

## Our Boys and Girls.

### THE SLEEP SONG.

As soon as the fire burns red and low,  
And the house upstairs is still,  
She sings me a queer little sleepy song,  
Of sheep that go over the hill.

The good little sheep run quick and soft,  
Their colors are grey and white;  
They follow their leader nose to tail,  
For they must be home by night.

And one slips over and one comes next,  
And one runs after behind,  
The grey one's nose at the white one's  
tail,  
The top of the hill they find.

And when they get to the top of the  
hill  
They quietly slip away,  
But one runs over and one comes next,  
Their colors are white and grey.

And over they go, and over they go,  
And over the top of the hill,  
The good little sheep run thick and  
fast,  
And the house upstairs is still.

And one slips over and one comes next,  
The good little, grey little sheep!  
I watched how the fire burns red and  
low,  
And she says that I fall asleep.

—Josephine Dodge Daskam, in *Mc-  
Clure's Magazine.*

### TOM'S MAKE-UP PARTY.

BY GRACE DUFFIELD GOODWIN.

"Uncle Jim!"

The voice was Tom's; and if Uncle Jim hadn't heard that same voice so many times before on this particular day, which seemed as if it would never end, he wouldn't have been so slow about answering. As it was, he pretended he didn't hear. It was of no use.

"Uncle Jim!"—and this time Tom spoke more decidedly. "Won't you please to listen? I have to be paid 'tention to, on account of 'cause I've got a sore throat."

Uncle Jim put down his paper with a groan, as he replied:

"Yes, Thomas, I quite understand. If this was the first time, or even the one hundred and first, in which you had demanded sympathy for that afflicted organ, I should doubtless respond with more alacrity."

Tom looked puzzled. "Please to don't talk big words to me, Uncle Jim. I'm in a perfectly awful hurry, and I want to know—can I have a make-up party?"

"You may have anything short of a bonfire on the roof," said Uncle Jim, rashly.

"And may I ask Ned Miller, and Janie and Allen and the twins, and"—

"You may ask every boy and girl in town," interrupted the reckless uncle, "if only you will let me finish my paper."

"And Jack Stone?" went on Tom, regardless.

"Jack Stone? I thought you and Jack had a dreadful quarrel this morning, and you weren't ever going to speak to him again."

"Yes, sir, we did," said Tom, hanging his yellow head, and looking confused. "That's why I want a make-up party."

"All right, all right," Uncle Jim dropped back into his chair again, not comprehending in the least what he had pledged himself to support, and murmured.

"I'll never do it again; A whole day of Tom, with his mother and father away! I only hope we'll all live until night."

Meanwhile Tom had rushed off to

Ellen, his sworn ally, to beg for provisions for the coming guests.

"And, Ellen," he said, following her from pantry to kitchen, and back again, "what may we have?"

"There's ginger cookies, Tommy, and you can have apples, and the banana in the fruit-dish, and I'll make you a pitcher of lemonade. Will that do?"

"Yes, thanks,—but please make a lot Ellen; don't forget," and Tom was off like a shot, down to the orchard where the children had held many a gay picnic, to see that all the dishes were in order.

Queer thoughts were at work under the yellow curls, as he dragged out from the hollow tree his basket of "dishes,"—clam shells, a wooden-plate, some saucers that had done good service in the house, and a broken butter-dish.

"The fruit of righteousness is sown in peace, of them that make peace."

Tom was saying it over and over to himself very slowly, because it was hard to remember, and he had learned it only yesterday.

Mamma had heard him recite it, and had asked her what it meant. Usually she answered all such questions, but this time she had said: "Tom, dear, I think you would remember better if you thought it out for yourself. If you haven't found out by the time I come home, I will tell you."

There was such a look on her face that Tom wondered if she knew about Jack and Allen.

And hadn't he thought? He had puzzled over it for two whole days, and that was a very long time for Tom to puzzle over anything.

Now he thought he had found out. At any rate, he was going to try his way; for he was a fearless, independent little boy, and mamma always let him work things out for himself, where she thought it wise.

So he took from his pocket a big piece of brown paper, and a stubby pencil with a double point, and with much care and labor he printed in crazy capitals:

"I WANT EVRY BODDY THATS MAD AT ME TO COME TO A MAKE-UP PARTY IN THE ORCHURD RITE AFTER SCHOOLS "TOM."

Then he ran back to Ellen, and asked her when school would be out.

"In half an hour," she said.

So Tom armed with four tacks and a hammer, sped away, back through the orchard and into the school-house lane. There he stopped by the big chestnut-tree, and, taking out his piece of brown paper, he tacked it fast, his heart beating very hard all the time, and his feet wanting very much to run away.

