

Our Boys and Girls.

KATHARINE'S FAIRY STORY.

BY ANNA MATHEWISON.

Katharine climbed over the arm of the piazza chair where I sat rocking.

"Now I'm ready for a story," she said, "cause I'm had my brecksit," Katharine meant "breakfast," but her tongue is only four years old.

"Shall we have 'Little Mowgli and the Good Wolves,' or 'The Princess and the Butterfly,' or what?" I asked.

"I'd like those pretty soon," said Katharine, with a smile. "But first a new story that nobody ever had before,—about fairies."

"How many fairies?"

"A mother fairy and two little girl fairies."

"Suppose you tell me their names."

Katharine shut her great blue eyes, and thought hard. Then she took a long breath.

"Mrs. Fairy and Margaret Fairy and Dorothy Fairy. And Margaret was good and Dorothy was naughty."

"Very well. Once upon a time a mother fairy and two little fairies lived in the middle of a big red rose. Every morning the rose opened its leaves,—one, two, three,—till they were all wide open, and the fairies would wake up. Then they used to brush off the dust and bring dew-drops or raindrops to wash the rose-leaves until they were very bright and red.

"Now Dorothy was a lazy little fairy, and one day she told her mother that she was not going to work any more. Mrs. Fairy said, 'Oh, yes! you must, if you want to live in the beautiful rose.' But Dorothy thought she would rather have her house in a large white flower that grew on the vine above them. So, when night came, the mother fairy and little Margaret went to sleep in the middle of the lovely rose, and its leaves shut,—one, two, three,—till they were all closed, and the two fairies were safe inside."

"Where was little Dorothy Fairy?"

"Little Dorothy Fairy was out in the garden in the dark, and she was very much frightened at being there alone. She flew up to the white flower and crept inside, but—what do you suppose?"

"What?"

"It was the kind of flower that stays open at night. There Dorothy had to sit and look at ever so many queer things and hear strange sounds. The ow's went by calling 'Hoot, toot! hoot, toot!' The frogs sang 'Ker-chug! ker-chug!' The crickets and other little creatures down in the grass went 'Tsigisig! tsiggy-tsig!' Oh, so many noises that she had never heard before! Then the fire-flies came along, and she was afraid that her dress or her wings might catch fire."

"Would they?"

"No, indeed, but she did not know that; so she shivered all night long, and wished herself inside the red rose. Then morning came, the sun shone, and the birds began to sing. The red rose opened its leaves—one, two, three—until they were all open, and Mrs. Fairy and little Margaret flew out. But what do you think happened to Dorothy?"

"What?"

"The white flower shut up tight, because a shower was coming. The

garden was quite dark. The white flower made a great mistake, and thought it was night again, so it started to unfold. Just as soon as there was a tiny crack, little Dorothy squeezed out, and flew down to the red rose as fast as she possibly could. She hugged her mother very hard, and promised to help brush off the rose-leaves and bring dew-drops or rain-drops to wash them off morning. Then the mother fairy was glad, because now she had two good little fairies instead of one good and one naughty one. And that is all. Do you like this story? It is your very own story, you know."

"I like it the best of all," said Katharine, and she gave me a fine kiss. "And now let's have 'The Princess and the Butterfly,' please. No; I guess, first, we'd better have little Mowgli-boy and the wolv'es and the fat bear, and the panther like a big black kittie, and the silly monkeys, and the nice old snake."



HAROLD MASON'S REWARD.

"I want Harold to spend the summer with father," declared Mr. Mason, the foremost lawyer in the thriving city of Lincoln, one morning at the breakfast table. "I had planned to send him to Dirigo Camp, in Maine, for a couple of months, but the more I think of it the more I am convinced he needs a summer at Richmond, on the farm. There may be better boy trainers than father," recalling his own youthful experiences, "but for my part I doubt it—the Spartans even not being excepted."

"I think, myself, that a summer on the farm, with his grandfather to direct him, would be of greater benefit to Harold than two months in the Maine woods, delightful and instructive as such an outing would be," said Mrs. Mason, as she handed her husband a second cup of fragrant coffee.

"There are a great many things Harold needs to learn," continued Mr. Mason, thoughtfully, "but above everything else, he lacks perseverance—'stick-to-it-iveness' father used to himself on the small platform of the call it, and I'd trust him to inculcate it in a boy sooner than anyone else I know."

So, three weeks later, Harold found unpretentious railroad station at Richmond, greeting his grandfather.

The following morning Harold's grandfather took him over to Buxton. Here Mr. Mason found a market for his annual crop of wool. On the way back he drove up to a hardware store. Hitching his horse, he said, mysteriously:

"Let's go in and see what they have for hoes, Harold. I made a bargain with you, before you came, and haven't even consulted with you on the matter; rather a one-sided affair," and his eyes twinkled as he spoke.

"If you've made it, it's all right! I'm ready to become a silent partner without questioning!"

