

## Our Boys and Girls.

### I'M GOING TO BE A MAN.

I'm going to be a man some day,  
I'm going to be a man,  
And if life's victories I would win,  
And conquer self and conquer sin,  
'Tis just the time now to begin,  
If I'm going to be a man.

If I a place in all the world would take,  
When I get to be a man,  
Like the heroes brave who in battle  
died,  
Or men who are now their country's  
pride,  
I must hold to the right, and in it  
abide,  
When I get to be a man.

I must see that my armor's buckled on,  
If I'm going to be a man,  
I must keep my heart both pure and  
strong,  
And give no place to the smallest wrong,  
And this I'll take for my battle song,  
"I'm going to be a man."

For a coward now is a coward then,  
And I'm going to be a man,  
And bravery now is the thing for me,  
Then all the world will plainly see,  
What sort of a boy I used to be—  
When I get to be a man.

### LESTER'S UPSIDE DOWN POCKET.

BY JULIA DARROW COWLES.

"Now, Lester, don't forget that you are to take the rhubarb to Mrs. Smith," said mamma, "and then go to the post-office with the letters. After that you may go to Bert's, and play until five o'clock."

"All right," answered Lester, and off he went whistling merrily.

Lester never meant to be disobedient, but he was continually thinking that some other way, was just as well, or it would make no difference; and now, as he reached the corner of the street, he decided that he would go to the post-office first, then past Tommie's, and get him to walk over to Mrs. Smith's with him, and go to Bert's, where they three would have a game of duck-on-the-rock.

He mailed the letters, but found that Tommie could not go away, and as Tommie teased him to stay there, he concluded it wouldn't make any difference to mamma whether he played at Tommie's or Bert's, and he could leave the rhubarb with Mrs. Smith on his way home.

So he stayed, and he and Tommie had so much fun that the first thing he knew it was half-past five. My, how he did run then! He thought that Mrs. Smith looked rather annoyed when he gave her the rhubarb, but he hurried off again as fast as his legs could go.

Just before supper a neighbor called to see if she could buy some rhubarb.

"I saw Lester have some just now," she said, "and he told me he was going to take it to Mrs. Smith."

That evening Lester brought his coat to mamma.

"I do wish I could have an inside pocket put in it," he said, "to carry the little note-book that papa gave me."

Mamma knew how much Lester prized his nice note-book, and how well he enjoyed making a note of this and that in it, as he had seen papa do in his. So she took the coat, and said thoughtfully, "Yes, I will put a pocket in it for you."

Lester went off to bed feeling very

happy over his note-book pocket, but wondering that mamma had said nothing to him about coming home so late.

In the morning Lester was busy with the small tasks which he was expected to perform each day before starting for school, and at the last moment he slipped on his coat, threw it open, and discovered the pocket neatly in place, then picked up his cherished note-book, and ran out of the house. As he ran he tried to slip the note-book into the pocket, but could not get it in. After several unsuccessful attempts he stopped, opened his coat, and, taking both hands, started to put the book in, when he made a queer discovery,—the pocket was on upside-down, with the opening at the bottom. At first he was vexed. "Dear me!" he said to himself, "now I can't use it, after all." Then in another moment he burst out laughing. "I've got a good joke on mamma. Won't I tease her when I get home!" And he ran on to school.

At noon he came to mamma the first thing with a very quizzical look upon his face. "Mamma," he said, "you sewed my pocket on wrong side up!"

Mrs. Johnson did not look at all surprised. She merely said, "Yes, I know. I sewed it that way on purpose."

It was Lester's turn to look surprised. "Isn't it 'just as well' that way?" she added.

"Just as well!" he exclaimed, too much astonished to be polite. "You don't think I can keep a book in it that way,—do you?"

"Well," replied his mother, "it's a pocket, and I sewed it on three sides. What difference does it make which three?"

Lester's face was a study. He really seemed to think that his mother had in some way lost her reason.

"I did it, Lester," she went on, "just as you do things for me. I tell you what I want you to do for me, and the way I want it done. You do it, but you do it in just the opposite way from what I tell you to; in other words, you turn it upside-down."

Lester still looked surprised, but he began to be interested, too.

"Yesterday," his mamma went on, "I told you to go to Mrs. Smith's first, then to the post-office, then to Bert's to play till five o'clock. Instead of that you went to the post-office first, then to Tommie's to play, and last of all to Mrs. Smith's. Now you did not see, probably, what difference it would make, but Mrs. Smith was in a special hurry for the rhubarb, as she wanted to get her sauce made in time to take a dishful to Mrs. Foster, who is sick, and who wanted some very badly. You got there so late that the sauce could not be made that day at all. Tommie could not leave home because his sisters has measles, but he did not tell you that, and now you are likely to have them, too."

