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Little Wanterknow.

was once a little urchin with a very hew and why of everything he always wished to find. as always asking questions, wherever that key."

all the folks that knew him called him 'Little Wanterknow.

want to know, 'How far is it from here up to the sky?" 'W hat made George so awful sure be couldn't tell a lie?' m de the noise inside his drum, and

why a cow don't fly? 'How much would a million million million dollars buy?'

sieo, if you pleased, he'd like to know about these things; will to morrow come?' and 'Are the stars all Worked with strings? big'll I be when I'm big.' and, 'Ain't

'Why it's cold in winter,' and 'Wha makes water wet?

'Do all naughty boys get drowned? and, 'Do all g. od ones die?' Do you think doughnuts are better'n 'Where does money come from?' an

'When is by and by?' when his questions all gave out, he'd simply say, 'Well-why? -Selected.

Saved By a Key.

was March and midnight. The sas full of driving sleet, and the ets were vacant. Not even the of a policeman brokethe monotony lippery pavement glittering under waving shadows of electricity. LATE sently a boyish form emerged from ik corner and crept slowly up the onal Blans of a corner house. It was a large t Bland disome residence, now utterly dark ou have mquiet.

That business had one to creep In town thily into that house at that hour? the boy a burglar?

e fumbled in his pocket and drew ha tiny key. Yes, it opened the and he stood within. The hall dark, but warm. He moved rly to the register - he seemed to WANT just where to find it-and sched shivering over its delightful iblished. with. After some moments he ted up the stairs, oh, so carefully, there should be a sound. But the were padded and carpeted, and old wet shoes sank into them noise At the head of the stairs he his way to the door. It was closed. he hesitated, leaning against the e and breathing heavily. At last aid his hand on the knob, then ed it a little. Was the door locked i it swung open quietly, and the boy d, credit diped in.

he street light shone upon a dainty all made and turned open ready an occupant. A dressing gown on a chair near the bed, and a of slippers stood before it. The of the room was in darkness. The gave a great sob and fell on his are be es by the bedside.

> he was not a burglar, only a sick stealing home under cover of mid-

> was nearly two years since he It by that bed. His mother had he had thought his father stern cold, so he had run away to live as ked. Once in his miserable wanngs a much-forwarded letter from e had reached him. It contained rriting, just the tiny latch-key to e door. For months the little key burned as it lay in his pocket. It reminded him that, though gal, he s ill had a home. It had inded h m of the Savior whom his her trusted, and in the time of his est distress he had said, I will at last had drawn him home.

pened his eyes.

led. Can you forgive me? d his forgiveness?'

es, and I wanted to tell you before features closely.

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Die!' said the father, gathering him his arms. 'No, indeed.' he doctor at the hospital said that ould not live long.'

stepping to the 'phone. ed Ralph over he smiled, 'The fresh loaves. ital doctor knew that you had chance wandering about with no orida, and if you lead a sensible, ing candy.

life, you'll live to be the stay of father's old age.'

turned to his father. "I'm so glad you ! sent the latchkey. I never would have grambled the boy in the pony cart, come home by daylight. But when I as he caught sight of a lad on the deck was out in the cold, wet night I could of a beautiful private yacht. not resist the confort at the end of

thought, my boy. I asked him what spied one day a young prince, attended to do.

'How good God is !' replied Ralph. my gratitude to him.

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

And Ralph gave glad assent. Classmate.

The Elephant's Joke.

Every visitor to the Philadelphia Zoo knows Bulivar, the largest and possibly the wickedest elephant in captivity. He has more visitors every day than any six men in the city. He does not carry a car, as does the elephant at Lincoln Park, nor is he useful in any way except as a peanut consumer. It is through him that the peanut man at the park makes all his money, for who would buy peanuts if it were not for the elephant and his overwhelming yet not one bit of it is thrown away. appetite.

here is one of the latest. The drinking which the facts are taken. The blood 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 does not, however, hold enough water to fill Bolivar's trunk, which has a capacity of just six gallons.

It happened that not long ago that a small boy had been teasing Bolivar, handles for clothes-brushes. The foreholding forth a peanut and then withdrawing it just as the elephant was for collar buttons, parasol handles, about to gobble it up. Bolivar did not and jewelry; the water in which the like it, but what could be do? He bones are boiled is reduced to glue; the pulled at his chain and flapped his ears | dust from sawing the bones is food for and sneezed, but the boy only laughed.

