

For Boys and Girls

The Elephant and the Giraffe.
Said the elephant to the giraffe,
"Your neck is too long by one-half."
He replied, "Since your nose
Reaches down to your toes,
At others you'd better not laugh."

A Highland Boy's Reply.
One wet autumn day a little Highland boy was acting as gillie to an English sportsman. The boy's boots were slightly the worse for wear, and the sportsman, taking pity on him, said:
"Poor little fellow, I'm afraid the water's getting into your boots at that big hole."
"Oh, never mind," replied the boy, with indifference, "there's a hole at the other side to let it out."

Nell in Fairyland.
"Sue! Sue! Su-u-ue!" Nell threw herself down in the rocking chair after her vain effort to call back the little friend who was racing down the lane with old Nero. "Oh, dear!" she said, "I don't see why mother wants me to do that horrid sewing before I go to play with Sue. She called me her good fairy when she went away, and—there! I just wish I was a fairy; there wouldn't be any long seams to sew, and I could play all the time."
"What did I hear you say?" Nell turned quickly and saw a queer little figure wrapped in a bit of spider web standing on the arm of her chair. "Why, where did you come from?" she cried. "Never mind where I came from; I just asked you what you were saying." "I said that I thought fairies didn't have to sew." "Do you really believe that?" "Why, yes!" The tiny creature looked at the little girl for a few moments, then she said, "If you will be very good and quiet, I think you may come with me, and you will see that we do have to work."
Before Nell knew what she was doing she found herself running after her new friend, who danced along so nimbly that her tiny feet scarcely touched the ground. On they flew—down the shady lane and across the empty pasture where old Brindle was quietly chewing the fresh grass, then over the sparkling brook and up into the forest where mother had never allowed Nell to go.
When they reached the heart of the forest the fairy went more slowly and appeared to be looking for something. "Ah, here it is!" she cried at last. "What?" asked curious Nell, but the fairy was already knocking at an old tree trunk, and did not hear her question. She knocked three times, then the trunk opened and they went inside. The door closed mysteriously, leaving them in total darkness. The fairy knew the way, however, and Nell followed her closely.
Presently they came to another door on which the little creature knocked three times; this door opened, and they went through into most beautiful bower; the roof and sides of the bower were made of fresh leaves and wonderful flowers woven together with grasses. Here Nell saw hundreds of fairies busily employed. She was amazed. Her little friend took her hand and said, "I am going to leave you now, for I have some work to do; but if you want to be just as nice as Lilybell, and I will come to you. Good bye!" and she waved her hand and danced away.
Nell was enchanted, she didn't know which way to turn, everything was so beautiful that she wanted to go in every direction at the same time. Right near her she noticed a bright little creature sewing busily. "What are you making with that lovely pink satin?" she asked. "Why, don't you know?" "Why, don't you know?" "I am making gowns for the roses to wear next summer." "Oh," said Nell, "but all the roses are not pink, for we have some white ones in our front yard." The fairy laughed gaily. "Just look up there!" she cried. Nell looked and saw piles of dresses—pink, red, white and yellow, all ready for summer.
"What are those fairies making?" the little girl asked, pointing to five or six tiny creatures who were bending over blue silk. "They are making petticoats for the Blue Bells," the fairy answered; "and those over there," she continued, "are making caps for the Snap-Dragons." "But do you see all day?" asked Nell. "Oh, yes, but we dance and have our usual times in the evening, though in the spring we are so busy making gowns for the Crocuses and Snow-Drops that often we have to sew all night."
Just then from way over on the other side of the bower, Nell heard the sweetest, softest music. It sounded familiar to her, but she could not recollect when or where she had heard it. Going on tip-toe to see what it could be, she came to three nearly three hundred fairies were singing together. Lilybell was the leader; she smiled and bowed to Nell, but went on beating the time with her wand.
"What is this you are singing? It seems as if I had heard it before," the child said to a fairy near her. "Oh, you surely have heard it," the fairy replied, "we are practicing for our concert, every evening we go out and sing in the pine trees."
"Oh," cried Nell, "I have often wondered why the music in the pine trees is so much sweeter than that in the other trees, and now I am so glad to know. But you do not go

out in winter when there is snow on the branches, do you?" "Why, yes, but how can such little people as you keep warm?" "Oh, we weave warm cloaks out of the long fur the foxes leave for us on the briar bushes, and—"
"Nelly, dear!" Why, surely, that is mother's voice," said the little girl, "I didn't know she came with me."
Nell rubbed her eyes and found herself sitting in the rocking-chair at home; and there was mother and the sewing—she was just going to tell mother how she had not finished it, when looking down at it she saw the cloth level all hemmed and neatly folded. "Why, I guess Lilybell did it!" cried the delighted child. "Perhaps she did," said mother, smiling mysteriously.
"Oh, mother," said Nell, "I used to wish I could be a fairy so that I wouldn't have anything to do, but they have to work ever and ever so much harder than I do. They are such little people, too, and they laugh and sing all the time, and just see how big I am, and I can't even sew a seam without grumbling."—"From the Christian Work."

