

BOYS AND GIRLS

It's Summer-time Somewhere

When fall the wintry flakes of frost, it's summertime somewhere—
Violets in the valleys, bird songs in the air;
The chilly winds, they only blow the lily's lips apart;
It's summer in the world, my dear, when it's summer in the heart.
When gray the skies are glooming, it's summer in the dells—
In the merry songs of reapers, in the tinkling of the bells.
The sweet south skies are brightening as with spring-time's magic art,
But the sweetest reason, dearest, is the summer in the heart.
Still, still the birds are singing, and still the groves are green,
And still the roses redden, and the lovely lilies lean;
Love fades not with the season; when summer days depart,
It's summer still, my dearest, in the Eden of the heart.

—Frank L. Stanton.

'Stretching the Long Bow.'

People call exaggeration 'stretching the long bow'; you know what it means—to 'exaggerate?' Suppose I give you a penny, and you tell some one, 'Oh, I have just received a "tremendous" lot of money'; or suppose your teacher says, 'That copy is well written,' and you say, 'Mother, my teacher says I write "splendidly"; then you are guilty of exaggeration—of making a fact seem greater than it really is.

The other day I saw a little lad showing his cap (which, perhaps, cost two shillings) to another boy, and I heard him say, 'Mother paid one pound for this cap. I like it very much; I would not sell it for ten pounds.'

Was it not foolish of the child to utter such words as these?

Be truthful in little things, dear children, as well as great.—'Sunday Reading.'

A Newsboy's Bank.

He was very little and his clothes were ragged and his hands red with cold whenever he came spinning around the corner and paused before the handsome house across the way. One funny thing about it was that he never came on pleasant days, but I grew accustomed to see him take up his position and call his papers while the snow whirled around him and the wind tried its best to take him off his feet. At last I became curious, and determined to find out why he never came when the sun was shining and everything looked bright. I had only to beckon to him, and he hurried across the street with a cheerful 'Here you are! A "Record," did you say?'

A moment later I had him before the grate, and his eyes resembled those of a great mastiff as the warmth penetrated his shivering body.

'It's terribly cold' I began.

'Yes, rather; but I've seen it worse,' was the answer.

'But don't you find it hard selling papers this weather?' I continued.

'Ye-ss, sometimes; then I hustle over there as fast as I can,' nodding at the house across the way.

'Why, do your papers sell more readily in this neighborhood?'

'No,' with a disgusted sniff at my evident lack of business intuition; 'scarce ever sell one here.'

'Why do you come, then?'

'Do you want to know the real reason?'

'Yes, indeed,' I replied earnestly.

'Well, one day pretty near a year ago I was most done for; couldn't sell any papers, and was about froze, and if I'd known any place to go, I would have crawled off somewhere and give it all up. While I was thinkin' of all this, a couple of fellows passed me, and one of 'em says, "He's richer'n Croesus now, an' to think he was a beggar only a few years ago." "A beggar!" says t'other fellow. "Yes, or what amounts to pretty much the same thing—a newsboy—and I've heard him say dozens of times that nothing but pluck and the grace of God would ever had brought him through." "An' his house is in the next street, you say?" "Yes, we go right past it."

'I followed 'em till they came to the house over there and while I stood looking at it something seemed to say to me that, if that man could build a house like that when he'd begun by being a newsboy, I could, too. Then I wondered over what the men had said. They'd gone on out of sight, and I said over and over, "Pluck and the grace of God." Then I made up my mind I'd got the pluck all right, and I'd ask over and over for the grace of God. I didn't just know what that was, but every time I was alone I'd just say what I could remember of the Lord's Prayer, and finish up with "An' give me the grace of God."

'If you'll believe it, I begun to get along right away. I'm saving money now to go to school with, and whenever I get discouraged—it's always on stormy days, you see—I just come in front of that house and think it all over and say "Pluck and the grace of God" over to myself a few times.—'Ram's Horn.'

Thomas Newcomb's Question

(Prof. A. F. Caldwell, in 'Christian Union Herald'.)

