

## Our Boys and Girls.

### BE A BOY WHILE YOU CAN.

Be a boy while you can, my lad,  
'Tis a glorious thing to be  
A-tune with the sun and the woods, my  
lad,  
And free as the wind is free.

'Tis good to have vigor in limb, my lad,  
Muscle and heart to mould,  
So be a boy while you can, my lad,  
There's time for getting old.

Be a boy while you can, my lad,  
'Tis a wonderful gift you hold—  
A body and mind to be trained, my lad,  
A tale to be rightly told.

The world will have need of you soon,  
my lad,  
Strong arm and fearless heart,  
Then be a man with a will, my lad,  
And take a man's good part.

—Hadley Bourne.

### JOHN THROCKTON'S GUARDIAN.

BY JANE ELLIS JOY.

"Please, sir, lend me a quarter?"

It was a small, ragged boy that repeated the request, addressing a number of passing men one winter night, by the light of the street lamps. Some of the men shook their heads; others passed on without noticing the appeal. Finally, two men who were walking together stopped.

"Why don't you ask me to give you a quarter?" one of the men questioned the boy.

"Because I'm a-goin' to give it back to you," was the prompt answer. "I ain't a-beggin'."

The man that had asked the question laughed not altogether pleasantly.

"Ho, ho, here is refinement," he said with ironical emphasis to his friend. To the boy he continued:

"Look here, little man, I lend money only on good security. What security can you give me?"

"S'curity?" repeated the boy, helplessly. Then two eager eyes brightened, as the meaning of the word was suggested, and he added: "I can't give none—only my word and my willin'ness to work."

The man laughed a great haw, haw. "Good! You've earned your money, little Ready Wits," he said, as he tossed a quarter to the boy, and started up the street with his friend.

"Please, sir, you ain't told me your name yet, nor where you live," pursued the boy.

"Not done with you yet," said the man sharply, as he stopped again. "Are you getting up a directory in the interests of beggars, boy?"

"No, sir," replied the little fellow seriously; "it's in the interests of you."

Both men laughed.

"Well, my name is John Throckton, and I live at No. 16 Fairview Avenue," said the giver of the quarter.

Mr. Throckton's house was large and handsome, and full of fine furniture and works of art. He was very rich, but by no means generous with his money. He had given in this instance merely out of caprice. The boy's manner of asking had amused him. Seldom did he give so much as a quarter for charity. Meanwhile little Bernard Wells invested the borrowed quarter in a loaf of bread, a little piece of meat, and a little paper of tea, and carried the provisions home.

His home was a single room in a poor tenement house. His father was dead, and his mother made a living by sewing on shirts. This week, however, she had been too ill to work, and her money was all spent.

"Oh, Bernard, where did you get these things?" Mrs. Wells asked when her son came in.

Bernard told his story.

"We must return the money as soon as possible," said the mother.

But Mrs. Wells was not able to go back to her work. Bernard earned a little money selling newspapers, but this was needed to buy food and coal. Finally, Mrs. Wells died, and a brother of Bernard's father, a poor, hardworking man, came forward and offered the little boy a home. Bernard worked for his uncle, who kept a little store. But the boy was not given any money. Once Bernard asked for a quarter that he might pay Mr. Throckton, and was laughed at by his uncle.

"John Throckton has too much money already," the man said. "He's one of the richest men in town and one of the meanest. I guess I don't want him to get any of my quarters."

A year passed. Bernard did not forget his obligation to Mr. Throckton. Many were the plans that he made for redeeming his pledged word.

One day when he was passing along a crowded street it was his good fortune to find a pair of eye-glasses that a lady had accidentally dropped, and the lady rewarded him with a quarter.

Bernard set out immediately for No. 16 Fairview avenue. "How pleased mother will be! I hope she knows" he thought to himself as he hurried along with a light, springy gait. His steps were not lighter than his heart. It was about five o'clock, and Mr. Throckton had returned from his banking house, and was in his library. He was not particularly engaged, and he told the serving man to show the boy in.

"I came to pay you the quarter," Mr. Throckton, said Bernard, advancing into the splendid room, and holding out the money. "I'm much obliged to you for trustin' me. I couldn't git it fer you no sooner."

Mr. Throckton gave Bernard a searching look. "Have you not made a mistake?" he asked. "I never lent you a quarter to my knowledge, nor do I know you."

"It was on the street, sir," said Bernard; "one night—"

"Oh, ho, yes, I do remember you now. Well, well, well!" Mr. Throckton laughed again as the recollection defined itself more clearly. "So, you are that little chap that wasn't begging?"

"Yes, sir, I'm him," and Bernard laid the silver coin on the table beside Mr. Throckton's hand.

