

# HAPPY DAYS

## SOME WONDERFUL THINGS.

"Martin," said a wise grammar school boy to his little brother of six, "come here and let me tell you what you have inside of you."

"Nothing," said Martin.

"Yes, you have. Listen: You have a whole telegraph stowed away in your body, with wires running to your very toes and out to your finger tips."

"I haven't," said Martin, looking at his feet and hands.

"You have, though; and that is not all. There is a big force pump in the middle of you pumping, pumping seventy times a minute all day long, like the great engine I showed you the other day at the locomotive works."

"There is no such thing—"

"But there is, though; and, besides all these, a tree is growing in you with over two hundred different branches, tied together with ever so many hands and tough strings."

"That isn't so at all," persisted the little boy, about ready to cry. "I can feel myself all over, and there's no tree or engine or anything else except flesh and blood."

"Oh, that is not flesh and blood; that is, most of it is water. That is what you are made of: a few gallons of water, a little lime, phosphorus, salt, and some other things where is Martin?"

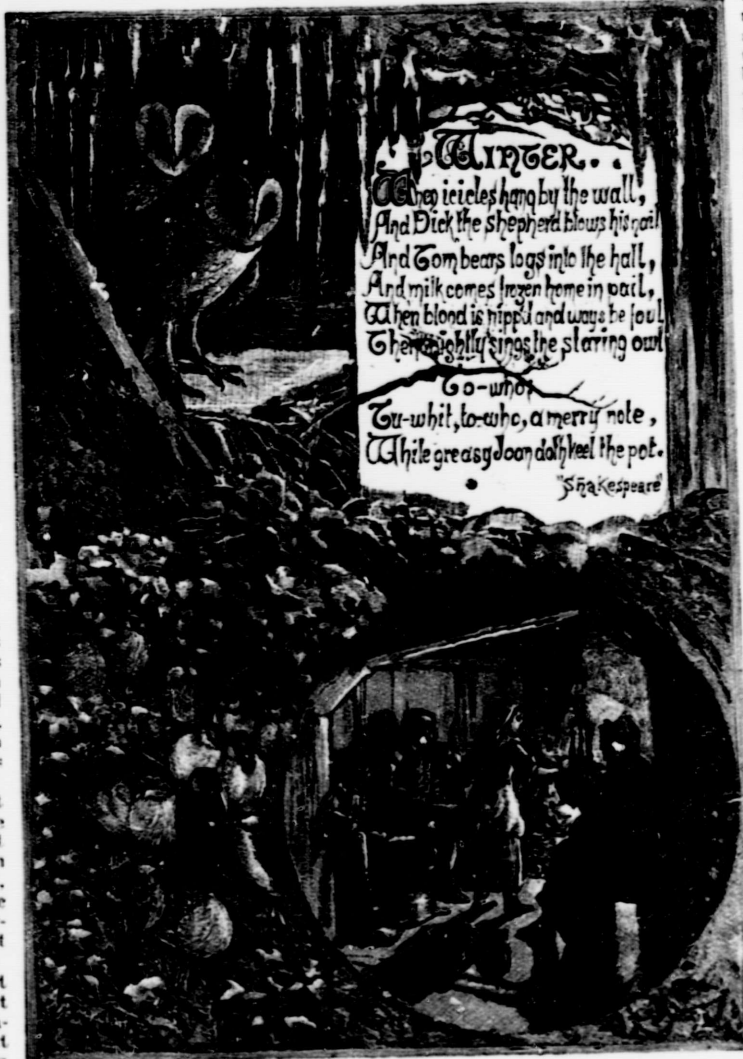
Tears stood in Martin's eyes, but the grammar school boy went on.

"And the worst of it is that there are so many million little—but

When his brother found that he was kneeling with his head in his mother's lap, and crying.

"I was only teasing him, mother, and kind of getting up my lesson that we are to have this afternoon about our body. I did not think it would worry him so."

The big boy kissed his mother and ran away to school, while the little fellow had a talk with mamma about the wonderful things inside of him.—Santa Claus.



WHEN WINTER IS HERE.

## THIRTEEN HAPPY LOTS.

Little Emily was sure she should not like the seashore.

"There won't be any chickens and pigcons, nor cats and kittens, nor a swing under the trees, nor any nice children to play with, but only grown-up folks, who would always be saying 'Hush!' if a little girl should ever find anything to laugh about," she declared; but Dr. Smith said that she must go to the seashore to get well from the long illness she had been suffering from all the spring.

When the coach that met them at the train drew up at the hotel door, the first thing Emily saw was a dear little curly-headed boy.

"There's one child here," she said.

"One!" answered the lady who kept the hotel, laughing: "there are twelve children here. We have called them our

The poor little fellow had run away.