Our Boys and Girls.

A HIVE OF BE'S.

I'd rather be a humble toad and sit
upon a stool,
Or even be a pollywoggy wiggling in a
pool;
I'd rather be a tongue-tied cat, or dog
without a tail;
I'd rather be a weathervane a-whirling
in the gale;
I'd rather be a comic cow and stand
upon my head;
Or even be a hobbyhorse and pull a
trundlebed;
I'd rather be a shipwrecked tar and
eat my hat and boots,
Or be a soldier with a gun and live on
little shoots;
I'd rather be a graven image standing
in the rain,
A statue wet (a statuette—the pun is
poor and plain);
A tambourine, a soup-tureen, a piece of
toasted cheese,
A toy balloon, a last year's moon, or
anything you please;
A honey-bee, a humming-bee, a humble
bumble-bee,
A sewing or a quilting, husking or a
spelling bee—
Indeed, there's not among the bees,
though he be great or small,
A bee I would not rather be *than not
to be at all.*

——*Holiday Magazine.*

HOW THEIR SIN FOUND THEM OUT.

BY ALICE CURTICE MOYER.

"As miserable a period as I ever passed," said our venerable Elder Jones, "was two days once when I was a boy. It was in this way: My father was one evening suddenly called to the city 60 miles away. Mother was absent on a visit. It was in the midst of the crop-making, and father said to my brother and me, aged respectively twelve and fourteen years, 'This sudden journey will delay our crop work somewhat, boys, but you can clean out the hill patch during my two days' absence, and if you are through in time, you may go fishing with the Green boys Wednesday afternoon. You are now quite old enough to assume some responsibility, and I can trust you, even though both your mother and I will be absent.'

"The next morning we boys were up 'bright and early,' and whistled and hallooed on the way to our work. The 'hill patch' was a piece of ground in the far field, where the corn had not grown well during the dry weather, but where the weeds had flourished. We had rather neglected it in our concern for the more favored tracts, waiting for an 'off-time,' as father said, to cultivate this spot which was always doubtful as to productiveness. These two days he considered an 'off-time,' 'And,' said we that morning upon reaching the place, 'if we do our very best, the corn will, with another rain, come out all right after all. By hard work we can finish it up in good shape in a day and a half, and that will give us a half a day on the river.'

"We had scarcely begun when John Green came up and said: 'We've decided to go to the Big Springs instead of the river, and will start to-day at noon. Can't you come along?'

"To the Big Springs! Why we had dreamed of going there for more than a year. All the other neighborhood boys had been there, but we had always been too busy to spare the time it required, and now here was a chance. Father and mother were away and — but there was the weedy corn! The hill patch had never appeared so large as we looked it over, and then into the eyes of each other. We knew we ought to say at once that we could not go, but there was the longing in my brother's eyes, and I knew he could see it in mine. We told John we would see about it. If he heard the conch shell blow three blasts at noon, he could come for us. Well, it blew three times and we went. To outside appearances the 'hill patch' was left in fine condition, but—well—we waren't going to let the thought of it spoil our good time at the Big Springs, and we really thought but little about it, for the trip was full of fun and excitement. But there came a time when we did think about it; there always does.

"When we returned we found father already at home. We came by way of the river road, and he did not seem to suspect that we had been farther. 'The hill patch looks well,' he said. 'Its outward appearance is all one could ask. I am pleased with it, and hope you had a pleasant half day on the river.'

"And then for the first time we boys realized what cheats we were. We scarcely dared look at each other or at father. We retired early that evening, but hadn't a word to say, though we lay awake for some time. The next day we were miserable, and the following night was as bad as the first. The day following we felt even worse. Father seemed to suspect nothing, but that did not ease the conscience of either, and we resolved to tell him about it, and take the consequences, whatever they might be. We felt we would prefer the most severe punishment to the daily living of a lie. It was torture.

"We were much surprised to find that father had known of our deception all the time and was simply waiting for us to find the courage to confess.

"'My boys,' he said, 'while it was bitterness to me to be deceived by my own sons, yet it might be well for you to learn now that there is no pleasure in deception. I have never known a man or woman who eventually gained anything by it. I have known people to flourish for a while upon fraudulent representations — outside appearances —but sooner or later they are found out. Many times they fail to deceive those whom they most desire to mislead and are simply despised for their plans. Almost always the deceiver makes misery for himself. I am sure you boys have been anything but happy since you hoed around the edges of the hillside patch and left the centre full of weeds.'

