

Our Boys and Girls.

HER FIRST CAKE.

"Beat to stiff froth, six eggs," but what,

Oh, what is stiff? I know I've tried to

Beat them until I've really got

A tingling arm, an aching side, too,
Yet I don't know for certain if
They're stiff enough to be called
stiff!

"Next quickly cream your sugar and
Your butter." Yes; that will be
easy,

But I must cream it with my hand,
Making my fingers moist and
greasy?

I simply can't! It seems to me
A knife or fork might do—I'll see.

Nothing this stupid book explains.

"Add a few grains of cream of
tartar,"

It says. Ought one to measure grains
By teaspoonful, or half, or quarter?
Well, well! As long as I don't know
I'll shut my eyes, and dredge it—so!

"Mix all together, pour in tin."

Is it the upper or the under
Damper that ought to be shoved in?

"Bake half an hour." How Jack
will wonder

To know his little wife can make,
All by herself, such a lovely cake!

—Good Housekeeping.



HELEN AND THE LITTLE RACCOON.

"But, papa, wouldn't it be queer to
buy something and then let the ones
you buy it from go on keeping it just
the same?"

"It does look a little that way,
girlie; but this is an unusual case."

Helen pouted. "I don't like un-
usual cases," she said.

Her papa made no answer. He had
come to realize that his daughter
Helen was growing to be very selfish,
and he was taking a very loving way
to win her out of it. So he kept quiet
and let the little girl think.

"Papa!"

"Yes, girlie."

"The Humisons want to sell the
little raccoon. They want to sell it to
you because they need the money.
And you will give more for it than
anyone else."

"Well?"

"They want this money to buy
shoes and books, so that Jamie can
keep at school. And they want to
buy lots of things for Lina—the little
lame girl."

"Yes, dear."

"And—and Jamie and Lina and
Mrs. Humison all say that they'd
rather I would have the little rac-
coon than anybody else."

"Yes, I see. If somebody else must
have their little pet they'd rather
that somebody were you?"

"Y-yes, papa."

Again the two walked on in silence.
Presently a bright thought came to
Helen. She turned to look up into
her father's face.

"Why, papa, if—if they are so very
poor, how can they afford to feed the
little raccoon? You don't want them
to take the money that should go for
shoes and other things and use it all
up in that way, do you?"

"No, dear. I was going to let you

buy the food and carry it over every
day, when you go over for an hour
to play with your new pet. And I
hoped that you'd want to take to the
children some of the fruit and other
good things that are given to you—
perhaps an occasional toy that you
think you could spare."

"Why, I don't like this at all," said
Helen, with a frown of her head. "I
think we'd better not buy the rac-
coon."

"Very well. Shall we turn about?"
"We—we might just go and look
at it, papa. It is so dear and cun-
ning!"

They were soon at the Humisons'
door. Lina's chair was close to the
window. She held her furry pet in
her arms, and, though she smiled at
Helen, it was not a glad smile.

As Mr. Gray and Helen entered
the little raccoon threw his front paws
about Lina's neck, tucked his three-
cornered head under her chin, and
clung to her faded woollen gown.

Helen ran forward. "See, papa!
Isn't he a dear? Gumbo! Gumbo!
won't you come to me?"

But Gumbo wouldn't come. He
blinked one little gimlet eye at Helen
and made himself as flat as he could
against Lina's waist.

Then Helen held up the skirt of her
gown and rattled some peanuts in the
pocket. Gumbo turned his sharp ears
forward, then reached his little black
kid hands out, and hunted among the
folds until he found the pocket, when
he tucked one hand in, brought out
a nut, and sat back upon his haunches
to eat it.

Everybody laughed. When Gum-
bo had eaten the nut he caught hold
of Helen's skirt again and pulled it
nearly off trying to find the pocket
again.

"See, papa! How much he knows!
Isn't he dear?"

"Very, and I think he is dear to
Lina, is he not?"

For answer Lina held the little
creature close to her heart and lifted
her big eyes to Mr. Gray's face. Her
eyes were full of tears.

"Suppose, Helen dear, that you tell
our plan to the little girl and her
mother. If they don't approve of it
why, we'll do the other way."

Helen looked at Lina, saw the tears
in her eyes, then ran to her papa and
hid her face upon his shoulder. "Must
it be that way, papa?" she whis-
pered.

"I very much wish it, my dear, and
sometime you'll be glad, I'm sure."

Helen was almost in tears. But
she was at heart one of those well-
bred little people of whom princesses
could be made. After a struggle with
herself she told the plan to Lina and
Mrs. Humison, and began to receive
her reward when the little cripple
burst into glad tears.