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 clanked his chain as though he were trying to say: 'Come over here again, won't you, little fellow? But, needless to say, the boy did not accept the

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. Sometimes he will place it to his ear, as though anticipating a message from it in the monkey tongue. At other times he will look intently at the unresponsive back in a vain endeavor to figure out the mystery of it all. Again he grows angry at his reflected image, and bites it furiously; but so far he has not broken the glass. Monkeys, as a rule are very fickle, and forget things quickly, throwing away one thing that interests them as soon as something else presents itself. But the looking glass is an exception, and its present owner shows no disposition to part with it. He even goes to sleep thim. Still he was afraid, but the with it firmly clasped in his paw or key had still lain in his pocket protruding from his mouth. On one occasion the other monkeys held a he next morning Mr. Kane opened confab. One went below the perch on's door, as he always did since on which the envied one with the ad sent the latchkey. He expected mirror in mouth sat, and lay in wait. ing, but it had become a habit, so Another swung by his tail from a bar, pened the door. Did his eyes de- while a third, sneaking to the rear, thim? No, it was true. Ralph seized Mr. Mirror-Monkey's tail sharpthe bed asleep. The face was ly in his teeth. With astonishing and haggard, but it was Ralph's. quickness the monkey understood, and stopped in a place marked 'Dangerfather fell on his knees, and the did not drop the mirror with a scream ous,' to watch the workmen excavating h, father,' he sobbed, 'I've come transferred the coveted possession from struck him, instantly killing him. Last eto die. I've been wicked, wicked, his mouth to his left paw, while he week two other boys, in spite of the chased the offenders to a far corner. adeed I can. And God, have you Then, returning, he carefully adjusted his mirrow and studied his impassive kill them, but mained them for life.

Who Was Rich?

'If I were only as rich as he is muttered a boy that had just found "e'll see about that,' said Mr. crust of stale bread in a garbage barrel, as he eyed a poorly dressed boy leaving hen the family physician had a baker shop with a basket of whole,

'If I were only as rich as he is!' said the boy with the fresh loaves, as he he said, 'but we'll send you off saw another boy on a bicycle, munch-

'If I were only as rich as he is sighed the boy on the bicycle, as anhen the physician had gone Ralph other boy rolled past in a pony cart.

'If I were only as rich as he is!'

'If I were only as rich as he is!' this lucky fellow wished, as his father's 'It was God who gave me that yacht cruised in foreign waters, and he by a retinue of liveried servants.

> 'If I were as free as that boy is! thinking of the boy in the yacht.

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 alona. 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

What Becomes of the Ox.

Endeavor World.

But one-third of the weight of an ox is of such material that it can be eaten What is done with the two-thirds was Many stories are told of him, but explained in a recent periodical, from of the animal is used in refining sugar and sizing paper, or it is manufactured into door-knobs and buttons. The hide goes to the tanner; horns and hoofs are transformed into combs and buttons. The thigh bones, worth eighty dollars per ton, are cut into leg bones sell for thirty dollars a ton cattle and poulty; the smallest bones are made into boneblack.

Each foot yields a quarter of a pint of neats-foot oil; the tail goes to the 'soup," while the brush or hair at the end of the tail is sold to the mattrassmaker. The choicer parts of the fat make the basis of butterine; the intestines are used for sausage-casings, or are bought by gold beaters. The undigested food in the stomach, which feet and landed him on the other side formerly cost the packers of Chicago of the roadway, a drippling wretched \$30,050 year to remove and destroy, creature. Bolivar enjoyed the joke is now made into paper. All scraps immensely and flapped his ears and unfit for any other use find welcome in the gluepot, or are employed by the farmers as fertilizers.

Can You Drive a Nail Straight?

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.' 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. The man who pounds his fingers and doubles the nail over, and then has to pull it out and straighten it, wastes enough time and temper to lay a sidewalk. And probably when he is done

he has a poor job to show. 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. And if he gets in the way of thinking that this particular thing is done 'well enough' even though it is done poorly, he may apply the same reasoning to more important things.

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

A Place Marked 'Dangerous

of rage, as was evidently expected, but for the new subway. A passing car same sign, stopped in the same spot. The car which struck them did not You say these boys were very foolish, and you are right. A certain boy, whom you may perhaps know personally, can count an appalling number of men who have been killed or ruined for life by strong drink. Yet only yesterday I saw this young man come out of a saloon. Do you need any application? I am certain you are intelligent enough to make it for yourselves. -Presbyteriam.

> More Colds are cured by Pynyfactured by the proprietors of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer.

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 wa'er that has been boiled and cooled. Lay it over the cut and fasten it on with a narrow strip of cotton wound 'I wish I could do something to show impatiently growled the young prince, around and around; slit the end of the bandage and tie it around the part. 'If I could drive out aloue with a 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 let

> Everything which tefalls 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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