

FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

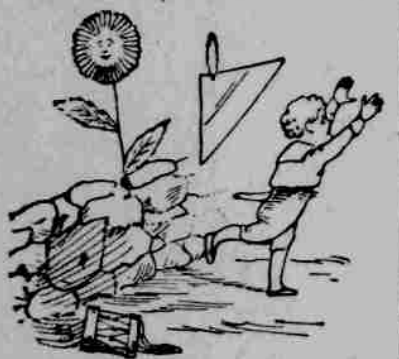
How Warriors, Young and Gay, Often Cut and Run Away.

Selections for Little People—Animal or Human—Counting-Out Rhymes—Etc., Etc.

An Embryo Napoleon.



"When I grow into a great, big man," said Tommy Lee, "I'll be a soldier brave. I'll be a hero with a gun and a noisy drum. And I'll make the enemy run like fun. But I'll not run, not I," said he.



Just then came buzzing over the wall Miss Brownie Bee. "Good morning, sir," said she. "Quick as a flash sped the warrior gay—'You see, I'm playing 'em'ry to-day. And cannot stay?' gasped Tommy Lee.

An Intelligent Dog.

A Brattleborough (Vt.) special says: There passed through Brattleborough the other day a pretty little dog, who has seen a good deal more of the world than most dogs of his age. His name is Tony and those who ask whose little dog he is are informed that his master is the postmaster at Albany, N. Y. Tony is a sky-terrier, and is as pretty as he is intelligent and curious about the world.

The mail clerks at the Albany Post Office early conceived a liking for Tony, who for a morning constitutional used to walk with his master to the office. He liked them, too, and took great joy in watching them sort the mail and lock the bags. Soon he began to follow the mail wagons to the trains and not long after he followed the bags into the mail car. One day he was found comfortably seated on the topmost bag. One of the clerks shared his dinner with him and the dog rode on to Boston over the Boston and Albany. When the mail was taken out he betook himself to the baggage room and waited for a train back, snuggling into the mail car again and again sharing lunch with the clerks. He rode back to Albany, but the next week was found in another mail car, and soon he began to spend most of his time "on the road." He did not always go to Boston. Sometimes he went to Springfield, and more often he tired of traveling and left at one of the smaller stations. He became known by all the clerks on the road and lived in comparative luxury during his trips.

After leaving the car, he always stayed around the station till a return train pulled in, and then he made for the mail-car, if it had one. Sometimes he got off on a branch road and then he would be gone for weeks before he would find his way back to the Boston and Albany line. On the present trip he has been gone three weeks. At Springfield he got on a Connecticut river train and by the time he reached Brattleborough he had discovered his mistake, and jumped after the mail when it was tossed from the car. He waited about the station all the morning, and then boarded a northern train and went to Bellows Falls, found there that he was going away from home, and came back again. For two days he rode about on different trains, and then he fell in with a mail clerk who had known him on the Boston and Albany, and who put him off at Palmer, gave him a good square meal, and started him toward home.

A Real Good Boy as Model.

A Philadelphia minister preached from the text, "Little Lord Fauntleroy" last Sunday, in order to get up a sermon on the subject, "Honor thy father and mother." His good text; good sermon. There were some other boys the person may have heard of that were fairly good in this line of conduct. It is written of one of them, in the book of Genesis, that "Jacob obeyed his father and mother," but then he was never domesticated; and a young man named Joseph "nourished his father and his brethren;" and Jonathan stood by his father most grandly. Never a man in the Bible saw a prig in a novel who pronounced such a splendid text for just that sort of a sermon as does this manly son of a most popular father. Anybody could love Lord Fauntleroy's mother—she was just the kind of a mother, by the way, in which the account is given of her, but it's somewhere in the Second Book of Maccabees, probably; but to honor such a father as Saul, as beautifully and tenderly, and nobly as did Jonathan—why, the young man—any boy, can preach himself a splendid sermon from such a text. It preaches itself. And Jonathan's sons have always been considered models of obedience and good conduct. Oh, my son, there have been lots of "young good boys," quite as good as the imaginary ones. My boys, do you know the meaning of a model? It is a thing that some men who really think who really said things and did things, and lived a real life. If you have a model open an imaginary model, you'll see that it is a thing that shows the way you ought to do. What do you

want to be? An imitation of an affection? A copy of a copy?—Burdette.

