

**Our Boys and Girls.**

**A GAME OF TAG,**

Little Jack Frost ran out one day  
And called to the Brook to come and  
play.

"Let's play tag, and you must run,  
And I'll be It, and won't we have fun?  
Old Father Winter will think I'm lost!  
Hooray!" cried little Jack Frost.

So the Brook ran off with a merry  
shout,  
And Jack at her heels in a jolly rout.  
Down through the plowed fields, sunny  
and bare,

Into the woods and the piney air,  
Past mighty boulders gray and mossed,  
The Brook led little Jack Frost.

Over the waterfall she sprang,  
And the hills with her mocking laughter  
rang.

Down came the leaves in a gorgeous  
throng

To hide her away as he fled along,  
Under the mill wheel her hair she toss-  
ed,

And laughed at little Jack Frost.

But O and alas! how tired she grew!  
Slower and slower her light feet flew.  
Panting under the bridge she ran,  
And into the wide marsh, still and wan,  
She faltered a moment, tired and lost.  
"Tag!" cried little Jack Frost.

—*Youth's Companion.*



**THE CHICKENS IN THE ORCHARD.**

BY GEORGE ETHELBERG WALSH.

"I'm tired of planting seeds for those  
old hens to tear up," exclaimed Charley  
Lee, with a look of disgust on his face.  
It was the third time he had planted  
his bed of flowers, and here the chick-  
ens had crawled through the fence again  
to destroy all of his work.

"I don't see what Uncle Henry wants  
to keep such chickens for," he contin-  
ued, ruefully. "They do more damage  
than they're worth. If I ever own a  
country place I won't have a chicken  
on it."

"But what would you do for fresh  
eggs and fried chicken?" asked his  
cousin Henry, walking around the  
scratched seed bed.

"I'd buy them," Charley replied,  
promptly.

"It seems to me if I took so much  
pains with a bed of flowers as you have  
I'd fix the fence around it," Henry ad-  
ded, noting the big gaps in the fence.

"Isn't it Uncle Henry's place to fix  
the fence?" asked Charley, with a  
frown.

"Why, yes, it may be; but again it  
may not. He has no flowers and veget-  
ables in here to protect, and when he  
gave you the garden to plant he may  
have thought of the fence. If anybody  
gave me money and jewels I wouldn't  
expect him to give me a safe to keep  
them in. Would you?"

Charley had to admit that he would  
not, and when Cousin Henry walked  
away he surveyed his work with  
thoughtful eyes.

"I guess my first business is to repair  
that fence," he said. "I'll do that, and  
then plant the garden over again. I'll  
make it so tight that the chickens can't  
possibly get through it again."

All the following day the pounding  
of a hammer could be heard around the  
fence. Once, attracted by the noise,  
Uncle Henry peered over the fence and

shouted: "Hello! Turned carpenter?  
Hope you haven't got tired of gardening  
so soon."

"No, I'm just getting ready for it,"  
replied Charley. "The chickens have  
been through here three times and I  
can't do anything until I can shut them  
up."

"That's good. Build a fence around  
your property before you improve it. I  
remember once I had a pony given to  
me, and I walked ten miles to bring  
him home. Then I found I had no  
stable to keep him in. I'd never thought  
of that until the pony was brought  
home. Then I found that a boy with a  
pony and no stable was in a sad plight.  
I hitched him to a post near the house,  
and decided I'd build a stable the next  
day for him. But when the next day  
came the pony was gone. Somebody  
had stolen him or he had broken loose  
and trotted away. Since then I always  
build the stable first and then get my  
pony."

Charley laughed at this story, and  
wondered if Uncle Henry had thought  
of the chickens all along, and had left  
the holes in the fence just to teach him  
a lesson.

"Uncle Henry is so funny, anyway,"  
he reflected. "He'll never lecture you,  
but he'll make you find out your mis-  
take some way, and then you feel as  
if he knew it all along."

When the fence was finished Charley  
planted his garden once more, and  
proudly watched the chickens sneaking  
around the fence inspecting the patches  
he had put on. They could not crawl  
through, for he had been careful and  
thorough in his work.

But a few days after this, when he  
was watching his first plants appear  
above the soil, he heard a sudden com-  
motion in the orchard back of the  
house. There was a chorus of cackles  
and flapping of wings. In a moment  
the boy had run over to the orchard, and  
he saw that the whole flock of chickens  
were inside of the fence. The gate had  
been left open and the chickens were  
chasing butterflies and eating caterpill-  
ars and worms.

"Those same old hateful chickens!" he  
exclaimed. "I think now Uncle Henry  
will agree with me that they have no  
place on a country home. I'll chase  
them out, and then tell Uncle Henry  
that he needs to shut his stable door or  
the stable isn't much use."

It was no easy matter to drive the  
chickens out of the orchard, for they  
seemed to run everywhere except to-  
ward the open gate. They scattered in  
every direction and cackled so loudly  
that the noise could be heard a long  
distance off. Some few did run out of  
the gateway back to their yard, but  
others hid under bushes and in the  
briers, so that Charley was all in a pres-  
peration trying to shoo them out.

Finally the noise attracted those in  
the house, and Uncle Henry came run-  
ning out in great haste. "What is it?"  
he shouted as he saw Charley. "Is there  
a weasel or dog after the chickens?"

"Neither," replied Charley, stopping  
to mop his brow. "I'm after them. You  
left the gate open and they are running  
all over the orchard."

Then, as Uncle Henry said nothing,  
Charley added: "Do you leave the door  
of the stable open when your pony is  
inside, uncle?"

