

Our Boys and Girls.

HOW TO EAT.

Don't bring worries to the table,
 Don't bring anger, hate or scowls;
 Banish everything unpleasant,
 Talk and eat with smiling jowls.
 It will aid your own digestion,
 If you wear a smiling face;
 It will jolly up the others,
 If you only set the pace;
 Knowing something funny, tell it;
 Something sad, forget to knell it;
 Something hateful, quick dispel it
 At the table.

Cares domestic, business troubles,
 Ills of body, soul or brain;
 Unkind thoughts and nagging tempers,
 Speech that causes others pain,
 Public woes and grim disasters,
 Crimes and wrongs and right's defeat—
 None of them are to be mentioned
 When you sit you down to eat,
 Knowing something funny, tell it;
 Something sad, forget to knell it;
 Something hateful, quick dispel it
 At the table.

—What to Eat.

THE APPLE-BUTTER BOY.

His hat had seen better days, but still shed the rain. He wore a man's coat with the tails cut off and the sleeves turned up, and his blue denim overalls were frayed at the hem and wet to the knee. An object at once pitiful and grotesque he seemed at first as he presented himself at my door that drizzly November morning. But a second glance convinced me that he was far from the need of commiseration, this sturdy little ten-year-old, for health glowed on his cheek and hope gleamed in his eye.

"Don't you want some apple-butter?" he asked, with a smile which revealed two rows of white, even teeth.

I did not want apple-butter. I do not like it, and I said so as politely as I could, and smiled back.

"I brought some in a glass for you to see what it is like," he said, still confident, as one having faith in the superlative excellence of the conserve which he offered for sale.

Involuntarily I took the napkin-covered jelly glass which his chubby hand held out.

"Taste it," he advised. "You'll like it, sure."

No woman with an organ anywhere resembling a heart could have wistfully dimmed with disappointment the radiant expectation that illumined his happy little snub-nosed, freckled face; therefore I tasted and pronounced it good, as it no doubt was. I am not a judge of apple-butter.

"How much do you want?" he questioned eagerly.

I didn't want any, but I hadn't the temerity to say so in the face of such genial confidence. I hesitated, however. "What is the price?" I asked.

"Only 25 cents a gallon."

"You may bring me a gallon," I said. He looked disappointed. "Better take two," he urged. "It's cheap, only half a dollar for two whole gallons."

"I am afraid I could not use two gallons," I objected.

"Oh, yes, you can. That much of this apple-butter won't last no time at all. You can eat more'n you think you can. It's so fresh. We've got the kettle on now, boiling it down,"

We finally compromised on a gallon and a half, and he departed, leaving me to wonder helplessly what on earth I was going to do with that much apple-butter. Before I had solved the problem to my satisfaction the soft spat, spat of bare feet on the veranda warned me of the delivery of my purchase. He explained, "tin makes it taste," and it was still smoking hot and spicily fragrant. I ransacked the pantry and storeroom for jars to hold it all, and Marmaduke—he said that was his name, and he would be ten his next birthday—helped me to empty the pail.

Later, when I reported my investment to the head of the family and asked to be advised as to the best means of getting rid of it, I was laughed at.

"Why don't you give it to the neighbors?" he said, when I had succeeded in convincing him that the situation was serious.

I tried the Browns, who live just around the hill, with the largest jar. Mrs. Brown smiled. "It's awfully kind of you, but we have recently bought a great deal more than we can ever use."

"Then he came here, too," I exclaimed.

"Marmaduke Yes' he came here, and—I don't know why I did it, but I bought about three times as much of his apple-butter as I wanted."

Nothing daunted, I carried my jar to the McIntoshes who lived across the road. They, too, had invested heavily in Marmaduke's apple-butter. In fact, it developed that scarcely a household in all our suburb had escaped, and I gave up trying to be generous and set my six quart jars, away on the top shelf, in the darkest corner of the storeroom, resolving to forget their existence.

