

Our Boys and Girls.

STEADY AND STICK.

A rush is good in its place, lad,
But not at the start, I say,
For life's a very long race, lad,
And never was won that way,
It's the stay that tells—the stay boy,
And the heart that never says die;
A spurt may do, with the goal in view,
But steady's the word, say I;
Steady's the word that wins, lad,
Grit and sturdy grain;
It's sticking to it will carry you
through it
Roll up your sleeves again!

O! Snap is a very good cur, lad,
To frighten the tramps, I trow,
But Holdfast sticks like a burr, lad—
Brave Holdfast never lets go.
And Clever's a pretty nag, boy,
But stumbles and shies, they say;
So Steady I count the safer mount
To carry you all the way.

The iron bar will smile, lad,
At starting muscle and thew,
But the patient teeth of the file, lad,
I warrant will gnaw it through.
A snap may come at the end, boy,
And a bout of might and main,
But Steady and Stick must do the trick,
Roll up your sleeves again!

—Sunday School Advocate.

THE BOY IN THE PEAR-TREE.

ZELLA M. WALTERS.

"There's another one," called Sarah from the kitchen, and Miss Lois dropped her work and ran with surprising agility.

"Another one" meant that another boy had attacked the pear-tree. That pear-tree was the pride and torment of Miss Lois' life. It had been raised by her father, and bore the finest pears in the State, Miss Lois confidently asserted. But it grew too near the street, and the boys, who seemed likewise to have a high opinion of the pears, frequently climbed over the fence to help themselves. The tree was half stripped before the fruit had fairly begun to ripen. Then Miss Lois, with an unwonted fire in her gentle eyes, declared that she meant to protect the tree.

From that time she and Sarah lived in a state of siege. At any hour of the day the alarm might come, and then they would hasten to the defense. Miss Lois had provided no weapon to wreck vengeance on the offenders. She usually waved her white apron, much as one would shoo marauding chickens. And, as the wicked flee when no man pursueth, so these bad boys fled before Miss Lois' apron.

On this occasion, as Miss Lois ran out of the back door with the valiant Sarah close at her heels, she saw two boys drop from the fence and run down the street. A third boy was just climbing up on the fence, and he was very deliberate about it.

"The hardened young rascal," said Miss Lois, and she picked up a stick as she went toward the boy.

He didn't hurry even when she reached him, and Miss Lois gave him a smart rap with the stick. The effect was rather surprising. He tried to scramble over quickly, his foot caught, and a moment later he was lying on the ground at Miss Lois' feet. She gave a

little cry of dismay. The boy's face was very white, and, after an attempt to get up, he fell back again.

"Take him into the house, Sarah, while I go for the doctor," cried Miss Lois.

She had the doctor there in a very short time. He looked the boy over, and said that his leg was broken.

Then the boy spoke for the first time. "Oh, what shall I do?" he said, "I have to do my work. My aunt can't afford to keep me if I'm sick."

"Don't talk that way," said Miss Lois; "you shall stay right here. It's my fault that you fell, anyway."

"He'd better stay here for awhile," said the doctor, and then went to work to set the broken leg.

The boy bore the pain bravely without a word, but Miss Lois wept copiously for him. He was put to bed in the best room, and Miss Lois went to the kitchen to cook some dainties for him. He had a splendid appetite for an invalid, and emptied the tray in a short time, and then for the first time Miss Lois' remorse let her rest.

The boy's name was Robert Weston. He lived with an aunt, and supported himself by doing errands for the general store in the village. As he grew better acquainted, his shyness wore off, and he turned out to be a bright and merry companion. Miss Lois carried her sewing to his room, and talked with him. Sarah lingered about after her work was done, and laughed at some of his droll speeches.

But in the meantime Robert was growing better. The doctor announced that he would not come any more, for in a few days Robert would be able to get about as much as ever.

And then, with a strange kinking of the heart, Miss Lois began to wonder what they would do when Robert was gone. Such a jolly, well-mannered boy, wouldn't it be pleasant to have him there all the time? But at this point Miss Lois would shake her head.

"If he wasn't a thief, I'd keep him," she said sorrowfully.

Now, Miss Lois was not disposed to regard the stealing of her pears as a heinous crime. But in her old-fashioned bringing-up, she had been trained in the little points of honor that are so often forgotten in these days. To her it seemed that the smallest deviation from the straight way made a dreadful blot upon the character. She could have forgiven any other boy much more easily than this boy, whom she would like to have found above such petty meanness.

Sarah had been thinking along the same line as her mistress.

