

Song of the Summer Winds.

Up the dale and down the bourn,
O'er the meadow swift we fly;
Now we sing, and now we mourn,
Now we whistle, now we sigh.

By the grassy-fringed river,
Through the murmuring reeds we sweep;
Mid the lily-leaves we quiver,
To their very hearts we creep.

Now the maiden rose is blushing
At the frolic things we say;
While aside her cheek we're rushing,
Like some truant bees at play.

Through the blooming groves we rustle,
Kissing every bud we pass,
As we did it in the bustle,
Scarcely knowing how it was.

Down the glen, across the mountain,
O'er the yellow heath we roam;
Whirling round about the fountain,
Till its little breakers foam.

Bending down the weeping willows,
While our vesper hymn we sigh;
Then unto our rosy pillows
On our weary wings we hie.

There of idleness dreaming,
Scarce from waking we refrain;
Moments long as ages seeming,
Till we're at our play again.

Indigestion is stubborn, but K. D. C. over-comes it.

Little Bo-Peep.

It was such a pretty house! So pleasant to look at, from the dainty white curtains in the windows and the kind old face you could sometimes see behind them, the neat little garden with its rows of trees and bright beds of roses and mignonette. There were some big old-fashioned flowers called hollyhocks, too, that the old lady loved, and some great yellow sunflowers holding up their merry shining faces to the blue sky. These, little Bo-peep thought, were the handsomest flowers of all. You see she was studying the house and its surroundings, through a hole in the fence. It was all very pretty, very neat, and pleasant looking.

And now who is little Bo-peep? We all know about the famous Bo-peep, "for didn't she fall fast asleep and lose her sheep, and not know where to find them?" And then we all remember the sad, sad ending when "they came home, leaving their tails behind them." I am not going to tell that story, certainly.

My Bo-peep had no sheep, but she minded the cows instead, for Aunt Eliza. She had brown eyes and tangled brown curls, and very brown feet—that showed bare beneath her tattered frock, and she was eight years old.

"Quite old enough to do something for her living," Aunt Eliza said.

So, early in the morning before the dew was off the grass, or the flowers had quite waked up, little Bo-peep and her two cows were to be seen in front of a pretty cottage by the roadside; she, poking her little brown face through the fence for a glimpse and a sniff of the freshness and sweetness on the other side, and the cows lazily munching the grass which grew so thick and long by the road. One day, the old lady sitting in the window of the cottage, caught sight of the little wistful face; and, taking off her spectacles, she studied it more closely. "Deary me," she said to herself, "if that isn't the little cow girl! How she is staring at my flowers; I must go out and give her some." So she put on her garden hat over her great white cap, and taking a pair of scissors stepped out. Then she picked a big bouquet; a sunflower in the middle and hollyhocks around it, and roses and mignonette thrown in. It was a very grand bouquet indeed, so Bo-peep thought, who had watched the whole proceeding. At last, when the flowers were all tied together, the old lady began to walk slowly towards Bo-peep, who, being frightened, commenced to be very busy with her cows. She scolded "Buttercups," the red cow, and praised "Daisy," the white cow; and

you would have thought she never so much as knew what a hole in the fence was. But all this time she kept an eye on the old lady to see what she was going to do next. "Good day," said the old lady at last, leaning over the gate and smiling at Bo-peep. "How do you do, my dear." "Pretty well, I thank you," said Bo-peep, twisting her fingers in her ragged dress.

"What are you doing here all day," asked the old lady.

"Minding cows," answered Bo-peep, "for Aunt Eliza." "Is that the house where you live?"

"Yes," said Bo-peep, "but our home is not beautiful like yours. We haven't any bees, nor flowers, nor nothing."

"Poor child, poor child," said the old lady kindly. Well, I have brought you some flowers and you may come in and walk about if you like; only don't pick anything, nor walk on the grass, and be sure you latch the gate, so that the cows can't get in." With this she walked away, and went back in the house.

Bo-peep could hardly believe her ears. Could she really go into the garden among those bright sweet-smelling things, and see the bees that she had only been able to watch from the other side of the fence?

The garden was empty; the old lady had gone, so she opened the gate softly and stepped in. She shut it again after her, but she was in such a hurry to fairly reach the other side, that she did not wait to latch it. How happy she was wandering about the flowers. Now going down this path and then that, watching the bees flying in and out of their hives, and stealing nearer the windows to catch a glimpse of what was going on behind those white curtains.

By and by she began to feel tired; but she could not make up her mind to go away, and she sat down under a big apple tree, and curled herself up in a little bunch so as not to be seen. Either the humming of the bees, or the sweet smell of the mignonette, or the rustling of the leaves, made her feel drowsy as though some one were singing a lullaby and rocking her to sleep. First one eye shut and then the other, and finally Little Bo-peep fell fast asleep.

