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New World.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Boys and Girls:

I can hardly believe my eyes, but there is not one letter this week. Are all the little folks gone to the spirit-land, or are they planting their gardens? I am sure I would like to be able to see the result, but this would be impossible without a flying machine. Send along some letters.

Your loving,
AUNT BECKY.

MABEL'S DAISES.

Mabel had never been up so early in her life as she was that morning. It was only 6 o'clock when she joined Fanny and Maude, already at work picking flowers in the daisy field. How beautiful the world was, with the soft light of early morning everywhere! The air had never seemed so sweet, nor the song of the birds so joyous.

"It's going to be a beautiful day," said Fanny, as she walked towards an inviting clump of blossoms, and began adding them one by one to those she already held in her hand. "I'm so glad!" Mabel answered. "I never wanted a day to be beautiful so much before. I hope it will be the prettiest wedding the church has ever had."

"Wasn't it sweet of Miss Green to ask us to help to decorate the church?" remarked Maude. "I think it's almost nicer for her to let us pick the flowers," said Fanny. "Did you know she was going to choose a few flowers to wear in her hair from those her girl friends bring her?"

Mabel made no response, but she heard the remark plainly. It brought a sudden purpose into her heart. She was a plump, round girl, with thoughtful brown eyes, and a quiet manner which indicated determination rather than shyness.

If Miss Green was going to wear any of the girl's flowers, Mabel had made up her mind that they should be hers. None of the girls could love Miss Green as she did, even if they all did pronounce her the dearest teacher they had ever had. Mabel loved Miss Green better than she had ever loved any one except her father and mother. And she just could not stand it to have the bride wear any other girl's flowers.

So while Fanny and Maude picked rapidly, and added bunch after bunch to the pile in the big basket, Mabel picked slowly, walking here and there over the field, with closely observant eyes, gathering only the largest and most perfect blossoms. She was very content with the choice little cluster she held, when the girls stopped picking. Nowhere, she felt sure, could more beautiful daisies be found than these she had sought out so carefully.

"I'll bring mine up to the church myself," Mabel said, as she parted from the girls at the roadway, "when I come up to help trim."

"Is that all you picked, Mabel?" asked her mother in surprise, when Mabel had reached home. Mabel only nodded in response, smiling happily. She rearranged the blossoms carefully, and put them away until time to take them to the church.

The girls were to be at the church at 10 o'clock. Mabel thought she started early, but when she entered the little white building she found that she was the last girl to arrive, and that the trimming was already quite advanced. Miss Green, herself, was superintending it all. There she was, in the farther corner of the room, surrounded by a group of girls. Mabel hurried forward and joined the circle in time to see Miss Green open a box she held in her hand.

"Aren't they lovely, girls?" Miss Green said, holding the box low, to show its contents. Mabel leaned forward. There, lying carefully in the folds of the protecting white tissue paper, lay a beautiful cluster of orchids.

"I'm going to wear them in my hair," Miss Green went on. "A very dear friend, who was my closest girl chum, sent them to me. She raised them herself. She heard I was going to carry orchids, and she wrote me to know if I were willing she should send the ones I wore in my hair."

Mabel's heart fell so suddenly that she scarcely noticed that it was Fanny who was standing next to her, nor heard her friend as she whispered: "How funny! I thought Miss Green said she'd wear the flowers her young girl friends sent, and that, of course, meant us. She must have meant somebody who was a friend of hers."

when she was a young girl herself, mustn't she?"

Mabel nodded, not daring to trust her voice. And then, almost before Mabel had time to realize her disappointment, Miss Green spoke to her. "Oh, Mabel!" she said sweetly, closing the box of orchids, "we have been waiting for you. You've no idea how many daisies it takes to trim this church. Fanny and Maude and the rest of the girls brought such a lot, and yet we haven't enough. We have been waiting for yours. We need them for the end wall."

