Our Boys and Girls.

THE WOMAN WITH A BABY.

'Mid the herd of human porkers crowded on the trolley-car
All is selfishness and jostle, making age and sex no bar;
Men collapse in seats, and stay there, letting shrinking ladies stand
With a look of indignation — and a strap in either hand.
Yet there's one thing that you've noticed never fails to make a stir —
When a woman with a baby comes, they all make room for her.

I have sat in stuffy coaches on a crowded railway train,
Listening to case-hardened travellers, who declare with might and main
That they'd see the railroad company in hades' fiercest heat
Long before they'd even think of giving anyone a seat.
Then, ere scarce they'd cease their boasting, they would rise without demur
For a woman with a baby, they must all make room for her.

There is something sweet, Madonna-like, in pictures such as that,
And it makes the lowest ruffian feel like taking off his hat;
For it bears him back to babyhood when loving mother arms
Closely clung to him and kept off e'en the least of earth's alarms.
So, no matter what his station, he will evermore defer
To a woman with a baby — he has reverence for her.

Once I dreamed I stood in heaven, just inside the pearly gate,
While to every new arrival good St. Peter said: "You're late;
For the places all are taken, and the harps are all in use,
Golden streets are just so crowded that I had to call a truce."
Then a little tired-out woman lugged a baby into view,
And St. Peter said: "We're full up, but we'll find a place for you."

—*Strickland W. Gilliam, in Leslie's Weekly.*

ELIZABETH'S REWARD.

DELLA HINE MERTZ.

Elizabeth burst into the sitting room, and throwing down books and hat on the couch, dropped down beside them, and said to her mother, who sat by the window, sewing,

"Mother, Richard"—one of the high school boys — "has invited me to go to the 'Drill,' and you remember it takes place this afternoon."

Elizabeth was a high school girl, and you all know how the girls look forward to the drills, and wonder among themselves if they shall be fortunate enough to receive an "invite." While Elizabeth bounced up and down upon the couch, and talked rapidly to her mother, the telephone bell rang, and, springing from her seat, she hastened to the phone to receive the message, the instrument being on the wall at her right hand.

Mrs. Hill, Elizabeth's mother, was amazed to see the deep scowl which appeared on her daughter's brow, and, leaving her place at the window, hurried to Elizabeth's side, saying with deep concern,

"What can be the trouble, dear, to cause you to frown as you are doing?"

In the meantime, Eliabeth had placed her lips to the mouthpiece of the telephone and answered, "All right," in any but gracious accents. Replacing the receiver, and turning to her mother who still stood by her side, with anxious eyes, Elizabeth answered.

"Robert" — her father's errand boy— "has gone home with a violent headache, and father has telephoned for me to come to his office to take Robert's place, as father will be extra busy, and it is necessary for him to have some one in the office whom he can trust to run errands. It is a shame," she continued, "I do not believe Robert is one bit sick. He has heard of the drill and has played off sick so that he may be able to attend it. I shall go, of course, but it does seem too bad! Father has never asked for my assistance before, and why I am needed just at this time, seems hard!"

Mother felt worse than Elizabeth about the matter, and said:

"I will go, dear, in your place."

"You sweet little mother! you shall do no such thing," replied Elizabeth, and put loving arms around the unselfish woman, who was always willing to do the things others shirked.

"Do you think I would allow you to go in my stead?" replied Elizabeth, "not much! Well, good-bye, mumsie; tell Richard when he calls for me why I cannot go with him, please;" and, kissing her mother, she started off, hailed an approaching car, and in a quarter of an hour was standing before her father in his down-town office.

"Well, Pop!" she said cheerfully, noticing with compunction the worried lines in his forehead, "here is your new office boy."

At the sound of the sprightly voice, the furrowed brow smoothed out, as if by magic, and the worried, hurried lawyer turned a relieved face to his little daughter, and answered,

"Heigh-ho! I knew my small Mercury would not fail me! I wish you to take these letters to the post-office. You need not hurry, for I want you to remain until the four o'clock mail is distributed. When you return with the letters and papers, prepare to hustle for the next hour and a half."

Elizabeth took the letters her father handed to her with a smiling face, and Mr. Hill gave his attention to a man who was awaiting his turn of the busy attorney's time.

The smile faded from Elizabeth's countenance as she stood in the hall, waiting for the elevator. She frowned in the lift, on the street, and in the post office, as she saat, dolefully, on a chair, watching for the mail to be placed in the boxes.

While sitting there she thought —as, alas we all do when things do not go our way — of all the unpleasant events of the week, and this was Thursday. To begin with, on Monday her pet canary died; Tuesday she flunked in Latin for the first time that term; Wednesday she had a flare-up with her chum and had lost the beautiful hat pin her Uncle James brought to her from over the sea; to cap the climax, *this*.