"It was a lesson," said the elder, "that I never forgot, and when I see people living beyond their means in order to shine as, or a little beyond, their neighbors; when I see people living sham lives and sailing under false colors, I say to myself, those people are only hoeing around the edges. I believe three-fourths of the misery in this world is caused by the deception that people practice upon one another, and yet we keep right on. The wife deceives the husband, the husband deceives the wife, and the home is wrecked. Children deceive the parents and parents deceive the children and misery is brought to all concerned. Pupils deceive teachers and teachers deceive their pupils. Business men deceive one another, and the world at large in the competition that is cut-throat in its keenness. The servant deceives his master, the employe his employer, and *vice versa.* The social life is full of shams. But appearances must be kept up. So matter what the care may be, the outside must be hoed around. Why have we not the courage to be ourselves?"

Perhaps the elder is right in his description of what is, but that does not mean that such a state must needs be.

"Do unto others as you would have others do to you," is a doctrine contrary to deception.—*Chris. Evangelist.*

CURE FOR HICCOUGHS.

A young man, pale and weak, entered a physician's office.

"Doctor," he said, "I have had—hic—I have had the hiccoughs for six hours. They are exhausting me."

"Let me see your tongue," said the physician. "Out with it. Oh, farther out. Out as far as you can put it. That is it. Now hold it out there till I go to the back office and get a depressor."

The physician disappeared. The young man, his long, pink tongue spread like a drapery over his chin, sat and waited with bulging eyes.

"By Jove, he's long," the young man thought. "I wonder what can be keeping him."

"Just a minute," the physician called from the next room. "Keep your tongue out. I'll be there in a minute."

But it must have been five minutes before he returned. He was smiling.

"Did you keep your tongue out all the time?" he said.

"Yes," the young man answered.

"And you didn't hiccough, did you?"

"No."

"Then," said the physician, "you are cured."

The young man, as a matter of fact, was cured. The protrusion of his tongue had cured him. The physician said that this treatment rarely, if ever, failed to drive away the most obstinate attacks of hiccoughs.—*Ex.*

THE VERB AND THE PREPOSITION.

English is said to be one of the most difficult languages in the world for a foreigner to learn. The verbs and prepositions are particularly puzzling. A professor in Columbia School of Mines tells of the troubles of a Frenchman with the verb "to break."

"I begin to understand your language better," said my French friend, M. De Beauvoir, to me, "but your verbs trouble me still. You mix them up so with prepositions."

"I saw your friend, Mrs. Berky, just now," he continued. "She says she intends to break down her school earlier than usual. Am I right there?"

"Break up her school, she must have said."

"Oh, yes, I remember; break up school."

"Why does she do that?" I asked.

"Because her health is broken into."

"Broken down."

"Broken down? Oh, yes. And, indeed, since fever has broken up in her town——"

"Broken out."

"She thinks she will leave it for a few weeks."

"Will she leave her house alone?"

"No; she is afraid it will be broken —broken—how do I say that?"

"Broken into."

"Certainly; it is what I mean say."

"Is her son to be married soon

"No, that engagement is broke broken—"

"Broken off."

"Yes, broken off."

"Ah, I had not heard that."

"She is very sorry about it. son only broke the news down to last week. Am I right? I am anx to speak English well."

"He merely broke the news; preposition this time."

"It is hard to understand. young man, her son, is a fine loo fellow—a breaker, I think."

"A broker, and a fine fellow. day."

So much for the verb "brea *Philadelphia Ledger.*

Treated by Three Docto for a Severe Attack of Dyspepsia,

Got No Relief From Medicines, But Found It A Last In

Burdock Blood Bitte

Mrs. Frank Hutt, Morrisb Ont., was one of those troul with this most common of stom troubles. She writes:—"A being treated by three doctors, using many advertised medici for a severe attack of Dyspep and receiving no benefit, I g up all hope of ever being cu Hearing Burdock Blood Bitter highly spoken of, I decided to a bottle, and give it a trial. Be I had taken it I began to feel be and by the time I had taken second one I was comple cured. I cannot recommend I dock Blood Bitters too highly, would advise all sufferers dyspepsia to give it a trial."

YOUR WORN-OUT STOMACH

What it needs is the strengthe influence of Dr. Hamilton's Pills— work marvels where the stomach digestion is poor. In one day th petite increases and the whole s is rapidly strengthened. No sto specialist could write a better pre tion than Dr. Hamilton's Pills of drake and Butternut. At all deale a yellow box, price 25c., or five b for one dollar.

A complete set of the Pennsyl Magazine for the years 1775 and edited by Thomas Paine, and conta one of the earliest prints ever pub ed of the battle of Bunker Hill, just been sold at auction at New for $200.

The thing in the world I am afraid of is fear.—*Montaigne.*