Mabel had never felt so humiliated in her life as she did at that moment. There was nothing to do but present her meager cluster. She could not look at Miss Green as she handed the flowers to her, so instead she looked at the space on the end wall, and thought how very large it seemed—larger than it had ever looked before. Miss Green took the daisies, but, try as she would, she could not entirely hide her surprise.

"They're beautiful ones," she murmured kindly; but Mabel thought she would have been more pleased if Miss Green had said nothing at all. Mabel was too miserable to stay with the girls in the church very long. She crept away, unobserved, into the grove of trees that stood back of the churchyard. There she gave way to tears, which lasted some time. She could not tell why nor at whom, but she knew she felt bitterly angry. For a while the anger held possession of her thoughts, but at last the tears seemed to clear her reason. She suddenly sat up very straight.

"Goosie!" she said, almost aloud, as if she were addressing some one beside herself. "I know whom you are mad at. It's yourself, and you ought to be. It serves you just right. You picked those nicest flowers just so you could get ahead of the other girls, and make it seem as if Miss Green liked you best. Fanny and Maude never thought of being so mean. That is why you feel so humiliated. It hurts your pride. It never would have happened if it hadn't been for your selfishness."

Pittsburg Observer.

THE DEAREST DOLLS.

Miss Winifred Evelyn Constance McKee Invited our dolls to an afternoon tea. "But don't bring them all, for my table is small. Just each little girl bring her dearest," said she.

I felt in my heart it would not be polite To take my poor Rosa—she's grown such a fright! She is blind in one eye, And her wig's all awry, For she sleeps in my bed with me all through the night.

I explained to dear Rosa just why she must stay, And I dressed Bonniebelle in her finest array; And then, do you know, When the time came to go, I snatched up my Rosa and ran all the way!

And—what do you think?—of the six dolls that came There were four that were blind, there were two that were lame! And each little mother Explained to some other, "She's old—but I love her the best just the same!"

—Youth's Companion.

STANDING UP FOR HIS CHUM.

The following is a little incident which came under the observation of the writer: Two young horses have been kept in a pasture with a number of cows and a year-old calf, and they were accustomed to come up to the gate every night with the cows, the older leading the line and the younger bringing up the rear. Owing to a want of water in their own pasture some sheep were brought to the one in which the horses and cows were kept, and these sometimes followed the cows when they came at night to be milked. One night they did so, and when all the animals were standing together, the rear butted the calf, which could not defend itself, and the older colt, going over to it, seized the ram by the wool on its back, and lifting it entirely off the ground, shook it vigorously. He then placed it on the ground, and it quickly ran away, while the horse continued to stand guard over his friend.

THE CHANCE OF A BOY.

There died recently in Chicago a successful merchant, who in the long course of a busy life never forgot that he had been a boy. "In the whole world," he often said, "there is no one else equal to a fine, strong, clean young man—except a fine, strong, clean young woman."

He not only believed that, but he acted on his belief. So it happened that no business was ever so pressing that he had not time, when he found a youth of the kind described, to seek employment for him in his own office or with some acquaintance. "Business is a little slack just now," the acquaintance would say sometimes. "I'm afraid I cannot find room for another man—one who has no experience."

"Don't tell me that you are going to let this opportunity go by," the other would interrupt. "Why, you can't afford to. Room for him? Give him a chance. He'll make you realize what that means. One of the noblest creatures in the world. Not only a man like you and me, but young, with all the world before him. He offers to give you his whole power, to come into your business and use his God-given intelligence in mastering and improving it. You are asked to accept a favor—and if you don't some more enterprising rival will. Take him while you can get him; you may not have another chance."

Boys who deserve such introductions are not so rare as is sometimes thought. This man had a faculty for finding them and for bringing out by stimulating words the very best in them. And he brought home to many employers beside himself the fact that a boy seeking work if he be the right kind of a boy, is offering in his many ambition something for which the money paid is in no sense a return.

LOOKING FOR BIRDS.

(From Nature and Science, in May St. Nicholas.)

