

shuttle, which he did not learn the use of. It is unnecessary to state at the cost of how many broken needles he became proficient. Amid cries of ajeeb, ajeeb, the first Arab shirt was stitched together, and even the youngsters on the street imitated the whirr-click-whirr of the machine. As for Mohammed, he sewed on, and while his sandalled feet worked the treadle his mind worked out a problem something like this: Three long-shirts a day and an abba, at one kran per shirt and two for the abba, thirty-five krans per week; how long will it take to pay the dowry? And the shepherd of the sewing-machine worked away.

In a few months he paid a visit to the Mullah and that same night the rebaba and drum rang out merry music around the palm-leaf hut of his beloved. But the music of the machine sounded still sweeter next morning. Daily bread with rice, fish and dates, and on rare occasions even mutton, all came out of the machine. He loved the very iron of it and, as he told us, read a prayer over it every morning: Bismillahi er rahman er raheem. His was the only machine, and a small monopoly soon makes a capitalist. His palm-branch hut was exchanged for a house of stone; and Allah blessed him greatly. No shepherd was ever more tender to his little lambs than Mohammed to the old machine.

When we entered the house on our first visit, there stood the machine! Not much the worse for wear, and with 'Pfaff. C. Theodosius, Constantinople,' still legible on the nickle-plate. But the old machine had found a rival. By its side stood a 'New Home' machine which looked strangely familiar to American eyes. It was while comparing the machines and drinking Arab coffee that we learned from Mohammed why he prized the old one as better. 'Wallah,' he said, 'I would not sell it for many times its original price. There is blessing in it, and all I have come from that machine, praise be to Allah.' And we sipped his cups and heard his story and ceased to wonder why he was called the shepherd of the sewing-machine. The shepherd has a brother who wants to learn English and goes to Bombay every year—but that is another story.

Positive John.

(By Frances Eleanor Hart, in S.S. 'Times.')

'Mamma, do you remember my new pencil that I bought the other day? Well, it disappeared from my desk.'

'Do you think you put it in your desk?' asked his mother.

'Yes, I know I put it there; I am positive about it. I left it in my desk, and to-day it is not there.'

'Try to think when you had it last, John,' said his mother. 'You are so positive about things, and so sure you are right, that you do not take time to think. You may not have left your pencil in your desk at all.'

'Well, I may be wrong sometimes,' said John, 'but this time I remember all about it. I know I am right, for I remember leaving it at school, and, of course, I would leave it in my own desk. I know I left it there.'

'I am sorry you are so positive about it, John; but, as you say you remember all about it, and that you know you left it in school, then whose pencil can this be on the table? I saw the pencil and the penknife here this morning after you had gone to school. I thought they were yours.'

John went to the table and took the pencil and knife in his hand. His face grew red, and then he said:

'These are mine. I remember all about it

now! I brought my pencil home from school to sharpen it, and I left it and my knife here on the table, and then forgot all about it.'

'And, yet, you said you remembered all about leaving it in school, you knew you left it there, instead of saying you were sure you left it.'

A few days after this John's grandfather gave him a gold piece on his birthday.

'I would not give it to you, John,' he said, 'only I know you put your money in bank—that is, the money you get for presents you put in bank.'

John was much pleased. His grandfather had never before given him a gold piece, and he ran about the house showing it to every one.

As soon as he would show it he would put it in his purse, and then in a few minutes he would take it out again to see if it was safe.

'You must not keep that gold piece in your purse,' his mother said. 'You could easily lose it.'

'Not much danger of my losing it,' John said. 'There is not much danger of my losing this present. I don't expect to have another birthday very soon.'

'You certainly will not before another year,' his mother said, 'and then your grandfather may not give you such a present. If you should keep it in your purse, you could easily mistake it for a bright cent. Put it in your little box, and not in your purse, and then your father will put it in bank for you.'

'Yes, I will put it in my box,' John said; 'but I know, if I should carry it in my purse, I could not give it to anybody instead of a cent. I am too smart for that. Some people might make that kind of a mistake—some people who are nearly blind, or who are very careless; but I know I would not do such a foolish thing.'

