

FOR OUR YOUNG READERS.

WHAT BECAME OF BABY.

"Once we had a baby,
Did we, mamma, true?
Was it soft and cunning,
Just like little Lou?

Caught him and slap his hands,
Call the doves and coo!
Wish we had him, mamma,
Guess we'd love him, too!

What became of him, mamma?
Don't suppose you could
Send away a baby,
Don't believe you would."

"Why, one day, that baby,
If the truth I say,
Cried for some trousers,
And a jacket, too.
Crushed a hat down on his curly
Then he ran away.

"And, while I was seeking him,
To a boy he grew,
Hiding his velocities—
Arte, it was you!" —our Little One.

DISOBEDIENCE.

How Harry Learned by Practical Experience That "The Way of Transgressors Is Hard."

"Mother, can't I stay out of school for just one day?"

"That depends upon what for, Harry."

"Well, mother, now just listen. Last circus day Jimmy Styles got a situation at a peanut stand, and he earned a dollar. A whole dollar, mother—little fellow like Jimmy Styles. And I want to go to the circus-ground to-morrow and see if I could make a dollar, mother."

Dollars were held in great respect in the Wayne family by reason of their scarcity, but Harry's mother did not seem charmed with his charming plan of securing one.

"No, dear; it will be very nice for you to earn money when the proper time comes, but just now your place is at school."

"But I would only be out one day, and that wouldn't be any harm."

"Not much, but that is not the greatest objection. I think a circus-ground is a very poor place for a little boy to go to make money—or, indeed, for any one else."

"Jimmy Styles says it's the jolliest kind of a place."

"I dare say, but Harry Wayne can't go there."

Harry Wayne knew that when mother said a thing she meant it, so he said no more; but he set out for school next morning with strong feeling that it was very hard on a boy not to be allowed to go to the circus-ground. He would be so fine to make a little money, and that it really seemed almost wrong in mother to stand in his way; and then it was such a jolly place.

Borne from a long distance on the morning breeze came the sound of the band as the circus wagons paraded through the streets of the small town. Harry lived a little way out of it and had quite a long walk to school, at which he sometimes complained. But just now he thought little of the distance as he hurriedly bid his dinner-pail in some bushes at the roadside, and sped like the wind (to a boy) until he had joined the crowd of little lancers who were following the gilded chariots and mysterious-looking cages. He glared open-mouthed like the rest, becoming greatly excited at the monstrous serpents visible through the bars of an open cage, awestruck at sound of snort or roar of some hidden animal, or listening in wonder to the hideous toot-toot-toot of the calliope.

He had not really intended disobedience to his mother's command, but as the parade ended at the circus-ground he remembered that he would now be too late for school, and a half-hour later would not make much difference. He found so many things to look at that two or three half-hours passed away very quickly. Then he assumed himself that, having lost so much time, the best thing he could do would be to carry out his fine plan of getting something to do where he could make a little money. He looked around among the busy workers, and finally went up to a man who was building a small stand.

"Can I help you?" he asked, a little bashfully, for he was not used to being among strangers.

"Yawn," said the man, "you can shut hold up these sticks! I have them dem on."

Harry did so, and then brought water from a long distance by full-pails until the barrel was filled, into which the man poured a small bottle full of some kind of liquid, afterwards stirring in several pounds of sugar.

"Ach!" he said, tasting, "that's good lemonade. Now you goes and you buys two lemons; folks will eggeat to see some lemons as it, but vot's de use?"

Still grumbling as if he thought folks very unreasonable in expecting lemons in lemonade, he gave Harry five cents, telling him it was plenty to buy "two small lemons ones."

When they were brought he set them into the barrel in very thin slices. Then as they were, though Harry thought his friend had not calculated well, for there would be far from being one show slice for every glass in that great barrel. When all's as ready he was allowed to stand behind the counter and shout, "Here's your cold-lemonade, only ten cents a glass!" He called with right good will, proud enough at having got into business so readily. He soon found out that his employer had guessed well in the matter of the slices of lemon, for he was carefully instructed to throw back into the glasses, so that there was a fair reason to believe they would last all day.

