

would be favorable for trade. Of course Tommy helped him, even though he was in doubt as to whether he ought to invest all his money simply to aid a friend; and by sunset everything was arranged.

One of Bob's friends had a stand which he was willing to sell for two dollars, half of the purchase money to be paid down, and the remainder on credit. By promising to repay the money at an early date, in case Jimmy should not be able to do so, the boys had borrowed sufficient to buy quite a large stock of papers, and everything was ready next morning for the young store-keeper to begin his duties, as soon as he should come home from the hospital.

When Jimmy appeared on the street, looking so thin and pale, and hobbling painfully along on his rude crutches. Tommy no longer regretted having listened to Bob in regard to helping their former partner. Every boy in the business appeared anxious to do something towards helping the poor little cripple, and if they never knew before how sweet it is to be charitable, they knew it then.

Jimmy, as a matter of course, was delighted at the kindness shown him, and as he sat behind his stand he told, again and again, to those of his old business associates who called upon him, of all his former partners had done for him.

Tommy and Bob watched over him carefully for two days, getting his papers in the morning and at noon, and helping him home at night. But on the morning of the third day the poor little newsdealer looked as if it was only with the greatest difficulty that he could attend to his business.

"I'm awful tired, that's all," he said, in answer to a question of Tommy's. "I'm so tired that I guess I'll have to go home to mother for a little while, if you'll tend the place for me."

Fortunately Bob was near by, and as he helped the little cripple through the crowded streets he was seriously alarmed, so weak and feeble did he grow each moment.

On the following morning Jimmy was too ill to leave the house, and Tommy said when Bob told him: "Then we'll have to give the stand up, for we can't see to it. We won't make a cent all day if we do."

"S'posen you was sick, wouldn't you think the other fellers mean if they wouldn't help you a little?" asked Bob sharply.

"Well, I don't know," said Tommy, doubtfully; but he did neglect his own business for Jimmy's, and when the two carried the poor little fellow's stock in trade home that night, Mrs. Downs called them in to see him.

Lying on the bed, pale and motionless, was Jimmy; but when he saw his friends near him, he whispered as he moved one thin, wasted little hand towards Bob: "You've been awful good to me, fellers, and now I'm going to die, 'cause I heard the doctor tell mother so. I don't suppose a little snoozer like me would be let into Heaven any way; but if I kin sly in I'll tell the angels how you helped me; an' when you come they'll remember it, an' be glad to see you."

Jimmy could say no more; his eyes closed; there was just the faintest spasm of pain passed over his wasted body, and then, although the boy had never before heard the rustling of the great white wings of the Angel of death, they knew that Jimmy had gone to the land where "the inhabitants shall not say, 'I am sick.'"

A GOVERNOR IN A HOGSHEAD.

A good-natured philanthropist was walking along the docks one Sunday morning, when he found a boy asleep in a hogshead. He shook him till he was wide awake, and then opened the following conversation:

"What are you doing here, boy?"

"I slept here all night, sir, for I had no other place to sleep in."

"How is that? Have you no father or mother? Who takes care of you?"

"My father drinks, sir, and I don't know where he is. I have to take care of myself, for my mother's dead; she died not long ago," and at the mention of her name the boy's eyes filled with tears.

"Well, come along with me. I'll give you a home, and take care of you as well as I can."

The child thus adopted on the wharf was taken to a happy home. He was sent to a common school, to a commercial school, to a classical school, and afterward employed as a clerk in the store of his benefactor. When he became of age his friend and benefactor said to him, "You have been a faithful and honest boy and man, and if you will make three promises, I will furnish you with goods and letters of credit, so that you can start business in the West on your own account."

"What promises do you wish me to make?" inquired the young man.

"First, that you will not drink intoxicating drink of any kind."

"I agree to that."

"Second, that you will not use profane speech."

"I agree to that."

"Third, that you will not become a politician."

"I agree to that."

The young man started business in the West, and by minding his own business in a few years became a rich man. At the close of the war he came East, and called upon his friend and adopted father. In the course of a happy interview, the philanthropist asked his adopted son if he had kept his total abstinence pledge?

"Yes," was the answer.

"Have you abstained from the use of profane speech?"

"Yes," said the man, with emphasis.

"Have you had anything to do with politicians?"

The visitor—the adopted son, perhaps I should have said—blushed and said, "Without my consent I was nominated for Governor of my State, and elected. I am now on my way to Washington to transact important business for the State."

Did ever a hogshead turn out so good a thing as a teetotal governor before? It had to be emptied of its wine before it could be shelter for the little Arab who ran wild in that wilderness of mortar and marble, the great city of New York.

The streets and wharves of the great metropolis of commerce invite missionary effort, and the writer hopes that the little waifs afloat on the wave of outdoor life will not be neglected.—*Ex.*

"What is the worst thing about riches," asked a Sunday-school teacher. "Their scarcity," replied a boy; and the class laughed.

Counsel (to witness) you're a nice sort of fellow, you are. Witness: I'll say the same to you, sir, only I'm on oath."