Lester began to look sober enough as his mamma went on.

"Last Saturday I sent you with two pails of milk, but you did not think it important to notice what I told you, and you took the sour milk to Mrs. Foster, who wanted milk for her baby, and sweet milk to Aunt Laura, who wanted to make Johnnie cake and needed the sour milk."

Lester kept his eyes on the floor. He was beginning to feel very much ashamed of what he had before called simply "mistakes."

"Now," said mamma, "all these things are just as annoying to me as it was to you to find your pocket was put on upside-down; besides which, they are

actually wrong, and are causing you to form a very bad habit."

"I'm really sorry mamma," Lester exclaimed.

"Then as soon as you are ready to agree to try to do all that I tell you in just the same way that I tell you, and not in some other way that you think will do just as well, I will agree to rip off the pocket and put it on right side up."

"I will, mamma, I'll promise now," said Lester soberly and earnestly.

When he went to school in the afternoon his pocket held the little note-book safely, and underneath the pocket was hidden away a lasting resolve to do things as mamma told him to do, and not to think some other way was just as well, and so turn them upside-down.—S. S. Times.

### HAZEL AND JAMIE'S LESSON.

BY ANNA D. WALKER.

Hazel and Jamie were left to keep house while their mother went to town, and they thought it truly fine fun to be left as real housekeepers. Only there was one serious drawback, mamma had strictly forbidden their having any visiting children, in her absence; and right in the next house to their own lived their dear companions, Carlyn and Robbie.

If only these had been excepted what a grand time they could all have. And Hazel and Jamie mourned and regretted over the restriction till it seemed too hard to be borne, and then they went together and called their companions to come and play with them.

When they secured their object, and Carlyn and Robbie were in the kitchen with them, then Hazel said, "Now, mind you, children, if mamma comes all of a sudden, you'll have to hide or we'll get punished, for she forbid us having any children in here while she was gone."

"Then what made you call us?" cried Carlyn, reproachfully.

"Oh, we wanted you so bad!" answered Jamie, emphatically.

The four children now engaged in a hearty game of romping, and had a merry play, until Jamie spied his mother approaching the house, and called out, "Oh, Carlyn, oh, Robbie, hide! hide!"

Where could they hide? All had to be so quickly done.

Hazel opened the closet that was connected with the dining-room and kitchen both, and into this crawled Carlyn; at same moment Jamie motioned Robbie into the low closet that held the pots and other cooking utensils.

When the mother came into the house she saw only her own children, and she quickly asked if they had been good and obedient.

Hazel nodded her head and Jamie said "—we—have—been—playing—hide—and seek, mamma."

The mother noticed the embarrassment of the two, but made no comments upon it.

It was nearing night, and instead of going upstairs to take a little rest, remove her wraps and re-arrange her hair and dress, the good mother began at once to prepare for supper, so there seemed no chance for the culprits to escape from their hiding. Both were in most uncomfortable positions, cramped and almost smothered; Carlyn a little the best off, because the closet was open in the dining-room, and so she had in reality plenty of air, and the smothered feeling was from her cramped position.

Mrs. Arnold, the mother, went on with her work, hurrying with her supper getting, but all at once was surprised and startled by Robbie rolling out of



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, Biliousness, 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.

the closet upon the kitchen floor. The had endeavored to change his position, and in so doing had burst open the door of his prison, and so suddenly, that he could not keep from falling over.

Up scrambled the boy, and with a red embarrassed face he stood before the mistress of the house.

"What does this mean? and why were you hidden in my closet?" demanded Mrs. Arnold, in her complete surprise.

Robbie began to sob, and with tears, cried out, "I want my sister! I want my sister!"

"Your sister is not here," returned his puzzled neighbor.

At this a loud rapping was heard from the other closet door, and Mrs. Arnold hastened at the summons to ascertain the cause of the noise in that direction. Here was a new surprise. Carlyn crept forth before her sight, more crestfallen than Robbie.

Hazel and Jamie had purposely fled from the house to escape detection and censure, but were now quickly recalled by their mother, who demanded a full explanation.

After hearing the whole truth as told by Hazel, the good parent sent the neighboring children home, and then gave her own two a supper of bread and water, and in spite of their tears and entreaties, insisted that each should spend an hour in a closet, that they might know what they inflicted upon their young neighbors.

Jamie was forced to crawl in among the pots and kettles, and Hazel was obliged to cramp herself up in the narrow and low recess where Carlyn, through her fault, had spent a weary hour.

It was a hard punishment and the children agreed in saying, "to obey mamma is best and safest."

Yes, dear children, obedience is best and safest always.—Chris. Observer.