

# Young Folks

## Little Deeds of Kindness.

Dick had gone with his aunt to pay a call. He had asked to go, but now he was there he was not sure it was much fun after all. There were no boys or girls to play with, and he had to sit up very stiff and prim on a chair while his aunt talked to the lady about all kinds of dull things, such as hats, and books, and grown-up folk of whom he had never even heard.

At last Dick felt he could stand no more of it. When his aunt and the lady were too busy with their talk to see him he got down from his chair and stole out of the room into the next. There the table was laid for tea, and two little pups who knew there were things that were good to eat upon the table were trying in vain to jump up on it. Now Dick was a little boy with a very kind heart, so he put the two little pups on the table, and then stood to watch them as they first upset the jug of cream and licked it up off the cloth, and then began to make short work of a plate of cakes.

The cakes looked so very good that Dick would have liked one, too, but he knew it was wrong to steal, so he went through the glass door which led into a room full of flowers. It was very nice here, and Dick walked on till he came to a very kind heart, so he put the two little pups on the table, and then stood to watch them as they first upset the jug of cream and licked it up off the cloth, and then began to make short work of a plate of cakes.

Then Dick saw a little bird in a cage. "Oh, you poor little bird," he cried. "I am sure you must want to fly out into the fresh air." And he took the cage out into the garden and set the door open. The little bird flew away into the trees and Dick felt what a kind boy he was.

The garden was full of flowers, so Dick went down the path to have a look at them. "But," he thought, "how it must hurt those roses and the pinks to be tied up to sticks like that," so he took his knife from his pocket and cut the twine with which each one was tied. Then he went on his way. Soon after this he came to a gate which led into a field, and in the field stood a little pony. When he saw Dick it ran up and put its head over the gate to him. "Do you want to come in?" said the boy. "Well, so you shall," and he threw open the gate. The pony at once ran through and began to race over the flower beds. Dick could see it was having a lovely time.

A little time after Dick came to where some young ducks were shut in by a wire fence. "You poor things," he said. "I am sure you cannot find much to eat there," and he let them out into the garden, where they began to gobble up every young greenplant they could find, and had such a feed as they never had before.

Dick began to think that doing kind deeds was much more fun than sitting still in a chair, and besides, it made him feel so good. The Boy Scouts only had to do one kind deed in the day, and he had done ever so many in less than an hour. Were there any more to be done? and Dick began to look around; but just then he heard his aunt's voice calling to him that it was time to go home.

On the way he told her of all the kind deeds he had done, and he could not make out why just at that moment his aunt seemed to be taken ill, almost as if she would faint, or why she seized hold of his arm and cried, "Come along home as quick as you can, and let us hope she will never, never find out who has done it."

Dick thought this was not very kind, for though he knew it was not right to boast of one's good deeds he could not see there was any need to hide them up as much as all that.

## LIFE FACTS.

### The Age at Which People Are More Liable to Die.

There are certain ages wherein death is very imminent, and of all these ages the most perilous is the age of an hour or two. Yet, it is just after birth that we are in most danger of death; and the next most perilous age to this is 71 years.

The age of three is the next most dangerous age. Almost one-fourth of all the babies born die during the third year.

From three on to the age of 45 life is comparatively safe; but 45, especially for women, is a trying time, and many are carried off.

After passing 45 in safety men and women may reasonably hope to reach 71. Here again they are in great danger—the greatest save for the first few hours after birth.

Longevity is an hereditary quality. It passes from father to son and from mother to daughter. He who had an octogenarian father may hope to become an octogenarian himself, and she who had an octogenarian mother may hope to become an octogenarian herself.

But a father's longevity does not pass down to a daughter, nor does a mother's pass down to a son.

"You'd better eat it slowly," said Willie to the clergyman, who was dining with the family. "Mamma never gives more'n one piece of pie."

## FATE OF SMART EEL.

### Educated Specimen Who Could Wriggle Himself Into Letters.

"You take it from me, sir," said the old showman, "that the higher education of animals is a mistake. 'I have trained all sorts of beasts from fleas to elephants. I've taught horses to dance on their hind legs, dogs to act music-hall sketches, elephants to play the barrel organ and do all sorts of tricks; but not one of them showed such intelligence as my educated eel."

"I picked him out of the water one day, and was attracted by his cute, brown eyes. He looked at me in a sort of friendly, knowing way, as if to say: 'Let's be friends, Guv'nor—real pals.'"