What is the best place to look for birds? Why, every kind of place has its charm for different kinds of birds. Along the little streams or lakes you can find dainty sandpipers, green herons and phoebes. A kingfisher's rattling cry may catch your ear; you may even see him plunge headlong into the water and come out with a gleaming shiner in his bill. In the marshes are the beautiful clear piping redwings and the chuckling marshwrens, and you may startle a big brown bittern. Along the roadways the vesper sparrows may fly ahead of you, showing their white tail feathers as they go.

The great thing to learn about birds, after you have come to know a number of kinds, are: first, that every kind does things in its own way; second, that they group themselves naturally into families as much by similar habits as by what scientific men call "character." Thus, flycatchers dart out and catch insects on the wing, with a snap of the bill, returning to their perch to wait for another victim. Sparrows like to be near or on the ground. Woodpeckers like to climb about in the trees, bracing on their stiff tails, head up. It has been ascertained that, in the main, birds like to follow valleys when they can, even going back for short distances to enter a valley that will lead them in their true direction. Many birds do not migrate at all, like the crows, chickadees and many hawks and woodpeckers; while others, like the red-poll linnets, snowflakes, crossbills and butcher birds, come to us only with very cold winters.

AN ELEPHANT AND HIS MOTHER

Elephants dearly love a joke. When engaged in the timber trade in Burma, I observed some queer pranks played by them. On one occasion I saw a calf play a most ludicrous trick on its mother. The older animal was hauling a log, which 50 coolies could not have moved, from a river to the sawmills, quite unconscious of any guile in the bosom of her offspring. The youngster took a turn with his trunk round one of the chain traces, and pulled back with all his might. This additional weight caused the mother to stop and look behind her, but, on discovering the cause, she gravely shook her head, and prepared to resume her task of drawing the log to the mill. This was just what the little imp expected; and, before the strain was put on again, he kicked out the iron hook which fastened the long chain to the log. As the mother again began to pull, he held back with all his strength on the train until her muscles were in full play, and then suddenly let go.

The effect was disastrous in the extreme. Down went the old elephant on her knees, and his driver descried

ed a most graceful and prolonged curve before he landed on the ground. But, like a cat, he struck on his feet, and, blurring out some heavy Burmese exclamations of wrath, he whispered a few words in the ear of the amazed victim of this unflinching practical joke. She seemed to understand him at once, and there ensued one of the most exciting chases it has ever been my good fortune to witness.

The calf scented danger the moment he saw the driver whisper to his mother, and he placed a large stack of timber between the enraged animal and himself as speedily as possible. Elephants seem too clumsy to do much running, but these two coursed up and down the yard in a manner which astonished me.

The youngster was more quick in turning, but at last he was cornered. The maternal trunk smote him on the joints. He gave a shriek; at the second stroke he dropped on his knees and took his punishment bravely and patiently. A few minutes later he walked past us to his shed; but his trunk was drooping, and great tears were coursing silently down his india-rubber cheeks.

I was sorry for the little fellow, and I noticed that at dinner-time his mother was gently rubbing him down with her trunk, and manifesting many signs of affection.—Chums.

SAFETY FOR CHILDREN.

Mothers should never give their little ones a medicine that they do not know to be absolutely safe and harmless. All so-called soothing medicines contain poisonous opiates that stupefy the helpless little one without curing its ailments. Baby's Own Tablets is the only medicine for infants and young children that gives the mother a positive guarantee that it contains no opiate or harmful drug. Milton L. Hersey, M.Sc., (McGill University), has analyzed these Tablets and says: "I hereby certify that I have made a careful analysis of Baby's Own Tablets, which I personally purchased in a drug store in Montreal, and the said analysis has failed to detect the presence of any opiate or narcotic in them." This means that mothers can give their little ones these Tablets with an assurance that they will do good—that they cannot possibly do harm. The Tablets cure indigestion, colic, constipation, diarrhoea, minor fever, teething troubles and all minor ailments. Sold by all druggists everywhere or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE CAP FITTED.