Floral Hats and Heaps.
We are now enjoying to the full the result of our early spring work in the garden. The roses and lilies are in all their beauty, and the sweet peas are showing their first blossoms, and delighting us with their well known fragrance. The annuals, transplanted a month ago, and the house plants we moved into their summer quarters, have taken root, and look like business. The morning glories and other climbers are reaching up to anything they can lay hold of, and covering the bare spots that looked so unlovely in the early spring. There is bloom and beauty everywhere.
These hot, dry days we must not forget to use the

WATER-POT OR HOSE.
And don't forget to use the hoe as well, as that will loosen the soil, and allow the air to get to the roots of the plants, and also give the soil a better chance of getting down. In watering, don't simply sprinkle the surface, but give each plant that needs it a thorough soaking, that will be likely to do it some good. Many people make the sad mistake of supposing that if they give the soil a little sprinkle, sufficient to change its color, they have done all that is necessary, while, as a matter of fact, such attention does more harm than good, for the ground being wet only on the surface, the roots reach up to the moisture, and then, when it gets hot and dry again, these rootlets get scorched, and in many cases the plant dies. Encourage the roots to go down below the reach of the sun, and when you do water give sufficient to go right down to the lowest roots.

WAR ON THE WEEDS.
You must be in dead earnest in the matter of weeds. If you were foolish enough to neglect them earlier, when they were small, you will have a grand crop now. Get to work with a small hoe and root them up without mercy; do not chop them off merely—get them up by the roots. Every time you walk round your garden pull up every weed you can see that is with in your reach; do not put it off until you have half a day at it, or even an hour, do what you can each day. If it only be to root up one weed, and you will soon be master.

LUXURY OF SHARING.
You will now be able to enjoy the luxury of sharing your flowers with others. Do not be afraid of picking your flowers; the more you pick, the more you will have. I have one pansy plant in my garden, saved over from last year, and in bloom I have picked from that plant six simply marvelous. The more I pick the more it blooms. Scores and scores of lovely flowers has it given me, and others, and is not weary of giving yet. What lessons in unselfishness does this charming flowers teach us! Always giving and never weary. Make the sick, the aged and the children happy by gifts of flowers, and you will enjoy them all the better yourself. Nasturtiums are among the most satisfactory and easily managed flowers; they bloom so freely and stand so much neglect, and what look so lovely that it is worth while having all the year. Perhaps the children will enjoy them in February, and they are now blooming profusely. I took one plant, and put it into a pot, and it now droops gracefully from a bracket window, and is a vision of golden loveliness.

A Wide-Awake Watchman.
The directors of an Australian bank had engaged the services of a watchman, who came well recommended, but did not seem over-experienced. The chairman, therefore, said for him to "post him up" a bit, and began:
"James, this is your first job of this kind, isn't it?"
"Yes, sir."
"Your duty must be to exercise vigilance."
"Yes, sir."
"Be careful how strangers approach you."
"I will, sir."
"No stranger must be allowed to enter the bank at night under any pretext whatever."
"No, sir."
"And our manager—he is a good man, honest, reliable and trustworthy; but it will be your duty to keep an eye on him."
"But it will be hard to watch two men and the bank at the same time."
"Two men, how?"
"Why, sir, it was only yesterday that the manager called me in for a talk, and he said you were one of the best men in the city; but it would be just as well to keep both eyes on you and let the directors know if you hang about after hours."—London Answers.

A BABY CARRIAGE THAT FOLDS UP.
A folding baby carriage has made its appearance. When with this cheap bicycle that is already heralded, arrives, the one that is to be so light and inexpensive that it can be thrown away after using a few times, two serious impediments of summer travel will have been eliminated. Every language that goes about the streets at the moment is two-thirds bicycle and one-third baby carriages. Perhaps the coming baby will eschew its perambulator altogether and take its first airing on a wheel.—New York Times.

Rheumatism Cured in a Day.—South American Rheumatism Cure, for Rheumatism and Neuralgia, radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents.

