Our Boys and Girls.

THE LAST JOURNEY.

The little traveller set forth
  With one last smile of sweet content.
There are no footprints, south or north,
  To show to us the way she went;
No tiny footprints in the snow,
  No flower for token backward thrown,
"Sweetheart," we wept, "why must you go?"
  Smiling, she went her way, alone.

The little traveller went her way
  And left us all who loved her so.
She journeyed forth at break of day—
  A long, long way she had to go.
The stars were paling in the sky—
  Their kind eyes must have seen her start.
We could not see; we could but cry,
  "Come back to us, dear heart, dear heart!"

The little traveller's tiny feet
  Have found a path that we must find.
She was so little and so sweet,
  We cannot linger, left behind.
  We stumble, seeking, day by day;
  O little traveller, who will send
A guide to point us out the way
  To find you at the journey's end?

—*Francis Barine, in Youth's Companion.*

THE MONEY THAT SLIPS AWAY.

"I get fifteen dollars a week, and I never have a single cent of it when Saturday comes," said the boy of nineteen to me one day, not long ago.

"Perhaps you have some one besides yourself to support," I said.

"No, I do not," was the reply. "I pay four dollars a week for my room and board at home, and all the rest goes."

"How does it go?"

"Well, it just seems to slip away from me, somehow or other. I just cannot save a cent of it. There's so much to tempt a fellow to spend money nowadays. I never expect to save a cent."

I looked at the young man as he stood before me. He wore a handsome tailor-made suit of clothes. His tie must have cost a dollar and a half, and he had a pin on the tie for which he said rather boastingly that had "put up eight dollars." His link cuff buttons were showy and expensive. A full-blown rose for which he had paid twenty-five cents, was in his buttonhole, and one of his pockets was bulging out with expensive confectionery. I heard him say that he and "some of the other fellows" were going to have a box at the opera the next night, and that it would cost them three dollars apiece. And yet he could hardly tell just why it was that he could not save anything.

Now, the men who have made themselves independent and who have money to spend for the good of others were not like this young fellow when they were boys. Had they been like him they would never have been independent. I suspect that this boy will verify his own prediction that he will never save a cent. He certainly will not until he acquires more wisdom than he seems to have at the present time. The wealthiest man I know once told me that from his earliest manhood he made it a fixed rule never to spend all that he earned.

When he was nineteen he began teaching in a country school at a salary of eight dollars a week, and he saved three dollars of it. Later, when his salary had been increased to ten dollars a week, he saved seven of it, investing it carefully.

Of course, he did not wear tailor-made clothes, and did not buy a new tie every two or three weeks and pay a dollar or more for it. I doubt if he ever paid a dollar for a tie in all his life. And yet he is by no means niggardly, for he gives away thousands every year to the suffering and for the benefit of humanity in general. There were temptations for him to spend all his earnings, but he did not yield to them. I have heard him say that he never went in debt for anything. If he could not pay for it, he went without it. Some one has said: "Never treat money with levity; money is character."

It is certainly proof of a great lack of force of character when a man allows all of his earnings to "slip away from him somehow or other." There is an unhappy future in store for the boy who spends all that he earns. The boy who begins by doing this is sure to spend more than he earns before very long.

I have a knowledge of a young man earning a salary of twenty dollars a week who had his wages attached by a tailor to whom he owed fifty-four dollars for five fancy vests. His excuse was that "a fellow had to dress well nowadays or be nobody." How much do you suppose those five unpaid-for vests added to his character or to his standing in the community? And of what value is the good opinion of those who judge you by the clothes you wear?

You may set it down as a fact that if you do not save anything in your young manhood you will be sure to have a poverty-stricken and dependent old age, and there are no sadder people in this world than the old who are wholly dependent on the charity of others for their support. If all that you earn is "slipping away" from you, you will be wise if you go straight to a savings bank as soon as you receive your salary, and there deposit a fixed proportion of your earnings before it "slips away" from you. And having once deposited it, let nothing tempt you to draw it out. Any successful business man will tell you that this is good advice.—*Young People.*

PETER PEACOCK.

Tommy was sitting on the back porch in the sunshine. With his elbow on his knee, and his chin in his hand Tommy smiled lazily at Peter's mincing manner as he tiptoed back and forth on the stone walk.

Peter was Aunt Lizzie's pet peacock, and a most beautiful object to behold. Just now, with his gorgeous tail full spread, he was wondering why Tommy did not toss him bits of bread, as people generally did so who sat on the porch, and he continued to step back and forth, expecting that Tommy would throw the bread.

Tommy thought that Peter acted like a sentry in uniform on duty, pacing his beat, and when Aunt Lizzie came to the door she agreed with Tommy that Peter Peacock made a very magnificent sentinel.

