

Little Wanterknow.

was once a little urchin with a very curious mind; how and why of everything he always wished to find.

want to know, 'How far is it from here up to the sky?' 'What made George so awful sure he couldn't tell a lie?'

Do all naughty boys get drowned? and, 'Do all good ones die?' 'Do you think doughnuts are better'n berry pie?'

'Where does money come from?' 'When is by and by?' 'When his questions all gave out, he'd simply say, 'Well—why?'

Saved By a Key.

was March and midnight. The street was full of driving sleet, and the policeman broke the monotony of the pavement glittering under waving shadows of electricity.

that business had one to creep shyly into that house at that hour? 'The boy a burglar?' 'He fumbled in his pocket and drew a tiny key. Yes, it opened the door, and he stood within. The hall was dark, but warm. He moved to the register—he seemed to know just where to find it—and he shivered over its delightful warmth.

the street light shone upon a dainty all made and turned open ready an occupant. A dressing gown lay on a chair near the bed, and a pair of slippers stood before it.

he was nearly two years since he had by that bed. His mother had told him that, though a burglar, he still had a home. It had been the Saviour whom his father trusted, and in the time of his greatest distress he had said, 'I will trust him. Still he was afraid, but the key had still lain in his pocket since last had drawn him home.

the next morning Mr. Kane opened his door, as he always did since he had sent the latchkey. He expected to find it had become a habit, so he opened the door. Did his eyes deceive him? No, it was true. Ralph lay in the bed asleep. The face was pale and haggard, but it was Ralph's. His father fell on his knees, and the tears opened his eyes.

'Who Was Rich?' 'If I were only as rich as he is!' muttered a boy that had just found a crust of stale bread in a garbage barrel, as he eyed a poorly dressed boy leaving a baker shop with a basket of whole, fresh loaves.

turned to his father. 'I'm so glad you sent the latchkey. I never would have come home by daylight. But when I was out in the cold, wet night I could not resist the comfort at the end of that key.'

'How good God is!' replied Ralph. 'I wish I could do something to show my gratitude to him.'

The father reached out his hand to him. 'Will you join the church before we start South?'

The Elephant's Joke.

Every visitor to the Philadelphia Zoo knows Bolivar, the largest and possibly the wickedest elephant in captivity. He has more visitors every day than any six men in the city.

Many stories are told of him, but here is one of the latest. The drinking cup, which is Bolivar's very own, is a four-gallon iron affair, which would do very well for a small boy's bath tub.

It happened that not long ago that a small boy had been teasing Bolivar, holding forth a peanut and then withdrawing it just as the elephant was about to gobble it up.

Just then along came a keeper with a four-gallon drinking cup full of water. Bolivar blinked his little eyes and thrust his trunk into the water as though he were very thirsty. It interested the boy, and he drew nearer. When Mr. Bolivar raised his trunk, he did so quickly, and pointing it at the boy turned on the power. The force of the stream carried the boy off his feet and landed him on the other side of the roadway, a dripping wretched creature.

The Monkey and the Mirror.

A certain monkey at the Philadelphia Zoo is the proud possessor of a small round mirror. The other monkeys in his cage have endeavored by various strategies to obtain it from him, but have always failed, as he guards it with most zealous care. For hours at a time he will sit gazing at his reflected image in rapt admiration.

Another swung by his tail from a bar, while a third, sneaking to the rear, seized Mr. Mirror-Monkey's tail sharply in his teeth. With astonishing quickness the monkey understood, and did not drop the mirror with a scream of rage, as was evidently expected, but transferred the coveted possession from his mouth to his left paw, while he chased the offenders to a far corner. Then, returning, he carefully adjusted his mirror and studied his impassive features closely.

Who Was Rich?

'If I were only as rich as he is!' muttered a boy that had just found a crust of stale bread in a garbage barrel, as he eyed a poorly dressed boy leaving a baker shop with a basket of whole, fresh loaves.

'If I were only as rich as he is!' grumbled the boy in the pony cart, as he caught sight of a lad on the deck of a beautiful private yacht.

'If I were only as rich as he is!' this lucky fellow wished, as his father's yacht cruised in foreign waters, and he spied one day a young prince, attended by a retinue of liveried servants.

'If I were as free as that boy is!' impatiently growled the young prince, thinking of the boy in the yacht.

'If I could drive out alone with a pony and nobody to take care of me but myself!' thought the pampered boy on the yacht.

'If only I could have a good time like that boy on the bicycle!' longed the driver of the pony.

How happy that boy with the basket looks!' said the boy on the bike.

'If I could relish my dinner as that boy does his crust!' said the baker's boy. 'I'm sick and tired of bread.'

Which one was rich?—Christian Endeavor World.

What Becomes of the Ox.

But one-third of the weight of an ox is of such material that it can be eaten yet not one bit of it is thrown away. What is done with the two-thirds was explained in a recent periodical, from which the facts are taken.

Each foot yields a quarter of a pint of neat-foot oil; the tail goes to the "soup," while the brush or hair at the end of the tail is sold to the mattress-maker. The choicer parts of the fat make the basis of butterine; the intestines are used for sausage-casings, or are bought by gold beaters.

We fancy that at the above question one of our boys shrugs his shoulders and answers, 'What difference does it make if I can't? I don't mean to drive nails for a living.'

Can You Drive a Nail Straight?

Even supposing you are not planning to learn the trade of a carpenter, the chances are that a good many times in your life you will need to drive a nail, and there is no particular reason why you should not learn to do it well.

Between the right and wrong way of doing things there is all the difference in the world. There is a pleasure in doing any kind of work well, but nobody ever enjoyed making 'a botch' of things. The boy who cannot drive a nail straight will probably drive as few as possible.

Can you drive a nail straight? If not, set about practicing, and gain for yourself a feeling of respect that may be new to you.—Young People's Weekly.

A Place Marked 'Dangerous'

A New York boy, two weeks ago, stopped in a place marked 'Dangerous,' to watch the workmen excavating for the new subway. A passing car struck him, instantly killing him. Last week two other boys, in spite of the same sign, stopped in the same spot. The car which struck them did not kill them, but maimed them for life.

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How to Treat a Cut.—When a child rushes in from play with hand covered with blood, wash the part with cold water and press the finger over the bleeding point, thus closing the cut vessels and helping to stop the flow of blood. Dip a piece of old linen in water that has been boiled and cooled. Lay it over the cut and fasten it on with a narrow strip of cotton wound around and around; slit the end of the bandage and tie it around the part. Leave the dressing undisturbed for two days, unless the blood stains through. Nature will do the work of healing rapidly if only the wound is left alone.

Everything which befalls us is part of our education. Every event and condition of life is a lesson which is to be turned to account to make us more worthy of Him who by suffering was made perfect, who Himself entered not into joy until He first suffered pain.—Dean Stanley.

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