

Our Boys and Girls.

BABY'S EYES.

What shall I do with my baby's eyes—
With my baby's eyes so blue?
Teach them to see God's wonderful
gifts
In the world that baby goes through.
Teach them to see when a word would
hurt,
To see when a look would cheer;
To be loving eyes, and then I know
They will ever be bright and clear.

What shall I do with my baby's hands,
Hands so tiny and small?
Teach them to take, to hold, to give,
To be ready for one and all.
Ready to take their share of the load,
And work with a willing heart;
To be loving hands, and then I know
They will always do their part.

But what shall I do with my baby's
heart,
The greatest of mother's care?
I'll try to make it a loving heart,
And then I know 'twill be fair.
A heart that will weep with those who
weep,
And smile with those who smile;
If I only make a loving child,
'Twill be surely worth my while.

—Author Unknown.

ELSIE'S CHRISTMAS MONEY.

BY ELIZABETH PRICE.

"Papa, can I have some money? I want to buy my Christmas gifts to-day," said pretty Bertha Burris as her father put on his overcoat after breakfast.

Mr. Burris hesitated. "I thought I had given you your allowance for this month, my dear."

"So you did, papa; but I spent that long ago. I supposed, of course, I should have some extra money for Christmas. You gave us some last year," said Bertha, with an injured air.

"It was much easier for me to do so last year than this, daughter. However, what must be, must. Here is all I can spare—make it go as far as possible, for I am under heavy expense, you know," and Mr. Burris left the room looking worried.

Bertha frowned. "Only five dollars, and I have such hosts of things to buy. Why, the gift I had planned to buy for papa would cost this much. He isn't near as generous as he used to be. I'm just going to tease till he gives me more."

"Bertha, I wouldn't worry papa. The other children must be supplied, and my own share is yet to come. You should have saved part of your allowance, or even all of it, this month," and Mrs. Burris hurried away to interview the cook.

Bertha, still pouting, put the bill in her purse. "It's hardly worth while to go down town with this," she said to Aunt Agnes, who was busy among the plants in the sunny south window. "Auntie, you are a good hand at planning. Do tell me how to make five dollars do the work of fifteen."

"I can't do that," replied Aunt Agnes quietly, "but before you make out your list I'd like to tell you a little story. Once upon a time I knew a little girl two or three years younger than you are now. Her father was a hard-working man, and made a comfortable living for his flock of boys and girls, but there was

little left over for luxuries, and the summer Elsie was twelve Mr. Weller was sick for a month, and, of course, his finances were not improved by the added expenses that illness always entails.

"Mrs. Weller was an old and dear friend of mine, and I spent the month of December with her that year. The day after my arrival Elsie's father gave her one dollar, saying: 'That is for you to buy some little things for the children's Christmas. Father wishes it was more, dear, but that is the best I can do.' 'It's plenty, father, and thank you ever so much,' said Elsie, kissing him. After he had gone she stood looking at the bill with tears in her eyes. 'He is so good to me,' she said, 'and I know he and mother need this themselves. I hate to take it. I wish there was something I could do to help.' She was very quiet as she cleared the breakfast table, and I let her alone, feeling sure she was busy planning how to spend her money."

"That afternoon she went out awhile, and when she came home her face was glowing. 'Miss Agnes, I've got the loveliest secret! I'll have to tell mother because I couldn't do it without her finding it out, but the children and father mustn't know for the world. You see I can crochet real nice mittens. I made those the boys are wearing to school, and I went to see Mrs. Thayer, and she said she'd be glad to pay me twenty-five cents a pair and furnish the wool."

"That dollar was wonderfully elastic, for it bought something for every one of us. Marbles for the brothers, which were placed in gorgeous bags of Elsie's own making. A cunning set of pewter dishes for the little sister, hair ribbons for the older girls, materials for beautiful book-marks for her mother and me, which she worked neatly on the perforated cardboard then much used, and mounted on ribbon. Those we didn't see till Christmas day. I have mine yet in my Bible. Then there was a gay bandana handkerchief for the old wood-sawyer, and a tiny bottle of cologne for the washerwoman, who loved nothing so well."

