

FOUR CENTS.

By Harriet Paulin Fenton.

Bobbie took his "pig" bank down from the shelf, and shook out the pennies one by one. Bobbie kept shaking until the clink was all gone. Only four pennies, and Sister Lou's birthday was coming in just three days.

Bobbie was ten, and Lou eight. "What are you thinking about, son?" said mother from her rocking chair, where she was sewing. Bobbie's forehead was all puckered up in tiny wrinkles.

"Lou's birthday's Wednesday, and I did so want to give her a handsome present," said Bobbie. "But there are only four pennies."

"Come here, Bobbie, I want to whisper in your ear," said mother, smiling in such a way that Bobbie found himself smiling, too, as he ran by her side. Mother's secrets were always so pleasant.

"Do you really believe I can do it?" said the excited little boy when he had heard mother's plan.

"Yes, of course," responded mother. "You have your little tool-chest, you know."

"But won't Lou see me?"

"No, dear; you can go up in the garret and lock the door."

"Won't she be surprised!" whooped the little boy, dancing around. But just then Lou came in, and he had to be still for fear she would guess.

Next day, when Bobbie saw the grocer's wagon drive up, he rushed out joyfully to get the first part of Lou's present. With much bumping and scraping he got it up in the attic. The coast was clear, for Lou had gone to play with Mary Burton after school that afternoon, so Bobbie pounded busily for an hour.

When mother was dragged up to inspect the work by a flushed-faced little boy she saw a coverless soap-box, standing up on one end, divided into four compartments.

"See, mother," cried Bobbie. "This is the kitchen, and this is the dining-room. Upstairs are the bed-room and parlor."

Bobbie was making a doll-house for Lou, and, oh, the fun he had fitting it up! Mother found bits of wall-paper, with which Bobbie papered every room. Pieces of green blotting-paper of a dark shade made handsome rugs for the floors. When one of the painters at work on a house next door found out what Bobbie was doing he put a lovely coat of red on the outside of Bobbie's doll-house.

It looked very fine with the red paint on the outside and gay papering within. Mother had hemmed some tiny muslin curtains which Bobbie had tacked up over the tiny windows he had made with his jack-knife.

"Now if I only had some furniture to put in it!" sighed Bobbie; "wouldn't it look great?"

"But you still have your four cents," suggested mother.

"Yes," said Bobbie a little doubtfully. "I know a store in this town," began mother musingly, "where furniture can be bought for one cent a set. All a housekeeper requires is a pair of scissors and a bottle of glue."

"Oh, you mean paper doll furniture!" shouted Bobbie joyfully. "I'll get it!" He seized his hat, and started down the street, his pennies jingling in his mitten. At the store he selected with care a sheet each of kitchen, dining-room, bed-room, and parlor furniture. He had just pennies enough.

The next day was Lou's birthday. Bobby could hardly wait until Lou was safely in bed before he commenced to snip and glue with mother's help. At last the little house was all complete, even to a pasteboard chimney and a tiny looking-glass which mother had contributed at the last minute.

"I've had such a good time making it that I'd like to begin all over again," said Bobbie, tired, but delighted with the result of his work. "And to think it cost only four cents! I guess other boys wish they had a mother who could tell them

how to make such nice things out of four cents," he added, giving his mother a hug.

Mother smiled. "Sh!" she said. "We'll carry it in and put it by Lou's bed so she'll see it the first thing in the morning."

Bobbie took a last peep at his work. A big placard with "From B" on it was pinned to the chimney. He hopped into bed, and when he finally traveled into the land of Nod there was still a pleased grin on his freckled face. Nobody knows the nature of Bobbie's dreams, but when Lou, with delight, rushed into his room early the next morning crying:

"Oh, Bobbie, it's beautiful! It'll make the very best house for Ellen Clemence, and Adelaide Florence," Bobbie sat up in bed, rubbed two sleepy eyes with two fat fists, and said:

"Yes, four cents."

A LITTLE THING.

By William Thomas McElroy, Jr.

It was a little thing—the word I spoke
To thee in thy distress.

But still it cheered a heart that might
Have broke

Had I said less.

A leaf, a rose is but a little thing
When there is only one.

Yet Heaven were further off than poets
sing,

If there were none.

A snowflake and a star—these, too, are
small,

But one makes blackness white.

And one far, far above helps give to all
The world its light

So thou, if thou see'st sadness or should'st
know

One who knows not joy's breath,
Give to one soul thy love—the small

but lo!

It conquereth death.

AN EXPERIENCE OF DR. PATON.

