Our Boys and Girls.

FARMER NICK'S SCARECROW.

BY N. E. CROSBY.

Out in the cornfield, grouped together
A flock of crows discussed the weather.

Observing them, thrifty Farmer Nick
Declared that the crows were "gettin' too thick."

"I must have a scarecrow—that is true;
Now would not that old umbrella do?

So into the house the farmer went,
And away to the field the umbrella sent.

One rainy day the farmer went out
To view the cornfields lying about;

He neared the umbrella; looked inside;
And what he saw made him laugh till he cried.

For there, out of the rainy weather,
A dozen crows were huddled totogether!

So the farmer, laughing, as farmers should,
Said, "I fear my scarecrow did little good."

—*Presbyterian.*

A RISE IN VALUES.

BY ZELIA M. WALTERS.

Rob thrust his book in his pocket as he approached the field where his brother was ploughing. Then, with an air of irritation, he drew it out again, and carried it in his hand.

"He thinks I'm lazy and worthless because I like to study. But let him —I'll show him some day. No one but a dolt would have such an opinion of brains."

The boys on the Thorp farm had been separated almost from their cradle by the difference in their tastes. Rob learned to read when he was three, and loved his books with a devotion equalled only by his love for the wild creatures of the wood and field.

Ralph was a typical farmer. He loved the farm, and seemed to grasp the details of the work without effort. His ambition was to be a country gentleman.

"Lord of broad acres and himself beside." He had perfect health and great physical strength, and rather despised his brother for his lesser power of endurance.

Both were well-bred, good-natured lads, and should have had more patience with each other, but a slight coldness, which had begun several years back, was growing greater. The parents, fortunately, were broad enough to see good in both boys, so the home was a happy one.

When Rob reached home he went to his room and spent an hour arranging his specimens, copying his notes and making drawings. Then the supper-bell rang and he went downstairs. It was a pleasant hour that which was spent at the table. The boys were encouraged to talk of their concerns, the father always had a good joke to tell and the mother some interesting story she had read and saved for this time. The hour after supper was the distasteful one to Rob. The boys had to do the evening chores together, and as Rob was the slower, there was plenty of opportunity for Ralph to grumble.

"Come on, now," said Ralph, as he took the milk-pails, and started out of the door, "see if you can get your share done for once."

"Well, I won't ask any help from you," said Rob, shortly.

As usual, Rob was not through in time, but he indignantly refused Ralph's offer of assistance.

"Tell mother I'm going down to the old orchard to look for moths," he called, as Ralph started to the house. "I'll not be in very early."

Ralph found his parents talking to a stranger. After he was introduced he sat down and listened and then opened his eyes in amazement. The stranger was a college professor who had been called upon to examine some papers on nature study in a magazine contest. The paper that took first prize was of such sympathetic interest and close study, that he wished to see the writer. Mr. and Mrs. Thorp listened in pleased surprise. Rob had not told any one that he intended to enter a contest. Ralph began to feel distinctly uncomfortable. Rob had achieved a great success, and in the very thing that Ralph had always called rubbish. He wished he had not expressed his opinion so often, and in such forcible language. He comprehended that there were things of worth in the world removed from his own line of thought and action. And this is a wholesome revelation to any one.

"I will go and tell Rob," he said, rising.

He wanted to be the first to tell him the good news.

"Yes do," said his mother, "he may be out half the night, if some one doesn't go after him."

As he opened the door to go a sharp flash of lightning startled him. One of the sudden storms of spring had gathered while they had been talking. Already the trees were tossing and moaning, and the thunder growled ominously.

"I should think he would have come home when he saw the storm coming up," said Mrs. Thorp, a little anxiously.

"Oh, don't worry," said the father. "Most likely he's over to Harris's. He'd be so busy looking after the bugs that he wouldn't notice the storm until it was too late to come home."

So the professor was conducted to his room, and the family went to bed. Ralph fell into a doze, but was soon aroused by the fury of the storm. He lay there getting wider awake every moment. When there was a lull in the storm, he arose and dressed himself. He would not admit that he shared his mother's anxiety, and scorned the thought that Rob would not know enough to take care of himself. Nevertheless, he remembered that Rob made it an absolute rule never to stay away unless the family knew his whereabouts. Neither of the boys would have willingly caused their mother a moment's uneasiness.

The old orchard was at the other end of the farm, almost a quarter of a mile away. Ralph hurried across the wet meadows. He looked with misgivings at the brook, which the late rains had swollen into a river. It was within a foot of the bridge. How easy it would be for some one to slip on the crumbling bank, and fall into the raging torrent. He reflected with a shudder that Rob was but an indifferent swimmer. He went on across the ploughed ground, where he had seen Rob that afternoon. His half-defined fear taught him how dear his brother was.