I was away from home during the winter and did not see Marmaduke again till one March morning just before Easter. He came to the door to ask if he might pick lillies in my back yard.

"I want to sell 'em to the church to decorate with," he explained. The back yard extends to the top of the hill, half a mile away, and he got the permission he asked for.

Later he wanted to work in the garden. "I can do your hoein' for you," he declared. "I can come up after school and on Saturdays." But this time I was firm.

"Hoeing is too hard for a boy of your size," I said, but I let him help in other and lighter tasks, and we grew to be quite good friends. I even went so far as to lend him books, which he read and then talked over with me as we worked.

"What do you do with your money?" I ventured to inquire one evening as I handed him the quarter of a dollar he had earned splitting kindling wood for the kitchen stove.

"Save it," was his reply. "I've got \$20 in the bank. I tell you what, I've seen hard times. It makes a chap mighty careful how he spends his money when he has to work for it himself. Steppathers don't do much for a fellow except to give 'im board and clothes."

It occurred to me that if the board matched the clothes this particular stepfather could not be accused of lavishness. Marmaduke must have caught my reflection, for he hastened to add, "I've got a better suit than this one that I wear to school, but it's got to do for Sundays, too. This is plenty good enough to work in. I take care of my things; got to. Tell you what, I ain't always goin' to be poor. Some day I'll

have just as good a time as them chaps you read about in books."

With the advent of the first warm days of spring my apple-butter bugbear became active again. I do not know whether it is the nature of that conserve to resent not being eaten, or whether it is peculiarly susceptible to springtide effervescence, but I do know that the behaviour of this particular gallon and a half of apple-butter compelled me to carry it out, jar by jar, and bury it deep in a hole behind the henhouse, where, for aught I can say to the contrary, it may be fermenting still.

Scarcely, however, had the burial rites been concluded when the author of all my woes appeared with another instalment. This time he brought it, with confidence, in a glass half-gallon jar, and I heroically paid him 15 cents for it, and as soon as he was out of sight took it out and interred it beside the rest.

Within a week my apple-butter boy was back at my door. This time he was soliciting subscriptions for the *Ladies' World*.

"I'm doin' it after school," he explained, "so I don't lose any time. You pay me 10 cents cash and you get the paper for three months."

"They're all takin' it," he said, jubilantly. "It's worth the money. Here's my pencil to write your name down with."

I wrote my name and hunted the required dime out of my work-basket, and sent him on his way rejoicing.

"What sort of a publication is the *Ladies' World*? I don't remember ever to have seen a copy," remarked the head of the family when I told him about it that night at dinner.

"I have not the slightest notion," I replied. "I never heard of it before."

But I took the opportunity to question my neighbor, Mrs. Brown, on that point the next day.

"Oh, dear me! I don't know," she sighed, wearily. "Mr. Brown declares that that boy could sell me gold bricks and wooden nutmegs, and I guess he could."

I won't go as far as that, but thus far he has not tried to sell me anything and failed in the attempt.

"Marmaduke," I said to him the other day when he came up to bring me some lettuce which he proudly assured me he had "raised" in his own garden, and for which he would accept nothing in return, what are you going to do when you are through college?"

He glanced down at his bare toes. He goes barefoot out of school hours to save his shes. "I don't reckon I'll go to college," he said after a brief silence. "For a fellow that has to work it takes too much time."