"It's more than good of you, Miss
Helen," said Mrs. Humison in a chok-
ing voice. "And I'm sure that your
father is like an angel to us. If it's
this way, then we'll see Miss Helen
every day. I can't tell you, sir, how
her coming brightens the hours for
my little sufferer. Your daughter is
out of another world to her, you
know, and long after she has gone
my little Lina tells over again the
things she has said and done."

So, though it was a bit hard for
Helen, she learned a sweet lesson in
unselfishness, which made her wise
in other directions. Thus two homes
were made brighter and the little rac-
coon was not dragged away from the
little mistress whom he loved.

MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY PARTY.

ELSIE VERNON.

"Do you know what day tomorrow
is?"

"No."

"Well, it's mother's birthday."

"Did she tell you about it?"

"No, but I remembered. She said
last year that no one knew when her
birthday was any more, and I wrote
it down in the back of my reader so
I would be sure to remember. Let's
have a party for her."

"How can we? It's too late to in-
vite people, and besides we couldn't
buy any nice things to eat."

"Oh, I know we are too poor to
have any expensive party. But I
didn't mean that kind. I meant for
you and Nelly and me to make a party
for her."

"Why, I don't see how we can,"
said mystified Benny.

"I'll tell you," said Joan, with a
superior air. "You know mother
works just dreadful hard. She hard-
ly ever rests, 'cause ever since father
was sick last winter she has took in
washings to help pay the doctor's
bills. Don't you suppose she must be
awful tired?"

Benny nodded sadly. "When I'm
a man she shan't work so hard. I will
help father earn some money, and I'll
buy nice things for you girls, too."

"Yes, but we can let her have a
rest tomorrow for her birthday pres-
ent," said practical Joan, who wisely
reflected that it would be a long time
before Benny could give that assist-
ance. "We can do all the work, and
let her go to visit Aunt Jane. She
has wanted to go ever so long, and
hasn't had time. Nelly is too little to
help much, but she can go out in the
field and get violets and make a big
bouquet for mother when she comes
home at night. I'm sure mother will
like a party like that."

"I think that will be a nice party,
and I'll help help," said Benny.

So that night Joan begged mother
to call her very early, in time to get
breakfast ready for father. And
mother, smiling, gratefully agreed,
and stayed in bed an hour later in
the morning. Father in surprise asked
how Joan happened to be up so
early, and she told him about the
party.

"You are a good lass," said the
father, heartily, and she felt very
happy.

When mother got up, the children
begged her to go and see Aunt Jane.

"It's your birthday, you know,
mother," said Benny, "and we are go-
ing to do every bit of the work for
your birthday party."

There were tears in mother's eyes,
but she was so happy that she hum-
med a little tune while she was get-
ting ready. "It's the first party I've
had in ten years," she said, as she
kissed them good-by.

The children worked very hard
that day, and Nelly gathered an am-
azing quantity of violets. Joan got
the very best supper she could, and
put on the best dishes. Then there
was a surprise when father came
home, for he brought some oranges
and cakes for the supper, and a book
for a present for mother. When she
came home and saw the little feast
and the present she cried a little, but
declared she had never been so happy
in her life. And indeed she looked
very happy and quite rested for once.

—Christian Standard.



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.

THE WORM THAT WENT TO SLEEP.

One day, when Manette was visit-
ing her grandpa, she found a great
worm lying in the path. It was as
long as grandpa's forefinger, and was
as big around as his thumb. It was
a light green color, with queer,
bright-colored knobs all over it. It
was so ugly that Manette was afraid
of it; but her grandpa lifted it be-
tween two sticks and put it into a
paste-board box, with a piece of glass
for cover. He then carried it into an
upper room which was not much
used. His little grand-daughter won-
dered, and asked questions.

"The worm is sleepy, and so I
have made it a bed; and by and by it
will make itself a blanket," grandpa
said.

"O grandpa! can it?" How can
a worm make a blanket?"

"It weaves it, dearie, something as
a spider weaves its web. It will take
a good while; you must watch and be
patient."

Manette went every day to look at
the worm; and, after what seemed to
her a long time, one day she saw some
fine threads from the worm to the
glass. Every day there were more
threads, until at last Manette could
not see the worm at all.

"He has covered himself all up,
grandpa. Is the blanket finish-
ed now?" she asked.

"Yes, and now the worm will sleep
all winter; and, when he wakes in the
spring, I don't believe you will recog-
nize him."

When Manette's visit was over, her
grandpa gave her the box, care-
fully done up in paper, and told her
to lift the cover off when she reached
home. So she did, and found the
worm snugly wrapped up in its old
bed-clothes, fastened tight to the
glass. Her mamma leaned the glass