

# BOYS AND GIRLS

## Eight Lessons From the Bee.

1. The bee teaches us to be industrious. No bee ever shirks his work.
2. He teaches us to be loyal and obedient. Bees obey and love the queen who rules them.
3. They teach us to be fond of our homes. No bee leaves his home except for a time, if he can help it.
4. They teach us to be clean. Nothing can be cleaner than the home of the bee.
5. They show much sympathy or kind fellow-feeling for each other in distress, and will never leave a friend in trouble without trying to help him.
6. They are very early risers.
7. They delight in fresh air.
8. They are very peaceful, and seldom quarrel or fight among themselves.—Exchange.

## He Was a Gentleman.

A few days ago I was passing through a pretty, shady street, where some boys were playing at baseball. Among their number was a little lame fellow, seemingly about twelve years old—a pale, sickly-looking child, supported on two crutches, and who evidently found much difficulty in walking, even with such assistance.

The lame boy wished to join the game, for he did not seem to see how much his infirmity would be in his own way, and how much it would hinder the progress of such an active sport as baseball.

His companions, very good-naturedly, tried to persuade him to stand at one side and let another take his place; and I was glad to notice that none of them hinted that he would be in the way, but that they all objected for fear he would hurt himself.

'Why, Jimmie,' said one of them at last, 'you can't run, you know.'

'Oh, hush!' said another—the tallest of the party; 'never mind, I'll run for him,' and he took his pace by Jimmy's side, prepared to act. 'If you were like him,' he said, 'aside to the other boys, you wouldn't want to be told of it all the time.'

As I passed on I thought to myself that there was a true gentleman.—Selected.

## The Open Window.

'Elsie Durand? Oh, Elsie's just a sweet, pretty, gay little butterfly. You can't expect girls like Elsie to do things—they're just made to be taken care of.'

In one form or another that was the way people always described Elsie Durand. All her life she had been loved and shielded and cared for, and the result was so charming that the natural impulse was to keep on with a method productive of such pleasure to the eye.

Elsie herself was wholly contented and unquestioning; she took it for granted that the world which had been so kind to her would continue to shield her from hard things; she had heard it said many times that she was not made for them, and she supposed, without thinking much about it, that it really was so.

When Elsie was eighteen she went to spend the winter with an uncle, a famous physician. Her uncle had two daughters about her age. They were pretty girls, almost as pretty as Elsie, but their knowledge of household matters and their plans for busy lives bewildered their cousin.

'What makes you, when you don't have to?' she asked, one day.

'Why, father wants us to. He says being a womanly woman is one of the greatest privileges in the world. And a womanly woman can't be an idle one,' Nora explained.

'How queer!' Elsie exclaimed, but in her heart she was glad that she was not her uncle's daughter.

It was a day or two later that her uncle, from his office, called for Nora.

'Nora isn't here. Can I do anything?' Elsie asked.

The doctor hesitated a second; then, 'Yes, you can do it. Come in,' he said.

Elsie entered the office timidly. A woman was walking up and down and a child sobbing. Elsie hated to hear any one cry. The doctor,

who had the boy on his knee, looked over him at the girl.

'Elsie,' he said, 'this little chap has a felon, and it must be lanced. His mother is too nervous to help. I want you to hold his hand. Don't be afraid. I'm giving you a chance to show how much of a woman you can be.'

Elsie whitened to her lips, but the keen eyes compelled her. Without a word she held the child as the doctor directed. The next thing she knew her uncle's voice came to her from a great distance.

'Oh, I'm so ashamed!' she cried. But her uncle's eyes were smiling at her.

'Bravo, little girl! You didn't let go till it was over. Here, drink this, and you'll be all right.' Then he added, gravely, 'I congratulate you upon being something more than a butterfly.'

Elsie went dizzily up stairs, but there was a new look in her eyes. For the first time in her life she caught a glimpse of the beauty of service.—'Youth's companion.'

## There is no Limit.

Edison, the great inventor, was recently asked, 'Is the end of electrical invention nearly reached?' He answered, 'There is no end to anything. Man is so finite that it is impossible for him to learn one-millionth part of what is to be known. Only the ignorant can say we are near the limit in invention. There is no limit.'

If it is true that nature is limitless, it certainly must be true that God and salvation are infinite. Though we advance spiritually with the greatest rapidity, we need never fear that we will reach a point where we must stop growing. God is able to do for us exceedingly abundant above all that we ask or think. Let us be encouraged to move forward in the life of faith and love with greater speed and constancy. The possibilities of grace and glory are boundless even here, to say nothing of the mysteries to be revealed to us in eternity.—'The Pentecost.'

## The Leaven at Pea Ridge.

(William H. Hamby, in the 'Christian Endeavor World'.)

