

Our Boys and Girls.

THE MUTINEERS.

BY MARY WHITING ADAMS.

John Henry had ten fingers,
Two eyes, a tongue and brains;
But when he started in at school
He didn't take the pains
To make them yield obedience
To what the teacher said;
And so they quickly learned to do
Just what they chose, instead.

The fingers would not follow
The copies they were set;
The eyes kept wandering here and there
The tongue refused to get
The lessons right, but whispered
Instead the whole time long.
As for the brains, they strayed and
dreamed,
And let things all go wrong.

When days of school were over
John Henry went to work;
But eyes and tongue and fingers
And brains still joined to shirk.
First one job, then another,
He spoiled, and lost his place,
While other boys less clever
Passed by him in the race.

Alas, for poor John Henry!
His band of mutineers
Made life a wretched failure
Through many luckless years.
In vain he mourned his folly;
Repentance came too late,
And, in the end, they dragged him
Inside the almshouse gate.

—Ex.

BERT'S EXPLOIT.

What a cold, cutting blast! The snow was flying furiously, driven here and there by the fierce northwest winds. Mrs. Warner put her head out of the kitchen door, while the supper, cooking on the stove, sizzled and sputtered. When she drew back from the door, snowy crystals sparkled in her dark hair.

"Isn't it awful!" she exclaimed to Bert. The boy was leaning against the kitchen window peering out into the hoary evening, his eyes focused on the spot in the horizon where the sun should have set. No sunset to-night. In the snowy fusillade and the darkness one could not see three feet beyond the window.

"It's worse than we've had yet," said Bert. "Listen to that wind, ma." Sounds like a dozen packs of wolves. Then he began to congratulate himself on the fact that the cows were snug in the barn, and that Maggie, his mare, was contentedly munching alfalfa in her stall.

But his mother again stepped to the kitchen door and peered out into the oncoming stormy night.

"Bert!" she called, in an uneasy tone, "have you seen George Morgan drive back from town this afternoon?"

"No, mother; he didn't pass our house."

"Well, then that poor little woman is over there on the ranch all alone—not a soul but her and the baby. No cows up—the baby drinks cow's milk; no wood and—nothing. What will she do?" She stepped to the window with a picture in her mind of the forlorn young wife with her baby in her arms, helplessly waiting for the return of her husband, who was doubtless blocked by the snowstorm.

"Where is Mag?"

"Down in the barn."

"Ethelbert, you are only twelve, but will you get on Mag and run over to Morgan's and drive up their cows and see if the poor woman gets wood; God will help you."

"Yes, mother!" the boy exclaimed. In a moment the mother had his heavy coat off the nail and the sturdy lad wrapped in it. Having on his cap and mittens, he turned to go.

"I saw the cows in the north pasture this afternoon. Be careful, Bert, and keep your wits. You're mother's man, you know. Follow the fence and you won't get lost."

The snow and wind almost drove him back into the house, but he tried to chuckle to himself and ran quickly to the barn.

Shortly he called to his mother standing in the lighted kitchen doorway, as the mare galloped by: "I'm off!"

"Keep to the fence, Bert!" she called after him.

For some time the mother stood holding open the door and in this way lighted him to the long stretch of wire fence which, if he would follow, would lead him to the Morgan ranch, two miles away. The sharp wind and foundering of the mare upon the uneven ground made keeping in his saddle a difficult matter. The blinding snowflakes pelted his face with such insistence that he was compelled to ride along with his eyes half-closed. However, he had been over the ground often in the daylight, and felt secure so long as he could keep to the fence. It chafed him to think of having to follow the long stretch of fence, when in the daytime he would cut across the great pasture and thus make the distance shorter.

But he urged the mare on with a courageous heart. And just then the mare stumbled.

"Whoa, Mag!" he shouted, and felt the little mare going down underneath him.

In a moment he was hurled out of the saddle into the snow. He was stunned. Presently he got on his feet and felt about him to see where he was. He could now appreciate what it was to be lost in one's own pasture. On such nights as these, ranchmen, according to their own statement, have driven round and round on their ranches vainly trying to find their domiciles. He heard a whinny, and he called "Mag! Mag!" Again he went head foremost, and down an embankment. At the bottom, he recovered his senses and began to think—and rightly—that he was in the irrigation ditch, which, fortunately, was dry. "Mag?" he called inquiringly. There was the familiar whinnying just by him in the ditch. He could see his hand before him, but barely. But as he groped about, his hand came in contact with a familiar soft coat; and it was the mare! She was standing waiting for him.