"So I picked him up and put him in my pocket. Then a bright idea struck me. I would train him like the other animals and let him take part in my show."

"Talk of the intelligence of animals! That eel simply beat the bunch. He guessed what I wanted him to do before I'd thought it out myself. He had the true spirit of the artist, too, he 'ad. He performed because he loved to act."

"The first tricks I taught him he took as mere child's play. In a few days he could put his tail in his mouth and roll round the room, pretending to be a hoop. He would smile when I said 'Smile' in the cutest way, and what is more, he would often smile on his own without being told, as if tickled at the humors of this funny world."

"Then I taught him to wriggle himself into the shape of letters. Soon he could twist himself into every letter of the alphabet and spell words as easy as you please. 'This beats science,' thought I, when one day he actually spelled my name; so I formed the idea of inviting some of the greatest scientists in the country to witness the feats of my marvelous eel."

"As the day of the private view drew near I put him regularly through his tricks, and the marvelous animal seemed to guess exactly what was in store for him. He got nervous, excited, and vain, too. If he had been a peacock I can just imagine him spreading his tail. But he merely blinked his eyes in the cutest, knowin'est way."

"Then all of a sudden the excitement began to tell upon him, and he showed signs of a nervous breakdown. He took trembling fits, which high scared me to death. I dosed him with spirit, which seemed to do him good for a time, but he got weaker and weaker, until at last one morning I found him stretched out stiff and stark upon the floor."

"If ever a human died of brain fever, that poor beast did. I never trained another eel again. He died about this time last year, and I would give anything to have him by me now, with his cute little smile and his 'We're pals, Gov'nor' look."—London Tit-Bits.

## REFORMING A CRIMINAL.

### How a Fox Terrier Was Cured of Bad Habits.

Attached to the packs of fox-hounds that hunt the wild hill-country on both sides of the border between England and Scotland is a little band of terriers, whose business it is to follow up the chase, to go to ground when required, and to drive or draw out the fox. Such a dog was Pompey, part of whose history is related by a contributor to the English Country Life.

Pompey was a mischievous creature, and more than one cat had reason to regret having attracted his notice. He also acquired a taste for mutton, but so cunning and stealthy were his methods that he had committed the crime of sheep-killing several times before he was caught red-handed. Thus convicted, we sent him out to a hill farm where there was a man who knew how to break dogs from annoying sheep. The old shepherd promised that within a week Pompey would not "bite in the same field with a sheep."

When the shepherd began the treatment, an innocent-looking little terrier might have been seen chained up to the lowest rail in the sheepfolds. A number of alert Cheviot rams kept him under constant surveillance, while they snorted and stamped their feet threateningly.

After an hour or two of this, Pompey was chained to one of the rams, and the shepherd drove the pair backward and forward. The terrier was dragged about like an old shoe. Whenever he got on his legs the ram charged and butted him until his ribs were nearly cracked. Then, as he still showed signs of fight, the gate was opened, and the ram rushed out to join his companions. The rams were driven round and round the yard, and the unresisting little terrier was dragged ignominiously behind, until hardly a breath was left in his poor battered and little body.

He was given a respite of some hours, and in the afternoon they took him out again and tied him up in a gateway, through which a flock of sheep was driven back and forth over him. At the end of three days of this course of treatment he was discharged, quite cured. He was never again known to cast so much as a glance at a sheep.

## The Other Pet.

"Jock never snarls nor growls at me and sticks close by me whenever I go out."

"What a nice dog he must be."

"Dog! Sir, he is my husband!"

## LIVE IN CAVES AND HOLES.

### THE PEOPLE OF SOUTHERN TUNISIA IN AFRICA.

Thousands of Human Beings Occupy Burrows in the Mountains.

One of the least known parts of the world, in southern Tunisia, was visited recently by Dr. Frank Edward Johnson, a scientist and explorer of high reputation. He found there a number of mountains, mostly sharp peaks, which are inhabited by ant people.

That is to say, these mountains are so honey-combed with caves dug out of their sides as to resemble gigantic ant-hills. In the caves dwell thousands of human beings. They and their ancestors have lived thus, apparently, for many thousands of years. And on the summit of each mountain is a strong fort, built of a primitive sort of concrete, for defensive purposes.

