

THE RED NOSE.

Do you see this red nose? Yes, I see it. One would be blind, of a truth, if he did not see so Plain a Thing. For it is Plain, is it not? It is Big and Red and out of Shape. Was the Man Born with such a Nose as this? No, my dear. As a Child he was fair and had a cute, wee Nose. This is of his own make. It is, as one may say, a Work of Art. It took him quite a long time to make it, and cost him much. I do not think it was worth the Price. But why did the Man spoil a good Nose, and get this vile one in its stead? He was fond of his Glass, you see. This Nose is the ripe Fruit of a course of Drink. And this is but one of the ills Drink does to a Man in his Face and Form. It makes a vast change for the Worse in the Man from Head to Foot, so that what was



once a fine straight Form gets to be Bent and Weak, or else Fat and Gross.

THE CHILD AND THE MAN.

Here, to make it more Plain, we have the Child and the Man. You see what a change there is. The Child is fair of Face, and seems to be full of Joy and Hope, but the Face of the Man is sad, and bears the mark of an ill-spent Life. Had the Child been wise and kept clear of Strong Drink, he would have been as fair in his Old Age as in his Youth. His Face might have been Pale, with lines of Care in it, and his Hair as White as Snow, but still he would have had a look



of Sweet Calm. The Gray Hair of the Just is a Crown of Life. But Drink mars all. This youth went wrong and got a taste for Rum, and this is what he came to. Is it not a sad Wreck of a fair



start? But this is not the worst of Drink's work. It ruins the Soul as well as the Body.—From the "Gin Mill Primer," by J. W. Bengough. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 25 cents.

A QUEER LITTLE INSECT.

There is an insect that greatly resembles a grasshopper, the chief difference being that it has a very long neck, while the latter has a short stubby one. This other insect has two claw-like feet, very much like a crab's, only smaller, which it doubles up in front of itself, just like some people do their hands in prayer. For this reason it is called the praying mantis.

Should you see one lying on a leaf you would surely think that it must be a very good insect to stay there so long and so quiet with its arms folded in such a suppliant manner, but if the truth were known it is only waiting until some poor little fly or bug alights on the leaf near it, when the mantis will snatch it with those two strong front feet and make a quick meal of it.

The praying mantis is greatly feared by other insects, but it is so very sly and quick that it catches many of them.

STINGY JIMMY.

Jimmy was the stingiest boy you ever knew. He couldn't bear to give away a penny or a bite of apple or a piece of candy. He couldn't bear to lend his sled or his hoop or his skates. All his friends were very sorry that he was so stingy, and talked to him about it; but he couldn't see any reason why he should give away what he wanted himself.

"If I didn't want it," he said, "p'raps I would give it away; but why should I give it away when I want it myself?"

"Because it is nice to be generous," said his mother, "and to think about the happiness of other people. It makes you feel happier and better yourself. If you give your hoop to little ragged Johnny, who never had one in his life, you will feel a thousand times better watching his enjoyment of it than if you had kept it yourself."

"Well," said Jimmy, "I'll try it."

The hoop was sent off.

"How soon shall I feel better?" he asked by and by. "I don't feel as well as

I did when I had the hoop. Are you sure that I shall feel better?"

"Certainly," answered his mother; "but if you should keep on giving something away, you would feel better all the sooner."

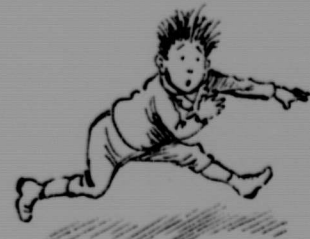
Then he gave away his kite, and thought that he did not feel quite so well as before. He gave away his sixpence that he meant to spend for taffy. Then he said: "I don't like this giving away things; it doesn't agree with me. I don't feel any better. I like being stingy better."

Just then ragged Johnny ran up the street bowling the hoop, looking proud as a prince, and asking all the boys to take a turn. Jimmy began to smile as he watched him, and said: "You might give Johnny my old overcoat. He's littler than I am, and he doesn't seem to have one. I think—I guess—I know that I'm beginning to feel so much better. I'm glad that I gave Johnny my hoop. I'll give away something else." And Jimmy has been feeling better ever since.—*Selected.*



THE MARK ON THE DOOR.

Why do these Folks take fright and run in this way? What do they fear? I see no cause for them to show so much dread. Ah, my Child, you must look once more. Do you not see the Mark on that Door in the shape of a Cross? Yes, I see it; but I see no cause to fear that. Do you not? Then you do not know that it means Small-pox. There is some one in this House who is sick with that Scourge, and these Folks know it means Death, and so they think it well to keep out of the way, lest they catch the ill just by a touch, or from the air near the house. Oh, in that case I do not blame



them. They do well to run. I would run, too, if I were in a place where small-pox was known to lurk.—*Bengough's "Gin Mill Primer."*