"It isn't a partnership," declared Mr. Mason, still more mysteriously, "It's a but-one-member-of-the-firm company, and you're the company. Your stock in trade is a potato patch, hoe, and perseverance."

"The potato patch you have; I've donated it. The hoe we'll get in here, and the perseverance, if you haven't all that's required already, can be cultivated along with the potatoes."

"I guess that will suit," decided Mr. Mason, after Harold had tried a

number of hoes of different sizes. "If one is to accomplish all that is possible, one must have the most convenient tools to work with."

All the while Harold was in perplexity as to his grandfather's plan.

"It's this way," explained Mr. Mason, as he unhitched his horse. "You want a delightful summer—lots of fun and that sort of thing—but that isn't all you want. You want a profitable one as well."

"The last time you were on a visit I noticed how small your arms were; what you need is muscle! Now my plan is this: I have a new piece of land that was never plowed before this spring, planted to potatoes. With proper care a big crop can be raised. They're all up, ready to begin hoeing on next week. A third of an acre I've set aside for you. Now, it will take a good deal of time, a good many backaches, and some sacrifice, but you can take care of the patch and have all the profits in September. What do you say?"

"It's a bargain! I'm already the but-one-member-of-the-firm company, I guess you'll have to squeeze into the company just enough to give advice."

"That I'll be glad to do. You do the hoeing, keep the plants free from bugs, dig your potatoes in September, and I'll buy them of you, and pay you the regular market price."

My! how his back ached before the rows were hoed! Then the wheelbarrow loads of water he had to trundle to the field, with which to mix his Paris green for destroying the potato bugs!

At last the first hoeing was over, and Harold took a breathing spell, but it was of short duration, for the first rows gone over were again ready for the second hoeing.

At last September arrived, and Harold harvested his crop. All but the last row was dug. "I shall be glad when it's over," and Harold drew a deep sigh.

The row was finished, with the exception of three hills. "I guess I'll leave those," and Harold leaned hesitatingly on his hoe handle. "No; I'll make a clean job of it," resolutely. "That's what grandfather'd do," and the young farmer continued his digging, when, in the last hill, what had his hoe struck? He stopped to pick it up. It was a small, old-fashioned purse!

He opened it excitedly. Within lay a ten-dollar gold piece. Beside it was a bit of paper which read: "From grandfather and grandmother a reward for perseverance!"

His grandfather had placed it there that morning, and was now watching Harold from the road.

"That isn't the only reward I've got for my work," said Harold, triumphantly, the day he returned to Lincoln. "See the muscle I've gained."

"That and the other thing you've acquired are worth vastly more than the money," said Mr. Mason.

"The other thing?" inquired Harold, curiously.

"Stick-to-it-iveness!" said his father.—*The Star.*



Gas on the Stomach.

Result of imperfect digestion—pressing up against the heart it excites alarming symptoms. Instant relief is afforded by the use of ten drops of Nerviline in a little sweetened water, half an hour after the meal. Nerviline aids digestion, expels the gas and imparts a sense of comfort. Nerviline is good for a lot of other things besides. Keep it in the house for Rheumatism, Cramps, Neuralgia, Toothache. Druggists sell it.



LOADED UP WITH IMPURITIES.

IN THE SPRING THE SYSTEM IS LOADED UP WITH IMPURITIES.

After the hard work of the winter, the eating of rich and heavy foods, the system becomes clogged up with waste and poisonous matter, and the blood becomes thick and sluggish.

This causes Loss of Appetite, Biliousness, Lack of Energy and that tired, weary, listless feeling so prevalent in the spring.

The cleansing, blood-purifying action of

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

eliminates all the pent-up poison from the system, starts the sluggish liver working, acts on the Kidneys and Bowels, and renders it, without exception,

The Best Spring Medicine.

A BOY WHO WOULDN'T CRY.

How the world loves its children heroes, the little folks who have Spartan blood in their veins and set examples of courage and patience that might well serve their elders.

There is little Seymour Smith, a New York 9-year-old, and the son of a doctor. Seymour was playing "tag" when he was knocked down by a truck which passed over his right leg, crushing it below the knee.

Of course, we older folks know that cries and groans do not lessen pain. They are waste effort and very annoying.

But what is it that made a baby of mine wink back his tears, as he was laid in a blanket, and say: "It is all right, Mr. Policeman; please don't mind me. I won't cry."

At the hospital he would not take ether, and when he saw the tears rolling down his father's cheeks he said: "Tell them to go ahead, papa, and don't cry. I won't mind if I have to stay away from school."

The boy is going to get well. The doctors have done all they can and old Mother Nature is now taking care of the lad.

There are men who will go for months with aching teeth, because they are afraid of the pain the dentist will inflict. There are men who grunt and groan about a thousand ills that creep into their daily lives.

And it is left for a boy to wink back the tears and say: "Don't mind me, Mr. Policeman, I won't cry."

All of those who read this little comment will be glad that Seymour Smith is to be a whole boy, sound and strong, one of these days.

He is a benefactor in a way, for he has taught the lesson of courage.