

THE BOY THAT PAID HIS DEBT.

One day a little son of a well-known bank officer in Wall Street, New York, lost his purse while coming from Central Park, and a stranger, seeing his discomfort, paid his railroad fare, three cents. The boy, thanking him, said :

"If you will tell me your name, sir, I will bring it to you to-morrow."

"Oh, no," said the gentleman, never mind about it."

The boy persisted, saying that his father never allowed him to run in debt.

"I will not give you my name," replied the gentleman, "but I live at No. —, on — street."

The next morning the door-bell rang at that house, and our little hero told the amused servant his errand.

"Which of the gentlemen is it?" said she; "there are several in the family."

The boy twisted on his heel, and, after a moment's thought, said :

"Have you a photograph book in this house?"

She brought it, and turning over its pages, he said, pointing to one :

"That's my man. Please give him these three cents, and tell him the boy who borrowed it in the cars yesterday left it to pay his debts."

SLACK'S DISEASE.

"Get up, little boy! You are lying in bed too long; breakfast will soon be ready. The canary bird has taken his bath, and is now singing a sweet song. Get up, get up, or I shall throw this pillow at you!"

This is what sister Charlotte said to Oliver Reed, one frosty morning in November. He was a good little fellow; but he had one fault,—he was too fond of lying in bed in the morning.

"Don't throw the pillow at me," cried Oliver; "I'll promise to get up in five minutes."

When Oliver came down to the breakfast-table, his father said, "How is this, Oliver? You are late again."

Oliver hung his head; and Charlotte said, "I woke him up in season, sir; but he went off to sleep again the minute I

left the room, though he promised to be up in five minutes."

"I went to sleep, and forgot all about it," said Oliver.

"Come here, my boy, and let me feel your pulse," said his father. "I should not wonder if Oliver was suffering from a disease which is very common at this time."

Oliver gave his hand to his father, who, after feeling his pulse, said, "Yes, it is as I thought. Poor Oliver has Slack's disease. Take him up to bed again. Put his breakfast by the side of the bed, and when he feels strong enough, he can eat it. He may stay at home from school to-day."

The little boy wondered what Slack's disease could be; but he went up stairs with his sister, and he was put to bed. He could not sleep, however. He heard children playing out of doors; he heard Ponto barking, and Tommy, the canary bird, sing a sweet song.

Then Oliver called his sister, and said, "Charlotte, what is Slack's disease? Is it very dangerous?"

"I rather think not," said Charlotte. "You dear little simpleton, don't you know what father meant. He meant you were troubled with laziness; that's all."

Oliver saw that a trick had been played on him. He jumped out of bed, dressed, and ate his breakfast, and ran off to school, where he arrived just in season. Since that day Oliver has been the first up in the house. He is no longer troubled with Slack's disease.—*Nursery.*

A TEACHERS FIDELITY.

I overtook a young lady of wealth and culture walking a mile and one half to a mission school, in the rain and through the spring mud, and I said: "Does it pay to go so far upon such a day?" I must not disappoint my class." And when we entered the school-house, there were eight bare-footed boys gathering in one corner, looking as eager as a nest of young robins for food; and one said to the others: "Billy, I knowed she'd come. I'll bet we'll be here every time now." never disappoint your class.