

Our Boys and Girls.

WHAT DOLLS THINK.

It is true we're stuffed with sawdust
And can never learn to walk;
It is true we have no organs
And can never learn to talk;
It is true we're only dollies
And dollies must remain,
But we're free from faults and follies
That might cause our mammas pain.

Can you tell us when you ever
Saw our faces spoiled with frowns?
And we're sure you never heard us
Make a fuss about our gowns!
Then we do not tease the kitty,
We are always kind in play;
And we think 'twould be a pity
For a doll to disobey!

When the parlor clock strikes seven,
Not a fretful word is said,
As our little mammas tell us
It is time to go to bed.
So you see, though we are dollies,
And dollies must remain,
We are free from faults and follies
That might cause our mammas pain.
—Helen A. Walker, in *Little Men and Women*.

THE FULL COUNT.

Ninety-five, ninety-six, ninety-seven,"
counted Marian, with a long sigh.
"Three more to make a hundred!"

Little Marian in her gingham slip
gown, armed with a strong kitchen
knife, was digging out dandelions for
two cents a hundred. It was in the
little green plot between the walk
and the curbing. She had it free from
weeds now, and she was to dig no-
where else. She had dug out some with
the knife, and some with her sturdy lit-
tle fingers, lying flat on the ground.
The little strip had been kept so well
mowed that the dandelions grew very
low and close in among the short grass
and were not easy to take out. She
would have liked to go over and dig
in the school yard across the way, for
there the dandelions were big and strong,
each one crowned with fluffy blossoms,
but she had been told to do her digging
in that small green plot, so there she
stayed.

"Oh, ninety-eight," cried Marian, spy-
ing out a stunted bit of a plant that
fairly hugged the ground. "But, dear
me! I don't believe there's another
one."

Still, after a long search, she did dis-
cover another tiny mite growing almost
under the edge of the sidewalk.

"Ninety-nine! Now, if I could get
just one more!" sighed Marian, ex-
amining the grass with an anxious eye.
"Who'd ever s'pose that dandelions
would go and sow just ninety-nine of
themselves, and then stop short?"

"Hello!" said Johnny Briggs, stop-
ping short at sight of the little figure
lying on the ground. "What's the mat-
ter with you?"

Johnny Briggs was a new boy just
moved into their block.

Marian told him. "And I don't s'pose
I'll ever get that two cents," she said,
"though I lack only one; there isn't a
single one more!"

"Does your mother always count
things?" asked Johnny.

"No," said the little girl. "She just
asks how many, and I tell her."

"Then it's easy enough," said Johnny.
"She'd be sure, just looking at them,

that there must be as many as a hun-
dred!"

"Johnny Briggs!"
"Anyway," suggested Johnny, red
spots coming into his cheeks, "how do
you know you didn't make a mistake
when you counted?"

"I know I didn't," said Marian. "I
counted 'em nine times."

"See here, wait a minute!" said
Johnny; and away he darted across the
street.

"There!" cried he, returning with a
dandelion plant and tossing it into
Marian's basket. "Now you are all
right."

"No, I'm not," said Marian, shaking
her curly head. "Johnny Briggs, I
think you're a kind boy, but I guess
you're not honest! If you're going to
live in our block I hope you'll be hon-
est. You see we're trying to make our
block the nicest block in this street.
That's why mamma and I are digging
out our weeds."

"I'm pretty honest," said Johnny, who
was also pretty red. "And say," he
called back at the gate, "I s'pose, may-
be, every time I see a dandelion I'll
think about keeping the block nice!"

Little Marian sat on the ground a
few minutes longer, thinking about
Johnny Briggs. "I guess he'll be a
nice boy to have in the block," she
thought. She liked very much what
he had said at the gate.

When Marian carried her pan of
weeds to her mother, she said, "Mam-
ma, there's only ninety-nine in this
hundred; but there isn't one left to dig.
Couldn't I do something else to make
up for the other dandelion?"

"Yes," said her mother, smiling.
"You may run and wash my only little
girl's hands for me, and then bring me
my purse."

THE APRON-STRINGS.

Once upon a time a boy played about
the house, running by his mother's side;
and as he was very little, his mother
tied him to the string of her apron.

"Now," she said, "when you stumble,
you can pull yourself up by the apron-
string, and so you will not fall."

The boy did that, and all went well,
and the mother sang at her work.

By and by the boy grew so tall that
his head came above the window sill;
and looking through the window, he
saw far away green trees waving, and
a flowing river that flashed in the sun,
and rising above all, blue peaks of
mountains.

"Oh, mother," he said; "untie the
apron-string and let me go."

But the mother said, "Not yet, my
child! only yesterday you stumbled, and
would have fallen but for the apron-
string. Wait yet a little, till you are
stronger."

So the boy waited, and all went as
before; and the mother sang at her
work.

But one day the boy found the door
of the house standing open, for it was
spring weather; and he stood on the
threshold and looked across the valley,
and saw the green trees waving, and
the swift-flowing river with the sun
flashing on it, and the blue mountains
rising beyond; and this time he heard
the voice of the river calling, and it
said "Come!"

Then the boy started forward, and as
he started the string of the apron broke.

"Oh! how weak my mother's apron-
string is!" cried the boy; and he ran
out into the world, with the broken
string hanging beside him.

