

'When the Green Gits Back in the Trees.'

In the spring, when the green gits back in the trees
And the sun comes out and stays,
And your boots pull on with a good tight squeeze,
And you think of your barefoot day;
When you or to work, and you want to not,
And you and your wife agrees
It's time to spade up the garden lot—
When the green gits back in the trees—
Well, work is the least of all my ideas
When the green, you know, gits back in the trees.

When the green gits back in the trees, and bees
Is a-buzzin' aroun' again,
In that kind o' lazy "go-as-you-please"
Old gait they hum run' in!
When the ground's all bald where the hay-rick stood,
And the creek's rize, and the breeze
Coaxes the bloom in the old dogwood,
And the green gits back in the trees—
I like, as I say, in such scenes as these,
The time when the green gits back in the trees.

When the whole tail feathers o' winter time
Is pulled out and gone,
And the sap it shaws and begins to climb,
And the sweat it star's out on
A feller's forehead, a-gittin' down
At the old spring on his knees—
I kind o' like jes' to loaf in 'roun'
When the green gits back in the trees—
Jes' a-potterin' 'roun' as I do—please—
When the green, you know, gits in the trees.

— James Whitcomb Riley.

Billy's Shoes.

'It's meself'll be watchin' the chicken house to night,' said Billy Murphy to his mother and brothers as they gathered about the kitchen fire on the evening of October 31.

'What for?' asked his mother.
'Wasn't it last Hallowe'en night they took away a lot of my best chickens, and I was a week huntin' before I found the first wan of 'em'?

'Sure enough, Billy, it was.'
'And I'm goin' to sit out there to-night, and it's a big stick I'll be havin'; and any one that comes about'll be gettin' it on their heads without any-body's sayin'. 'Be yer lave.'

'It's hurt ye'll be gittin' Billy,' said his mother, anxiously.
'Not I. It's the other fellows'll be the wans that'll be hurt, mother. You'll see.'

'I'll help,' said Billy's brother Mike. 'I'll be watchin' wid you, Billy.'
'No, you'll be in the house and in your bed; and, if you hear me singin' out, it's out you'll be, runnin' and hollerin'.'

Mike growled in an undertone at Billy, keeping all the fun for himself, inwardly resolving not to remove a rag of his clothing when he went to bed, hoping with all his might that the chicken thieves would come.

Billy began his watch early; for, if the Hallowe'en sports should come, they might come at any time. Arming himself with a heavy stick, he sat down at the corner of the chicken-house which was nearest the kitchen window. Its feeble light was comforting to him, and Billy sorely needed something to lighten the burden on his spirits as he waited in the chill and darkness of the autumn evening.

Billy never deliberately set himself to the cultivation of gloomy thought. Added to the fact of rarely having time for it, it never occurred to him that he was having a pretty hard life of it, his mother being a widow with several small children. But just now anxiety bore rather heavily upon him. Winter was coming on, and he could not see his way clearly to the getting of comforts for himself and the others. His mother worked her best, and he and Mike did their best, but there was always a spot where the two ends of necessity would not meet. Poor Billy beat his brain in vain.

'If I wear a straw hat all winter, that'll be somethin' to go toward me shoes. If I don't get any shoes, Mike can have a coat. If Mike has a coat, he can do without a flannel shirt; and thin Pat can have a pair of mittens. If Pat has a pair of mittens—whist, now!'

Billy held his breath as stealthy footsteps drew near.

'I'm going down to the village for my new shoes,' said Ed Crofts to his friend Dick Martin. 'Will you go with me?'

'I want to get in a few Hallowe'en jokes to-night.'

'Oh, so do I! But I'm going early. The fun to come later.'

'I'll go then.'

The two started on their walk of about half a mile, as Ed lived a short distance out of the small village. The modest home of Billy Murphy lay about half-way between near the edge of the village. The day had been cloudy, and the night closed in very dark.

'All the better for our pranks,' declared Ed.

The shoes were secured, and the boys were again passing Billy Murphy's.

'Let's begin here,' proposed Ed.

