

## A Grievous Complaint.

"It's hard on a fellow, I do declare!" said Tommy one day, with a pout; "In every one of the suits I wear the pockets are 'most worn out. They're 'bout as big as the ear of a mole, and I never have more than three; and there's always coming a mean little hole."

"That loses my knife for me."

"I can't make 'em hold but a few little things—"

Some cookies, an apple or two, A knife and pencil and bunch of strings, Some nails and maybe a screw, And marbles, of course, and a top and ball, And shells and pebbles and such, And some odds and ends—yes, honest, that's all!

You can see for yourself 'tisn't much."

"I'd like a suit of some patent kind, With pockets made wide and long; Above and below and before and behind, Sewed extra heavy and strong. I'd want about a dozen or so, All easy and quick to get at; And I should be perfectly happy, I know, With a handy rig like that."

—Endora S. Bumstead, in St. Nicholas for Aug.

## Tommy's Experience.

"Tommy! Tommy!"

Tommy shut one eye, and with the other looked through a convenient

knobhole in the side of the woodshed.

Again his mother called his name,

this time a little louder than before;

still Tommy did not answer. To say

that he felt aggrieved would be giving

a very mild description of his feelings

at that minute. Had he not worked

all morning carrying coal and water,

picking up sticks and stones from the

front grass-plot, and doing various

other things too numerous to think of

just then? And had he not been sus-

tained and upheld through it all by the

thought of having the whole afternoon

to himself? Why, he had even for-

gotten to count how many buckets of

water he had carried to wash off the

porches, so interested was he in trying

to calculate how many willow whistles

he would have time to make before

supper-time. And now, just as he was

comfortably fixed at work, to think

that he must be called for!

"I know just what she wants me

for," he said to himself. "I don't see

any sense in two of us going to the

store; just as if Tillie couldn't go by

herself! I'll not let on I heard her

call me."

Tommy knew that this was not a

very safe course to pursue, but he was

so vexed that he did not think of con-

sequences. By this time his mother

had gone into the house and closed the

door, but it was again opened, and his

named echoed through the premises.

"That's Tillie," said Tommy, "and

she won't stop at calling; she'll hunt

me up."

He looked around for a hiding-place.

He could hear Tillie running down

the stone walk. She would be there

in a minute; so, hastily jumping down

from the work-bench, he ran across

the floor and climbed into an old cup-

board, which shook in a threatening

manner, as if resenting the intrusion.

He pulled the doors too just as Tillie

appeared at the doorway.

"Tommy! Tommy Dawson!" she

called so that there might be no mis-

take as to what Tommy was wanted.

Tommy held his breath lest she might

discover him, and wished his heart

would not thump so heavily against

his ribs; surely Tillie would hear it.

But she turned towards the house as

if satisfied that he was not to be

found. Tommy chuckled in high glee,

and, after hearing the door shut,

clambered down out of the crazy old

cupboard, his face very red, his

clothes covered with dust and cob-

webs.

After taking observations through

the knobhole for a few seconds, he got

up on the bench and began on the

whistles, but somehow the bark seemed

very hard to loosen and his knife not

so sharp as usual. He was sure he had

never heard the field crickets chirp so

"Why, Tommy Dawson," she ex-

claimed "where have you been? we've

been calling you everywhere."

"What are you polishing your best

shoes for?—to wear to the store?" de-

manded Tommy, skilfully evading the

question.

"Store?" echoed Tillie scornfully.

"Why, Tommy Dawson, Uncle Tom

is here, and he's going to take us home

with him, and he's in an awful hurry;

and mother's up stairs laying out your

clothes, and I've polished your best

shoes. You see, we thought you

might come in time to get ready if

everything was fixed for you to dress

in a hurry. And O, Tommy, I was

that afraid I would have to go without

you!" and here Tillie paused to take

her breath.

Tommy may live to be very old, but

he will never forget how mean he felt

just then.

"You'd better not stand there,"

continued Tillie; "Uncle Tom said

we must be ready in half an hour, and

he's been here almost fifteen minutes

now."

Tillie was too much excited to notice

his confusion, and he buried his burn-

ing face in the depths of the wash-

basin.

Tillie could not think what made

Tommy so very kind and thoughtful

during the next fifteen minutes, and

when, after running up stairs after her

parasol and handing it to her, he

stooped to pick a thread from her

dress, her wonder found expression in

words: "How nice you are today,

Tommy! I just wish you'd be that

way all the time."