"And he acts as if he felt proud of himself, doesn't he?" said Tommy. "I wonder if he knows how handsome he is. I wish Peter could see himself."

"We might let him have a look," said Aunt Lizzie, and she went into the house and brought out a mirror. She placed it on the ground, leaning it against the churn, which was standing in the sun to dry. It was quite a tall mirror, one in which Peter could see himself full length. Then Aunt Lizzie sat down beside Tommy.

Peter came mincing slowly up to see what the shining object might be. Peter was always much interested to examine anything new.

As he came nearer and nearer, Peter lowered his crested head, stretched out his neck, and at last put his face close to the glass. With great surprise he saw a peacock, with lowered head and outstretched neck, gazing at him.

Aunt Lizzie and Tommy could see that Peter thought he had discovered an intruder in his yard; also, that it depended on his smartness and quickness to catch him and put him out.

Darting around back of the churn, he stopped in astonishment not to find him there. Raising his head, he looked sharply all about the yard to see where the other peacock had gone.

Three times did Peter come back in front of the mirror and assure himself that another peacock was really there. Each of the three times he darted back of the churn to pounce upon him—only to be too late.

At last Peter Peacock stood still, and thought for as much as a minute.

Once more he came back. This time he looked long and carefully at his gorgeous enemy, all green, and blue and bronze. Then with a quick spring he leaped straight up, right at the mirror, and came down on the other side with an air which plainly said: "This time, my boy, I have you."

Aunt Lizzie sprang, too, but too late. The sudden flirt of Peter Peacock's long silken tail had knocked down both mirror and churn. But the crashing glass and rolling churn did not disturb Peter. He seemed to think that his enemy was buried under the ruins. Spreading his tail and setting his head down into his shoulders, after the fashion of all Peter Peacocks, he gave two or three piercing war-whoops of victory, and minced daintily away.—*Little Folks.*

TIMELY HELP.

BY E. E. KELLEY.

"Janet, you are not singing those notes correctly. You are not trying," called her mother from the next room.

The little girl leaned her head on the music rack for a moment, tears filling her eyes. If mother knew how much I desire to learn this, just right, she would not say I do not try, thought Janet. She left her work for a little rest, then tried again, for she knew her father loved songs far better than instrumental music. Her poor little ears were dull from catarrh, and her vocal chords void of clearness, but her desire to learn was intense. One of her sisters could sing with ease and clearness, but it never crossed her mind to go and help Janet; on the contrary, that same evening, while their mother was away, she stood in the hall and mocked Janet.

Janet left the piano, closed and locked the parlor door. Lucy stood outside and continued singing the song her sister was trying to learn. Lucy "carried the tune," Janet could not, all the time. At last it dawned upon Janet that she was learning more readily from her mocking sister than from the instrument.

"I will learn yet," she exclaimed. "Lucy will only make fun of me, but cousin Mary will not."

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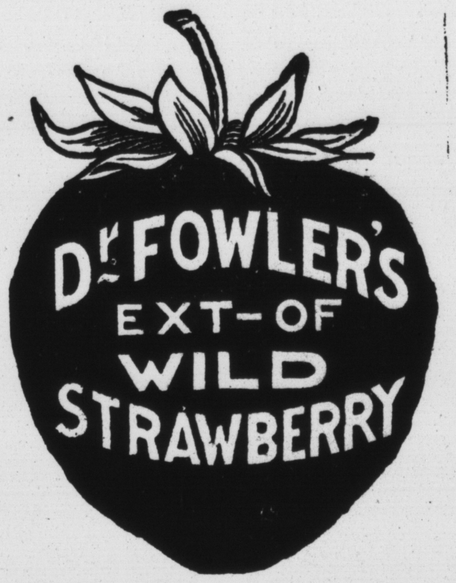

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With a light in her gray eyes, and a smile on her pinched features, she took her music from the rack, put it under her apron, glided by her sister, who was then absorbed in a book, and quickly sought her cousin's home.

Mary Jaffrey, hearing the light footstep in the hall, glanced up from her reading, as Janet's slight form appeared in the door-way.

The eagerness in Janet's face arrested her attention. "What is it, little cousin," she said with a smile that gave the little girl courage to make her request known in a tremulous voice.

"Oh, Cousin Mary, please sing this song for me three times, and I will thank you ever so much."

With gentle touch, Mary played the air, giving the true emphasis, as her natural ear for music and several years of good instruction enabled her to do. Janet held her breath in delight as the melody came forth, clear and strong, filling the room. Is it possible that this is the same song I have been trying to sing, she thought.

Mary never knew the extent of good she did, though she certainly felt a thrill of happiness as Jane quietly hugged her, and darted from the room with parted lips and radiant face.

When two years later Mary listened

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