And now, how about her sheep.

A brisk breeze blew open the garden gate, which, you know, had not been latched. First "Buttercup" noticed how green and pleasant it looked beyond, and then "Daisy"; and as the gate stood invitingly open, and there was no Bo-peep to cry "Shoo, steady, now mind," and enforce her commands with the little stick that she carried, they walked solemnly in, like wise cows as they were. Once inside, they were free to go where they liked.

"Buttercup" chose a dainty bit of lawn in front of the house, and "Daisy" the neat border of the rose-bed. Just as they were comfortably settled, and were enjoying a delicious dinner, the old lady happened to look out of the window—and O! what a scream she gave. Out she ran, flourishing a big white towel. Round and round the garden she went after "Daisy" and "Buttercup," who thought it good fun. Through the rose-beds and mignonette, and trampling the green border they ran, and such a chase you never saw. In the midst of it, Bo-peep waked up, and when she saw what she had done her heart was almost broken. She remembered then that she had left the gate unlatched. She was almost afraid to show herself, but she knew the cows would mind her voice. So she got up, and with cheeks burning with shame, and her eyes full of sorrowful tears, drove them out with very little trouble. Then she hid herself behind the fence, for she was ashamed to face the kind old lady. By and by she heard her calling: "Where is that little girl, that naughty little girl."

"Here I am," said Bo-peep, and how she wished she had not gone to sleep.

"Why did you let your cows come in and spoil my pretty garden?" the old lady asked, looking sorrowfully at Bo-peep through her spectacles.

"I fell asleep," said Bo-peep.

"But I told you to latch the gate."

"I forgot it," said Bo-peep, again, hanging her head.

"Then," said the old lady, "I must lock the

gate. You can never come in again, for I find I can't trust you," and she put the key in her pocket and walked away.

Poor little Bo-peep! She sat down and cried, and cried, and cried. But this didn't help matters, for she never got into the garden again, and ever after had to content herself with the hole in the fence.

K.D.C. Pills cure chronic constipation.

Friends.

"Pansies for thoughts." There they were lying on the desk, little floral reminders that some one unknown to me personally had yet had me in mind and sent the velvet-eyed beauties to breathe a frequent welcome to the writer when she sat down to begin the day's work. All through the heated hours there they stood, each one a wise little face looking into mine and breathing memories that carried me back to childhood days when in an old-fashioned garden a solitary little girl made companions of the flowers, giving to the deep purple and golden yellow blooms names and fancies such as only enter the brain of an only child who must perforce seek companionship in the birds, the trees, the flowers and the brooks.

Then in later years, how the many-hued, quaint little flower folk became identified with every event of a life that, not long in years, has yet known its quota of trouble. In joy and sorrow there they were—pansies for thoughts, pansies always. On my birthday the great basket of rich and mellow loveliness, its deep violet ribbons bearing cards on which congratulations and pride were plainly commingled. Next, just a few hidden away in a bridal bouquet of all white blooms—thoughts and memories of the past mingled with hopes for the future, and last, a single cluster in the folded hands of a mother gone to rest—is it any wonder that the fragrant messengers came into the turmoil and hurry of business life like the glad visit of old friends—friends tried and true, friends tested and purified by suffering, but no less sympathetic in moods of joy. Little friendly pansies—alas that a blight should curl up your velvety petals and wither the life out of your honest hearts, but the message you brought neither heat nor cold can destroy nor time obliterate from my memory.

True Service.

The essence of a life of service is its conscious aim. Most of us are full of purposes which we pursue with various degrees of energy. We intend to earn a living, to provide for our families, to attain some excellence, to procure some pleasure, to gain an education or a fortune, a name or a position. But it is only the few who hold all their intentions subject to one controlling and definite purpose—viz., to live a life of service. Indeed the word itself is distasteful to some, who associate it with servility and thralldom and continuous self-sacrifice. Yet the fact is that no compulsion can ever extract the true service of the heart and life. It is nothing if not free, spontaneous and untrammelled.

—Every age, every profession, and, indeed, every way of human life, has its own pitfalls. Is not an excessive love of pleasure the danger of youth, a too great love of gain that of middle life, and a love of ease that of old age? The young must learn to "scorn delights and live laborious days," the pushing and successful middle-aged man that it will profit him nothing to gain the whole world if he lose his soul, and the aged that it is better to wear out than rust out.

—One of the most wonderful timekeepers known to the horologist was made in London about 100 years ago and sent by the president of the East India Company as a gift to the Emperor of China. The case was made in the form of a chariot, in which was seated the figure of a woman. This figure was of pure ivory and gold, and sat with her right hand resting upon a tiny clock fastened to the side of the vehicle. This beautiful ornament was made almost entirely of gold, and was elaborately decorated with precious stones.