



THE TRAVELLER'S TREE.

THE MAGIC WORD.

BY PRISCILLA LEONARD.

When Johnny was a little boy,
He learned a magic word,
'Twas not a strange or foreign one,
Whose sound is seldom heard.

The secret lay in saying it
Just at the proper minute,
And gaining thus, in fullest power,
The charm that lay within it.

Johnny, at first, its magic tried
In little things, and found
A small Bad Habit vanish quite
By its repeated sound.

Then, as temptation came his way
With all its ugly crew,
The charmed word revealed its might
And sent them packing, too.

Through all of Johnny's boyhood days
He practiced o'er and o'er
The magic word, and he has learned
Its powers more and more:

Till now, a man, Evil and Wrong
He meets, and routs the foe.
Would you, too, win this talisman?
'Tis in two letters: "No!"

THE TRAVELLER'S TREE.

In tropical countries, plants and trees grow in great luxuriance, and often take on quaint forms. In Madagascar, and some parts of the West Indies, a curious fan-shaped tree is found that bears the name of the Traveller's Tree. Long stalks grow on either side of the stem, and these stalks store up water for a considerable period. In the driest weather the precious liquid—which is said to be pure and pleasant—can be had by piercing a

stalk, about a quart being yielded by each. Travellers often resort to this very useful tree for the means of quenching thirst, and hence the name it bears.

A SPELLING BEE.

"I'm going to have a spelling bee to-night," said Uncle John, "and I'll give a pair of skates to the boy who can best spell 'man.'"

The children turned and stared into one another's eyes. "Best spell 'man,' Uncle John? Why, there only one way!" they cried.

"There are all sorts of ways," replied Uncle John. "I leave you to think of it awhile." And he buttoned up his coat and went away.

"What does he mean?" asked Bob.

"I think that it's a joke," said Harry, thoughtfully, "and when Uncle John asks me, I'm going to say, 'Why, m-a-n, of course.'"

"It's a conundrum, I know," said Joe; and he leaned his head on his hand, and settled down to think.

Time went slowly to the puzzled boys, for all their fun that day. It seemed as if that after supper time would never come; but it came at last, and Uncle John came, too, with a shiny skate runner peeping out of his greatcoat pocket.

Uncle John did not delay; he sat down, and looked straight into Harry's eyes. "Been a good boy to-day, Hal?"

"Yes—no," said Harry, flushing. "I did something that Aunt Mag told me not to do, because Ned Barnes dared me to. I can't bear a boy to dare me. What's that got to do with spelling 'man'?" he added, half to himself.

But Uncle John turned to Bob: "Had a good day, my boy?"

"Haven't had fun enough," answered Bob, stoutly. "It's all Joe's fault, too. We boys wanted the pond to ourselves for one day, and we made up our minds that when the girls came we'd clear them off. But Joe, he——"

"I think that this is Joe's to tell," interrupted Uncle John. "How was it, boy?"

"Why," said Joe, "I thought that the girls had as much right on the pond as the boys. So I spoke to one or two of the bigger boys, and they thought so too, and we stopped it all. I thought it was mean to treat girls that way."

There came a flash from Uncle John's pocket. The next minute the skates were on Joe's knee. "The spelling match is over," said Uncle John, "and Joe has won the prize."

Three bewildered faces mutely questioned him.

"Boys," he answered, gravely, "we've been spelling 'man,' not in letters, but in acts. I told you that there were different ways, and we've proved it here to-night. Think over it, boys, and see."