

Our Boys and Girls.

LITTLE WHIMPY.

Whimpy, little Whimpy,
Cried so hard one day,
His grandma couldn't stand it
And his mother ran away;
His sister climbed the hay-mow,
His father went to town,
And cook flew to the neighbor's,
In her shabby kitchen gown.

Whimpy, little Whimpy,
Stood out in the sun
And cried until the chickens
And ducks began to run.
Old Towser in his kennel
Growled in an angry tone,
Then burst his chain; and Whimpy
Was left there all alone.

Whimpy, little Whimpy,
Cried and cried and cried—
Soon the sunlight vanished,
Flowers began to hide.
Birdies ceased their singing,
Frogs began to croak,
Darkness came, and Whimpy
Found crying was no joke.

Whimpy, little Whimpy,
Never'll forget the day
When his grandma couldn't stand it,
And his mother ran away.
He was waiting by the window
When they all came home to tea,
And a gladder boy than Whimpy
You need never hope to see.

—Exchange.

WHY JOHNNY DIDN'T SMOKE.

We were walking up and down the long platform of the railway station at New London one bright spring morning, and enjoyed the fresh breeze that blew in from the Sound while we waited for the Vermont Central train to take us on the northward.

There were other strollers besides ourselves, and we particularly noticed a handsome, dainty young athlete for his scrupulous neatness, his quiet demeanor, and his firm, erect carriage.

Presently he was accosted by a half-dozen jolly young fellows, who were surprised and delighted at meeting him there. They plied him with hasty, cordial, boyish questions: "Where have you been?" "What have you been doing?" "How are you getting on?"

"We dropped down on a settee nearby, amused at the merry, lively chat. Presently some one offered our athlete a cigar.

"Thank you, no," he said. "I have given up smoking." And then he added, laughing a little, and showing a set of very white teeth: "The fact is when I reached home there seemed to be no place for me to smoke, and I was under the necessity of giving up the habit."

"How was that, John?"

"Well, you see, I was glad enough to get home again, and after supper I went into the library and laid down on the sofa in front of the open fire, and lighting a cigar, prepared for a smoke. Pretty soon ma came in. Not my own mother; she died when I was a little thing; but this one, ever since my father married her, has made a pretty and pleasant home for me. As she walked along, I heard the soft rustle of her dress, and then I heard her sniff, sniff, and presently she said: 'I fancied I smelled smoke.' I held up my cigar,

and confessed I had been smoking a little, off and on, for some time."

"Oh, is that so?" she said gently. "Well, Johnny, I don't know that it is surprising, but please do not let me see you smoking on the street or when we are out anywhere. I don't think I could bear that." And I said: "Certainly not, ma. You can depend on me." But I threw my cigar in the fire, having lost my enjoyment in it somehow, although she did not scold.

"Pretty soon my father came in, and he said, directly: 'Ma tells me you have learned to smoke, my boy. Well, I suppose I ought to be surprised that you didn't learn sooner, but don't let me see you smoking around the house.' And I said, 'Certainly not, sir,' and was glad he had taken it so pleasantly.

"Before the evening was half over, my Uncle Tom, who is my father's partner in business, strolled over for a little chat, and as he took his seat and looked me over in a way he has, as if he were taking an account of stock, ma said, in her soft voice: 'Johnny has a new accomplishment since he went away. He has learned to smoke.'

"Dear me! is that so?" exclaimed Uncle Tom. "Well, why boys will persist in burning up their hard earnings is a mystery to me; but you won't let me see you smoking around the factory, I hope. I shouldn't enjoy seeing my nephew and bookkeeper and prospective partner about the works with a pipe or cigar in his mouth."

"Uncle Tom is a great go-to-meeting man. One evening he asked me to go with him, and as I had no excuse to offer, I went. There was a collection, and Uncle Tom said to me: 'I used to use tobacco and beer, but since I left it off I have put what money I save in that way into the Lord's work, and it gives me more pleasure than I ever got from smoke or drink.'

"I will do that too, sir," I said, "I will follow so excellent an example for a year, and then, if I am no poorer, I will keep it up as long as I live." So I began saving my dimes. I had to go to church to put them in the box, of course, and in that way I became interested in the religion I heard preached, and concluded that I needed it as much as anyone. So, boys, I am a Christian and a church member, and I feel as if I had been getting on quite a little."

"I like your speaking out and telling us about it," said the jolliest young fellow of them all. "It gives me faith to believe that you have got hold of something worth having."

"All aboard for the North!" shouted Conductor Doane. And the next minute we were moving rapidly away, leaving the group still talking.—Onward.