"After we had inspected her purchases and passed judgment on them, her mother said, 'I don't see anything for father, Elsie. Did you forget him?' 'No, indeed, mamma,' but I want to keep his present a secret even from you. May I?' Of course Mrs. Weller consented, but we both felt a little curious, and on Christmas we found out about it. In an envelope addressed to her father was the crisp bill Mrs. Thayer had paid her, with a note that Mr. Weller showed us afterward. 'Dear father,' it said, 'I didn't need but one dollar, so I spent the one you gave me, and saved this for you. I earned it all alone, and I want you to take it and use it every bit for your own dear self. Merry, merry Christmas! From Elsie.'

"That is all, unless I add that I never saw a family have a happier day, though I've seen a great many whose gifts were more numerous and costly."

Bertha sat silent and thoughtful for a while as auntie went on with her work. Presently she looked up brightly. "It's 'taken,' auntie, as Bert said about his vaccination. Thank you for your little story. I'm afraid I don't compare very favorably with Elsie, for it's so hard for me to be unselfish. It's too late for me to earn money even if I knew how, which I don't, but I won't ask papa for any more money, and I will try to let him see that I do love him and appreciate his kindness."

And she did, for the three plain

linen handkerchiefs, neatly hemstitched by girlish fingers and labelled, "For my dear papa, with Bertha's best love," were more precious to the recipient than any ready-made gift the entire five dollars could have purchased.—S. S. Times.



A TRUE STORY ABOUT QUAILS.

One evening the children—Rovene and her little guest, Walter—were playing croquet, when all at once Rovene called out: "O-o-h, l-o-o-k here!"

Walter ran and then there were more "oh's," and said: "Let's show mamma."

Rovene tenderly lifted the object and ran screaming. "Mamma, mamma, auntie, look! here's the tiniest little chickie you ever saw."

"Why, it is a young quail! Where did you get it?"

Rovene told her on the croquet ground and the ball almost ran over it, and talked so fast that Walter could not get in a word, so he just jumped up and down while she was telling it, but at last he got to gasp: "It's about as big as a number sixty spool of thread."

Auntie coddled it to her face, saying: "Poor little thing. Where can its mother be. It must be lost. What shall we do with it?"

"Keep it, keep it."

So they got a little box and made a cozy nest and tried to feed it, but it only cried all the time. The children were so distressed at its piteous peeping, and did all they could to comfort it, but in vain. So auntie and mamma said: "Let us take it out to the old orchard where the grass is tall, and maybe we can find the mother bird and the rest of the brood."

So they went through the new orchard and climbed the high rail fence, then looked all about and listened. They could hear many young quails peeping in all directions, and as they walked a few steps farther there came another tiny quail running right to Rovene. She took it up amid screams and shouts and petted and loved it. While they could hear others they could not find them, although they hunted a long time, and auntie said: "Something has happened to the mother. Poor little things, they will starve." And they went back to the house very sorrowful. After a while Rovene said: "Oh, let's take them over to show Eva. She's got a pet lamb, but we will have pet quails."

Mamma and auntie said they might go; so they ran, talking and laughing gleefully. They had so much to tell Eva, who was quite astonished.

After they had looked at the quails and told it over and over how they got them, Eva said: "Let's take them out to Chum, and see what she will do."

Chum was a bantam hen with a brood of six young chickens, snugly housed for the night. They set the little quails before her. She stretched her neck and looked a moment, then deliberately reached out her bill and tucked each one under her, all the time clucking in a motherly way. How the children did scream with laughter!

The little birds at once ceased their crying, and seemed perfectly contented. So the children concluded to leave them with Chum, but they were to be Rovene's and Walter's when they were "raised."

Next morning Chum was attentive to the little strangers as though they were her own, and after awhile proudly conducted her family out to the fields, but when she came home that evening the little quails were missing.—Pete and Animals.

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