

## The Boys.

There come the boys! Oh, dear, the noise!

The whole house feels the racket:  
Behold the knee of Harry's pants,  
And weep o'er Harry's jacket!

But never mind if eyes keep bright  
And limbs grow straight and limber.  
We'd rather lose the tree's whole bark  
Than find unsound the timber!

Now hear the tops and marbles roll!  
The floors—oh, woe betide them!  
And I must watch the banisters,  
For I know boys who ride them.

Look well as you descend the stairs—  
I often find them haunted  
By ghostly boys that make no noise  
Just when their noise is wanted!

The very chairs are tied in pairs.  
And made to prance and caper:  
What swords are whittled out of sticks!  
What brave hats made of paper!

The dinner-bell peals long and well,  
To tell the milkman's coming;  
And then the rush of "steam-car trains"  
Sets all our ears a humming.

How oft I say, "What shall I do  
To keep all those boys quiet?"  
If I could find a good receipt,  
I certainly should try it.

But what to do with these wild boys,  
And all their din and clatter,  
Is really quite a grave affair—  
No laughing, trifling matter.

"Boys will be boys"—but not for long;  
Ah, could we hear about us  
This thought—how very soon our boys  
Will learn to do without us!

How soon but tall and deep-voiced men  
Will gravely call us "mother,"  
Or we be stretching empty hands  
From this world to the other!

More gently we should chide the noise;  
And when night quells the racket's  
Stitch in but loving thoughts and  
prayers.

While mending tattered jackets,  
—Buffalo Christian Advocate.

## HOW GRAMMER SAW THE PROCESSION.

BY RUTH HALL.

"I tell you, grammer," cried Tommy,  
"It's going to be a buster!"  
I am sorry that Tommy said "buster,"  
but he did.

"Five elephants," he went on rapturously,  
"and camels, and a rhinoceros,  
and a hippopotamus—you may call 'em!  
And ladies on horses, and gentlemen,  
and cars 'n' chariots! Joe Mattice saw  
it in St. Louis. He says it's all true  
that the bills say, it's the biggest show  
on earth. And he liked the procession  
most the best part of it. Whew!"  
Tommy danced up and down beside the  
bed. "Don't I want to see that proces-  
sion, though!"

"I wish I could see it," said grammer,  
wistfully.

Tommy's brown eyes grew sober. He  
looked at the worn, thin face nestling  
into the pillow, which was scarcely  
whiter. He remembered how many  
years—all those of his active little life—  
his grandmother had lain there helpless,  
dependent on just such scraps of news  
as this, brought to her by her family  
and her friends, for her acquaintance  
with the outside world.

"I wish you could," he exclaimed.  
The poor old woman began to  
whimper.

"Nothing ever happens that's nice,"  
she muttered. "I don't have a bit of  
pleasure."

"That's so," said Tommy.

"Why don't they go down this street?"  
she wailed, wagging her nightcap.

"Then I could see right out the window.  
The bed's close enough. But, no, they  
must take Adams Street instead. Just  
my luck! Old Miss Stimson, she'll see  
it, 'cause she lives on Adams. And she  
ain't rheumatic and bedridden. I think  
it's terrible mean."

Two tears trickled forlornly down her

cheeks. Tommy wiped them away with  
his grubby handkerchief.

"It's too bad," he murmured consoling-  
ly. "It is really too bad."

"You might have known better," his  
mother reproached him, later, "than  
mother reproached him, later, "than  
put such a notion into your grammer's  
head. I've had a dreadful time with  
her. She's as unreasonable as a baby."  
"I didn't mean to put any notion,"  
Tommy insisted. "I was just a-talkin'."

But, indeed, all that evening, and the  
first thing the next morning when she  
awoke, Mrs. Truman lamented loudly  
the loss of this pleasure, which certainly  
would come exasperatingly close, for  
Adams Street was only a block away.

Tommy listened to her complaints,  
coupled with those of his mother, until  
he felt like a little criminal, instead of  
a well-meaning boy who had hoped to  
entertain his afflicted relative with the  
current gossip of the town.

There was a weight of responsibility.  
It was true that he was the one  
who had put this notion into grammer's  
head. Suddenly, like an inspiration, a  
bright thought darted across his low  
spirits. Should he try it? It was a  
desperate deed, and yet—nothing ven-  
erous, nothing have. So his copybook  
said, in shaded script.

He put on his best hat, blackened his  
shoes, and marched out of the house.

Straight to the circus-grounds went  
Tommy. There there was the bustle of  
a city, amid tents going up, the sides of  
cages falling with a bang, a man cook-  
ing in an enclosure, and others hurriedly  
taking dishes from a long table with  
benches on either side.

"I want to see Mr. D—," Tommy  
announced to one of these people.

The man laughed: "Want a pass? You  
ought to see it for your impudence."