Pretty Street Picture.

A young girl stopped to admire a costly painting in the window of an art store on Woodward avenue, says the Detroit Free Press. She stood there some time and was turning away when her eyes fell on a poor little kitten huddled in a corner of the window next to the street. In a moment the expression on the girl's face had changed from one of admiration to one of pity. She bent over the forlorn little animal, smoothed its ruffled fur and caressed its lean sides. The poor little object recognized a friend, for it crowded closer to her side and rubbed its head against her hand.

The picture within the window was cold and dead compared with that living picture outside. The girl was evidently thinking of her past. She was living over again the scenes of home life when happy faces clustered about the hearthstone. The joyous frolics of childhood came to her in her day-dream, the memories of a sunny child with just such a kitten in her arms had made her unconscious of the place or the curious glances of the passers-by. It was some time before she moved from the spot, and as the kitten bounded after her she turned as if to pick it up, then walked quickly away and was soon lost in the passing crowd.

A Professional Corrector.

Absolutely the latest importation from England established herself yesterday on upper Broadway, says a writer in the Sun. She is a tall and rather hard-featured woman from Manchester, who displays the extraordinary sign on the door of her flats: "Disciplinarian of Children." Her sister established the particular "profession," which she follows, in London nearly two years ago, and it is now transplanted to New York. The mothers and fathers of families will probably be able to judge whether the idea is worth encouraging or not.

"My sister," said the Manchester woman, who has established herself here, "realizing that the majority of mothers love their children too much to punish them severely, conceived the idea of setting herself up as a public disciplinarian. She is a woman of great force of character and unerring judgment in all matters concerning children, and she had extensive experience as a visiting nurse before adopting her present business. It is her idea that children are more severely punished when they are frightened than through any physical means. To slap a child in the heat of passion while the child is excited and unruly does not have half as salutary effect as the more mature and considered punishment, such as imprisonment in a dark wardrobe or sending the little one to bed without supper. Better than this is to threaten the child with a visit from the bugaboo. The dread of the arrival of this awful personage will act as an incentive to good conduct with the most fractious children in the world. My sister is a bugaboo, and that is about what I am. The fee in England for visiting a house and disciplining the children is two shillings. This involves medical advice drawn from the fund of considerable experience in the world, besides whatever suggestions the condition of things may naturally lead up to. Besides this part of my business, I hope to teach, doctor and nurse the little ones. Of course, there are points of antagonism between these different functions, but the effect is good upon the children.

Various Alphabets.

The Sandwich Islands alphabet has 13 letters; the Burmese 19, Italian 20, Bengalese 21, Hebrew, Syrian, Chaldean and Samaritan, 22 each, French 23, Greek 24, Latin 23, German, Dutch and English, 26 each, Spanish and Sclavonic 27 each, Arabic 28, Persian and Coptic 32, Georgian 35, Armenian 38, Russian 41, Muscovite 42, Sanscrit and Japanese 50, Ethiopic and Tartarian 202 each.

Counting-Out Rhymes.

The following are a few of the many rhymes used by boys to decide who shall take the first inning in many minor games:

Ana, mana, mona, mike; Barcelona, bona, strike; Care, ware, frow, frack; Hallico, ballico, wee, wo, wack! This, also, is subject to countless variations: "Barcelona" becomes "tuscatoona," etc. One form ends in: Huldy, guldly, boo, out goes you. Ana, mana, dipery Dick; Delio, dolio, Dominick; Hitcha, pitcha, dominitcha, Hon, pon, tush. In some districts the third line is given as, "Houtcha, poutcha, dominoutcha," and in others, "Hotcha, potcha," etc. "Tush" may also become "tus" or "tusk."



