

Trust the Children.

Trust the children. Never doubt them. Build a wall of love about them; After sowing seeds of duty, Trust them for the flowers of beauty.

Trust the children. Don't suspect them. Let your confidence direct them. At the hearth or in the wildwood Meet them on the plane of childhood.

Trust the little ones. Remember May is not like chill December, Let not words of rage or madness Check their happy notes of gladness.

Trust the children. You guide them, And, above all, re-deride them, Should they trip, or should they blunder, Let you snap love's chords asunder.

Trust the children. Let them treasure. Mother's faith in boundless measure, Father's love in them confiding; Then no secrets they'll be hiding.

Trust the children just as He did Who for "such" once sweetly pleaded, Trust and guide, but never doubt them, Build a wall of love about them.

—Ledger.

Joe's Melon Scheme.

Joe came into the little sitting room where his two sisters were sewing, and threw himself down on the lounge with a force that made the springs creak.

"O Joe! you're on the shirt I've just finished," cried Jane. "Get up—there's a good boy—and let me get it from under you!"

"Brother your old shirt," said Joe. "It won't hurt it to be crushed a little. You're always so fussy, Jane."

"But—"

"Oh, don't worry me. I've come in to tell you and Ella about a scheme I have. It's a first class one. Weren't you saying yesterday that we had more watermelons than we could ever use, and you wished there was a market near enough to send them to?"

"Yes, I did," said Jane. "It seems a pity to let them go to waste."

"Well, there's a big excursion coming up on Saturday from the city—about six hundred, I believe—and they're going to stop at Ocean Beach. Everybody knows how fond excursions are of melons, and so here's our chance."

"I don't see it exactly," said Ella.

"Then you are uncommonly stupid. What I propose to do is to ask old Mrs. Siddell to let us put the melons on sale at her store; it can't injure her trade any, as she never sells fruit, and she likes to be accommodating. Can't you go over and see her this afternoon, Jane? I'd go myself, but I promised Jack Collins to meet him at two o'clock to talk over our next baseball match."

"I am so anxious to finish my dress," said Jane, hesitatingly.

"Never mind about your dress. What does it matter when you get it done? You're not suffering for it."

"It's dreadfully warm out," said Jane, "but if you'll harness Prince for me—"

"I turned Prince out for pasture two half an hour ago," interrupted Joe. "I didn't think we'd need him again to-day."

"It wouldn't take very long to catch him."

"Just try and see," laughed Joe. "Prince isn't as dull as you think! And as for racing him around that big pasture for an hour or two, why, it's just out of the question. No, you'll have to walk, Jane; I'm awful sorry, but there's no help for it; and the sooner you start the better. And while she's gone, Ella, you count the melons. I want to know how many we can send. I'd do it myself if I weren't in such a hurry about going to Jack Collins'."

"I'll go in and tell grandma about the watermelon scheme," said Jane. "She might not like to have us settling things without asking her consent."

"Oh, she won't care," said Joe. "We planted the melons, and we've got a right to them."

"Well, anyhow, I'd better ask her," and Jane went into the adjoining bedroom, where old Grandmother Hayward was knitting. She listened in silence to the proposition to sell the melons.

"Do as you like," she said, briefly, when Jane had finished.

So Jane put on her big straw hat, and, taking an umbrella, started for Ocean Beach. The sun was very hot, and she was tired out when she reached Mrs. Siddell's little store. But she was successful in her mission, for Mrs. Siddell was quite willing to put the melons on sale.

"They'll go off like hot cakes," she said. "If the excursion trains get to coming here real often, I'm going to start to selling fruit myself. But you can have this chance, and welcome."

Jane thanked her, and started home again. There was nothing to keep her in Ocean Beach. It was a small place composed of half a dozen houses, a dilapidated summer hotel, three stores and a life-saving station. People had

just begun to find out that there was a fine beach there, and within the past three months a railroad had extended a branch to the place. There was an inland town half a dozen miles away, where Jane and Ella did all their shopping.

"You look worn out," said Ella, when her sister came in.

"I have a fearful headache," said Jane. "Did you count the melons?"

"Yes, and I have a headache, too. The sun was fearful in the melon-patch. I think we can send about one hundred."

"We'll know better than to plant so many next year," said Jane.

"You know it was Joe who made us plant so many, rejoined Ella. "He said he had never had enough melons in all his life."

"Well, if we can dispose of them, I shan't care," said Jane.

"I'll take two trips to take them all to Ocean Beach," said Ella. "The wagon won't hold more than fifty or sixty."

The next day was Friday. Joe came in to dinner fairly beaming with good nature.

