

NUMBER ONE.

"I always take care of Number One," said one of a troop of boys at the end of a bridge, some wanting to go one way and some another.

"That's you, out and out," cried one of his companions. "You don't think or care about anyone but yourself; you ought to be called 'Number One.'"

"If I did not take care of Number One, who should, I should like to know?" cried he.

True. Number One was right. He ought to take care of himself—good care.

"But does not that smack a little of selfishness?" the boys ask. "Number One thinks of nobody but himself."

Nobody but himself; that certainly is selfish, and therefore wrong. But Number One is committed to our own care. "What sort of care?" is the all-important question.

The cure of his soul. Number One has a soul to be saved from sin and from hell; Number One has a soul to be won to Christ, to holiness and to heaven. Here is a great work to do.

Take care of his habits. Make Number One industrious, persevering, self-denying, and frugal. Give him plenty of good, healthy work to do. Teach him how best to do it, and keep him from lounging and all idle company.

Take care of the lips of Number One. Let truth dwell on them. Put a bridle in his mouth, that no angry, back-biting tale shall come from it. Let no profane or impure words escape. Let the law of kindness rule his tongue, and all his conversation be such as becomes a child of God.

Take care of the affections and feelings of Number One. Teach him to love God with all his heart, and his neighbour as himself; to care for others and share with others; to be lowly in mind, forgiving, gentle, sympathizing, willing to bear and forbear, easily entreated, doing good 'o all as he has opportunity.

This is the care to take of Number One, and a rich blessing will he prove to his home and neighbourhood and to himself. Boys, you all have Number One to take care of, and a responsible charge it is.

A HINT FOR GIRLS.

Many a girl is rude in little matters more from thoughtlessness than anything else, like the two mentioned in this incident:

"Cecelia, let us try the piano while we are waiting for Nellie to appear."

"Why, no, Tillie, I do not like to. What would Nellie's mother think of us?"

"She wouldn't care. Why should she? The piano's here to be played upon, isn't it?"

"Yes after we have been invited."

"O, Cecelia, you are too particular! I always sit down and play if I have to wait for anybody."

"But suppose somebody in the house is sick, Tillie, or lying down," persevered Cecelia.

This was an argument which appealed to Tillie's good nature, and she desisted with a half smiling, half-vexed: "Well, I presume you do not object to my examining this album."

Cecelia smiled and with a deprecating "O, Tillie!" opened a bound copy of the *Aldine* for her own inspection.

In a few moments Nellie entered the room and in the course of the call invited both her young friends to "perform," which they did much to the satisfaction of all three.

A peculiar smile passed between Tillie and Cecelia a day or two after, when their teacher in giving them a few rules of common etiquette said:

"Fourth. Never play on the piano or other musical instrument until you have been in-

years of age, and the youngest twelve. They have supported an invalid father and their mother all the time, and now have property worth considerably over \$5,000, houses from which the rent is \$20 per month, and \$200 stock in a building and loan association. They have educated themselves the meanwhile, remaining from school this year in order that they might work the harder and build a home for their parents that is to have a front parlour and a bay window in it. These little fellows have been carriers, newsboys, errand boys and apprentices about the *Constitution* office, and one of them is now assistant mailing clerk. Their net savings from their sales and salaries, exclusive of their rents, have been \$20 per week for this year. Next year they can do better, and by the time the oldest of the brothers is of age they ought to have a comfortable little fortune.

What these boys have done other boys can do. The whole secret is steadiness, sobriety, industry, and economy. There are few lessons more important for boys than that the smallest amount—no matter how little it may be—will make a great fortune, if it is only saved and invested, and that the smallest income—no matter how small—will make a man independent, if he will only live inside of it and compound his surplus. If these boys will only keep cleanly hearts, and genial souls, and broad hearty impulses, they will not only be rich, but useful men.

CHARMING GIRLS.

The popular belief among young girls is that it is only a pretty face that will bring to them the admiration which they naturally crave. No books have a larger sale than those giving rules for beauty, recipes to destroy fat or freckles, and to improve the skin or figure.

Now, no recipe will change the shape of a nose or the colour of an eye. But any girl by baths and wholesome food, and by breathing pure air, can render her complexion clear and soft. Her hair, nails, and teeth can be daintily kept.

Her clothes, however cheap can be fresh and becoming in colour. She can train her mind, even if of ordinary capacity, to be alert and earnest; and if she adds to these a sincere, kindly, sunny temper, she will win friends and love as surely as if all the fairies had brought her gifts at her birth.

But it is of no use for a woman whose person is soiled and untidy, and whose temper is selfish and irritable at home, to hope to cheat anybody by putting on fine clothes and a smile for company. The thick, muddy skin, and soured expression will betray her.

"John," said an artist the other day to a Chinaman who was unwillingly acting as a model, "smile. If you don't look pleasant I'll not pay you."

"No use," grumbled the washerman. "If Chinaman feelee ugly all the time, he looker ugly," which is true of every other man and woman as well as John Chinaman.



SNAKE CHARMERS.

vited to do so by your host or hostess." But when Miss Agar reached "Seventh: After ringing the door-bell it is ill-bred not to wait a reasonable time for the bell to be answered before ringing again," both looked down ashamed, for both recollected transgressions of that law of politeness, which they resolved not to infringe again.

FOUR GEORGIA BOYS.

These four young boys started a few years ago delivering and selling newspapers. They made ten cents apiece the first morning they went to work, and for two stormy winters thereafter they went barefooted, through the snow and sleet in the freezing dawn, on their morning rounds. From the very first they saved a certain percentage of their earnings, which they wisely invested in Atlanta real estate. The oldest of them is now eighteen