"It'd be awful handy to have a boy around the house to run errands, and do the little chores," she said. "He could do most all the things you have to hire a man for now. He could tend to the lawn, and the strawberry beds, and pick the fruit, and feed the chickens. And he ain't got any real home, and you hain't got any one depending on you. Seems like it's Providence brought you together."

"No, no! Sarah," said Miss Lois, as if she meant to bolster up her own resolution by her vehemence. "I can't, you know. He isn't honest."

It was the day before Robert was going away. He was downstairs now, and lingered near Miss Lois' chair.

"I want to tell you how much obliged I am for all you've done for me," he said, a trifle awkwardly. "I hope you'll let me pay you some time when I'm earning more. It was just like a home. I never had such a nice time before. I'd

be most glad I was hurt if it wasn't for the trouble it made you."

"I was glad to do something for you," said Miss Lois, gently, "because I felt partly responsible for your injury."

"I wanted to ask you about that," said Robert; "I didn't know you cared if people went through your grounds."

"Through my grounds!" gasped Miss Lois.

"Yes. I'd been going through every day for two weeks. It's so much nearer to the store that way. And that day the big iron gate was shut, and I had to climb over the fence. I tell you I was surprised when you came after me with that stick."

"Then you weren't stealing my pears?"

The flush that came up in the boy's face answered as well as his almost indignant words. "No, Miss Lois, I never stole anything."

"You blessed boy!" cried Miss Lois, and dropped her sewing and hurried from the room.

Late in the afternoon she drove up to the door with a modest little box containing all of Robert's worldly goods on the seat beside her. She had been to visit Robert's aunt.

"Take the box upstairs, Sarah," she said, "Robert isn't strong enough yet to carry it. But you come along, Robert, and I'll show you the room you're to have. No," interrupting his protest, "you're not going away tomorrow. You're my boy now, and you're to stay here all the time."

And Robert, clapping one hand over his mouth to keep down an unseemly hurrah, followed with alacrity.—Chris. Standard.

PLAYING HAND ORGAN.

Mamma had a letter one morning which made it necessary to go to town for an hour or two.

"I'll take care of Stanley, mamma," Elsie said. "I'm a big girl, you know. Why, I'm almost eight!" And Elsie drew herself up just as tall as she could.

"I know, and I suppose you could go over to Mrs. Tower's if you were lonesome or Baby Stanley was very fussy."

So with many injunctions to be careful, and not go out of the yard unless they went straight across the street to Mrs. Tower's, mamma took the car for the city.

At first two-year-old Stanley was very happy and easily amused; but after a while nothing pleased him, and he kept calling for mamma. Elsie tried every play she knew; but nothing satisfied the little fellow, and he was beginning to cry in good earnest when Elsie remembered that Stanley dearly loved a hand-organ.

"Let's play hand-organ man!" Elsie exclaimed.

Stanley stopped crying to listen to the new suggestion, and as Elsie told him her plan he was very soon his own smiling self again.

Elsie hunted round the house, and finally found an old pasteboard box that mamma had brought a hat home in a long time ago. She fastened a string to each end and hung it over her shoulder. Then she tied a string to kitty's collar. "Tabby'll be the monkey, you know, Stanley," she said.

Stanley clapped his hands gleefully, and then the children marched up and down the walk, singing at the top of their voices, while Elsie led patient old Tabby with one hand and made believe grind the organ with the other.

When mamma got off the car at



LOADED UP WITH IMPURITIES.

IN THE SPRING THE SYSTEM IS LOADED UP WITH IMPURITIES.

After the hard work of the winter, the eating of rich and heavy foods, the system becomes clogged up with waste and poisonous matter, and the blood becomes thick and sluggish.

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home and saw the little procession going round the yard, she went into the house and found her camera and took their picture; and Elsie has one on the mantel in her room.—Selected.

A BOY'S ESSAY ON LIONS.

The boy's teacher had taken him to the zoological garden with his classmates. Upon their return the teacher asked that each should write an essay on some one of the animals he had seen. Here is a sample from a bright-minded eleven-year-old.

"Lions always walk except when they eat and they growl. Their roar is most terrifying to men and other beasts when heard in the forest, but when they are in cages it sounds like they were sorry about something. Their tails are not so long as the monkey's according to their size, but keep switching all the time, and the seals can make just as loud a noise and have more fun in the water. They are cats, no matter what you think, and their size has nothing to do with it, and they think without talking. Once a donkey stole a lion's skin and went around bragging about it, but the other donkeys got onto him because he talked so much. That showed he was a donkey. Keep still when you are thinking."

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