Fleeing back to the safe shelter of the stone wall that separated the orchard in a spot that faced the chestnut-tree, and waited.

Down by the brook, where he had spread out his dishes, he could see Ellen, as she put down the basket which held the cookies and the apples, and went back for a big pitcher of lemonade.

"I wish Ellen was mad at me, so's she could come," thought Tom, "and Uncle Jim. Well, I shu'nt wonder 'if Uncle Jim was, but I guess I won't ask him."

Just then he heard shouts, and saw the children free from school, come running down the lane.

Suddenly some one spied the placard on the tree, and they all gathered around like a swarm of bees.

It seemed a long, long time to the little waiting host behind the stone wall, before his guests, in a reluctant group, all chattering earnestly, moved slowly down to the orchard.

There was Jack Stone, from whom he had parted, only that morning, with angry words; there was Ned Miller, and hadn't he torn Ned's kite, yesterday, and refused to say he was sorry? There was little Janie, carrying the very doll that he had hanged to a tree; and Allen—how he and Allen had made faces at each other through the fence last week! And the twins, with the very same sun-bonnets on that he had said looked like tomato soup.

When they reached the "stepping-over place" in the wall, Tom came out to meet them, his cheeks just as red as grandma's roses, and a very queer lump in the "sore throat."

But he tried to make believe that it was all right as he said, "Hello, Ned! Hello, Allen! Let's come on up here," and he led the way to the brook, where the "party" was to be.

Silently the little band followed him, and there was a very awkward minute as they all stood around the cookies spread out in tempting array.

I am sure I don't know even then what would have happened if it hadn't been for Ellen, who came down the path with a covered dish in her hands, calling out cheerily, "Who wants some nice fresh crullers?"

That broke the ice. Who could resist warm crullers? "I!" "And me!" "Me, too!" came from all the queer little party; and in two minutes they were laughing and eating and playing as merrily as if nothing had happened.

What a success it was, that make-up party, and how glad Tom felt when he crept into bed that night, and remembered that he was at peace with all the world!

That isn't the way he put it. He said, "I'm so glad there isn't anybody mad at me now."

Suddenly an uneasy suspicion took possession of his soul.

In a minute more he was on Uncle Jim's knee. Then there was a pause.

Then Uncle Jim said patiently: "Well, Tommy, boy, what brought you out of your warm bed? It isn't good for little boys who have had a sore throat, to run about barefoot this way."

Tom did not reply directly.

"Uncle Jim," he asked slowly, "have I been a bovver? I heard you say you were scouraged to deff, and I fought perhaps you was sort o' kind o' mad at me, Uncle Jim, and I forgot to tell you about the make-up party, and so, in 'course, you know, you couldn't come."

"You may tell me all about the make-up party, in the morning, my boy," said Uncle Jim, gently. "But you're not a bother, Tommy, and I love you very much. There, now. That's all settled, and you must go right to bed, young man."

Uncle Jim took him in his arms, and carried him away.

Five minutes more, and Tom, his soul at rest, was sleeping the sleep of the just, with his little brown fist curled under his cheek.—*Sunday School Times.*

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### A LITTLE KNIGHT.

Not to look at. No. He looked rather funny as he laboriously climbed the tram-car steps; for his legs were very short and he could get no help from his hands, for one carried his school-books and the other held something squeezed up tight.

But the conductor knew him well and helped him up; and he appeared in the doorway smiling broadly at the passengers, who all smiled back into the round freckled face with such a mere button of a nose that it looked as if it had been pounded in.

A little friend of his, who had evidently been crying, was sitting in the other end of the car, and the little knight made his way up to where she was sitting.

"Hullo, Jenny!" he said, in his cheerful voice.

"O John," said Jenny, with a little catch in her voice, "I've lost my money. I think, down here on the floor! And now I can't go to the show. I've looked and looked for it."

"Can't you get another?" asked John anxiously, looking sharply at the floor.

"No. We are such a big family, you see, and I am in the middle of it. And people in the middle of families, I don't think ever get extras. They always take what's left."

"Yes, I've noticed that," said John. "I'm in the middle too, and things are always too big or too little for me. I got six-pence running on an errand for grandma," he added, opening up his squeezed-up hand and showing the moist bit of silver which meant so much to him. "I say, Jenny," he added heroically, "you take mine. Girls care more about things than—than—boys."

But Jenny was proof against this temptation. She shut her eyes and shook her head hard. "No, indeed, I won't