'Twas early Saturday morning. Harold Kingman sat under the shade of the wide spreading maple at the corner of the shed thinking. In fact, his mind was made up—he would apply that afternoon for the situation in Thomas Newcomb's apothecary shop, the largest and best equipped drug store in Newfield.

'There's no need of my going to school any more,' he reasoned, 'old's I am. Father was at work before he was my age—I've heard him say so scores of times!'

Unbeknown to Mrs. Kingman, Harold, whose fifteenth birthday was a fortnight before, had brought home his books on Friday afternoon, and had carefully hidden them away in an old hair trunk, among a pile of faded yellow letters in the garret.

'The notice says to apply between two and three o'clock,' and Harold took from his vest pocket a piece of crumpled paper cut the day before from the Newfield 'News.' 'Four dollars a week for the right boy,' he read.

'I suppose there'll be a dozen fellows who'll want the job, but I guess my chances are as good as anyone's—better, for every one in Newfield knew father, before the boiler at Longman & Hall's blew up. I suppose he'll ask me lots of questions, judging from what it says about a "right boy," but I'm a good

penman and can spell, and there isn't a second year fellow who can reckon any better than I can. I love figures!'

While Harold sat there conjecturing Phil Ambrose came along.

'Haven't left school, have you, Harold? I saw you take your books home with you yesterday!'

'I s'pose I have,' confusedly, glancing furtively towards the house whose kitchen windows were open. 'I'm going to work!'

'Your mother willing?' asked Phil, in surprise.

'Why, I—I suppose she is—she hasn't objected,' coloring. 'Don't you think I'm old enough? I'm going on sixteen!'

'I suppose so, only—she told the principal one day this week—I was in his office on an errand for Miss Ferrand—she wanted him to encourage you in your Latin all he could, for she planned for you to go to college—where your grandfather graduated. I'm sorry you've left, with the term so nearly out,' gathering up the reins. 'Settled on a job yet?'

'No! I—I'm expecting one at—'

'I saw Newcomb's advertisement in yesterday's 'News,' but he's awfully particular—so folks say. He's a sticker on questioning new fellows, so George Howe thinks—he's worked for him five or six years I should judge; anyhow, it's been a long while!'

'I wonder if he will—if he'll ask me direct if—'

Harold shifted uneasily to a spot where there was more shade.

'Course not—that's not about what I can do, and from what the advertisement says he wants a fellow who can work, and one who will take an interest in the business!'

Harold Kingman lived a mile and a quarter from the thriving village, on the old Fairbanks place. 'Twas a roomy, rambling house, set in from the road, surrounded by tall shade trees, with here and there a quiet, self-possessed old apple tree that seemed to add a becoming dignity to the restful spot.

'I see Mr. Newcomb wishes another boy in his store,' remarked Mrs. Kingman at dinner that day, helping Harold to a second dish of berries. 'I wish Clarence Williams could get such a place. Too bad he had to leave school—'tis such a misfortune, young as he is; he's only a month and a half older than you. And Clarence is such a nice boy; he's a regular mainstay to Mrs. Williams, and has been from a little fellow.'

'Perhaps he can—'

'No,' interrupted Mrs. Kingman, 'he agreed to stay at Sillimon's six months when he went there, and I'm sure Mrs. Williams wouldn't want her son to break an agreement—to do a dishonorable thing.'

'Supposing she wouldn't know,' without looking up.

'But she would; Clarence wouldn't deceive his mother any more than you would me, Harold. And if he should, Mr. Newcomb would find it out.'

As soon as dinner was over Harold hurried from the table.

'I wish when you go to the village you'd run into Mrs. Jewett's for me; I want to get a pattern she has.'

'I—I wish mother hadn't said that,' thought Harold to himself, going slowly down the road, 'any more'n I would her! But it—it isn't deceiving her when I'm going to get work—that's helping her!'

However hard he tried, no argument that Harold advanced could drive away the 'heavy