

DAVID'S COCOANUT.

By Uncle Jack.

David was playing ball with Ralph and Charlie when his mother asked him to stop long enough to run an errand.

"I want you to take fifty cents down to Mrs. Eddy, the butter-woman, and ask her to send in her account soon."

"May I take along that five cent I earned this morning pulling plantain weeds, and spend it just as I like?" David asked.

"Yes, if you promise not to stop at the store more than ten minutes."

So a very happy boy started whistling down the street. He wondered what he should buy. Five cents would pay for a pencil, or a tablet, or some peanuts, or a sack of candy. He might even get a small cocoanut. Yes, that was what he must have—cocoanuts were so good!

But when he inquired at the store, he learned that all the small cocoanuts were gone. How disappointed he was! He didn't know until then how much he really wanted a cocoanut.

"You couldn't break one for me, could you?" he suggested.

But Mr. Andrews was not eager to sell half a cocoanut. And David was turning sadly away from the enticing brown nuts, when a thought came to him.

"You have fifty cents here. Why not borrow five cents of this, and buy the cocoanut? It wouldn't be really stealing, for you could give mama a good half of the nut."

Now David did not like the suggestion. He said to himself that he could not do such a thing; the fifty cents was all for Mrs. Eddy, and he must take it to her.

He started to open the door. Then Mr. Andrews called after him:

"Too bad you can't take one today, I've just opened a crate from Cuba."

Just from Cuba! Could he resist? He must have one, even if he had to take a part of the fifty cents. So he said, quickly:

"All right! May I have my pick?"

He turned over the contents of the box, and at last selected a fine-looking specimen, and handed over the half dollar.

It was not until the change was put in his hand that he realized what he had done. Then how he hated himself!

He was turning sadly away, when he decided he must do his best to set things right.

"Mr. Andrews," he said, "it isn't right to go back on a trade, but I'm going to ask you to take back the nut and give me the very same fifty-cent piece I gave you."

"Why, surely!" was the answer. "Don't want a cocoanut after all, hey? Well, I was young once, so here's your money, and off you go to the candy shop, I guess!"

But David did not go to the candy shop. He ran as fast as he could to Mrs. Eddy's home. But, fast as he went, he had time to think. "Thief! thief!" The word kept sounding in his ears. It was uncomfortable. He must do something to wipe out the awful thing he had almost done—the thing he had done; for didn't he take the five cents which was not his, even if he did afterward give it back?

When he saw Mrs. Eddy he decided what he would do. He would give her fifty-five cents. That would punish him for being a thief.

When he reached home, his mother asked him what he had bought with his nickel. He said he had bought nothing, and asked if he might keep still about what he had done with the money.

Wondering, his mother decided to let the matter rest. But a few days later, when Mrs. Eddy sent in her account, she was puzzled by the last item, "received fifty-five cents by your little boy David."

Then she called David, and asked him about the extra five cents. He colored, hesitated, then told the story of his temptation and of the atonement he had

tried to make. "I thought it would make me feel all right, mama, but it didn't. I know now there was something else for me to do, and that I couldn't feel right until I did it."

"What was that, David?" mama asked.

"Confessing all about it, mama," he answered, "I've told you now, and, oh, I feel so much better! I feel as if I must tell you everything after this!"

EFFECT OF CIGARETTE SMOKING.

"You smoke thirty cigarettes a day?"

"Yes, on the average."

"You don't blame them for your run-down condition?"

"Not in the least. I blame my hard work."

The physician shook his head. He smiled in a vexed way. Then he took a leech out of a glass jar.

"Let me show you something," he said. "Bare your arm."

The cigarette smoker bared his pale arm, and the other laid the lean, black leech upon it. The leech fell to work busily. Its body began to swell. Then all of a sudden a kind of shudder convulsed it, and it fell to the floor dead.

"That is what your blood did to that leech," said the physician. He took up the little corpse between his finger and thumb. "Look at it," he said.

"Quite dead, you see. You poisoned it."

"I guess it wasn't a healthy leech in the first place," said the cigarette smoker, sullenly.

"Wasn't healthy eh? Well we'll try again."

And the physician clapped two leeches on the young man's thin arm.

