

## Our Boys and Girls.

### THE BABY FOR ME.

I have heard about babies angelic,  
With a heavenly look in their eyes,  
And hair like the sunbeams of morn-  
ing  
When first they appear in the skies,  
And smiles like the smiles of a cherub,  
And mouths like the buds of a rose,  
And themselves like the lilies and dais-  
ies  
And every sweet flower that grows.

My baby's the jolliest baby  
That any one ever did see;  
There's nothing angelic about him,  
But he's just the right baby for me!  
His smile's not at all like a cherub's,  
But rather a comical grin;  
And his hair—well, it favors the sun-  
beams,  
When sunbeams are wondrously thin.

His eyes, though they're blue, like the  
heavens,  
Are remarkably earthy with fun;  
And his mouth's rather large for a ros-  
bud,  
Unless 'twere a half-opened one.  
His hands don't resemble a fairy's  
In the least. They're a strong little  
pair,  
As you'd think, I am sure, if he'd got  
you,  
As oft he gets me—by the hair!

And he isn't a bit like a lily,  
Or any sweet blossom that grows,  
For no flower on earth, I am certain  
Has a dear little cunning pug-nose.  
He's himself—full of mischief, the dar-  
ling,  
And as naughty as naughty can be;  
And I'm glad that he isn't angelic,  
For he's just the right baby for me!

### HIS MOTHER'S APRON-STRINGS.

BY JOHN HANDEN.

When I was a boy, we boys used to  
plan for what we call "a good time."  
"We boys" were three. Once in a  
while, by unanimous consent, we would  
include a fourth. An entire day, from  
dawn till dark, was usually the span of  
time allotted. But the time was only a  
sort of container. As it was a good  
basket of apples if it contained fruit to  
our taste, so the time was a good time  
if it had been filled with fishing, hunt-  
ing, or napping.

Now there was a newcomer to our  
town one spring. He appeared to be a  
"boy with some sport in him, so we boys  
decided unanimously to take him with  
us.

"Hallo, Billie!" called Bob.

Now Bob was our captain, and some-  
times we call him Cap for short. Billie  
was about a square away, but he stop-  
ped. Bob was a success at calling. He  
had a way with him that commanded re-  
spect.

"I say, Billie," said Bob, coming up  
to him, "we fellows are goin'-a-fishing,  
and we'd be mighty glad to have you  
go with us."

Billie looked the picture of fun. He  
came a few steps closer to Bob and  
stopped, bracing himself by spreading  
his feet, throwing back his head and  
shoulders, and hooking his thumbs un-  
der his suspenders close to his collar.

"Is that so?" said he. "When are  
you going?"

"Tomorrow! Why, tomorrow's Sun-  
day!" said Billie with disappointment.

The shine all went off his face, his  
head fell, and his shoulders dropped for-  
ward.

"But, what o' that?" asked Bob.  
"You haven't anything else to do to-  
morrow, have you?"

"Yes," answered Billie, timidly; "I  
have to go to Sabbath school."

"Ah! come on," pleaded Bob; "there'll  
be plenty of Sundays to go to Sunday  
school."

"I can't," said Billie; "mother don't  
want me to."

"That settles it, Bob. He's tied to  
his mother's apron-strings," said John-  
nie.

"Well, we're goin' all the same," re-  
plied Bob, and moved on.

"Say," put in Hal, who had been  
quietly observing the proceedings, "we  
fellows made a big blunder. We ought  
t' ve known our man before we went  
after him."

"It don't make any difference to me  
whether he goes or not," replied Bob.  
"I only ask him for 'commodation."

Now Bob and Johnnie and Hal went  
to Sunday school too—sometimes. They  
went the following Sunday. The lesson  
was in the Gospel according to Luke,  
chapter ii., verses 41-52. The text con-  
tained these words: "And he went down  
with them, and came to Nazareth, and  
was subject unto them."

Our class had a supply teacher that  
day. He was a young man from col-  
lege. He appeared a little dudish in our  
eyes, and we gave each other the wink.  
But he wasn't a bit shy. He pulled up  
close, and spoke to us as though we were  
old friends of his, and before we had  
time to turn around he popped a ques-  
tion at us.

"Say, Hal," said he, "how old was this  
boy when his mother thought he was  
lost?"

"Twelve years old," answered Hal.  
"Mighty big kid to get lost," put in  
Bob right quick.

"How old are you, Bob?" asked the  
teacher.

"Fourteen."  
"How old are you, Johnnie?"

"Twelve."  
"And you, Hal?"

"Thirteen."  
"And how old are you, Billie?"

"Thirteen."  
"All about of an age," remarked the  
teacher. "And if the boy were living  
in our town today, he would probably  
be in our class."

That made us feel as though the boy  
were one of us, and we began to take  
an interest in him.

"When the boy's mother missed him,  
what did she do?" continued the teach-  
er.

"She went after him," answered Bob.  
"What did she do with him when she  
found him?"

"Took him home with her," answer-  
ed Johnnie.

"How old should a boy be before his  
mother quits looking after him, Hal?"

"That depends on the boy," answered  
Hal. "Generally the boy that needs  
watching the most gets it the least."

"That is certainly true, Hal, in too  
many instances. But how old do we  
think a boy must be, Billie, before he is  
capable of taking care of himself?"

"Twenty-one, sir."

