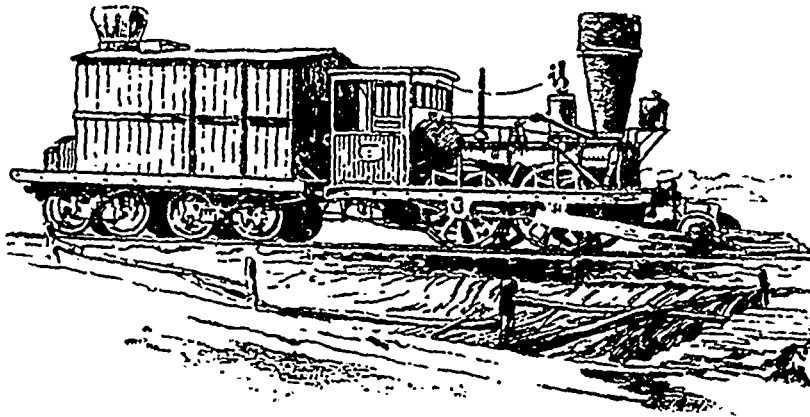




THE "JOHN BULL."

ONE OF THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVES.

THE locomotive called the "John Bull" was among the first ever run in America. It was built in England in 1830, by John Stephenson, for the Camden & Amboy railroad, at a cost of \$4,000. The first trial trip was made September 15, 1831, the first public trip on November 25 of the same year. The "John Bull" was run from that time until

1866, thirty-five years, when she was laid by and kept in the National Museum at Washington for people to look at. This funny little old locomotive was taken out and put in order, so that people might see her at the World's Fair lately held in Chicago. She drew a train of cars there nearly as old as herself, and the train looked very different from the beautiful trains we have to day. Some say that all the locomotives will be laid by before long and trains run by electricity. If so, we will all be sorry to say good-by to the puffing, hard-working engine.

ANNIE'S GIFT.

DID you ever want anything just awful bad and then have it come? Then you know how I felt when that package came from my auntie in New York, and I opened it and found a pair of real silk mits. Jack said they were just splendid, and Jack's my brother and he knows.

I had wanted them ever so long, but I didn't say anything about it; 'cause when you live in a little cuddled-up house, and your papa has to buy bread and shoes for so many, the money all flies away before it comes round to what little girls want. I don't know how auntie found it out, unless Santa Claus told her—and it wasn't that, either. They were such pretty brown mits! Tildy Jones said they were just the color of my hands, but I didn't care for that; little hands will get brown when they have to weed garden beds, and do so many things. I looked at them 'most a hundred times in two days, I guess, and then came Sunday. Wasn't I glad! I put them on and walked to church just so. Jack said I held my paws like a scared rabbit, but I didn't ever see a rabbit with mits on. It isn't right to think too much about what one wears when you go to Sunday-school, and, by and by, I didn't;

that he used to whistle before he heard about the heathen and had money of his own. It was Nick Turner coming. A bright idea occurred to Bob. There were three or four chocolates, three caramels, half a stick of peanut candy, and a piece of taffy left. He never should eat them. It made him sick to look at them. Why not sell out to Nick? "Maybe he will give me as much as six or eight cents for it, and I'll give every cent to those horrid old heathen; I will," vowed Bob, vehemently.

But, alas, for Bob's hopes! Nick proved sharp at a bargain.

"Your stock-in-trade is, so to speak, rather the wuss for wear; but ef it's any accommodation to yer, I dunno but I'd give yer a—cent for it."

Poor Bob! It was just a little better than nothing, and he sold out.

He crept up the back stairs in his own room and his mother found him there. "I'm dying, I guess," he sobbed, breaking down completely, "and you can put this cent in the box for me. I'm a *great* deal worse than Ted Smith. I feel meaner than anybody I ever saw. Oh, you don't know anything about it!"

But mamma did know. Mothers always do; and she took her poor, miserable laddie up in her arms and soothed and comforted him as only a mother can.

Contrary to his expectations Bob did not die, and, in the course of time, he was just as fond of sweet things as ever, but he had learned a lesson that he never forgot.

"A feller can't really tell what he would do until he's there himself; and," he remarked confidentially to his mother, "I don't believe I'd be any better than anybody else, even if I was in their place."—*Kate S. Gates in Standard.*

THE reward of duty done is the power to fulfil another.

WE can do more good by being good than in any other way.