"I don't want a pass," said Tommy.

"What's your business with 'im,  
then?"

"No matter," replied the little boy,  
stiffly. "Where is he?"

The man pointed over his shoulder,  
with a grin: "There he is," he answered. "Step  
up to him.—I dare you!"

Tommy walked sturdily forward to  
where a broad-shouldered, round-faced  
man, with a glistening jewel in his  
shirt-front, stood talking to a group of  
reporters.

"Are you Mr. D—?" he inquired.

"Yes, my man. What is it?"

Tommy took off his best hat politely.

"Will you please go down Haverhill  
Street?" he said.

"Will I—what?"

"Will you tell the procession to go  
down Haverhill 'stead of Adams?"

The man winked towards the  
smiling reporters.

"There's nothing cheeky about you,"  
he remarked, biting the end of a cigar.

"Why should I do that,—if you please?"

The freckled face was very earnest.

"So's grammer can see it. She's bed-  
ridden, you know, 'n' she's awful feeble.

She's kinder childish." Tommy looked  
very wise and old as he made this state-  
ment with an awe-stricken fall of the  
voice. "And she wants to see the pro-  
cession so bad! You just oughter hear  
her cry! She says nothin' nice ever  
happens to her. Oh, please to go down  
Haverhill!"

Mr. D—'s sharp eyes swept the circle  
of faces about him. They were not  
smiling now.

"Where is Haverhill?" he asked.

Tommy gave quite a bound into the air.

"Oh! will you do it?—will you? It  
ain't but a block out of your way,—  
honest, it ain't!"

The showman put his broad hand on  
the child's shoulder.

"You must lead us," he said.

"I?"

"Yes, so we can tell where to go.  
They're forming now. You've no time  
to spare. Look there!"

Tommy looked. A band, in glittering  
red and gold, their musical instruments  
shining in the sunlight, advanced in his  
direction. Behind them he saw an  
elephant's waving trunk, a car of fan-  
tastic fretwork seemed bubbling over  
with fairies all tulle and wands and  
sparkling headgear. There was  
tramp of horses, the strange pad, pad,  
of animals straight out of Noah's Ark.

A shrill, sweet strain of a martial air  
trilled out.

His breath came quick. Never, in his  
wildest dreams of Arabian nights, had  
such a situation faced him.

"Step lively!" said Mr. D—.

Tommy walked forward. He took up  
his stand before the haughty drum-  
major, before the clown with his comic  
dqakey, before the elephant and the  
camels. He led the procession.

The line of march was adhered to;  
he knew it all by heart. But Adams  
Street was neglected, and the corner of  
Haverhill was turned. Then Tommy  
took to his heels. He looked up at one  
took to his heels. He looked up at one  
window. A withered face wreathed in  
infantile smiles, was pressed against the  
glass. He stood on the steps beneath,  
and, for the first time, saw the show.

Let by Mr. D—, every man, woman,  
and child in that serpentine line of  
moving beings saluted Tommy in pass-  
ing. And Tommy's straw hat flew off  
again and again and again, as if he were  
a general, and this were his army that  
he was reviewing.

And so it was that "grammer" saw  
the procession, after all.—S. S. Times.

## A LITTLE GENTLEMAN.

When the train stopped, at a small  
station, a woman with a child three or  
four years old came into the car. The  
woman was pale, and looked very tired;

and the child, a boy, was one of those  
uneasy urchins who want to be always  
on the move. The lady sat down wearily;

the boy climbed up by her side, and in-  
sisted on standing at the window with  
his head out of it.

"Please, Freddy, sit down by mamma,  
and be quiet," said she. "It's hard  
work to hold on to you, and mamma is  
tired. Won't you, dear?"

"I want to look out and see things,"  
answered Freddy, too young to under-  
stand how any one could be tired.

"Won't you come here and look out  
of my window?" I asked. Freddy  
glanced at me, and then shook his head.

"I will stay with mamma," said he.

"Perhaps Freddy will let me take care  
of him," said a boy who sat opposite  
me. "Won't you, Freddy?"

Freddy looked at him a moment, then  
got down from the window, and went to  
him, saying, "Yes, I will stay with you."

"You look as if you were almost tired  
out," said the boy to Freddy's mother.

"If you could sleep it would rest you,  
I'm sure. I'll see to this little fellow."

"Thank you, you are very kind," said  
she; "but he is too big for a little boy  
to care for."

"Oh, no, ma'am. I can get along with  
him well enough," replied the boy. "If  
you'll let me, I'll take him to the other  
end of the car, where his talking won't  
be so likely to disturb you."

"I'm not afraid to trust him with  
you," said she, "if you are sure he won't  
be too much trouble to you."