As she walked up the avenue, after receiving her mail, her attention was attracted by a glittering display of jewelry in the window of a goldsmith, and she stopped and gazed at the beautiful baubles. A pin cushion stuck full of hat pins caught her eyes, and she thought, with a sigh, that her birthday and Christmas were a long way off, and that her pin money for weeks and weeks ahead was pledged.

She particularly admired a silver hat pin in the shape of a golf stick, with the picture of a girl in golfiing costume in the act of striking a ball, on the end of the pin. How she did desire it! Her thoughts were far away, and when she heard a well known voice say, "A penny for your thoughts," she turned with a start to see Uncle James standing by her side.

"I was looking at the 'pretties,'" she answered, waving her hands towards the show window.

"Yes, but I know you were thinking of some special article. Come, tell me which one," remarked Uncle James.

"The silver hat pin shaped as a golf stick," replied his niece.

"I think you have very good taste," said uncle.

The man and maid entered the store, and the obliging jeweler came forward to wait on them. Uncle James asked to see the pin, and the salesman went to the window and returned with the "golf stick" in his hand.

Uncle James directed the smiling showman to wrap the pin, and when he had done so, and handed the parcel to him, Uncle James presented it to Elizabeth, with an elaborate bow.

Elizabeth's skies were blue once more. She forgot her troubles, and thought this old world of ours was a pretty good sort of a place after all. She thanked her uncle, and, bidding him a cheery farewell, hastened to her father's office, and, as he had foretold, the next hour and a half was a busy time for the little maiden. She ran hither and thither, every once in a while raising her hand to her hat — where she had placed the hat pin — to take a comforting feel of the "sporty" gift.

At six o'clock Mr. Hill closed his desk, and said, "Come, daughter, now we shall hie us homeward." When they reached the street he remarked, "In here a moment, Elizabeth," and led the way to the candy store on the corner, and our heroine was further rewarded by being made the recipient of a box of bonbons. Then they hailed a trolley, and were soon in sight of home.

Mother saw them coming, and opened the door to the returning ones before they rang the bell. She ushered them in most graciously, and listened with interest to her daughter's recital of her pleasant encounter with Uncle James, and admired the jaunty hat pin. Then she said:

"I have good news for you, Elizabeth. Richard called and told me to tell you that the drill was postponed until tomorrow afternoon, as General Carnes — the noted and brave soldier who was to review the cadets—was detained. Richard will be on hand tomorrow afternoon to escort you to the parade ground."

A good night's rest restored Robert to his accustomed good health, and he reported in the morning at the office for duty, much to the relief of all the Hills.

In the afternoon, Elizabeth, decked out like the other girls in long streamers of ribbon, in the colors affected by their favorite companies of cadets —in this instance dark blue and white — sat enthroned in state in the grand stand.

How those boys and girls did root and wave canes, also decorated with the brilliant ribbons, when their favored ones appeared.

During the general excitement, Elizabeth's chum, who was present, spoke to her; it flashed through her mind that she could make up her Latin, and it was a very happy girl who recounted her experiences of the day at the dinner table that evening, to father and mother. But, best of all, our little friend had the comfortable feeling of knowing that she had earned her reward.—*Chris. Standard.*

To the Weary Dyspeptic. We Ask this Question:

Why don't you remove that weight at the pit the Stomach?

Why don't you regulate th variable appetite, and condition t digestive organs so that it will n be necessary to starve the stoma to avoid distress after eating.

The first step is to regulate th bowels.

For this purpose

Burdock Blood Bitter

has no Equal.

It acts promptly and effectual and permanently cures all derang ments of digestion. It cures Dy pepsia and the primary causes lead ing to it.

Why Elmer Wanted to Hide His Sho

"I'm not going to blacken my sho this morning," said Elmer.

"Why not," asked Remmy, wh shoes were already black and shiny. two brothers were getting ready school.

"Oh! because — what's the use?

"One use is that mamma expects to," said Remmy. Another — well, th look nicer."

"Anyhow," Elmer went on, sulki I'm not going to do it. They won't st blacked.

"Nothing stays done," said wise Re my; "everything has to be done o and over, but they can't be left undon

"My shoes are going to be left, an how," Elmer said decidedly. "Com let's go to school;" so the boys to their hats and started off.

When they went into their class roo they were surprised to find a new tea er there.

"Good morning, boys," she said ki ly to them, and they said, "Good mo ing," to her.

"She's nice, ain't she?" Elmer wh pered to Remmy.

"Yes, indeed."

After they had all taken their se and it was time to begin lessons, teacher said:

"Now boys, I am going to be yo teacher, and before we start to work want to tell you something that I l to see. I like to see boys looking v neat. They may not have fine clot but they can have clean hands and fa nicely combed hair, and blackened sho All the boys in this class are la enough to do these things for th