



A HOLE THROUGH THE HAND.

ROLL up a piece of paper, so that it shall make a tube as large around as a two-cent piece, and as long as your hand, take this between the thumb and two fingers of your right hand; hold it to your right eye; place the other end between the thumb and first finger of your left hand, holding the back of the hand towards you; keep both eyes open, and look at some object about three feet from you, and there will appear a hole right through your left hand. The effect is very curious.

WHAT PUSH CAN ACCOMPLISH.

THE first experience of a millionaire merchant at Philadelphia on his arrival in this country aptly illustrates what push can accomplish. When he stepped ashore from the sailing vessel, he said, "I was without money or friends. I spoke to a man on the wharf, and asked him what to do. He replied:

"Work, young man. Have you any motto?"

"No," I said. "What do you mean?"

He said:

"Every man must have a motto. Now, think of one. Go out and hunt for work."

"I started, thinking of a motto. As I walked along the street I saw painted on a door the word 'push.' I said, 'That shall be my motto.' I did push at that door and entered an office. I was asked what I wanted. I said, 'Work; and the word on your door gave me not only a motto, but confidence, and I ventured to ask you for work.'

"My manner pleased the man. He asked me many questions, all of which were answered promptly. He said at last:

"I want a boy of push, and as you have adopted that for your motto I will try you."

"He did. My success followed, and the motto that made my fortune will make that of others."

The word is old, short, and crisp, but

it expresses everything, and has carved out fortune and fame for hundreds of thousands of poor and obscure boys.

MOTHERS KNOW BEST.

Now, Rosalinda Waterline,
Don't shut your mouth up tight
And 'fuse to take your medicine,
Because that isn't right.

Don't cry and make an ugly face,
And say you'll spit it out;
I'm doing this to make you well,
And so you mustn't pout.

For mammas always know what's best,
E'en little ones like me;
They hate to 'stress their little girls,
But have to—don't you see?

Once I was such a naughty girl,
And 'haved and fussed just so
When mamma gave me things to take;
But that was long ago.

Since I have growed so very big,
And lots of lessons say,
I've learned this verse from God's own Book:
"Children, you must obey."

For God makes mammas very wise;
They always know what's best.
Come now and drink this bottle down;
Some day you'll take the rest.

"GOOD ENOUGH" BOYS.

"I MADE a bob-sled according to the directions given in my paper," said Fred Carroll, petulantly, "and it wouldn't run."

"So I believe," said his friend, George Lennon. "You also made a box telephone, and that didn't work."

"How do you account for it?" asked Fred, curiously. "I do everything just according to the book, but somehow nothing comes out right."

George smiled, as he answered quietly, "I can account for it very easily, because I saw you make both the sled and the telephone, and you didn't make them according to directions."

"What do you mean?" demanded Fred, flushing up. "Didn't I put in everything required? What did I omit?"

"You omitted exactness," replied George, gravely. "Now, don't get angry, Fred, and I will tell you what I noticed. When you made the telephone you did not draw the wire tight, as directed. You left it hanging slack, and when I spoke to you about it, you said it was 'good enough.'"

"I know that," admitted Fred, "but I thought it would do."

"Of course you did! Then in making the sled, you made two mistakes in your measurements. You nailed the forward cross cleat about six inches from the end, thus interfering with the play of the front bob, and the guards were so low down that a fellow's knuckles scraped the ground. The consequence was that there was no satisfaction in riding on the sled."

"And I broke it up," exclaimed Fred, crossly. "It was no good."

"It was a 'good enough,' sled," said George, with a smile. "Instead of being careful to have every measurement exact, you guessed some and made mistakes in others, and to every objection you replied that it was good enough. That generally means not good at all."

Fred turned angrily away from his friend, but he knew he was right.

How many "good enough" boys are reading these lines? The boy who sweeps his employer's store, and neglects the corners and dark places, is sweeping "good enough." So is the boy who skims his lessons, or does the home chores in a careless fashion.

"Good enough," boys rarely attain more than subordinate positions, and if by any chance they get into a position of trust, they cannot keep it. It is the thorough boy, the careful boy, the exact boy, who makes his mark in the world.

YOU CANNOT RUB IT OUT.

ONE pleasant afternoon a lady was sitting with her little girl, five years of age. The mother was sick, and the child had left her play to stay with her, and was amusing herself in printing her name with a pencil on paper. Suddenly her busy fingers stopped. She had made a mistake; and, wetting her finger, she tried again and again to rub out the mark, as she had been accustomed to do on her slate.

"My daughter," said her mother, "do you know that God writes down in a book all that you do? He writes every naughty word, every disobedient act, every time you indulge in temper and shake your shoulders or pout your lips; and, my dear, you can never rub it out."

The little girl's face grew very red, and in a moment tears ran down her cheeks. Her mother looked earnestly on her, but she said nothing more. At length she came softly to her side, threw her arms around her neck, and whispered, "Can the blood of Jesus rub it out?"

Dear children, Christ's blood can rub out the record of your sins, for it is written in God's holy word, "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."