

## Our Boys and Girls.

### A LULLABY.

You go to sleep, young feller,  
This ain't no time of day  
To set up straight and solemn,  
An' stare around that way.  
Them moonbeams on the carpet  
Ain't nothin' you can git,  
Them's just to show the angels  
Has got their candles lit.  
You want 'em? Well, tomorrow  
I'll get 'em, ef they keep,  
But now it's nearly mornin',  
So you jus' go to sleep.

No sir! You can't be hungry,  
You needn't jerk and fret,  
I'm certain sure it wasn't  
An hour sence you et.  
There, now, I ketched you smilin',  
You little rascal. Shame!  
To try to work your daddy  
With such a low-down game.  
No, never mind explorin',  
You ain't no call to creep;  
You stay here an' be quiet,  
An' try an' go to sleep.

You see them stars out yonder?  
Well all o' them is eyes  
That belongs to little angels  
'Way up there in the skies.  
An' all them little angels  
Ain't got a thing to do  
But jus' set up in heaven  
An' keep them eyes on you.  
They'll see your eyes wide open,  
An' starin' when they peep  
In through the window at you—  
You better go to sleep.

I don't know what you're sayin',  
Your lingo's Greek to me,  
But you know what I tell you,  
That's easy fur to see;  
An' I jus' gittin' tired  
O' rockin' you all night,  
An' talkin' while you listen,  
A smilin' with delight.  
I got to work tomorrow,  
An' tain't fur you to keep  
Me up all night a tryin'  
To make you go to sleep.

There, there, don't feel that way,  
I jus' soon do it. Gee!  
I know there ain't nobody  
To love you, 'ceptin' me.  
You set up all you want to,  
You needn't close an eye,  
Fur dad is mighty sorry  
He made his baby cry.  
You need your ma, pore feller,  
But she's a lying deep  
Beneath the trees out yonder—  
There, there, now, go to sleep.  
—The Portland Oregonian.

### PERSISTENT POLLY.

Polly, standing on the balcony,  
waved her hand in such a cheerful  
exuberance of farewell that Aunt  
Emily looked back from the carriage  
with a troubled expression.

"I wish I knew what idea Polly-  
kin is revolving in that fever," laugh-  
ed Uncle Horace. "Polly's ideas are  
seldom reassuring."

Polly herself needed no reassuring.  
She was quite confident that a day  
for wonderful things had arrived,  
and that she was a young person to  
perform them. There was not often  
such an opportunity as having Aunt  
Emily away for a whole day. Cer-  
tainly there had not been since day

before yesterday, when Polly wrote  
in her new red and gold notebook:

"Resolved, to be a remark-u-bul  
woman.

"Pauline Alice Mead."

"Be a good girl," Aunt Emily had  
said. And that meant not going out  
of the yard to play, helping to take  
care of Thaddy, and not troubling  
Bridget, who had the week's ironing  
to do. "Such little things!" said  
Polly, scornfully. "Anybody could  
do 'em, and not be one bit remark-u-  
bul."

But she knew what she meant to  
do; and it was not to be any small  
undertaking, either. She had heard  
Aunt Emily say that the upper store-  
room must be cleaned and put in  
order as soon as she had time to at-  
tend to it; and wouldn't auntie be  
pleased and surprised to find it all  
done without any trouble to herself!

Dusters, soap, and some water in  
auntie's wash-bowl—she did not like  
to go to the kitchen for any of her  
utensils—made what she considered  
a very business-like outfit; and, when  
she tied about her waist an apron so  
long that it nearly tripped her at ev-  
ery step, she mounted the step-ladder  
she had managed to drag upstairs.

"I can do it as well as anybody,"  
she assured herself as she began mov-  
ing the jelly glasses. "And I can  
have a nice quiet time 'thout nobody  
to 'sturb me."

But she had forgotten Thaddy, and  
that young gentleman was not one to  
tolerate being forgotten long at a  
time. His small feet ascended the  
stairs right foot forward on every  
step, and his voice preceded him.

"Polly! Polly! I do want some  
ones to play horse with me. Polly,  
where is you gone?"

"Oh, dear! He'll bring Bridget if  
I don't answer him," muttered Polly.  
"Here I am, Thaddy. Hush! I'm  
here!"

Her guarded tones finally reached  
the little searcher; and, after two or  
three exasperating calls of "Where?"  
he pushed his way into the small  
room.

"I want you to come and play hor—  
What you doin', Polly?"

"I'm cleaning house," said Polly,  
desperately. "I can't play now,  
'cause I'm going to move all these  
jellies 'n' things and wash the shelves  
to 'sprise Aunt Emily. You be a good  
boy and run away for a little while,  
won't you, Thaddy?" she urged, coax-  
ingly.

"No; I'm going to clean house and  
'sprise mamma, too," he declared.  
"I'm going to wash the floor 'n' lots  
of things."

"Thaddy!" cried Polly, leaning to-  
ward him. Alas! she leaned too far,  
and the ladder tilted. She clutched  
wildly at a shelf and upset a half-  
dozen glasses, and the next moment  
child and ladder went down together  
amid a series of shrieks from Thaddy.  
When the noise brought Bridget to  
the rescue, she found a small boy  
with a bumped head fairly streaming  
with jelly, while Polly, bruised and  
crying, lay on the floor in a pool of  
water, the ladder on top of her, and  
the broken china bowl and fragments  
of glass around her.

