

Our Young Folks.

"ONE, TWO, THREE!"

It was an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy who was half-past three;
And the way they played together
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go running and jumping,
And the boy no more could he,
For he was a thin little fellow,
With a thin little twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight,
Out under the maple tree;
And the game that they played I'll tell you,
Just as it was told to me.

It was hide-and-go-seek they were playing
Though you'd never have known it to be—
With an old, old, old lady,
And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down
On his one little sound right knee,
And he'd guess where she was hiding,
In guesses One, Two, Three!

"You are in the china-closet!"
He would cry, and laugh with glee—
It wasn't the china-closet;
But still he had Two and Three!

"You are up in papa's big bedroom,
In the chest with the queer old key!"
And she said: "You are warm and warmer,
But you're not quite right," said she.

"It can't be the little cupboard,
Where mamma's things used to be—
So it must be the clothes press, gran'ma;
And he found her with his Three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers
That were wrinkled and white and wee,
And she guessed where the boy was hiding,
With a One and a Two and a Three.

And they never had stirred from their places
Right under the maple tree—
This old, old, old, old lady
And the boy with the lame little knee;
This dear, dear, dear old lady,
And the boy who was half-past three.

—H. C. Burner.

ONLY ONE OF THEM.

BY SIDNEY DAYRE.

"Mornin' pa—per. All about the 'splotion!"

A small newsboy, was singing his wares in the style used by many of his fraternity—the first few syllables of a sentence pitched on a high key, to descend to a minor third on the closing one.

"I'll take a *Times*," said a half-grown boy, who was walking down the street.

"Say, Mister—" the newsboy for a moment gazed keenly at the fresh young face of his would-be customer, then, as if satisfied by its expression, went on:

"If you'd just as lief take a step into the alley, and buy it of little Bill—Bill's lame, and he can't walk, and he don't get no chance at a sale, 'cause folks won't—course they can't be expected to—come into the alley. But, won't you?"

In quick response to the pleading tone Phil Ward turned into the alley.

"Here, Bill—this is your'n and you're to sell it."

The newsboy thrust one of his papers into the hands of a boy who half sat, half reclined, in a wooden box on rude wheels, a few steps down the alley.

Such a pitiful specimen of a boy Phil had rarely seen. Large, hollow eyes gazed out from a face pale and pinched, while the thin hands seemed little more than able to handle the paper.

"You see," went on the newsboy, still more eagerly, evidently encouraged by the look of sympathy on Phil's face, Billy ain't got folks of his own, so we look out for him—a few of us big stout fellows. Billy used to sell papers, and he was a right chipper little chap at it. But he got run over, and he's been kep' in—poor Bill has—for no end of a time. And now he's better, and we made this waggon for him—fine, ain't it?—so he can be drawn out here in the sunshine. And whenever one of us fellows comes along and can get a customer for Billy, it's so much to him, you see."

"I see," said Phil. "And Billy has no one to take care of him, you say—or to support him?"

"Nobody but we," said the other, proudly.

"I'll soon be gettin' about again, I guess," said the little cripple, with a look of half-questioning appeal in the large eyes. "Then I'll be able to keep myself, so the boy's won't have to. It's hard on 'em.

"Billy, you're a goose! You know 'taint! Some day, when we get enough ahead," continued the boy, "we're goin' to set Billy up in business for himself. Some kind so he won't have to walk, you see."

"Come on, Phil—come on—come on!"

A group of boys and girls were passing the alley-way and had caught sight of Phil.

"I'm coming," he cried in answer. "O, say—you come here. There's plenty of time. We're going on a wild-flower picnic out of town on the cable line," he explained to the alley boys, as the others were coming near.

"I've got the paper," he said to them, "and where's my lunch basket?"

"Look here," he went on eagerly, "look at this little fellow—tied up here, can't walk a step, hasn't anybody to take care of him. Let's have a little fun. Billy wants some fun, don't you Billy?"

With a laugh, and while the picnic-goers were wondering what prank their hasty, hearty, impetuous companion might be up to now, Phil ran a few steps down the alley and took a short board from a heap of old lumber which lay there.

"Here, now—see my fine plan."

He laid the board across Billy's box, in front of him.

"There's your counter, Billy. Now—let's see what we can spare. I'll give my bananas. But, wait, something must be spread over it."

He was about to lay his fresh paper on the dusty board, but was stopped by a newsboy.

