

Our Boys and Girls.

SLEEPY TIME.

Granddaddy sat in a big arm chair
With Toddlekins on his knee,
The firelight danced on Granddaddy's hair
Toddlekins laughed in glee.
For Granddaddy's knee jumped up and down,
And Toddlekins dear in his white night-gown
Was the prettiest baby in all the town,
I've heard folks say.

Granddaddy's knee went hippity-hop
While Toddlekins gaily rode,
The quaint old gentleman would not stop
With such a treasured load,
So up and down with a skip and a jump
While Toddlekins cried, "Go bump-ity bump!"
And Granddaddy's foot went down with a thump,
So merry they.

Granddaddy rested from frolic gay
And Toddlekins sleepy grew,
For wearied of laughter and tired of play
He closed his eyes so blue.
To Granddaddy's arms the baby crept
And upon his shoulder Toddlekins slept,
While puss in the corner a vigil kept,
And never stirred.

Granddaddy hummed a lullaby,
Till down to Toddlekins' own
His gray head drooped with a long-drawn sigh,
So weary he had grown.
Sweet Grandmammy then came stealing in,
She put a soft kiss on Granddaddy's chin,
Another she gave to the Toddlekin,
Don't tell one word!

—Selected.

UNCLE BEEMAN'S WATCH.

ELLEN D. MASTERS.

Jamie was weeding Aunt Nancy Beeman's garden down in the back lot. Aunt Nancy's garden had never before been so over-run with weeds. It was the first spring Aunt Nancy had ever made a garden without Uncle Beeman's help.

"It seems as if I can't do anything right, now I'm left alone," said Aunt Nancy to Jamie, as she sat on the back steps, resting. It was a warm spring morning, and Jamie was not used to work, so he was obliged to rest very often.

Aunt Nancy was to pay Jamie ten cents an hour for weeding, but it seemed as if Jamie just couldn't work a whole hour at a time. His hours were made up of alternate minutes of work and rest.

When Jamie began work, Aunt Nancy looked at the clock in the sitting-room, and when he stopped to rest, she looked at the clock. On the kitchen wall hung a slate and pencil, and Aunt Nancy wrote down a record something like this:

"Began at eight. Stopped at ten minutes past eight. Began at half-past eight. Stopped at quarter till nine."

At noon, Aunt Nancy and Jamie added up those moments of toil, and, all together, they made just an hour and

a half—an hour and a half of the hardest work Jamie had ever done.

"I'm going to work more than that this afternoon," said Jamie. "I'm going to weed out those onion rows."

But before Jamie set to work, little Mary Trump came over for Aunt Nancy. She said her little brother was real sick, cutting teeth, and her mother wanted Aunt Nancy to come right off.

"Why, you can keep right on weeding," said Aunt Nancy, when she noticed Jamie's crest-fallen look. "Why, of course you can! I'll tell you what I'll do," said Aunt Nancy, going into the house and coming out with a big silver watch in her hand, "I'll hang this watch on the garden fence, and you can keep time for yourself. Just mark down on the slate when you begin and when you stop."

Jamie looked almost reverently at the big watch. It was the one Uncle Beeman always carried.

"I'd rather you wouldn't touch it," said Aunt Nancy, as she hooked the chain tenderly over a nail in the garden fence. "I'll leave it open so you can see the time without touching the watch."

"No'm, I won't," said Jamie. Then he wrote "Half-past one" on the slate and began on the onion rows.

"Hello, Jamie!" called a familiar voice from the other side of the fence.

"Hello, Rollin!" said Jamie, pausing to wipe the perspiration from his face.

"Seems to me like old Mr. Weed's about to take this garden," said Rollin.

"What you get for weddin'? Workin' by the day? Whose watch is this?"

"Don't you touch it!" said Jamie, rising from his knees. "I told Aunt Nancy I wouldn't. It was Uncle Beeman's."

"Oh!" said Rollin.

"Does Aunt Nancy let you mark time for yourself?" asked Rollin, eyeing the slate.

"She is letting me do it this afternoon, because she had to go away from home," said Jamie.

"Then you can stop whenever you please," said Rollin. "Let's play marbles awhile. I've got mine in my pocket."

Jamie looked at the big silver watch, and wrote on the slate, "Stopped at quarter till two."

