



THE CHAMELEON.

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Wouldn't you think yours was a long tongue if it were as long as your whole body? Well, odd as it seems, there is a little fellow, who lives in Africa, with just such a tongue, and you cannot imagine how useful it is to him. He is a dignified, slow-moving little creature, and lives on insects and such lively game. He could never catch them, and might starve to death, only that he can dart out his tongue as quick as a flash, and as long as his body. The end of this droll weapon is sticky, and holds fast any unfortunate insect that it touches. The little animal that I speak of is the chameleon, and his tongue isn't the only droll thing about him. His eyes are very curious. To begin with, they are very large and round, and stick out like big beads on the side of his head; and the funniest thing is that he can turn them different ways so as to see all around him. He can turn one up and the other down, or he can turn one forward and the other back, and thus see everywhere.

## DO YOUR BEST.

"Say, Ben, let's pitch in and tidy up the shop before one o'clock, and give the boss a surprise when he comes back."

"Did he say so?"

"No, but the shop needs cleaning up, and I'll bet he would like to have it done."

"Well, if you are green enough to go to putting in your noon hour working for old Markham without extra pay, go ahead; but not any of it for me. You'll never get any thanks for it, Tom; and if you begin working overtime that way, you'll have to keep it up;" and the speaker, a young lad of some eighteen years, stretched himself out on the workbench for a noon-time nap.

"All right," good-naturedly replied his companion, a boy some two years younger, "I'll do it myself then; for I don't like to work in a place littered up like this, and there won't be time after the men get back, with all those frames to get out this afternoon." So saying, he went briskly to work, and by the time the one o'clock whistle sounded the carpenter shop was neatly cleaned up.

That was fifteen years ago. Those two apprentice boys are men now. The older one, who refused to help clean up the shop for fear of doing something for which he was not specially paid, is still a journeyman carpenter in his native village, and is barely able to keep his family supplied with the necessaries of life.

The other boy lost nothing by his willingness, and the interest he took in his employer's business. Mr. Markham noted his disposition, and gave him an extra opportunity to master the trade. Soon he was given the superintendence of small contracts, and his absolute reliability caused him in a few years to be made foreman of the little shop. Then came those larger opportunities and increased advantages that so often fall in the way of men who can be trusted. To-day Tom Archer is one of the wealthiest and most reliable contractors and builders of a large Western city.

When will our boys all learn that it pays to be faithful in little things, and to take a personal interest in their employers' business?

It is the boys who do this who climb to the top in every line of business; while

the sulkers and growlers, who are always afraid of doing too much, are pretty certain to remain well down toward the bottom of the ladder.

## ROSAMOND, THE IDLE.

BY HANNAH R. HUDSON.

Miss Rosamond May was so idle, they say,  
That her wise fairy godmother took her  
away  
To regions of fairyland, cloudy and gray;  
And there she must stay for a year and a  
day,  
Or still longer, I fear,  
Till she does all the things that she didn't  
do here.

All the stints and the chores that she  
thought were such bores,  
The running of errands to markets and  
stores,  
The making of beds and the sweeping of  
floors,  
The tending of doors and the lessons in  
scores:  
Ah, the poor little Miss,  
How long it will take her to finish all  
this!

## HE GOT CAUGHT.

A boy went home from college, and his mother had two ducks for dinner. His father asked him how much he had learned at college, and he offered to prove that there were three ducks instead of two.

"There is duck number one, and there is duck number two."

"Yes," said his father.

"And one and two make three," said the son.

"Very good, my son," said the father. "Now I will take duck number one for my dinner, and your mother will take duck number two for her dinner, and you may have duck number three for yours."



JESUS AT THE HOUSE OF MARY AND MARTHA.—Luke x. 38-42.