

Our Boys and Girls.

VACATION TIME.

Good-bye, little desk at school, good-bye!
We're off to the fields and the open sky,
The bells of the brooks, and the woodland bells,
Are ringing us out to the vales and dells,
To meadow-ways fair, and to hill-tops cool,
Good-bye, little desk at school!

Good-bye, little desk at school, good-bye!
We've other brave lessons and tasks to try;
But we shall come back in the fall, you know,
And as gay to come as we are to go,
With ever a laugh and never a sigh.
Good-bye, little desk, good-bye!
—Frank Walcott Hutt, in *Little Folks*.

THE ONE ACCOMPLISHMENT.

Old Mr. Brown stood in his private office, with his back to the fire and his coat tails balanced in either hand. He was a bald-headed old gentleman with a ruddy complexion, keen black eyes, and leg-of-mutton whiskers, which were white as snow. And Miss Nelly Torrance sat looking at him timidly from the depths of the big arm chair in which he had beckoned her to seat herself.

"So you are my Cousin Adrian's daughter?" said he, after a long pause.

"Yes," said Nelly, wondering what was in all those mysterious tin boxes, and whether the monster iron safe was full of gold and silver pieces.

"And you want something to do?"

"Yes, please."

"Humph!" said Mr. Brown. Nelly glanced shyly up into his face.

"But," she added with some spirit, "I am not asking for charity, I am willing to work."

"You mean you would like to daub canvas, or sew yellow sunflowers or green plush screens," satirically observed the old gentleman. "I don't call that work."

"Nor I, either," retorted Nelly. "Then what do you mean?" said Mr. Brown.

"I mean that I shall be glad to do any sort of honest work by means of which I can earn my own living."

"Humph!" again interjected Mr. Brown. "Can you cook?"

"Yes," Nelly answered. "I don't believe it."

"But I can."

"Very well," said Mr. Brown, releasing his coat-tails and sitting down at his desk, as if the question was definitely disposed of. "My cook went away this morning. I haven't engaged any one in her place. You may come this afternoon and see what you can do for me."

Mr. Brown fully expected that his young cousin would recoil indignantly from his proposal, but she did nothing of the sort. She simply said, "Yes, Cousin John," and asked for his private address.

"Mind you're punctual," said he, as he handed her the penciled card.

"I am always punctual," calmly responded Nelly.

Mr. Brown watched her out of the office with a quizzical twinkle in the corner of his eye.

"She won't come," he said to himself. "I've seen the last of my fine relation."

Nelly Torrance went home to a little second-floor room, the cheapest which the widow and her daughters could find.

Mrs. Adrian Torrance was dressed in black. She was a fair, delicate piece of human china, who had been like the lillies of the field in that she toiled not, neither did she spin. Lucetta, the older daughter, was trying, unsuccessfully enough, to trim a black crepe bonnet, by the window.

They had come up from the country at Lucetta's suggestion, to appeal, in their poverty, to this rich cousin of the dead father and husband, but none of them anticipated any very satisfactory results from the experiment.

"These rich people are always miserly," said Miss Lucetta.

"And I've understood," sighed the gentle little widow, "that he was not pleased when poor dear Adrian married me."

"Well?" cried Torrance, eagerly, as Nelly entered.

"What does he say?" questioned Lucetta, dropping the folds of crepe which she was vainly endeavoring to fashion into what the fashion plate called an "oblong bow."

"I have seen him," said Nelly, untying her bonnet strings, "and I'm going to his house in Grandover Park this afternoon."

"You don't mean," cried Mrs. Torrance, with a spasmodic catching of her breath, "that he is going to adopt you?"

"Not in the least," said Nelly. "Now mamma, don't jump at conclusions. Just hear my plain, unvarnished tale. I went to Cousin John. I told him I wanted something to do. He asked me if I could cook. Then he told me that his cook was gone, and asked me if I would come to his house this afternoon and take her place."

"And you?" gasped Mrs. Torrance. "I said yes, of course."

"Eleanor," cried Lucetta, "I am scandalized by your conduct! Yes, perfectly scandalized! You will do nothing of the sort."

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Torrance, developing hysterical symptoms. "If your Cousin Brown intends to insult us—"

"But he doesn't," pleaded Nelly. "He intended the offer in good faith, and I accepted it in the same spirit."

"You surely do not mean to degrade yourself," cried Lucetta, "by turning—cook—for any man living?"

"I don't see," argued Nelly, "that it is any more degrading to cook for Cousin John than it would be to embroider slippers for him, or to read the newspapers aloud to him of an evening."