'John, say you think you would not do it. You must not say you know you would not, for that is not true, for you do not know that you would not. If I should carry it in my purse I should not know at all that I should not mistake it for a cent. I want you to be less positive.'

John put the purse in his pocket. He decided that when he went upstairs he would put the gold piece in his money-box. But he forgot to go upstairs, and began to sharpen his pencil.

Afterward he went out to buy a sponge; then he remembered he needed a little blank-book, so he went to the book-store to buy it. On his way home he bought some nuts, and then he went to the cake store to get a ginger-cake.

The next day his mother asked him if he had put his gold piece in his money-box.

'Oh! I forgot all about it,' he said. 'I meant to do it when I went upstairs.'

'Then go now and do it,' his mother said. 'It is not the right way to wait till after a while when you may possibly be going upstairs. The right way is to go at once and attend to it.'

'I did not want to go all the way upstairs just to put my money away. I thought I would have some other errand up there after a while.'

'You need not wait for any other errand. I think you will have none more important. And I expected you to attend to it yesterday, when I told you.'

John took his purse from his pocket and opened it, to take out his gold piece, but he could not find it. He looked carefully among the bright pennies, examining each one, but there was no gold piece there. He looked again and again, but it was not there.

'What is the matter, John?' his mother asked.

'I—I—cannot find my gold piece,' he stammered.

'Perhaps you did put it in the box,' she said.

'Oh, no!' he said gloomily; 'I am sure I did not put it there.'

'You are so often sure of a thing, and afterward find you are wrong, that I would like you to go and see whether or not you did put it away.'

John ran upstairs, but he soon returned, saying it was not there.

'Have you spent any money since you put the gold piece in your purse?'

'Oh, yes! I have bought several things; but I do not remember where I got the nuts nor where I got the blank-book—I do not remember whether it was Tenth or Eleventh street, or perhaps it was Eighth street.'

John was very much distressed. He went and stood by his mother's side, and there was a tremor in his voice when he said:

'Here is my purse, mamma, will you look in it?'

His mother looked carefully through the purse, counting over the few pennies.

'No, my dear,' she said kindly; 'it is not here, and, as you cannot tell where you bought those things, I do not know how we can try to find it.'

'I am sorry it was grandfather's money,' said John. 'I wish it had been Aunt Nellie's, or yours—you would not have thought it so dreadful; but grandfather will think I was so careless!—'

And then poor John threw his arms around his mother's neck, and cried, and could say no more.

His mother held him in her arms, and when his sobs grew fainter, she said:

'Perhaps, my dear, it is well that it is your grandfather's present that you have lost, for it may make you more careful. Of course, you know why it is lost?'

'Yes,' said John sadly; 'if I had put it away when you told me, it would have been safe in my money-box now. I said I knew I could not lose it.'

'I hope, dear, it will make you less positive and more careful.'

'Oh, there he is now!' John exclaimed, as he heard his grandfather's voice. And in a few moments, when he was seated in his armchair, John went to him, and told him everything, not sparing himself at all.

His grandfather listened attentively, and, when John had finished, he drew the boy closer to him, and said:

'I am very sorry, my boy, to hear, first, of your disobedience in not putting the money away, and then of your loss. I am very sorry for your disappointment, because I cannot give you another gold piece at present; but I will tell you what has gratified me very much, and that is that you have come to me at once and told me all about it yourself. That pleases me very much, and I shall not be afraid to trust a gold piece in your hands another time, for I think you have learned a lesson.'

The next day, when John's mother went to the cake-store, the woman said:

'I have been looking for some of your family to come in. Yesterday, when your boy bought a cake, he put down his money and went away, and, when I took it to put it in the drawer, I found that he had given me a gold piece instead of a penny. I hurried to the door, but he was running down the street. Do you suppose he knew he had a gold piece among his pennies?'

'Yes, he knew it, and he has been very unhappy since he lost it.'

At the tea-table John's mother told about her visit to the cake-store. 'And there is the gold piece,' she said, as she laid it on the table.

John looked astonished. It seemed al-