

Our Boys and Girls.

ONE OF HIS NAMES.

Never a boy had so many names;
They called him Jimmy and Jim and
James;
Jeems and Jamie; and well he knew
Who it was that wanted him, too.

The boys in the street ran after him,
Shouting out loudly, "Jim! Hey, Jim!"
Until the echoes, little and big,
Seemed to be dancing a Jim Crow jig.

And little Mabel out in the hall,
"Jim-my! Jim-my!" would sweetly call,
Until he answered, and let her know
Where she might find him—she loved
him so.

Grandpapa, who was dignified,
And held his head with an air of pride,
Didn't believe in abridging names,
And made the most that he could of
J-a-m-e-s!"

But if papa ever wanted him,
Crisp and curt was the summons—
"Jim!"

That would make the boy on his errand
run
Much faster than if he had said, "My
son."

Biddy O'Flynn could never, it seems,
Call him anything else but "Jeems";
And when the nurse, old Mrs. McVye,
Called him "Jamie," it sounded nice.

But sweeter and dearer than all the
rest
Was the one pet name that he liked the
best
"Darling!" He heard it whate'er he
was at,
For none but his mother calls him that.
—St. Nicholas.

MANDA JANE.

None of us liked 'Manda Jane; we all
said so the first day she came to school.
Her dress was sort of old-fashioned, and
too long for her; but it wasn't just how
she looked that was the matter. I guess
we thought there were enough of us
without her, and we didn't want any
more. You see, there were nine of us
girls who brought our dinners — just
enough for the three playhouses out
under the trees, and besides, we all knew
each other, and it's so much trouble to
get acquainted with strangers.

"Well, we don't need to have her,"
said Delia Kelly. "We didn't ask her
to come to our school, and we can go
on just the same's if she wasn't here."

So when noontime came, and the
teacher and the other children went
home, we hurried off and left 'Manda
Jane to herself. She looked up as if she
expected we'd ask her to come, too; but
we didn't, and after a few minutes she
sat down on the steps and opened her
basket. She sat there nearly all noon-
time, and we couldn't help seeing her
while we played. Little Kitty—she's al-
ways so tender-hearted—wanted to ask
her to come.

"Whose playhouse can she have part
of, then?" asked Maria. "There are
only three places, and it'll make one of
'em all crowded up to have four girls in
it."

Well, none of us wanted her, and Kit-
ty couldn't do anything without the rest
of us, though she looked sorry. That's
the way it went for four or five days.
We found 'Manda Jane knew as much
about her lessons as any of us, though
her dresses were not too long, and the
other children liked her in games at re-
cess; but we girls didn't pay her any
attention. Our schoolhouse is in the
country, in a nice woody place, and so
we thought 'Manda Jane was going to
look for wild flowers when she didn't
stop on the steps, one day, but walked
right past where we were, farther in the
grove. By and by, we saw her moving
about, as busy as she could be, as if
she was making a playhouse all by her-
self.

"I think that would be awfully lone-
some," said Kitty, and I think we all
felt a little sorry and sort of mean, only
we wouldn't say so.

The next day 'Manda Jane hurried off
just the same way, and the day after
that, too, and we could see her flying
about and fixing something. We pre-
tended we didn't care what it was, but
really we could hardly play at all for
watching her. But the next noon, when
we were getting ready to go for our
baskets, she stopped us.

"There's a new store started down
near where you folks keep house," she
said, "and if you want tea, sugar, soap,
or—or anything, the woman that keeps
it'll give good measure and sell cheap."
"Store?" we all said at once.

She was leaning against the teacher's
table, her eyes all twinkly and laughing,
and she looked almost pretty—even so
much prettier than Maria, who jumped
upon the table beside her.

"Yes; I've started a store," she said,
"and I should think you housekeepers
would need to buy lots of things."

We began to crowd round her, but
she wouldn't tell us much, only to "come
and see," and we didn't wait to have her
ask us twice. She had fixed up the pret-
tiest place with moss and green branches.
There was a nice smooth stump for a
counter, and scales made of strings and
birch bark; there was white sand for
sugar, and pebbles for coffee, and she
had made cunning little paper bags to
put things in. Oh, it was such fun! We
bought and bought, and she gave us some
real gingerbread—such good gingerbread
that her grandmother made—because she
said storekeepers gave things when they
had an "opening." We forgot all about
not wanting her, and almost forgot to
play keep house at all, because we were
all the time running to the store. She
had so much custom that she said one of
us might be clerk, but everybody spoke
for the place, and so we had to take
turns. It was the very nicest noontime
we'd had, and nobody ever thought of
leaving 'Manda Jane out after that; we
couldn't do without her.

"How did you ever come to think
of anything like that?" Delia asked her
one day.

