

Tell Him the Truth.

The stories he read to him were thrilling enough. Of fairies and goblins wild, and the small boy opened his big blue eyes.

And wondered like any child. And yet, with a scornful toss of his head, he said, "They're only a-makin' it up."

He read him of wonderful halls of gold, of diamonds and pearls so rare, of caves where treasures lay hidden deep, and guarded with greatest care.

Where nothing but mosses grow, and he, with a sober look on his face, said, "That's better than a-makin' it up." —Cumberland Presbyterian.

How It Came About

It started with Tom's saying that he liked the popcorn. Harry said that he liked it too. John said that he liked it far better than most anything else.

Miss Trueman sat and thought for a moment. She had finished teaching a Sunday school class for that day. Very shortly the superintendent's bell would ring and school would close.

When she proposed something new. "Wouldn't you all like to come to my house next Friday evening for an hour, to play some games and popcorn?"

"Yes'm," "Yes'm," "Yes'm," came in answer from the seven boys before her. It was astonishing how quickly they agreed that proposition. Even though Jimmie was showing a picture to Richard, and Philip was whispering to Robert, somehow they all heard and replied at once.

Miss Trueman couldn't help thinking that it would be nice if they would answer in that way when she asked them some question about the lesson. However, she was glad that they liked her plan.

They proved that it met with their favor, for when Friday evening came there was rather a loud ring at the front door, and the opening of the door revealed seven very boyish boys standing near it.

Like the Rugglesses in 'The Bird's Christmas Car 1,' they all tried to be polite, but Harry, perhaps by mistake, managed to step on Jimmie's shoe as they passed in the entrance hall.

There was a smothered "Oh!" from Jimmie and a quick blush on his face as well as on Harry's; but, of course, Miss Trueman did not see these things. She had learned the art of overlooking.

"Come right in," was her welcome; and very glad to see you. I have a wood fire in the fireplace in the sitting-room. It's exactly right for popping, and here's the popper all ready for you. Who'll begin?"

Tom began. He always began, whether fun or work was in prospect. The boys are born to be leaders. Every one knows that it is simply wonderful how much the average boy can eat when he tries. Miss Trueman thought that evening that the boys had had. Anyhow, the popcorn disappeared, and so did a number of rosy apples.

After these had been disposed of there was still, a short time for games. Richard proposed 'Going to Jerusalem.' He was at once appointed to play the solo, he being musical, while others stretched around five chairs, all scrambling for seats whenever the music stopped short, and one of them being, naturally, always left out in the cold.

The boys thought it great fun. They were not tired of it when the big clock struck eight, and they were warned that the time for which their invitation extended had expired. "No, matter," Tom announced; "I'm going to ask my mother if you can't all come to my house next week and play something else. She knows how to look after things, my mother does."

to make ole cooks? Do you know what they are? They are fried cakes, shaped round, and they always have raisins in them. They are warranted to please every boy who tastes them. On Sunday Miss Trueman had a most attentive class. Within a week the boys had taken a long stride in making the acquaintance of their teacher.

Friday evening found them one and all at Tom's house. Pencil game entered largely into the program of entertainment. One of these they called 'Wriggles.' Miss Trueman was requested to make a mark of any shape she might choose upon a sheet of paper and then copy it upon eight other pieces, for Tom's mother was playing and each one needed a separate sheet of paper.

The mark that Miss Trueman made was very black. Each player used it as the starting-point of a picture, whatever his imagination could devise and his pencil portray. The boys exchanged pictures and then displayed them. Some were very funny and some quite artistic. The boys enjoyed this game, as they said, 'immensely.'

Just before the close of the hour Tom's mother read one or two interesting items from the evening newspaper, and there followed a short chat about 'current events.' 'I like this sort of thing,' Tom exclaimed, without exactly defining what sort of thing he liked; 'I move we keep it up.' Everybody in favor say 'Aye.' Every one seemed to understand and to approve of the motion. It was agreed that there should be a weekly meeting of the class, and that if the mothers were willing the boys should meet at their several homes, in turn. The mothers proved to be willing, and the result was that Miss Trueman's class had a very happy winter. They came to know each other and their teacher better, and so there was more sympathy between them.

When Philip was laid up for four weeks with a sprained ankle all the meetings were held at his father's house, and the four evenings given to them were the bright spots in that tedious time. While he was keeping quiet he thought out a plan for helping some other boy who might be housed like himself, and, unlike him, be homeless. This plan was duly laid before the class.

It was nothing more nor less than that they should save what money they could through the winter for the benefit of a child in the children's hospital. The sum they raised was not large, but it went to brighten a shadowed life, and so considered it was inestimable. When spring came the boys felt that they had received more through their meetings together than they had given, and Miss Trueman felt that in coming to know her class thoroughly she had gained most attentive scholars.—Christian Intelligencer.

Tom's Bees.

Tom walked along the country road, his hands deep in his pockets, and something on his mind which tied his forehead into a perfect hard knot of hard lines. He wasn't even whistling, which was very unusual; he had tried to begin, but his lips drooped down so at the corners it seemed impossible to pucker them.

If he had only begun to be anxious a little bit sooner—but how could a fellow keep letting things slip out of his mind when other things so much more interesting were everywhere about him? The trouble lay in a certain promise, made nearly three months before, and promptly forgotten—a promise to pay one dollar into the King's Workers' treasury at the end of the quarter. Surely nobody ever saw three months fly by so rapidly before, but the end of the quarter had almost come, and he hadn't a dollar—nor a dime—nor even a cent!

