

## Our Boys and Girls.

### "MY MA SHE KNOWS."

My pa, he scolds jes becuz  
He says I'm gettin' "tough;"  
He says my face is never clean,  
My hands are always rough;  
I'm not behavin' like I should,  
An' goin' wrong, I s'pose,  
But ma, she takes an' pas my hand  
An' smiles, becuz she knows.

My pa hain't got no use for boys,  
He wants 'em always men;  
I wonder if he's clean forgot  
The boy he must a' been—  
Fer ma, she says they're all alike,  
'Bout face, an' hands, an' clothes,  
An' says I'll learn to be a man;  
An' ma, I guess she knows!

My pa, he says I ain't no good  
At doin' anything;  
I'd rather fool away the time  
An' whistle, play, an' sing;  
But ma, she smiles an' says I'm young  
An' then she up an' goes  
And kisses me an' shows me how!  
For ma, you bet, she knows!

My pa, he says I'll never be  
A business man like him,  
Becuz I hain't got any "drive,"  
An' "get-up," "pluck" and "vim;"  
But ma, she says so solemn like,  
A man's a boy that grows,  
An' boys must have their playin'  
spell;  
And ma's a trump and knows!

My pa, he shakes his head an' sighs  
An' says he doesn't see  
Where I got all my careless ways,  
That seem jes' born in me;  
An' ma, she laughs an' laughs, an'  
laughs,  
Till pa's face crimson grows,  
An' then she says, "'Tis very queer,"  
But somehow, ma, she knows!

My ma, she knows 'most everything  
'Bout boys and what they like,  
She's never scoldin' 'bout the muss  
I make with kites and bike;  
She says she wants me to be good  
An' conquer all my foes,  
An' you jes' bet I'm goin' to be,  
'Cuz my sweet ma, she knows!

—Detroit Journal.

### AN OUT-OF-SCHOOL LESSON.

"I think old Mr. Winton is too particular for any use," said Mark Carney, throwing his cap on a chair and hastening to the supper table. "Everything has to be done his way, and it's always the longest way, too."  
"What's the matter, Mark?" inquired his father. "I thought you liked the place very much."  
"I do, papa, but it seems so unreasonable to do things the most tedious way when it doesn't matter how they're done."

"Mr. Winton pays for your time till six o'clock every evening, and has a right to say what you shall do, and how."

Mr. Carney's words set his son to thinking, but when the evening lamp shone down on the pile of school books he had brought home with him, Mark broke out again: "I might have had all these problems worked if he hadn't been so particular about his old barrels."

"Don't you think it impolite to criticise a gentleman of sixty?" inquired Mrs. Carney, reprovingly. "A boy of twelve should know better, and I was sure my son did till I heard him at the table this evening."

"Well, mamma, he is unreasonable. I don't say that to be impolite, but only to let you know how he makes me work. Every afternoon this week I've been piling barrels in the store-room when there was no errands to do, and Mr. Winton wants them arranged just so. As if it made any difference so they're out of the way! Fred Miller says he's cranky about everything, and no one can please him."

"Was Fred in the store-room? I thought Mr. Winton's rules forbade people sitting around talking to the clerks."

"He wasn't inside. He just stood at the door and talked awhile."

"Did you arrange the barrels as Mr. Winton directed?"

"Well, not exactly. He said to take everything from one side of the store-room and pile the barrels in tiers along the wall, but there were some boxes there the same height as the barrels, so I let them stay."

"What if he asks you about it?" asked Mrs. Carney. Her son's careless ways had long been a source of worry to her, and it was in the hope of having them corrected that she allowed him to work in the store.

"No fear of that," said Mark, confidently. "I've worked there six months, and I don't believe he's been in the store-room more than twice."

"I can't see why it makes any difference to you what you do. He pays for your time, and if he wants you to take six afternoons to put old barrels away instead of three, why, you might as well do it. Was it such a hard task?"

"No, easy as anything; but, you see, when I'm in the store waiting for errands to do, I have to sit on a stool at the cashier's desk where the clerks can call to me, and sometimes it's fifteen minutes between jobs. Can't you help me a little tonight, mamma? It is eight o'clock, and I've only worked two. They are so hard and long."

Mark looked up in surprise when his mother began swiftly working out one of the long problems, only saying: "It is rather late. You take the third and I'll try the fourth."