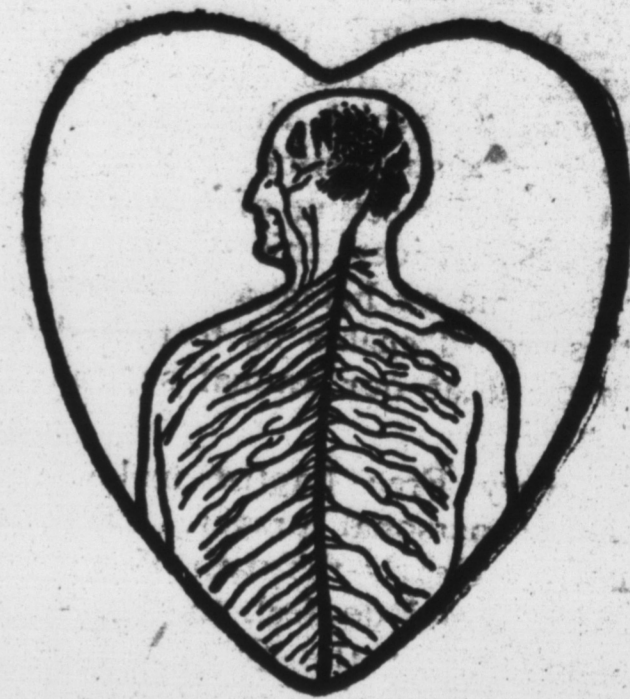
"You will certainly go to the high school?"

"Yes, I'll have time for that, I reckon. You see I ain't just made up my mind what I'm goin' to be when I grow up. I think I'd like to be like that fellow that's give us our library buildin'. I don't know how you pronounce his name; my teacher, she calls him one way and Professor Betun calls him something else. Then other times I'd rather be a railroad magnate, or Mr. J. P. Morgan, or the Standard Oil man."

I was alarmed at these purely mercenary aspirations. "Don't you ever want to be governor of Oregon, or President of the United States?" I asked.

"No; there ain't money enough in it. Why, the president has to spend all he gets makin' a show. I read about it in the papers. No president in office. I'm after the cash."

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Are a specific for all heart and nerve troubles. Here are some of the symptoms. Any one of them should be a warning for you to attend to it immediately. Don't delay. Serious breakdown of the system may follow, if you do: Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Dizziness, Palpitation of the Heart, Shortness of Breath, Rush of Blood to the Head, Smothering and Sinking Spells, Pain and Weak Spells, Spasm or Pain through the Heart; Cold, Clammy Hands and Feet. There may be many minor symptoms of heart and nerve trouble, but these are the chief ones.

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Mrs. L. Dorey, Hemford, N.S., writes us as follows:—"I was troubled with dizziness, weak spells and fluttering of the heart. I procured a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and they did me so much good that I got two more boxes, and after finishing them I was completely cured. I must say that I cannot recommend them too highly."

Really, it was appalling, such an avaricious spirit in one so young, it was clearly a duty to remonstrate.

"There are better things to work for than money," I said tritely. "It makes a man sordid and selfish to be always thinking of dollars and cents."

"Yes," he agreed, "but when you've got plenty of 'em you can stop thinkin' about 'em."

"But suppose you had as much money as Mr. Rockefeller or Mr. Morgan, what would you do with it?"

He looked at me, his big brown eyes dancing with the joy of anticipation. "I'd hunt out all the widders and the boys with stepfathers, and I'd give 'em all the good times and fine clothes and things they wanted. And I'd build a home for poor horses that's too wore out to work, and one for the dogs that nobody wants and that gets took up by the dog-killer. And—and I reckon," a note of pathos in his voice, "my mother wouldn't have to make no more apple-butter to sell if I had all that money."

I had no more to say. Marmaduke's heart is sound enough without any sermonizing. And I am glad now I bought that apple-butter.—*The Interior.*

A LITTLE AFRICAN ANIMAL

"Wouldn't you think yours was a long tongue if it was as long as your body?" asks Oliver Thorne Miller, who knows so much about animals of all kinds. "Well, odd as it seems, there is a little fellow that lives in Africa, with just such a tongue, and you cannot imagine how useful it is to him. You see, he is a dignified, slow-moving little creature, and he lives on insects and such lively game. He could never catch them, and might starve to death, if it were not that he could dart out, quick as a flash, a tongue fully as long as his body. The end of the droll weapon is sticky, and