'How?' asked Dick. 'It's no good to try to carry away gates, for they're all tumbling to pieces. It's no good to put a board over their chimney; for they have mighty little fire, poor things. We might throw a few beans, but we haven't any with us yet.'

'Stop,' whispered Ed. 'See! they haven't gone to bed yet, by that little glimmer of light. Look here!'

'Ugh! you make me shiver,' said Dick.
Ed ha' quickly taken some phosphorus from his pocket, and rubbed it over his face, giving it a ghastly and sepulchral look.

'Here,' he said, rub some on yours. Come on. We'll just take a peep in at those uncurtained windows. Quiet now!'

Quietly they crept, but the quiet was not to last long. With the first sound of a step, Billy had arisen in his wrath, and poised himself, with his weapon held high in the air.

'Begone, ye thievin' rascals!'

With the next moment the fearful, luminous faces glared in front of him; and for the length of one short breath Billy's brave heart quailed. But with the next his courage returned. He would not yield his chickens even to the powers of darkness.

Down over one of the glowing faces came Billy's stick, and one blow followed another, thick and fast. With the first sound Mike had dashed out with howls fully equal to Billy's own. But there was little for him to do. The night marauders had melted into the darkness as suddenly as they had appeared.

'What's this?' Mike held up something he had stumbled over—a parcel wrapped in brown paper.

'And this?' said Billy. 'Oh, it's a hat! and a good one.'

'Wid the mark of your stick on the felt, Billy.'

The parcel examined in the house proved to be a pair of stout, made-to-order shoes.

'Just your fit, Billy!' exclaimed Mike, executing a wild dance about the room. Billy drew a long breath.

'It's none of mine they are,' he said. With the earliest dawn Billy was out, to find his chicken house undisturbed. A pair of mittens, the ones which Ed had slipped off in order to handle his phosphorus, lay near where the shoes had been dropped.

'Ah-h-h! The scamps left them, too.'

'An' how are we goin' to find out who they'll all be belongin' to?' asked his mother, as he carried them into the house.

Billy pondered the matter, then laid his perplexity before the editor of the village paper, a man who had often shown kindness to the boy to whom life was proving such a struggle. In the next issue of the paper appeared the following notice:—

The people who left the shoes, hat, and mittens at the Widow Murphy's chicken-house the other night are requested to call for their property.

It is needless to say there was no call. At the end of a couple of weeks Billy looked over the articles, saying to his mother,—

'Mr. Ray says they're mine by the right o' findin' 'em and no one claimin' 'em.'

And that was how it came about that Billy wore all winter a better pair of shoes than ever in his life before, and also a better hat; that Pat had a good warm pair of mittens; that Mike had his coat, and among them all they managed to squeeze out a flannel shirt for him also.—Sydney Dayre, in the Advance.

Thomas, Junior.

A strange thing had come to pass in the life of Thomas Blades, Jr. He had commenced to think, and, I assure you, it was an entirely new experience to him. His thinking was occasioned by overhearing the prayer of his mother, as she went to her bed in the next room to his. I think it was the first time he had ever heard her pray, for he was usually out of the house, at school, or fishing, or playing ball, except when at meals or asleep. It may be, too, that Mrs. Blades did not often pray, though I think she did. Most mothers do, in one way or another.

Her prayer on this occasion was a very simple one. It was the burden of an anxious heart and an overworked frame. 'O God, hear the prayer of the weak and send me help lest I die, and then what will become of my Tommy, my George, and my baby Nell?'

Then it was that Thomas began to think, and while he was thinking he thought of a great many things he had not thought of before. He remembered how pale his mother usually was now. She was not so before his father went away 'back East' to find work. Then came the news of his death by an accident; and soon they moved, and the next spring the flood carried off the little California home where they had lived so long. His mother had never seemed 'he same since.'

Tommy remembered, too, that he very much disliked to bring in water and wood, to run on errands, and to make himself generally useful. He had even boasted the day before at school that he 'usually forgot to work.' Whereupon several of the boys had laughed, but one had been man enough to say: 'Why, I always try to help my mother all I can.' And another, the biggest, strongest, bravest boy in school, and Tommy's special admiration, had said: 'I should be ashamed to have my mother looking as tired and worn as yours does, Thomas Blades.'

