

Do You S'pose?

Do you s'pose little flies, with their thousand eyes,
When their mamma is busy with tea,
Ever climb on the chairs, and get in her way,
And cry, 'Lem me see, lem me see!'

Do you s'pose little fish, when their mamma's wish
To take a short nap—just a wink—
Ever pounce on the door with their soft little fins,
And whimper, 'P'ease gimme a d'ink!'

Do you s'pose little quails, as they creep through the rails
And into the weeds where they stey,
Ever ask mamma dear, when head aches so hard,
'But why can't I whittle to-day?'

Do you s'pose little bees, as they hum in the trees,
And find where the honey-sweets lurk,
Ever ask of their papa, who's busy near by,
'I know—but what for must I work!'

Do you s'pose, do you s'pose that any one knows
Of a small boy who might think a while of all this and more? You do? So I thought—
And now let us see if he'll smile!

The Commander.

'I speak to be captain!' cried Luke Edwards, just as soon as he put his head round the corner of the barn where the other boys were already assembled.

'Well, you won't be!' retorted Tommy Green, indignantly. 'Twasn't fair coming on us that way. You're always doing things when we ain't ready, to get ahead. You didn't think of the company. Willie Jackson spoke of it first, and asked us to meet here; and this is his barn, we're to train on his land, and, of course, he ought to have the first chance.'

'Then he ought to have spoke first,' mocked Luke. 'He didn't, so I'm captain.'

'But you don't know so much 'bout training,' expostulated Tommy, almost less vehemently. 'Willie's brother's a soldier, and he understands things, and—and is int'rested.'

'Well I guess I can walk on ahead and give orders and wave my sword, can't I?' demanded Luke, aggressively. 'That's what a captain's for. And then I'm the biggest, and I spoke first.'

'Oh, let him be captain, if he wants to,' interposed Willie, generously. 'What's the odds?'

'But he can't do it as well as you,' 'He can learn,' smiled Willie. 'That's what I'm trying to do. If I find out anything he don't know, I can show him.'

So, in spite of a general feeling of discontent, Luke became captain, and walked on ahead and waved his sword, and called out sharp and contradictory commands, which the twenty boys tried to follow, because Willie assured them that a soldier's first duty was to obey. But, as to accepting Willie's advice, that was something Luke would not do: it was a reflection on his dignity as captain to receive advice from the ranks. And, more than that, he insisted on pulling his brother in lieutenant and his two cousins—second lieutenant and sergeant; and, to keep the peace, Willie persuaded his companions to accept the situation.

Thus it went on until along in October, when the town was thrown into sudden excitement by the unexpected arrival of an old resident who had gone away, and in twenty years had risen to be a famous general. Of course there was a hurriedly arranged parade, in which the prominent men and the band and the school-children took part, and in which—to their consternation and delight—the Invincibles were asked to join. They were at the very end of the parade; and when they came opposite the piazza of the little hotel, the spectators were astonished to see the general suddenly leave his chair and approach them.

'Very good,—very good, indeed,' he commanded. 'It makes me think of a little company that I commanded on this very street some forty years ago. But I have a proposition to make, boys, that I hope you'll agree to.'

'We will,' they cried in chorus. 'Wait till I get through,' genially. 'There are some defects in your maneuvering which I noticed, and would like to remedy. If you will let me reorganize the company, I will give you a full outfit of caps and belts and wooden guns, and swords for the officers. Do you agree?'

'Yes! yes! yes!' cried the boys. 'Good! Now go through all your movements carefully. I want to study each man.'

At the end of twenty minutes he held up his hand.

'That will do!' he called. 'The boy with the brown cap will step from the line. He will be your captain.'

The boy with the brown cap was Willie Jackson.

'Now that boy in the baseball suit, and the one with the red tie, and the one who carries a broom-handle,—

they will be your first and second lieutenant and sergeant.'

The boy in the baseball suit was Tommy Green. The others were two who had closely followed Willie's advice to obey orders. Luke Edwards stared at the general incredulously.

'But what'll I be?' he demanded.

'Oh, you will have to go back into the ranks, my boy,' the general smiled.

'It will be for your own good. No one can command until he learns how.'

Frank H. Sweet, in Youth's Companion.

The Spoiled Picture.

BY EVA KINNEY MILLER.

The Lloyd family had decided to have a family picture taken. All the family relations were to gather in the front yard at grandma and grandpa's home at four o'clock on a certain day, and the artist was going to take their pictures all together.

Kittie Lloyd was very much delighted, and asked her mother a great many questions about it.

'Am I to be in it, mama?'

'Yes, dear, all the family.'

And Baby Ruth, too?

'Yes, all the children and grand-

children.'

'O mama! can't I have my dog

Sandy in it, too? I think, if you have

Baby Ruth, I ought to have Sandy.'

'Well, you ask papa to-night.'