"We're going to have the biggest baseball match of the season this afternoon," he said, as he sat down and helped himself generously to ham and eggs. "We're going to play the Blue Stockings at Shelby's Mill."

"But I thought you were going to pick the melons this afternoon, Joe!" cried Jane.

"Well, so I will, if I get back in time," said her brother. "If I don't, you girls will have to do it."

The girls looked aghast.

"And carry them to the wagon!" gasped Ella.

"Yes; that won't be anything to do. It'll be good exercise for you. Girls are always so afraid of a little work."

"But melons are so heavy, Joe."

"Well, what if they are? You needn't try to carry more than one at a time. But very likely I'll be back by half-past four or five. I'll do my best, of course."

He finished his dinner, donned his baseball suit, and went off whistling, the very picture of youthful vigor and happiness.

The girls sewed until half-past four. Then Jane folded up her work and covered the machine.

"We'd better go at those melons, Ella," she said.

"Yes, I suppose we had," and Ella sighed.

At seven o'clock Joe came bounding in. "Hurrah! We beat 'em!" he shouted. "Won two balls and a bat. They made only one home run. They couldn't get on to our pitcher, some-how. We're going to lay them out again next week. They say they want their revenge. Hello! Isn't supper ready yet?"

"We're going to get it now," answered Ella. "We've just come in from the melon patch. We've been working ever since half-past four, and stopped only long enough to get grandma something to eat at six."

"Been at the melons ever since half-past four?" cried Joe. "Well, I must say you took your time over it. I guess you talked more than you worked."

"We had to cut the melons and then carry them, one at a time, to the wagon and the shed," said Ella.

"My back is almost broken—I know that," said Jane.

"And I'm so stiff that I can hardly move around," added Ella.

"I'm awfully sorry," said Joe. "Of course, I'd have come home and done it all myself if I could have got away. But we had to play nine innings, and then we had a short practice game."

"Well, never mind it now," said Jane. "Only get up early in the morning, so as to get the melons to Ocean Beach by seven o'clock. The trains get in at nine."

"And you'll have to walk Prince all the way, and there'll be two loads," said Ella.

"All right. I'm willing to get up if you'll wake me. I can't wake myself; you know that."

But when at four o'clock next morning, Jane stole softly to the door of her brother's room and rapped, Joe declared he couldn't get up.

"I'm so stiff I can hardly move," he said. "I hadn't played ball for so long that yesterday's game has used me all up. I can't go to Ocean Beach, Jane. It's out of the question. You know I would if I could."

"But, Joe, the melons must go somehow."

"Well, can't you or Ella take them in? You can drive just as well as I can."

"But they have to be unloaded at the store."

"Get a boy to help you. There are always boys hanging around ready for a job. Oh, dear, how my bones ache! Tell Ella she'll have to milk Clover and Brownie this morning, and one of you must feed Prince. Oh, and Jane, tell Ella please to send my breakfast."

up, and, if she'll make me some hot waffles, I'll do as much for her some time. It seems to me that waffles would go to the right spot this morning."

Ella harnessed Prince and hitched him to the wagon, and by five o'clock poor Jane was well on the road to Ocean Beach.

When Joe was waked at half-past seven, by Ella's coming in with a tray holding his breakfast, he heard with pleasure that Jane had just left with the second load of melons.

"Jane's a regular brick!" he said, enthusiastically. "And you're another, Ella, for making such delicious waffles. Did you milk Clover and Brownie?"

"Yes, and put them in the pasture."

"It's a shame you had to do the milking; but then it's just as well, I guess, for you to learn how. I might be laid up this way any time."

It was seven o'clock in the evening before Jane reached home with the empty wagon. She looked completely worn out.

Joe, who had been lying in the hammock on the porch all day, went to open the gate for her. His stiffness was gone, and he looked in the best of spirits.

"Did you sell them all?" he asked.

"Yes, every one."

"What did you get for 'em?"

"Sixteen dollars and thirty cents."

"H'm. Seems to me you ought to have sold them for more'n that. But I suppose you did the best you could. Hand over. I'll take ten dollars at least for that summer coat I've been wanting so long. And I need a new knife and some handkerchiefs. I'll go to Shelbyville next week and buy out the town."

"But ain't you going to give Ella and me some of the money, Joe?"

"How much do you want? It's my scheme, you know."

"Well, we both need new hats awfully, and we would like to get them before the picnic next week."

"Well, hand the money over, and I'll see what I can do. I don't see what you girls want of new hats; the ones you—"

"Joe," interrupted a cracked voice from a rear window of the house, "don't touch that money. You're not to have one cent of it."

Joe let the head he had extended for the roll of bills fall at his side.

"Why, it was my scheme, Grandma. The girls would never have thought of it at all," he said, grumblingly.