It was a very subdued and some-  
what battered little Polly who lay up-  
on the lounge when Aunt Emily came  
home, and furnished that good lady  
with a surprise not intended.

"Ah! little girl, it is easy to leave

undone the small duties that are our  
own, and come to grief by attempting  
the great deeds that belong to some-  
body else," said Aunt Emily, with a  
many a fall before we learn better."

And somehow, that "we" was won-  
derfully comforting as well as con-  
vincing. Polly opened her little red  
notebook that evening, and looked  
long at the first entry. Then she  
wrote beneath it:

"Resolved, to try being just a com-  
mon, good girl at first, and not to be  
a remark-u-bul woman till I grow up.  
It's convenient for other folks."—  
*Great Thoughts.*

### GRANDMOTHER'S TURN.

ZELIA M. WALTERS.

"It's my turn to have a party now,"  
said Alice, "but I do not care the  
least bit about it. I haven't any new  
ideas, and it's such a bother and no  
satisfaction to get up just a common  
party."

"You lazy girl," cried Clare, "I  
wish it were my turn. I have some  
splendid ideas.

Mrs. Egbert, with her family of  
four lively girls and two livelier boys  
had to limit the number of parties,  
and allowed each to give one in turn,  
with a fixed interval between.

"Girls," said Hilda, suddenly, "let's  
let grandma have her turn this time."  
Hilda was the thoughtful one of the  
family.

"Why, do you think grandma would  
care for a party?" said Alice.

"I believe she would if we managed  
it right, and didn't give her a lot of  
worry and trouble," said Hilda.  
"Grandma is getting very old, and  
sometimes she looks tired and home-  
sick. Perhaps we won't have a chance  
to do things for her much longer."

The girls all looked serious by this  
time, and Alice exclaimed: "Why, of  
course, grandma shall have a party,  
if you think she would care for it.  
I'm sure I shall be very glad to do all  
I can, and she is quite welcome to my  
turn!"

After some consultation with their  
mother, the girls decided that the  
party should be a small one, and in-  
vitations were sent to six of grand-  
ma's old friends. The china and sil-  
ver that had been great-grandfather's  
gift to grandma when she was a bride  
were unpacked and got ready for ser-  
vice. There was an old, yellow note-  
book filled with recipes copied in  
grandma's neat handwriting before  
the day when printed cook-books  
were common. With great diplo-  
macy, Hilda borrowed the treasured  
book of grandma, and the girls prac-  
ticed on some of the recipes before  
the day set for the party.

They were not going to serve a  
fashionable luncheon, but an old-fash-  
ioned tea such as grandma used to  
serve to her guests. Hot buttermilk  
biscuits, cold roast chicken, sliced  
ham, pound-cake and drop-cakes, and,  
of course, preserves and plenty of tea.

The work was divided. Hilda un-  
dertook to learn to make tea to grand-  
ma's taste. Alice was to practice un-  
til she attained perfection in the  
making of biscuits, Clare knew she  
could roast the chicken properly, but  
to poor Maud fell the hardest task.  
She was to make the cakes, and the  
pound-cake, at least, was too expen-  
sive to practice on.

It was to be a surprise to grandma.  
It really was not necessary for her  
to make any preparations. Her room



## TO BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

As a spring medicine it has no equal.

It purifies and enriches the  
blood. Acts on the Kidneys, Liver,  
Stomach and Bowels. Cleanses  
and invigorates the entire system  
from the crown of the head to the  
soles of the feet.

Don't be sick, weak, tired, worn  
and weary.

THIS SPRING  
TAKE  
Burdock Blood Bitters  
AND KEEP WELL.

was always in company order, and  
grandma herself always looked like  
an old-fashioned picture. So, there  
were no suggestions to make, and  
grandma sat placidly knitting on the  
afternoon of her party.

When the first visitor came, Maud  
took her to grandma's room. Grand-  
ma was in a flutter of pleased ex-  
citement, for her friends did not come  
often. When the second old lady  
arrived, grandma was plainly very  
much surprised.

"How fortunate that you happened  
to come today, Mrs. Lane," she said.  
"There are three of us now, quite a  
little party."

But when two more guests were  
ushered in, grandma looked about so  
helplessly that Maud felt that it was  
time for explanations.

"We thought it was your turn to  
have a party, grandma," she said, "so  
we planned one for you today." Then  
she hurried from the room.

The old ladies were left to enjoy  
the afternoon in their own way. Mrs.  
Egbert went in to add her cordial  
welcome to grandma's, but she re-  
mained only a few minutes.

"It's just too lovely to see them,"  
Hilda reported. "They are sitting  
there so cozy and comfortable. Some  
of them brought their knitting along,  
and they are telling funny stories  
and laughing just as we girls do. I  
would like to have stayed, if we had  
not agreed to relieve them of our  
presence."

When it was time to serve the five-  
o'clock tea, the girls surveyed the re-  
sults of their labor with justifiable  
pride. And grandma and her guests  
declared that it was just like old  
times.

"I congratulate you, young ladies,"  
said stately old Madam St. Clair. "If