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Wind the Poets.
The Parade.
Oh, she stood upon the sidewalk as the troops marched grandly by, With the clang of arms an' music kindlin' glory in her eye, An' my heart went thumpin', thumpin', till I hardly trod the ground, Wh'n she smiled an' nodded to me, tho' I darsn't turn around.
But the face o' her Went floatin' on before, An' the grace o' her— Me collen bawn astore!
A ringin', swingin' quickstep led the regiment straight along, From winder, roof, an' balcony bright flags an' buntin' hung; An' friendly thousands cheered us, but I only best in view, A snovy bit o' kerchief an' two eyes o' Irish blue.
For the sight o' her, Is sweet as heaven to me, For the sight o' her, The right to her— Acushla gra machree!
—Leslie's Weekly.

Meet it on the Way.
No use waitin' fer the wagon, Loafin' life away; Corn needs hoein'; Meet it on the way!
No use waitin' fer the wagon, Life is but a day; Time is lackin'; Has needs stackin'— Meet it on the way!
No use waitin' fer the wagon, Hair is growin' gray; Storm winds hummin'; Night is comin' on; Meet it on the way!
—Atlanta Constitution.

Silence.
Be still; the crown of life is silent-ness. Give thou a quiet hour to each long day. Too much of time we spend in profitless And foolish talk—too little do we say.
If thou wouldst gather words that shall avail thee in view, Learning a wisdom worthy to express, Leave for a while thy chat and study the golden speech of silent-ness.
—Arthur L. Salmon.

RAIN FALLS CONSTANTLY.
Umbrellas Are Always Up in a New Zealand Group of Islands.
There is a group of islands in the South Sea, New Zealand called the Sisters, or Seven Sisters, which are reputed to be subject to a practically constant rainfall. The islands are said of the islands and mainland of Terra del Fuego, saving for the difference that the rain often takes the form of snow.
Little So—Did it snow like this when you was a boy?
Father—'I've seen it over my head. Little So (after reflection)—Was you down or sittin' up?
Do your quarrel with your neighbor still about his dog coming over into your garden?
"No; that's all over now."
"Buried the hatchet?"
"No; buried the dog."
"But why do you not print a card and deny the accusation?" asked the politician's wife.
"I have howled the politician, and then have proved it? No; I will treat it with contempt."
"My wife," said Fred, the other day, "always flatters me in cold weather."
"How is that?"
"Why, whenever she wants more coal put on the fire she points to the fireplace, and says, 'Frederick the Great.'"
Mamma (reprovingly, Sunday)—You told me you were going to play church."
"Then I'd like to know what all this loud laughing is about?"
"Oh, that's Dot and me. We're the choir."
"I want to get out at Fletcher street," said a small boy to a car conductor the other night.
"What do you say?" asked the conductor, not understanding what he said.
"Please," responded the youngster, flushing mightily.
Little Susie—Well, Jennie, you are an aunt, now; you ought to be proud of it.
Little Jennie—No, I oughtn't to be proud of it.
Susie—Why not?
Jennie—'Cause I'm an uncle. The new baby's a boy.

FOR PESSIMISTIC MINDS.
Somerville Journal.
The man who never lost an umbrella never owned one.
Business men have noticed that the errand boy who can't remember the errand while he is going across the street can tell you the score of a game that was played at about three weeks ago.
It has been noticed that the people who have the most to say about the bicycling craze are people who don't have bicycles themselves.
The college graduate realizes that he is egotistic old when college boys look young to him.
There is no doubt whatever that the world owes a great deal to poets, but it doesn't seem to be in any tearing hurry to pay up.
Inventors who have tried to solve the problem of aerial navigation as a general thing have only made their money fly.
The man who sits next to a pretty girl in a street car is always willing to move up a little closer to her to give somebody else a seat.
It is not true that when a baby is born in Russia it is named after the first sneeze its parents hear.

ALL GONE.
Papa—Is that young man gone, Mamie?
Mamie—Yes, pa, awfully!

A Queen will buy only the best of everything. Queen Victoria buys Sunlight Soap for use in all her palace laundries.
But it's so cheap everybody can afford to use it, in fact as the "best" is the cheapest nobody can afford not to use it. Washes clothes, washes even with less labor, greater comfort.
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A drink brewed with Stower's Lime Juice Cordial is most refreshing. STOWER'S has no musty flavor. Free samples from your grocer.

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Your hat is on top and may have a soft thing to take care of—(itself). But your shoes are beneath you, and have a hard time taking care of your feet. What kind of care-takers are they? Pinched and pained and mistaking perhaps. Here's a shoe will defend your foot against deformity. Fit you the first time you wear it. Twelve shapes—many widths—black or tan. Best imported calfskin. Goodway's welt process. Stamped on the sole \$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00 per pair.
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