'Yes,' said the postmaster, 'I can tell you where Pea Ridge school is. It's about seven miles south of here.'

'Why,' said Horton in surprise, 'I thought it was here at the station.'

'No, thank heaven it ain't,' said the storekeeper, laughing. 'Say, you ain't the new teacher out there, are you?'

Horton admitted he was.

'Well, young feller,' said the storekeeper, looking him over critically, 'you've got a mighty hard row to hoe. Say,' he said jumping off the counter, 'there goes Crazy Jim Davis now. He goes right by the schoolhouse.'

'Schoolteacher?' asked Crazy Jim, as they went bumping over the railroad track.

'Yes,' answered Horton, pleased to note that the man showed no symptoms of his name.

'Purty strong on the gad?' he asked after a half-hour's silence.

'I really do not know,' replied Horton; 'I never tried it before.'

Jim gave a long, surprised whistle, and relapsed into silence.

The houses they passed were generally one-room and two-room log cabins, clinging to the sides of the rough hills, little patches of poorly cultivated land around them.

'May get through the first three months,' remarked Jim as they passed the schoolhouse. 'Most of 'em do.'

'What is the trouble?' asked Horton. 'You'll find out soon enough,' was the only reply.

He engaged board at Dodson's. After supper he heard the old lady tell Elsie that it was a pity, such a kind-hearted, hopeful-lookin' young man, too.

The next day Horton met the board, and signed a contract for six months. There was

an embarrassed silence after the paper was signed.

'You better tell him,' suggested one, nodding at the president of the board.

'No,' said the president, 'as well not.' Horton demanded to know all that there was to be known.

'You tell him, then, Barton,' said the president.

Barton took the teacher aside.

'Maybe we ort to have told you before,' said Barton guiltily, 'but we ain't had a school to go all the way through for ten years.'

'Why not?' asked Horton in astonishment. 'Always broke up. Generally lasts from two to four months. One feller taught five. We cain't get anybody here to take it. That's why we happened to get you.'

'What is the cause of the trouble?' asked the teacher.

'Well, several things. In the first place, the people around here purty generally ain't got any sense. Then there's one family that starts of it. Three of the meanest boys out of jail, and their dad backs 'em in it.'

'Why do you allow it?'

'It's a mighty bad outfit. Burns barns, pizens stock, and shot at two or three men. Folks afraid to get 'em stirred, and jest let 'em have their way.'

'Not much room around here for day-dreams,' Horton said to himself as he lay awake that night, studying the situation. 'I'll be glad enough to keep the nightmares out.'

Forty pupils came the first morning. Noisy, curious, ragged, and rude for the most part. Nearly all of them barefooted, many bare-headed, several without books. But Horton worked with enthusiasm, and soon had all of them doing something.

'It's wonderful,' said Barton at the end of the first month. 'I never saw 'em interested before. Even Pets Carson's kids are takin' their books home to study at night. It's too bad,' he continued, shaking his head, 'that things cain't go on this way. But they'll begin before long.'

'Already begun,' laughed Horton. 'Teters was in yesterday.'

'What's wrong with Teters?'

'Said I was partial. Give the arithmetic class a half-hour and the first-reader class only ten minutes. And that I let the "big uns" run over the little "uns."'

'Shucks!' said Barton disgustedly. 'I feel like smashing that fellow's head. He goes on an average once every two weeks to every teacher we have. That kid of his'n would bawl if a snow-man winked at it. But that don't amount to nothin', added the director. 'The trouble is ahead.'

'How is everything now?' asked Barton at the close of the second month.

'Very well,' replied the teacher. 'Had three callers this month.'

'Only three?' exclaimed Barton. 'Well, you are a wonder, sure enough. This time last year there had been just thirty-one. What's worryin' now?'

'Mrs. Martin was the first,' replied Horton. 'She said I must not cross Mary. Mary is sensitive, and unless she has her own way it upsets her so she cannot sleep. Todd came around to tell me I was partial. Kept his boys in at recess, and let the rest out. Said he would have the law on me if I did not do his family justice. Jamison said I was partial, and he wanted a stop put to it. Said I called Hanson's girl "Miss," and his girl was just as big, and I never "Missed" her.'

Barton laughed. 'They don't count. Not one of them worth a hill of blue beans. But look out for the real trouble next week. Old man Hickman got through sowing his wheat to-day.'

Horton knew the minute he came onto the playground Monday morning a change had come over the school. When the bell rang, instead of the usual prompt response, several boys lingered and came in a little late, shuffling their feet as they came.

There were three of the Hickman boys, seventeen, fourteen, and nine respectively.

There was no outbreak the first week, just