

right on,' says I, 'and I'll be your banker, and when this amounts to a little more I'll see that you get a house somewhere of your own.' That is the kind of a tenant to have."—Chicago Herald.

BENNY'S FRONT TOOTH.

Benny lay in bed and thought about it. He knew he couldn't stand it. Then he rolled over and buried his face in the pillow and dug his toes into the mattress, and wondered what he could do about it. Mamma had said firmly that the tooth must come out. Such a shame to spend a Saturday morning in that way, too.

Now it is only fair to Benny to say that, when he had to have a tooth out last summer, he was very brave, and faced the music like a man. That tooth had ached and ached, and when it was pulled, they found it very bad; and, even though he had taken gas, it hurt him cruelly afterward, and he felt that he couldn't possibly be brave again. Be-

sides, mamma had said that this time he couldn't even have gas.

"O Benny, are you worrying?" asked mamma, as she drew away the coverlet from Benny's face and saw two big round tears just ready to toboggan over Benny's rosy cheeks.

"Wow, but it hurt me last time!" Benny groaned.

"Yes, but this different. Why, the tooth is loose already. Come, be my brave, good boy!"

Benny shook his head mournfully, and he wasn't a bit brave; but he managed to dress himself and eat a very, very little breakfast. His brother Rob went with him to the dentist.

Of course he had to wait. Nobody ever went to a dentist and didn't. That is always the last screw to be turned.

Rob tried to be very kind and brotherly. "Here, Benny," he said, "I knew you'd have to wait; and I brought some taffy and a story paper on purpose. Take a bit to cheer you up, and I'll read you a story."

"It will take more than candy and stories to cheer me up," he said, dolefully, but he took the candy generously held out to him, and bit into it. Then he groaned again.

"Oh, dear, I can't eat candy now. My tooth hasn't ached a bit, and now it's beginning. Oh, dear!" and he looked gloomier than ever. "It will stick my teeth all up, too. Maybe I can eat it afterward." And he dropped it into one of the dentist's envelopes, and slipped it in his overcoat pocket.

"Never mind," said Rob, cheerfully, glad that it wasn't he who must have a tooth pulled.

Just as Rob was beginning to read the dentist called Benny. Benny climbed tremblingly up into the chair and the dentist hunted round among his instruments, for he knew what Benny had come for. Benny opened his mouth and held his breath. Then the dentist scowled with pretended dismay.

"What's this, young man?" he asked sternly. "Are you trying to fool me? This isn't the first of April. What do you come to me for, when you have pulled your tooth yourself?"

Benny gasped. He couldn't believe his ears. He took the hand-glass, and gazed with interest into the little red cavern of his mouth. As true as I'm alive, the tooth was gone, and in its place was the tiniest round bit of a new one.

The dentist laughed; and Benny climbed down from the chair, looking very much surprised, but also very happy. He went back to the waiting-room, drew the envelope from his overcoat pocket, looked at the taffy he had saved for by and by, and there, half buried in the dark, soft sweetness, gleamed the missing tooth.

How Rob laughed! "And you never even knew it had been pulled!" he said with a shout. Then they both ran home to tell mamma how brave Benny had been.—Christian Register.



IT IS SO EASY TO DO MISCHIEF.

A boy of fourteen or so stopped to buy a banana from a push-cart, and then, as he went leisurely along, he peeled it and threw the skin on the sidewalk. Quick as a flash a tall, broad-shouldered young man just behind him stepped forward and took hold of the boy's coat collar, and, turning him round, exclaimed:

"Do you know what you are doing? You're putting danger in the way of 50 people who will pass this spot in the next five minutes. Kick that banana

skin into the gutter, and never be guilty of such a thoughtless act again. Somebody might have broken a leg from your carelessness."

The boy, with a surprised look, stolidly obeyed, and went on his way, when the restraining hand was removed, with a new idea, it is to be hoped, in his head, and a new resolve in his heart. He "didn't think," of course, when he did the deed, but he ought to have thought, and we ought to think every day whether we are putting stumbling-blocks or danger in our neighbor's way.

And what an improvement might be made in our streets and the cars, omnibuses, and ferry-boats if every one tried to keep them clean, instead of adding to their dirt and untidiness.

A gentleman says that he started to tear up a letter and throw the pieces on the floor of the elevated cars one day, when the thought came to him: "What right have I to do this, and cause the expense and trouble of some one to pick up the pieces?"

If we follow the law of Christ in serving one another, "in honor preferring one another," we shall be watchful not to trouble others.—Child's Paper.



RELY ON YOURSELF.

Nothing better could happen to the young man who has the right kind of grit than to be thrown on the world and his own resources. A well-to-do judge once gave his son \$1,000, and told him to go to college and graduate. The son returned at the end of the first year, his money all gone, and with several extravagant habits. At the close of the vacation the judge said to his son:

"Well, William, are you going to college this year?"

"I have no money, father."

"But I gave you \$1,000 to graduate on."

"It is all gone, father."

"Very well, my son, it is all I could give you; you can't stay here; you must now pay your own way in the world."

A new light broke in upon the vision of the young man. He accommodated himself to the situation; again left home, made his way through college, graduated at the head of his class, studied law, became Governor of the State of New York, entered the Cabinet of the President of the United States, and has made a record that will not soon die, for he was none other than William H. Seward.—Self-Help.



SAD FUN FOR WILL!

"Father," said Will Pleasant, one day, "how many fowls are there on this table?"

"Why," said the father, as he looked complacently on a pair of nicely roasted chickens which were smoking on the table, "there are two."

"Two!" replied the smart boy; "there are three, sir, and I'll prove it."

"Three!" replied the old gentleman, who was a plain, matter-of-fact man; "I'd like to see you prove it."

"Easily done, easily done! Is not that one?" said the smart boy, touching the first with his knife; "and that two?" pointing to the second; "and do not one and two make three?"

"Really," said the father, turning to his wife, with a knowing look, "really, this boy is a genius and deserves to be encouraged." And then, to show that there's fun in old folks as well as in young ones, he added, "Wife, do you take one fowl and I'll take the second, and Will may have the third, as a reward for his remarkable progress in learning."

IF YOU CATCH COLD.

Many things may happen when you catch cold, but the thing that usually happens first is a cough. An inflammation starts up in the bronchial tubes or in the throat and the discharge of mucous from the head constantly poisons this. Then the very contraction of the throat muscles in the act of coughing help to irritate so that the more you cough the more you have to cough. It is, of course, beyond question that in many cases the irritation started in this way results in lung troubles that are called by serious names. It is in this irritated bronchial tube that the germ of consumption finds lodgement and breeds.

Great numbers of people disregard cough at first and pay the penalty of neglect. Cough never did any one any good. It should be dispensed with promptly. Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam is a well known remedy, and it is the surest cough cure known to-day. It does not deceive by drugging the throat. It soothes the irritated parts and heals them, then the cough stops of its own accord. The action of this medicine is so simple that it seems like nature's own provision for curing a cough. Every druggist has it, 25 cents. Be sure and get the genuine, which has "F. W. Kinsman & Co." blown in the bottle.

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