"No need of spoilin' your mornin' paper. I have a last night's one in my pack."

"That'll do. Now, for a stock in trade for Billy."

Half a dozen bananas from his basket were the first contribution. Others were not slow in following. Girls and boys had at once not only entered quickly in the spirit of Phil's energetic fun, but were touched by the sight of Billy's sad condition.

"Here are some sandwiches," said one.

"But," with another glance at Billy's face, "you eat those; there will be other things."

More fruit of various kinds, flanked with dainty cakes and fancy crackers. Then Phil gravely passed around Billy's ragged hat, receiving a contribution of twenty-seven cents. A rush around a corner, and Phil returned with a small supply of stick candy.

"Now, Billy," he said, "you're to be self-supporting for one day, at least. Here—let's draw him right up to the street corner. Let's see what kind of sales you will make. Don't let folks cheat you."

"And," put in the newsboy, who, during all the talk, had stood at one side, glancing from one to another of the speakers with a broad smile, and eyes beaming with intense interest, "we boys'll come to-night, and what he ain't sold we'll buy of him. Hi, Billy! you'll be havin' a bang-up-busines before long."

"Now, we must go."

"Good-by. Success to you, Billy."

And, just catching the delight which gradually worked its way through the bewildered, surprise on Billy's face, the chattering crowd moved on; leaving the small, pale cripple with a feeling that a new world had opened before him in the kindly ways and kindly speech of these strangers.

Late in the afternoon, after the hey-day of the frolic had subsided into a little quietness, Phil sought a few of his chapsen friends and invited them to a consultation with regard to Billy and his needs.

"What can we do for him?" was his conclusion. "I don't know of a better case to come before a Junior Endeavor Society. What say you, Mr. President?"

"I don't know what to say. Since we fitted out the little fellow to send to the western farm there isn't a cent in the treasury, and none of us happen to be Vanderbilts. What can we do without money?"

"Not much perhaps. But a little goes a good way sometimes. If it didn't, Billy would have starved before this, with nobody to help him but those poor little rats of newsboys."

"Think of it!"

"If Billy could only be kept on selling things—"

"But where could he get his stock?"

"I think," began Alice Clive, one of the older girls, and all listened, for Alice's suggestions had usually been found worthy of consideration, "that might be attended to without much expense. Now, molasses candy—"

Phil gave a bound and a whoop.

"Alice, you've hit it—as you always do. Molasses candy—to be sure! Good home-made molasses candy. Strictly first-class and free from adulteration. Children cry for it. Sells at sight. Best in the market. Yard wide and all wool—"

"Have you done?" said Alice. "If you will give us time, I think the first thing for us to do is to find out how many of you will undertake to see that Billy is supplied with molasses candy. We can take it week about."

"For how long?"

"Well, that remains to be seen. If Billy is prospered it may be hoped that he will be able to provide his own stock after a while."

"Of course?" exclaimed Phil. "And add to it. Nuts, fruits and all sorts of trash. Why, he'll have a first-class stand in no time at all."

"Some of us will look up some cushions to make the poor little fellow more comfortable, and perhaps some one of us may have an old table which would do for him."

Cushions were provided for Billy's waggon, the table was found, its legs cut short to bring it within his easy reach, and a place sought out in which he would be sheltered from the spring winds. The pathetic child face, bright with new hopes and new interests, attracted many buyers, and but very few weeks had passed before it was triumphantly announced in a meeting of his benefactors, that Billy had hired some one to make his candy, and gratefully declined further assistance.

And, through the advancing spring and early summer, Billy was to be seen at his stand by the friends who still made a point of passing that way, unless kept in by bad weather, until, at a meeting of the Junior Endeavorers, it was announced by Emily:

"Billy's failing. The hot weather is too much for him. There isn't a breath of air down these streets these long, sultry days."

Great dismay followed.

"What's to be done?" Even the buoyant Phil, to whom all eyes instinctively turned, looked for a moment discouraged.

"I don't know," he reluctantly admitted. "We have so little to do with him. We gave him his bit of a start, but when it comes to something bigger to be done I'm obliged to say I'm stumped."

"Well," said Emily, hopefully, "we haven't, you know, quite reached the end of our endeavor. We can just place the matter in the Lord's hands and feel sure He will look out for Billy. If we knew exactly how everything is to be done, there would be no chance for faith."

