



"I love God and little children" - JEAN PAUL.

### A Boy Messenger.

A LITTLE messenger boy in London showed such unusual ability and faithfulness in his daily work this winter that one of his employers wagered that he could cross the Atlantic alone, carry letters to New York, Philadelphia and Chicago, deliver them, and returning on the same ship, bring the answers back to London, with no other instructions than those given him at starting. So prompt, his employer contended, he would be, that he would beat the transatlantic mails.

The wager was taken, and early the next morning the little lad, who was but thirteen and who had never before been out of London, started for Southampton and boarded the *St. Louis*, bound for America. He arrived in New York and immediately after landing had delivered his first letter and taken a receipt for it. He was a picturesque figure in his uniform and with his tiny hat on one side of his head. In two hours he left New York for Chicago, where he delivered his letter and started to return the same day. He accomplished his errand in Philadelphia, and reached New York in time to go home on the *St. Louis*.

The oddity of his errand attracted attention, and American messenger boys and reporters waited for him at every turn. But there was something more in the boy and in his success—something worth the notice of every lad who, too, hopes to succeed in life.

Little Jagers had a clear head and quick perceptions, but was not in the least "smart" or sharp or pushing. He was a modest, gentle lad, extremely courteous, with a low quiet voice, answering every kindness with a delighted laugh, but he kept to his duty as loyally as any soldier who won the Victoria cross.

Another secret of his success and of the favor he received was his calmness and lack of vanity. He did not hurry or swagger, but went on quietly about his business. The third secret was his politeness. The American messenger boys were quite astonished when he stood at attention and touched his cap when he was addressed. But in consequence of these qualities no one met the little

English boy who did not become his friend, and try to do something to make his task easy. Difficulties vanished before him.

"I have had much kindness shown to me," he said, "and many happy sayings have been spoken to me. My mother will be glad to hear them."

When the modest little fellow sailed away, faithful, boyish, yet well-mannered, some of the people who noticed him wondered if the old mother country did not possess some things which the republic might well envy her.

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### A Sea Fight.

THE "killer," *Orca Gladiator*, is a voracious whale, with powerful jaws armed with large, sharp teeth. It is the wolf of the ocean, and two or three killers will attack a sperm whale, and mutilate and kill the huge animal. Mr. Bullen, in his narrative of a whaling voyage, "The Cruise of the *Cachalot*," describes a fight between a sperm whale and three killers which he saw off the island of Formosa.

A large bowhead rose near the ship, who seemed indifferent to his proximity. Three killers were attacking him. One leaped high in the air and descended upon the whale's broad back with a crash. Again and again the killer leaped and fell, as if to beat the whale into submission by a succession of heavy blows.

The sea around boiled like a cauldron. The worried whale lifted its huge head out of the foaming water. On either side a killer hung to his lips, evidently trying to drag his mouth open. At last the incessant, heavy blows of the leaping killer exhausted the great whale, and the three killers, joining forces, dragged open his cavernous mouth, into which they entered and devoured his tongue. As soon as they had finished their feast they swam away, leaving the whale, helpless and dying, a prey for the whalemen.

On another occasion Mr. Bullen saw a combat between a bull sperm whale and two killers, aided by a huge swordfish. The two killers hung on the whale's flanks, trying to divert his attention from the swordfish's attack. This terrible foe, sixteen feet long, launched himself like a torpedo, at the most vulnerable part of the whale, where the heart is enclosed by the neck. The whale, indifferent to the killers, kept his eyes on the long fish and received the shock on his head, solid as a block of thirty tons of india-rubber.

The blow glanced, and the swordfish rolled over the top of the black head. The whale turned rapidly over, settled