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The Missionary Puzzle.

"I can't go out for a week!"

Master Johnny Amsden's face displayed a vast amount of disappointment.

"Not for a full week," said the doctor, drawing on his gloves.

"Why, doctor, I've just got to go out."

"What for, I'd like to know," demanded Dr. Maxwell, gazing down upon him, quizzically. "What is there of such importance that you must disregard my orders, eh?"—and he pinched Johnny's ear.

"Why, I'll tell you," said his youthful patient, confidently; "it's about the missionary society."

"Ho, ho!" cried the doctor. Do you dabble in associations for the furnishing of gingham aprons and silk hats to the South Sea Islanders?"

"I guess you don't know much about missions and missionaries, Doctor Maxwell," said the boy, with gravity.

"Maybe I don't. Do you?"

"Our society supports a missionary in China, and a native preacher in Burmah," replied Johnny, with pride. "It's the Burmese missionary that these measles interfere with."

The jolly doctor threw back his head, and laughed again.

"I guess these measles of yours'll not hurt any missionary in Burmah," he said. "They're not as contagious as all that. You've got 'em pretty light, you know. You'll be out in a week."

"But I've only got this week to earn my dollar in."

"What dollar?"

"Why," said Johnny, seriously, "each of us agreed to earn a dollar extra for the Burmese preacher, and we're to have a meeting next week, and tell how we got the dollar. We're to earn 'em ourselves, you know. I was troubled a good deal about how I would earn mine, so the time slipped by until this week; and it's the last one."

"How are you going to earn it?" inquired the doctor, with a twinkle in his eye.

"I promised to help Mr. Smith, the marketman round the corner, every night after school for a week; he said he'd give me a dollar. So you see, doctor, if you don't let me go out, I can't keep my promise."

"Humph! Haven't you a dollar of your pocket-money left?"

"Oh, yes, sir. But that wouldn't be earning it."

"It looks, then, as though I should have to furnish you the means of earning that dollar, as I am the one who keeps you indoors. Of course, the measles can't be blamed."

"Oh, no, sir! I don't mean that," cried Johnny.

"Of course you didn't," cried the doctor, with a wink.

"You'd rather go out and be assistant to a green-grocer. But as you're so fond of working in a store, I'll give you a job that would puzzle the best boy Smith ever had."

Johnny looked at him in some doubt.

"I'll pay you a dollar if you do it, too," said the physician, smiling. "I'll let you use your brains, instead of your hands. If you're bright enough, you can earn your dollar."

"But what is it?" queried his young patient.

"It's a problem—a puzzle—and you're to work it out; and here it is: 'There was a grocerman who had an eight-quart jug full of vinegar. The grocer had an order for four quarts, but had only a three-quart and a five-quart measure in the store. He told his boy to get four quarts of vinegar for his customer, and he was not allowed to pour out and waste any of his vinegar, and he had no other vessel to help him out but the two measures. How did he do it?'"

Johnny looked at him blankly, and the doctor laughed again.

"Well, that's a sticker," said the boy.

"Think so, do you? Well the other boy did it. If you want to be a grocer some time, you'll have to learn to do such things, maybe. Now, you've got twenty-four hours to do that sum. Good-bye!"

The doctor started for the door, still laughing. Mary, the maid, came to let him out; but Johnny ran after him, and asked, just as the gentleman was stepping into the vestibule:

"Doctor! doctor! it isn't a joke, is it? You can really do it?"

"Of course you can, if you're as smart as that grocer's boy was."

"Just give it to me again," said Master Johnny. "If one boy's done it, I can do it."

And the doctor repeated the problem.

But after he had studied over the thing a good hour without arriving at an answer, Johnny began to believe that the grocer's boy was pretty smart.

"An eight quart jug, a three quart measure, and a five-quart measure—and that's all!" he exclaimed. "Well, I'd like to know how he did it! I'll go down and see cook."

