

Our Boys and Girls.

SOLILOQUY.

BY ETHEL M. KELLEY.

"Now I lay me down to sleep"—
Don't want to sleep; I want to think.
I didn't mean to spill that ink:
I only meant to softly creep
Under the desk an' be a bear—
'Tain't 'bout the spanking that I care.

'F she'd only let me 'splain an' tell
Just how it was an accident,
An' that I never truly meant,
An' never saw it till it fell,
I feel a whole lot worse'n her;
I'm sorry, an' I said I were.

I s'pose if I'd just cried a lot
An' choked all up like sister does,
An' acted sadder than I wuz,
An' sobbed about the "naughty spot,"
She'd said, "He sha'n't be whipped, he
sha'n't,"
An' kissed me—but, somehow, I can't.

But I don't think it's fair a bit
That when she talks an' talks at you,
An' you wait patient till she's through,
An' start to tell your side of it,
She says, "Now that'll do, my son;
I've heard enough," 'fore you've begun.

"'F I should die before I wake"—
Maybe I ain't got any soul;
Maybe there's only just a hole
Where 't ought to be—there's such an
ache
Down there somewhere! She seemed to
think
That I just loved to spill that ink!
—The Century.

THE FIRST PRIZE.

"O, but I'm going to dig in and work!
Why, Mr. Mortimer was at the drawing
school this evening and he offers a \$20
gold piece to the boy who shows the
best drawing to him when he comes
back from California, in May. He's go-
ing there to plan for a grand monument.
My! but he's great!"

"Tell me about it, Norman, dear."
"Well, he said that he started the
evening drawing school, three years ago
in this little farming neighborhood, and
that he has been paying a teacher to
come out from town to teach us boys,
just because he remembers the struggle
he had when he was a boy and lived
here. If there's anyone in the same fix,
why, he's just crazy to help him. Isn't
he fine?"

"Yes, indeed. But tell me about this
drawing."
"O, he wants us to think about our
country—America—and try to put our
thought into a drawing. He says that art
is a thought put into color, or marble,
or bronze, instead of words. That it is
—why, something that stands for nobil-
ity and worth—or truth and honor. I'm
sure he said something about truth and
honor. I can't repeat it, but we all un-
derstood it. Somehow we felt taller, in-
side, when he'd finished."

There is no use trying to tell you the
excitement that followed upon that visit
of the great sculptor, John Mortimer,
to the evening drawing school. The
boys of that bit of country worked,
planned, read history, talked, and dream-
ed. Parents, big brothers, little sisters,
uncles, aunts, and grandparents became
interested. It is safe to say that Am-
erica had never been more fondly talked
of there during all the years since the
valley was first cleared, plowed and

planted. At last May came, bright and
cheery. It brought the sculptor back to
his birthplace. In company with the
drawing teacher, the school-teacher, the
trustees, and the clergyman, he exam-
ined the drawings and made his choice.

The next day was Saturday. At ten
o'clock all who could get there came to
the schoolhouse. Everyone was in his or
her Sunday best. After singing that
grand hymn, "America," the minister
introduced the sculptor with a few
pleasant words. Mr. Mortimer arose,
talked a little about the old days, and
thanked his friends for the cheering
words they had sent him from time to
time. Then he turned to the matter of
the prize. "There are good points about
most of the drawings," he said, "but
two of them show real merit. Both are
drawn with reasonable correctness. One
is by James Wright. It shows America
as a beautiful woman, seated. Beside her
stands a white man. Before her kneel
the Negro and the Indian, who are do-
ing her homage. This is very good. I
have decided to give the boy who drew
it a second prize of ten dollars." He
smiled and held up the coin.

James Wright came forward, amid
great hand-clapping, and received the
prize.

"This second drawing shows more
spirit. And the idea is more lofty. It
represents America as marching up a
rather steep ascent. She is pointing
forward with one hand. The other she
reaches back, as if she would help a
great company of children to climb with
her. At her right is a bright American
youth. Behind them, as if he hardly
dared to go, is a Negro boy. Children
of other races are following—all look-
ing at the beautiful figure of America.
The idea expressed is fine. Norman
Gregg, I congratulate you!"

The sculptor held up a larger coin.
Norman, amid the hand-clapping, went
slowly up the aisle, looked into the kind
face, and whispered, "Thank you!" then
went to his seat half blinded with tears.

"Dear friends," said the sculptor. "I
congratulate you upon having two such
boys in this dear old country place.
Boys, I congratulate you. Be gentle,
courteous, simple, and honest. Do not
become vain and indolent. We will wait
to see what will come later."

At the close of that day the sculptor
was walking alone in the region of his
old home. He paused under a gnarled
old apple tree. Footsteps approached.
Turning, he saw the boy to whom he
had given the first prize. He would
rather have been alone just then, so
there was no smile upon the face that
greeted Norman. The boy drew off his
cap. His face was pale and his eyes
showed that he had been weeping. He
held out one hand. In it was the shin-
ing gold coin.

"I have brought it back," he said. "It
isn't mine. I'm afraid I stole the idea
for my drawing."

