

CURIOUS AND SCIENTIFIC.

There was usually a little contempt in their manner of speaking of the old man, but let anything be the matter with one of the number, and the "shouting Methodist" was always the first one called upon.

"I was thinking about going away with the boys," replied Arthur, wishing the five-dollar bill back in the drawer with all his heart.

"But that'll cost something," replied John, "and I s'pose your mother can't spare you much?"

"No, John."

"Mebbe you're calculating on borrowing it of somebody, Master Arthur?"

"Well, what if I am?"

"Only that borrowing, unless you know just how and when you're going to pay it, is pretty nigh as bad as stealing I'll tell you what to do, Master Arthur. Just ask the Lord! He'll tell you. I never asked Him a question in my life that He didn't answer. Sometimes 'tain't just the answer you'd like to get, but it's always the right one, always the right one, Master Arthur."

"Oh! how that five-dollar bill burned in Arthur's pocket. His feet seemed glued to the floor, and his heart thumped so hard against his breast that it frightened him. The old man took up his broom, and waited respectfully for the young man to leave before he began sweeping. Then, as Arthur made no motion to go, he said, "Something's the matter with you, my boy. Can old John do anything for you, or is it the Lord's business, Master Arthur?"

"I meant to pay it back again," said Arthur, taking the bill from his pocket, "but it would have taken me a long time, John," and as the old man drew near to see what his companion held in his hand, he continued: "It's a five-dollar bill, and I took it from the cash drawer. I suppose you'll hate me now, John, but it's all up, and I can't help it."

"Bless the Lord, O my soul!" said John, "for the work He has done. I hate you Master Arthur? Give us your hand, my boy, and let us thank the Lord for this great escape."

"Nothing would have saved me, John," said Arthur, with tears in his voice as well as his eyes, "if you hadn't come in just as you did."

"Proud and happy am I to be the Lord's instrument in such a work," said the old man. "He sent me, Master Arthur, and now let us praise His holy name."

After that prayer Arthur rose strengthened and refreshed, full of thankfulness and a purpose to do right.

"Have you got the money, Arthur?" enquired Frank the next morning.

"No, Frank," was the quiet reply; I have concluded to stay at home on Thanksgiving."

"All right," replied Frank. After this we boys'll know that you don't want anything of us, and the whole crowd'll steer clear of you."

Nothing could be better than this, surely, and Arthur Glenham was glad when the boys acted upon their leader's suggestion, and let him alone.—*Zion's Herald*.

The Thoughts of a Child at Twilight.

See, father, how the light shines out just as it did before!
The angels, when the sun went in, forgot to shut the door.
And now it shines up there so bright, while here, 'tis getting dark;
And see! the angels in the light! they're singing; father, hark!

Oh! if I were an angel, pa, each night I'd spread my wings,
And fly, and fill my apron full of stars—those pretty things,
I wish I had enough to make a wreath around my head,
To light us when we stay awake after the sun's abed.

See how they open all around, and shining smile on me!
If on the wrong side 'tis so bright, oh! what must hear 'a be,
I wish so much that I could have that bright cloud for a seat,
And the warm, happy sun, to shine so soft upon my feet.

Do let me go there, dear papa, and help the angels sing—
They're standing in the doorway now, a joyous happy ring.
And see! oh see! the light shines yet, bright as it did before!
I guess the angels did forget, papa, to shut the door.

THE EYES.—It may not be generally known that a large eye has a wider range of vision, as it unquestionably has of expression, than a small one. A large eye will take in more at a glance, though perhaps with less attention to detail, than a small one. Generally speaking, large eyes see things in general, and small eyes things in particular. The one sees many things as a whole, considering them in a philosophical or speculative way, often seeing through and beyond them; the other sees fewer things, but usually looks keener into them, and is appreciative of detail. Some eyes, however, look at everything, and yet see nothing.

OUR TOES.—Beyond question, we abuse our toes. They are intended, in the first place, to give flexibility to the foot, and help us in our walking; but the modern custom of cramping them up in tight shoes makes them almost as immovable as if they grew together. So the help they give us is not so much, after all. And as to putting them to any other use, we never think of it. We cramp and torture them out of all likeness to their original state. Who, for instance, could imagine that the second toe was intended to be longer than the first? Yet in a perfectly formed foot it always is, though we are obliged to go to statues and paintings to find out. And who, putting a foot and a narrow-toed shoe side by side, would ever suspect that they were intended for each other? The fact is, our toes are our most abused members, and so we don't get half the good from them that we might. The Chinese, and the Japanese, and Bedouin Arabs, it is said, from continual practice, use their toes almost as well as their hands. Arabs braid ropes with their fingers and toes working in concert. Why, then, should we dispense with the use of these natural aids?

The following beautiful chemical experiment may be easily performed by a lady, to the great astonishment of a circle at her tea-table: Take two or three leaves of red cabbage, cut them into small pieces, put them into a basin, and pour a pint of boiling water upon them; let it stand an hour then pour it off into a decanter. It will be a fine blue color. Then take four wine-glasses; into one put six drops of strong vinegar; into another six drops of solution of soda; into a third a strong solution of alum, and let the fourth remain empty. The glasses may be prepared some time before, and the few drops of colorless liquid that have been placed in them will not be noticed; fill up the glasses from the decanter, and the liquid poured into the glass containing the acid will become a beautiful red; the glass containing the soda will become a fine green; that poured into the empty one will remain unchanged. By adding a little vinegar to the green it will immediately change to red, and on adding a little solution of soda to the red it will assume a fine green, thus showing the action of acids and alkalies on vegetable blues.

BLACK DYE FOR WOOD.—The following new process is published in the *Pharmaceutische Zeitschrift für Russland*: First sponge the wood with a solution of chlorhydrate of aniline in water, to which a small quantity of copper chloride is added. Allow it to dry, and go over it with a solution of potassium bichromate. Repeat the process twice or thrice, and the wood will take a fine black color, unaffected by light or chemicals.

How Alligators Eat.

An alligator's throat, says a newspaper correspondent, is an animated sewer. Everything which lodges in his open mouth goes down. He is a lazy dog, and, instead of hunting for something to eat, he lets his victuals hunt for him. That is, he lays with his great mouth open, apparently dead, like the possum. Soon a bug crawls into it, then a fly, then several gnats and a colony of mosquitoes. The alligator doesn't close his mouth yet. He is waiting for a whole drove of things. He does his eating by wholesale. A little later a lizard will cool himself under the shade of the upper jaw. Then a few frogs will hop up to catch the mosquitoes. Then more mosquitoes and gnats light on the frogs. Finally a whole village of insects and reptiles settle down for an afternoon picnic. Then, all at once, there is an earthquake. The big jaw falls, the alligator slyly blinks one eye, gulps down the entire managerie and opens his great front door again for more visitors.