The sun was hot and he became after a while hoarse and headache as dinner-time drew near, and he grew hungry, greatly longing for the lunch he had hidden in the bushes. He kept hard at work, though anxious to be in the sun which the afternoon would bring on, and full of the hope that he might be sent into the tent to sell lemonade, which delightful thing really came to pass, but did not prove quite so delightful as he had hoped. The dull ache in his head grew and increased almost beyond bearing in the close, hot air of the tent. He was dizzy with climbing the seats, and found little chance of watching the tricks of the trained dogs or elephants, for there were plenty of thirsty souls all about him and he must attend to business. When the show was nearly over he got in the way of some one who gave him a rude push, and losing his balance, he fell to the ground, his glasses smashing about him. Their owner scowled at the breakage and grew angry when Harry told him he could not sell any more lemonade.

"You not goin' to shayt to-night?" he asked.

"No; how much are you going to pay me?"

"Bays you! How much you bay me for mein glass vot's you broken?"

The glasses were not worth one-half what his work had been, but he did not know that and walked away, too worn out to think of arguing the question.

"Stay a minute," the man called after him, and he went back.

"You take a glass of lemonade," holding one out with a liberal smile. Harry said "Thank you," but managed to pour the horrid stuff on the ground without being seen, and then turned his face homeward, the sickest, wretchedest boy, perhaps, who ever ran away from school to go after a circus; for he now saw that was the plain English of his day's exploit. He had been flattery himself all day that the money he would carry to his mother would be a great help in excusing him, but now what he had to offer except a tale of disobedience and truancy? The scenes which had come before him, the fighting, swearing and drinking had shown him what she meant when she said it was no place for a boy. How bitterly ashamed of it all he was!

He recovered his dinner-pail, but could not eat a morsel, and sat in a tall walk, in which it seemed as if he could not drag one foot after the other, stood before his mother with a burning head and trembling hands which alarmed her.

She said little as she helped him to bed, after hearing his story. But Harry thought to himself as he tossed sleepily through the night:

"They say the way of transgressors is hard. If this is the beginning of the way I don't want to go any farther in it." —*Sydney Days*, in *Chicago Standard*.

ESQUIMAU DOGS.

What They Have to Eat, and Their Wonderful Powers of Endurance.

You boys who have a favorite Carlo or Nero at home may like to know something about the Esquimau dogs, asking what they have to eat, and whether, like your own favorites, they get three meals a day and any number of intermediate lunches. No doubt you will think that they really should get even so much more on account of their hard work in pulling the sledges, and in such a cold country.

Yet, hard as it may seem, the Esquimau dog never gets fatter than every other day, and generally about every third day, while in times of want and starvation, in that terrible country of cold, the length of time these poor dogs will go without food seems beyond belief.

One had a team of nineteen fat Esquimau dogs that went six or seven days between meals for three consecutive feedings before they reached the journey's end and good food, and although they all looked very thin, and were no doubt very weak, none of them died; and yet they had been traveling and dragging a heavy sledge for a great part of the time.

Other travelers among the Esquimau have given equally wonderful accounts of their powers of fasting.

The Esquimau have many times of want and deprivation, and then their poor dogs must suffer very much.

But when they are fed every other day, and have too much hard work to do, they will get as fat and saucy and playful as your own dogs with three meals a day.

One of the very last things you would imagine to be good for them is the best food they get, that is, tough walrus hide, about an inch in thickness and as wary as sole-leather. Give your team of dogs a good meal of this before they start, take along a light supply of it for them, and you can be gone a couple of weeks on a trip, when you get back, feed them up well, and they will be as fat and strong as ever in a very few days. —*Lieutenant Frederick Schwatka*, in *St. Nicholas*.

HUSBANDS.

How They Should Be Cooked to Make Them Tender and Good.

