

A STORY FROM FORMOSA.

Not long ago a fire broke out in a Formosan village, and two houses were soon wrapped in flames. One of them was saved, the house of a heathen Chinaman; the owner of the other house is a Christian, who happened to be away from home, and as nobody tried to save his house, it was burned down.

There was great laughter among the villagers at the Christian's misfortunes. "That is the worth of your religion," they said to him.

A day or two after, a company of men were seen coming across the fields, and when they got near it was seen that they were laden with tools, wood, and articles of furniture. The village was astir. What was it? Who were the men? They were the members of the church to which their Christian neighbor belonged, and had come from their homes, some miles away, to rebuild the house, which they did, while the villagers gaped with wonder. Nothing like it had ever been seen. Such a religion could not be laughed at!—*The Little Missionary*.

HOW HE LOST HIS FINGER.

The attention of the New York hospital surgeons has been called to the large number of bartenders that have lost several fingers of both hands within the past few years.

The first case is that of an employe of a Bowery concert hall. Three fingers of his right hand and two of his left were rotted away when he called at Bellevue one day and begged the doctors to explain. He said it was his duty to draw beer for the thousands who visited the garden nightly.

The man was in perfect health otherwise, and it took the young doctors quite a time to arrive at a conclusion. But they did finally, and it nearly took the beer man's breath when they did.

"Your fingers have been rotted off," they said, "by the beer you've handled."

Other cases of a similar nature came rapidly after this one, and to-day the physicians estimate that there is an army of employes of saloons whose fingers are being ruined by the same cause. The acid and resin in the beer are said to be responsible.

The head bartender of a well known saloon

says he knows a number of cases where beer drawers have in addition to losing several fingers of both hands, lost the use of both members.

"Beer will rot iron, I believe," he added, "I know, and every bartender knows, that it is impossible to keep a good pair of shoes behind the bar. Beer will rot leather almost as rapidly as acid will eat iron. If I, were a temperance orator I'd ask what must beer do to men's stomachs if it eats away men's fingers and shoe leather. I'm here to sell it, but I won't drink it, not much."—*Ex.*

HONEST WITH HIMSELF.

Little Frankie was forbidden to touch the sewing machine, and, as he was generally an obedient boy, his mother, auntie and his auntie's friend were much surprised one afternoon to find the thread badly tangled and the needle broken. Frankie was, without doubt, the culprit, and he was called before the family tribunal of justice.

"Frankie, did you touch the sewing machine?" asked mamma, severely.

"Yes, mamma," was the tremulous answer. He was such a mite, so frail and delicate, so utterly helpless as he stood before us all with parted lips, and big, frightened eyes, our hearts went out to him in pity. "Now, Frankie," continued his mother, "you know I said I would punish you if you disobeyed me, and I shall have to keep my promise."

"Yes, mamma," came the trembling whisper. Surely the little fellow was punished sufficiently, and yet we realized that justice must be forced. "It is a very long time since you forbade him to touch the machine—perhaps he forgot," suggested his aunt.

"And if he forgot, that would make a difference, would it not?" I ventured to suggest.

"Certainly," answered his mother, "did you forget, Frankie? I know my boy will speak the truth."

There was a pause, and in that pause there was a struggle between right and wrong; then came the answer with a passionate cry as though the struggle were almost beyond his puny strength: "O, mamma, mamma, I did remember. I shan't make believe to myself!"

Brave boy! How often we children of a larger growth lack the courage of being honest with ourselves.—*New York Observer*