

Our Boys and Girls.

THE FUSSING PLACE.

I have to go to the Fussing Place
When I'm very bad,
And mother has such a sorry face,
And her eyes look sad.
But she says, in just the firmest tone,
"The boy that fusses must stay alone,"
When I have been bad.

At first I pretend not to care,
And I hum a tune
And walk off quick with my head in the
air,

But pretty soon
I begin to hate the Fussing Place,
And to be there seems a great disgrace,
So I stop my tune.
And then I think of mother's eyes,
With that sorry look,
And soon I think it is time to surprise
Her over her book.
So I hunt up a smile and put it on
(For I can't come out till the frowns
are gone),
How happy she'll look!

The Fussing Place? Ah, it's where
you're sent

When you are naughty and mean,
And there you must stay till you're
good again
And fit to be seen.
It's up in the attic or under the stairs
Or seated on one of the kitchen chairs,
And, oh, you feel mean!

But it doesn't matter much where it is,
This old Fussing Place,
For the very spot that seems so bad,
When you're in disgrace
Is nice enough when you're loving and
true;
So it's not where you are, but how you
do

That makes it a Fussing Place!
—*Youth's Companion.*

HOW FAST FRUIT GREW.

"Grandpa," shouted a little boy,
bounding into a sunshiny porch where
an old white-haired man sat reading his
paper, "grandpa, I'm seven years old
today, and I've got on trousers, and I'm
going to begin school."

"Why! why!" said the old gentleman,
laying down his paper, "how many
things are happening all together!"

Grandpa was about as far from the
end of his life as Fritz was from his
beginning, and there seemed a wide dif-
ference between the bent, white head and
feeble gait of the one and the shining
bright curls that nodded at the bound-
ing steps of the other. Yet grandpa and
Fritz were great chums, and loved and
understood each other perfectly.

"And now, grandpa, measure me up
against your wall," continued our new
school-boy, "so that I can tell you just
how much I have grown by the begin-
ning of another term."

So grandpa took out his pencil and
while Fritz stood with his back to the
wall, very stiff and straight, grandpa
put his spectacle-case on the boy's head
to get the exact level, and to mark
him off on the clean, white paint, writing
his name and age and the day of the
month and year.

"But stop, Fritz!" said grandpa, as he
was running away; "I have only mea-
sured one-third of you."

Fritz looked puzzled.
"Is your body all of you?" asked
grandpa.

"No, sir; I s'pect I've got a mind,

too," answered Fritz, but he spoke
doubtfully.

"Yes, a mind to do your sums with,
and heart to love God and his crea-
tures with. Don't you see that I have
only measured one-third of you? Come,
and I'll measure your mind. How much
arithmetic do you know? As far as
multiplication? Good! And you are in
the second reader? Very well! Now,
write your name down in my notebook
and put these facts down, so that I may
take the measure of your reading, writ-
ing and arithmetic."

Fritz, highly amused, took the pencil
and wrote a very clumsy hand, "Fred-
erick Jones—multiplication and second
reader."

"But what about my heart?" the lit-
tle boy asked presently.

Grandpa looked very grave, and was
silent for a minute; then he said, "Did
you please your mother by getting down
in time for prayers this morning?"

"No, sir."
"Did you look for little sister Lucy's
doll that she lost yesterday?"

"No, sir."
"Did you carry Mrs. Parsons the
honey she told you to ask your mother
for, to help her cough?"

"Why, grandpa, I forgot all about
it."

The old man did not say a word, but
he began to write in his notebook; and
Fritz, looking over his shoulder, man-
aged to spell out these words: "He that
loveth not his brother whom he hath
seen, how can he love God whom he
hath not seen?"

A year passed away, and again we
find Fritz at his grandpa's knees. Grand-
pa's step is slower, and his words weak-
er; his eyesight dimmer. Fritz is some-
what changed, too; his curls are shorter
and his trousers are longer, his shoul-
ders are broader, and when he backs
up to the wall, behold, he is away above
last year's mark. He reads in a fourth
reader now, and knows something of
fractions, and when he writes his name,
the letters do not tumble down and
sprawl around as they did last year.

