Our Boys and Girls.

IN LITTLE BOY LAND.

O! Green are the meadows in Little Boy Land,
And blue are the skies bending over
And golden the butterflies flittering about
To visit the pink and white clover.
There are cool, running brooks where the cows like to stand,
And milky-white lambkins in Little Boy Land.

O! Down at the Corner in Little Boy Land
Is the prettiest shop full of candy,
And a dear little woman to give it away—
It's ever and ever so handy.
There are chocolate creams which the boys say are "grand,"
And nothing costs money in Little Boy Land.

O! Strange as it seems, there are no chores to do,
No errands to run for the mother,
And nothing to do but forever to play
First one jolly game, then another.
There's a beautiful circus and a lovely brass band,
And everything's free in Little Boy Land.

O! They say they do nothing in Little Boy Land
But play through the warm, sunny weather,
And play through the winter. O! Then it is fun
To slide down the long hills together.
There's no school to go to; now, please understand,
It's all play and laughter in Little Boy Land.

O! There's bicycles, tricycles, wagons and sleds,
And donkies and ponies by dozens,
So each little fellow can ride if he will—
Each one of the brothers and cousins.
There's fun and there's frolic on every hand—
O! Who wouldn't like it in Little Boy Land?

O! Who wouldn't long for this Little Boy Land,
Where there's fun going on every minute,
And candy for nothing, and peanuts the same,
And a good time with everyone in it?
O! Grown-ups, with trials and hardships to stand,
Let's journey together to Little Boy Land!

—*Harriet Francene Crocker.*

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LESLIE'S TRIUMPH.

BY MRS. S. V. CHAMBERS.

"I wonder who has been in the dining-room?" said Mrs. Wainscott. "More than half of the bread, cake and cold fowl has been taken out of the sideboard since dinner."

"I did it," said Leslie. "I gave it to some children in the park. They looked like they never had anything good to eat, and we can do without it, can't we?"

"It was kind of you to give the hungry children something to eat, but don't you think it would have been better to have consulted your mother before doing this?" said Mrs. Wainscott.

"Yes, mother, I suppose it would, but they looked so hungry I thought I would give it to them while they were out there, and you know you have always told me to be kind to the poor children."

Leslie was not a dishonest boy, but he possessed a strong will and a tendency to self-assertion, and when he felt convinced in his own mind that a thing was right, he seldom stopped to consult anyone before carrying out his convictions. But, fortunately, this tendency was largely controlled by good impulses.

On one occasion, while travelling with his grandmother, when their place of destination was called out, he hurriedly left her, descended the steps of the car, and said to the conductor, "Please don't start the car until grandmother gets off; she is so fat she can't walk fast."

One morning his mother heard a commotion among some chickens she had in a coop in the yard, and upon hastening out she discovered that Leslie was poking a stick through the bars of the coop and striking the chickens.

"Why are you disturbing the chickens so, Leslie?" asked his mother.

"There's one little chicken that the rest won't let have any, but keep fighting it off, and I am keeping them away while it gets a chance to eat some."

He often evinced unusual thought and discernment for one of his age.

On one occasion he was attending a "Show" with his father, where a deformed boy was exhibited, purported to be from one of East India Islands, of a phenomenal appearance, and in manner and action resembling the ape. The creature's master frequently touched him up with a whip to quicken his movements. Leslie did not seem at all amused with the tricks as did the other boys present, but once, when the man became harsh in his treatment, the child turned to his father with an expression of mingled pity and disfavor, and said:

"Father, has that little fellow a soul?"

But on one occasion while following the generous impulses of his nature, without consulting the opinion of his rightful advisers, Leslie encountered a rather dangerous episode.

He had been playing one afternoon with a little school-mate who lived in a remote part of the city. They became so engrossed with their games that neither of them was aware that it was growing late. Suddenly his playmate exclaimed:

"Oh, I must go home before dark, or I'll be afraid to go myself."

"I can go with you," said Leslie.

"Thank you," replied the boy, "but won't you be afraid to come back alone?"

"No," said Leslie in such a confident tone that his courage was no longer questioned.

When they arrived at the home of his friend, they found his mother anxiously waiting his return. Leslie did not tarry long, but hurried toward his home.

As he was walking briskly along he encountered two boys, who were excitely discussing the result of a game of marbles. It seemed that each had staked his biggest agate on the game. The younger won, but when he attempted to take possession of the prize the larger boy thrust him away and snatched the agate, saying:

"You didn't win it fairly, anyway."

