

"Same thing both times?" asked Phil.

"No, siree; new tricks every time. I say, Phil!" Kenneth continued, struck with the other's mournful look, won't your uncle George give you one?"

"I ain't got any uncle George," said Phil.

"That's a fact; how about your mother, Phil?"

"Can't afford it," answered Phil, with his eyes on the ground.

Kenneth took his ticket out of his pocket and looked at it; it certainly promised to admit the bearer into Mozart Hall two afternoons: then he looked at Phil and a secret wish stole into his heart that he hadn't said anything about his ticket; but after a few minutes' struggle, "Phil," he cried, "I wonder if the man wouldn't change this and give me two tickets that would take you and me in one time?"

Phil's eyes grew bright, and a happy smile crept over his broad little face. "Do you think he would?" he asked, eagerly.

"Let's try," said Kenneth; and the two little boys started off to the office window at the hall.

"But, Kenneth," said Phil, stopping short, "it ain't fair for me to take your ticket."

"It is, though," answered his friend, stoutly, "cause I'll get more fun from going once with you than twice by myself."

This settled the matter, and Phil gave in.

"So you want two tickets for one time?" said the agent.

"Yes, sir," said Kenneth, taking off his sailor hat to the great man—"one for me and one for Phil, you know."

"You do arithmetic by the Golden Rule down here, don't you?" asked the ticket man.

"No, sir, we use Ray's Practical," answered the boys; and they didn't know for a long time what that man meant by Golden Rule.—*Selected.*

KEY TO SUCCESS.

A FEW years ago, says a New York paper, a large drug firm in this city advertised for a boy. The next day the store was thronged with applicants, and among them a queer looking fellow, accompanied by his aunt, in lieu of faithless parents by whom he had been abandoned.

Looking at the little waif, the merchant in the store promptly said, "Can't take him; places all full. Besides he's too small."

"I know he's small," says the woman, "but he's willing and faithful."

There was a twinkle in the boy's eyes that made the merchant think again. A partner in the firm volunteered the remark that he did not see what they wanted of such a boy; he wasn't bigger than a pint of cider. But, after consultation, the boy was set to work. A few days later a call was made on the boys in the store for some one to stay all night. The prompt response of the little fellow contrasted well with the reluctance of the others. In the middle of the night the merchant looked to see if all was right in the store, and presently discovered his youthful protégé busy scissoring labels.

"I did not tell you to work at night."
"I know you did not tell me to; but I thought I might as well be doing something."

In the morning the cashier got orders to double that boy's wages, "for he was willing." Only a few weeks elapsed before a show of wild beasts passed through the street, and very naturally all hands in the store rushed to witness the spectacle. A thief saw his opportunity, and entered in the rear door to seize something, but in a twinkle found himself clutched by the diminutive clerk aforesaid, and after a struggle he was captured. Not only was robbery prevented, but valuable articles stolen from other stores were discovered. When asked by the merchant why he stayed behind to watch when all the others quit their work, the reply was, "You told me never to leave the store when others were absent, and I thought I'd stay."

"Double that boy's wages; he is willing and faithful." In 1869 that boy was receiving a salary of twenty-five hundred dollars; and in 1870 he had become a partner in the establishment. The moral of the story is, "Where there's a will there's a way." The key to success is, "willing and faithful." There is a vacant place for all such boys as the hero of this story.—*Selected.*

FREDDY'S PRAYER.

FREDDY is the little son of one of the best ministers in New England. One day, while he was out walking, he saw

for the first time in his life an intoxicated man, reeling from one side of the pavement to the other.

Freddy's nurse hurried him by while the little boy gazed after the man with tears in his blue eyes, he was so shocked and distressed at the sad sight. He asked a great many questions about it, which his nurse answered as well as she was able; but after she told him that men otherwise very good sometimes drank too much liquor, he was silent.

That night his mother, who knew nothing of what her little boy had seen on his afternoon's walk, was greatly astonished when he added this petition to his usual evening prayer:

"Dear Lord, please don't let papa ever get drunk!"—*Youth's Companion.*

THE LITTLE HOUSEHOLD.

"Oh, yes, I have all kinds of tenants," said a kind-faced old gentleman; "but the one I like best is a child not more than ten years of age. A few years ago I got a chance to buy a piece of land over on the west side, and did so. I noticed that there was an old coop of a house on it, but I paid no attention to it. After a while a man came to me and wanted to know if I would rent it to him.

"What do you want it for?" said I.

"To live in," he replied.

"Well," I said, "you can have it. Pay me what you think it worth to you."

"The first month he brought \$2, and the second month a little boy, who said he was the man's son, came with \$3. After that I saw the man once in a while, but in the course of time the boy paid the rent regularly, sometimes \$2 and sometimes \$3. One day I asked the boy what had become of his father."

"He's dead sir," was the reply.

"Is that so?" said I. "How long since?"

"More'n a year," he answered.

"I took his money, but I made up my mind that I would go over and investigate, and the next day I drove over there. The old shed looked quite decent. I knocked at the door and a little girl let me in. I asked for her mother. She said she did not have any.

"Where is she?" said I.

"We don't know, sir. She went away after my father died, and we've never seen her since."