

Our Boys and Girls.

DOUBLE TROUBLE.

Two tearful little maids I met,
Who looked as like as pins.
I asked, "What is the trouble, dear?"
They answered, "We are twins!"
It seems to make you weep," said I.
"Why, yes, and you would too,
If you were both of us," said they,
And both of us were you."

"We always have to dress alike,
And on the cars or street
Some silly person's sure to say,
"Why, you are twins. How sweet!"
And as to birthdays, we've but one
To Madge and Dolly's two.
Would you like that if you were us
And both of us were you?"

"It's very trying when mamma
Can't tell us two apart.
You'd think by this time she'd have
grown
To know us both by heart!
But in our pictures even we
Aren't sure which twin is who,
Oh how we wish that you were us
And both of us were you!"

—St. Nicholas.

HOW A BOY WORKED HIS WAY.

It was a frosty night in November; I was waiting for a car. My friend said: "Have you ever noticed the 'wish'-boys? There is one."

I turned and saw a boy some ten or twelve years of age. He was bending over what looked to be a tin boiler, with a lamp beneath it.

My interest was at once aroused. My friend and I went toward him, and before he had observed me, I was standing close beside the lad.

He doffed his battered, but still jaunty polo cap, and said, with rising colour, "Do you wish?"—and then he stopped.

While I looked in puzzled wonder at his evident confusion, and then down at the boiler before him, my friend said: "He is wondering if you can be a possible customer. Yet he sees you don't belong to the class who usually patronize him."

"What have you to sell?" I asked.

"Wishes, ma'am."

The lad's face was bright and handsome, and his apparel, though poor, was neat.

"And what are 'wishes'?"

"Show her your outfit, Jack," said my friend.

The boy threw up the cover of the boiler, and revealed two compartments. One was filled with boiling water, and the other with small sausages. He uncovered a basket by his side. It contained slices of white, dainty-looking bread.

"A 'wish,' ma'am," he said politely, "is a slice of bread and mustard and a sausage. See! this is the way I fix it."

He took two half slices of bread, spread a small bit of mustard upon each, and dropped a sausage into the boiling water. After waiting a moment, he fished it out and laid it between the pieces of bread.

"That, ma'am, is a 'wish,'" he said.

The next moment he had slipped the bread and sausage into the hands of a ragged and forlorn-looking little girl, who, unnoticed by me, had paused by my side. She took it in grateful surprise, and murmured a word of thanks as she passed on.

"Do you know her?" I questioned,

seeing that the lad followed her retreating figure with his eyes.

"Not exactly. I know she lives down by the river, and that her father is a drunkard. She doesn't get much to eat."

Our car came just then, and we bade the little "wish"-boy good-night.

A week later I was again waiting for the car on the same corner. Jack was just setting his outfit up on the pavement. Another boy, a year or two his senior, with a similar outfit, was disputing with him.

"Yer got no bizness keepin' the corner," the burly fellow said, and there was an ugly scowl on his brow.

"No one had this corner when I first took it. And it's been mine ever since." Jack's voice was not rough, but positive.

"Then hit's time yer gin'd 'way. Come, move on! I'm goin' ter sell yere ter night."

"Then we'll both sell on the same corner," said Jack, coolly. "I'm not going away, 'cause this is my stand." He busied himself with his lamp as he spoke.

The elder boy assumed a pugilistic attitude.

"I tell yer to move on!" he commanded.

A policeman, turning the corner at that instant, laid a heavy hand on the belligerent lad's shoulder, as he said: "Suppose you move on yourself. Jack and I are partners, and this is his stand."

Jack flashed the man a grateful glance.

The other boy moved his belonging; to the opposite side of the street. Among his possessions was a basket of fine, red apples. While he busied himself with his lamp, and just as he seemed to have arranged things to his satisfaction, I heard Jack call out to him: "There go your apples!"

I did not see who had taken them, as quite a number of men and boys had just passed. The boy darted up the street to catch the thief. A moment later two men in workmen's blouses paused before the vacant stand.

I saw Jack hesitate. Then he gave a glance at his own possessions, and another up and down the pavement, and ran nimbly across the street.

"He will profit by the other boy's absence," was the thought in my mind.

But I was mistaken. He opened his enemy's little store of provisions and deftly fixed two sandwiches. I saw the men drop some money into his hand as they turned away. Jack looked up the street. The boy was coming with his basket of rescued apples upon his arm. Jack ran to meet him, slipped the coins into his hand, and said something in a cheery voice which I did not hear. I repeated under my breath: "If thine enemy hunger, feed him." Jack has surely caught the spirit of these words.

After that evening, I missed Jack. Again and again I looked for him. Only the burly boy with the ugly scowl upon his forehead was to be seen. I felt troubled and spoke of his absence to my friend. He smiled.

"I didn't know you remembered Jack. He is all right. He has been promoted."

"Has he. How did it happen?"

"A friend of mine who owns one of the largest establishments in the city, has had his eye on Jack and been testing him. Once he bought two sandwiches and handed him a silver dollar, saying: "Quick! change this fifty cents. There comes my car!" Jack made the change, and in his haste did not observe that the man had given him a dollar until just as my friend boarded the car. He

then ran up and pushed the money into Mr. Thompson's hand, who stood on the platform, and said: "You made a mistake, sir. This is one dollar. You can make it right some other time."

"Of course Jack is honest," I said. "Any one could see that by the frank and manly way he looks into one's face."

"About two weeks ago, Mr. Thompson tested him again. He bought some apples this time, all that Jack had, Basket and all came to exactly one dollar. He slipped a five-dollar bill into the boy's hand, calling it a dollar, and stepped immediately upon a passing car. The next day Jack presented himself at the store with the bill in his hand.