He felt for the bridle. He knew now that they had left the fence several rods to the right. So he led the mare up the embankment, and mounting, made for the fence. As he came up against the fence he saw a light shining at a distance—dimly through the snow—and he knew it was Morgan's. He stepped a few feet in front and found he was just by the irrigation lateral. The boy's courage was almost gone. Mag rubbed her nose against his head.

"Well, Mag, I guess we had better go on," said he, mounting into the saddle. It seemed like hours since he had left his mother in the kitchen door.

Having gotten his bearings, he made

his way to Morgan's gate, and, luckily, the cows were standing huddled up in the corner as cattle always do in such storms.

"Whoa!" he shouted, and, rounding them up, drove directly for the light at Morgan's. Soon he reached the corral, back of the house, and drove the cows in. Hitching Mag in the corral, he made his way to the house. As he approached the kitchen he heard the baby crying within, and the voice of the young mother trying to comfort it. He opened the door. The young woman gave a frightened "Oh!" Recognizing Bert, she uttered, "Thank God!" and almost fainted as she fell back in a chair.

"The baby is hungry, and I have no milk for him," she said, recovering herself. George went to town this morning expecting to return in the afternoon, but this unexpected storm has kept him back somewhere." With that she began to cry, as well as the baby.

Bert, child as he was, didn't know what to do, and stood confused. He looked around the room and discovered a milk bucket, which he seized by the handle and ran out to the corral.

It was but a little while now until the baby was cooing and drinking at his bottle.

"Have you any wood chopped?" asked Bert, after he was warmed up by the little stove.

"That's every stick," she sighed, pointing to the woodbox. "George was going to chop some more when he should return this afternoon. If it hadn't been so awfully cold I wouldn't have used so much."

Then, with a grateful heart, she placed another lamp in the window to light Bert as he made his way to the woodpile to chop up the long cedar poles.

After he had brought in the last armful of wood, the young mother stooped and kissed him. "Bert, you are an angel," she said.

All night the blizzard lasted, and the wind howled around the Morgan home—where Bert remained as protector and comforter.

In the morning the sun rose on the landscape innocent and beautiful, the azure of the sky and the white of the snow-covered prairie vying with each other in intensity of tone.

When Bert had given an account of his exploit to his mother that morning, she smiled, and omitting to mention the difficulties encountered, said: "You're just like your daddy was."—*Southwestern Presbyterian*.

A JOKE ON A LITTLE PIG.

Strange as it may seem, there was once a little boy who was at the same time a little pig. His father and his mother were ashamed of him, and never liked to take him with them when they went visiting. The boy didn't look like a pig,—oh, not in the least!—because his mother kept him ever so clean, and his hair was soft and curly.

When he was asleep, one could never have dreamed that he was a pig; and sometimes, when his mother tucked him in bed at night, the tears came as she thought how badly her only child acted when awake.

That boy wanted the best of everything,—the biggest orange, the largest piece of pie, the most candy; in fact, he acted exactly like a pig, though, as he grew older, he reminded one of a polite pig, if there ever was such an animal. When he was a little fellow, he used to squeal and fight if he couldn't have what he wanted, but his father



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TAKE
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cured him of that before he was three years old.

The little boy was seven when his Aunt Augusta Arlington gave a house party, and invited all the relatives. Aunt Augusta Arlington lived in the country, and the boy was delighted when the invitation came, until his mother shook her head, and told him she guessed that her family better stay at home. He knew why she didn't want to go, and he promised his mother that he would try to be unselfish, if she would only trust him. So they went to the house party.

The very first night at Aunt Augusta Arlington's the little boy was tempted. On the supper table was a plate of cake exactly in front of him. The boy liked cake. He liked it so well he could scarcely eat his bread and butter, thinking how much he wanted the largest piece. Finally, after he had thought and thought about it, the boy noticed that the largest piece of cake on the plate was the one nearest to him. Then he rejoiced, because his mother had taught him that, when anything was passed, he must take the nearest piece.

Only one thing troubled the boy. Possibly the cake might not be passed to him first. As it happened, Aunt Augusta Arlington saw the boy looking wistfully at the cake, and told him to help himself, and pass the plate. Although the boy's mother was looking at him from across the table, he determined to take the biggest piece, and tell her afterward that he had to, because it was the nearest to him.

It was a queer-shaped piece of cake, curiously large at one end, and small at the other. It was really two pieces close together, but the boy didn't know that until it was too late. Such a happy smile lighted the mother's face when she saw her boy take the tiniest piece of cake on the plate. Of course, she didn't know that it was a mistake, and