"And how about the other measure?"
asks grandpa.

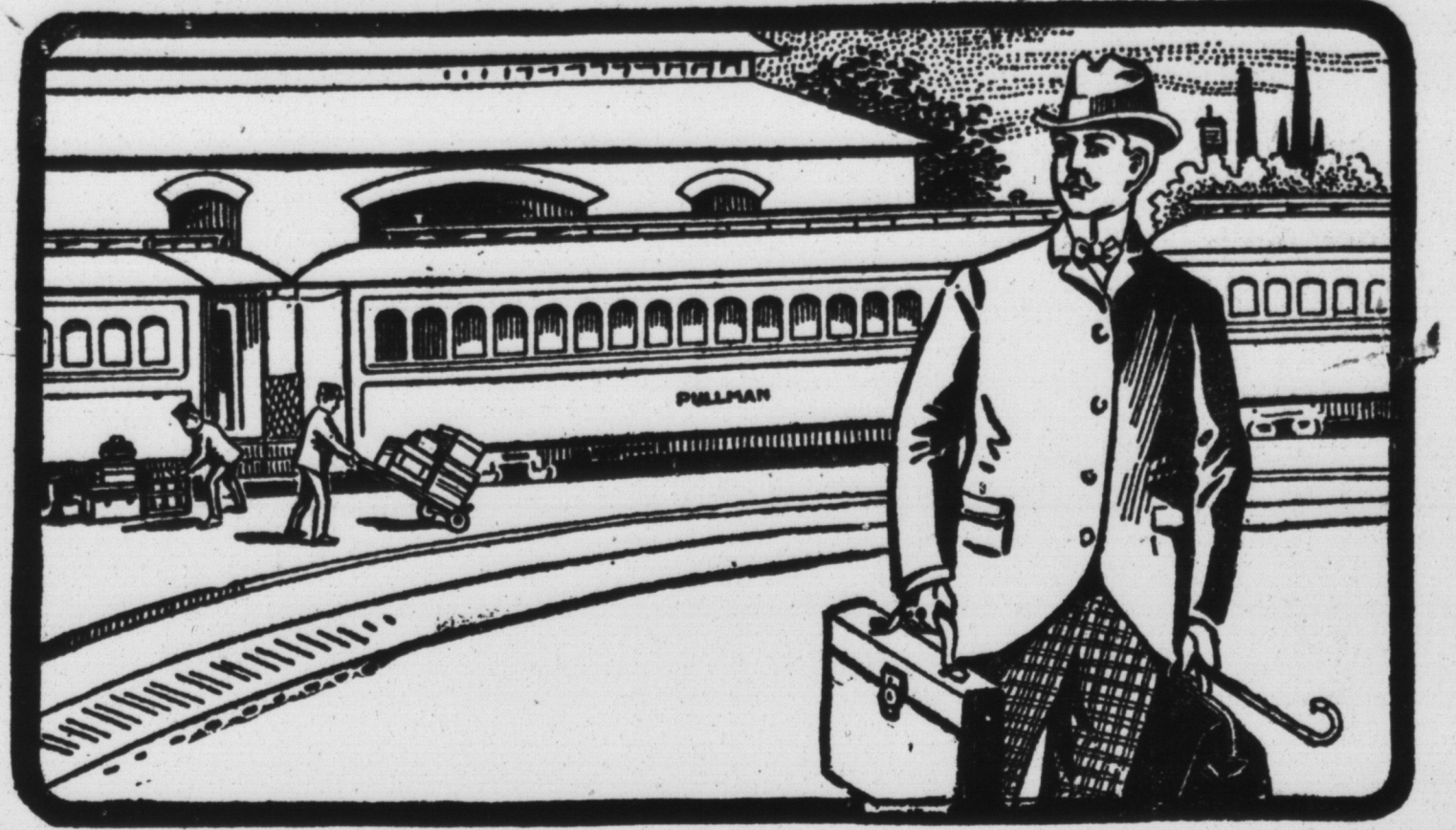
Fritz is silent; but the old man puts
his arm around him and says tenderly,
"I heard mamma say yesterday that
Fritz was her greatest comfort. Lucy
cried when she found Fritz's holiday
was over, and old Dame Parsons said
she would be lost without that boy's
helping hand."