For a moment there was silence. Then  
Uncle Henry smiled and answered:  
"Why, no, not if I want him to stay  
inside. But sometimes you want the  
pony to run out and exercise. Now  
these hens need exercise, or they won't  
lay eggs. I haven't any good place for  
them to exercise in except the orchard.

So I leave the gate open once in a while  
and they think they are getting on for-  
bidden grounds, and they come in here  
and eat the worms, caterpillars, and  
grubs which are attacking my trees and  
bushes."

"O, then you left the gate open pur-  
posely?" said Charley, with a crestfallen  
air.

"Yes, and you will see why if you  
come up and examine what the hens  
were cackling about, I'm sure they had  
a rare treat of some kind. I know their  
cry of discovery."

They walked across the orchard, and  
under one of the plum trees they saw  
the ground covered with crawling,  
wriggling grubs and worms. The chick-  
ens had been feasting on them, and  
many had been slain. Charley looked  
at the sight for some moments in si-  
lence. Then he said, "I believe chick-  
ens are of some use on a farm after all."

"Yes, in their proper place," was the  
quiet answer. "For that matter, every-  
thing is in this world."—*N. Y. Advo-  
cate.*



**WHAT RUFY WAS AFRAID OF.**

He said it modestly enough, not at  
all in a boastful way. You see, he was  
only quoting grandma.

"I heard her say it. I couldn't help  
hearing," Rufus said, quietly. And, of  
course, he couldn't help the soft little  
pink color that spread all over his  
cheeks, either. When a boy is nine and  
can't help hearing his grandmother say,  
"Rufus is a very brave boy! I declare  
I don't believe he's afraid of anything!"  
well, maybe you wouldn't flush with  
pleasure yourself!

Polly-Lou was nine, too, but she was  
a girl; and dear, dear, how many things  
Polly-Lou was afraid of! Nobody had  
ever heard anybody else, not a grand-  
mother even, say she was very brave.

"Not anything, Rufy? Aren't you  
truly afraid of anything?" she breathed,  
in awe.

"I guess not, unless it's wild things  
that most everybody's afraid of. I  
shouldn't want to meet a lion anywhere;  
but I don't believe I'd mind a bear, just  
a plain bear that wasn't grizzled or  
spiced or anything."

"Spiced? I never heard of a spiced—"  
"Cinnamon, I mean," hastily. "I  
don't know's I'd care to meet a cinna-  
mon bear."

"Well, snakes, then, or e-nor-mous  
dogs, or the dark?"

"No, I'm not afraid of those things.  
I guess not!" laughed Rufus. "Ask me  
something hard."

"Injuns?" That was the "hardest"  
thing Polly-Lou could think of. There  
were some Indians camping near the  
school house, and most of the children  
were rather afraid of them. Polly-Lou  
was more than rather; she was truly.

"Huh!" scoffed Rufy. "I honestly like  
'em!" Suddenly mamma looked up from  
her sewing.

"Rufy is brave," she said, gently; "but  
there is one thing he is afraid of."

"Mamma!" Rufy's voice was a little  
hurt. "What is it, please?"

"I'd rather you would find it out  
yourself, dear. Besides, now it is time  
to get the kindlings and a pail of water.  
It is almost supper time."

"Oh, I don't like to get kindlings one  
single bit!" Rufy grumbled, softly. "Be-  
sides, there aren't any chopped, mamma.  
I didn't chop a kindling yesterday or  
day before."

"No, dear, I know."

"And the pump's so far off! I wish  
one grew in our dooryard! Oh, dear,  
and I s'pose you'll say it's feed-the-  
chickens-time, too!"

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lost greatly in flesh. I had taken medicine  
from five different doctors and also  
numerous other preparations to no pur-  
pose. I finally began to take Doan's  
Kidney Pills and before I had taken five  
boxes the trouble left me and I now feel  
better than I have for twenty years. Those  
who know me know how I was afflicted  
and say it is almost impossible to believe  
that I have been cured, yet they know it  
is so. I have passed the meridian of life  
but I feel that I have taken on the rosy  
hue of boyhood."

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"Yes, dear."

But Rufy did not move. In a minute  
more he had forgotten all about chickens  
and pump and kindlings. When he  
thought of them again he was in bed.

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" he cried out sud-  
denly. "I didn't mean to let mamma do  
it!" For he remembered that mamma  
must have chopped the kindlings and  
fed the chickens and got the water. Then  
he remembered something else, too,  
that mamma had said she would rather  
he would find out for himself. There  
in the dark, all alone, Rufy "found out."  
He sat up in bed and uttered a little ex-  
clamation.

"Oh, I know, I know! And—it's—so!"  
he cried out in shame. "She meant I  
was afraid of—work!"—*Youth's Com-  
panion.*



**Why the Brain Workers Break Down.**

Man is not a machine that keeps going as long  
as the steam is applied. He is a creature of  
blood, nerves and delicately balanced organism.  
Many don't realize this, but overwork their brains  
and break down. Brain workers need a strong,  
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Holiness does not consist merely in  
devout feelings toward God and rever-  
ent worship in God's house.

*Be There a Will, Wisdom Points the  
Way.*—The sick man pines for relief,  
but he dislikes sending for the doctor,  
which means bottles of drugs never con-  
sumed. He has not the resolution to  
load his stomach with compounds which  
smell villainously and taste worse. But  
if he have the will to deal himself with  
his ailment, wisdom will direct his at-  
tention to Parmelee's Vegetable Pills,  
which, as a specific for indigestion and  
disorders of the digestive organs, have  
no equal.