Such a human ant-hill is the town of Douirat. It has a population of 3,000 or more, but there are no houses. Caves, in tiers above tiers, afford dwelling accommodations to the inhabitants, and in that intensely hot and dry climate they are a rather comfortable style of domicile, being cool. The rocky formation of the mountain is quite soft, so as to be easily excavated. Some of the caverns are used for storage purposes, and others are connected by tunnels, with subterranean stables for horses and other domestic animals.

It should be understood that all of the region here described is desert, with here and there an oasis, where there happen to be springs. For water supply the chief reliance is upon semi-occasional rains, every possible drop being caught and conducted by troughs into cisterns for storage. The people are partial nomads, travelling long distances with their goats and sheep in search of pasture.

The Caves They Occupy average about twenty feet in depth, nine feet in width, and seven feet in height—the only light coming from the doorway.

One realizes, then, that such a hill as that of Douirat, pierced as it is with a multitude of caverns and connecting tunnels, bears no inadequate likeness to an ant-hill enormously magnified. On its summit is an ancient citadel, or fortress which has doubtless withstood many a siege, though at the present time it is in ruins. The reason for its ruinous condition is simply that the French (to whose territory in northern Africa Tunisia belongs) have by force of arms, and likewise by gentle methods, pacified the country, where formerly there was continual warfare.

These human ant-hills, undoubtedly, were originally occupied for the sake of their natural strength and defensibility against enemies. Assault upon armed men hiding in caves and tunnels in the bowels of a mountain is not easily practicable from a military viewpoint. But the situation is such that the defenders, if overcome, had always the last resort of retreating to the fortress on the summit, which was incidentally a huge storehouse, wherein there were water cisterns and large quantities of food supplies provided against just such an emergency.

Accordingly, in this strange part of the world the traveller discovers, scattered over the landscape, mountains which have been inhabited and fortified by the ant people ever since the days of the Pharaohs, and probably for a much longer period. One of the most interesting of them is the top of a great sugarloaf-shaped hill, with the point cut off. It is called Ghourmeat, and occupies a situation so wild and difficult of access as to be well-nigh impregnable. Another is Chini, where in front of many of the caves are courtyards and small buildings of masonry.

Old though it may appear, this town has a great reputation for its cookery, and one of its most famous chefs was summoned to Rome a few years ago and made chief pastry cook to Pope Leo XIII.

## Curious Structures.

Quite as interesting as these honey-combed mountain peaks are certain caves of the same region, but in the plains beneath, which may be said to consist of habitations built in imitation of caves. When constructed singly they have the form of half-cylinders, with the convex side up, but commonly they are superposed to a height of four or five stories. Many of these curious structures are storehouses, while others are for domestic purposes. There are no stairs inside or outside, but the inhabitants go up or down the fronts with ease, ascending or descending by the help of projecting stones which have been worn smooth by centuries of use.

Sallust, the Roman historian, who wrote about 80 B.C., in giving an account of his travels in northern Africa, spoke of coming to a strange country where the people dwell in curious abodes resembling overturned boats. Evidently it was to these very folk—to their ancestors, that is to say—that he referred. The houses in question are composed of cement and pebbles. There is nothing like them to be seen anywhere else in the world, and it is not unreasonable to imagine that their ancient occupants were the original inventors of concrete for building construction.

Dr. Johnson says that there are perhaps 20,000 of these people in the plains of southern Tunisia.

One of their towns, which he visited, is called Medicine. Another, known as Matameur, is of the same general description, and its women are famous for their beauty. Like the mountain villages, each of these centers of population has a combined storehouse and fort for purposes of defense.

The people, whether of the mountains or of the plains, are an Arab race, known as Berbers. In former days their tribes were continually at war, each village being at daggers drawn even with its nearest neighbors. But most dreaded of all were the robber Touaregs, ravagers of the desert, who swooping down on their racing camels when least expected, were accustomed to carry off good supplies and portable property, with the good-looking young women, and to murder everybody else, including children.

## A Great Market.

This sort of thing is not permitted any longer, however, thanks to the interference of the French, who, as one means of pacifying the country, have established a great semi-weekly market on a convenient and inviting oasis, to which the people come from great distances to buy and to sell. It is today the principal meeting-place of the Troglodytes, or cave dwellers, of all southern Tunisia, and there the members of tribes which have been for many centuries at sword's points make friendship. One with another. It is a practical application of the principle that hostility nearly always arises from lack of acquaintance.

