

Very slowly Willie turned back the sleeve of his blouse, and there, pasted to his little white arm, was a cross cut out of red paper. "I fixed one on every morning, 'cause I was afraid you'd make fun of me if you saw it," Willie explained. "It means that you've got to be gentle, and take care of people that get hurt or are sick. That's the kind of soldier I'm going to be, and I thought I'd better begin now."

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, APRIL 20, 1901.

HOW THE HORSE-CHESTNUT GOT ITS NAME.

BY MARGARET B. BAYLE.

There was a great noise on the lawn. It seemed as if all the trees were trying to see which could make the most racket.

The old oak twisted his giant arms, and at last managed to make himself heard above the others while he told of his great age and to what a good old family he belonged. He was going on to tell of their part in history, too; but before he had fairly begun, the pine interrupted in a very rude way.

Then, with much moaning and tossing of her stately head, she said that her family was ever so much older, and that they had travelled farther, too, away from the cold Northland where, even amid the ice and snow, they showed their glossy green needles. Their wood was used for ships, and in many lands the pines are loved very much by the children, because it is they who give them Christmas trees.

Then the elm, with stately grace, began her story: but she could only begin, because the horse-chestnut, who stood near her, made so much noise that one could not hear anything else but "You have all had a great deal to tell about your age and wisdom and many wonderful qualities;

but I don't believe one of you can tell me how I got my name."

There was a lull for a full second; then a saucy young spruce exclaimed: "Pshaw! Any sapling can answer that. Give us something hard."

"I'll hear your answer first," said the horse-chestnut.

"Why, it's because your fruit is so much larger and coarser than ordinary chestnuts that it is called 'horse-chestnut' in contempt," said the young spruce.

"I thought you didn't know," was the answer; while two or three interrupted in concert: "O no, we know better than that!"

The maple, who lived next to the horse-chestnut and was very friendly with her, went on to explain: "It is because the nuts can be ground into meal that makes very good food for horses."

"O maple, have you lived next to me all these years and never noticed, either? If this gale coming my way will help me, I'll show you all."

So the horse-chestnut tried to hold one small branch out stiff, and the gale helped to snap it loose, and it landed right in the maple's arms.

"Now," said the horse-chestnut, "look at the little marks all along the bark. What do they look like?"

"Horseshoes!" answered every tree who stood near enough to see. "There are just the right number of nails, and they show on the inside, too. Here is the hoof, just like a real one, and this curve is like the horse's knee."

If any of you little folks would see for yourselves, cut carefully about the curved marks on the bark of a horse-chestnut twig, and you, too, will find the horseshoe, the nails, and the frog, which Mother Nature gave the horse-chestnut tree.

ONE BOY WHO WHISTLED.

He is not a boy in a book; he lives in our house. He seldom says anything remarkable. He eats oatmeal in large quantities, goes through the toes of his boots, loses his cap, and slams the doors, like any other boy; but he is remarkable, for he asks few questions and does much thinking. If he does not understand, he whistles—an excellent habit on most occasions.

There was much whistling in our yard one summer. It seemed to be an all-summer performance. Near the end of the season, however, our boy announced the height of our tall maple to be thirty-three feet.

"Why, how do you know?" was the general question.

"Measured it."

"How?"

"Foot-rule and yardstick."

"You didn't climb that tall tree?" his mother asked, anxiously.

"No'm; I just found the length of the shadow and measured that."

"But the length of the shadow changes"

"Yes'm; but twice a day the shadows are just as long as things themselves. I've

been trying it all summer. I drove a stick into the ground; and when the shadow was just as long as the stick, I knew that the shadow of the tree would be just as long as the tree, and that's thirty-three feet."

"So that is what you have been whistling about all summer."

"Did I whistle?" asked Tom.

PLAYING DOCTOR.

A lawyer has two bright children. A few days ago their mamma found they were playing "doctor." The youngest child was the patient, with head wrapped in a towel, and the older, the physician, with a silk hat and a cane. The mother, unseen by the little ones, listened at the doorway.

"I feel awful bad," said the patient.

"We'll fix all that," said the doctor, briskly. "Lemme see your tongue."

Out came the tiny red indicator.

"Hum-hum! coated," said the doctor, looking very grave indeed.

Then, without a word of warning, the skilled physician hauled off and gave the patient a smart slap in the region of the ribs.

"Ouch!" cried the sufferer.

"Feel any pain there?" inquired the doctor.

"Yes," said the patient.

"I thought so," said the healer. "How's the other side?"

"It's all right," said the patient, edging away.

Thereupon the doctor produced a small bottle, with what looked like bread or mud pills in it, and placed it on the table.

"Take one of these pellets," the physician said, "dissolved in water, every seventeen minutes—al-ter-mit-ly."

"How long mus' I take 'em?" groaned the patient.

"Till you die," said the doctor. "Good-bye."—*Sunday-School Evangelist.*

TWO LITTLE GIRLS.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

I'm twins, I guess, 'cause my Ma say I'm two little girls. An' one o' me Is Good little girl; an' th' other 'n' she Is Bad little girl as she can be. An' Ma say so, 'most ever' day.

An' she's the funniest Ma! 'Cause when My Doll won't mind, an' I ist cry, W'y, nen my Ma she sob an' sigh, An' say, "Dear Good little girl, good-bye! Bad little girl's comed here again!"

Last time 'at Ma act' that a-way, I cried all to myse'f awhile Out on the steps, an' nen I smile, An' git my Doll all fix' in style, An' go in where Ma's at an' say: "Morning to you, Mommy dear! Where's that Bad little girl wuz here? Bad little girl's goned clean away, An' Good little girl's comed back to stay."

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