
do. The siting-roon had to be swept
good many times in a day, for Mixa orr, the dress-maker, was there, snip-
ing and snipping and making ping and snipping and making all the
itter she posibly
could-so Phenie
hought. But she liked to sweep it up very well, indeed.
" 1 d pick those
hem for paper-rags," said Aunt Anna, - There's at hat minute.
"Theres such a little of ' em ," said
Phenie. "I don't believe it's a cent'
vorth. I want to ge Forth. I want to go out and sweep the
veranda. too." So Phenie fidgeted a minute with her didn't say any more she left the bits of otton in a corner of the wide brick
hearth, and went out to sweep the ve-
randa floor. And when she went in gain theor. And when sere all out of the way.
All through the summer there were good many bits of cloth and paper to
ick up; but Phenie didn't touch them
very often. There was always such a ittle, and she didn't like to anyway.
But in the fall a tinBut in the fall a tin-pedtder drove up
to the door, in a shiny -green cart letoree woor, in a shiny-green cart let-
ered with gold. And among other
beautiful thing hhe had some fittle tin "O. painted, and letured Loo, seremed Phene, in the
reatest delight, "can't I have one?" After one low said he peddler Phenier onel, wook at a dieant Anna's sinking of
her heart, that he might 'as well hare "Ill take rags," said the peddler.
winging one of the pails on his finger
four cents a pound our cents a pound
Anut Annas seyes began to laugh.
"Have you got any rags, Phenie?" "No'm," said Phenie, solemnly.
"If you had only saved them, Phe
"But there was such a little." said Aunt Anna laughed. Then she
rought in from behind the shed-door gh stulfed foll of rags. "Here they are, Phenie opened her eyes, and the ped-
er began to laugh. In a minute ho " The pail's yours," said he "fand two ents over. Many a little makes a good gyain next spring. Can't you save some "Yes, sir," said Phenie, hugging her
pail with the two jingling coppers And the other day when Auot Anna
Cound a breadth of her lilac poplin dreas Inhenie's rag-bag, she almopst wishes
hat Phenie wouldan't pick the rags up -Whatever else may survive in the
uture, Dr. Seimens is certain that the steam-engine is doomed. Its fate is
first to bo contined to the driving of
lurge dynamo machines, which will dis ribute force at present supplied by myriad of small and wasteful steam-
engines, and then to be superseded at-
together by the gaseengine Gas and eleotricity may be mutually hotsili, and
that are to unite their forces in order
to extirnate the teate -A recent advertisement in a Paris
paper runs: "Hrices, dukes, counts,
viscounts and others who wish to marry rich American young la wies. write in
the first instance in all conlideneg," and

