

Our Boys and Girls.

THE NEW BROTHER.

Say, I've got a little brother,
Never teased to have him nuther,
But he's here;
They just went ahead and bought
him,
And, last week, the doctor brought
him,
Wasn't that queer?

When I heard the news from Molly,
Why, I thought at first 'twas jolly,
'Cause, you see,
I s'posed I could go and get him,
And then mamma, course, would let
him,
Play with me.

But when I had once looked at him,
"Why!" I says, "My sakes, is that
him,
Just that mite!"
They said, "Yes," and "Ain't he cun-
nin'?"
And I thought they must be funnin'—
He's a sight!

He's so small, it's just amazin',
And you'd think that he was blazin'.
He's so red;
And his nose is like a berry,
And he's bald as Uncle Jerry,
On his head.

Why, he isn't worth a dollar!
All he does is cry and holler
More and more;
Won't sit up, you can't arrange him—
I don't see why pa don't change him
At the store.

Now we've got to dress and feed him,
And we really didn't need him
More'n a frog;
Why'd they buy a baby brother
When they know I'd good deal ruther
Have a dog?

—Joe Lincoln.

A RUNAWAY AUTOMOBILE.

BY JAMES BUCKHAM.

"Oh! here comes a steam-carriage!" cried Ralph. He could not say "automobile," it was such a long, queer word to pronounce. Bessie could say it, but it was hard work even for her. She liked Ralph's word better, and used it except when talking with older people, when she wanted to appear "grown up."

"Why! it's coming here!" announced Bessie, as the man who was riding in the automobile steered it out of the roadway and brought it slowly up to the edge of the sidewalk. "Is your papa at home, children?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," replied Bessie, who was two years older than Ralph. "He is writing in the study."

"On his sermon, I suppose!" laughed the man. "Well, I'm sorry to disturb him, but business is business, and we will have to do business in the daytime." So saying, he jumped out of his automobile, ran up the steps and rang the door-bell. The servant let him in, and the children were left alone with the wonderful "steam-carriage."

Then that old enemy and deceiver, the Tempter, began his battle with Conscience.

"Just climb in, and see how it would seem to be sitting in a real steam-carriage!" whispered the Tempter.

"No!" said Conscience, strongly.

and promptly on six-year-old Bessie's part, more slowly and weakly on four-year-old Ralph's part.

"Why, what harm would it do just to sit in the carriage?" argued the Tempter. "There could be nothing wrong about that, and the man wouldn't care."

"Papa and mamma would care," answered Conscience in Bessie's soul.

"It wouldn't be very naughty, but just a little naughty, I suppose," said a weaker voice in Ralph's soul.

"Come now!" urged the Tempter. "The man won't be gone much longer, and unless you get right in you won't have a chance to see how it seems to be sitting in a real steam-carriage—perhaps you'll never have another chance. Neither papa or mamma will see you. Papa is busy with the man, and mamma is away shopping. Now is your chance! Only try it for a minute, and then you can jump out again, and no one will be the wiser."

"Let's!" said the other voice in Ralph's soul—the evil voice which is the echo of the Tempter's. "Let's!" said the little boy's own eager lips; and Conscience, fighting alone and more feebly in Bessie's soul, went down at that, and the two children and the Tempter climbed into the automobile! That was what the Tempter had been planning all along. One can never satisfy him by yielding to him. He asks for the inch only that he may gain the ell.

"Just touch that shiny lever!" whispered the Tempter to Ralph; for he knew that Ralph was now well in his power.

The boy touched the piece of glistening steel. It felt so smooth and nice!

"Press it—just a little," suggested the Tempter.

Ralph gave the lever ever so slight a push. There was a sudden sputter of steam, a quick jerk of the machinery; then—*chu-chu-chu-chug-a-chug-a-chug-a-spizz-burr-r-r-r-r*, and the automobile started off down the road like a living creature.

Both children screamed, and then Ralph began to cry—to *bawl*, as his father would say, a regular boy's howl, loud and lusty. Bessie did not cry. She felt the sudden weight of her responsibility. In that moment of danger she seemed to have grown 20 years older than Ralph. Two years' difference in age made the fault and sin seem all the little girl's—and the blame too, if anything serious should happen.

So far, luckily, the automobile had held its course beside the road, though not quite in it. Bessie caught hold of the long bar as a drowning man catches at the largest straw, and found that with it she could steer the machine. It steered very easily, turning just as one would think it should at the slightest moving of the bar. Bessie soon saw that she could keep the machine from running into things if she did not lose her head. More than that she could not dare to try. How Ralph had started the automobile she did not know, and the little boy himself was so nearly frightened out of his wits that he could not remember. He knew that he had touched something shiny, but whether he had pulled it or pushed it, pressed it or lifted it, he could not even think. All he could do was to cry louder and louder; and all Bessie dared try to do was to keep the machine going on the right side of the road. It was

enough if she could fix her mind and attention on that.

