

Our Boys and Girls.

HOW THE WOODPECKER KNOWS.

How does he know where to dig his hole,
The woodpecker there on the elm-tree bole?
How does he know what kind of a limb
To use for a drum, or to burrow in?
How does he find where the young
grubs grow—
I'd like to know?

The woodpecker flew to a maple limb,
And drummed a tattoo that was fun for him,
"No breakfast here! It's too hard for that,"

He said, as down on his tail he sat.
"Just listen to this: rrrrr rat-tat-tat."

Away to the pear-tree out of sight,
With a cheery call and a jumping flight!

He hopped around till he found a stub
Ah, here's the place to look for a grub!
"Tis moist and dead—rrrrr rub-dub-dub."

To a branch of the apple-tree Downy hied
And hung by his toes on the under side,

"Twill be sunny here in this hollow trunk,
It's dry and soft, with a heart of punk,
Just the place for a nest!—rrrrr runk-tunk-tunk."

"I see," said the boy, "just a tap or two,
Then listen, as any bright boy might do.
You can tell ripe melons and garden stuff
In the very same way—it's easy enough."

—*Youth's Companion.*

AN EVERY DAY STORY.

"You aren't going to arrange that cup-board yourself, are you, mamma? You look tired. Close the doors, and let's forget it."

"No, dear, it ought to be done at once. I can't bear to have such a disorderly corner about the house."

"Then let me do it, mamma." Bettie spoke more cheerfully than she felt. She had mapped out a different plan for these Saturday morning hours.

"It would be such a relief, but I don't like to put it on your shoulders." "Oh, nonsense! My shoulders are stronger than you think, mamma."

So Mrs. Jordan was cajoled out of the room, and Bettie, perched on the baby's high-chair, attacked the upper shelves. It was a pleasant sight for Aunt Lydia, sitting by the fire-place. Her needles never slackened, even while her eyes were fixed on the slender, girlish figure. How unselfish Bettie was growing! What was the reason?

As the work progressed, Aunt Lydia felt a slight uneasiness. Would Bettie reach the lowest shelf? You see the day before Aunt Lydia had gone to this same shelf, and had come across a box away at the further end, a sort of dumping ground for "odds and ends." And now Aunt Lydia wondered if this might not prove too much for Bettie's resolutions.

"Behold!" said the unconscious Bettie at this juncture, with a flourish that imperiled her standing on the high-chair. "The top shelves are in a state

of precision that it would do your heart good to see." And then she descended to give Aunt Lydia a great hug, and prepare for an attack on the lower shelves. "Do you know," she went on confidentially, "I have turned over a new leaf? I detest work of this kind, but I make myself do it. It's a 'discipline for the mind,' as Miss Brownlee says about algebra. No, that isn't my motive, either," and the round face grew suddenly serious. I made up my mind that I must improve or I should feel as if I were dishonoring him."

"Can you leave that a while, dear, and take this letter to the postoffice? It ought to go in the next mail."

"Of course I can," said Bettie, promptly; "am glad of the chance. I'll be ready in just two minutes."

Left alone in the dining-room, Aunt Lydia laid down her knitting and vanished up the stairs. She was back in her place, however, and knitting as placidly as ever, when Bettie returned with her girlish face glowing from exercise and contact with the crisp, frosty air.

"It's delicious outdoors, auntie. I was tempted not to come back till time for luncheon." And Bettie shook her fist menacingly at the unfinished work. "But, then, I'm nearly through. Oniv two more shelves to do, and they're easy." Evidently she was in blissful ignorance of the miscellaneous collection in that neat-looking pasteboard box.

Aunt Lydia watched her pretty niece when the last shelf was cleared and the discovery made. Bettie always sang over her work; and she was in the midst of "God, make my life a little light," when a sudden impulse led her to open that whitened sepulchre. The song ceased abruptly. Another minute, and the cover was replaced—the box pushed back to the end of the shelf. Bettie's voice piped up again; but it was constrained now, and not so clear as before.

"All through, dear?" said Mrs. Jordan, entering just as Bettie was closing the cup-board doors. "Yes, I see you are. How beautifully you have arranged everything! What would we ever do without our helpful Bettie, Aunt Lydia? You don't know what a relief it is, Bettie, to know that everything is in order here." And, with a kiss that brought the blood to Bettie's cheeks, her mother left the room.

Early in the afternoon Ethel Mauderson called. "Put on your things, can't you, Bettie? Mamma wants you to go sleigh-riding with us."

Of course Bettie flew to her room for her warmest wrappings; and the result was a long, blissful ride through city and country roads, to the music of jingling sleigh bells.

It was not till evening that she thought again of the slighted box. She felt uncomfortable when she joined the group around the fire-place in the library.

"Let's have anagrams," suggested Tom, running for the box of letters. "You give me a word, Bet, and I'll give you one."

"Well," but Bettie's voice was somewhat reluctant. She was bright and quick, however, and guessed her words too easily for Tom's satisfaction.

"Say, now," he protested, "you guess them too fast. I haven't made out the one you gave me yet. Here's another word for you, though. It isn't very long, but it puzzled me the other day."

"That isn't hard," she announced, almost immediately. "It's faithful."

"Well, now, aren't you smart?" And Tom looked disgusted. "You can wait awhile for the next one. I shan't bother with you until I guess my own."

"That suits me," said Bettie. "I'm going downstairs, anyway. There's something I want to do there."