Now, cook was fat and jolly, and didn't mind little boys "messing" round in her kitchen, if she wasn't bothering about her dinner.

"Are you bothered to-day, cook?" asked Master Johnny, looking in at the door.

"No honey; everything is doing beautiful."

"I want to know how you'd measure four quarts of vinegar if you had an eight-quart jug full and only had a three-quart and a five-quart measure to turn it into? Or, no! I don't want you to tell me; for that wouldn't be fair. But I want to know if you think it can be done."

Cook thought some time with great gravity. "Laws, honey!" she said, at last, "I don't see how it can be done, nohow. But I got an eight-quart jug bear, an' measures. You kin play they ain't graduated, an' you kin fill the jug with water, an' try to do it. Warm water, of co'se, so you'll not get cold."

"What's 'graduated measures'?" asked Johnny.

"See them lines on the tin there?" said cook, holding up the measure. "Those are pints and quarts, though that's a three-quart measure. There's a five-quart one. There's the jug. Now, don't spill the water on my clean floor."

Johnny thanked her, and set to work on the practical working out of his problem.

He had a jug full of water and two empty measures to begin with. First, he poured the three-quart measure full, then emptied it into the five-quart measure. Then he poured his three-quart measure full again, and filled the five-quart measure out of it.

The water then stood thus: Five quarts in the five-quart measure, one quart in the three-quart, and two in the eight quart jug. He seemed no nearer the solution of the problem than before, but after a little thinking he poured the five-quart measure full back into the eight-quart jug.

Then he poured the one-quart he had in the three-quart measure into the five-quart measure. Next he filled the three-quart measure again out of the jug, and emptying it into the five-quart measure, had solved the problem. There were four quarts in the five-quart measure and four quarts in the jug, and he hadn't wasted a drop.

When the doctor came the following morning, Johnny was ready for him. The doctor seemed to be greatly surprised at his success, and parted with the dollar for missions with apparent regret; but Johnny thought afterwards that maybe the physician knew more and cared more about missions than he appeared to.

Anyway Johnny was well enough the next week to go to the missionary meeting, and put the puzzle to the society, and they bothered their heads over it half the afternoon, and Johnny finally had to invite them to his house, where he could illustrate the solution with the jug and measures in question.—Sunday-School Visitor.

Chasing Tumbleweeds.

From the dining-room window Tommy saw miles and miles of brown, waving grass, stretching as level as a floor to meet the gray sky. Only a week before he had come from the little village among the woods and hills where he had lived all his life, to live on the prairie, and he was very homesick.

"Mamma," he said at last, "I don't think this is a very nice country," and two big tears that had been slowly gathering in his eyes splashed down on the window-sill.

Just as other tears were getting ready to follow them, a rap came on the door. Mamma opened it, and there stood a very small, plump, round-faced boy and a small girl.

"Come in," said Mrs. Andrews, cordially. "My little boy will be very glad to see you. He has been quite lonesome." Tommy came shyly forward.

Then mamma was needed in the kitchen, and went out, leaving the children alone.

"What's your name?" Tommy asked the little boy.

"Napoleon Bonaparte Greene," said the boy, in a voice which was surprisingly large for his size.

"Mine is Mary Margaret Green," said the little girl, "but they call me Mamie."

Then they looked at each other and twisted in their chairs, and grew more uncomfortable every minute, because they could not think of anything more to say. Suddenly little Napoleon, in an agony of bashfulness, popped his thumb into his mouth. Mamie nudged him.

"Leon! Leon!" she said, reprovingly.

He jerked his thumb from his mouth, thrust both hands deep into his small pockets, and sat looking at the carpet, growing redder and redder every moment.

Tommy was very sorry for him. He, too, turned crimson. Then he said, in a low voice, "Never mind. I used to do that, too."

"He never does it only when he feels bashful," said Mamie, apologetically. "Did you ever play tumbleweeds?"