Mr. Mortimer did not speak. It was
not easy for Norman to go on, but he
did. "James Wright," he said—"he's
the boy who has the other prize, sir—
he said that he'd like to make America
marching at the head of an army. Well,
after that, I just couldn't think of her
unless she was marching. No matter
how I tried—and I—O, I did try, sir—
but I almost had to draw her marching.
But I didn't like the army idea. My
mother doesn't want any more war. I'm
her only boy. So I thought and thought.
Then you came into my mind how you
are trying to help us boys. And I made
up my mind to put boys back of her.
Boys and boys. While I was drawing
them I thought of the Negro boys in

our country. That's how the Negro
boy came to be in. I just happened to
think of him. After that it was easy to
put the others in. They almost came of
themselves. The picture just grew and
grew. I couldn't help it. But it started
with what Jimmie said about putting
America at the head of an army."

The sculptor stood quite still for sev-
eral moments. "What caused the other
boy to change his plans?"

"He said that America was queen of
all nations. That was how he began.
Then it grew for him, too."

"Did you encourage him to change?"
Norman looked up quickly. "O, no,
sir. I told him I thought he'd better go
on with the other. And I said that if
he didn't I would have her march for
me."

"Well," said the sculptor, slowly, "I
am glad that you came to talk with me
about it. These matters are very deli-
cate and hard to settle. But I can see
that you are an honest boy. Be careful
to remain so. As you grow older you
will continue sensitive to honor. The
prize is yours by right. Enjoy it. Don't
make yourself unhappy over it. Good-
bye! I shall see you again, sometime."
—Chris. Advocate.

WHY THE CLOCK WOULD NOT TICK.

BY S. JENNIE SMITH.

Archie Beldon's father had bought
him an alarm clock.

"Now take good care of it, my boy,"
Mr. Beldon said. "Wind it every night
when you go to bed, and obey when it
calls you to get up in the morning. That
will save other people a great deal of
trouble. It isn't easy to run to the top
floor mornings to call a boy to break-
fast."

"All right, sir; thank you," Archie re-
turned, and then he carried the clock
to his room, feeling so proud to think it
was his own.

Several days passed, and both the
clock and the boy behaved nobly. The
clock kept good time, and the boy jump-
ed out of bed when he heard the alarm.

There came a morning, however, when
there was a complaint against the clock.

"Father," said Archie, "that clock is
no good; it won't tick any more."

"Won't eh? that's queer! Do you wind
it carefully every night?"

"Yes, sir; and this morning I shook
it and shook it to get it going again, but
it was no use."

"Well, the man where I bought it
said he would keep it in order for a
year. Bring it down and I'll stop with
it this morning on my way to business."

So Mr. Beldon went off with the
clock. That evening he brought it back
with him.

"My boy," he said, handing the time-
piece to Archie, "do you know what was
the matter with it?"

"No, sir."

"You hadn't wound it up."
"Hadn't I?" Archie asked in surprise.
He could scarcely believe it.

"You know you went up to bed late
last night," his mother reminded him.

"There, I took that clock down to the
man and was laughed at as soon as he
examined it. If I had not been in such
a hurry this morning I should have
found out the trouble myself," Mr. Bel-
don said. "Next time, laddie, when you
find things going wrong, be sure that
you have done your whole duty by them
before you begin to complain."

Ordinary Corn Salves Contain Acids.

But the old reliable Putnam's Corn Extractor is
entirely vegetable in composition and does not eat
or burn the flesh. It gradually lifts the corn,
causes no pain and cures permanently. Price 25c.
at all druggists. Use only Putnam's.



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.

This causes Loss of Appetite, Bilious-
ness, Lack of Energy and that tired, weary,
listless feeling so prevalent in the spring.
The cleansing, blood-purifying action

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

eliminates all the pent-up poison from the
system, starts the sluggish liver working,
acts on the Kidneys and Bowels, and
renders it, without exception,

The Best Spring Medicine.

When the sailors heave the anchor
they start a song, to the music of which
they keep time. When a regiment
marches to battle, the band plays martial
airs, to stimulate and strengthen them.
When the machinery of daily occupation
runs smoothly and without friction, the
wheels must be well oiled with cheerful-
ness.

They Are Not Violent in Action.—
Some persons, when they wish to cleanse
the stomach, resort to Epsom and other
purgative salts. These are speedy in
their action, but serve no permanent
good. Their use produces incipient
chills, and if persisted in they injure the
stomach. Nor do they act upon the in-
testines in a beneficial way. Parmelee's
Vegetable Pills answer all purposes in
this respect, and have no superior.

The task may be heavy and full of
drudgery, but if it be fulfilled in a brave
and cheerful spirit, it will lose the gray-
ness of its monotony, and shine with a
new lustre. The dull day grows bright
and the dreary burden grows light with
the coming of cheerfulness.

For the Overworked.—What are the
causes of despondency and melancholy?
A disordered liver is one cause and a
prime one. A disordered liver means a
disordered stomach, and a disordered
stomach means disturbance of the ner-
vous system. This brings the whole
body into subjection and the victim feels
sick all over. Parmelee's Vegetable
Pills are a recognized remedy in this
state and relief will follow their use.

God is grieved, actually pained, when
believers fail to trust Him. On the oth-
er hand the great Creator takes unfeign-
ed delight in those who hope in His
mercy. Faith is the hope-bringing prin-
ciple in life, the constructive principle
in all social development.