

The Children's Page

GRANDPA'S WAY.

My grandpa is the strangest man I know...

He always thinks that every day is right, no matter whether it rains or snows...

When outdoor fun is ruined by a heavy shower, provoking, He pats my head and says, "You see, The dry earth needs a soaking."

And when I think the day too warm For any kind of pleasure, He says, "The corn has grown an inch—I see without a measure."

And when I fret because the wind Has set my things all whirling, He looks at me and says, "Tut! tut! The close air needs a stirring!"

He says, when drifts are piling high, And fence posts scarcely peeping, "How warm beneath their blanket white The little flowers are keeping!"

Sometimes I think, when on his face His sweet smile shines so clearly, It would be nice if every one Could see things just as queerly.

HE REPENTED.

(Dumb Animals.)

A story comes from New Haven about a black spaniel that abstracted a feather duster from his owner's house...

THE BOY WHO WHISTLES.

I know a lad across the way... Who whistles all the livelong day; I pause to listen, glad to hear His shrill crescendos, sweet and clear.

He's all a boy, a sturdy lad, He's always gay and always glad, For care and trouble dare not stay—He simply whistles them away.

He has his daily tasks to do, His morning chores, his lessons, too, And yet he whistles like a lark From early morn to falling dark.

Oh, wise yet boyish friend of mine, What true philosophy is thine! Thy joy is catching—I would be A messenger of cheer, like thee! —Lew Marston Ward, in Boy's World.

A MOSQUITO LULLABY.

«A Spring Song of the Jersey Coast.» Hush, little skeeterbug, hush-a-bye, Mother will rock him, don't you cry! I know you are hungry, my little sweet,

With nothing to drink and so little to eat, The natives are tough and their blood is thin, But the city folks soon will be rolling in— Hush, little buzzer, go bye.

Hush, little skeeterbug, hush-a-bye, Think of the summer time, just you try!

Chubby old ladies and thin old boys, Plump little children, an' joy of joys, Fat little babies, all fresh and sweet, And juicy and lovely for you to eat! Hush, little buzzer, go bye.

Hush, little skeeterbug, hush-a-bye, Soon you'll be ready to buzz and fly; Daddy will sharpen your dear little bill,

And mother will teach you to bite, she will! Maybe they think we are slow and dumb, But we're not afraid of petroleum! Hush, little buzzer, go bye.

YOUR AGE BY MATHEMATICS.

"Ahem!" said the king, "I have an interesting sum for you; it is a trial in mental arithmetic. Think of the number of the month of your birth."

Now, the professor was sixty years old, and had been born two days before Christmas, so he thought of 12, December being the twelfth month.

"Yes," said the professor. "Multiply it by 2," continued the king.

"Yes." "Add 5." "Yes," answered the professor, doing so.

"Now multiply by 50." "Yes." "Add your age." "Yes." "Subtract 365."

"Yes." "Add 115." "Yes." "And now," said the king, might I ask what the result is?"

"Twelve hundred and sixty," replied the professor, wondering. "Thank you," was the king's response. "So you were born in December, sixty years ago, eh?"

"Why, how in the world do you know?" cried the professor. "Why," retorted the king, "from your answer—1260. The month of your birth was the twelfth and the last two figures give your age."

DO NOT JUDGE BY CLOTHING.

Boys, do not judge a man by his clothing. An incident occurred on one of the street-car lines of this city...

"I hear that story every day," said the conductor, in a loud, rough voice. "You can pay or get off."

"Two fares, please," said a pleasant voice, as a tall, thin and sun-browned hand passed the conductor ten cents.

"Heaven bless you, sir," said the woman, and long and silently she wept; the language of the heart so eloquent to express our hidden thoughts.

This man in worn and soiled garments was one of God's noblemen. He possessed a heart to feel for the woes of others, and although the act was but a trifle, it proves that we cannot, with safety judge a man by his clothing.

"There's a secret," the beautiful spirit said, "That even a child may know, And they who know it are gladly led Wherever their feet may go."

"So sweet and simple the secret is, Yet people are slow to learn, And away from the pathway that leads to bliss Their lingering faces turn."

TO THE LITTLE PEOPLE OF OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Dear little people I love so well, Wherever your place may be; There's a beautiful secret I long to tell, So come and listen to me.

When I was a child, in a little town, Oh, ever so far away, A beautiful spirit came floating down, And whispered to me one day:

"There's a secret," the beautiful spirit said, "That even a child may know, And they who know it are gladly led Wherever their feet may go."