And the Lord had His next set of helpers ready in the right time. A Fresh Air Society had just been formed in the town, and Billy's white face and pale, wasted frame was one of the first to attract the attention of the beneficent souls who give their endeavor to secure for the poor of the cities a share in the Creator's free gifts of pure air and blessed country sights and sounds.

"He's back," shouted Phil one day in the early autumn. "Billy—red checked and freckled, cheery as a lark and as bright as a button—you'd never know him. Those little gutter-sniped friends of his—bless them all, I say!—have been blowing in their hard scraped nickles to give him another start. Now, I propose that we all chip in and give him a rouser of an outfit and then leave him to go on and prosper."

Which was done. Billy works on, a cripple still, and for always, but happy in having been set in the way of honorable industry and independence by those who find their happiness in holding out helping hands to the helpless.

—The Interior.

SAVED BY A NEWSPAPER.

THE STORY OF AN OTTAWA BUSINESS MAN.

Afflicted With Deafness and Partial Paralysis—Obliged to Give up His Business on Account of These Infirmities—To the Surprise of His Friends Has Been Fully Restored to Health.

From the Ottawa Free Press.

Mr. R. Ryan, who is well-known in Ottawa and vicinity, having been until recently a merchant of this city, relates an experience that cannot fail to prove interesting to all our readers. It is well known to Mr. Ryan's acquaintances that he has been almost totally deaf since twelve years of age, and that some time ago this affliction was made still more heavy by a stroke of partial paralysis. Recently it has been noticed that Mr. Ryan has been cured of these troubles, and a reporter thinking that his story would be of benefit to the community requested permission to make it public, and it was given by Mr. Ryan as follows:—

"In the fall of 1883, when I was about twelve years of age, I caught a severe cold in the head, which gradually developed into deafness, and daily became worse, until in the month of July, 1884, I had become totally deaf, and was forced on account of this to leave school. The physician whom I consulted informed me that

my deafness was incurable, and I concluded to bear my ailments as well as I could. In 1889 I started a store about two miles from Calumet Island, Que., but not being able to converse with my patrons on account of my deafness, I found it almost impossible to make business a success. However, things were getting a little brighter until last April when I took a severe pain, or rather what appeared to be a cramp, in my right leg below the knee. I was then doing business in Ottawa, having come to the city from the place above mentioned. At first I gave no heed to the pain, thinking it would disappear; but on the contrary it grew worse, and in the course of a few weeks I had to use a cane and could scarcely bear any weight on my leg. I continued to go about this way for two weeks, when a similar cramp attacked my left arm, and in less than two weeks, in spite of all I could do for it, I could not raise the arm four inches from my body and I found that the trouble was partial paralysis. Judge my condition—a leg and an arm useless, and deaf besides. Being able to do nothing else, I read a great deal and one day noticed in one of the city papers of a man being cured of paralysis by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I immediately began the use of Pink Pills and before I had finished the third box I noticed a curious sensation in my leg, and the pain began to leave it excepting when I endeavored to walk. Well the improvement continued, gradually extending to my arm, and by the time I had completed the seventh box my leg and arm were as well as ever, and my general health was much better. And now comes a stranger part of my experience. I began to wonder why people who were conversing with me would shout so loud. Of course they had always had to shout owing to my deafness, but I was under the impression that they were beginning to shout much louder. After having bade them "speak lower" several times, I enquired why they still persisted in shouting, or rather yelling at me, and was surprised to be informed that they were not speaking as loud as formerly. This led to an investigation and judge my joy when I found that Pink Pills were curing the deafness which was supposed to have been caused by my catarrh. I continued the Pink Pills for a month and a half longer, and I now consider myself perfectly cured after having been deaf for ten years. I can hear ordinary conversation and am fit for business, though I am yet a little dull of hearing, but this is not deafness, it is simply dulness, the result of my ten years inability to hear conversations, which still leaves me with an inclination not to heed what is being said. But I am all right and you may say from me that I consider Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the best medicine known to man, and that I shall be forever indebted to them for my renewed health and strength.

Newspaper ethics usually prevent the publication in the news columns of anything that might be construed as an advertisement, and thus much valuable information is suppressed that might prove of incalculable benefit to thousands. The praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills should be sung throughout the land, they should be familiar in every household, and newspapers should unite in making them so.

An analysis shows that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, all diseases depending on vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred, and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams Medicine Company, from either address.