

"In a way," she began, "I'm going to take the advice of every one of you, even to Ralph's and Nina's." Then she stopped to enjoy the mystification in the faces around her.

"You see," she went on, "I've been doing a great deal of observing and thinking in the past few weeks, and a good many things look very differently to me from what they ever have before. So I've come to the decision that the place where I can make the very best use of my various little scraps of talent is right here at home."

A sigh of relief and satisfaction went around the table. Alan began to applaud but stopped quickly, for Louise continued speaking and he did not want to lose what she was going to say.

"And so," said Louise, "I'm going to be grandma's private elocutionist, and I'm going to sing and play for father and bring my gift of teaching to bear on Alan, while my story telling and artistic talent shall be exercised for the benefit and amusement of Ralph and Nina, and I'll be mother's companion and assistant housekeeper."

"To sum up, I'm going to take Ralph's and Nina's advice and 'not be anything—just be Louise." Do you approve of my decision?"

"You just better believe we do," said Alan, while grandma beamed on her.

"It is what your mother and I have long wished you could make up your mind to," her father said.

"If you can be happy in it," her mother added.

"I shall be," Louise answered, confidently. "These past weeks have taught me that. I think it's what I've really wanted to do, all the time, only I hadn't wit enough to know. It took a broken leg to teach me."—Presbyterian Banner.

### New Year's Mottoes.

I asked the New Year for some motto sweet,  
Some rule of life with which to guide my feet;  
I asked and paused. It answered, soft and low,  
"God's will to know."

"Will knowledge then suffice, New Year?" I cried;  
But ere the question into silence died,  
The answer came, "Nay, this remember, too—  
God's will to do."

Once more I asked, "Is there still more to tell?  
And once again the answer softly fell,  
"Yes, this one thing, all other things above—  
God's will to love."

—Christian Commonwealth.

### A Magic Letter.

Did you ever think what a strange letter S is? It is a serpent in disguise. Listen! You can hear it hiss. It is the wizard of the alphabet. It gives possession and multiplies indefinitely by its touch. It changes a tree into trees and a house into houses. Some times it is very spiteful and will change a pet name into pest, a pear into spear, a word into sword, a laughter into slaughter, and it will make hot shot any time.

The farmer has to watch it closely. It will make scorn of his corn, and reduce every peck into a speck. Sometimes he finds it useful. If he needs more room for his stock it will change a table into a stable for him, and if he is short of hay he can set out a row of tacks. It will turn them into stacks. He must be careful, however, not to let his nails lie round loose. The serpent's breath will turn them into snails. If he wishes to use an engine about his farm work this farmer need not buy any coal or hay or water

with which to run it. Let the serpent glide before the horses. The team will turn to steam.

If you get hurt call the serpent to your aid. Instantly your pain will be in Spain. Be sure to take it with you the next time you climb a mountain if you desire to witness a marvel. It will make the peak speak. But don't let it come round while you are reading now. It will make the tale stale.—National Educator.

### A Spirit Level to Live by.

A little boy saw his father using a spirit level to see if the board that he was planing was "true" and straight.

"What's the use of being so careful, papa?" he asked. "It's pretty good, I guess. It looks so."

"Guessing won't do in carpenter work," replied his father, sighting along the edge of the board, and shaving it the least bit in the world. "You have to be just right. People guess at too many things. God doesn't like that way of living."

"I guess there aren't any spirit levels for living by," laughed the little boy.

"Yes, there are," said his father earnestly. "You'll find them in the Bible. Try all your actions by that. Make them true and straight, and no guesswork in them."—Jewels.

