

## Our Boys and Girls.

### ONE LITTLE BOY.

I used to sit with idle hands  
As if all life were play,  
As one who counts the hour-glass'  
sands  
To while the time away.  
Now I am as busy as can be  
And leisure time employ  
By darning holes in stocking-knee  
For just one little boy.

By heaven's first law my house was  
kept;  
The brass was polished bright,  
Each room was dusted well and  
swept;  
It was a pleasant sight.  
But now mud tracks are on the floor,  
And with them many a toy,  
And finger-marks upon the door  
Tell of one little boy.

Once, when I tucked him into bed,  
He hugged me tight, and then,  
"What would you sell me for?" he  
said,  
I kissed him once again,  
And answered, "Not for diamonds,  
pearls,  
Nor gold without alloy,  
Nor all the wealth of all the worlds  
Would buy one little boy!"  
—*May Ellis Nicholas, in Good  
Housekeeping.*

### PETER'S ANSWER.

BY MABEL P. FOSTER.

Peter was only eight years old, and in the fifth grade in school, which his mamma thought was doing very well. Then he could do long division "perfickly well," confided to his best friend (his mother said). If the children knew he could read the best, and say the longest words in the reading-book. To be sure, they weren't always pronounced as his teacher said them; but he never gave up trying.

He had a way of standing very straight, and looking right out of his bright gray eyes with a winsomeness that made you want to hug him. But occasionally his active little mind could not grasp a subject in toto. He often wondered why people smiled at his questions and answers. But then grown-up folk often do queer things.

The other day he came home from school quite grieved. He said his teacher, Miss Avery, whom he loves dearly had laughed at him. He looked quite pensive and sad, and even forgot to eat his gingerbread for fully a minute.

"But why did Miss Avery laugh, Peterkin? What far-away answer did you make?" Something in her tone made him feel she was still his friend, anyway. So, taking his first bite of gingerbread, and between the munchings, he explained,—

"Well, I don't know 'zactly why. You see it was in geography. She was teaching exports and in-ports, and that's easy 'nough to understand. You see, if you send a thing—out—it's exports, but, if you bring it in, it's in-ports, of course: any one could see that. But Miss Avery kept it a-going and a-going till I got tired of it. And I was just a-wondering if you'd have puddin' for dinner when I heard her say, 'No, Peter,

you may give me an 'lustration of it.' I knew she didn't mean the puddin', but I couldn't tell 'zactly where they left off. They'd been talking about 'boots' and 'Lynn,' I just remembered that, so I got up and said, 'If a man sends some boots from Lynn to Boston, why it would be—it would be,' and I couldn't think, mamma, what it would be. I couldn't think of nothin' but that old puddin'. Miss Avery looked kind of cross-like at me; and, when I said, 'It would be' again, she said, 'Yes, Peter, what, what would it be a case of?' And I said as quick and as loud as I could, 'A case of boots!'

"She looked at me awful queer, and then she laughed right out. 'O, Peter, Peter,' she said, 'who is to blame, you or I?' Just a teeny piece more of gingerbread, please. What did she mean, mamma?"—*Christian Register.*

### A SUGGESTION FOR APRIL FIRST.

"But how do you fool them?" asked Margy.

She was a very little girl, not six years old; and she looked up to Edgar, who was twelve, as an extremely wise person.

"You make 'em think things are different from what they are," said Edgar. "Only, of course, you don't tell fibs. And, when they find out they're tricked, you call 'April fool!' It's lots of fun!"

"It must be," said Margy, eagerly. "I mean to try it."

"Oh, you're too little," said Edgar.

"Mamma told me one wasn't ever too little to help others," Margy declared. Edgar was so puzzled by this speech that he made no further remark.

When the Wheaton family came into the dining-room on the first of April, mamma was saying: "I am so tired of that baked apple every morning, and I don't care for oranges any longer. I do wish either that it was time for berries or that Dr. Mason had not told me to eat fruit for breakfast."

Margy danced along by her side, listening and smiling to herself. As Mrs. Wheaton caught sight of the table, she gave a cry of surprise. There sat a plate of strawberries beside her napkin.

"April fool!" called Margy. "I bought them myself, mamma, down to Mr. Snyder's. And you thought you were going to have baked apples again. April fool!"

The rest—her father and mother, Jamie and Edgar—looked at each other over the little girl's innocent head. "That is a sweet way to trick one with something nice," said mamma.

"Why, what other way would there be?" asked Margy. "Nobody would do mean thigs to people, not on any day in the year."

"A merry voice called April fool! after papa, whose hat and coat, all neatly brushed, lay upon the hall table. And the same cry followed Edgar's usual search for his scattered school-books, and his finding them strapped together, lying beside his cap. A sprig of geranium from Margy's cherished plant was pinned upon the lapel of Jamie's overcoat, and "April fool!" he heard as he hurried into it.

Ellen, the second girl, found the silver from breakfast rinsed and

dried and laid in its proper basket. "April fool!" piped Margy.

"What are you doing, child?" inquired Miss Wilkinson, opening her window to question the little girl in the garden next door. Margy looked up brightly:—

"I'm going to April fool the birds," she said, "with this plate of crumbs. They don't expect a thing, you know. They'll be so surprised!"