"So sweet and simple the secret is, Yet people are slow to learn, And away from the pathway that leads to bliss Their lingering faces turn."

"So the little children must show them how The happier way to choose, For the hearts that are tender and loving now Will never the lesson lose."

"And this is the wonderful secret: Live For nothing but love each day—Not for love to keep, but for love to give—Forever to give away."

"There is no life upon earth so poor, But love it may give full well, And the joy of giving is deep and sure, And richer than tongue can tell."

"To sweeten life as we meet and part We need but remember this: To carry always a tender heart For the tiniest thing that is."

"The wider the circle of love we make, The happier life we live, And the more we give for another's sake, The more we shall have to give."

"So let us widen it day by day, By loving a little more, Till nothing living be shut away From a share in the heavenly store. —Allison Gardner Deering.

"How paper came to be invented." Long years ago a little, thin Japanese gentleman walked through his pretty garden to his home; his hands were clasped behind his back and he was thinking, as he crossed the bridge to pluck a fresh wistaria blossom, that hung just over his head.

This little gentleman had a great many parcels to send out from his shop every week, and he had always wrapped them in silk; but this was an expensive material, and he wanted something cheaper for this purpose.

All at once a wasp came lighting toward him, but he thrust it away that it might not nip his nose, and, lo! there at his hand was a wasp's nest. My, but he came very near angering the whole family! Think, then, what he might have suffered from these stingers for days to come! What a shapely nest they had made, now he came to think of it. It was so strong, too. It was made of thin wood pulp, softened into a thin paste by the jaws of the insect, then formed and left to dry.

"Why can't I do that same thing?" thought the Japanese merchant to himself. "Get certain wood, form it into a pulp by means of water from the river near by and make something like this wasp's nest in consistency to wrap about my packages."

So this was the way paper was first discovered. An innocent wasp fled across the path of a gentleman who walked one day in a vine-yard garden in old Japan.—Anna J. Bullard.

"Man is Filled With Misery." "This is not true of all men. The well-sound of lung, clear of eye, alert and buoyant with health, are not miserable, whatever may be their social condition. To be well is to be happy, and we can all be well by getting and keeping our bodies in a healthful state. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil will help all to do this."

A SATIRE.

The following verses were written by a gentleman of Toronto on seeing in one of our papers a print representing the dead lawn and its slayers: We've heard of the deeds by field and flood,

We've read how Bruce and Wallace stood And stenn'd the stream of tyrants back When Saxon foes were on their track.

We've read how noble Greeks of old With Spartan spirit, firm and bold, Did at Thermopylae's famous straits Keep Persian hordes without their gates.

We've read of Carthaginian maids Who shear'd their tresses from their heads To furnish strings for archers' bows For to repel their Roman foes.

But deeds like those grown dim with age, No longer glow on History's page, For a quintette of huntsmen hold The front place now for valour hold.

They've slain the harmless, timorous fawn That spotted out on Nature's lawns, And her life blood they've caused to flow That all their gallantry might know.

So Scots and Greeks are in the shades, And noble Carthaginian maids No longer hold the place of fame— No longer stand for prowess' name.

FATHER KEELAN'S STORY.

"Father, can a priest never tell the secrets of the confessional?" queried little Rob Coughlin of Father Keelan, one evening late last August.

"No, my child," answered the priest, "not even to save his life. That reminds me of a story."

Before he could finish the sentence Rob gave a loud whoop of joy. "Hey, you people!" he shouted to our party, who were separated on the lawn into groups of two and three, "Father Keelan's going to tell us a story."

However interesting our conversations might have been, this announcement put an end to them all, for more quickly than words can tell we were all on the porch scrambling and pushing to get near to Father Keelan.

"First of all," said Father Keelan, when we were all settled, "I have never told this story before."

"Is it true?" asked little Bob. "Yes, my child," answered the priest. "It was told to me by its principal characters many years ago. There lived," he continued, "in a large city in the west, a wealthy merchant who had an only son Frank. The young man was sent to a fashionable college, where, unknown to his father, he fell in with bad companions. In a short time he became an habitual gambler."

"One day, while in desperate circumstances, he stole into his father's office, and, opening the safe, took several bills from the cash drawer."

"When the merchant, who had been out of town, returned to his office he missed the money. His confidential secretary was accused of the crime. The clerk protested his innocence, but to no avail. The safe had not been broken, and it was clearly the work of some one acquainted with the combination for opening it. This knowledge none but the merchant and his clerk possessed."

