

**THE LITTLE ORANGE PACKERS.**

"Please, sir, will you give me work?" The voice was clear and firm, yet full of pathetic entreaty.

A good many eyes turned toward the wide door of the packing-house, and saw there a boy about twelve years old, cleanly but plainly dressed, with a bright, manly face and big, earnest eyes that looked straight into the face of the manager, who said: "Well, what can you do? Can you pack?"

"I reckon I can, sir, but I never did."

"Your name?"

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"Fred Baxter, sir." "Well, Fred, you won't learn much until you get the swing of the work, but you may try. There is a vacancy in that row over yonder, far back to the left. Say," shouted the manager, "is Henry any better?"

"No, sir," replied a woman, whose voice trembled with emotion, "My boy is no better, sir. I don't think he will ever be able to pack another orange."

"Ah! I'm sorry. Well, Fred, go over there and take the poor fellow's place. And you, Pete and Rob, show him how the work is done. Remember, Fred, our rule is not to eat an orange while at work. To do so will be stealing. Now take your place, and, if you are an apt scholar, your wages will be increased according to what you do."

"Thank you, sir. And, my word, sir, I shall never break your order."

The manager turned away, while Fred stood watching the busy scene. The packing-house was a great spacious building with generous openings under its far-projecting roof. It was near, or in, the orange groves, convenient for the gatherers, to empty the fruit in big bins in the building, where it is assorted according to size, and each orange, after being carefully wrapped with tissue paper, is packed with system in the boxes, ready for shipment. There is a rhythm in the motion of a good packer that is beautiful to watch. The paper is picked up from the pile of sheets with the regularity of a balance wheel, and falls upon the orange in the other hand in precise position. The noise of hammers nailing up full boxes, the plum-bump of the mellow fruit as it falls, are the sounds of an orange-packing house.

The little new-comer was pleased with the sight, and he took the place assigned to him on a row with some boys of about his own age.

Rob and Pete, who seemed to be the champion packers in the row, took Fred in charge, and he soon felt at home; and by watching his companions closely and imitating them as well as he could, he found his task much easier than he had imagined it to be.

"Say, pard', I'b gittin' hungry," said Rob. "Keep a lookout. I want to get away with some of those fine, ripe fellows." With these words he took one of the largest oranges and devoured it, greedily, disregarding the streams of juice that trickled down his chin and over his coat. "See?" said he, smacking his lips and wiping his mouth on his sleeve; "that's the way we get ahead of the boss. You must be a cute one, or you will lose your job. One suck of a half-spiled orange will, if seen by the boss, make you done for; but jist be cute and watch your chance. See? Now, kid, here's your chance. I'll keep my eyes on the move. Hurry up!"

Fred's face flushed. "Why, what do you mean?" he said, in indignant surprise. "I'm no thief. I'm almost starving—haven't had anything to eat but a stale roll since last sundown; but, I tell you, boys, I'll starve before I steal. The reason I'm here now is because I gave up my place rather than cheat to please my employer. He told me to lie, so as to sell the goods, and ordered me from his shop if I refused to do as he bade me." — *Genie O. Stovall, in The Children's Visitor.*

"Johnnie," said his mother threateningly to her incorrigible, "I am going to have your father whip you when he comes home to-night." "Please don't, mamma," replied Johnnie penitently. "Pa is always so tired when he comes home." — *Stray Stories.*

**WHO WAS NAUGHTY.**

"Charlie," said mother, "what is the matter with my little boy?" For Charlie was screaming and jumping about in a strange manner, but as mother spoke to him from the door, he stopped, almost out of breath. He looked at her a minute, and then at a large greyhound that was standing near him. He stamped his foot in quite a naughty way, and, holding out his hand, said, "Sport is a naughty dog. I was giving him a piece of meat, and he bit me. He ought to know better than to be so dis-so ungrateful. I'm going to whip him hard."

"I think I would not do that. I am sure Sport did not mean to hurt you," said mother, looking over at the subdued looking dog, who seemed afraid of his furious little master. He wagged his tail meekly, and his soft ears lay back on his neck.

"I guess he's my dog!" said Charlie, who was too angry to realize how he was talking, "and I will whip him!"

"Very well," answered mother quietly, and she turned and went indoors and back to her sewing.

No more was heard from the yard, but soon a very small boy came in and crept up to her and said in a very small voice: "Mother, will you please scuse me for speaking so unrespectfully to you? And I didn't whip Sport. I got a big ugly stick and I called him to me and was just going to hit him, when he looked up in my face and smiled with his tail, so I—I just couldn't. And I was teasing him when he grabbed at the meat, and I don't think he really meant to bite me at all. And, and,"—here the voice was almost too small to hear—"I guess it wasn't Sport who was naughty."

A hug and a loving kiss was all the answer he wanted; and you know he got them, don't you?—*Sunbeam.*

**FRETFUL CHILDREN.**

When a child frets and cries almost continuously, the root of the trouble in nine cases out of ten lies with the stomach or bowels. Fermentation and decomposition of the food means colic, bloating and diarrhoea—the latter is especially dangerous and often fatal during the hot weather months. Baby's Own Tablets are just what every mother needs to keep her little ones healthy. These Tablets gently regulate the bowels, cure constipation, prevent diarrhoea, cleanse and cool the stomach, and promote sound, natural sleep. The Tablets can be given with safety to a new-born babe. Mrs. J. Mick, Echo Bay, Ont., says: "I think Baby's Own Tablets the best medicine in the world for the ailments of little ones. No mother should be without them." Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

**ARGUMENT AGAINST WAR.**

Peace leagues and societies for the prevention of war may be also to use an argument which *Current Literature* says was advanced by a pupil in a primary school in the Southwest.

At the beginning of the war with Spain the teacher told the class something about the circumstances, and asked all who favored the war to hold up their hands. Up went every hand but Jack's.

"Well, Jack, why are you opposed to the war?" asked the teacher.

"Cause, Miss Sophie, war makes history, an' there's more now'n I can ever learn."

**WHY CROUP IS FATAL.**

When croup attacks your child you must be ready for it. It comes as an accompaniment to an ordinary cough, or it may attack without warning. All ills of children develop quickly, and when any kind of cough appears there should be something at hand to stop it with promptness. Many a child has choked to death with croup because the right remedy was not convenient. Every one should know that the right safeguard for a child's cough or any cough is Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam. With this soothing compound in the house, croup is always easily checked and relieved.

To give a child a cough mixture containing a narcotic is a very serious matter, yet most preparations contain something of this kind. Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam is prepared from the purest extracts of barks and roots, and gums of trees, and is health-giving in every component part of it. Wherever it touches an inflamed surface it heals and soothes it. Nothing ever compounded for cough is so harmless, and nothing so efficacious. Adamson's Balsam is an old remedy, and it has never lost a friend through failure to help. Keep it in the house. Try it on your own cough and do your child a good turn by being ready for any emergency. Price 25 cents at any druggist.

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