THE COUNT OUT.

Haley, maley, tippetly, fig; Toney, toney, tomo, nig; Goat, throat, country note; Toney, toney, tig. Eatum, peatum, penny pie, Babyton, stickum, etc, Stand you out thereby.

Besides rhymes of the character of the above, i. e., consisting of a mixture of gibberish with disconnected words, there are many rhymes containing no uncount words, but possessing in general a jingle easily recognizable.

One, two, three, Nanny caught a flea; The flea died and Nanny cried; Out goes she! 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, Mary at the cottage gate, Eating grapes off a plate, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

This is given also, "plums" in place of "grapes," and "garden gate" for "cottage gate." When "cottage door" comes the second line the counting stops at "four" to imitate the rhyming.

Beecher and Ingersoll.

Living Church. Once Col. Ingersoll was thrown accidentally into the society of Henry Ward Beecher. There were four or five gentlemen present, all of whom were prominent in the world of brains. A variety of topics were discussed with decided brilliancy, but no allusion made to religion. The distinguished infidel was, of course, too polite to introduce the subject himself, but finally one of the party, desiring to see a tilt between Bob and Beecher, made a playful remark about Col. Ingersoll's idiosyncrasy, as he termed it. The Colonel at once defended his views in his usual apt rhetoric; in fact he waxed eloquent. He was replied to by several gentlemen in very effective repartee. Contrary to the expectation of all, Mr. Beecher remained an abstracted listener and said not a word. The gentleman who introduced the topic with the hope that Mr. Beecher would answer Col. Ingersoll at last remarked:

"Mr. Beecher have you nothing to say on this question?" The old man slowly lifted himself from his attitude and replied: "Nothing, in fact, if you will excuse me for changing the conversation, I will say that while you gentlemen were talking my mind was bent upon a most deplorable spectacle which I witnessed to-day.

"What was it?" at once inquired Col. Ingersoll, who, notwithstanding his peculiar views of the hereafter, is noted for his kindness of heart. "Why," said Mr. Beecher, "as I was walking down town to-day I saw a poor lame man with crutches slowly and carefully picking his way through a cesspool of mud, in the endeavor to cross the street. He had just reached the middle of the filth when a great big burly ruffian, himself all bespattered, rushed up to him, and jerking the crutches from under the unfortunate man, left him sprawling and helpless in the pool of liquid dirt, which almost engulfed him."

"What a brute he was," said Col. Ingersoll. "What a brute he was," they all echoed. "Yes," said the old man rising from his chair and brushing back his long black hair, while his eyes glittered with their old time fire as he bent them on Col. Ingersoll; "yes, Col. Ingersoll, and you are that man. The human soul is lame, but Christianity gives it the crutches to enable it to pass across the pathway of life. It is your teachings that knock these crutches from under it and leave it a helpless and rudderless wreck in the slough of despond. If robbing the human soul of its only support on this earth—religion—be your profession, why ply it to your heart's content. It requires an architect to erect a building; an incendiary may reduce it to ashes."

The old man sat down and silence brooded over the scene. Col. Ingersoll found that he had a master in his own power of illustration and said nothing.

His Girl Cleared Him.

A Missouri farmer had somewhat stolen, one night, and he was so sure that he knew who the thief was that he came into town and secured a warrant for a certain young man living near him. When the case came up for trial the defendant said he could prove an alibi. In order to do this he had brought in "his girl"—a luxuriant lass of 22. She took the stand and swore that he sat up with her from seven in the evening until broad daylight next morning.