When Kittie's papa came home that

night, the first thing he heard, when

his little girl came to meet him, was:

'O papa! may I have Sandy in the

picture with me? Mama's going to

have Baby Ruth.'

'I'm afraid you'll spoil the picture,'

responded Mr. Lloyd, 'and Sandy is

worse yet. You see, we shall all have

to keep very still to have our pictures

taken, and I am afraid neither you nor

Sandy can do that.'

'Oh yes, we can!' assured Kittie;

'I'll teach Sandy.'

Every day after that Kittie gave

Sandy some lessons in standing still.

The appointed day came at last, and

Mr. Lloyd got out the big carriage, and

took them all over to grandpa's, where

there was a large gathering of aunts,

uncles, and cousins, who were to be in

the picture. Sandy was allowed to go

along, and Kittie was delighted.

At last the artist came in a newly

painted wagon with a big, long word

on the outside, which Kittie, after a

good deal of spelling, learned was

'photographs.' It was very interest-

ing to watch the artist take out his

camera, and set it up on a little frame,

and peep through it with a black cloth

over his head. When his machine was

ready, he called the people together on

the front porch, and, with grandma

and grandpa in the center, the tall

ones in the back, and the short ones in

the front, the people were arranged,

and made ready for the picture.

Kittie had a place in the very front of

the picture with Sandy by her side,

who was to sit up on his hind legs.

'Now, Kittie,' said mama, you must

keep perfectly still, and not move, or

you will spoil the picture. When the

artist says 'Ready,' you must not even

wink till he's through.'

Kittie stood up very straight, and

looked just where the artist had told

her to look.

'All ready!' said the artist. 'Now.'

Kittie looked around awfully quick

to see if Sandy was sitting up all right,

and just then the artist took the

picture.

'Why, mama, is it over?' asked

Kittie, as they all began to move

around and talk.

'Yes, Kittie,' answered mama, 'it's

all over now, and you can run about

and play.'

The next day the proof of the picture

was brought to Mr. Lloyd, and he

showed it to Kittie. There was grand-

ma and grandpa sitting up in the

center, looking as calm and placid as

ever. There was mama and Baby

Ruth as plain as could be, and Sandy

sitting up as straight as a dog could;

but in the place where Kittie's face

ought to be, there was the back of a

curly head and a hair.

'You moved,' said papa gravely,

'and you spoiled the picture.'

Kittie burst into tears.

'I only looked around to see if

Sandy was quiet,' she sobbed, 'and

then I was all over. I didn't think

the man would be so quick.'

When the picture was shown to the

other relatives, they decided that it

was so good of grandma and grandpa

that it must be kept. So a short time

after, Mr. Lloyd brought home the

picture all finished and framed and

hung it up in the parlor. Kittie

cried bitterly and begged him not to

hang it up, but papa said he must.

Then mama took her little girl into

the parlor, and talked to her.

'The picture is spoiled, dear, be-

cause you did not do as I told you at

once. I told you to keep perfectly

still when the man said 'All ready,'

but you wanted to look around first

and see what Sandy was doing. Now

I want you to come and look at the

spoiled picture very often, and always

remember that it got spoiled because

you did not obey promptly.'

Kittie tried hard to remember the

lesson, and, when she forgot to mind

promptly her mama would often say:

'Take care, Kittie, you are spoiling

your picture now,' and then Kittie

would smile into her mother's face,

and hasten to do as she was told.—S.

S. Times.

Looking Ahead.

A certain boy of fifteen secured a position in a mill. It was a good position for a boy. He got four dollars a week as a 'piecer.' There was a fair chance that if he were diligent he would soon earn six dollars a week as a 'head-tender.'

He swelled with pride when he remembered that many men with families earned little more wages than would soon be his, a boy of fifteen or sixteen years. So when he was given an opportunity to learn a desirable trade, beginning at wages of two dollars and a half a week, he scorned the offer. He would not sacrifice a six-dollar-a-week position for one of less than half that sum; not he!

But in a few years, after the boy of fifteen had become eighteen or nineteen years of age, six dollars a week proved to be small wages—entirely too small for his needs. But there was nothing better ahead of him in the mill, and he had no marketable abilities to offer elsewhere. Had he accepted the apprenticeship offered him he would have become in four years a skilled mechanic, earning twice or three times six dollars a week, and with abilities which would make him self-reliant and independent.

When too late the boy saw his wasted opportunity. He had made the mistake that most boys are apt to make; he had not looked ahead. His plans had been only for the present day. He had sacrificed future prosperity for present profit, and his shortsightedness had wrecked his life.

It is appalling to think how many young lives have made shipwreck on this same rock of shortsightedness, comments William T. Ellis, in Sabbath-School Visitor, after relating the above incident. It is hard for young folks to realize that the value of youth is not in its present accomplishments so much as in its equipment for the future. Youth is a training time. We are not expected to accomplish our lifework in youth, but we are expected to spend it in getting ready for the years of maturity which are fast hastening toward us.