The man of business appeared to be interested. "Well, my little fellow," he said, "I confess you have taken me by surprise." He leaned back in his arm chair, and regarded the boy narrowly while he slipped the quarter in his vest pocket. Mr. Throckton liked to investigate the motives of actions that seemed strange to him. Directly he resumed: "Now, little boy, if you don't mind telling me, I should very much like to know why you return this money. Didn't you understand at the time that I never expected to see it or you again?"

"I kind of thought that way, sir," said Bernard; "but I didn't low as that made any difference."

"Yes, I see," said Mr. Throckton, "you wanted to feel that you were hon-

est, and it isn't a bad thing to plume one's self on, either. Was that it?"

"No, sir, I don't know as 'twas," answered little Bernard thoughtfully, looking his questioner in the eyes. "It was more this way: If I hadn't brought you back your money you would have thought I was deceivin' you. Then, 'sposin' somebody else'd ask you fer somethin', some one as was real honest, and needin', and you, thinkin' of me and the mean trick I'd played on you, would say 'No' to the other fellow, then I'd be 'sponsible. I'd be 'sponsible fer somebody sufferin' fer want of food, and I'd be 'sponsible fer makin' you mean and s'picious and onfeelin'—see?"

Mr. Throckton did not smile now. His fine, self-satisfied face flushed as he looked at the earnest little speaker before him. He was perhaps more surprised now than he had ever been in his life. He was touched, too. The idea of this crude, little, common, street boy considering himself responsible for the doings of John Throckton! The man felt his hardness ebbing away, and in its place there came to him a desire to do something good and worthy with his money. And what better thing could he do, he reasoned, than to care for the child that had been the means of saving him from his own selfishness?

Mr. Throckton's acquaintances were considerably amazed when they learned that the bright-faced little boy that appeared often in Mr. Throckton's company was an orphan whom the rich man had adopted. A friend said to him one day:

"I wonder you were not afraid to assume so great a responsibility, Mr. Throckton, as the guardianship of a child!"

"My little boy was my guardian first," answered Mr. Throckton, with a smile. —*New York Observer.*

### WHAT DROVE THE CLOUD AWAY.

BY CARRIE H. BUTTERFIELD.

It was early in the morning, but everybody so aw odarth ramod liu wikg di one saw the cloud — it was so big and black. Not a cloud up in the sky, you know; but far worse — on Ned's face.

Mamma looked sad, grandma puzzled; even Baby May was serious, and going up softly, asked in her sweet little voice, "Corn cake, Ned?" for a stomach was her greatest affliction. Only Auntie May, who had three great boys, and had seen many clouds and storms, as well as much sunshine, only smiled.

"Good morning," said mamma, and kissed the little frowning face.

"Good morning," said Ned, shortly. But mamma held the little brown face in her hands till she saw a smile, or thought she did, for it was so faint, and went away so soon, she wondered afterwards if she could have been mistaken.

"Would you like a piece of this nice pink and white cake, Neddie?" asked auntie.

"You know I would," said Ned, scowling.

"Ned!" said mamma.

"Yes'm — if you please," added Ned, meekly.

"Dear me! Dear me!" murmured auntie to herself; "this is a bad case. Let me see." Then she hurried out in the kitchen. "Nora, a few cherry preserve tarts, when you make the pies."

"Yes'm—sure," said Nora.

Two hours later, disconsolate Ned, looking a trifle less uphappy, sat on the porch with Baby May, each holding out



## CRAMPS,

Pain in the  
Stomach,  
Diarrhœa,  
Dysentery,  
Colic,  
Cholera  
Morbus,

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and all kinds of Summer Com-  
plaint are quickly cured by  
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a tiny plate a dear little tart. While waiting for them to cool, Ned told grandpa all about his troubles. Grandma, or mamma, or even Auntie May, would only laugh and say, "Oh, let it pass," but grandpa had been a boy, and knew there were things the spirit of a boy couldn't stand.

Willie Gray had found his "truly" knife early that morning, and wouldn't give it up; said "findin's was keepin's," and 'cause he couldn't describe it 'zactly, said maybe 'twasn't his.

"To bad, too bad," said grandpa; "something ought to be done. Have you tried 'heaping coals of fire on his head'?"

"No," said Ned; "but I could; he's down by the f-fence now an' I could s-s-shove 'em right over. His hair's so thick it wouldn't burn him much. Jes' s-s-scare him awful." (Ned always stammered when he was a little excited "Or how'd it do, grandpa, to knock him up a-against' the s-stove and b-b-burn his head a little?")

"That wouldn't hurt him enough," said grandpa, seriously.

Ned turned a little pale and gazed at grandpa in surprise.

"I should say," added grandpa, "that little pie would make a good coal."

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