

BOYS AND GIRLS

Sometimes

We are going to do a kindly deed,
Sometime, perhaps, but when?
Our sympathy give in a time of need,
Sometime, perhaps, but when?
We will do so much in the coming years;
We will banish the heartaches and doubts and fears,
And we'll comfort the lonely and dry their tears,
Sometime, perhaps, but when?
We will give a smile to a saddened heart,
Sometime, perhaps, but when?
Of the heavy burdens we'll share a part,
Sometime, perhaps, but when?
Sometime we're going to right the wrong,
Sometimes the weak we will make strong;
Sometime ye'll come with Love's old sweet song;
Sometime, perhaps, but when?

—E. A. Brininstool.

Tom, the Tempder

'Oh, Daddy, please!'

'I am afraid I couldn't, Dick. You must remember that you are only a little man, and that Broncho is very frisky.'

'I know, Dad, but Tom got a pony for Christmas, too, and he can ride anywhere that he chooses.'

'You forget that Tom is twelve, while you are not yet ten. I am willing that you should ride when William can go with you, but you must not go alone.'

So young Dick Wilmer tried to be contented, although there was a sore spot down deep in his heart. All of his chums rode, and not one of them had to have a horrid man trotting along behind. It wasn't right that he should be treated like a baby, when he was fully as tall as Tom and the other fellows. No one could guess that he was nearly three years younger. He went sorrowfully to Broncho's stall, and put his own curly head against the soft dark mane of the young thoroughbred.

For several weeks after his father's mandate had gone forth Dick turned a deaf ear to all of Tom's entreaties, and endeavored to forget the neat little footman while dashing through the long, winding country roads. But a day came when all of Dick's good resolutions were thrown to the winds.

It was Saturday. Mr. Brown, his tutor, had just left the house, and the lesson books were put away until Monday. So, with a free heart, Dick bounded downstairs, buckled on his high riding boots, slipped into his coat and set his scarlet cap well back on his curly head. Mr. Wilmer had gone to the city on business, and Mrs. Wilmer was out calling. Dick knew by experience that it would probably be dark before she would return, and it was too lonesome in the house. Even Mr. Brown, who had been expected to stay, was telegraphed for, as his wife was taken suddenly ill.

So when left alone Dick ran down to William's room, over the stable. His hand was on the knob, and he opened his mouth to call the groom. Just then Tom's mocking voice cried:

'Go on, Laby; call your nurse!'

Dick wheeled around, his deep blue eyes all ablaze with indignation.

'I am not a baby, and you know it, Tom Stimer!'

'Then why do you always have him,' pointing a disdainful finger toward the closed door, 'tagging after you? When you are a man you'll have a keeper, I suppose!'

'I won't have you talking that way to me. I'm not a baby, and you know I don't want William—and I only have him because Dad says I must!' cried Dick sturdily.

'Don't you ever expect to have a mind of your own? I dare you to go to-day without him,' taunted Tom.

'Dad said I mustn't.'

'William isn't there; he went out just as I came in, so he can't go, and you know Henry is driving your mother's horses.'

'What shall I do, then?' Dick stood for a moment debating. It was a glorious day, cool and clear, except for a heavy bank of clouds slowly rising in the north. It was too lovely to stay stuffed up in the house all the afternoon.

'It won't hurt you. I'll take care of you, and we'll only go on the nearby roads. Come on, Dick,' tempted the visitor.

'I ought not to,' said Dick, slowly. It was so hard to refuse, for he wanted so much to go.'

'Do as you like,' said Tom, 'I am going.' And he carelessly threw himself on the waiting pony.

Just at that moment a low, sorrowful whinny came from Broncho's stall. That decided Dick; he would not be gone long, and he would be very careful—oh, very careful.

At first his conscience pricked him a little, but once out in the soft warm sunshine, and galloping swiftly down the long roads, he forgot his scruples and never before had he enjoyed a ride so much. It was strange that neither of them noticed when the sun sank behind the clouds until they found themselves almost completely in the dark and a storm rising.

'Come, Tom, let's hurry home,' called Dick, frightened at the thought of the hour.

