

made the merchant think again. A partner in the firm remarked that 'he did not see what they could do with such a boy—he wasn't bigger than a pint of cider.'

But after consultation the boy was set to work.

A few days later a call was made on the boys in the store for some one to stay all night. The prompt response of the little fellow contrasted well with the reluctance of others. In the middle of the night the merchant looked in to see if all was right in the store, and found the youth busy cutting out labels.

'What are you doing?' said he; 'I did not tell you to work at night.'

'I know you did not tell me so, sir; but I thought I might as well be doing something.'

In the morning the cashier had orders to 'double that boy's wages, for he is willing.'

Only a few weeks passed before a show of wild beasts passed through the streets, and very naturally all the folk in the store rushed out to see the spectacle. A thief saw his chance and entered at a side-door to seize something, but in a twinkling found himself firmly clutched by the diminutive clerk afore-said, and after a struggle he was captured. Not only was a robbery prevented, but valuable articles taken from other stores were recovered. When asked by the merchant why he stayed behind to watch when all others had quitted their work, the reply was, 'You told me never to leave the store when others were absent, and I thought I'd stay.'

Orders were immediately given once more: 'Double that boy's wages; he is willing and faithful.' In 1870 that boy had become a partner in the establishment.

### Sobha.

(A Story by Mrs. Kareem Khan, in the 'Indian Ladies' Magazine.')

Once upon a time, in a forgotten corner of Hindustan, there lived an honest dhobi who used to wash for the kotwal and other big-wigs of the place. Now it so happened that the kotwal's servant, calling early one morning for his master's wash, found the dhobi seated on the threshold of his little cottage, clean shaven—sans hair, sans eyebrows, sans moustaches and sans whiskers, casting ashes on his head.

'What ails you, my friend, that I see you in such deep mourning?' asked the servant distressed to see him in this condition.

'Don't you know what has happened?' replied the dhobi. 'Why, Sobha is dead and we shall never see his like again.'

'Alas! is Sobha dead?' exclaimed the servant and forthwith repaired to a barber and had a clean shave, and in that state made his appearance before his master—'What has happened?' enquired the kotwal 'that you have put yourself in deep mourning?'

'Alas! Sobha is dead' replied the servant, 'and we shall never see his like again.'

'Is Sobha gone then?' exclaimed the kotwal and summoned his own barber and had himself shaven clean like the others.

In a little while he was sent for by the Dewan on official business, and was in his turn asked why he had put himself in such deep mourning. 'Haven't you heard then that Sobha is dead?' replied the kotwal, and 'we shall never see his like again.'

The Dewan, on hearing the sad news, felt that he could do no less than the kotwal and sat to his barber and had himself clean shaven and in this condition repaired to the palace to pay his respects to the Rajah, who was surprised and grieved to see his trusted minister in deep mourning, and, on being informed that the incomparable Sobha was dead, went into mourning at once like the others. But presently when the time came for him to enter the zenana, his little daughter was shocked to see her father in that condition and wanted to know why he had gone into mourning. The Rajah replied 'Alas! my daughter, a great calamity has befallen us, Sobha is dead and we shall never see his like again.'

'Who was Sobha, if you please, father?' inquired the princess.

'Why, now you remind me, I do not know myself, but I will ask my Dewan.'

The Dewan, it appeared, was equally in the

### Jack and Jill.

(Margaret Hurrell, in the 'Child's Companion.')

One morning a young shrimper found a beautiful sea-gull on the rocks. The poor bird had a broken leg, and was so bruised that it could not fly.

The kind hearted man took it home and

Jill, and they grew so tame that at last they would take dainty bits out of his hand without any fear.

Gulls are generally very greedy birds, but Jack was quite polite to Jill, and never



nursed it, and placed it in a large cage in the garden, leaving the door wide open.

Every day the fisherman's wife brought it food, and soon the bird could fly again, but he came to the cage every day for a meal, and one day brought with him his beautiful grey and white wife.

The fisherman used to call them Jack and

minded her having the best pieces of meat and fish.

I wish you could see their nest; it is in a very high cliff by the sea, and the great waves are always dancing and dashing up to reach it, but they cannot do so, for the sensible pair have built it out of the reach of all that might harm, including little schoolboys.

dark and had to refer to the kotwal, who was equally at a loss and sent for his servant, and the servant who knew just as little was sent running to the dhobi: 'you told me Sobha was dead when I asked you the reason why you were in mourning, but who was Sobha any way?' asked the servant.

'Why, did you not know that Sobha was the best donkey I ever had, and many a load of soiled linen he has carried for me to the river side.'

Thus it was that the kotwal, the Dewan and the Rajah discovered that they had gone into mourning for a dhobi's donkey, who knew no better than to die.

### 'A Paper Boat on a Heaving Pool.'

(A Story From Life.)

(Charlotte F. Wilder, in 'Epworth Herald.')

Mary Springer left home and went to the city to become a 'saleslady' in a large department store. There may have been a dozen good reasons why another girl should go out into the wide world alone and unprotected, but I think Mary, who was only fifteen years old and had a good home, could hardly have

given herself a real reason, for going to the city.

When we are young we are never certain why we do this or that. When older, and with a disciplined judgment, we stop and ask ourselves why we wish for a certain foolish—evil or wise—good thing. Is it an inherited desire from some foolish or wise ancestor? Was the longing created in childhood? Of one thing we are certain—the deed done to-day was long ago begun in thought or act.

Whether the reason Mary gave herself for leaving home was a true reason or not, she left home, and when she left there were aching hearts in that Kansas farmhouse on the hill. Her parents knew their daughter was ignorant of the trials and temptations that come to girls who are among strangers, especially to girls in a large city and who are unused to city ways. They knew that the confining duties of a shop-girl would be trying to one accustomed to the free life of a farm-house. They knew that the money she would earn could not give her a comfortable support. The parents were not Christians, and when Mary went to the city she was, to them, launched out into life's heaving pool in a paper boat.

The letters which Mary wrote home were, at first, filled with bright pictures. She