"Eleanor never had any proper pride," said Mrs. Torrance, wringing her hands.

"Never!" echoed Lucetta. "And," added Nelly, "my cousin would have every reason to believe me an impostor if I told him I wanted work and then refused the offer he made. It will be useless for you to remonstrate, Lucetta, and I hope mamma will not place any obstacles in the way, for I am quite determined

to go to Grandover Park this afternoon."

It was 6 o'clock exactly when Mr. Brown let himself into his house with the latch-key which always depended from his watch chain. The gas jet burned softly behind the rose-colored shade in the hall; the fire clicked cheerily in the grate of the parlor beyond.

"Humph!" he muttered; 'she hasn't come. Thought so! There's no such thing as a practical woman nowadays.

At the same moment a light, white aproned little figure came out of the dining-room beyond, and Nelly Torrance's voice uttered the words:

"Dinner is ready, Cousin John."

The old man smiled. He had a pleasant expression on his face when he smiled, and Nelly wondered that she had not noticed what a handsome man he was.

"Oh," said he, "you did come, then?"

"I always keep my engagements," said Nelly. "Punctuality is the soul of business, isn't it, Cousin John! At least that's what I used to write in my copy-books."

Mr. Brown patted her hand as she helped him with his overcoat.

"You are a good girl," said he.

And in his secret mind he determined to put up with any deficiencies in the cooking of a girl who had such excellent business principles. But to his infinite amazement there were no deficiencies to overlook. He ate and relished and wondered by turns.

"My dear," said he at last, "when the cloth was removed, 'all is very nice. I'll concede you are a tip-top housekeeper. But, of course, you ordered all this from Monerato's restaurant?"

"But, of course, I didn't, Cousin Brown," said Nelly, decidedly. "I cooked it myself."

Mr. Brown closed his eyes and made a hasty calculation. His life had been "worried out of him," to use a common expression, by capricious housekeepers, inefficient cooks and untrained servants. At last here was a gateway out of all his tribulations.

"My dear," he said, "I should like to have you come and live here."

"As a cook, Cousin Brown?"

"No; as my adopted daughter and housekeeper. I need some one to take the helm of my affairs."

"But my mother," hesitated Eleanor, "and my sister Lucetta."

"Let them come too; there's plenty of room in the house. Can they cook, too?"

"No, Cousin Brown," confessed Nelly.

"Well, perhaps it's just as well," said Mr. Brown. "There can't be more than one head to the household."

—*Journal and Messenger*.

AFTER THE STORM.

It came about in this way. There was music in the Square that evening, and Aunt Bess had taken Mary down the street. Very merry the little girl felt, as she danced along to the lively air, knowing she had on a pretty pink dress just finished by auntie.

The afternoon shower had cleared away. Bright golden clouds stretched across the blue sky. The pavement had dried, but here and there were puddles in uneven places.



FOR
**DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY,
COLIC, CRAMPS,
PAIN IN THE STOMACH,
AND ALL
SUMMER COMPLAINTS.**

ITS EFFECTS ARE MARVELLOUS.
IT ACTS LIKE A CHARM.
RELIEF ALMOST INSTANTANEOUS.

Pleasant, Rapid, Reliable, Effectual.

EVERY HOUSE SHOULD HAVE IT.
ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR IT. TAKE NO OTHER.

PRICE, - 35c.

On the way home Aunt Bess caught Mary just as she seemed about to trip into the water. It was done in kindness, but Mary straightened herself, tossed her head, and said, "I think you are awful mean."

"Why, Mary," remonstrated Aunt Bess.

"I don't like having my arm pinched black and blue," snapped Mary.

And Aunt Bess, who had merely wished to save her little girl from an accident, replied:—

"I was trying to keep you from wet feet and a splashed dress."

"I don't want to be treated like a baby," crossly answered Mary.

Aunt Bess kept quiet. "I'm not going to stay here. I'm just going to write and ask papa if I mayn't go home."

Still no reply, but Mary continued to fret and fume as she went up the street, twisting her pleasant face into an ugly frown.

At last the house was reached, and Mary, going into the sitting room, flung herself on the lounge and hugged her bad temper. Once Aunt Bess bent over her, hoping her little girl had come to a better mind, but Mary turned her back indignantly and buried her face in the pillow.

1840. 1903.

During this period

Painkiller

(PERRY DAVIS')

has cured more cases of sickness than any other medicine. It's the best remedy in the world for

**Cramps,
Colic,
Diarrhoea, Etc.**

A household remedy.