"Your scheme or not, the girls did all the work, and you shan't have one cent. It's time you found out I'm not blind to your selfishness."

"But we are willing to give him one-half of it, Grandma," said Jane.

"Your willingness has nothing to do with the matter. I forbid you to give him even one copper. Divide it with Ella, and spend it as you choose. I'm not afraid of your wasting any of it; you've earned it too hard for that."

Jane got down from the wagon and went into the house and led the horse around to the stable, feeling that fate had been very unkind to him, and his grandmother very unjust. He had not imagined she had taken any interest in the melon scheme.

"And the next time I have a scheme of that sort I'll keep it to myself," he grumbled, as he put corn into the horse box. "I won't be tricked this way a second time. They can make up their minds to that."—St. Louis Presbyterian.

Two Odd Friendships.

The Philadelphia Times gives this interesting account of a canary bird: "Canary birds like company. Here is what a girl writes about her pet: 'Some time ago I purchased a canary at a bird-store. The little creature was thus accustomed to companionship of its kind. At my home it was alone. It was evidently homesick. It would not sing, it would not eat, but just drooped and pined. I talked to it, I chirped to it, and tried my best to cheer it up, but all in vain. I was on the point of returning the canary to the bird-store, when a friend said, 'Give him a piece of looking-glass.' I did so. I put a piece of broken mirror as large as my two hands outside the bird's cage and fastened it there. He hopped down from his perch almost immediately, and going up close looked in, seemingly delighted. He chirped and hopped about, singing and putting on all the pretty airs he was master of. He was not homesick at all after that. He spends much of his time before the glass, and when he goes to sleep at night he will cuddle down as close to the glass as he can, very likely thinking he is getting near to that pretty bird he sees in the mirror."

Here is another story about the friendship of animals: A blacksmith, named Thomas Thomas Rae, bought a little black-faced lamb, and put it into a field in which were a cow and a little Galloway pony. The lamb took no

notice of the cow, but soon began to show great fondness for the pony, which returned its affection, and the two friends kept constantly in each other's company. When the pony was used for riding or drawing a cart, the lamb would trot beside it, and if at any time the lamb was alarmed by people coming too near to look at it, it would run under the body of the pony, and pop out its little black face from between the forelegs, and look about it in conscious security. At night the lamb slept in the stable, and if separated from the pony would raise plaintive bleatings, which the pony answered by mournful neighings. And just as a dog leaves the society of its own kind to follow man, this little lamb forsook its own species that it might associate with its friend, for on one occasion, when the blacksmith was riding the pony, the lamb as usual trotting beside it, they passed a large flock of sheep that was being driven along the road, the lamb never heeded the sheep, but went straight through them with the pony. Another time both pony and lamb strayed into an adjoining field in which there was a flock of sheep feeding. The lamb joined them for a short time, but as soon as the blacksmith came to drive out the pony, the lamb followed without once looking back at its natural companions.

All Sorts.

The owner of a Canadian menagerie keeps caged together a lion, a tiger, a wolf and a lamb, which he labels, "the happy family." When asked confidentially how long these animals had lived together, he answered, "Ten months, but the lamb has to be renewed occasionally."

Impure blood is the cause of boils, pimples and other eruptions. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood, and cures these troubles.

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"John," exclaimed the nervous woman, "do you think there is a burglar in the house? Certainly not. Why, I haven't heard a sound all night."

"That's just what alarms me. Any burglar who wasn't foolish would keep perfectly quiet so as to not excite our suspicions. Indeed, John, I do so wish you would get up and look over the house!"

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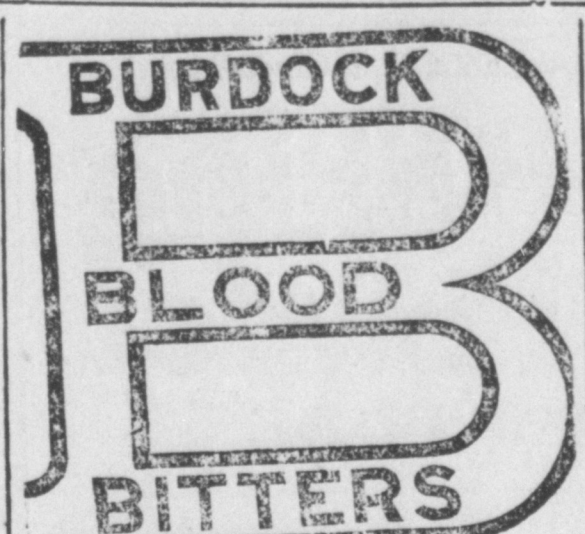
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