Tommy's thinking occurred at night. It was followed by a good resolution, which commenced to take effect the next morning. It got Tommy up early—early enough to build the fire and bring in wood and water for the day. It even led him to suggest ways in which his mother's work might be made lighter.

'If I were you, mother,' he said, 'I wouldn't make pies to-day.'

Tommy said it somewhat sheepishly, I fear, for it was very new work for him to be thoughtful for any one except Thomas Blades, Jr.

'Why, Tommy,' replied his mother, 'I thought you wanted pie, and I promised it to you to-day.'

'Yes, I know,' answered Tommy quickly; 'but I didn't think anything about the work of it yesterday. If you will wait until to-morrow, I'll pare the apples and stone the raisins to-night, and it will be lots of fun.' Then Tommy added to himself as he went on to school: 'I used to hate all such things, but mother brightened up so and looked so really pretty that I rather like it all.'

Under the working of Tommy's new resolve Mrs. Blades soon regained something of her former health, and the careworn look gradually left her face. Tommy sometimes had what he called 'a relapse,' or a 'spell of didn't think,' but after a time thoughtfulness became a habit with him.

On Saturday he had an especially strong temptation to go fishing, despite the big washing which he knew his mother had for that day.

'Guess 'twon't hurt her just once,' he said to himself. The other boys go. Then he remembered the prayer he had once heard her offer, and the one he had himself offered only the night before: 'Please, God, let my mother live a long time, and help me always to be a comfort to her.'

So he staid at home, and he had his reward. They had a merry time, and Tommy thought he had never seen his mother look so happy since his father went away. But this was not all of his reward. As they returned to the porch, after hanging out the last basket of clothes, they were startled by quick, bounding steps, and a tall, bearded man stood before them.

'Mary! he exclaimed.

'Thomas!' she answered.

It was Tommy's father. He soon told his story.

'I was not killed by the accident, and I did not know that such a report had reached you until I was nearly home. It was a heavy blow to me to find no trace of you, even the little home being swept away. The idea seemed prevalent in the neighborhood that my entire family was carried away by the flood. It was so stated in the newspapers; but one woman was positive that she saw you moving out on the day before the flood and it was on the strength of this hope that I have sought you far and near. Last week I found work on a ranch, thinking my earnings in a short time would enable me to go on with the search. On my way to the ranch, by what would seem the merest accident, I saw you here. You haven't changed a particle, but see how old I have grown.'

'Yes, you have grown old, but you haven't had the comfort of the children as I have. A few weeks ago I believe you wouldn't have known me, but would have passed me by as a stranger.' Thomas, Jr., after the first excitement of seeing his father, had swung himself up to his favorite seat in the pepper tree, but every word of the conversation came to him distinctly. His heart sank when he realized how nearly his father had missed them after even so long a search. Then his eyes brightened when his mother's next words reminded him of his own share in making the search a success.

'Yes,' she added, 'you would have gone by and been none the wiser had not Tommy taken me in hand of late. He has helped me so cheerfully that I could not but grow young again.'

'Our Tommy? Blessings on the little man!' exclaimed Tommy's father. Whereupon Thomas, Jr., fell out of the tree, so great was his happiness.—Can Baptist.

The Boy on the Farm.

'It is my impression,' says Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, 'that a farm without a boy would soon come to grief. What a boy does is the life of

the farm. He is the factotum always in demand, and always expected to do the thousand and one things that nobody else will do. Upon him fall the odds and ends, and most difficult things. After everybody else is through he is to finish up. His work is like a woman's—perpetual waiting on others. Everybody knows how much easier it is to cook a good meal than to wash the dishes afterward.'

'Consider what a boy on a farm is required to do—things that must be done or life would actually stop. It is understood, in the first place, that he is to do all the errands, to go to the store, to the post office, and to carry all sorts of messages. If he had as many legs as a centipede, they would tire before night.'