"I'll risk that," said the boy. "Come,  
Freddy," and taking hold of his hand, he  
led him to the other end of the car. The  
tired mother lay back and closed her  
eyes.

Freddy had wanted by the dozen, and  
the boy attended to him patiently. By-  
and-by he was coaxed to listen to a  
story. Before it was ended he was  
asleep. Then the boy made a pillow for  
his head, and laid him down carefully.

When he had done that, he came to  
Freddy's mother and asked her if he  
could not get her some water.

"How kind you are," said she, "I can-  
not tell you how much I thank you."

"If my mother were in your place, I  
should like to have some one help her,"  
said the boy; and away he went to the  
tank, coming back with a brimming cup  
of water.

She took it, poured some water on her  
handkerchief, and bathed her head.

"That makes me feel better," said she.

"I am sure your mother would like to  
know how kind you are to me."

"She always told me to help other  
folks if I could," said the boy. "Some  
time I may want some one to help me."

The boy then went back to Freddy,  
and sat by him while he slept. The  
sleep was not a long one; and when he  
awoke he was full of spirits as healthy  
children usually are, but did not ask to  
go to his mother.

By-and-by the train stopped. The  
conductor called out, "Fifteen minutes  
for refreshments!" "Will you sit here  
while I'm gone, if I will bring you an  
apple?" said the boy to Freddy. The  
little fellow's eyes brightened. "Yes, I  
will," was the answer.

The boy went out, and presently came  
back with a cup of tea and something  
wrapped in a paper. "If you'll drink  
this, ma'am, I think it will make your  
head feel better."

"You are the kindest, most thoughtful  
little gentleman I have ever met," said  
she, as she took the cup. I smiled; she  
had hit upon the same title for him  
that I had been giving him.

"Here are some sandwiches," said he,  
opening the paper. "I have one, and  
an apple for Freddy." When she had  
drunk the tea, he carried the cup back.

"It does make me feel better," she  
said to me. "The boy's kindness gave  
it a flavour that makes it an agreeable  
medicine. What a fine, manly, little fel-  
low he is! I hope my boy will be like  
him."

I saw the little gentleman perform  
many more acts of kindness that long  
afternoon. Everything he did was done  
in a way that showed it was not done  
from a desire to impress a sense of his  
helpfulness upon those to whom he was  
attentive. It was after dark when the  
lady and her child reached their stop-  
ping place. When she prepared to leave  
the car, he helped her to gather up her  
wraps and bundles, and took Freddy in  
his arms to carry him to the platform.  
I followed them to the car door.

"You have been very kind to me,"  
she said, as she gave him her hand at  
parting. "I might tell you that I thank  
you, but you would not know from my  
words how grateful I am for your atten-  
tions. Here," she added, putting some-  
thing in his hand, "I want you to get a  
book with this, and to write in it, 'From  
Freddy and his mother, with kindly  
thoughts for their little friend.' Good-  
bye, my little gentleman."

Books of the B. B. e.

"The great Jehovah speaks to us  
In Gen's and Exod's;  
Leviticus and Numbers see,  
Followed by Deuteronomy;  
Joshua and Judges sway the land,  
Ruth gleams a sheaf with trembling  
hand,  
Samuel and numerous Kings appear,  
Whose Chronicles are wandering here.  
Ezra, Nehemiah now,  
Esther, the beautiful mourner, show;  
Job speaks in sig's David in Psalms,  
The Proverbs speak to scatter alms.  
Ecclesiastics then comes on,  
With the sweet songs of Solomon;  
Isaiah, Jeremiah then  
With Lamentations takes his pen.  
Ezekiel, Daniel, Hosea's lyre,  
Swell's Joel, Amos, Obadiah;  
Next, Jonah, Micah, Nahum come,  
And lofty Habakkuk finds room,  
While Zephaniah, Haggai calls,  
Rapt Zechariah builds his walls,  
And Malachi, with garments rent,  
Concludes the ancient Testament.

RISE OF THE ROTHSCHILDS.

The Rothschild millions were started  
on a solid foundation: that of integrity.  
Mayer Rothschild was a broker in a  
small way. He lived in humble style  
and was content with small earnings.  
The Revolution raged, and the French  
were at the gates of the city. One dark  
and stormy night the Landgrave knocked  
at the door of the banker's house and  
said: "Here are my treasures, my  
jewels, with three million thalers. I  
must fly! You are honest and are too  
poor to be suspected. Keep this fortune  
till better times."

The city was sacked, and the house of  
the Rothschilds was not spared. Long  
after the Landgrave knocked at the  
banker's door and said: "Peace has  
come at last, but I am penniless. Will  
you lend me a small sum?"

"I will loan you," said the banker,  
"three million of thalers. I lost my  
own money, but kept yours. I used it  
as capital. Out of it I have made a for-  
tune. And now I return your money  
with five per cent. interest for its use."