Miss Corson said at the Baltimore Cooking School that a Baltimore lady had written a recipe for "cooking husbands so as to make them tender and good." It is as follows: "A good many husbands are utterly spoiled by mismanagement. Some women go about it as if their husbands were bladders, and blow them up. Others keep them constantly in hot water; others let them freeze by the carelessness and indifference. Some keep them in a stew of irritating ways and words. Others roast them. Some keep them in pickle all their lives. It can not be supposed that any husband will be tender and good managed in this way, but they are really delicious when properly treated. In selecting your husband you should not be guided by the silvery appearance, as in buying mackerel, nor by the golden tint, as if you wanted to be sure to select him yourself, taste him. If saloons are to be avoided, do not go to market for him, as the best are always brought to your door. It is far better to have and unless you will patiently learn how to cook him. A preserving kettle of the best pectin is best, but if you have nothing but an earthenware pumpkin, it will do with care. See that the lime in which you wrap him is nicely washed and cleaned, with the required number of buttons and strings nicely sewn. Tie him in the kettle with a strong silk cord called comfort, as one called duty is apt to be weak. They are apt to fly off the kettle and be burned and crusty on the edges, since like crabs and lobsters, you have to cook them white alive. Make a clear steady fire out of love, meanness and cheerfulness. Set him as near this as seems to agree with him. If he splinters and fizzes, do not be suspicious; some husbands do this till they are quite done. Add a little sugar in the form of what confectioners call kisses, but no vinegar or pepper on any account. A little spice improves them, but it must be used with judgment. Do not stick any sharp instrument into him to see if he is becoming tender. Stir him gently, watch the while lest he is too flat and close to the kettle and so become useless. You can not fail to know when he is done. If this is failed you will find him very digestible, agreeing nicely with you and the children, and will keep as long as you want, unless you become careless and set him in too cold a place." —*Baltimore American*.

SCHOOLS FOR BOYS.

Why Are Saloons Guarded Against?—SECRET RUM MILLS.

We have before us a dozen or more advertisements of schools for boys. It seems as if every one contains the statement that "no saloons are permitted in the village," and this fact is held out as an inducement for parents to send thither their children to be educated.

Why is this? If saloons are to be

permitted to exist, if they are so much of a necessity to the world that they must be protected by law the same as other kinds of business, why are teachers at such pains to advertise that they are not permitted to exist, near the boys

as to educated to their care?

In principals of boys' schools advertising to the bakers and shoemakers are not permitted near their institutions? If there is not a difference between a baker and a saloon-keeper, why this discrimination against the saloons?

The fact is the teacher advertises as he does because he knows that no parent would knowingly permit his son to attend a school, the neighborhood of which was contaminated with whisky or beer shop. Even a brewer, distiller, wholesale or retail, would not send his son where he would fall under the deadly influence of his own business. A man whose conscience is sufficiently seared may sell rum to others, but it is badly scared if he will permit any of his own family to come under the influence. Every one knows that the whole world makes safety from intoxicants the greatest commendation of training schools for boys. Railroad companies do not permit the posses to be sold on their property and for the same reason. The moral safety of the boys forbids nearness to schools, and the safety of life prohibits its use near railroads. A drunken steamship captain could not hold his position a minute nor was a man added to its crew a half a piece anywhere in the town. —*Baltimore American*.

THE SECTION AND OBANING AT GARDEN AND FLOWER SEEDS IS NOW IN ORDER.

May 1st will find it difficult to get from the seedmen's catalogues. They seem to have a peculiar good feeling toward each variety so that one is often bewildered as to which is the best. —*Baltimore American*.

DANIEL STEWART, of Allegheny City, Pa., says he is the oldest brother of General Stewart, the hero of A. K. Lee and Shabacat Wells.—*Chicago Daily News*.

TEMPERANCE READING.

A TEMPERANCE SERMON.

Dr. Barrows Wants the Liquor Traffic Restricted by the Power of Enforced Law—The Liquor Seller Essentially a Law-Breaker.

Central Music Hall was crowded last evening when Dr. Barrows delivered an address on Temperance. The title of his subject was "Broken Lives, Broken Homes, and Broken Laws in Our City." His text was taken from the following passage of scripture:

"He that is wise, let him understand his own generation, for it is his generation that is wise; he that is foolish, let him be reproved by his own generation, for it is his generation that is foolish." —*Matthew 11:13*

Referring to the day as the anniversary of the birthday of Washington, Dr. Barrows said it was a day that might well be utilized in calling to duty patriotic citizens. In 1789 Washington put down the power of the liquor traffic which ruthlessly trampled the laws of the land under its feet.

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