He began to call aloud, but there was no answer until he reached the edge of the orchard. Then a faint cry turned him cold with fear.

"Where are you?" he shouted.

"Here, here," was the answer.

He found him a moment later. A fallen apple-tree was lying across his body.

"Oh, Rob, old fellow, are you hurt very much?" gasped Ralph, groping about to see where the tree had bruised him. He knew too well how fatal such accidents usually are.

"No, not much, I guess. But it's very uncomfortable. It fell when the wind came up just before the storm. You'd better run and get some one to help you. I can't stand it much longer."

His voice sounded faint and hollow, and Ralph arose, saying determinedly, "I'm going to lift it off myself."

And, straining his sturdy muscles to all their endurance, he did lift it off.

But Rob was to weak too rise, and Ralph had to run to the house for help.

"Keep up your courage, old fellow," he said, "you got the first prize."

"The first prize! How did you know? Oh, it can't be the first. I didn't expect that."

"Can't stop to explain. Look for full particulars later," and he was off, running at the top of his speed. Rob lying alone in the dark, almost forgot the pain and cold until Ralph returned with his father.

Rob had to stay in bed two weeks. Before the professor left it was agreed that Rob should go to college the next fall. Ralph was devoted during his brother's sickness, and Rob was overflowing with gratitude. In this new impulse of affection each found much to admire in the other. The old differences were forgotten, and were never raised again.—*Christian Standard.*

WHAT JEANETTE MISSED.

"No, I didn't take Jeanette with me when I went to England las summer," said Jeanette's aunt, Miss Graham, talking to a friend.

"Such was my intention until after her visit to me in Washington during the winter. I found her one of those unpleasant persons who think it looks countrified to show surprise or pleasure at new things. When I took her to the Corcoran art gallery she merely said that the collection was finer in the Metropolitan Museum. The library of Congress had too much gilt in the mural decorations and the Capitol was not so imposing in its appearance as it ought to be, according to her ideas.

"At the churches the music was not so fine as that she had heard in a small inland church near her village home, which some minister who had travelled much said was the finest he had ever listened to, either in Europe or America. She thought Washington so differed from New York. It certainly is, but there is no comparison between the two cities, as I tried to point out to her one day.

"In addition to her disparaging criticisms, I was obliged to listen to her gossip of the small village where she lived until I was tired and bored. Her family, her friends, her neighbors and herself were assumed to be of as supreme importance to the world at large as they were to Jeanette. She would wait with impatience for me to finish some remark and answer with something quite irrevalent concerning her own affairs. Before she went home I said to her, frankly:

"'My child, you're in a fair way to become a very disagreeable woman. Don't you know it is only polite when people take the trouble to show you about a new or strange place, to try to see only what is attractive? You will not be accused of provincialism for simple appreciativeness. I advise you to cultivate the quality of being appreciative. And you should try and interest yourself in general matters when you are with strangers, at least. While, by virtue of our kinship, I am interested in all that concerns you, I grow weary of hearing you harp continually on one string—yourself and your own affairs. You ought to learn to talk about books and current events; to listen more to the conversation of your elders.'

"Jeanette cried and went home feeling hurt and resentful, not dreaming what she had missed when I went to England without her. I'm sorry for her. If she doesn't reform she is bound to become a soured, disappointed woman, and that bad habit of criticism and comparison will spoil her enjoyment of any pleasures that come her way. Don't you agree with me?"—*S. A. Rice, in Congregationalist and Christian World.*

The Anaemic Young Girl.

Perhaps she is sixteen. Suddenly she seems to lose strength, her beauty fades because her strength fails, her eyes lose their lustre. How her spirit droops! It alarms you, but all this may be corrected quickly. Get her Ferrozone, it is a nerve tonic, it aids the stomach to do its work Appetite? she'll eat anything and digest it too Ferrozone is an absolute specific for the anaemia of young people. Ask your druggist for it.

Certainly love is the force by which —and home the place in which — God chiefly fashions souls to their fine issues.—*W. C. Gammet.*

A Good Name is to be Prized. — There have been imitations of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil which may have been injurious to its good name, but if so, the injury has only been temporary. Goodness must always come to the front and throw into the shadow that which is worthless. So it has been with Eclectric Oil, no imitation can maintain itself against the genuine article.

A rich dress is not worth a straw to one who has a poor mind.

Every Mother
is called upon to cure
Cuts—Sprains—Bruises.
Painkiller
does it rapidly. Nothing like it for children. A few drops in hot sweetened water cures
Cramps—Colic and Summer Complaint.
There's only one Painkiller, PERRY DAVIS'.