

work it out, and here it is: There was a groceryman who had an eight-quart jug full of vinegar. The grocer had an order for four quarts, but had only a three-quart and a five-quart measure in his store. He told his boy to get four quarts of the vinegar for his customer, and he was not allowed to pour out and waste any of the vinegar, and he had no other vessel to help him but the two measures. How did he do it?

Johnny looked at him blankly, and the doctor laughed again.

'Well, that's a sticker!' declared the boy.

'Think so, do you? Well, the other boy did it. If you want to be a grocer some time, you'll have to learn to do such things, maybe. Now you've got twenty-four hours to do the sum. Good-bye!'

The doctor started for the door, still laughing. Mary, the maid, came to let him out; but Johnny ran after him and asked, just as the gentleman was stepping into the vestibule: 'Doctor! doctor! it isn't a joke, is it? You can really do it?'

'Of course you can, if you're as smart as that grocer's boy was.'

'Just give it to me again,' said Master Johnny. 'If one boy's done it, I can do it;' and the doctor repeated the problem.

But after he had studied over the thing for a good hour without arriving at an answer, Johnny began to believe that the grocer's boy was pretty smart.

'An eight-quart jug, a three-quart measure, and a five-quart measure—and that's all!' he exclaimed. 'Well, I'd like to know how he did it. I'll go down and see cook.'

Now, cook was fat and jolly, and didn't mind little boys 'messing' round in her kitchen if she wasn't bothered about her dinner.

'Are you bothered to-day, cook?' asked Master Johnny, looking in at the door.

'No, honey; everything's doing beautiful.'

'I want to know how you'd measure four quarts of vinegar if you had an eight-quart jug full and only had a three-quart and a five-quart measure to turn it into? Or, no! I don't want you to tell me; for that wouldn't be fair. But I want to know if you think it can be done.'

Cook thought some time with great gravity. 'Laws, honey,' she said at last, 'I don't see how it can be done, nohow. But I got a eight-quart jug yere, an' measures. You kin play they ain't graduated, an' you kin fill the jug with water, an' try to do it. Warm water, of co'se, so you'll not get cold.'

'What's "graduated measures"?' asked Johnny.

'See them lines on the tin there?' said cook, holding up the measure. 'Those are for pints and quarts, though that's a three-quart measure. There's a five-quart one. There's the jug. Now, don't spill the water on my clean floor.'

Johnny thanked her and set to work on the practical working out of his problem. After much pouring and re-pouring, he at length solved the problem. And this is the way you must proceed if you want to solve it too. Let A represent the three-quart measure, B the five-quart measure, and C the eight-quart measure:—

	A	B	C
At start measures thus filled	3	5	0
Empty A into B, leaving.. ..	0	3	5
Fill A from C, leaving.. ..	3	3	2
Fill B from A, leaving.. ..	1	5	2
Empty B into C, leaving.. ..	1	0	7
Empty A into B, leaving.. ..	0	1	7
Fill A from C, leaving.. ..	3	1	4
Empty A into B, leaving	0	4	4

When the doctor came the following morn-

ing, Johnny was ready for him. The doctor seemed to be greatly surprised at his success, and parted with the dollar for missions with apparent regret; but Johnny thought afterwards that maybe the physician knew more and cared more about missions than he appeared to.

Anyway, Johnny was well enough the next week to go to the missionary meeting, and put the puzzle to the society, and they bothered their heads over it half the afternoon, and Johnny finally had to invite them to his house, where he could illustrate the solution with the jug and measures in question.

Mrs. Gillis's New Roof.

(J. R. Balch in Philadelphia 'Presbyterian'.)

A very cold, snowy season it was, and the old roof on Mrs. Gillis's once comfortable home had become very leaky. It had been patched so often that at last the town carpenter told her it was no use to try to make it serve any longer. And Mrs. Gillis felt perfectly discouraged. True, she had put aside a little money for the missionaries—the pastor always made a special appeal once a year, and some tried to persuade Mrs. Gillis that charity began at home, but that money was sacred. She would not touch it, and it snowed and rained, and rained and snowed, but her purpose changed not.

