Our Boys and Girls.

A LULLABY.

You go to sleep, young feller,
  This ain't no time of day
To set up straight and solemn,
  An' stare around that way.
Them moonbeams on the carpet
  Ain't nothin' you can git,
Them's just to show the angels
  Has got their candles lit.
You want 'em? Well, tomorrow
  I'll get 'em, ef they keep,
But now it's nearly mornin',
  So you jus' go to sleep.

No sir! You can't be hungry,
  You needn't jerk and fret,
I'm certain sure it wasn't
  An hour sence you et.
There, now, I ketched you smilin',
  You little rascal. Shame!
To try to work your daddy
  With such a low-down game.
No, never mind explorin',
  You ain't no call to creep;
You stay here an' be quiet,
  An' try an' go to sleep.

You see them stars out yonder?
  Well all o' them is eyes
That belongs to little angels
  'Way up there in the skies.
An' all them little angels
  Ain't got a thing to do
But jus' set up in heaven
  An' keep them eyes on you.
They'll see your eyes wide open,
  An' starin' when they peep
In through the window at you—
  You better go to sleep.

I don't know what you're sayin',
  Your lingo's Greek to me,
But you know what I tell you,
  That's easy fur to see;
An' I jus' gittin' tired
  O' rockin' you all night,
An' talkin' while you listen,
  A smilin' with delight.
I got to work tomorrow,
  An' tain't fur you to keep
Me up all night a tryin'
  To make you go to sleep.

There, there, don't feel that way,
  I jus' soon do it. Gee!
I know there ain't nobody
  To love you, 'ceptin' me.
You set up all you want to,
  You needn't close an eye,
Fur dad is mighty sorry
  He made his baby cry.
You need your ma, pore feller,
  But she's a lying deep
Beneath the trees out yonder—
  There, there, now, go to sleep.

—*The Portland Oregonian.*

PERSISTENT POLLY.

Polly, standing on the balcony, waved her hand in such a cheerful exuberance of farewell that Aunt Emily looked back from the carriage with a troubled expression.

"I wish I knew what idea Pollykin is revolving in that fever," laughed Uncle Horace. "Polly's ideas are seldom reassuring."

Polly herself needed no reassuring. She was quite confident that a day for wonderful things had arrived, and that she was a young person to perform them. There was not often such an opportunity as having Aunt Emily away for a whole day. Certainly there had not been since day before yesterday, when Polly wrote in her new red and gold notebook:

"Resolved, to be a remark-u-bul woman.

"Pauline Alice Mead."

"Be a good girl," Aunt Emily had said. And that meant not going out of the yard to play, helping to take care of Thaddy, and not troubling Bridget, who had the week's ironing to do. "Such little things!" said Polly, scornfully. "Anybody could do 'em, and not be one bit remark-u-bul."

But she knew what she meant to do; and it was not to be any small undertaking, either. She had heard Aunt Emily say that the upper storeroom must be cleaned and put in order as soon as she had time to attend to it; and wouldn't auntie be pleased and surprised to find it all done without any trouble to herself!

Dusters, soap, and some water in auntie's wash-bowl—she did not like to go to the kitchen for any of her utensils—made what she considered a very business-like outfit; and, when she tied about her waist an apron so long that it nearly tripped her at every step, she mounted the step-ladder she had managed to drag upstairs.

"I can do it as well as anybody," she assured herself as she began moving the jelly glasses. "And I can have a nice quiet time 'thout nobody to 'sturb me."

But she had forgotten Thaddy, and that young gentleman was not one to tolerate being forgotten long at a time. His small feet ascended the stairs right foot forward on every step, and his voice preceded him.

"Polly! Polly! I do want some ones to play horse with me. Polly, where is you gone?"

"Oh, dear! He'll bring Bridget if I don't answer him," muttered Polly. "Here I am, Thaddy. Hush! I'm here!"

Her guarded tones finally reached the little searcher; and, after two or three exasperating calls of "Where?" he pushed his way into the small room.

"I want you to come and play hor—What you doin', Polly?"

"I'm cleaning house," said Polly, desperately. "I can't play now, 'cause I'm going to move all these jellies 'n' things and wash the shelves to 'sprise Aunt Emily. You be a good boy and run away for a little while, won't you, Thaddy?" she urged, coaxingly.

"No; I'm going to clean house and 'sprise mamma, too," he declared. "I'm going to wash the floor 'n' lots of things."

