

Our Boys and Girls.

HELP THE FALLEN THAT'S DOWN.

BY REV. W. H. BERRY.

Whatever your lot, or wherever cast,
Let fortune smile or frown,
To the right, my boy, be true to the
last,
And help the fellow that's down.

Never shun a friend, though his hat be
old,
And his clothes with age are brown;
Let principle rule rather than gold,
And help the fellow that's down.

A sycophant's smile is but little worth,
More worthless still is his frown;
But manhood true is the salt of the
earth,
For it helps the fellow that's down.

I view with contempt the favored few—
The so-called elite of the town;
But I honor the breast that is manly
and true,
That helps the fellow that's down.

HOW MUCH?

"Yesterday was mother's birthday," remarked Billy Stone, as he walked proudly by the side of Miss Fowler, his Sunday-school teacher. "We gave her presents."

"How nice! I suppose you love her very much, don't you?"

"Lots."
"Well, Billy, my man," said Miss Fowler, stopping a minute at the corner where she was to turn off, "don't forget our lesson last Sunday. You know what the Bible tells us about how true love shows itself."

Yes, Billy knew. He walked on, thinking of it, and presently his round face grew very sober.

"Yesterday we told mother that we gave her the presents with our love. Today is only a day off, and I wouldn't get up in time for breakfast. I was late for school, I made the twins mad, and I sneaked out of the back door so as not to have to go for the mail. I can't see how anybody, by looking at the way I've acted, could tell that I liked my mother at all."

It was beginning to rain when Billy reached home. He and the twins, who had been playing in the yard, all went into the shelter of the kitchen together.

Mrs. Stone, at work in the next room, looked out of the window with a sigh. She had so much to do, and there was so liable to be trouble when the children must stay indoors.

Billy thought of this, too.

The twins were hanging their caps up with a scuffle.

"I say, Robin, asked Billy, abruptly, "how much do you love mother this afternoon?"

Robin turned round and stared at him. What a queer question! It was not a bit like a boy.

"Why?" he giggled. "Do you want to write poetry about it?"

"Poetry!" sniffed Billy. "I want to know how much—just plain how much. That isn't poetry, is it?"

"That's arithmetic," said Dora.

Dora was the oldest of them all. She was bolstered up in a big chair by the fire. She had been ill for a fortnight.

"How much?" repeated Robin. "How can you tell how much you love a person?"

"In plenty of ways," said Billy, wisely. "I'll tell you one right now. I love mother a box-full."

With that he picked up the kindling-box, and marched out into the shed.

A light broke upon the twins.

"Oh-o," cried Harry, "that's what you mean, is it? Well, I love her a pailful," seizing the water bucket and starting for the pump.

"I love her a scuttleful," said Robin; and he plunged down the cellar after coal.

Dora looked at the clock. She had looked at it five minutes before, and said to herself: "I do believe that my darling mother is going to forget the medicine this time. I shall not remind her, that is one thing certain sure!"

"But I guess," she said now, reaching for the bottle with a wry face, "I guess at least I can love her a spoonful."

There was a shout of laughter.

Mrs. Stone heard, and glanced anxiously toward the door. "I hope that there is no mischief on foot. I'm in such a hurry to get this sewing done."

Kitty Stone had aroused herself from her book in the old-fashioned kitchen window-seat to listen to Billy and the rest. So far she had said nothing. But, when the kindling-box was full, and the pail and scuttle, and the medicine bottle was a little less full, the covers of Kitty's book went together with a snap.

"Don't you think," she said, "that all of us together, if we hurried, could love mother this room full before she came in and caught us? I'll clean the stove out and blacken it."

They worked like beavers. The last tin was hung on its nail and the last chair set back to the wall when Mrs. Stone's step was heard coming rapidly down the hall.

"Dora, child, your medicine!" she said.

"Yes'm," said Dora, demurely, "I took it for pure love—to you, not to it."

Her mother looked round the tidy room; and when she saw how spick and span it was, and when she saw the ring of smiling faces, she kissed them every one, and her own was just as bright as the brightest.

"There's no other mother in the country," said Mrs. Stone, "that has such children as mine!"

