

way, that it would be a fine thing to have a boy about the house built on that plan. I'll see about the pneumatic seat for your safety after we have some evidences that there is a pneumatic boy to sit on it. I don't think it's fair that one member of the family should have all the smooth riding, and his baby, brother, mother, and the rest, be continually jolted and jarred by his ill temper and poor memory.

Ned knew it was of no use to argue the matter, and so went away doubtful as to whether his appeal had done any good, yet with a half formed idea in his mind that his father had meant that he could swap a pneumatic seat for his safety for a pneumatic boy, whatever that meant. The more he thought about it, the plainer it became to his mind that this was the situation of affairs. The figure of speech, in which his father had likened him to a safety, stuck in his fancy.

'I guess I am a little rough and crusty sometimes,' he admitted to himself in undertone. 'Maybe I do make some jolts about the house. I guess papa must have heard me snapping at baby Dick this morning for scratching my school slate. I did make it pretty rough riding for the little fellow, that's a fact. And mamma says I come home from school every night as cross as a bear.'

Ned sat still on the porch settee for five minutes without even whistling or whittling at a stick, and that was something for him. Presently he heard steps coming through the library. He picked up his ears in an instant, and then said to himself:—

'There's mamma coming to remind me about that errand down the street, I'll slip right off before she gets a chance to tell me a second time. I suppose it does worry her to keep jogging my memory.' And with an 'I'm going mamma, I don't forget'—he scampered off as fast as his feet could carry him.

His mother thrust her head through the partly opened door, and watched him disappear in a half-surprised way, and then remarked aside to Mr. Wilson:

'That's encouraging. I didn't suppose Ned could possibly remember to do anything from being told once.'

'Oh,' responded Ned's father: 'maybe he's trying to relieve your mind of some of the jolting his forgetfulness gives it. I shouldn't be surprised if he'd taken the hint I gave him, and you had pretty easy times, for a day or two at least.'

Mrs. Wilson didn't understand, and so she had further occasion to be mystified over Ned's unusual thoughtfulness and generosity before the day was gone.

He came home bringing a stick of candy.

'Here,' he said, holding out the larger half to baby Dick.

This was quite an innovation on his usual procedure. Ordinarily, the baby teased and the mother coaxed, and finally contrived; and he then acquiesced in a division by grasping three-fourths of the stick in his hand, and requiring baby to break the short end off.

'That's a great deal nicer,' approved his mother, 'than letting your brother worry and cry over it.'

'I guess it does ride smoother than the other way,' agreed Ned within himself. 'I'm going to see how still I can go upstairs now, and hang up the clothes. I left scattered around my room.'

He started off, tiptoeing up the stairway as carefully as he could, muttering to himself, 'I guess papa'll think this is pretty smooth riding. He always says I make as much noise as a whole livery stable going up and down stairs. And then grandma won't have to tell me about hanging up my things, either; and that'll save her some jolting. She's always jolting over something I do; and I guess I ought to be ashamed, because her bones are old, and she had plenty of trouble with her own children.'

Down in the library Ned's papa smiled to himself as he noted the whole proceeding, even though he kept busily at work. 'I think,' he said, casting his eye over a catalogue of bicycle dealers' supplies which Ned had with a good deal of forethought left at his elbow, 'that the price of that pneumatic seat may prove one of the best investments ever made.'

Something in his father's face scanning the catalogue encouraged Ned wonderfully; and it was not long before he mustered up courage enough to approach his father's elbow, and demurely suggest, 'I guess it's been a little smoother round here lately, hasn't it papa?'

'Don't know but it has,' answered his father. 'It seems to me that I haven't heard Dick fretting quite so much as usual; and I know that your mother has been saved quite a number of steps and your grandmother a great deal of worry, while I haven't been'—

'Jolted,' prompted Ned. 'That's what I call it. You see I have been saying to myself that I am a pneumatic boy, and it was my business to keep this house from being jolted. That's what a pneumatic seat is for,' he shrewdly concluded.

'I see,' answered his father. 'You've shown me how much easier riding with a pneumatic seat is, and I guess we'll have to order one to-day with your safety. We're willing to be partners with you in this matter of smooth riding. That's a great deal fairer than to have all the smooth riding on one side, don't you think so?'

'Course,' assented Ned.—*Sunday School Times.*