"Grandma made me think of that,"
she said. "You see, I felt a little bit
lonesome, and I thought"—her face grew
red and sober, and she stopped a moment,
then she said the words right out—"I
thought you girls didn't like me, and
wouldn't ever be friends, and I told
grandma there wasn't any place for me.
'Make a place, then,' she said. 'All the
world wants the ones that are willing
to make themselves wanted.' So then I
stopped thinking how you ought to make
it pleasant for me, and began to plan how
I could make things nicer for you. —
Sabbath-school Visitor.

A QUEER STREAK.

—BY MAY EVERETT GLOVER.

"Peanuts! fresh peanuts!"

Ben tried to call out as cheerfully as
usual, but somehow his voice would fal-
ter as he stood there beside the peanut
roaster on the street corner and watched
the groups of merry boys passing. It
was a great disappointment that he would
have to stand there all day when he had
been expecting that Teddy and he would
have such a good time. It didn't matter
so much for himself, but Teddy was so
little; and then he would try to say some-
thing to cheer up the little fellow what
sat on a box watching the passing peo-
ple.

"Give me ten cents' worth," Tom
Strong said, as he came running across
the street from a group of boys, "Why,
Ben, is this you?" he exclaimed, "I
didn't know that you sold peanuts."

"I don't only when Uncle Jim's sick,"
he answered sullenly.

"Ain't you going on the excursion?"
"No." Ben tried to speak naturally,
but his voice suddenly choked.

"I'm sorry. We expect to have a fine
time. There's going to be a band and
lots of people; but I'll be left if I don't
hurry."

"Who's that little ragmuffin you were
talking to?" Ned Allen asked as Tom
joined him.

"Why, don't you know him? It's that
boy who was in our class at school the
last few weeks," Tom answered. "I
pity him, he wanted to go to-day. Say,
Ned, you go on with the others, I am
going back a little."

"What's up now, do you want to miss
the boat? You do take the queerest
streaks."

But Tom was already half way across
the street. He paused a moment, his
face unusually grave.

"I want to go bad as ever can be,"
he said half aloud, "but perhaps it's what
Miss Milton meant when she told us to
try to make some one happy during this
vacation, even if we had to deny our-
selves some pleasure. Then he was be-
side the peanut-roaster. "Say, Ben,"
he began, "I'm sorry that you can't go
along."

The boy suddenly brushed aside a tear
with his ragged sleeve.

"Well, it can't be helped nohow. I
don't care so much for myself as for
Teddy. He's never been no place, and
he's been wantin' to go ever since I told
him about it; and every night when he
says his prayers, he's said, 'Dear Lord,
let's go to the scursion, and I've worked
to get money enough, but Uncle Jim
got sick and I had to give it to him
for medicine. Don't think that I didn't
want to give it,' he said suddenly, 'I
was glad I had it, for Uncle Jim is
awful good to us; but we did so want
to go to-day. Folks like us never get
nowheres."

"Well, you are going to go now,"
Tom exclaimed; "I'll sell your peanuts
until you get back. I don't care so much
seeing that I have gone so often."

Ben looked at him in surprise.
"I'll have a good time here. You can
take my ticket, and I've plenty of money
for to get one for Teddy." Tom hoped
that he did not look disappointed.

"Oh, I couldn't do that," Ben said
hesitatingly.

"Of course you can; you want to go,
don't you, Teddy?" Tom said. "Won't
he enjoy it, though?"

"But, Tom—" Ben began.

"Here, don't waste any time talking.
You can take my lunch, I guess there's
enough for both if you make up with
ice cream and such like. You put on



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my coat, it's warm enough here without.
I know how to roast nuts. I used to
help old Billy sometimes," and before
Ben realized it, he had on Tom's coat
and cap, and with his lunch box in one
hand and holding Teddy with the other
he was hurrying down to the wharf,
while Tom stood on the corner and look-
ed after them.

"That's another of your queer streaks,
as Ned calls them," he said to himself,
"you've never talked a hundred words
to that boy before in your life, and you
would have such a good time." You've
got yourself into a snap, and you will
have to stand here all day." Then he
suddenly gave his shoulders a shrug.

"Tom Strong, I'm ashamed of you,
being sorry for one minute that you are
staying home to let those two boys have
a good time, when you have gone dozens
of times and can go lots more, and they
never get any place, and have to work
and wear old clothes and—I am ashamed
of you, Tom Strong—get to work and
see how many peanuts you can sell until
they come home." Then he went to
roasting peanuts with a will, but how
warm it was and what fun Ned and the
rest would be having. Then—when he
thought of Ben and Teddy, he didn't feel
near so tired.

It was noon when two dignified look-
ing men suddenly stopped, "Judge, why

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