

box," until the second morning of his stay, when in a leisure hour he was sent to put it in order. The morning passed, dinner-time came, and still Crawford had not appeared from the attic. At last Mr. Peters called him.

"Got through?"

"No, sir; there is ever so much more to do."

"All right; its dinner-time now; you may go back to it after dinner."

After dinner back he went; all the short afternoon he was not heard from, but just as Mr. Peters was deciding to call him again, he appeared.

"I've done my best, sir," he said, "and down at the very bottom of the box I found this," producing a five-dollar gold piece.

"That's a queer place for gold," said Mr. Peters. "It's good you found it. Well, sir, I suppose you will be on hand to-morrow morning?" This he said as he was putting the gold piece in his purse.

After Crawford had said good night and gone, Mr. Peters took the lantern and slowly went up the attic stairs. There was the long box in which the rubbish of twenty-five years had gathered. Crawford had evidently been to the bottom of it; he had fitted in pieces of wood to make compartments, and in these different rooms he had placed the articles, with bits of cardboard placed on top and labelled thus: "Good screws," "Pretty good nails," "Picture nails," "Small keys, somewhat bent," "Pieces of iron whose use I don't know," "Picture hooks," so on through the long box. In perfect order it was at last, and very little that could really be called useful could be found in it. But Mr. Peters, as he bent over and read the labels, laughed gleefully, and murmured to the mice, "If we are not both mistaken, I have found a boy and he has found a fortune."

Sure enough the sign had disappeared from the window and seen no more. Crawford became the well-known errand boy of Peters & Co. He had a little room neatly fitted up next to the attic, where he spent his evenings, and at the foot of the bed hung a motto which Mr. Powers gave him.

"It tells your fortune for you, don't forget it," he said when he handed it to Crawford; and the boy laughed and read it curiously: "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much."

"I'll try to be, sir," he said: and he never once thought of the long box over which he had been faithful.

All this happened years ago. Crawford Mills is errand boy no more, but the firm is Peters, Mills & Co. A young man and a rich man. He found his fortune in a long box full of rubbish.—*Selected.*

CAT'S CRADLE.

Is it a hammock for pussy,
Hung in the cosiest corner
Close to the fire-place?
Where she can swing and doze and purr,
With naught in the world to trouble her
Except to wash her face?

Or is it a willow basket
In which to tuck the kittens
While mother-puss is away,
With rockers to sway it to and fro,
Which grandma puss with a furry toe
Can jog for half a day?

Ah, no! 'tis a cunning puzzle
Which the restless little children
Play with a bit of string,
When winter twilights haste to fall,
And the dusk inside is warm, while all
Outside is shivering.

A half-yard loop is knotted,
Wrought over Gold-Lock's fingers,
Twisted from her's to Ted's,
Changing its shape with each new change,
And though it is neither new nor strange
To those two busy heads.

Yet they're like a pretty picture
At this quiet game—cat's cradle,
With its criss-cross, slip-a-noose, thus!
As first one takes, then another takes;
And the kind of sing-song that it makes
Has a charm for all of us.

—*Youth's Companion.*

Our Gasket.

JEWELS.

"I challenge any man who understands the nature of spirits, and yet for the sake of gain continues to be in the traffic, to show that he is not involved in the guilt of murder."—*Lyman Beecher.*

The man whose soul is in his work finds his best reward in the work itself. The joy of achievement is vastly beyond the joy of reward.

A loving act does more good than a fiery exhortation. What mankind needs is not more good talkers, but more good Samaritans.

How abundant are the men and women who crave martyrdom in leadership! How few are willing to honor themselves in the loyalty of service!

There is this difference between happiness and wisdom—he that thinks himself the happiest man is really so, but he that thinks himself the wisest is generally the greatest fool.

The highest education is that which not only provides food for the pupil's memory, but training for his judgment, discipline for his affections, guidance for his conduct, and objects for his faith.

To make oneself an unordered telephone from house to house is a breach of implied confidence and one of the smaller sins of disloyalty. No truly honorable person would ever go into a family as a friend, remain as a spy, and leave as a traitor, though the treachery and the spying be on unimportant matters involving no charge of misdoing and no breach of accepted confidence.

BITS OF TINSEL.

The principal fun in sleighing is to see how fast you can drive without getting your ears frostbitten.—*Old Bachelor.*

"What makes the sea salt?" asked Johnny's teacher. "Because there are so many salt fish in it, ma'am," said Johnny.

"I am never missed any more when I go off on a visit," sighed a West Wayne street lady, "Why not?" asked her friend. "Because since I got married they all call me Mrs."

"Please, I want to buy a shilling's worth of hay." "Is it for your father?" "Oh, no, its for the horse; father doesn't eat hay!"

School Mistress: You see, my love, if I puncture this India rubber ball, it will collapse. Do you understand?" *Child:* "Oh, yes, I understand; if you prick it, it will go squash."

A poor Irishman offered an old saucepan for sale. Some children gathered around him and inquired why he parted with it. "Ah, my honeys," answered he, "I would not be after parting with it but for a little money to buy something to put in it!"

"How could you think of calling auntie stupid? Go to her immediately and tell her you are sorry." Freddie goes to auntie and says: "Auntie, I am sorry you are so stupid."

"Well," remarked a young M.D. just "passed," I suppose the next thing will be to hunt up a good locality, and then wait for something to do, like 'patience on a monument.'" "Yes," said a friend, "and it won't be long after you begin before the monuments will be on the patients!"

One morning one of the horses got loose. Marcy came running to grandma in great excitement. "O gramma," she cried, "Nellie's going off up the road bare-headed!" Nellie hadn't any harness on.

During a discussion of religious topics, young Brown said, "I tell you that, if the other animals do not exist after death, neither will man. There is no difference between man and beast." To which good old Jones mildly replied, "If anybody could convince me of that, it would be you, Brown."

Little George, aged four, saw and heard a violin for the first time. He thought it very funny, and this is the way he described it: "Why, mamma, I couldn't help laughing. The man had the funniest little piano you ever saw, and he held it up to his neck and pulled the music out with a stick."