"On the strength of the evidence produced the clerk was found guilty in a court of justice and sentenced to several years' imprisonment. Some years later a band of Jesuit missionaries were giving a mission at a prominent church in Cleveland. In the band was a Father T—, a brother to the young man who had been convicted of larceny."

"One evening, whilst Father T— was hearing confessions, a man entered his box who had not been to confession for eight years. In the course of confession the priest learned that the sinner was the perpetrator of the crime for which his brother was suffering. He counseled the sinner to render justice to the innocent man, but he refused, asserting that he could never admit himself to be a thief."

"After the completion of his term in prison the priest's brother came forth a despised man. Whither he went the finger of scorn was pointed at him. Employment he sought everywhere, but was always refused. At last, weary and heartbroken, he died, the world believing him to have been a thief."

"Many years later I was one day called to the deathbed of an old man. It was whilst hearing his confession that I learned this story, and it is at his suggestion that I am now using it as an example of the secrecy of the confessional."

"So you can see from this," said Father Keelan, rising and turning to Bob, "that Father T— could not make known that which he heard in the confessional, even to save the honor and life of one he loved. It has been so since the days of the Apostles, and with God's help, it shall be so until the end of time."

A STORY IN THREE PARTS.

(By L. W. Reilly.)

There are three parts to this little story, but it took place inside of a week.

Just seven days ago a little girl named Loretta met another little girl whose name is Agnes, about an hour after school, a mile or so from home.

"Where are you going, Agnes?" asked Loretta.

"I've just been on a visit to Mrs. Brady's," was the answer. "And O, she had the loveliest flowers in her little conservatory,—beautiful roses, the rarest chrysanthemums, fine orchids, exquisite ferns, and O, so many other lovely plants! O, I'd just like to stay in there forever!"

"Well, you enthusiastic girl, you—with all your O's!" replied Loretta. "You'd look nice staying in a hot-house forever, wouldn't you? Do have sense. Did Mrs. Brady give you a flower? I see you've got a pot there, although the plant's all wrapped up."

"O let me show you!" answered Agnes. "It's the most magnificent chrysanthemum you ever saw!"

Gently the little girl laid down the flowerpot, carefully she untied the string, tenderly she opened the paper covering and, lo! there, indeed, stood revealed a very queen of chrysanthemums, perfect in size, splendid in shape, and with the most gorgeous color imaginable.

"Isn't it a beauty? Isn't it a love?" she exclaimed.

"Yes, it is pretty; and you're lucky to have won the favor of stingy Mrs. Brady."

"O don't say a word against her!" cried Agnes. "She's as sweet and kind as she can be. But it isn't for me."

"No?" queried Loretta in surprise. "No; it's for Clara, poor thing! it's just what she's been longing for; and O, won't she be delighted! For she wanted it to complete her set. It has just the hue that she lacks."

"Now, Clara is a delicate little thing, whom everybody that knows her loves. She has a passion for flowers,—an absolute passion. And her plants seem to feel her ardent affection, for they thrive under her care in a most wonderful way. She pets them, fondles them deftly, removes withered leaves from their branches, stirs up the earth around them, waters them just when they need it, talks to them fondly, calling them pet names; and looks at them proudly, as if she were a happy mother and they were a throng of dear, gentle, affectionate, dutiful children."

But Clara's parents are poor, so that her flowers have been obtained mostly from seeds and cuttings, and have therefore been raised by herself. She has time to look after them, because she no longer goes to school. Her mother cannot afford to keep a servant, and she has to keep her home to help with the housework.

"I suppose she'll be pleased," said Loretta, who does not care very much for flowers herself. "Well, good bye!"

"Good bye!" responded Agnes, neatly covering the plant again, taking up her precious burden, and going on her way.

II.

Two days after this, Loretta happened to pass by Clara's home and went in for a brief call. After a while Clara asked:

"Won't you come and see my flowers?"

So the two girls walked into the dining-room, the bay window of which is filled with stands on which are pots and boxes containing plants.

"They are charming," observed Loretta, after looking at the collection rather hurriedly. "But they must require a great deal of work."

"It isn't work to tend to them," replied Clara; "it's pleasure. They seem to me to be alive, to know what I'm doing for them, and to love me for doing it. To show me their thankfulness, they put out their blooms. I just love them dearly."