It was the first time Mrs. Carney had ever worked out a problem for him, so it was no wonder Mark was astonished. She was always willing to explain and lend a helping hand in the difficult parts, but never solved them outright for him. She thought it encouraged cheating to do the work that belonged to some one else, and always kept Mark at his tasks till all were mastered.

"Did you get the third?" she inquired half an hour later. "Here are the fifth and sixth. How many are there in the lesson?"

"But, mamma, this isn't the way Miss Fillmore makes us work them."

"I don't see why not?" said Mrs. Carney, without looking up. "There are several methods of solving these problems, and I used the shortest one. The answer is correct, and that is the necessary thing."

"Miss Fillmore says we must use the long way for the present, and when we are older the short cuts will come naturally to us."

"Just write your name at the top

of my sheets and hand them in," suggested Mrs. Carney. "Miss Fillmore will probably never look farther than the answers, and you will get your high grade very easily. I wonder why she is so particular about methods."

"I see," said Mark, suddenly. "You are showing me where I was wrong about the barrels this afternoon. I ought to have put them up as Mr. Winton said, without grumbling or wondering why."

"You have guessed it exactly, Mark, I am glad you can see why my problems can not be given to Miss Fillmore, even if you copy them. Her method is not the shortest one, but is the best for beginners. It is the same way in business, and those who rise from low to higher places are the people who obey orders exactly as if they were soldiers."

"I'm sorry I worried you, mamma," said Mark, in manly fashion. "If you will explain this part to me, I'll try to work them all, and when Mr. Winton comes home I'll tell him about the barrels. By working over time I can straighten them out, but it will take a long time."

It was late that night when the last problem was worked, but Mark had his reward next day when Miss Fillmore read out the names of the scholars who had perfect lists, and his was the first on the list. He worked harder than ever that day, and it was the recollection of his high grades that helped him make his way to Mr. Winton's private office as soon as school was out.

It seemed to Mark that Mr. Winton looked very stern as he stammered and tried to tell his story. At last something in the old gentleman's eye gave him courage, and he told all about the barrels, not sparing himself in the least. A great weight rolled off his mind when he said: "If you'll only give me a chance, I'll put the barrels as you want them, and then try to show you that I don't always snirk."

"Why did you come and tell me this?" asked Mr. Winton. "Did your conscience trouble you, or were you afraid I might find out?"

"My mother showed me last night that the only way to do things is the right way, and while you are paying me for my time, your way is right," said Mark. "I thought it didn't make any difference so they were out of the way; but I can see now that I ought to have piled them as you said without thinking about your reason for doing it that way. I hope you will let me work after the store closes every night till they are all in place."

"That's right. You may begin this evening and work an hour each night till they are in order."

"Thank you, sir," said Mark, heartily. "I wonder why I always thought he was unreasonable," he thought to himself as he left the store an hour later than usual, but with a light heart. "I expected he'd fire me right away."

"How many barrels?" asked a voice a week later, as Mark proudly placed the last one against the wall. He had been working very swiftly to get through, but there were no vacant spaces among them.

Mark ran his eye over the orderly pile and made a quick calculation. "Fifteen hundred and fifty-six," came the ready response.

"Right; and now do you see why they must be in order? The man who



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buys them usually comes on our busiest days, and it is necessary that we know how many there are instantly. It is likely he will be here next Saturday, and you can easily see how much work your carelessness would have caused. We had one boy who stored them away over some boxes and barrels of salt, and the wagons had to be unloaded to count them, as they ran short at the last minute."

"I'm very glad that will not happen this time," said Mark, with a sigh of relief.

"I am very glad, too," said Mr. Winton. "Take your mother's advice, and remember it pays in the end to be strictly honest. By the way are you thinking of giving up your place? Fred Miller said you were, and applied for it last week. I told him I would not promise till I had heard from you about it."

"I don't want to give it up if you are satisfied with me," said Mark, thinking how Fred has encouraged him to slight his tasks. "I want to prove that I can obey orders."

"What do you think, mother?" he said, laughingly, as he came in from work years later. "I found a boy piling up barrels in the store-room just as I did when I was new at the business."

"What did you do?" inquired Mrs. Carney.

"Told him my experience. He took my lecture good-naturedly and began over again. How bumptious and important I must have acted when I was his age!"

"That seems a long time ago," said Mrs. Carney.

"It helps me yet, mother. I never go into the store-room that I don't think of it and feel grateful to you and Mr. Winton. It makes me have