"People can be very easily mistaken," observed the plaintiff's lawyer. "I don't care—I know he was there," she replied. "What did you talk about?" "Love!" she promptly answered. "What time did the old folks go to bed?" "I gave 'em the wink about 10." "Sure he was there at midnight, are you?" "Yes, sir." "Why are you sure?" She blushed, looked over to her lover, and laughed, and getting a nod to go ahead, she said: "Well, sir, just as the clock struck 12 the old man jumped out of bed up stairs and hollered down, 'Sarah, yer mar wants some o' that catnip tea,' and we got such a start we broke the back of the rocking chair and went over backward kepunk!" "Then the jury must understand you were seated on Samuel's knee?" "I object," put in Samuel's lawyer, and his honor remembered the days of his youth and sustained the objection.

Take a Herring for Your Cold.

Pittsburg Dispatch. I was traveling with a circus once in England and got laid up with a cough, cold and sore throat that I thought was going to lay me on the shelf for the rest of the season, but a French sailor came along and cured me. He took a raw herring, split it, wrapped it in a cloth, saturated the whole thing with coal oil, and tied it about my throat and neck. I was well in two days. When I came here I told about the remedy to a German matron in whose family I boarded.

"Why," said she, "it's an old German family remedy, and has been used by my people ever since I can remember. It's infallible." Telling a Snake Story. Panzestawney Spirit. It is not without a certain degree of eagerness and humiliation that we proceed to whack several feet off the tail of that serpent we spoke of last week but careful investigation has led us to believe that it was not as large as at first reported. As a rule, we do not believe in economy in giving the dimensions of a snake. When telling a snake story, a large yellow serpent, with a spring curl in its stomach, comes just as cheap as a common garter snake with a toad in its mouth. By buying in large quantities and paying cash, we are enabled to give our readers the benefit of the discount and furnish them larger and better authenticated snake stories for the money than any of our contemporaries. But this hoax-constructor we spoke of last week was several sizes too large for even those of our customers who have the most voracious appetites for the marvelous. They could not, somehow, swallow it. Some of them made heroic attempts to do so, and were willing to make still further attempts. But we do not wish to be too exacting, and will therefore take our little hatchet and cut it down somewhat. The main outline of the story was correct, but a more conservative estimate of the size of the serpent places its length at between eight and ten feet. And then it was not yellow, either. It was, it appears, a common black snake. We are constrained to add this footnote to last week's snake story after protracted interviews with Messrs. Pantill and Dilts, who it seems are not willing to stand over a sixteen-foot snake, and have no desire to detract anything from the fame of the author of the "Inferno" or the "Arabian nights."

The Pie's Place in History.

Boston Transcript. Secretary Rusk is fond of pie. He loves pie as William the Conqueror loved the tall deer. Unlike the Norman, he does not want to prevent anybody else satisfying the taste that dominates him. On the contrary, he would like to see pie on every table in the land, however humble. There are those who say that pie three times a day is responsible for the dyspepsia of New England, but the more rational belief is that pie is somehow involved with the greatness of New England, and is part of that common glory which gilds our history and irradiates the path of our future. While it is by no means fixed beyond controversy, there is yet a reasonable ground for the belief that the Pilgrims brought over pie with them in the Mayflower. Certainly there was mighty pasties of venison, and also of fruit baked in merry England not long before they went to Holland. The Indians never knew pie; and the Indians who were strong and warlike when the Pilgrims landed are now a weak and vanishing race, whereas the descendants of the Pilgrims possess the land. This coincidence will not be lost to thoughtful minds. Pie and precedence go together. The men who faced the British at Concord, the men who toiled all night at Bunker Hill and fought all the next day, were pie-eaters. Massachusetts was the great pie-eating state, and Massachusetts furnished more men than any other state to the Continental army. There are several allusions to pie in Washington's correspondence. He notes on one occasion that his cook had fallen upon the discovery that apples could be made into pie. It is not a fair presumption that this secret was imparted to him by some New England soldier? Washington's life guard was largely made up of New Englanders, and was first commanded by a New Englander. He loved pie, and he felt himself safe when encircled by the swords of a hundred pie-eaters. New Englanders have developed the west and have carried the flag and the pie to the Pacific. What was sectional has become national; pie and progress and patriotism are convertible terms. Secretary Rusk does well to encourage pie, strictly as an administrative measure, for wheat and meat, and fruit and berries, all great products of the field and the orchard, by the alchemy of the kitchen are converted into pie. The Secretary of Agriculture could do no less than endorse pie, but we believe his endorsement is rather due to the pardonable pride of the patriot than the cold forethought of the administrator. When the wise Secretary was governor of Wisconsin he put down the anarchists with an iron hand. They rose against law, property and morality. Not one of these men had ever eaten pie.

