

### A Logical Conclusion.

They had a dispute, and they had agreed to leave it to the military expert.

"What bullet," they asked, "do you consider the deadliest?"

For several minutes he remained in a brown study. Then he looked up with the air of one who had settled the matter finally and definitely,

"The one that hits," he said.

She—"Did you succeed in mastering French, while abroad?"

He—"Nearly. I did not succeed in making the Frenchmen comprehend me, nor could I make out what they were driving at, but I got so that I could understand myself when I talked."—*Life*.

### The Voice.

I would say to all: Use your gentlest voice at home. Watch it day by day as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth more to you in days to come than the best pearl hid in the sea. A kind voice is joy, like a lark's song, to a hearth at home. It is a light that sings as well as shines. Train it to sweet tones now, and it will keep in tune through life.—ELIHU BURRITT.

A Scotch gentleman of fortune on his death-bed, asked the minister whether, if he left a large sum to the kirk, his salvation would be secured. The cautious minister responded: "I would not like to be positive, but it's weel worth trying."

A little boy, with his dog Sport was going past a liquor saloon, the door of which was wide open. The dog, not knowing any better, went in, but his little master was soon after him with the following good advice: "Come out of there, Sport! Don't be disgracing the family."—*The Central Presbyterian*.

### Ambition.

Said the crow to the hawk, as they rested on a tree,

"If I could fly like you, I'd live as happy as could be."

"No, indeed!" sighed the hawk, as he upward turned his eye;

"For still you'd see the eagle soar where you could never fly."—*Harper's Young People*.

### Children's Corner.

#### A Second Giant-Killer.

There was once a small boy, but his name was not Jack,

And he hadn't a beanstalk at all;  
Yet he "hitched his hatchet" with a sturdy hack,  
Which helped him to climb a high wall.

Now the name of that hatchet, can any one guess?

A giant he killed with it, too!  
The name of the wall that he climbed was Success,

The giant he conquered was Slothfulness,  
And Work was the hatchet that slew!

—*Harriet S. Fleming*.

### Dr. Holmes' Answer.

A young man ambitious for success wrote to Oliver Wendell Holmes, asking three questions. The reply was:

"The three best books? The Bible, Shakespeare's plays, and a good dictionary!

"To attain 'real success'? Real work; concentration on some useful calling adapted to your abilities.

"Shall he smoke? Certainly not. It is liable to injure the sight, to render the nerves unsteady, to enfeeble the will, and enslave the nature to an injurious habit likely to stand in the way of duty to be performed. Yours very truly,

"OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES."

### Don't be Rude.

The following incident which occurred at a fashionable summer resort is related by *The Youth's Companion*:

General C., a venerable hero of the Civil War, who is slightly lame, was crossing the porch of an hotel when two or three boys, racing and shouting, ran against him and threw him violently to one side. He staggered to his feet and said gently:

"You should be more careful, boys."

"Oh," replied one of the lads, "when people are too old to keep out of the way, they ought to leave the hotel."

The mother of the boy listened, smiling, to the answer, and remarked, "Jack is so bright; he always has a retort ready."

The daily payers not long since gave an account of an incident which occurred at a health resort in Virginia. The place was visited by the Chinese minister and his suite. He bore himself with the reserve and dignity befitting his rank and office.

While sitting under the trees one day, a young man contrived to tie the queue of the minister to the tassel of a lady's parasol. When the lady rose she jerked his head violently. Her apologies were earnest and profuse, and were received with gentleness and courtesy. The young man tittered in the background.

The minister and his attendants left the hotel that day. More trifling insults to the representatives of other governments have caused international alienations or bitter wars.

The insulted minister represented a great nation in which reverence for age and courtesy are enforced as absolute rules. They are a heathen people, and we profess to represent Christian civilization.

These are gross cases of discourtesy, but they represent the attitude of mind, less offensively exhibited, of many young people toward elderly persons and strangers.

### Don't Interrupt.

Don't interrupt your father when he's telling funny jokes;

Don't interrupt your mother when she's entertaining folks;

Don't interrupt a visitor, when he has come to call;

In fact, it's wiser not to interrupt at all.

—*St. Nicholas*.