"Now, children," said the teacher, "let us see what you remember about the animal kingdom and the domestic animals that belong to it. You have named all the domestic animals but one who can tell me what that one is?"

No one answered. "It has bristly hair, like the dirt, and is fond of getting in the mud," hinted the teacher helpfully. "Can't you think, Tommy?" she asked, encouragingly of a small boy. "It's me," said Tommy, reflectively.

GRAVE MATTER TO HER.

The omnibuses that meet trains in Chicago look strikingly like hearse. Therefore arose the astonishment of a little Newark girl on reaching the western metropolis. "Jump in," said her father, holding the bus door open. The child drew back. "Papa," she cried, "are we going to be buried?"

THE OUTCOME.

"And now," asked the teacher, "what country is opposite to us on the globe?" "I don't know, sir," answered little Mary. "Well, if a hole were bored straight through the earth and you were to go in at this end, where would you come out?" "Out of the hole, sir," answered little Mary.

Then the teacher quit asking questions. Little Margie (who has company)—"We've been playing school, mamma." Mamma—Indeed! And did you behave nicely? Little Margie—Oh, I didn't have to behave. I was teacher.—Chicago News.

Dickens and the Little Sisters.

Charles Dickens once paid a visit to the house of the Little Sisters of the Poor in Paris and described his impressions of the institution and the Sisters in an article in his own magazine, Household Words. The great English novelist's account of a Catholic charity is so little known not being included in his published works, that it is worth reproducing here:

"The Little Sisters live with their charges in the most frugal way, upon the scraps of waste meat which they can collect from the surrounding houses. The voluntary contributions by which they support their institution are truly the crumbs fallen from the rich man's table. The nurse fares no better than the objects of her care; she lives upon equal terms with Lazarus and acts towards him in the spirit of a younger sister.

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"We are ushered into a small parlor scantily furnished, with some Scripture prints upon the walls. A Sister enters to us with a bright look of cheerfulness such as faces wear when hearts are beating to some purpose in the world. She accedes gladly to our desire, and at once leads us into another room of larger size, in which twenty or thirty old women are at this moment finishing their dinner; it being Friday, rice stands on the table in the place of meat. The Sister moves and speaks with the gentleness of a mother among creatures who are in, or near the state of second childhood. In the dormitories on the first floor some lie bedridden. Gentler still, if possible, is now the Sister's voice. The rooms throughout the house are airy, with large windows; and those inhabited by the Sisters are distinguished from the rest by no mark of indulgence or superiority.

"We descend now into the old man's department and enter a warm room, with a stove in the centre. One old fellow has his feet upon a little foot-warmer and thinly pipes out, that he is very comfortable now, for he is always warm. The chill of age and the chill of the cold pavement remain together in his memory, but he is very comfortable now, very comfortable. Another decrepit man with white hair and bowed back—who may have been proud in his youth of a rich voice for love songs—talks of music to the Sister and being asked to sing, blazes out with joyous gestures, and strikes up a song of Beethoven's in a cracked, shaggy voice, which sometimes, like a river given to flow underground, is lost entirely, and then bubbles up again, quite thick with mud. We go into a little oratory, where all pray together nightly before they retire to rest; then we descend into a garden for men, and pass thence by a door into the women's court.

"And now we go into the kitchen. Preparations for coffee is in progress; the dregs of coffee that have been collected from the houses of the affluent in the neighborhood are stewed for a long time with great care. The Sisters say that they produce a very tolerable result; and at any rate, every inmate is thus enabled to have a cup of coffee every morning, to which love is able to administer the finest mocha flavor. A Sister enters from her founds out of doors with two cans of broken victuals; she is a healthy, and, I think, a handsome woman. Her daily work is to go out with the cans directly after she has had her morning coffee, to collect food for the house. As fast as she fills the cans, she brings them to the kitchen and goes out again, continuing in this work daily till four o'clock."

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Music Circulated Like Books.

(New York Evening Post.)