Poison Rings.

In Italy the poison ring was carried to the perfection of malicious imagining. The "anello morte" was occasionally resorted to as a means of putting an enemy out of the way. A hollow point in the bezel, worked by a spring, communicated with the receptacle behind, for the poison, in such a way that its villainous wearer could, in giving his adversary a hearty grip of the hand, inflict a mortal scratch. The point was fashioned to look like an ornament. So deadly and enduring was the poison contained in these rings, that some twenty or more years ago death was nearly occasioned by handling one unwittingly. A curio fancier was turning over gems in a shop in Paris, when he fell fainting and was with difficulty restored. It was found that he had been wounded by a poison ring.

This instrument of destruction was also worn in perilous times, in order that the owner might commit suicide rather than fall into an enemy's hands. Another kind was furnished at the back with a slide, which could be slipped back by the wearer, who would drop the poison into the wine he offered to a hated guest. This kind was affected by Cesar Borgia, whose own signet ring bore an inscription little suited to his character—"Fuis ce que dois, avien que pourrai." Another form of poison ring was the one which had for its bezel the key to a casket. The wearer would hand his ring in a confidential manner to a visitor, and desire him to hand him some article from his jewel box. The key, in being turned in a somewhat stiff lock, would give the unwary confidant a prick, which had for him fatal results.—London Standard.

Invention of the Telescope.

Some of the most important discoveries have been made accidentally, says a writer in the Budget. A lucky instance of this kind was the discovery of the invention of the telescope. Nearly 300 years ago there was living in the town of Middleburg, on the island of Walcheren, in the Netherlands, a poor optician named Hans Lippersheim. One day, in the year 1608, he was working in his shop, his children helping him or amusing themselves with the tools and objects lying about, when suddenly his little girl exclaimed: "Oh papa! see how near the steeple comes!" Half startled from this announcement, Hans looked up from his work, anxious to know the cause of his child's excitement. Turning towards her, he saw that she was looking through two lenses, one held close to her eye the other at arm's length; and calling his daughter to his side, he noticed that the eye lens was piano-concave, while the one held at a distance was piano-convex.

Then taking the two glasses, he repeated his daughter's experiment at once and soon discovered that she had chanced to hold the lens apart at the proper focus, and this had produced the wonderful effect that she had observed. His quick wit saw in this a wonderful discovery. He immediately set about making use of his new knowledge of lenses, and ere long he fashioned a tube of pasteboard, in which he set the glasses at the proper focus, and so the telescope was invented.

SAM DICKET, the clown, who has often set the circus in a roar, died in a Michigan poor-house and was buried in Potter's field. "Alas poor Torrick!"

Grandma's Night.