### An Elephant's Surgical Operation of Himself.

Elephants very frequently make use of tools. Sir John Tennant, Romanes, Dampier and others say that these creatures, when passing through the jungle, break branches from the trees and use them as fans. One day, while observing Jessie, a very intelligent elephant that was on exhibition at the St. Louis fair grounds, I noticed that she was greatly worried and annoyed by the attack of a swarm of large flies. These insects had settled on her back, where she could not reach them with her proboscis or with her tail. She seemed to study the situation for a few moments; then, reaching out her trunk, she seized a mop broom, which stood in the corner of her stall, and deliberately brushed off the greedy little blood-suckers with it.

Mr. G. E. Peal states in "Nature" that he once saw a young elephant deliberately fashion a surgical instrument. He saw the animal in question go to a bamboo fence and break off one of the pickets; this picket it further fractured with its trunk and one of its fore feet until it obtained a sharp fragment some ten or twelve inches in length. Then, leaning forward on one of its forelegs, it thrust this fragment, which it grasped with its trunk, into its "armpit," and vigorously moved it to and fro. As a result of this operation, a large elephant leech was dislodged and dropped to the ground and was at once ground to mincemeat beneath the horny toes of the sagacious brute, which grunted its intense satisfaction!

Jessie, the elephant mentioned above, had some knowledge of pneumatics. One day I tossed a peanut, which fell to the ground some eight or ten inches beyond the utmost reach of her trunk. She stretched out the organ to its fullest extent toward the peanut, then blew through it a sudden quick and powerful blast. The peanut was hurled against the wall, from whence it bounded and then rolled beneath the feet of the intelligent animal, which at once swallowed it. I tried this experiment several times, each time with a like result.—Scientific American.

### BABY'S OWN TABLETS.

This medicine comes as a message of hope to all worried mothers. It is the best thing in the world for stomach, bowel and teething troubles, which make little ones weak, sickly and peevish. It will make your baby well, and keep it well, and you have a positive guarantee that it contains no opiate or harmful drug. Mrs. James Hopkins, Tobermory, Ont., says:—"I have used Baby's Own Tablets and would not be without them. Mothers who have sickly, cross and fretful children will find these Tablets a great blessing." These are strong, hopeful words from a mother who has proved the value of Baby's Own Tablets. This medicine is sold by all druggists or sent by mail at 25 cents a box, by writing The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

### Wouldn't Do For a Minister.

A carping old Scotchwoman said to her pastor one day:

"Deer me, meenisters mak' much adae aboot their hard work. But what twa bits o' sermons in the week to mak' up? I cud dae it masel'."

"Weel, Janet," said the minister, "let's hear ye."

"Come awa' wi a text then," quoth she.

He repeated with emphasis, "It is better to dwell in the corner of the housetop than with a bawling woman and in a wide house."

Janet fired up instantly.

"What's that ye say sir? Dae ye intend onything personal?"

"Stop, stop! broke in her pastor, "You wud never dae for a meenister."

"An' what for no?" asked she sharply.

"Because Janet, you come over soon tae the application."

### Honor.

The schoolgirl who borrows is likely to develop into the woman who is careless about financial obligations. "I am not surprised at her running up bills she cannot pay," said one woman of another, "because I sat next her at school, and she borrowed and used about everything I had in my desk, and forgot to return them half the time."

There is no worse habit than the petty dishonesty of such borrowing. The girl with a fine sense of honor will never borrow even her schoolmate's pencil, except absolutely necessary, and will always return it at the first possible moment.

Prince Ramazan, one of the relatives of the native King of Toro, Uganda, Central Africa, is a boy of 15 and a Mohammedan. Because the Mohammedans of that region are very ignorant, a Christian lad has been employed to teach him to read and write. This has led the Prince to write to the Prime Minister of Uganda asking to be educated as a Christian. His letter contains this passage: "This is a very bad religion; it is a religion of death. I want to become a Protestant and join Mr. Hattersley's school for chiefs." The boy wants education; he may find Christ.

It is while you are patiently toiling at the little tasks of life that the meaning and shape of the great whole of life dawns upon you. It is while you are resisting little temptations that you are growing stronger.—Philips Brooks.