

"MY DARLING."

These words in bright letters stood out in bold relief on the dashboard of a huge four-horse truck in a street blockade. The driver looked rough and strong, but he was not profane or brutal to his horses. Patiently he waited the loosening of the jam, while his neighbors filled the air with curses. Finding his horses restive, he climbed from his box and soothed them with gentle words and caresses. Then a bystander asked him why he called his truck "My Darling."

"Well," he said, "because it keeps the memory of my daughter, little Nellie. She's dead now, but before she died she put her arms around my neck and she said:

"Papa, I'm going to die, and I want you to promise me one thing, because it will make me so happy. Will you promise?"

"Yes," I said, "I'll promise anything. What is it?"

"Then, fixing her eyes upon mine, she said:

"Oh, papa, don't be angry, but promise me you will never swear any more, nor whip your horses hard, and that you will be kind to mamma."

"That's all there is about it, mister; I promised my little girl, and I've kept my word."

When the blockade was lifted the big truckman resumed his seat, and was soon lost in the tide of travel.—*Ex.*

HOW TO BE A HERO.

Reuben was a boy who dreamed of heroic, but unheroically allowed his mother to weary herself out in matters where he might have given the helping hand.

One day he took up a pamphlet that was lying on the school-master's table. In it he saw a story called "The Hero."

"Halloo!" he cried, "What is this about: 'I want to be a hero.'"

The story was something like this: "A few years ago the traveller might have seen a charming little village—now alas! no longer in existence.

"A fire broke out one day, and in a few hours the quaint little frame houses were entirely destroyed. The poor peasants ran around wringing their hands and weeping over their lost homes and for their burned cattle.

"One poor man was in greater trouble than his neighbors even. True, his home and

the cows were gone; but so also was his only son, a bright boy of six or seven years old. He wept, and refused to hear any words of comfort.

"Just as daylight came, however, he heard a well-known sound, and, looking up, he saw his favorite cow leading the herd, and coming directly after them was his bright-eyed little son. 'O my son! my son!' he cried, 'are you really alive?' 'Why, yes, father. When I saw the fire I ran to get our cows away to the pasture lands.' 'You are a hero, my boy!' the father exclaimed. But the boy said, 'O no! A hero is one who does some wonderful deed. I led the cows away because they were in danger, and I knew it was the right thing to do.' 'Ah!' cried the father, 'he who does the right thing at the right time is a hero.'

Reuben read the story two or three times, and then he gave a long, low whistle, which meant that he was seriously considering something. 'I wonder, now, if that is true,' he thought. 'A hero is one who does the right thing at the right time.' There are plenty of chances for me to be that kind of a hero."—*Sci.*

LORIN'S TOBACCO CURE.

The way it happened was odd enough, and laughable and serious, too; but it effected a cure, and for that reason the story is worth telling. You see, Lorin Haley had a secret. He guarded it most carefully from his father and mother, because he knew they would disapprove of it, and would, perhaps, punish him if they discovered it.

He was led into the act of deception by his neighbor, Fred Ruffsburn, one day when they were walking home together from town. Fred had bought some fine-cut tobacco, and when the boys reached a secluded place, he drew it from his pocket.

"What's that?" asked Lorin.

"Don't you see?" replied Fred.

"Tobacco, I do believe! What do you intend to do with it?"

"Chew it, of course!"

"I wouldn't, if I were you."

"Why not?" demanded Fred. "Don't all the fine gentlemen use tobacco in one way or another. Didn't you see some of them to-day when we passed the Allcott House? How grand and important they looked sitting on the veranda and smoking their fine cigars! Tobacco doesn't hurt such men. Why should it hurt you and me? Let's have a chew."