"No," answered Tommy. "I've played Black Man, and steal sticks, and—"

"Oh, tumbleweeds is the most fun. The wind is beginning to blow hard, and we came over to get you to play. Come on!"

Tommy put on his cap and they went out.

"We must go outside the fence, on the prairie," said Mamie. "Oh, there comes one!"

A round, brown object was rolling over the grass toward them, and Mamie ran and caught it and showed it to Tommy.

A tumbleweed is a curious thing. It is shaped like a cabbage-head, but is often much larger, and it is bushy, not solid, like a cabbage. Sometimes the top is as large as a bushel basket, but it has a very small root. When this root dies and the top turns brown, the first high wind that comes along snatches Mr. Tumbleweed out of the ground, and sends him flying hither and yon.

"Here comes another!" cried Mamie. The moment it had passed them, Mamie and Leon ran after it; but Tommy waited. He saw another coming. It was a little weed, but it led him a merry chase. It would stop a minute, and Tommy would almost have his hand on it, when up would come another gust and off the weed would go again. At last he simply fell on it and held it fast. That is the very best way to catch a tumbleweed or a football. As he marched proudly back with it, Mamie called, "Aren't you smart?" We lost ours. Mr. Wind took it."

"Come, and we'll choose our places in the barn," she continued. "You put yours in the manger, and Leon at the back, and I'll put mine by the door. We'll see who will get the most."

The wind rose higher and higher, and the tumbleweeds came in squads and then in armies. "Mr. Wind" took a good many of them, but the children had all they could attend to.

"I can't run another step!" panted Mamie, at last, dropping on the barn floor.

"I must have one more!" cried Tommy. "We won't count it in the game." He looked out on the prairie and saw a large tumbleweed rolling toward him—the grandfather of all tumbleweeds. How Mamie and Leon shouted when Tommy came dragging it by the root! When they counted up, Tommy had the most, not counting the grandfather.

"I think this is a pretty nice country," said the happy-eyed boy, when he went in to dinner. "A boy can shut his eyes here, and run and run and run and not hit anything, unless he steps into a gopher-hole; and if a boy did that in the woods, he'd run into a tree or something."

After dinner he stood, with smiling lips, and looked at a vacant house across the street.

"Mamma," he said, "if any little strange boys come to live in that house, I'm going right over to play with them. It makes a boy feel good."—Mary M. Parks, in The Youth's Companion.

"Go and do Thou Likewise."

This is a true story about an unselfish little girl.

Nellie was very poor. Her mother had to work hard to earn bread for her children. Little Nellie never had any money of her own. One morning, however, as she was running to school, a neighbor stopped her and asked her to leave a parcel at a friend's house. For her trouble she gave the little girl an orange.

How beautiful the fruit looked to the half-starved little creature! How she turned it round and round until she seemed to know every speck upon it! She could not bring herself to bite it, for that would spoil it. She also knew that when she did begin to eat it there would soon be none left, and then she could no longer look forward to her feast.

So she carried it carefully in her hand; and when she reached the school she placed her treasure carefully under the desk, where she could still see it.

Now it happened that the subject for the Scripture lesson that morning was "The Good Samaritan." The teacher finished her talk with the little ones by urging each in her own special way to "go and do likewise." She also made a special appeal to them on behalf of the poor people who were sick and ill and dying of famine and plague in India. Many of the children, she knew, often had pence to spend on themselves, while all would pray for the poor suffering people. She reminded them that the "Good Samaritan" had given just what he had with him, and what he would have most liked himself.

"This," added she, "is what God asks of us."

Throughout the lesson little Nellie's eyes had been first fastened on the teacher's face, and then on that luscious fruit under the desk. She never doubted for a moment but that God wanted her orange for the poor sick Hindus. She had no idea how far India was away. She only felt the spirit of the great "Good Samaritan" working in her, and that she must indeed "go and do likewise."