Just then Leslie stepped between them, exclaiming: "I wouldn't strike a boy smaller than I was; you ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

The boy replied: "It's not your put-in, keep out of the way!" accompanying his remark with a blow on Leslie's face, felling him to the ground. The boys seeing that he was, perhaps, badly hurt, ran hastily away.

Leslie, who had been stunned by the force of the blow, arose in a few moments and started for home. In his pain and confusion he lost his way and, ere long, found himself in an unfamiliar part of the city. He was standing in front of a small house, endeavoring to ascertain his whereabouts, when a boy, apparently about fourteen years of age, came from the rear of the house leading a pony.

Seeing Leslie in apparent discomfort, he spoke to him, and learned the circumstances which had brought him there. Leslie's genteel appearance and candid recital of the facts favorably impressed the boy, and he told him he was in a hurry, as he was a night Courier Despatch, and delivered messages on his pony, but that if Leslie would get up behind him he would take him home. This kind proffer Leslie readily accepted, as he was somewhat disabled from his recent encounter and felt that his parents would be anxious about him.

When he arrived home his parents were suffering great anxiety and alarm, and were about to institute a search for the lost boy. The messenger boy did not stop to explain the circumstances of his return, but hurried on to his work, and Leslie's parents could only gather the details of his adventure from their little son, who had failed to learn his benefactor's name, and could not even tell where he lived. The lad had been in so much pain at the time of meeting the older boy, and during the subsequent ride, that he could give them no definite information as to the location.

Mr. Wainscott was desirous of learning something more definite about the boy, who had shown such kindness to his son, that he might have an opportunity of manifesting his grateful remembrance of him.

Leslie was confined to his room for several weeks. His parents administered a gentle but firm rebuke to him, explaining how hazardous it was for him to rely upon his immature judgment, aside from its savoring of disobedience. Leslie listened submissively and promised to try to never again disregard the advice and admonitions of his parents.

His strong will-power, though diverted somewhat from its accustomed channel, severed him from keeping his firm resolution. His ardent desire was to do what he thought was right was not lessened, but only tempered and guided by the advice and encouragement of his parents, which secured him many friends, among whom was Johnny Storks, which was the name of his benefactor.

"Soon after Leslie was able to go on the street again, he accidentally met Johnny.

"I am so glad to see you," he said. "Now tell me your name and where you live. Father wants to know, so he can thank you for bringing me home."

"Tell your father he is welcome to all I did for you. I hope you have gotten well again."

"Yes," replied Leslie, "and I have promised father and mother that I will tell them where I am going after this, so they won't be so uneasy about me. I used to forget it nearly every time, but they said it was not right, and I will try not to do so again."

Leslie's father lost no time in calling at Mrs. Stork's home. He met Johnny at the door, who introduced him to his mother who was suffering from an attach of nervous headache, through endeavoring to finish a promised garment.

The room into which Mr. Wainscott was ushered was plainly and meagerly furnished, but bore an air of neatness and cleanliness. He soon discovered from Mrs. Stork's manner and conversation that it would be impossible to proffer her any money compensation for her son's kindness to Leslie. He learned that her husband had lost his life in a steam factory where he was employed, and that she was principally depending upon the efforts of her son for support, and that she was greatly inconvenienced by his being necessitated to be absent from home the greater portion of the night.

Mr. Wainscott thanked Mrs. Storks for the favor shown Leslie by her son, and expressed much pleasure in making their acquaintance. He learned from investigation that Johnny had proved a faithful worker as night-despatch-courier, and soon gave him a more profitable and pleasant position to deliver bundles from his large clothing store during the afternoon and early evening, thus allowing him to attend school in the forenoon. He also allowed Mrs. Storks to occupy rooms above the store. She was very grateful for the privilege of being near her son.



To the Weary Dyspeptic. We Ask this Question:

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

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

The first step is to regulate the bowels.

For this purpose

Burdock Blood Bitters

has no Equal.

It acts promptly and effectually and permanently cures all derangements of digestion. It cures Dyspepsia and the primary causes leading to it.

The TOILET IS INCOMPLETE WITHOUT POND'S EXTRACT

RELIEVES CHAFING, ITCHING OR IRRITATION. COOLS, COMFORTS AND HEALS THE SKIN, AFTER SHAVING.

Avoid dangerous, irritating Witch Hazel preparations represented to be "the same as" Pond's Extract, which easily sours and often contain "wood alcohol," a deadly poison.