Necessarily the natives most exposed to attack by Touaregs were those who inhabited certain subterranean villages, wherein pits, or holes in the ground took the place of mountain caves or boat-shaped houses. One such place, called Matrats, is 30 miles south of Babes, a French garrison town on the African side of the Mediterranean. It has a population of 5,000, and there is not a house in sight, all of the dwellings being underground.

Resort is had to this method of domiciliary construction, not for defense, but for to escape the tropical sun and to obtain shelter from sandstorms. The average pit is described by Dr. Johnson as 30 feet deep and fifteen feet in diameter. It forms a circular courtyard open to the sky and surrounded by caves which are dug out of the sides for living-rooms and storehouses.

Quarters are similarly provided for sheep, goats and donkeys. Every little bit of the household is done in the courtyard, in the middle of which is a cistern for water. That part of the world is almost rainless, but when it does rain it comes down in torrents, and every drop is preserved.

Each such dwelling is entered from without by a tunnel, slanting down to the courtyard—the opening of the tunnel being at a little distance. Furniture,

## Such as Tables and Beds,

are usually cut out of the soft rock—a simple and inexpensive way of providing it. The walls of the rooms are usually whitewashed. There are mattresses stuffed with wool, and rugs and blankets of native manufacture.

Etiquette, says Dr. Johnson, forbids a man to approach any other man's hole near enough to look down and see his woman. Usually the head of the household has several wives (the number depending on his means), and there are always a few fierce dogs on hand. When a man wants a wife, he buys her from her parents with a certain number of goats and lambs and a stated quantity of olive oil, barley and wheat. The price of a bride is definitely fixed by custom; but a woman who is blind in one eye or otherwise defective comes cheaper. The groom is expected to give to his prospective father-in-law a new fez and a pair of yellow leather slippers. He receives with the girl a dowry of about \$3—half down, and the other half payable at the end of a year.

Such pit villages are much more defensible against an enemy than might be supposed. There are similar subterranean towns in Asia Minor, and history records an assault upon one of them, in comparatively recent times, by an Egyptian army. The inhabitants sought refuge in the underground rooms rolling huge stones against the entrance, so that the invaders were unable to force their way in. When the latter lowered buckets into the cistern to get water, the ropes were cut. The upshot of the affair was that the men were compelled to withdraw, death from thirst being the alternative.

## Sun is Good Coal Mine.

One square yard of the earth's surface receives each day averaging six hours of sunshine an amount of heat equal to that contained in 1.05 pounds of coal, according to an Italian chemist. At this rate an area of about 1,200 miles receives during a year an amount of energy from the sun equivalent to that obtainable from the 1,100,000,000 tons of coal mined annually in Europe and the United States.

## Shoeing Horses in China.

The Chinese blacksmith thinks a great deal of his anatomy, when shoeing horses, which are not numerous in China. He is so skittish in doing a job of shoeing, and so dubious about handling the hoofs of the animal, that, when shoeing is required, the horse is strung up with ropes in such a manner as to prevent kicking. No exceptions are made, even though the horse be a gray, when a plug of advanced age.



Grand Duke Dmitri, first cousin of Czar Nicholas, of Russia, in line of succession to the Russian throne.

## HEALTH

### Prickly Heat.

It is not necessary to describe this tormenting ailment to any one who lives during the summer in this country. Strangers, however, on investigating the cause of their special discomfort during a hot spell, are often distressed to discover that a profuse rash covers their skin. They often feel very uneasy until they learn from an experienced friend, or from the physician, that it is only "prickly heat."

The disease is an acute inflammation of the skin caused directly by excessive heat, and by the resulting disturbance of the function of perspiration. The skin is red, and dotted over with scarlet pimples, and over little blisters the size of a pin-head, and it itches and prickles distressingly. The eruption usually appears in very hot and especially in humid weather; and violent exercise, the eating of highly seasoned food, or the taking of hot soup or tea may bring it on. Irritation of the skin by the underclothing, especially if it be of wool, may also precipitate an attack.

If the eruption is properly treated, it usually disappears in a few days, but it is likely to recur whenever the weather becomes "muggy." The sufferer from prickly heat should wear light underclothing, preferably of linen, silk or cotton, and change it frequently; his bedclothing should be light; his food should be sparingly, and avoid food or drink that is highly spiced or hot; it is well to take moderate exercise early in the morning or in the evening, and to drink plenty of cool water, which may be mixed with lemon-juice or some other acid, but not with alcohol in any form.