Again grandpa wrote in his little book,
and, though the writing was very shaky,
Fritz could read it plainly this time:
"If ye fulfil the law, 'Thou shalt love
thy neighbor as thyself,' ye do well."

"Now, Fritz, boy," he said, "that's the
best growing you've done this year."—
Recorder.

Blackberries that Were Not for Sale.

I spent nearly all of last summer in
the country, and one day, when the
blackberry season was at its height, I
was riding with a party of friends over
the beautiful country roads, when we
came to an old pasture, in which there
were a great many blackberry bushes.
Near the road, in the shade of a tree,
sat a bare-footed, tired-looking boy of
about twelve years. His brown hands
were stained with juice from the ber-
ries he had been gathering, and torn
by the briars on the bushes. He was
fanning his flushed face with his old
straw hat when we drove up. By his
side was a tin pail, filled with six or
seven quarts of very nice blackberries.
Then he had a pail containing about a



Travellers and Tourists

Travelling from place to place are subject to all kinds
of Bowel Complaint on account of change of water,
diet and temperature.

Dr. Fowler's Ext. of

Wild Strawberry

is a sure cure for Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Colic,
Cramps, Pains in the Stomach, Seasickness, Cholera,
Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Summer Com-
plaint, and all Fluxes of the Bowels in Children and
Adults.

Its effects are marvellous.

It acts like a charm.

Relief is almost instantaneous.

Does not leave the Bowels in a constipated condition.

quart of the finest wild blackberries I
ever saw. Some of the ladies in the
party were very fond of blackberries,
and one of them said to the boy:

"Would you sell us a quart of your
berries, my boy?"

"Yes, ma'am; I'd sell you a quart of
these," replied the boy, pointing to the
large pail.

"Oh, but those in the other pail are
so much finer. I would be willing to
pay more for those than for the others."

The boy shook his head and said:
"I wouldn't want to sell those,
ma'am."

"I would be willing to give you twelve
cents a quart for them, and you know
that very good berries are selling for
only seven cents in the village."

Again the boy shook his head, and
this time he said:

"I couldn't sell these even for twenty
cents a quart; but you may have a quart
of the others for five cents."

Slightly piqued, and a little curious
to know why the boy so persistently re-
fused to sell the large berries, the lady
asked:

"Why will you not sell the other ber-
ries?"

"Because, ma'am, I—I—well, be-
cause they are for my mother."

"For your mother?"

"Yes, ma'am. You see, it is like this:
My mother is sick. She has been sick
for a long time, and she hardly has an
appetite for anything. She has been
sick for three or four days, and
she has taken a notion she would like
to have some blackberries, and the doc-
tor said that she might have some, and

so, when I was gathering berries today,
I put every fine, big one I could find
in this little pail for my mother. That
is why I would not sell them."

"That is a very good reason, a beau-
tiful reason, why you should not sell
them," replied the lady, warmly, with a
voice that was not quite steady, for she
had lost her own dearly-beloved moth-
er. Then she added:

"You may put a quart of the other
berries in this little basket I happen to
have with me."

When the little boy handed up the
basket the lady gave him a shining half-
dollar, saying as she did so:

"Don't mind anything about the
change my boy. Keep it all, and get
something nice for your mother with it,
and tell her I said that I was glad she
has such a loving and thoughtful little
boy. I hope that you will always feel
that you would like the very best of
everything for mother."—*J. L. Har-
bour, in Morning Watch.*

Every Mother

is called upon to cure
Cuts—Sprains—Bruises.

Painkiller

does it rapidly. Nothing like it
for children. A few drops in
hot sweetened water cures

**Cramps—Colic and
Summer Complaint.**

There's only one Painkiller, PERRY DAVIS.