There is another boy who is making the same mistake as the boy in the mill. At considerable sacrifice on the part of his family, he is being sent to college. The home folks pinch and save and suffer that the son may get a college education. But for his part he thinks college is a place for having fun. He does not believe in digging away all the time at dry old books, so he lets his pleasures take precedence of his books. 'I'll be young only once,' he airily declares, and so the time that should be spent in his studies he devotes to frolicking with equally foolish classmates.

Do you not see how the boy is wasting a priceless opportunity, besides doing a grave injustice to his family? All his life he will suffer for this neglect of his studies—even if his friends consider it worth while to let him continue at college.

The athlete, the skilled workman, the soldier, the professional man—almost everybody, except the average boy, realizes the value of training. Everything depends upon the way one's preparation period is passed. The importance of getting ready cannot be over-emphasized. A boy does nothing in all his life of graver moment than simply to get ready. Wise indeed is that boy who keeps his eye on the future and lives to-day in the way that will make him the ablest and happiest man twenty years hence.—The Presbyterian.

A Dog's Peace Offering.

Laddie is a Scotch collie, and belongs to our nearest neighbor. He is a very bright fellow, and we should have been friends, but for Laddie's ungovernable antipathy for cats. We have a big yellow tiger cat, which through an accident has become crippled. He spends most of his days lying in the sunshine near the door, and the longest journey that he ever undertakes is a hobble to and from a near-by deserted barn.

There was scarcely a day of the beautiful Summer when Laddie did not fall into disgrace by worrying Jim. It was a never-ending amusement to him to corner the plucky old cat. After we had used every means in our power to convert the handsome rogue, we were obliged to forbid him the yard. He seemed to realize he was in

disgrace, and followed us about the streets in the most abject humility.

At last the Winter came, and with it one of the worst blizzards we had ever known—and Jim was missing. For four days we called and dug and hunted. It must be that Laddie had killed him. As if to confirm our suspicions, Laddie became even more desirous than usual to attract our attention. At last, at the close of the fifth day, we heard a whining and scratching at the front door. We opened it, and there stood Laddie with our Jim in his mouth—Jim, very angry and frightened, and half frozen.

The next day we found that the dog must have seen Jim go under a woodshed, some distance away, where he was literally snowed in. After trying in vain to get our attention, he had dug Jim out through a drift six feet high, and brought him to us in triumph, an unwilling and unthankful peace offering. Of course we forgave Laddie for his former misbehavior, and we never had any more trouble with him for worrying Jim. Laddie is one of our most welcome guests, but it seems to be a matter of sorrow to his canine heart that Jim still treats him with suspicion, and, at best, with a forced politeness.—Our Animal Friends.

Helpful Knowledge in the Home.

We do not think seriously enough of the best method of treatment should any of our loved ones be taken suddenly ill; then we are all unstrung, nervous, and too much frightened to help the sufferer. If we would study calmly about each event when all is well, then we could be of real service. To have a medicine chest, with a measuring-glass marked how much to give, and then keep the chest equipped fully with every need, it would be of the greatest comfort. To be prepared for emergencies (if you live miles away from a physician) is one's duty. A life might be saved by prompt help in a severe case of sudden illness. No every one has a doctor around the corner, hence the necessity of informing ourselves in regard to antidotes for poison, etc.

Mustard and salt-water, with a little soda added, or an active emetic, may be given in cases of emergency, so as to produce vomiting, and eject any poison from the stomach. Nothing is more alarming than to have a case of accidental poisoning. For poisons from alkalies, lead, or mushrooms, use oil and vinegar. It should be given freely. For external poisons, such as poison ivy or plant poison, bathe the affected parts with a strong solution of borax-water and apply a poultice of tansy leaves, moistened with sweet cream, and keep the system in good condition by taking some cooling, simple medicine.

In cases where the cause is not known it will be found safe to give an emetic, followed by a stimulant in sweet milk.

Evolution of a Lemon.

Chapter I—'What is your name, little boy?' asked the teacher.

'Johnny Lemon,' answered the boy. And it was so recorded on the roll.

Chapter II—'What is your name?' the high school teacher inquired.

'John Dennis Lemon,' replied the big boy. Which was duly entered.

Chapter III—'Your name, sir,' said the college dignitary.

'J. Dennison Lemon,' responded the young man who was about to enroll himself as a student. Inscribed in accordance therewith.

Chapter IV—'May I ask your name?' queried the society editor of 'The Daily Bread.'

'Jean D'Ensiore Le Mon,' replied the swell personage in the opera box. And it was duly jotted down.—Chicago Tribune.

Allow your children, as they grow older, to have opinions of their own. Make them individuals, and not mere echoes.

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