

## The Obedience of a Great Man.

Sir Henry Havelock, whose name is cherished in the memory of true Britons, as leader of the relieving forces at Lucknow, during the Indian Mutiny, attributed much of his success in after life to the training which he received from his father and mother. On one occasion his father told his son to meet him on London Bridge at noon; but forgot all about the appointment, and when he got home in the evening, was surprised to find the lad was not there.

'Where is Henry?' he asked of his wife.

She replied that the boy had gone to meet his father early in the day, and had not been back yet.

'Why,' said the father, 'he must be waiting for me on London Bridge! I promised to meet him there at twelve o'clock. I told him to wait for me if I was not there at that hour, but I forgot all about it.'

It was not late in the evening. The father at once put his overcoat on to go in search of the lad. He lived a long way from London, and it was near midnight when he reached the bridge.

Sure enough, there stood the brave boy, shivering with the cold. He would not move away, although cold and tired, because his father's last words on parting had been, 'Wait there for me, my boy, till I come.'

Is there any wonder that a boy who could obey so well became a great and honored man in the history of a nation?—'Chatterbox.'

## The Cranky Little Torment.

(The 'Child's Companion.')

### CHAPTER I.—A NEW PATIENT.

'She's a cranky little torment, miss; and if so be as you can manage her, it's more'n I've bin able to do!' said Mrs. Betts tearfully.

The old woman was standing facing Nurse Winifred in the ward of a large hospital. Mrs. Betts was a washerwoman by chance rather than by choice, and she had a fixed habit of wiping off imaginary soap-suds, as it were, from the tips of her wrinkled fingers.

Nurse Winifred was one of the cheeriest nurses in the hospital, and people said she had a secret knack of managing troublesome patients. Between the two women lay stretched out upon the bed that cranky little torment, Mrs. Betts' granddaughter Em, a mite of nine years, almost a skeleton of thinness, and possessing sharp, restless, brown eyes. Poor wee Em had come into the hospital for a great event, little as she guessed it. She was to undergo an operation, and it would be at the risk of her little life.

'Well,' said Nurse Winifred softly, after a pause, during which she gazed comprehensively down upon her new patient, 'I think we may safely say Em has more than enough to make her cranky—eh, Mrs. Betts?'

For the first time the brown eyes, which had sullenly averted themselves from the nurse, sought her face; and there was a flicker of gratitude as Em took stock of her new proprietor, as she privately considered the 'terribly clean lady' to be.

'I s'pose, miss, as you're right. The poor child 'ave suffered dreadful; but what I wanted to say, miss, is if so be as you'll kindly excuse any bit o' temper, for she's terrible hard to put up with!'

Mrs. Bett agitatedly got rid of some more soap-suds as she gazed at Nurse Winifred.

'Oh, that will be all right!' said the latter cheerily. 'Em and I are going to be the best of friends. I know some lovely fairy-tales,

which I shall tell her; and she will be good and take her medicine—won't you, dear?'

'No; I shan't!' promptly said Em in her shrill voice.

'Oh, you bad, impertent child!' exclaimed her grandmother. 'Oh, miss, I told you 'ow it was, and I'm that 'shamed of her—'

'But, my dear'—nurse interrupted the shocked apologies—'you don't say that you'd listen to all my pretty fairy-tales, and then refuse to take the medicine which the doctor orders me to give you! Why, you wouldn't be so mean as that! Besides, it would be getting me into trouble.'

Em flushed. Whatever might be her faults, meanness was not one of them, and that she should be suspected of such pierced her little heart—a well-aimed arrow. After granny's departure Em still brooded over the aspersion.

'No, I ain't mean. I'll just show the terrible clean lady that I ain't!'

And when Nurse Winifred measured out the first bitter spoonful, Em bravely swallowed it; then she listened eagerly to a story about a fairy whose carriage and pair consisted of an acorn-cup drawn by a couple of those butterfly-like creatures called Painted Ladies.

### CHAPTER II.—Cured.

'To-morrow morning at nine!' said the house-surgeon to Nurse Winifred in an undertone. 'She seems a fractious little mortal, eh? More's the pity!' Turning to Em, who was regarding him intently, he continued: 'Are you fond of scent, little girl?'

'Scent?' repeated Em. 'Do you mean the stuff as smells so nice, like sweet-lavender-oh?'

