

Our Boys and Girls.

HIS NEW BROTHER.

Say, I've got a little brother,
Never teased to have him, nuther,
But he's here;
They just went ahead and bought him,
And, last week, the doctor brought him,
Wa'n't that queer?

When I heard the news from Molly,
Why, I thought at first 'twas jolly,
'Cause you see,
I s'posed I could go and get him
And then mamma, course would let him
Play with me.

But when I had once looked at him,
"Why!" I says, "My sakes, is that him?
Just that mite?"
They said "Yes," and "Ain't he cunnin'?"
And I thought they must be funnin'—
He's a sight.

He's so small, it's just amazin',
And you'd think that he was blazin',
He's so red,
And his nose is like a berry,
And he's bald as Uncle Jerry
On his head.

Why, he isn't worth a dollar!
All he does is cry and holler
More and more;
Won't sit up and can't arrange him—
I don't see why pa don't change him
At the store.

Now we've got to dress and feed him,
And we really didn't need him
Mor'n a frog;
Why'd they buy a baby brother
When they know I'd good deal ruther
Have a dog?
—Joe Lincoln, in *L. A. W. Bulletin*.

HOW BOB'S MONEY GREW.

BY SALLY CAMPBELL.

Bob was tired. He was tired of everything.

"I know what I'll do. I'll count my money."

He went into the shed, and pulled from under the kitchen steps a little broken-mouthed pitcher. This was his bank. Sitting down, he poured out the pile of pennies and nickels, and counted them.

"Fifty-six!" said Bob, in surprise. "Maria," he called, "how much is a tenth of fifty-six?"

"Five and some over," answered Maria.

"Call it six." And he laid off six pennies. "Those are for missions or something else good." He counted again. "Fifty,—and there have to be sixty."

With ten more cents he could buy the book of beautiful pictures in the window of Mr. Spooner's store.

"Bob, Bob!" cried Maria. "Uncle Mat is driving in!"

Bob was away like a flash. Maria had gone. All the family were in the lane when Timmie Bowles came. He had to walk around Bob's money to go up the steps. He did not think anything about it at first, but after he had knocked and nobody had answered, and he felt the silence in the house, a queer look came into Timmie's eyes.

"Gran," he muttered, "is awful sick. There isn't a drop of medicine in her bottle, and there isn't any money. Gran won't ask people for things, and she won't make debts. I don't know what to do."

Timmie knocked again with all his might. But nobody heard. He had his back to the broken-mouthed pitcher and the heap of coins, but he could see them plainly. And he could see Gran sitting by the fire, shivering under her blanket shawl.

"Bob doesn't care for that money. He leaves it where any tramp could get it. If"—

But Timmie did not finish. He caught up his milk-bucket and ran, and never stopped until he was half way across the field. Then he sat down on a big rock. Gran herself could not have been shivering more than Timmie was.

"Gran would rather die," whispered Timmie, "than have a thief in the family, and—I felt like being one,—I did."

Timmie laid his head down on the careful patch which Gran had put in the knee of his knickerbocker. It seemed as though he could never lift it up again.

"The Bowleses have always been honest. Everybody trusted them, and nobody got cheated. But now"—

Poor Timmie!

"I don't see how it happened. Gran says her folks don't have much money, but all they do have they come by it right. She says she likes that better than money. Every morning she tells God that she's thankful for his care of us so long, and she supposes he will another day. But today he"—

Timmie lifted his head, and looked straight at the thin new moon.

"Today God did!" he cried. He laughed aloud in the big field, he felt so pleased and safe. "I didn't touch a single penny,—God didn't let me."

Back to the kitchen door went Timmie. Bob came running to answer his knock. The cows were not milked yet. Timmie must wait. So they sat down on the steps and talked.

Timmie did not know how it happened, but soon he had told about his grandmother, and how much he was worried.

Bob gathered up his money, and put it into his pocket.

"How much does her medicine cost?" he asked.

"Fifty-five cents when she takes the bottle."

"Then I have enough for a bottle full. Come on, I'm going to buy it."

"Oh, no!" said Timmie, but his face grew bright.

"Yes," said Bob, "she must have it."

"But Gran won't let you; she's proud."

"Yes, she will," insisted Bob. "I'm her neighbor. Your neighbors help you. Come on."

When they got to Gran's room Timmie lurked behind, but Bob walked in boldly.