The worst of it was that he had spent that much for things he didn't really need, and his conscience gave a twinge that made him jump as he remembered his self-denial box as empty as it could be. If he had thought to tell mother sooner, she would have helped him remember, but as it was she only looked grave and told him that a pledge was a very solemn thing, and that he must keep it by all means. But she didn't say one word about helping him, and Tom knew that she had peculiar ideas about boys giving their own money, not somebody else's.

On the whole, Tom felt so blue that old Don walked beside him quite soberly and sympathetically, instead of expiring over the fields as he usually did. Tom spoke to him at last. 'It's just this way, Don, I'd pray for it, but I'm ashamed to. It looks so mean for a fellow to use up everything on himself and then ask God to give him something extra to do good with. No, sir, the most I'll do will be to ask him'

show me some way to earn it myself, and, if he will, I'll promise not to shirk. Let's crawl through that hole in the hedge, Don, and I'll kneel down in the shade and ask him about it.'

A little later Tom and Don saw a very queer object hanging from a bare branch over in the field, and going closer to examine Tom uttered a shout that made the echoes ring. 'Bees, Don—a swarm of 'em. Come quick!' Away they sped—the two brown feet and the four black ones—over the dusty road till home was reached, a suitable box and an old window screen procured, and then Uncle Bob hurried back with his excited nephew and Don. There it was, to be sure, a big swarm, and they got it safely housed and the screen over it almost before the bees realized what was happening. Tom had a rapidly swelling eyelid, and a finger that smarted and burned, but he didn't complain—it was part of the price he had to pay for the privilege of earning the money. 'I promised I would work fair and square, and I did, Uncle Bob, didn't I?' he asked anxiously.

'That's what you did, sir. Who did you promise?' asked Uncle Bob, shouldering the precious load. 'God,' replied Tom reverently. 'And I think I ought to help carry it home, please, Uncle Bob.'

He sold the bees for exactly one dollar, after he had kept them forty-eight hours under the apple trees and trapped several miles to find a purchaser. He was much surprised when the screen was taken away, to find on it several inches of honey. 'If I'd begin things like they do, right straight, I guess I'd be better,' he declared.

That night he and mother had a good talk about it. 'I know God helped me to see that swarm,' he said, as he balanced the silver dollar on his knee. 'Cause I felt so sorry I hadn't been looking at anything till I prayed. Then I felt so good I lifted up my head, and there was the answer to my prayer!'

'Yes, laddie,' said mother, 'that is always the best way out of trouble. Ask God to help you, then lift up your head and look for his answer.'

The very next day Tom's dollar clinked heavily down into the collection box to join several companions, all bent on a mission of helpfulness. The sting on his eye was pretty sore, and his feet were blistered from his long walk, but his heart was light and his conscience clear, for he had kept his promise.—Elizabeth Price, in Christian Work.

How to Get Sleep.

1. If you have anything on your mind, from a sonnet to a soup, 'make a note of it.' It is less nerve expense to use a paper tablet than to use the brain tablet.

2. Relax. Lie as limply in your bed as a year-old babe. "Rest, relaxation, repose." Station these Delsarte graces at the approach to your nerves. If your nerves are overtaxed they will find rest; if not, these three will stand guard against a thousand so-called duties.

3. You are too tense. When you think use the brain alone. You cannot have repose of mind without repose of muscle. A well-known author complained that his knees ached while he was writing, and that his arms ached when he was walking. He broke down. Too tense.

4. Do no mental work after eight o'clock in the evening. Associate only with restful persons.

5. Place a handkerchief wet in cold water at the base of the brain. In extreme cases the sanitarium people use the ice cap—a close-fitting double rubber cap filled with pounded ice.

6. The Delsarte people also say: Lie face downward on your bed in such a position that the head may hang over the edge. Cross arms under the chest for support. Bend head slowly forward as far as possible. Count twenty with eyes on ceiling. Repeat.

7. At the sanitarium just before retiring they give the sleepless one a sitz and a foot bath—the sitz 96 to 98 degrees, Fahr., the foot bath 110 to 115 degrees, Fahr.

8. The salt rub is another sanitarium commandment: First, they turn the warm water on you; second, rub you with handfuls of wet, not melted, salt; third, rinse you; fourth, dry you. This may be easily managed at home in a tub, or standing over a sheet.—Harper's Bazar.

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These Must Go.

A trade magazine gives a list of the boys who are the first to lose their situations in any well-ordered business house. Here are few of them:

The exquisite young man who parts his hair in the middle, and is shocked at the idea of soiling his hands by a little honest work.

The luxurious youth, who has twenty-dollar-a-week tastes and habits and a ten-dollar-a-week salary.

The young man who hasn't sense enough to do anything unless he is ordered to do it, and the young man who is always doing things contrary to orders.

That remarkable youth, who invariably knows what a customer wants better than he does himself.

The young man who is ignorant of the use of soap and water, and hair brush and comb, and other toilet requisites, and the young man who is so wrapped up in the use of these that he has thought for little else.

The young man who wears flashy jewelry, exhales an odor of musk, wears wide strips, daring cravats, violet checks and is generally 'horsey.'

To this may be added: The young man whose lusterless eyes and soiled fingers proclaim him a cigarette smoker.—The School Index.

Habit is a mighty force and must either tend toward that which is good or that which is evil. It rests with us whether it shall be one of our best friends or one of our worst enemies.

AT ALL TIMES OF YEAR Pain-Killer will be found a useful household remedy. Cures cuts, sprains and bruises. Internally for cramps and diarrhoea. Avoid substitutes, there's only one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'.

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