So they kept on going—smoothly and not very fast, but farther and farther from home all the time. Bessie kept hoping the machine would run down, but it didn't. It *chug'd* and *chug'd* busily and cheerfully; the air-cushioned wheels rolled softly through the dust, and the houses and trees fell steadily behind. Pretty soon Ralph stopped crying. He found that he wasn't getting hurt, and the ride was growing rather pleasant after all. Before long a smile began to dawn on his freckled face; but Bessie's face was still sober and anxious.

People stopped to gaze at the two tots gliding by in the automobile. But the children seemed to be managing it all right, and were gone before one could really make up his mind whether to do anything about it or not. Bessie never took her eyes from the road in front of her. She did not seem to be conscious of anything else—men, women, children, electric cars, teams, dogs or cats. The one thing that she felt she could do, to atone for her sin, she did with all her might—she steered the automobile clear of every obstacle.

By-and-by, keeping straight on, they got out into the country, and for long distances had the road all to themselves. By this time Ralph was laughing and cheering with boyish delight. It was the greatest lark he had had since he graduated from skirts. "Why don't you holler?" he kept demanding of Bessie. "It's such fun!" But Bessie's face was still stern and her heart was filled with dread and shame. "Don't bother me Ralph," was her only reply. "Let me steer straight." And all the time she was praying in her heart, "O God! make this steam-carriage run down!"

And at last, when they were fifteen miles from home, it did run down. The gasoline in the tank gave out; the machine's *chug-a-chug* began to choke; there was a final sighing *p-his-s* of steam—and then the wheels ceased to turn, and the automobile stopped in plain sight of the little railroad station at Mystic.

A moment later a man came rushing out of the station, bare-headed. He was the telegraph operator, and he had just been taking an odd message from the ticker—"Look out for runaway automobile with two children. Wire if seen."

"The very kids!" he cried, as he hastened up the street toward the run-down automobile. "I'll send them in by the next train, and wire their father to meet them. Poor, guilty-looking little things! I guess they have learned one lesson that they will remember."—*Chris. Work and Evangelist.*

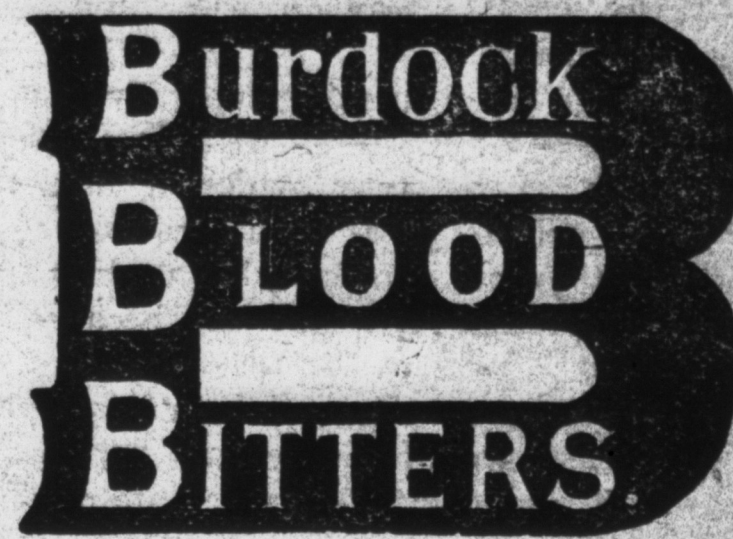
THE TABLES TURNED.

"O mother, how I wish my dollies would suddenly become alive and speak to me!" exclaimed Winnifred Grey. "It would be so delightful!"

"Do you think so?" said her mother. "I fancy I should be rather startled if one of your dollies spoke; but there are dolls made with a phonograph inside them, to speak when they are wound up."

"Oh no, mother, I don't mean that! I mean real alive, proper speaking."

"Well, I think your dollies are very nice as they are, darling. You would not like them any better if they became what the Scotch people



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call uncanny, which they certainly would do if they spoke like human beings."

Mrs. Grey was just then called out of the room, so she left Winnifred alone, curled up in a large arm-chair.

Presently Winnifred heard a rustling noise, and, turning, found her biggest doll, Molly, a huge creature with very red cheeks and staring blue eyes, standing by her side. To her amazement, Winnifred saw that Molly had suddenly grown to at least four times her natural size, while she herself had dwindled into a small creature no bigger than a good-sized kitten.

"Now, then," said Molly, in a loud dictatorial voice, "I am going to undress you and do your hair. Perhaps I shall give you a bath as well. I shall see!"

"Indeed, I shall not let you do anything of the kind!" said Winnifred with great indignation. "Who ever heard of a child undressed and bathed at this time in the afternoon?"

"We shall see," answered Molly. "I am mistress now; and you can't help yourself, whatever I do to you."

With this she grabbed Winnifred roughly round the waist, and lifted her up out of the arm-chair, in which she seated herself, with her victim sprawling helplessly on her lap, and proceeded to strip off her garments in spite of all her struggles.

"How dare you!" spluttered Winnifred, nearly choking with indignation. "If you don't stop at once, I'll lock you in the toy-cupboard, for a month!"

"If you don't be quiet, I'll lock you in the toy-cupboard," returned Molly. "Don't you see I've become alive as you wished? And now I'm going to show you how it feels to be bundled about like a doll at your owner's good