"If they both die," said the patient, "I'll swear off—or, at least, I'll cut down my daily allowance from thirty to ten."

Even as he spoke the smaller leech shivered and dropped on his knee dead, and a moment later the larger one fell beside it.

"This is ghastly," said the young man; "I am worse than the pestilence to these leeches."

"It is the emphyreumatic oil in your blood," said the medical man. "All cigarette smokers have it."

"Doctor," said the young man, regarding the three dead leeches thoughtfully, "I half believe you're right."—New Zealand Outlook.

A DISCONCERTED SCHOLAR.

When little Arabella Krupp first started to school,

She found it very difficult to follow every rule.

Of course, she tried her very best that teacher should not frown,

And swift obedience she gave, when teacher said, "Sit down!"

But the next thing that she said to her was "Little girl sit up!"

Which greatly disconcerted little Arabella Krupp.

—Saint Nicholas.

WHAT WILL YOU WRITE?

"What shall I write in my new blank book?" said Ada to herself.

She could not write very well, but she did the best she could.

This is what she wrote: "A Good Girl."

She took the blank book and showed it to her mother.

"That looks very well," she said. "That is a good thing to write. I hope you will write it in your big book."

"Why, mother," said Ada, "I haven't any big book."

"Yes, you have, my dear," said the mother; "a big book with a great many pages. Each day you have a fresh page. The name of the book is 'Life.'"

The self-constituted censor of his brethren should matriculate in the department of Christian ethics.

BABY'S OWN TABLETS A BOON TO CHILDREN.

A medicine that will keep babies and young children plump and good natured, with a clear eye and rosy skin is a blessing not only to the little ones but to mothers as well. Baby's Own Tablets is just such a medicine. They cure all the minor ailments of children and make them eat well, sleep well and play well. They are used exclusively in thousands of homes when a child medicine is needed. Mrs. G. Collins, Hirkella, Man., says:—"Baby's Own Tablets are the most satisfactory medicine I have ever used for ill of young children. They are as good as a doctor in the home." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25c a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

FOREST FOES.

It seems to be generally assumed that wild animals of different species, the largest varieties, at least, teach each other with a certain amount of respect, sufficient at least to keep the peace; but now and then the experience of some woodsman strikingly disproves this peaceful view of forest life. A Western paper tells the story of such an experience.

Two hunters, A. B. Jones and John Sell, recently made a trip to the Kettle River, and in the course of the hunt witnessed a rare occurrence.

They had been on the trail of a large buck for some time, and as it chanced, came in sight of him at the very moment when a cougar launched himself upon him from the limb of a tree. The cougar landed squarely upon the buck's shoulders, almost throwing him to the ground.

The buck quickly recovered, however, and throwing back his head, drove two prongs of his antlers into the cougar's body, and with a swing forward threw him to the ground. Leaping backward, he then waited with lowered head for a second attack.

He had not long to wait, for with a yell of rage and pain the cougar sprang upon him. He might as well have leaped against an array of bayonets, for he was caught on the buck's antlers and hurled several feet into the air.

The instant he struck the ground the deer was upon him, striking savagely with his forefeet, which cut like knife-blades, and driving his antlers again and again into his body.

Finally they separated, and the cougar sorely wounded and almost disabled, crawled forward for the final struggle. The deer was covered with blood, but was still in excellent fighting trim. At this point the hunters interfered; one of them walked up to the cougar and shot him through the heart.

Even then the buck went up to his foe, smelled him, and struck him a few times with his feet, after which he turned and walked away.

The hunters, with a sense of justice, which it is to be hoped, prevails among their kind, suffered him to go unmolested. The cougar was skinned. He measured eight feet from tip to tip. Youth's Companion.

"TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR."

Who can tell why it is that the stars sometimes seem to "twinkle and wink," as one small boy says, more than at others? And why do they twinkle anyway? The reason they twinkle is that their light pierces through many differently heated and moving currents of air, which makes the light reach our eyes in a crooked or twinkling line, instead of a straight and steady one. Astronomers tell us that much twinkling foretells bad weather, because it shows that the currents of air are much disturbed. —Children's Magazine.