UNCLE HUGH'S NEW GAME.

"Why don't you boys stay and play a little while with Arthur?" asked Uncle Hugh, as four sturdy lads were about to set out for their ball ground. "The poor little fellow gets so tired and lonesome alone."

"He can't play anything but buzz or checkers or authors and they're no fun in summer time. We just can't stay in the house these nice days," explained Norris. "The girls play with him anyway, so he hadn't ought to be lonesome."

Uncle Hugh glanced back at the little figure in the wheel chair inside the window and tried to reason with the other boys. "That's the very reason you should help amuse him. He gets tired

of those games too and wants something new. Now, I think I could invent a new game that all of you would like if you'd only try it. The girls do play with Arthur but they talk about dolls and dinner parties so he has very little to amuse him after all."

But the boys only promised to lend a hand with the little invalid some other time, and were off to the park. Uncle Hugh walked back to the house in a deep study and even he deserted lonely Arthur for the rest of the day. Nothing more was said to the lads about playing with their cousin, but they could not help seeing that Arthur looked happier since Uncle Hugh came than ever before.

"What are they doing in there?" asked Ben, peeping into the sitting-room where there was plenty of laughter going on one afternoon. A sudden shower had driven them from the ball ground and they trooped home in bad humor. "Is that a store box in front of Arthur?"

"Hush!" whispered Norris, as little Bessie Nelson crossed the room with a tiny market basket on her dimpled arm. "They're playing store."

"Mr. Groceryman," Bessie was saying in a very important tone, "I'll take three pounds of sugar and half a pound of tea. O, yes, I need some potatoes too. I have company for dinner and need the things right away. I wish you would hurry."

The ball players saw Arthur take down a tiny jar and carefully weigh out three lumps of sugar and then measure out a peck of potatoes in a cup which he took from under the counter. The potatoes were only fresh roasted peanuts, but how good they did smell! The buyer broke one open and tasted it with a very critical air before she allowed the grocer to sack them up. They proved to be all right and she paid him with what looked to the boys in the next room like real money.

Business was brisk just then and the grocer weighed out coffee and sugar with a practised hand. When the watchers outside saw that the coffee was small chocolate candies and the cakes real, sugary cookies they could stand it no longer. "We'll buy some of your goods, too," they cried, rushing to the counter.

"This is a girl's game," said Uncle Hugh from his arm chair. "You boys said you couldn't bear indoor games and that they were only good for girls. The sun is shining again so you can go back to the ball ground."

"Please let them stay, Uncle," begged Arthur. "They can have the things charged if they haven't any money."

"I'll give them part of mine," said Nellie, generously dividing her handful of tin money. "No let them stay. It's such fun."

The boys and girls played store many many times before they were tired of Uncle Hugh's new game and no one ever had to coax the older ones to stay at home. They learned through dealing at the tiny counter to strive to please each other, and before Uncle Hugh went home he had the pleasure of knowing there were no more lonely days for little crippled Arthur.—U. Presbyterian.

Gospel and commerce—but it must be gospel first. Wherever there has been the slightest spark of civilization in the Southern Seas, it has been because the gospel has been preached there. Civilization! The rampart can only be stormed by those who carry the cross. —James Chalmers.



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DILLY DALLY.

Dilly Dally was almost seven years old. See if you can guess how he came to have such a funny name.

"Oh, Dilly Dally! Where are you, dear? Run quickly with this pail to the grocer's and get this full of molasses, and don't spill a bit. I want it for—well, no matter. I want it."

That molasses was for molasses candy. His mother had just remembered that it was his birthday.

Dilly took it and ran out of the door. He was always quick enough at starting. His troubles came afterwards. In the hedge by the garden gate he spied a yellow-breast, and heard a sweet note that made him stop and see what the leaves said. That took a minute.

"Oh, I must hurry," he said, and started again; but this time Mister Toad hopped out in a friendly way to make him linger.

A dozen things stopped him. He had to play a game of marbles with some boys he knew. He saw a balloon up in the sky, and watched it till it was a speck like a black pin's head.

It was almost dark when he came in sight of home.

"Oh, Dilly Dally!" said his mother, "where have you been all this time? It was your party, and all the little boys and girls I sent for had to go home, it grew so late. I had to cut the cake to give them all a piece, and there wasn't anybody to play games or anything. It was too bad!"

Wasn't it? Dilly thought so. A boy's birthday party without any boy to it!

"Oh, Dilly Dally!" said his mother, sorrowfully, "why don't you earn a better name?"

Dilly Dally says he is going to. How do you suppose he is going to do it? —Sunbeam.