



## The Boy who knew it all

**Y**OU'RE a doctor, ain't you sir? inquired the small boy, as he threw open the front door and fixed his eyes upon a middle-aged man with a closely trimmed beard.

"Yes; but.

"I knew it," cried the little fellow, clasping his hands and giving a skip for very joy; "and what's more I know who sent you."

"The duce you do"! exclaimed the doctor, the stern character of his expression changing into a lively and unprofessional astonishment. "Yes, sir, I do. You were sent here by St. Joseph to cure my mamma."

Is that so? how, I was under the —

Yes, broke in the boy, too eager to listen; "and you're welcome; comme right along" — here he took the physician's hand in his own — "and I'll show you something worth seeing."

"If the doctor then and there had discovered America, he could not have looked more amazed as the youthful guide conducted him into the parlor and cried jubilantly; "how, just look at that, will you?"

The parlor was wretchedly furnished, and, although it was christmas eve, not at all christmas-like in its general appearance; but the shabby appointments of the room were unnoticed by the doctor; both he and his guide here looking with the liveliest interest upon a group of packages lying on the uncarpeted floor.

"Turkey!" cried the boy unctuously touching the biggest package with a caressing hand. "Ham"! he continued touching another. "Oranges"! he went on