Mr. Wheaton had not been writing long in his office when an acquaintance came in who wanted one dollar for some charitable object. The face of the little girl came up before her father. He handed the man five dollars, and said, "April fool!" and then they both laughed.

Miss Forman, the timid, nervous Latin teacher, always dreaded the half-hour she had to pass with mischievous Jamie Wheaton and the comrades he incited to whispering and nonsense. To-day they behaved so well that she stopped them on their way out of the room and thanked them. Jamie looked up into her face with twinkling eyes. "We April fooled you, didn't we?" he asked.

Jack Watson, who had quarreled with Edgar, had played a horrid trick upon him yesterday. To-day Jack had good reason to look out for something in return. To tell the truth, Edgar had actually brought, in a box, a dead mouse from the trap at home, with the full intention of tucking it into Jack's pocket as he passed the overcoat on his way downstairs.

"Nobody would do mean things to people," Margy had said. Jack had been mean to him. Yes; but his little sister thought him her wise, good brother, above such revenge and spite. Her shining eyes, when she called "April fool!" after him, seemed to look down into his heart. He could not deceive their trust.

When Jack, very cautiously, peered into his pocket that night, a flush of shamed surprise crept over his cheeks. He saw a handful of chocolate creams and a slip of paper that read "April fool!"

"I've had such a lovely day!" sighed Margy, sleepily, as her mother tucked her into bed that evening. "I've been busy every moment 'most. And I've fooled lots of folks. Wouldn't it be nice if they came oftener?—April Fool's and Christmas Day, I mean. They seem a good deal alike, you know."—*New York Independent.*

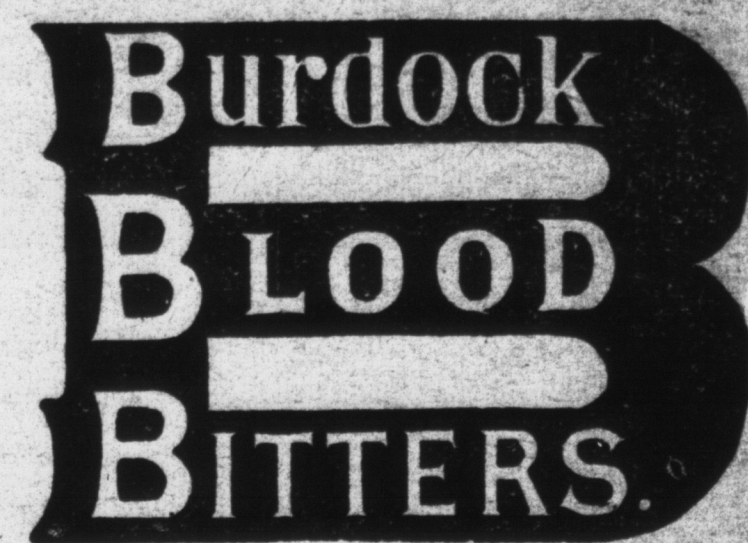
### CLEANING CARPETS.

To remove oil and grease from carpets, spread a layer of French chalk over the spots, cover with a sheet of blotting paper and iron with a warm flat-iron. Repeat the process if necessary. Or spread upon the stain a paste made of Fuller's earth, brushing it off when dry, and renewing until the stain is removed. Use gall in the paste, to preserve the colors of the fabric treated.

Remove oil-paint with very pure spirits of turpentine. The impure spirits leave grease spots.

To remove grape-stains, wash with warm soap-suds and a little ammonia water, sponging afterwards with clear, cold water.

For carpets infested with moths or carpet-bugs, try spreading a wet sheet on the carpet, then running a hot flat-iron quickly over it. The



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This spring you will need something to take away that tired, listless feeling brought on by the system being clogged with impurities which have accumulated during the winter.

Burdock Blood Bitters is the remedy you require.

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### HERE IS PROOF.

Mrs. J. T. Skine of Shigawake, Que., writes: "I have used Burdock Blood Bitters as a spring medicine for the past four years and don't think there is its equal. When I feel drowsy, tired and have no desire to eat I get a bottle of B.B.B. It purifies the blood and builds up the constitution better than any other remedy."

steam will destroy both worms and eggs.

If the carpet is not to be taken up, it can be wonderfully cleaned and brightened by sprinkling a handful of dry salt over it, then sweeping carefully. Many expert generals of domestic science use tea-leaves instead of the salt. Either method is excellent. Of course, all spots and stains should be taken out before the carpet is subjected to this dry-cleaning process. The salt is a good moth-preventive. Axminster and Turkey carpets should be swept always the way of the pile, so that the dust may be brushed out instead of into them.—*March Woman's Home Companion.*

### SOME QUEER CRADLES.

What queer cradles some little folks have! The Indian baby is strapped to a board and hung up in a tree or carried on its mother's back. He has no toys; and if the sun shines in his face, or the storm beats on his head, it does not matter. In Lapland the cradle looks something like a big slipper. The baby is laid in it, and covered up with a sheet. There are holes in each side of the cradle, and through these a stout cord is laced across to keep the baby from tumbling out. When the Lapland baby's mother attends church, she leaves him outside to keep warm in a hole made in the snow. Sometimes several cradles are left in a cluster, and then the children set up such a chatter that they disturb the meeting.

When the Laps are travelling from place to place, these cradles are slung on the mother's shoulders. And they go through some dreadful storms and snowdrifts.—*Sunbeam.*