"And how long did the boy of this  
story remain at home with his mother,  
Bob?"

"I don't know," said he, "I never  
heard."

"Who can tell? Billie, you tell us."

"About thirty years, I think," said  
Billie.

"Wh-e-w!" whistled Bob

"Now, boys," said the teacher, "I  
want to ask you another question. How  
long do chickens and ducks and pigs  
and calves and colts and kittens and  
pups stay with their mothers?"

"Only a few weeks," answered Hal.  
"None of them over a year."

"Now another question. How soon  
do their mothers forget them?"

Almost as soon as they are weaned,"  
answered Billie.

"And some of the lower creatures  
have no mother at all," remarked the  
teacher. "The land-crabs of the West  
Indies come down from the mountains  
once a year to the sea, lay their eggs in  
the water and go away. Among these  
lower forms of life there is no love or  
affection at all and very little care.  
The offspring of these creatures need  
but little care for themselves. And it  
is not until we reach human mothers  
that we find love and a long childhood.

Johnnie, which do you think is better,  
to be an animal and not need a mother,  
or to be a boy, and need a mother until  
you are twenty-one?"

"To be a boy, of course," answered  
Johnnie.

"If it is a boy's mother that makes all  
the difference between him and an ani-  
mal, how do you say, Bob, a boy ought  
to trust his mother?"

"I guess, if she loves 'im, he ought to  
mind 'er."

"And how long do you say a boy  
ought to obey his loving mother, Bil-  
lie?"

"Does a boy's mother ever forget him  
Hal?"

"No, sir, she don't."  
"Now, Johnnie, I want to ask you  
another. How should a boy who obeys  
his mother be treated by other boys?"

This question hit Johnnie hard, but  
he braced up and answered:

"They ought to let him alone."  
"What do boys sometimes say of an  
obedient boy, Bob?"

"That he's tied to his mother's apron-  
strings," said Bob.

"And then we fellows all laughed,  
and Billie laughed too. The teacher  
thought we were laughing because it  
sounded ridiculous, and he laughed.

We fellows were always good friends  
to Billie after that, and never tried to  
tempt him again. And the way he  
treated his mother made us think more  
of our own.—Central Presbyterian.

### THE GOLDEN RULE.

"Edith, Edith," called Fred as he  
came bounding up the stairs two steps  
at a time. "Won't you help a fellow?"  
and his face clouded over, as if with  
pain.

"Why, of course, brother; what can  
I do for you?"

"Well, I am in a muddle. Today a  
note was thrown across the room and I  
looked up and caught the teacher's eye,  
and he said, very sternly, 'Fred, did you  
throw the note?' 'No, sir,' I said, and  
then he looked at me, and I do believe  
he thought I did it. He asked every  
one in the room, and no one would ac-  
knowledge he had done it. Then he said,  
'It is very strange; I have asked every  
one here and no one has come out with  
it,' and he gave me another look, but  
didn't say a thing. The strange part of  
it all was that nobody told him a story,  
because John, who had done it, had just  
gone to his class in the next room, and  
Mr. Miller didn't think of him at all.  
After school I told John about it, and  
he just laughed and said, 'Oh, what a



To the Weary Dyspeptic.  
We Ask this Question:

Why don't you remove  
that weight at the pit of  
the Stomach?

Why don't you regulate that  
variable appetite, and condition the  
digestive organs so that it will not  
be necessary to starve the stomach  
to avoid distress after eating.

The first step is to regulate the  
bowels.

For this purpose

**Burdock Blood Bitters**

has no Equal.

It acts promptly and effectually  
and permanently cures all derange-  
ments of digestion. It cures Dys-  
pepsia and the primary causes lead-  
ing to it.

joke! 'Why, I said, 'are you not going  
to make it right?' 'No,' he said. 'Teach-  
er has forgotten all about it now; what's  
the use?' I looked at him in amazement,  
and said, 'Well, you have different  
ideas from mine,' and with that I  
walked away. Now what's a fellow to  
do? If he chooses to go wrong, I mustn't  
and I can't tell on him; but I do think  
it is hard, don't you?"

"Yes, I do. But you just follow the  
Golden Rule, and it will come right."

There was a coldness in the teacher's  
manner toward Fred, and he felt it,  
knowing that it was undeserved.

One day when the ice was fine, Fred  
proposed that they go to the lake after  
school. They set off in high spirits and  
skated to their hearts' content, when  
suddenly there was a crash and a  
scream. Fred turned just in time to  
see John disappear, and in a moment  
was at the spot. With great difficulty  
he got him to the shore. He was limp  
and apparently lifeless. Fred hailed  
some men who were passing, and soon  
they had him at home with his mother  
and the doctor hovering over him. They  
worked with him for some time, and  
finally John opened his eyes and look-  
ed around him, and heard the doctor say-  
ing, "That's a plucky boy. If he had  
been a moment later"—and then he  
broke off abruptly.

John thought of many things during  
the next few weeks while he was lying  
in bed, and when he was able to sit up  
he sent for the teacher and made  
clean breast of it all. There were tears  
in the teacher's eyes as he thought of  
how noble Fred had been, and of how  
he had misjudged him.

Just then Fred's knock was heard at  
the door, and when Mr. Miller saw who  
it was he arose and went toward him  
with both hands outstretched. "M.  
boy," he said, "the noblest hearts are  
ever the most loving. I am proud to