No one but Aunt Lydia suspected what the business was, and she did not guess the cause of the sudden decision.

It was that last anagram so unconsciously given by brother Tom. Bettie's conscience was in a sensitive state, and her resolution was taken. That box should be cleared before she slept that night.

It wasn't pleasant to sit there all alone in the dining-room, assorting that heterogeneous collection, for Bettie was a sociable little body. But the coals glowed brightly in the open grate, as if they wanted to cheer her; and, as her fingers flew over the distasteful work, a warm feeling crept into her heart.

There were other compensations, too: Long lost treasures, it seemed, had found their way to Susan's dumping-ground. "If here isn't my best paint-brush!" And Bettie's eyes shone as she drew it out by its long handle; "and, actually, my tube of yellow ochre!"

"What in the world is this?" she said, as she found a neat little tissue-paper package, and opened it wonderingly.

"If it isn't Aunt Lydia's lovely pink pin-cushion! And here's a paper pinned to it." So there was; and on it were just three words, "For faithful Bettie." Well, well; what a wonderful woman Aunt Lydia was, anyway! How did she know anything about the box? How confident she must have been that Bettie would not shrink, or she never would have placed there that dear little reward for her to find! Aunt Lydia must have been disappointed in her! The thought made Bettie's fingers fly faster than ever, till the work was finished. Somehow, she did not want to throw her strong, young arms around Aunt Lydia until her conscience was quite, quite clear.

It was a light, quick step that came behind the big armchair a few minutes later.

"Who's a darling?" whispered Bettie to cover her embarrassment; "and who gave her horrid niece her very prettiest and pinkest pin-cushion?"

"Who's faithful?" asked Aunt Lydia. —*Selected.*

A ZEALOUS ATTENDANT

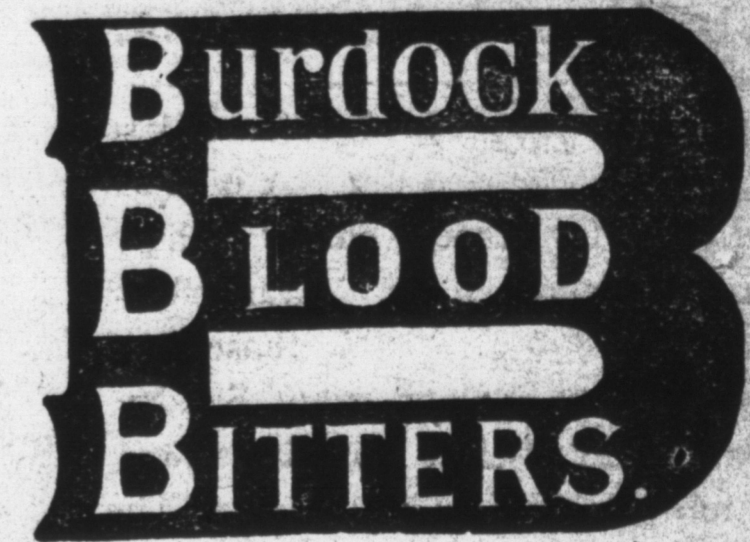
Mildred's papa was a pastor of a village church, and Mildred's paymate was Speaker, a big dog just outgrowing puppy-hood and its pranks. One Sabbath morning Mildred showed symptoms of measles and mamma said: "No going to church today." Later Mildred went to the woodhouse to condole with Speaker, imprisoned there to prevent his church attendance.

"Poor, shut-up Speaker," said Mildred, "I'll make believe send you to church." So, with much trouble, she arrayed him in one of her out-grown dresses. Through the full sleeves Speaker's fore legs were forced, the waist safety-pinned across his shaggy chest, and a little sunbonnet tied under his chin.

"Now, Speaker, I'll just peek out, but you mustn't go," said Mildred, unfastening the door.

Speaker's paws went against it with force; open it went in spite of Mildred, and up the street dashed Speaker.

In the midst of hymn-reading there was a rush of pink gingham up



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HERE IS PROOF.

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the aisle, a bombardment of the pastor's knees by clumsy, ruffle-encircled paws.

Then Speaker sat on the platform and surveyed the congregation from the shade of the pink poke bonnet. No "make-believe" for Speaker. He was really there.—*Es.*

USEFULNESS.

A gentleman, having occasion to buy a newspaper, beckoned to a newsboy. Two boys, one of whom was lame, saw the signal, but did not see each other. As the one who was perfect in body reached his prospective purchaser, and had offered his paper for sale, he noticed the lame boy a few feet distant. The latter stopped when he saw that he had lost in the race, but the other, observing him, withdrew his paper, and said in a tender tone, which was itself as striking as his act, "Buy your paper of that lame boy, mister!" and then turned and went away, apparently unconscious that he had performed a noble deed. The boy had acted in obedience to St. Paul's injunction to the early Christians, "in honor preferring one another." What an atmosphere of heaven it would bring into our business and social life if that spirit prevailed everywhere.

"THE FARMER CHIPMUNK."

In the Zoological Garden in New York city, there is a chipmunk which has earned for himself the name of "The Farmer Chipmunk." Born in the wilds of California he was brought to that city locked up in a great wire cage, where his chief occupation was catching the crumbs and peanuts thrown him by curious onlookers. But he got tired of dried-up charity, so his keeper says. He longed for the fresh, sweet vegetation of the forest and meadow where he