



"SAILORS' HORN."

How Jack Learned a Much Needed Lesson.

(By Belle V. Chisholm in 'Presbyterian Banner'.)

Master Jack Headley was as bright and active a little six-year-old boy as you would find in a day's travel. He was a pleasant, good-natured child, too, and about as obedient as the majority of American children, but he had one habit—that of meddling with things which did not belong to him—that gave his parents a great deal of trouble.

Once he went to pay a visit to his uncle and aunt, in the city, and, being a great favorite with the childless couple, was given the freedom of the house; not altogether, either, for there was one room, his uncle's office, which he was forbidden to enter. During the first few days there were so many new things to attract his attention that he was fairly well contented, and thought nothing about the doctor's office, but one day, when his uncle was out seeing patients, and his

aunt was engaged with company in the parlor, Jack took it into his head to peep in at the half-open door to see what great mystery was concealed in the vetoed room.

Everything looked so attractive in the clean, bright office that the little fellow determined to go on a tour of discovery, certain that nothing serious could happen to him in such a beautiful place. He did not like the smell of the medicines that filled the bottles on the shelf, but the polished brass and crystal-like glass that made up so much of the furniture of the room, was very charming to his inexperienced eyes. He went around softly, peering into everything, touching carefully one article after another, with no disastrous results, although he expected something to explode or flash up like lightning every time. Finding that nothing unusual occurred, he grew bolder, and handled things with less caution.

He was greatly interested in a cunning box, with queer plates stuck in it, that stood on a little round table. Two neat handles

were attached to it by curious spiral chains. 'Handles are made to hold,' soliloquized Jack, as he took one in each of his chubby hands. As the little fingers tightened convulsively over the innocent-looking, but treacherous handles, sharp pains, as if needles were being stuck in them, darted up his hands and arms. He tried to let go his hold, but could not, and all the time the pain kept running through him, while the tears streamed down his cheeks, as his cries resounded through the house. His aunt came running in to see what terrible thing had happened, but before she had succeeded in releasing him, his uncle made his appearance, and the poor fellow was set free at once.

His uncle then tried to explain to him something connected with a galvanic battery, but his statement that it was not to be trifled with was no news to Jack after what had just taken place. His meddling that time, however, was not in vain, and the lesson he learned while a prisoner in his uncle's office he remembers to this day. Since that experi-