Addie Lee, a young niece, had written to Mrs. Gillis she wanted to come over to Weston to spend a week, and she must come by all means, though she could not entertain her in the style she would like.

The home was suburban, and half hidden from the street in apple and peach orchards in summer time, and it was proverbially a home of comfort and thrift, but the last few years adversity had come in the failure of a bank in which Mrs. Gillis's little all had been deposited. But she bore it nobly, and only said: 'He who fed me last will feed me still,' and the old lady toiled away at her room, weaving rag carpets and cloth, and active in domestic employments, she was always cheerful and happy.

Addie Lee was attached to her aunt. She was a very amiable girl, and Mrs. Gillis felt it would be a bright spot to have a visit from the sweet child. It was an old-time house, with wide halls, and broad back porches, and everything in the house was antique, and as you entered it the thought would strike you, 'How much an antiquary would like this place.'

It was the morning after Addie's arrival, and the two were sitting at the breakfast table enjoying the buckwheat cakes and other good things when the subject of the much needed new roof came up.

'I'll tell you, aunty,' said Addie, 'there is such an antiquarian air over everything in this house. I feel as though it had a fortune and didn't realize it. I'm going all over the house to-day, and see what I can find.'

'Very well,' said her aunt, 'and half the fortune shall be yours.'

'Don't forget that, aunty,' said the girl, 'I shall hold you to it,' and both laughed heartily.

'And we won't forget the missionaries either,' said Addie, who knew something about that little sacred box locked up in her aunt's wardrobe, waiting for the minister to call and ask for its contents.

The first place Addie went to was the attic—a wide, commodious old room, filled with the accumulations of many years, and

unlocking an old secretary she began to search for old stamps.

'I never could tell what anyone wanted with them,' she said to herself, 'but the fact is that many are buying them at extravagant prices, and it is no harm to look and see if there are any here.'

O, yes, there were many. Mrs. Gillis's husband had been an editor, and here were hundreds of letters.

One of the first she found was a stamp used when Benjamin Franklin Pierce was president. 'There's a fortune,' said the girl. 'I heard a stamp collector say that that very stamp was now valuable. I wonder aunty never thought of this—I am so glad I came.'

And there were many other old stamps in that Noah's Ark—some worth five, others as much as twenty dollars each.

After she had searched a long time, she went down and found her aunty busy paring apples to make a dessert for dinner, as they expected company for dinner. 'Aunty, you'll not only have a new roof, but many other things I know you need, you dear, old missionary. See these stamps—especially this one in Pierce's time. I don't know whether he ever did the country any good or not, but I am sure he is going to do you and me some good.'

'I never had any faith about old stamps,' replied her aunt. 'I never believed yet anybody was such a simpleton as to buy them.'

Facts are often stranger than fiction. Despite Mrs. Gillis's lack of faith, a stamp dealer wrote back to Addie that he would give her one hundred and fifty dollars for the Pierce stamp, and he was as good as his word.

The new roof was soon put on, and various other little improvements made, and Rev. Mr. Smith was utterly astonished at the amount he found in that little bank when he called on Mrs. Gillis next.

And Addie had a lovely trip the next summer to New England, a trip she had longed for for a long time. And Mrs. Gillis said: 'I'll never doubt again as long as I live—the Lord is sure to verify his promises.'

A Chat With the Girls.

Almost the prettiest compliment ever paid a woman in my hearing was the praise of a man who said that in all the years of his acquaintance with her he had never heard her express an unkind thought of another. When there were no good and pleasant things for her to say she simply held her peace.

I used to belong to a set of girls who were notoriously free with their tongues. In other respects they were really nice girls, good-tempered and well-bred. The habit of saying unkind things had sprung from an endeavor to be smart and nothing else. Matters came to such a pass that every girl of the number disliked to leave the company for fear of the wagging of tongues which she knew would follow her departure. That could not last, of course, and one day they were brought to a realization of their fault when one of the girls, who was forced to return home early in the afternoon, remarked, as she prepared for departure: 'Girls I must go now, and don't you dare to talk about me after my back is turned. I shall be sure to know it, and there will be war.' She left blank silence in the room, broken at last by the most popular member of the