"Thaddy!" cried Polly, leaning toward him. Alas! she leaned too far, and the ladder tilted. She clutched wildly at a shelf and upset a half-dozen glasses, and the next moment child and ladder went down together amid a series of shrieks from Thaddy. When the noise brought Bridget to the rescue, she found a small boy with a bumped head fairly streaming with jelly, while Polly, bruised and crying, lay on the floor in a pool of water, the ladder on top of her, and the broken china bowl and fragments of glass around her.

. . . . . .

It was a very subdued and somewhat battered little Polly who lay upon the lounge when Aunt Emily came home, and furnished that good lady with a surprise not intended.

"Ah! little girl, it is easy to leave undone the small duties that are our own, and come to grief by attempting the great deeds that belong to somebody else," said Aunt Emily, with a many a fall before we learn better."

And somehow, that "we" was wonderfully comforting as well as convincing. Polly opened her little red notebook that evening, and looked long at the first entry. Then she wrote beneath it:

"Resolved, to try being just a common, good girl at first, and not to be a remark-u-bul woman till I grow up. It's convenienter for other folks."—*Great Thoughts.*

GRANDMOTHER'S TURN.

ZELIA M. WALTERS.

"It's my turn to have a party now," said Alice, "but I do not care the least bit about it. I haven't any new ideas, and it's such a bother and no satisfaction to get up just a common party."

"You lazy girl," cried Clare, "I wish it were my turn. I have some splendid ideas.

Mrs. Egbert, with her family of four lively girls and two livelier boys had to limit the number of parties, and allowed each to give one in turn, with a fixed interval between.

"Girls," said Hilda, suddenly, "let's let grandma have her turn this time." Hilda was the thoughtful one of the family.

"Why, do you think grandma would care for a party?" said Alice.

'I believe she would if we managed it right, and didn't give her a lot of worry and trouble," said Hilda. "Grandma is getting very old, and sometimes she looks tired and homesick. Perhaps we won't have a chance to do things for her much longer."

The girls all looked serious by this time, and Alice exclaimed: "Why, of course, grandma shall have a party, if you think she would care for it. I'm sure I shall be very glad to do all I can, and she is quite welcome to my turn!"

After some consultation with their mother, the girls decided that the party should be a small one, and invitations were sent to six of grandma's old friends. The china and silver that had been great-grandfather's gift to grandma when she was a bride were unpacked and got ready for service. There was an old, yellow notebook filled with recipes copied in grandma's neat handwriting before the day when printed cook-books were common. With great diplomacy, Hilda borrowed the treasured book of grandma, and the girls practiced on some of the recipes before the day set for the party.

They were not going to serve a fashionable luncheon, but an old-fashioned tea such as grandma used to serve to her guests. Hot buttermilk biscuits, cold roast chicken, sliced ham, pound-cake and drop-cakes, and, of course, preserves and plenty of tea.

The work was divided. Hilda undertook to learn to make tea to grandma's taste. Alice was to practice until she attained perfection in the making of biscuits, Clare knew she could roast the chicken properly, but to poor Maud fell the hardest task. She was to make the cakes, and the pound-cake, at least, was too expensive to practice on.

It was to be a surprise to grandma. It really was not necessary for her to make any preparations. Her room was always in company order, and grandma herself always looked like an old-fashioned picture. So, there were no suggestions to make, and grandma sat placidly knitting on the afternoon of her party.

When the first visitor came, Maud took her to grandma's room. Grandma was in a flutter of pleased excitement, for her friends did not come often. When the second old lady arrived, grandma was plainly very much surprised.

"How fortunate that you happened to come today, Mrs. Lane," she said. "There are three of us now, quite a little party."

But when two more guests were ushered in, grandma looked about so helplessly that Maud felt that it was time for explanations.

"We thought it was your turn to have a party, grandma," she said, "so we planned one for you today." Then she hurried from the room.

The old ladies were left to enjoy the afternoon in their own way. Mrs. Egbert went in to add her cordial welcome to grandma's, but she remained only a few minutes.

"It's just too lovely to see them," Hilda reported. "They are sitting there so cozy and comfortable. Some of them brought thir knitting along, and they are telling funny stories and laughing just as we girls do. I would like to have stayed, if we had not agreed to relieve them of our presence."

When it was time to serve the five-o'clock tea, the girls surveyed the results of their labor with justifiable pride. And grandma and her guests declared that it was just like old times.

"I congratulate you, young ladies," said stately old Madam St. Clair. "If

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TO

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