The circulation of music, single pieces, operatic scores, oratorios, etc., through public libraries is not a new idea, but the practice has grown so slowly that barely a dozen libraries in the United States have adopted it. Recently a new impetus appears to have been given the idea, and a number of professional librarians have expressed themselves warmly in favor of it. Wherever it has been tried, the music library has been very successful. Boston, Chicago, Los Angeles, Pittsburgh, and Springfield, Mass., are said to have unusually flourishing libraries. It has been stated that in Los Angeles the circulation of music amounts to one-fifth of the total circulation of the library. The statement, however, has not been verified. In other cities the circulation of music is about the same as other special departments.

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In England the circulation of music in libraries is a common thing, and many years ago large music dealers in New York and other American cities maintained private musical lending libraries. The first public library in the United States to install such a department was the Brooklyn Public Library, now the Montague Branch of the Brooklyn Public Library.

This was as far back as 1882 before the free library system was established. The Brooklyn library was from the first a very progressive institution, daring to open its doors on Sundays in the City of Churches, a venture vigorously upheld by such men as Henry Ward Beecher, and bitterly denounced by others. When in 1882 the novel idea of circulating music was proposed by the acting librarian, William A. Bardwell, the directors consented to the experiment, with some doubt as to its value. Four hundred pieces were purchased, and a few years later an additional four hundred were demanded. The library has grown slowly but steadily ever since, until at present it contains 2100 pieces. The music is all of the highest order, only standard compositions being admitted. The collection includes compositions for the piano, solos, and duets for four and eight hands, for the violin, the organ, and the harmonium, as well as songs for all voices. Scores of practically all the standard operas and oratorios are on the shelves. These are especially popular, the call for them being constant during the musical season. Last winter fifteen scores of "Parsifal" were kept in active circulation for several months, while the interest in the Wagner music drama was at its height.

The music is loaned on the same terms as the books. A volume may be retained for two weeks and renewed on application. Each piece is bound separately, the sheet music in heavy cardboard, the larger pieces in boards with hinges of stout book muslin, and the thick volumes in leather. The wear and tear on them is by no means great, and the volumes are in excellent condition. Adjacent to the music shelves is a very selected and fairly complete library of musical literature. Few books required by advanced students of music are missing, and there are a number of popular volumes for beginners. It is quite apparent that operatic and other scores should be desired for short periods by music lovers, but many persons will doubtless wonder that a musician should be satisfied to borrow a composition for two weeks. No ordinary performer could hope to learn and memorize a piece of classical music in that period of time unless the music were extremely simple. People of moderate means find the library a great convenience and also a means of economy. They borrow the works of one composer after another, keeping the volumes long enough to decide what compositions they really desire to own. Careful people buy their books in this cautious fashion; there are many who never think of buying a work of fiction before reading it.

FATHER'S GENIUS FREE A VALUABLE BOOK ON NERVOUS DISORDERS AND A SAMPLE BOTTLE TO ANY ADDRESS. Poor get this medicine FREE! KOENIG MED. CO., 100 Lake St., CHICAGO. Sold by Druggists at 25c per bottle, 60c for 2.

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Musical clubs of women in several localities have agitated in behalf of this department of library work. In a few places they have succeeded in establishing small circulating libraries by donating to the local libraries their own collections of music or by contributing to a purchasing fund. Far from meeting with opposition from music dealers, the clubs have found the latter to be friendly to the movement. The dealers are glad of any evidence of a general interest in music because it means a better patronage of their business. In some instances they have made generous donations of sheet music and books on the theory of music to clubs trying to establish libraries.

Our course is like that of some mountain-climber, slowly making his way to the topmost peak of a mighty range. When he starts, one mountain nearly seems the highest of all, and he thinks he will have reached his limits when that is scaled. All day he clambers upward, and though the setting sun finds him at the top of that peak, it also shows him far higher ones all around. He is only at the beginning, where he dreamed he would end, and when at last he finds himself on the true summit of the range, he looks down on the crown of that first peak and sees it as a molehill in the vastness below.

—Lugh Mitchell Hodges.