"There now, do you see!" said Billy to Robin. "Can't you tell how much you love a person? It feels nice, doesn't it?"—*Sally Campbell.*

TIM'S EXCUSE.

Thud! thud! thud! and so on for half a minute came the blows thick and fast on some one's back in John O'Hara's house. Then suddenly out of the door shot Tim, holding his hands to protect the back of his head. The fears were in his eyes, and a look of grim resolve on his face not to utter a sound. He found Jim Murray waiting for him, and it was Jim who heard the thuds.

Tim O'Hara was about thirteen, and his brother Joe was eleven. The one thing Tim cherished was this young brother Joe, and Joe followed Tim as a coolie follows his master.

"What's the matter, Tim?" asked the sympathetic Jim.

"Oh, nothin'," answered Tim, "only father's been drinkin' and is ugly and been poundin' me."

"What's he poundin' you for?"

"Nothin', only just he's ugly. He always pounds me when he's drunk. Come on down to the stone-crusher."

"Hold on a minute, Tim," said the wise Jim. "Why don't you clear out

from home, and get away from them lickin's? I wouldn't stand 'em if I was you."

"Ain't nowhere to go, if I wanted to," answered Tim.

"I heard Mr. Bradford tell father this mornin' he wanted a boy on his farm. He'll take you in a minute, and he's a good feller, too."

Tim's eyes shone, but he said: "Good place, Jim, but I can't go."

"Why?"

"Cause I can't."

"Well, why?"

"Cause I can't, I tell yer."

"Well, why can't you?" persisted Jim.

"Cause," said Tim, "if I ain't there to lick, he'll lick Joe."—*Frederick Lynch.*

NOT TO BE ENVIED.

"How those little chaps do enjoy playing together!" said John Evans to his wife one day, as he stood watching his Ned play ball with Charley Willard and Edgar Perry.

"Yes," said Mrs. Evans, soberly; "they are on an equality, but ten or fifteen years from now how will it be? Then Charley Willard will be worth thousands, and our Ned will be his shoemaker, maybe."

"If he is, I hope he will make the best boots in the market."

"Think of that little fellow being heir to a quarter of a million," continued Ned's mother, gazing at Charley, wishfully.

"Well, Mary, I believe the poor man's boy has a better chance than the rich man's son."

"Chance of what?"

"A chance to achieve real success."

"You talk like an old fogey, John."

The next week Ned wanted a ball of his own, and began to tell how Charley Willard bought everything he wished, just when he wanted.

"Earn it for yourself, my boy; then you will have strength to throw it higher than if it dropped into your hands," said the father. And that was always the way after that. What Ned got, he must work for; what Charley wanted he had for asking. Soon it was a question of costlier things than balls. Both wanted a pony and new school books. Ned could not have the pony, so he took the books and studied them well. Charley could have both, but the pony was the most entertaining, so he let the books alone.

When the boys were eighteen, one was very popular, and naturally it was the one whose pocket-book always held enough to treat a crowd to whatever fun was going. Ned had friends; but their sport had to be inexpensive. They skated instead of driving fast horses; they spent their evenings in one another's homes, or at lectures, while Charley's comrades could afford theatres and saloons. Of course, it came to be a principle, and there was a time when Ned, with twice Charley's money, would not have Charley's tastes; but after all, in the beginning, money made the difference. Ned, from a little boy, knew that he must earn his place in the big crowded world if ever he had any place worth having. Charley grew each day to realize that he possessed everything that gold could buy, or the means to acquire it. Ned did not like shoemaking, so he studied law. Charley "read" it, too, but first he travelled around the world and saw what there was "to be seen."

Mrs. Evans forgot his existence, until one day Ned—who was a man of



LOADED UP WITH
IMPURITIES.

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wealth and influence—Ned, now "Judge Evans," said to his mother, "Poor Charley Willard, do you remember him?"

"Why, of course I do. What of him?"
"He died today of apoplexy, brought on by fast living and hard drinking. Poor fellow; he had too much money; everything came to him without work, and life was all play to him."

"Yes; if he had fought his way up as you had to fight yours, Ned, he would not have wasted his strength and his manhood," said Ned's mother, forgetting entirely that night, years before, when she had thought Charley very unfortunate.—*Temperance Banner.*

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