The Sheboygan County plements the story of the of Elmer Foster, the 7 year old boy, who was lost in the woods, near Mosin days, with the following: "This story of the boy has been told in many of the here is a story of a boy lost in this country never till now. She was 73 years from the East, a clergyman from the old Calvinistic faith grim. It was in the year October, she said to her and grand-children in the Glenbeulah, that she was to one of the neighbors in the kettle hills in Green in the afternoon she stopped on her way to the quaintance and tarried to tramping through the woods she lost her way, came on, and then a storm snow and rain. She spent by the side of a log and in the morning she found a warm welcome in the bricks and bottles of water only had result was a slight for a few days. She died since, at the home of a daughter in Kansas, aged some 80. Of course after she the grandchildren had a questions to ask, and it these, now in middle life, a story to the News report after a few days this boy (who found herself) lost grandchildren were full of particularly little 'Ed,' a He is a big whiskered man and baby of his own, now. "Damma want you alone?" "No, darling, I was God was with me, God is with you." "With you down by the you slept?" "Yes dear." "Well, why didn't you the way to the house then?" "It wasn't his will, dear." "Did He cover you was warm, damma?" "I wasn't very cold morning." "Then what did you do?" "I got on my knees and said my prayers, than for keeping me all right. I got up on my feet on my way, and when I got home I went in and down and thanked God for me there, and then the around me and took of clothes and put me in a warm bed." "But little Ed, wasn't you grieved." "Why didn't God along all the time with da not let her get lost and she woods by a log all night?" boy the question remain swore in his mind and for ter as a man it is no nention. Why did God let son old lady get lost a long tin the kettle hills of Greenbush last month an innocent litt the great north woods?"

Had Fun With the Passengers.

Two young men got on Court Street closed car the other day, one on the rear and the other on the front, and sat opposite each other says the Brooklyn Citizen, and the half-dozen other passengers noticed that each stared rather impudently at each other.

"Well, I hope you will know me the next time you see me," said one. The other looked steadily at the speaker an instant before replying: "Well, I've seen that face of yours before, and I think it was among the pictures of the rogues' gallery." Epithets and declarations then began to fly rapidly, and the passengers' interest in the affair began to increase. As the car approached Carroll Park one suggested to the other that they had better get off and settle the matter, and the two arose. Three gentlemen passengers got off with them to see the mill. The men walked half a block, followed by the trio of curious passengers; then they linked arms and laughingly sauntered into a beer saloon. The three passengers realized that they had been sold, but the car had gone too far to be overtaken, and with a look of supreme disgust they stood on the corner to wait for the next one.

The New Saltire.

A recent issue of the Farmington Register, of Oregon, contains a letter from Andrew Saltire, the head of the Cour d'Alene Indians, asking the saloon men not to sell his people liquor. He says if any of them are found drunk in town he would like to have the city marshals arrest them and send word to him, and he will go and get them and put them in his jail. He also talks to the county clerks about estrays, and says his people lose many horses. He closes by saying: "I want to be at peace with all the whites, and would like to have the whites use my people as they use the natives." It is but a few years since Saltire rode at the head of the Cour d'Alene warriors and was a savage chieftain on destroying the whites. Now he rides around the country taking a fatherly interest in his tribe and keeping them straight. He is thrifty and well to do, and rides into town in a comfortable carriage behind a good pair of horses.

A Dog That Waits for "A."

Mr. W. S. Wells, of Wil Pa., is the possessor of a black and white cocker spaniel for intelligence is not surprising any dog in the state. Evering, as soon as Boss hears ter stirring, he brings his porch for the morning paper, being careful to close the door. Boss never thinks of the night without first saying prayers. He places his front on a chair, bows reverently his eyes and nothing but pronounced by his master's him to cease his devotions. One evening as Mr. Wells ing the house for the night in with what his master supposed a bone, but when ordered refused to obey, and insisted livering to Mr. Wells what his mouth. Upon examining Wells found, to his great not a bone, but his spectacles case that he had dropped by in the barn while attending horse. Boss is not for sale delphia Press.

"My Wife's Bridge."

At Tokio, Japan, is a fine called Adzuma-Bashi, "My Bridge." The name has a origin. A brave general quelled a rebellion in another the empire was hastening account of the receipt of a that his wife was dangerous. On the last day of his hurried he found his course barred bridgeless river, and when anxious waiting, he ma find a boat to cross in, and by messengers bearing the news that his dearly-loved wife had just died, before he could press her hand for the last say adieu. "My wife could for me," was all that the warrior would trust himself as he stood there as if frozen shock. His sovereign, too compassion for the blow which fallen upon him while away for his country, ordered a be built at the spot and named Adzuma-Bashi. But the price that cost the monarch of since a lot of paper money manufactured especially to pay