The mother gathered up the other end

of the string and put it in her bosom,
and went about her work again; but
she sang no more.

The boy ran on and on, rejoicing in
his freedom, and in the fresh air and
the morning sun. He crossed the val-
ley, and began to climb the foothills
among which the river flowed swiftly,
among rocks and cliffs. Now it was
easy climbing, and again it was steep
and craggy, but always he looked up-
ward at the blue peaks beyond, and al-
ways the voice of the river was in his
ears, saying "Come!"

By and by he came to the brink of a
precipice, over which the river dashed
in a cataract, foaming and flashing, and
sending up clouds of silver spray. The
spray filled his eyes so that he did not
see his footing clearly; he grew dizzy,
stumbled and fell. But as he fell,
something about him caught on a point
of rock at the precipice-edge, and held
him, so that he hung dangling over
the abyss; and when he put up his
hand to see what held him, he found
that it was the broken string of the
apron, which still hung by his side.

"Oh! how strong my mother's apron-
string is!" said the boy; and he drew
himself up by it, and stood firm on his
feet, and went on climbing toward the
blue peaks of the mountains.—*The Gold-
en Windows*.

SHEP.

It was a bright moonlight evening
when my brother Joe proposed a fishing
trip up the river. Papa agreed, and
Cousin Dorothy and I were always
ready for any such fun. We always
thought it delightful to sit in the little
dory and glide along with the tide, let-
ting the seine float out behind, and then
after an hour or two to haul it in and
to find some fine fresh fish for break-
fast.

'Twas very pretty as we started out,
the moon full and golden, papa and Joe
at the oars, Dorothy and I in the stern.
We had called Shep, our shepherd dog;
but he was nowhere to be found, and
we had to set out without him, and I
felt rather lonely without having his
fine head show up behind papa in the
bow as usual.

After we turned the first bend far
above the wharf, papa and Joe threw
out the seine and let the dory drift with
the tide. We glided along for over an
hour. Then as we turned our boat, Joe
found our floating seine was not in
sight, and we had to begin a search.
Papa took the oars, and Joe, Dorothy
and I kept a lookout for the seine. At
last we gave up the hunt, and were
about to start for home when we heard
a faint barking up the river. We stop-
ped and listened. First it was a bark,
and then a whine.

We girls thought it sounded like
Shep, and papa took to the oars again
and rowed up river. When we got
nearer, Joe called "Shep! Shep!"
Answers came, excited and loud. When
we reached the neck at the farther end
of the plantation, we could see that it
was Shep, and that he was prancing up
and down in the marshlands as if half
wild with joy. Joe whistled for him to
swim out to us. But, when we waited
for him, the dog waited, too, but frantic
in his efforts to get us to come on.

So papa pushed on until the dory was
well up on the marsh. Shep jumped for
him, took his coat-sleeve in his mouth,
and led him away through the wet and
weeds, out of sight.

Joe and we girls sat silent in the
dory, wondering what Shep meant.

Before long we heard a bark of de-

Deranged Nerves

AND

Weak Spells.

Mr. R. H. Sampson's, Sydney, N.S.,

Advice to all Sufferers from
Nerve Trouble is

**"GET A BOX OF
MILBURN'S
HEART AND NERVE
PILLS."**

He says: "I have been ailing for about
a year from deranged nerves, and very
often weak spells would come over me and
be so bad that I sometimes thought I
would be unable to survive them. I have
been treated by doctors and have taken
numerous preparations but none of them
helped me in the least. I finally got a box
of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. Before
taking them I did not feel able to do any
work, but now I can work as well as ever,
thanks to one box of your pills. They
have made a new man of me, and my
advice to any person troubled as I was, is
to get a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve
Pills."

Price 50 cts. per box, or 3 for \$1.25, all
dealers, or

THE T. MILBURN CO., Limited,
TORONTO, ONT.

light, and then papa's voice, "Brave
boy, brave Shep!" They came up in a
moment, and papa laughed and took
from each pocket a tiny white kitten—
one with a little black mark on its face
and the other with black spots on its
ears and tail. Shep was fairly wild
and, as I took the two chilled lit-
tle beasts in under my shawl, he almost
devoured me with his thanks.

After we pulled off, papa told us that
someone must have carried the kittens
to the marsh to perish there, and Shep
had gone out and found them, and,
moreover, that he had made a little bed
for them of the weeds, and covered them
with leaves!

When we reached home, we told
mamma what Shep had done, and she
got him a good supper; and then we
led him away to his own small house in
the woodshed, where he always keeps
watch during the night. But we found
after much coaxing, and going back and
forth, that Shep would only stay on
condition that the kittens would share
his house. So we brought them and
put them in; and there they all have liv-
ed ever since, sharing their meals and
perfectly happy.

The next morning papa took us out
on the river again, in search of the
seine. We found it four miles below,
caught on a rock on the shore of a little
uninhabited island. How many fish?
There were thirty fine ones in it.—*Little
Folks*.

A Benefaction to All.—The soldier,
the sailor, the fisherman, the miner, the
farmer, the mechanic, and all who live
lives of toil and spend their existence
in the dull routine of tedious tasks and
who are exposed to injuries and ail-
ments that those who do not toil do not
know, will find in Dr. Thomas' Electric
Oil an excellent friend and benefactor
in every time of need.