

A Faithful Shepherd Boy.

Gerhardt was a German shepherd boy, and a noble fellow was he, too, although he was very, very poor.

One day while he was watching his flock, which was feeding in a valley on the borders of a forest, a hunter came out of the woods and asked:

"How far is it to the nearest village?"

"Six miles, sir," replied the boy, "but the road is only a sheep-track, and very easily missed."

The hunter glanced at the crooked track and said:

"My lad, I am hungry, tired and thirsty. I have lost my companions and missed my way. Leave your sheep and show me the road. I will pay you well."

"I cannot leave my sheep, sir," rejoined Gerhardt. "They would stray into the forest, and be eaten by wolves, or stolen by robbers."

"Well, what of that?" queried the hunter. "They are not your sheep. The loss of one or more would not be much to your master, and I'll give you more money than you have earned in a whole year."

"I cannot go, sir," rejoined Gerhardt, very firmly. "My master pays me for my time, and he trusts me with his sheep. If I were to sell my time, which does not belong to me, and the sheep should get lost, it would be the same as if I stole them."

"Well," said the hunter, "will you trust your sheep with me while you go to the village and get some food and drink and a guide? I will take good care of them for you."

The boy shook his head. "The sheep," said he, "do not know your voice, and—" Gerhardt stopped speaking.

"And what? Can't you trust me? Do I look like a dishonest man?" asked the hunter, angrily.

"Sir," said the boy, "you tried to make me false to my trust, and wanted me to break my word to my master. How do I know you would keep your word to me?"

The hunter laughed, for he felt that the boy had fairly cornered him. He said: "I see, my lad, that you are a faithful boy. I will not forget you. Show me the road, and I will try to make it out myself."

Gerhardt now offered the humble contents of his satchel to the hungry man, who, coarse as it was, ate it gladly. Presently his attendants came up, and then Gerhardt, to his surprise, found that the hunter was the Grand Duke, who owned all the country around. The Duke was so pleased with the boy's honesty, that he sent for him shortly after and had him educated. In after years Gerhardt became a very rich and powerful man, but he remained honest and true to his dying day.

Honesty, truth and fidelity are precious jewels in the character of a child. When they spring from piety they are pure diamonds, and make the possessor very beautiful, very happy, very honorable, and very useful. May you, my readers, wear them as Gerhardt did! Then a greater Duke will befriend you, for the Great King will adopt you as his children, and you will become princes and princesses royal in the Kingdom of God.—Young Pilgrim.

SOMETHING ABOUT YOURSELF.—Supposing your age be fifteen or thereabouts, I can figure you up to a dot. You have 230 bones and 530 muscles; your blood weighs 25 pounds; your heart is 5 inches in length and 3 inches in diameter; it beats 70 times per minute, 4,200 times per hour, 100,800 per day, and 36,720,000 in a year. At each beat a little over two ounces of blood are thrown out of it; and each day it throws out and discharges about seven tons of that wonderful fluid.

Your lungs will contain about a gallon of air, and you inhale 21,000 gallons per day. The aggregate surface of the air cells of your lungs, supposing them to be spread out, exceeds 20,000 square inches. The weight of your brain is three pounds; when you are a man it will weigh eight ounces more. Your nervous system is composed of three layers, and varies from one-fourth to one-eighth of an inch in thickness. The area of your skin is about 700 square inches, and you are subject to an atmospheric pressure of fifteen pounds to the square inch. Each square inch of your skin contains 3,500 sweating tubes or perspiratory pores, each of which may be likened to a little drain the one-fourth of an inch long, making an aggregate length of the entire surface of your body, of 201,165 feet, or a little ditch for the drainage of the body almost forty miles long.

CANADA EMIGRATION.—A Quebec paper states that the emigration of French Canadians to the United States this year, is twice as great as it was last. Other nationalities are following their example in great numbers.

The White Pine News says: "The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year—a little too warm for wintry skins and too cold for lager beer."

Mrs. Buffon's Nerves.

"But my poor nerves, George!" "Ah, yes, your nerves. Confound you nerves, Mrs. Buffon; you are always throwing your nerves in my face; I say the wife of a poor man has no business with nerves!—There!"

And Mr. Buffon spitefully lit off the end of his cigar, patted his hat on his head, and strode away to his place of business.

But before Mr. Buffon had reached the wholesale store down town, where he was employed as a salesman, his temper was gone—and then he was ashamed of himself, as he always was; for George Buffon was a good-hearted fellow, despite his fiery temper.