'He is the one who spreads the grass as the men cut it; he stows it away in the barn; he rides the horse to cultivate the corn up and down the hot, weary rows; he brings wood and water, and splits kindling; he gets up the horse and turns out the horse. Whether he is in the house or out, there is always something to do. Just before school in the winter he shovels paths; and in summer he turns the grinds one. And yet, with his mind full of schemes of what he would like to do, and his hands full of occupation, he is an idle boy who has nothing to busy himself with but school and chores, he thinks; and yet I doubt if any boy ever amounted to anything in the world, or was of much use as a man, who did not enjoy the advantage of liberal education in the way of chore.'

A Mistake.

A mistake is found in thinking that our access to God is dependent upon some grand caprice of his favor. We picture the divine being to ourselves somewhat as Esther pictured Ahasuerus, when she was going into his presence to plead for royal relief to her endangered people. We seem to suppose there is extreme risk in approaching him. If he shall extend the golden scepter, we are safe; but the chances are that he may not. And so, in the heroism of a fine devotion, we say: 'If we perish, we perish.' But Esther seemed to have forgotten that on her finger at that moment was a ring which proved she was the wife of the man she was so much afraid of. And the great God is represented in the Scriptures as bending over a re-deemed soul, and saying: 'Turn again, for I am married unto you.'

'But now, in Christ Jesus, ye who sometime were afar off are made nigh by the blood of Christ. For he is our peace who hath made both one, and hath broken down the middle wall of partition between us.'—[Chas. S. Robin son, D. D., in Cumberland Presbyterian.]

Helping One Another.

The basket of blocks was on the ground, and three rather cross little faces looked down at it.

'It's too heavy for me,' said Jimmy.

'Well, you're big as I am, 'cause we're twins,' said Nellie.

'I won't carry it!' said the little cousin with a pout.

Mamma looked from her open window, and saw the trouble.

'One day I saw a picture of three little birds,' she said. 'They wanted a long stick carried somewhere, but it was too large for any one of them to carry. What do you think they did?'

'We don't know,' said the twins.

'They all took hold of it together,' said mamma, 'and then they could fly with it.'

The children laughed and looked at each other; then they all took hold of the basket together, and found it was very easy to carry.

'The way to do all things in this world,' said mamma, 'is for every one to help a little. No one can do them all, but every one can help.'—Christian Leader.

All Sorts.

Mother (angrily)—Ethel, if you don't sit still I'll punish you. Why can't you be patient? Ethel—'Cause I 'spects it's just as hard for me to be patient, mamma, as it is for you.

Spring humors, boils, pimples, eruptions, sores, may be completely cured by purifying the blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

What more should women want? he asked; is not the world at her feet now?

Of course it is, replied the sharp-nosed girl. You do not expect her to walk on her hands, do you?

A Bismarck schoolma'am, who had been telling the story of David, ended it with: And all this happened over 3,000 years ago. A little cherub, his blue eyes wide open with wonder, said, after a moment's thought, Oh, my, what a memory you've got!

Two Odd Ones.—Here's the oddest epitaph of the season. It is from a Kentucky cemetery: 'Peace to ashes for he is in ashes long ago if he got his jest punishment. Though he might be too tough to burn.' Not to be outclassed by the above, Clinch County, this State, furnishes this one: He's gone toward the hills of Zion—Abram Ephraim Crowder; The Devil came like a roarin' line, But he died a-roarin' louder!

An Ontario exchange relates this anecdote: 'Many years ago says the Bishop of Manitoba, I was holding a service near an Indian village camp. My things were scattered about in a lodge, and when I was going out I asked the chief if it was safe to leave them there while I went to the village to hold a service. 'Yes,' he said, 'perfectly safe. There is not a white man within a hundred miles.'

She Was Scared.

A little Boston girl only three years old, who had had no experience in the matter of broken limbs beyond that afforded by the casualties in her family of dolls, had the misfortune to fall and break her own arm, and as soon as she discovered what had happened to her, she cried out:

'O mamma, will it drop off?'

'No, darling,' the mother answered, 'I will hold it so that it will not hurt you till the doctor comes, and he will fix it all right.'

'Well, mamma,' the little one said, pressing her lips together, and trying to be brave, 'do hold on tight, so that the sawdust won't run out.'—Youth's Companion.

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