The narrow escape of Dr. John G. Paton from losing his life in a fight between hostile tribes of cannibals on one of the unevangelized islands in the South Pacific, calls to mind one of the most interesting of his early experiences. It is a story of the well he dug, and the effect on the natives. These heathen, it must be remembered, were on a small island where no fresh water was accessible. All they had to depend upon for supporting life was rain, and during the dry season they drank the milk of the coconuts—as long as it lasted. When the "rain-god" delayed his answers to their prayers, there was much suffering.

After examining the ground carefully, Dr. Paton believed a well might be sunk that would yield fresh water. With much prayerful thought, and many misgivings lest the water, if he found any, should prove to be salt, Dr. Paton chose a spot, and began to dig. The savages supposed he was crazy. His unheard-of way of searching for water aroused their superstitious fears. All he could persuade or hire native hand to do was to pull a windlass rope and draw up the loosened earth as he sank the well deeper and deeper. He dug the earth with his own hands.

After going down thirty feet he struck a spring. Hesitatingly he tasted it. It was pure, fresh water. The effect was magical. The man who had been disbelieved and jeered at was now a "prophet." He had said he would go down into the ground to "find rain," and now the people believed that all he told them about Jehovah and Jesus Christ was true. Then follows a wonderful story of success; of the destruction of idols, the building of a church, the establishment of schools, the framing of a code of enlightened laws, the transformation of a tribe of cannibals into a well-ordered community.—Ex

If there is no beneficial Providence controlling the forces of nature a worse dream awaits the world than was ever dreamed of at Vesuvius or the Golden Gate.

MEDICINE FOR CHILDREN.

A medicine which keeps babies and children well, or restores them to health when they are ill, is a priceless boon to humanity. Such a medicine is Baby's Own Tablets. These Tablets cure all stomach and bowel troubles, allay the pain of teething and give sound, healthy, refreshing sleep. And the mother has the guarantee of a government analyst that this medicine does not contain one particle of the poisonous opiates found in so-called soothing mixtures and most liquid medicines. The Tablets are equally good for the newborn baby or the wellgrown child. Mrs. Robt. Currie, Loring, Ont., says: "I have found Baby's Own Tablets a splendid medicine for curing constipation and other ills of little ones." You can get these Tablets from any medicine dealer or by mail at 25c a box by writing The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

OUT OF THE WAY NOTES.

No bird of prey has the gift of song. Alexandria possesses the largest artificial harbor in the world.

In Norway less than one acre in every hundred is used for grain growing.

The ordinary sparrow can fly at the rate of seventy-two miles an hour.

A number of flowers open during the day, but shed their fragrance at night only.

Mr. Chamberlain has a great aversion to slippers, a kind of foot-gear he never wears.

Frog's skin when tanned, though one of the thinnest, is one of the toughest leathers.

The pansy can be grown black, white, and all intermediate shades, except scarlet and aimed hues.

Steamers on the Yukon River are now burning oil instead of wood, as the latter is becoming scarce.

Trees which grow on the northern side of a hill make more durable timber than those which grow on the southern side.

In India elephants over twelve and up to forty-five years of age are accounted the best to purchase; they will generally work well until they are eighty years old.

The municipal authorities of Dresden have ordered plates to be affixed at three hundred street corners, explaining briefly the derivation of the name of the street.

In South Greenland the colour of the hair-ribbon which a woman ties round her head denotes the social condition of the wearer—whether she be maid, wife, or widow.

Dogs are slaughtered for culinary purposes in considerable numbers in Munich. The friend of man comes to table dressed in various forms, and with divers sauces, without any attempt to resort to incognito.

An out-of-the-way flag, the only one of its kind in Scotland, flies over Mr. Andrew Carnegie's mansion, Saibo Castle. It has the Union Jack on one side and the Stars and Stripes on the other. It is made of the two flags secured together.

The deepest hole in the earth is near Ketschau, in Germany. It is 5,735 feet in depth, and was made for geological research only. The drilling was begun in 1887, and stopped six years later because the engineers were unable to go deeper.

In the churchyard of a Welsh village there are four large yew trees, and a hollow in one of them, which is protected by a door, is used for storing coal needed to heat the church during the winter months.

The small town of Verda, in the kingdom of Dahomey, is celebrated for its temple of serpents, a long building in which the priests keep upwards of 1,000 serpents of all sizes. These they feed with birds and frogs brought to them as offerings by the natives.

The biggest beehive in the world is a natural one, in Kentucky, known as the "Mammoth Beehive." It is in reality a huge cave, the main compartment of which is 150 feet high, the floor covering ten acres in extent. The beehive is of solid rock, the roof having been entirely honeycombed by bees.