"I'd like to feel like that," observed Loretta. "It's quite poetical. By the way," she added, having looked in vain for Mrs. Brady's flower, "did not Agnes bring you a chrysanthemum the day before yesterday?"

"No. Why?"

Did you ever have a number of thoughts flash through your mind in a second? That's just what happened to Loretta then. She thought:

"I wonder why Agnes kept that flower.—Sister Mary Frances warned us only yesterday to beware of rash judgments.—I guess I'll tell.—Agnes is a mean thing. I don't like her a bit.—I promised the Sacred Heart at my last confession not to say ill-natured things of anyone. But I want to tell on her so bad.—I'll bet she kept it herself, the thief.—There, there! I mustn't even think that way. Don't say a word about it. Holy Mother of God, pray for me! Dear Guardian Angel, help me!"

You can't imagine in what an incredibly brief instant all these ideas rushed through Loretta's brain. Even before Clara, who was taken up with an examination of some fresh geranium cuttings, had noticed her hesitation, she slowly said:

"O nothing! She said something to me the other day about a plant for somebody. Well, I must be going. And there, the baby's awake and beginning to cry, so you're wanted. I'll hurry away. Good bye!"

And away she went.

III.

This morning early, Loretta met Agnes again not far from the place where they encountered each other a week ago. But this time the latter was carrying two flower pots.

"Where are you coming from now, pretty maid?" inquired Loretta. "And where are you going?"

"I'm coming from Mrs. Brady's, and I'm going to Clara's."

"You said the same thing a week ago," remarked Loretta, coldly. "Did you go?"

"No, unfortunately, I didn't," replied Agnes. "O, Loretta, let me tell you what happened that other day! After I left you I walked as fast as I could towards Clara's. I was absorbed in the thought of the pleasure she'd take in lifting the pot from one tired arm to the other. I tripped on a broken piece of pavement, and fell down and hurt myself pretty badly. But O, worse still, I smashed the pot, broke the flower and scattered the soil all over the sidewalk! Well, if I didn't have a good cry! When I got home I could hardly speak. But I managed to tell my sad story. Mother sympathized with me. Then I said I'd do anything to get the money to buy another chrysanthemum for Clara. Uncle John laughed at me. He said I didn't mean it. I said I did. He jokingly offered to give me a dollar if I'd black his shoes

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for five days. I took him at his word and did it. He wanted to let me off after I had blacked them once, but I stood to my bargain. To-day he gave me two dollars,—one for the chrysanthemum and one for myself. He said he wished I loved him as much as I do Clara. And I do. O, I could hardly wait for Saturday to come! When I told Mrs. Brady all about it, she gave me this extra one for myself. And O, I'm so happy!"

MARIBEL'S BACK DOORSTEP.

Maribel lived in a massive building with beautiful tiled halls and white marble stairways. She had a lovely parlor and library, and a dear little dining-room and kitchen. The sleeping apartments also were very pretty, but there was one great drawback to it all—the rooms were all upon one floor, and they had no front or back outlet, except a porch, where you could sit and look about you at your neighbor's porches and windows.

Maribel did not like it. She had toys innumerable in her pretty flat, but if you had asked her if she was happy, she would have answered "No"—that the one thing in the world she wanted the most she did not have, and that was a back doorstep.

There was a very beautiful yard surrounding the great house where Maribel lived, but it was not for little girls to play in. She often stood out on the cement walk and looked from a distance at the trees and shrubs and flowers and grass, but it did not give her joy, because she could not play in it. She liked much better to cross the street and pirouette all around the little house over there, because it had a yard you were not afraid of, and joy of joys; it had a back doorstep.

Many times Maribel had heard how her mamma, when she was a girl, had had a back doorstep to play upon. It was just outside the kitchen door, and she used to play bakery there, making mud pies, and selling them to her brothers and sisters. Maribel had sighed in vain for such marvelous happiness.

Maribel's mamma wondered in those days why she remained quiet for so long a time, looking as though she were intently thinking. But when she asked her about it, Maribel only answered, looking at her mamma with great, serious eyes:

"I am thinking, mamma. I'm just sending out thought-waves like you've taught me to do. They're going to bring back something beautiful!"

Her mamma let her have her way, and did not interfere when she evinced a desire to spend so much time on the back doorstep of the little house across the way. It was not such a little house at all, only it appeared so to Maribel in comparison with the massive structure of the one in which she lived. The family who occupied it were away in Europe, and it was all closed up, so Maribel could never get even a peep into the kitchen.