"This is the second big mistake you've made, Mr. Thompson," said Jack. "If I was working for you, and I should make such mistakes, what would you say?"

"Come and try me, Jack; I need just such a boy as you to look after me," was Mr. Thompson's laughing reply.

"So now Jack is in the store, and Mr. Thompson told me yesterday he does not doubt he will yet become head clerk, if he turns out as he has begun. He is quick, attentive, polite, careful and honest. Thompson dotes on him."

A few days later sauntered into Mr. Thompson's store. It is one of the handsomest and most popular in the city. I knew by his smile that Jack at once recognized me. I was surprised to see what a handsome, gentlemanly lad he really was. With his hair neatly cut and brushed, and in his fresh new suit, he looked every inch a gentleman.

His quick eye seemed to take in everything. I dropped my handkerchief. Jack was across the room from me. He instantly came, before I had missed it, and placed it in my hand. He was back to his post before I could thank him.

"What is the secret of Jack's life?"

I found myself asking this question, as I studied his face. I found where his grandmother lived and visited her. She was a gentle-faced old lady, and her rooms were as neat as pins. I spoke of my interest in Jack, and she said:

He is a good boy, and he will make a good man. He has started out right. He goes to night school since he got into the store, and he is learning fast."

"Do you think he is a Christian?" I asked. The old lady smiled.

"Of course he is."

This was eight years ago. - Yesterday I was again in this city of the South. I visited Mr. Thompson's store.

The head clerk I found to be Jack.

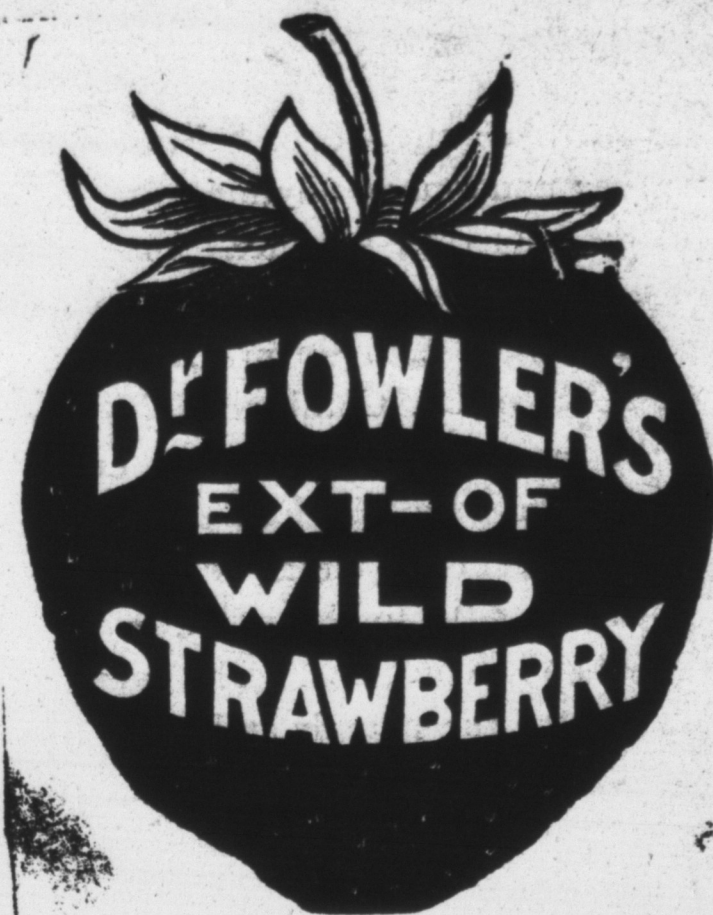
"He will be a partner soon," said my friend.—*Christian World.*

WHAT "HORSE-POWER" IS.

What is the relative amount of work that a man can do in comparison with a horse or machinery? At his very best the strongest man stands in pretty poor comparison, even with a horse, for hard, continuous labor. He might perform for a few minutes one-half horse-power of work, but to keep this up for any great length of time would be impossible.

Thus the gain in forcing horses to do a part of the world's work was enormous. One horse could exhaust a dozen men in a single day, and still be ready for the next day's work.

The measurement of a horse's power for work was first ascertained by Watt, the father of the modern steam-engine, and he expressed this in terms that hold



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today. He experimented with a great number of heavy brewery horses to satisfy himself that his unit of measurement for work was correct. After many trials he ascertained that the average brewery horse was doing work equal to that required to raise 330 pounds of weight 100 feet high in one minute, or 33,000 pounds one foot in one minute. So he called this one horse-power.

This work, however, is not continuous, for the horse would have to back up after each pull to lower the line of the pulley, and thus he would work four hours a day in pulling 330 pounds in the air at the rate of 100 feet a minute, and four hours in slacking up the rope. Consequently no horse can actually perform continuously what is generally called one horse-power. The horse was never born that could tug at a rope for eight hours a day, pulling 330 pounds 100 feet each minute without rest or change. Consequently, when we speak of horse-power we refer only to the average work a horse can do in one minute, that is to say, the rate at which he can work.

A strong man might pull half that weight 100 feet in the air in two minutes but he could not repeat the operation many times without being exhausted.

For all needful purposes the expression of one horse-power is accurate enough, and practically shows the measurement of an average horse's abilities for working. As a rule, a strong man can in eight hours work at the rate of about one-tenth of one horse-power; that is, it would require ten men to pull 330 pounds 100 feet in the air in a minute, and then slack up and repeat the operation throughout the eight hours of a working day. The world's gain in labor when horses were first employed to help man in his work was thus tenfold.—*George Ethelbert Walsh, in October St. Nicholas.*