'It's jolly now—I am not going yet,' laughed Tom.

'I tell you it's going to be a bad storm. I am going home now, Tom, and you can come when you please.' Dick wheeled his horse around as he spoke, and galloped in the opposite direction.

'Hi, I say, Dick, come back!' called the older boy, but he was already out of hearing. Tom shrugged his shoulders and rode merrily on. It was dark when Mr. Wilmer reached home and found his wife in tears, and nearly wild from anxiety. Between her sobs Mrs. Wilmer told him that Broncho had just come home with the saddle turned.

Mr. Wilmer did not hesitate an instant. There was only one boy with whom Dick could have gone, and very soon the anxious father was catechizing Tom Stimer.

'Dick hasn't got home yet?' Tom asked, a terrified look coming over his face.

'No. Did you make him go?'

Tom looked down. There was no use in denying it. Suppose Dick was lying hurt in the woods.

'Yes, sir; I asked him to go, but I didn't think it would hurt,' said Tom slowly.

'Come with me, sir, and show me where he left you,' commanded Mr. Wilmer, sternly.

It was not an easy task, for the blinding snow made them almost lose their way in the most familiar roads. Hours were spent in the search, and Mr. Wilmer, Mr. Stimer, their servants and the neighbors looked about until they were discouraged.

Suddenly a joyful yelp from Dick's dog, a great mastiff, brought the little band together, and the dim lantern light shed a faint red glow upon a small figure, lying half buried in

the brush, while beside him, with head drooped, stood the mastiff.

Tenderly the father lifted his unconscious boy and carried him home. No one suffered as much as Tom during the doctor's consultation, huddled up in a little heap outside Dick's door. Hours were by, and still no sound from the room. At length the door softly opened, and the kind old family physician came out.

'Why, Tom, what are you doing here?'

'Is he—is he—dead?' sobbed Tom.

'No, my boy; he is very much alive, and in a few weeks he will be as well as you are. Was it you who took him?'

'Yes, doctor,' said Tom manfully, 'I despise myself for it; but he didn't want to go, and I taunted him into it. I am much older than he is, too. Don't you think he will always hate me?'

'I think, on the contrary, that you and Dick will be better friends than ever. You have learned that the way of the transgressor is not an enviable one,' remarked the old doctor, sagely.

And the doctor's prediction came true, for in their boyhood, university and manhood days Dick Wilmer and Tom were inseparable.—'Canadian Farm and Home.'

Trained Animals.

(George Bancroft Griffith, in the Michigan 'Christian Advocate'.)

An autopsy held on the body of the famous chimpanzee 'Sally,' who died at the Zoological Gardens, New York, showed that her brain was about the size of the late 'Mr. Crowley's,' of Central Park. Notwithstanding the fact that Sally was held to be the most intelligent animal outside of the human race, it is asserted by those who saw her brain that it did not differ from that of others, and her apparent intelligent was probably due to the fact that she had more training than any other chimpanzee because she had succeeded in living twice as long in captivity.

There was recently in Paris a Russian, by name Dourof, who is supposed to know more about the nature of rats than any other man living. He has made a business of training them to do queer things, and at the same time has carefully studied their habits and ways.

A reporter who visited him and his two hundred and thirty free and ordinarily uncaged rats found him in the act of exhibiting his 'rat railroad.' It consisted of a narrow track laid in a circle, upon which were three passenger cars large enough to hold five or six rats a piece, a baggage-car, and a pretty little locomotive.

Come to the track was a small painted wooden house, which served as a station. There were switches, and other railway paraphernalia.

Presently a cage was brought in, which contained a considerable number of rats. Dourof clapped his hands together three times, and all the rats came tumbling out of the cage and swarming into and about the little station.

He clapped his hands again, and half a dozen black and sleek rats—very respectable corpulent fellows—climbed into a first car, which was a first-class coach.

Once more Dourof clapped, and half a dozen black and white rats, quite regularly marked, got into the second-class car, while an indiscriminately marked and rather disreputable-looking company scrambled into the last car, which was third-class.

A black rat, who did duty as the station master, promenaded up and down on the plat-