A small daily dose of salts taken in the morning is useful. Two to four tablespoonfuls of borax and baking-soda added to the bath helps to prevent the eruption, or to relieve it when it is present. The itching is lessened by profusely dusting the skin with powders of zinc oxide and chalk, or by bathing it with extract of witch-hazel, or with a wash that contains zinc oxide and calamin suspended in glycerine and rose-water.—Youth's Companion.

## Take Life Slowly.

It is a common thing nowadays to read in the newspapers accounts of men and women suddenly "breaking down," and in some cases developing insanity.

The only way to account for this trouble is the fearful pace at which life now is led. Everything we do is done in a hurry.

Doctors say that many of the cases which they have to attend to are the result of nervous breakdown, which they attribute solely to excessive and unnecessary bustling.

Competition in every walk of life nowadays is very keen, and one must work hard and thoroughly if one hopes to succeed; but, at the same time, it is wrong and very unnatural to do things at fever pitch all the time.

Undue haste is an enemy, not only of health, but of longevity, too, for it wastes the life-force, of which there is only a strictly limited quantity.

It is not too much to say that the world would be a great deal better off were it not for the bustling mania, and the motto, "Take life slowly," should be found in every business office.

## A Compromise.

Gibbs—I often wonder who those fellows are that loaf around watching a new building going up.

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL STUDY.

### INTERNATIONAL LESSON.

JULY 12.

## Lesson II. Moses Prepared for His Work. Exod. 2: 11-25. Golden Text. Matt. 5. 5.

Our lesson passage for to-day follows immediately upon that of last Sunday without any intervening events. It records what may be considered as a first unsuccessful attempt of Moses to deliver the cause of his fellow countrymen and to deliver them from the oppression of their taskmasters.

Verse 11. He went out unto his brethren—The verb in the original is emphatic, as though the intended meaning were that Moses had deliberately quit the royal court, having decided henceforth to live with his own people, the Hebrews.

12. Looked this way and that way—Well aware of the fact that the action to which the inclination of his heart was prompting him was wrong.

13. Smote the Egyptian—And killed him.

14. Who made thee a prince and a judge over us?—The royal training which Moses was doubtless known to have received, together with the wrongful act of which he had been guilty, made the Hebrews suspicious of his sincerity of purpose in taking their part. Thus the first great opportunity which Moses might have had for quietly aiding his brethren and making their burdens lighter was forfeited.

15. Sought to slay Moses—Determined to put him to death, being prevented from so doing only by the sudden disappearance of Moses.

The land of Midian—The Midianites being nomads, any reference to the land in which they dwell is of necessity somewhat vague, since they occupied different and widely separated localities at different times. Their principal settlements appear, however, to have been on the eastern side of the gulf of Akabah, extending from there northward as far as the land of Moab, and eastward into the Sinaiic peninsula.

16. Priest of Midian—Compare comment on Reuel, verse 18, below.

17. Moses stood up and helped them—Took their part against the disobedient shepherds and watered their flock.

18. Reuel—Elsewhere called Jethro (Exod. 3: 1; 4: 18; 18: 1), though the name Reuel occurs also in Numbers 10: 29. This apparent inconsistency is explainable on the basis of various earlier narratives which in our book of Exodus have been combined into a single continuous story.

19. An Egyptian—Judging from his dress and speech, they could come to no other conclusion.

20. Eat bread—The unfailing sign of Oriental hospitality is the proffered meal.

21. Content to dwell with the man—The Bible narrative divides the life of Moses into three equal periods of forty years each. According to Acts 7: 23 the first forty years were spent in Egypt; Exod. 7: 7 makes his stay in Midian of like duration; while the last forty years of his life were, according to Deut. 34: 7, spent in the wilderness, following the Exodus.

22. Gershom—The name is apparently derived from the Hebrew ger, meaning a sojourner, and sham, meaning "in Wonderland." The incident shows that the heart of Moses was with his countrymen in Egypt. In Exod. 18: 4 and 1 Chron. 23: 16, 17 another son of Moses Eliezer, is mentioned.