And Tommy, as he climbed into the

buggy which was to take them to the

station resolved that he would "be

that way" just as often as he could

think of it. I think he must have

kept his resolution, for it was only the

other day that I heard a lady remark:

"How much Tommy Dawson seems

to think of his sister! He treats her

just as if she were some other boy's

sister."—United Presbyterian.

## The Story of a Bulgarian Boy.

While up in the Balkan Mountains

caring for his sheep, a poor Bulgarian

boy in some way heard of Robert Col-

lege and the education that was given

there, and he resolved to go and ask

for admittance.

He travelled alone on foot all the

distance, and at last appeared before

the gates of that institution. He

stated what he had come for, but was

refused admittance, as the college was

already full.

He could not have presented a very

encouraging appearance as he stood

there, that ignorant boy of fifteen.

His dress consisted of trousers and

vest of sheepskin, with a large garment

of the same material which was worn

over the head, forming a peaked cap,

which also came down over his shoul-

ders and served as a cloak. He looked

very much like an Esquimaux. Do

you think their refusal to admit him

satisfied him? By no means. He

said he must come to the college, and

he would work for them.

They told him they had no place for

him to sleep; but, as that did not dis-

courage him, the faculty came together

to consider the case.

Finally, it was decided to give him

the care of the thirty-two stoves in the

building, saying this would soon test

him, believing that some morning they

would wake to find the boy gone to his

sheep. They led him into the base-

ment, where was a perfectly cold

room, with no furniture in it: this,

they told him, was the best they could

do for him.

He appeared delighted, and said

that it was better than he had been

accustomed to at home. Even the

prospect of the thirty-two stoves did

not discourage him, and he set to work

at once to fit up his quarters. He

dragged into his room a large, empty

box. This he filled with sawdust, of

which he found an abundance near

the wood-pile over which he was to

preside. This furnished him his bed.

As he went about his work, he at-

tracted the attention and sympathy of

the young men of the college, and one

gave him a pair of shoes, another a

coat, and so on, until he began to look

more like a human being, and, best of

all, Can his class keep up with him?

A benevolent lady in Massachusetts

furnished a scholarship for him; and

he finished the course with credit, and

is now a Christian worker among his

own people.

Now, one word to any boy who

reads this account. We are often dis-

couraged with boys and girls in this

country. Is it because they know so

little? By no means that alone, but

they seem to lack proper determina-

tion to ever know any more,—they

have so little energy and enthusiasm,

and are so easily discouraged.

Can we not all learn a lesson from

this poor Bulgarian boy, who carried a

brave heart and determined will, and

who came out triumphant?—*Mission-*

*ary Reporter.*

## Never Give Up.

A few weeks ago Mr. Abraham

Bonnafield, Clerk of the County

Court of Tucker County, W. Va.,

died. He was born a deformity with-

out legs something over fifty years

ago, but became one of the most popu-

lar and prosperous citizens of the

county, prominent in politics and in

civil life. He was an extreme South-

erner, and when the war arose enlist-

ed as a private soldier in a cavalry

company. He took care of his own

horse, keeping him in the best condi-

tion, could mount without help, and

when in his seat was "as firmly fixed

as any member of the celebrated

Fourth Texas Cavalry." As an active

soldier, he had no superior. What an

indomitable spirit this man must have

had! What a triumph of mind over

lack of matter!

Another case has recently come to

our knowledge. In one of the border

States lived a rich planter who had

eight sons. One of them had the mis-

fortune when a child to break his

spine. The father gave a dying mes-

sage to his seven vigorous sons, one

by one, "to take care of Billy." It

came to pass in less than twenty years

that all of those sons who survived

were dependent upon "Billy," who,

by strict attention to business, retain-

ed the property that was left him, and

greatly increased it, while they, confid-

ent in their strength, fell into indolent

or dissipated habits, or met with re-

verses which reduced them to poverty.

Never give up.

## Facts About The Bible.

The Bible contains 66 books, 1,189

chapters, 31,173 verses, 773,692 words,

3,586,489 letters.

The middle verse is the 8th verse of

the 118 Psalm.

The longest verse is the 9th verse of

the 8th chapter of Esther.

The shortest verse is the 35th verse

of the 11th chapter of St. John.

The Bible is now printed in 226

different languages and dialects. There

is said to be about 915 different lan-

guages and dialects spoken in the world.

The following five facts about our

English Bible are worth remembering:

First complete translation of the

whole Bible was made by John

Wycliffe, A. D. 1380-1382.

First New Testament printed in