'Exactly. Something like sweet-lavender oh!' returned the doctor, smiling. 'Well, I'll bring you some nice scent to-morrow morning, so see that you wake up early!'

'I do 'ope he won't go for to forget it, nuss,' said she anxiously the next morning.

'Not he!' said cheery Nurse Winifred. 'And Em, do you know you and I are to sleep in another room to-night—'

'Well, little one,' a voice interrupted, 'I've brought your scent. Look! Now, you must take a great sniff of it, for the scent is far in, so if you don't smell hard you won't get at it.' And the doctor handed Em a large ball covered with colored silks, and having a small tube in it.

If Em had not been engrossed with this queer ball, she must have noticed how anxiously both the doctor and nurse were regarding her sniffs at it. But Em did not observe; somehow she forgot their presence, she forgot everything in this world, so powerful was that scent; and the doctor raising her from the bed, swiftly carried down the ward a seemingly lifeless burden, its head and feet helplessly dangling.

When Em next awoke she felt too weak and tired for fairy-tales even; but she had weathered the storm. Better days came, and wonder of wonders, Em seemed as changed in temper as if the fairies had been smoothing away her old fractiousness. Nurse Winifred was undoubtedly a kind of witch. And when Mrs. Betts was permitted to pay a visit, the old soul was afraid of the tranquil patient Em.

'She be real different, miss. Mayhap it's a sign as she's to be took!'

'Not at all,' said Nurse Winifred. 'She only wanted a little humoring—a kindly medicine we all would be the better for. And I've news! Em is going down into the country to my father's vicarage to have some more humoring, I've managed that.'

Em chuckled softly as she stroked nurse's

hand, and smiled up into granny's bewildered face. Yes, it was all true; and at this moment Em is in the heart of the green country undergoing a further course of Nurse Winifred's cure for unhappy hearts—a little humoring—no longer a crank torment, but a sturdy, happy little maid.

## How Camels Fight.

Nearly every animal has a peculiar style of fighting of its own, and the average man takes a keen interest in watching an exhibition of these peculiarities, says the New York 'American.' A camel fight is rather curious. The brutes have a pair of teeth far back in the jaw, which rival those of a tiger, and an old male is extremely ferocious. Knowing, however, that these, their most terrible weapons, are useless in a front attack—for, vast as a camel's gape is, it cannot be stretched wide enough to bring them into action—they never try to grip the head or neck or any vital part of an antagonist.

All the strategy is directed to the object of seizing one of his legs below the knee, and thus overthrowing him by pressure, then the huge back teeth can be brought to bear upon his throat, and he is no better than a corpse. There are those who deny that the camel has any sense at all, and they appeal to everybody who knows the beast by experience. The camel's way of fighting is mean and awkward, but it is the one best suited to its anatomy.

## In the Balance.

(The Rev. Francis E. Clark, D.D., President of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, in the 'Youth's Companion.')

A friend of mine has told me that his soul was once in the balance, and the weight on the other side seemed to be merely a bit of pasteboard about an inch long and half an inch wide.

A story which illustrates how a very trivial incident may tip the scales one way or the other runs as follows:

When John T. R. was a boy he went to a country academy, and had daily to take a railway ride of some length from his home to his school.

He was a poor boy, and every cent counted. His allowance of money was a small one, and barely covered his railway fares and necessary books; but all that he could save by walking part way to school was his, as well as what he could earn.

P. T. Barnum's circus was coming to town, and the flaming posters never had had more fascination for a boy than for my friend. He gloated over them day after day as he stood before the huge bill-boards.

He was particularly interested in wild animals, and to see the elephants pile themselves up into a black pyramid, showing here and there a gleaming tusk, with the baby elephant standing on the trunk of its grandfather, and to see the Spanish cavalier in his sombrero and long riding-whip boldly enter the lions' den and tame the inmates with a glance of his compelling eye and a mere suggestion of his whip had been the dream of the boy's life.

The circus had been to that town before, but the boy had never been rich enough to go to it, and his father, who entertained the Puritan dislike for such shows, had been obdurate about giving the necessary half-dollar.

But this year the boy had nearly enough money saved up to pay for his ticket, and his father had promised that if he could earn or save quite enough, he would withdraw his