## HUMOR AND MATHEMATICS.

### Said to Go Side by Side in Some Men's Minds.

Proficiency in mathematics, political economy and "dry topics" like that are frequently found side by side with a fine quality of humor in men's minds. Lewis Carroll, who wrote "Alice in Wonderland," which is the top-notch of the world's humor up to date, was a professional mathematician—a mathematical lecturer at Oxford and author of "A Syllabus of Plane and Algebraical Geometry," of the "Elementary Treatise on Determinants" and of a good many other mathematical works. Another great humorist, Oliver Wendell Holmes, was not exactly a mathematician, but he was the next thing to it—a professor of anatomy. His anatomical works were terribly serious. Edgar Allan Poe long ago established the intimate connection between mathematics and poetry, or, rather, between the mathematical and the heretical mind. The same relation may exist between mathematics and humor. And yet there are some humorists who are not altogether great in mathematics.

## Europe Has 160,000 M.D.'s.

The Moniteur Medical of Paris has just compiled statistics on the number of physicians in Europe. The total number is given as 160,000, divided as follows: England has seven physicians for every 10,000 inhabitants; Germany, 5; France, 5.1, and Italy, 5. Of course the larger numbers of physicians are found in the cities, and among them Brussels has the largest, 24 for every 10,000 inhabitants, while Amsterdam has only two in the same proportion.

## Explanation.

"The 'H' is silent in so many English words."

"Maybe that is why the English drop it so often."

## Fashion Hints

MADE IN U.S.A.

## Seen in Paris Shops.

A good looking walking costume is made of brown moire. Almost all the skirts to the silk suits show some form of drapery. The short tunic sashes are an important feature on dressy toilets.

Bordered ruffles are one of the favorite members of the raffine family. Some of the new mesh bags are jeweled in Bulgarian colorings.

Three flounce skirts are actually favorites among dancing dresses. Eggshell cotton crepe is much more in vogue than the striped, crinkly kind.

Young girls like the cotton blouses with Balkan embroidery for out of door sports.

The newest heavy sweaters for equine wear come this year in bright colorings.

Some of the new cotton voiles have Dresden flower designs printed in delicate colors.

Bright greens, blues, and reds are being used for odd silk boleros worn with white gowns.

Lawn, voile, crepe, pongee, and batiste are the favored materials for graduation dresses.

Oil silk coats for motoring or yachting are seen in brown, green, blue, and natural yellow.

Striped crepe de chine and Chinese silk are among the best materials for travelling waists.

The same bright colors used for women are a feature in the children's dresses of this season.

Parasols are being fashioned in lace and silk crepe with small silk roses dotted round the edge.

The fluffy maline neck ruff has been revived, and makes a most charming finish to a spring costume.

The cuirasses or waist tunics of old Irish are still much used to give elaboration to a simple costume.

One of the prettiest of the new cotton shirtwaists is made of plain white voile, with flowered voile trimmings.

Coats for the best trotting costumes are on the habit model, and have embroidered collars and cuffs for their own decoration.

Gowns for informal afternoon teas and garden parties are usually of cotton crepe with allover embroidery, shadow lace, and net.

Saxe blue and sand color are great favorites among the silk moires used for coats. Some of these coats are trimmed with velvet ribbon.

Lingerie is more simple and flat than ever—petticoats particularly are made up without foundations and have their flounces put on perfectly flat.

The three-quarter length coat of navy blue broadened crepe de chine has a double collar of mousseline de soie with a broadened design in tones of blue, mauve, and white.

A new and attractive trimming for the sleeve is leather, on a half length sleeve of striped flaked voile in red and white. The cuff carries out the white and red colors.

The edges of the cuff are curved and on the outer line is held together by straps and buckles of leather.

## NOT TO BE SCRUBBED.

### Saluted His Fashionable Friend While Coming From Work.

Circumstances forced James Keith to leave school and earn his living before he was sixteen years old. Like many another boy, he had no bent toward any particular trade, and so took the first job that offered. That happened to be with a tinsmith; and he became an expert workman. He was pretty well satisfied with his job and with the money he made at it, and he saw no reason why he should think the useful work he did shoddy in his soul.

One evening as Keith, begrimed with dust and soot, the result of a day's hard work on a hot roof, was going home, he met Mrs. Landon, an old friend of the family. Mrs. Landon had always liked Jim; for she had always liked his cheerful spirit, his sturdy character, and his affectionate devotion to his widowed mother.

This afternoon, however, she had been calling upon some of her fashionable acquaintances who lived not far from Keith's home, and had unfortunately absorbed a little of the spirit that prevailed among them. It may be that Jim was a little dirty that evening; perhaps Mrs. Landon feared that her new friends would not