One day, when she was sitting there pretending she was the little girl who lived within such happiness as a back-door-step, she saw a gentleman walking over the adjacent grounds. This was quite a large territory of vacant grounds upon which nothing had ever been built.

Countless times Maribel had, in imagination, placed little houses on the space, each one built with an upstairs and a downstairs and a back doorstep just outside the kitchen door.

She was greatly interested in the gentleman who was viewing the grounds, and by the time he reached her she felt quite well acquainted with him. He glanced at her in an absent-minded way, and was about to pass on, when something in her clear eyes arrested his attention and he turned back. Maribel would have told you that it was a thought-wave she had sent out that caught him and made him stop.

"Hello, little girl!" he said; "you are not lost, are you?"

"Oh, no!" she said, smiling. "I'm only enjoying the back doorstep."

"So I see," he answered. He did not look as if he smiled very often, but he smiled that time, anyway. "What are you doing here?"

"Why, I'm just throwing out thought-beams most of the time," she said, quaintly.

"Thought-beams!" he cried, surprised. "Whatever in the world—thought-beams!"

He had heard in an indirect way of such jugglery, but he hadn't taken any stock in it. In fact, he did not take much stock in anything except making money to add to his already well-filled coffers.

The healthy glow disappearing from the cheek and moaning and restlessness at night are sure symptoms of worms in children. Do not fail to get a bottle of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator; it is an effectual medicine.

"Yes," she went on, "I just scattered 'em all over that vacant ground, and each one turns into a little house with a downstairs kitchen and a back door step."

The gentleman glanced over his shoulder suspiciously, as though he might see them materialize that minute, which was something he should not have liked at all, as the land belonged to him, and he was just then mapping out plans for erecting two large buildings similar to the one across the street. Buildings like that paid much better in dollars and cents than small houses scattered about.

"Where do you live?" he asked presently.

"Upstairs, across the street," Maribel answered mournfully, "and all our house is on one floor, and we haven't any back-door-step."

"But you have porches," the gentleman volunteered.

"Oh, yes—yes, indeed!" conceded Maribel, quickly, "hanging right out in the air! And when you want to go out doors, you can sit there all the time, but it gets mighty lonesome all the same. I'd rather have a back doorstep where I can put my feet in the grass."

She settled down into quite a disconsolate-looking heap on the doorstep. But in another minute she straightened up quickly.

"I must forget my houses," she said. "Do you see that one on the corner—the one painted green like the trees?"

The gentleman followed the motion of her hand with a startled gaze, but only a tree with wide spreading branches met his view.

"That's ours. I like it best 'cause it gets the most sun, and that tree shades the doorstep just beautifully! Do you know," she added, confidentially, "that every one of those houses"—with a sweeping gesture that included the whole landscape—"has only one little lonesome girl or one little lonesome boy in it! And they all get together on the back doorsteps and pretend they're big families of brothers and sisters making mud pies like my mamma did when she was little. Besides," she continued, nodding contentedly, "those houses don't cost so much, so the papas and mammas are not always talking 'xpenses!"

The gentleman stood looking at her quite a while in a meditative mood.

"Good-bye," he said, presently, and walked down to the street, where he took a car.

"He was so funny," thought Maribel to herself as she left her beloved doorstep and crossed the street to her home.

It was not very long after that that workmen began digging in the vacant grounds. There was great surprise manifested when it was ascertained that a number of pretty, comfortable dwelling houses were to be erected instead of the great apartment buildings every one had been expecting.

Only Maribel was not surprised. "I put 'em there," she said, quietly. "I thought 'em there till they had to be built."

And the strangest part of all was that each one had a back doorstep, and the corner house belonged to Maribel and her papa and mamma from the very start. And another queer thing was that in every house there was either one little boy or one little girl, and when they played together, they were just as happy as any large families of brothers and sisters could be.—Fannie Best Jones in S. S. Times.

Does Your FOOD Digest Well?

When the food is imperfectly digested the full benefit is not derived from it by the body and the purpose of eating is defeated; no matter how good the food or how carefully adapted to the wants of the body it may be. Thus the dyspeptic often becomes thin, weak and debilitated, energy is lacking, brightness, snap and vim are lost, and in their place come dullness, lost appetite, depression and languor. It takes no great knowledge to know when one has indigestion, some of the following symptoms generally exist, viz: constipation, sour stomach, variable appetite, headache, heartburn, gas in the stomach, etc.

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