"It's too bad you feel sick, Mrs. Bowles," he said. "I want to get some medicine for you in your bottle."

Gran looked at him.

"You can't," she said. "I can't pay for it."

"I'll pay," said Bob, rattling the coins in his pocket.

"Who sent you here?" asked Gran Bowles.

"Nobody. Timmie felt so worried that I told him we'd go get your medicine. He was surprised. He said you wouldn't let me; but you will,—won't you?"

Timmie crept closer to the door.

Gran spoke very gently.

"No, I couldn't let you do that," she said. "I can't take charity."

"Father said once," replied Bob, "that you have been doing for different ones ever since he can remember. I know it's true, for three separate times you

gave me cookies when I went by. Twice they were hot. No other lady ever gave me cookies but you."

"Let me see," said Gran Bowles, "you are Trimble's boy,—ain't you?"

"Yes'm—Bob."

"Bob, eh?" That's for your grandfather. You've got his ways. He was the takingest young man in the country when I was a girl."

Bob had already spied the bottle. Now he took possession of it.

"You'll feel better," he said, "after you take your medicine."

An hour later Bob sat once more on the kitchen steps. There was only one lonely penny in the broken-mouthed pitcher. He thought of the book in the shop window, and sighed once. Then he thought of Gran Bowles, and of Timmie's face when she had said that she felt "easier" already, and how she had put her hand on his own head, and said, "Good night, my good little neighbor. God bless you! You certainly favor your grandfather."

"I don't care," said Bob, shaking the pitcher defiantly; "there was a fly-speck on the lid of that book when I looked last. And, anyway, I liked spending the money for Mrs. Bowles and Timmie, besides its being right. Six cents of it belonged to missions or something else good, anyway."—*S. S. Times*.

A GRAIN OF SAND.

"Mother, mother! there's something in my eye; please take it out, quick!" Flossy came hurrying to her mother's room. Her eyes were bloodshot, her eyelids swollen, and the tears were running down her cheeks.

"Why what is it!" asked her mother, as she put her arms around the child.

"I don't know; it's an awful big thing; the wind blew it in my eye a minute ago."

The mother examined the afflicted eye carefully, but could find nothing except tears.

"I don't see anything in it, dearie."

"But it's there, mother; please do get it out. It makes me uncomfortable."

The mother looked again. Then she bathed the hurt eye with warm water, and told Fanny to keep it closed for a time; but the poor eye did not get any better. Something was in it—Some thing as big as a marble, Flossy thought.

"Well, Flossy, I think we had better go to Dr. Wright and see what he can do," said her mother, after trying everything she could think of for the relief of her little daughter.

Dr. Wright was the good doctor Flossy loved, and she stood very quietly with her face to the light as he kept her eyelid open.

"Ah!" said the doctor; and in an instant he held his instrument toward her, "here it is!"

"Where," asked the mother. "I don't see anything."

"I don't either," said Flossy; "but my eye does not hurt any longer."

"It's just a tiny speck of sand," replied the doctor, "too small to see, unless you know where to look for it."

Some days after Flossy was fidgeting about the room where her mother was sewing. It was rainy weather out of doors, and Flossy was in bad humor;

"Please don't, Flossy," said her mother over and over again. "You make me very uncomfortable. If you don't stop worrying you must go away by yourself."

Flossy sat down by the window, pouting. In a little while her face brightened, and she came to her mother and put a little soft kiss on her cheek.

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Turns Bad Blood into Rich Red Blood.

This spring you will need something to take away that tired, listless feeling brought on by the system being clogged with impurities which have accumulated during the winter.

Burdock Blood Bitters is the remedy you require.

It has no equal as a spring medicine. It has been used by thousands for a quarter of a century with unequalled success.

HERE IS PROOF.

Mrs. J. T. Skine of Shigawake, Que., writes: "I have used Burdock Blood Bitters as a spring medicine for the past four years and don't think there is its equal. When I feel drowsy, tired and have no desire to eat I get a bottle of B.B.B. It purifies the blood and builds up the constitution better than any other remedy."

"I'm like that little grain of sand, mother; don't you think so?" said she.

"What do you mean?"

"I'm not very big, but I make people uncomfortable when my temper gets in the wrong place. I love you, mother—I love you truly; and I would not hurt you as that sand did me for anything. The sand could not help itself, but I can and I will, right away.—*Our Boys and Girls*.

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Keep your temper.