Jamie loved to play marbles. He hated to weed onions. It was cool and pleasant in the shade of the apple-tree. It was warm in the garden. Although Jamie looked dutifully toward the onion rows at the end of each game, still he played on while the big silver watch ticked away the afternoon.

Jamie was surprised to find it rather late when he left the shade of the apple-tree.

"I'll pitch in and help you," said Rollin, feeling somewhat to blame for the delay. "We'll soon make up for lost time."

The boys worked with a will, and there was soon quite a change in the appearance of Aunt Nancy's onion rows.

"This is more than you would've got done anyhow," said Rollin, looking proudly over their work. "You wouldn't have worked as hard if you hadn't stopped to play. You needn't say anything about me helping you. Just mark the time on the slate about like it would've been if you hadn't played."

Jamie was pleased with the idea. He had just been wondering how he should tell Aunt Nancy about it.

"If I hadn't come along," said Rollin, "you would've commenced work about two."

"Yes," said Jamie. "Then I would've worked till about a quarter past two."

"Then you would've started again at

half-past two," said Rollin. "You might as well just make it out that way."

Jamie hesitated.

"I'll write it for you," said Rollin.

"Well," answered Jamie.

And Rollin took up the slate and made out a neat record of an afternoon's work, while Jamie looked on over his shoulder.

"That looks business-like," said Rollin. "And you wouldn't've got any more done if you had worked all the afternoon by yourself."

"No," said Jamie; but when Rollin had gone, somehow Jamie didn't feel comfortable. He looked thoughtfully at the slate and then at the big, honest watch. If it hadn't been Uncle Beeman's watch—why, it wouldn't have mattered. It seemed almost like making good old Uncle Beeman's watch tell something that was not exactly true.

"I know Aunt Nancy wouldn't trust Uncle Beeman's watch with any boy," thought Jamie, proudly. "And I didn't touch it."

"I didn't touch it!" said Jamie, as soon as he saw Aunt Nancy coming up the walk.

"I knew I could trust you, Jamie," said Aunt Nancy, looking down the clean onion rows. "I see you have not been idle. How many hours did you work?"

Jamie's little moist fingers twitched nervously; then he rubbed them across the record Rollin had made on the slate.

"Why, why, I don't exactly know," stammered Jamie. "I began at half-past one, and then Rollin Strong came by, and we played marbles a good while, and then he helped me weed. We didn't work long, but we worked awful hard." Jamie drew a long breath of relief.

"I think you have earned twenty-five cents, anyway," smiled Aunt Nancy. "The garden looks almost as nice as it used to. I suspect I will want you to help me a good deal now, Jamie," went on Aunt Nancy. "It's a great comfort to have a helper that you can trust. Can't you come back next Saturday and do some turns for me?"

"Yes'm," said Jamie. "I forgot about your trusting me when I stopped to play, and—and, but I won't forget next Saturday."—*Christian Standard.*

WHY HE CHOSE SANDY.

"There will be room for one more boy," said the children's uncle, "as Phil is not well enough to go. Phil, you may choose a boy to take your place."

Uncle Travers had promised the Moore children a moonlight ride, and now Phil was laid up with tonsillitis and couldn't go.

"I choose Sandy Magill," said Phil.

"Sandy!" cried the others in surprise.

"Why do you choose Sandy? We never play with Sandy."

Phil wouldn't say at first why he wanted Sandy to have his ride; he seemed to be shy of telling his little story, but after some coaxing he did tell it.

"I know Sandy is a quiet sort of chap," he said, "and the fellows have always said he hadn't any spirit; but when the school got into trouble the other day about breaking Mr. Mason's window, Sandy was the only boy that didn't run; he didn't throw the ball, but he was in the game and he paid for it out of his own money that he earns carrying milk. He said it wasn't fair to Mr. Mason, but he didn't seem to care that it wasn't fair to himself. I liked him for that."

"I like him for it, too," said Uncle



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Travers; "it's a good sign to see a man or boy looking out for other people's rights; he may not have the sort of spirit that passes for pluck in this world but it is the spirit of the Christian, who 'seeketh not his own'; and there is something God put into all our hearts that makes us admire that spirit. You see, as soon as Philip saw it in Sandy, he liked him for it, and he wants to do him a good turn."

"We'll send for Sandy to come to take tea with poor Phil," said Phil's mother; she hated to see her boy miss his ride.

"Mother hopes that 'seeking not his own' will be catching, though tonsillitis isn't," said Phil, smiling to himself from his white pillow.

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