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you precious. You're not going to be 'selfish' with me any longer I won't have it."—Youth's Companion.

**THE WISHING GIRL.**

She wished she were a princess—  
Or, better still, a queen;  
She wished to see strange countries  
That she had never seen.  
She saw the wealthy ladies  
And wished to take their place;  
She wished for their fine jewels,  
Their satins and their lace.  
She wished that all her duties  
Were changed to play and fun,  
Or that, by merely wishing,  
Her duties could be done.  
But strange, with all her wishing,  
She never wished to be  
The helpful and unselfish child  
That others wished to see!

**THE BOY WHO KNEW.**

Frank Disston's father had been in the city; now he was to come home. Frank was glad; he had missed his father.

"We are like chums," Frank had gleefully said, more than once, to envious playmates.

Frank was happier still when Mrs. Disston told him he might go to the station to meet the train.

"You must promise to be careful," she said, as he started off to school. "Don't get the wrong train."

"Oh, I'll be careful!" Frank agreed; and he thought, "As if I wouldn't be careful! Why are mothers so anxious about a fellow?"

Mr. Disston's train was due at four o'clock. As the station was nearly a mile from the school-house, Mrs. Disston had given Frank a note to his teacher, asking that he be excused at half-past three. Of course Miss Redman quickly agreed. She seemed much interested.

How slowly the hands of the clock moved that afternoon! But, at last, it was time to go. He did not need Miss Redman's smiling reminder.

"Good-by, Frank," she said. "Be careful at the station. You know that trains on two roads come in almost at the same moment. I think Mr. Disston will come on the I. B. & W. road."

But Frank was out of the door before Miss Redman had finished.

"I wish they would give a fellow credit for knowing a little! Miss Redman may know more than I do about arithmetic and things, but I guess I know more than she does about trains. Why, all the fellows know that the I. B. & W. train doesn't come from the city."

He ran to the station, he was so eager to see his father. He was seated in the waiting room, resting when Mr. Watson saw him.

"Down to meet your father, Frank? Good! Know which train to watch?" "Of course I do!" was the scornful answer.

Just then the I. B. & W. train steamed in. "Guess I won't go out there," Frank thought, "Mother said to be careful, so I'll stay right here."

Then the Union Central train was called. Frank was on the platform in a hurry. Confidently he watched the

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passengers. His father would be by his side in one instant more! More men and women passed him. What could be the matter? His father couldn't be as eager as he was. He could hardly believe his ears when, after every passenger had gone, the conductor cried, "All aboard!"

He hurried to the great man in the brass buttons. "Mr. Conductor?" he called, "Can't you wait just a minute? My father is coming on this train. Maybe he's asleep in his seat."

"Where is he coming from, sonny," the conductor asked. "Chicago, you say? Why, this isn't the Chicago train. The I. B. & W. brings the Chicago passengers. He must have come five minutes ago, on the train that has just left the platform."

Poor Frank! The tears came to his eyes. His father had come, and had gone home alone! Now he must try to catch him.

But he had delayed too long. Mr. Disston was in the house when Frank arrived out of breath. His mother was just asking where he was.

Frank heard the question. "Here I am, mother! I missed father. I thought he was coming on the Union Central, and I didn't look at the I. B. & W. train at all."

"But I told you—" his mother began.

"Yes, and so did Miss Redman, and Mr. Watson tried to, but I wouldn't listen. I thought I knew."

"That's just the trouble with you so many times, Frank," his father said, as he put his arm about the disappointed lad; "you think you know more than some of the rest of us. Maybe this will keep you from being quite so sure next time."

And Frank thought it would.

"Find out what God would have you do;

And do that little well,  
For what is great and what is small,  
'Tis only He can tell."

The following story told this week may interest Scotch delegates: "A lady suffering from the affliction of severe deafness, entered one of those kirks in which musical instruments

are strictly tabooed. She carried a very elaborate ear trumpet, the nature and purpose of which the austere old verger entirely misapprehended. Going up to her and pointing severely towards the door as he spoke, he exclaimed in a terrible voice, 'One toot and oot!'"

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