"Poor girl!" he muttered: "poor Emily! I am too hard on her. She's the mother of my children, and a good wife, if man ever had one. It's not her fault if she has bad nerves."

And the more he thought about that business of the evening cigar, the more he saw that it was his duty to heed the little wife's wish, timidly as she had expressed it. And still thinking it over to him that it would not be a bad idea if he were to quit smoking altogether. He whipped a head pocket out of his pocket and made a calculation.

"Four cigars a day—that's about my average—at ten cents each, that's forty cents a day. Three hundred and sixty-five days in a year—multiplied by forty—what!—why it's one hundred and forty-six dollars a year! Who would have thought it! Hum—hum—must think it over seriously."

And thinking it over seriously, he resolved that, yet, he would give up smoking altogether.

And Mrs. Buffon! No sooner had her husband left the house than she reproached herself for her selfishness.

"Poor George!" said she; "I ought not to ask it of him. He had but few enjoyments, and I suppose it is my duty to endure his cigar. Oh, what a thing it is for a woman to have nerves."

That night as the family sat around the fire after supper, Mr. Buffon took to playing with the children, and did not take out his cigar case.

"Why don't you smoke, dear?" said Mrs. Buffon.

"Oh, my wife's nerves won't allow it," said Mr. Buffon, with a good natured laugh.

"I was to blame, George," said the wife. "Smoke if you want to, dear. I have made up my mind that after all a cigar is not such a bad thing. I ought to be thankful for my good husband who always spends his evenings at home with his family as you do."

But Mr. Buffon did not smoke, and the evening passed away peacefully. No further allusions were made to the subject.

The next morning Mr. Buffon took out his cigar case as usual and put a cigar between his lips, and bidding his wife a pleasant good-bye, walked away, and when he got to the corner where he usually lit his cigar, he did not light it, but took it carefully from his lips and put it back in his cigar case.

The next evening came, and the next still no cigar was lighted. Mrs. Buffon was thankful, grateful; and as month after month passed by, and she saw that the evening cigar was given up for good, she declared there never was so good a husband in the world, and that she would do something to give him an agreeable surprise.

When a woman makes a resolve of this sort, you may be sure something will certainly come of it.

One night a year later, as the family sat around the fireside, Mrs. Buffon said:

"George, it is a year to-night since you gave up your evening cigar."

"Just what I was about to observe, little wife," said Mr. Buffon.

"You were so good about that, dear, that I thought it was my duty to make an effort to please you. So come into the bed-room, dear, and see what I have got to show you."

They went and Mrs. Buffon uncovered an object which had stood hidden in the corner, revealing—a curious little iron and steel concern, in beautiful shape.

"A sewing machine!" exclaimed Mr. Buffon.

"Yes, hear—just what I have been wanting for so long a time, you know. It will save a great deal of expense, for now I can make all the children's clothes myself, to say nothing of your own shirts, George."

"Where did you get the money, Emily?"

"Saved it from the grocer, the butcher and the baker, George. Ah, you don't know how a few cents a day will count up."

"Don't!" whispered Mr. Buffon. "I got the machine yesterday complete, for fifty dollars, and I have six dollars left."

"But your nerves, Emily! A sewing machine will drive you distracted with its racket."

"It will make no noise at all, dear," said Mrs. Buffon, sitting down at the machine and setting it to work. "I can run it close by baby's cradle, when the little fellow is asleep, and it won't wake him. It won't make noise enough to interfere with you in the evening when you are reading aloud to me."

Mr. Buffon kissed his little wife silently, and then returned to the sitting room.

"Well, dear," said he, after they were seated, "you have given me a pleasant surprise, and now I think I'll give you one."

"What would you call that, Emily?" said he, drawing a bulky document from his pocket.

around his neck and kissing him so fervently that the children looked on in astonishment.

"But you went away every morning with a cigar in your mouth," said the wife a mile later.

"And put it back in the case as soon as I got out of sight," said he. "See, Emily, here is the old case with three cigars in it. They are badly chewed about the ends, you see; but these three cigars have lasted me a year!"

"Oh, you rogue!" "And now I guess I will light all three of them together."

So saying he threw them into the fire.

Mrs. Buffon declares that that night was the happiest of all her wedded life.

A Washington editor is mad because a compositor headed his editorial "The Campaign Opened." When he wrote "The Campaign Opened," he says that printer is always thinking about something to drink.

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