

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

INTERESTING READING FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

Something For Boys—Gertrude's Pet Pig—The Hen and the Baby—Naughty Tommy,

WILL AND WON'T.

How naughty and blunt a cruel "I won't!" While sweet things distil from gracious "I will."

A Boy's Reason.

"Ma," said a little girl, "Willie wants the biggest piece of pie, and I sink I ought to have it, 'cause he was eating pie two years 'fore I was borned."

Might Have Been Worse.

Pater (severely)—My son, this is a disgraceful condition of affairs. This report says you are the last boy in a class of twenty-two.

"I can't see how." The class might have been boys in the class.—Brooklyn Life.

Blowing Out the Candles.

I have seen about as much amusement in the game of "Blowing Out the Candle" as in any other. A lighted candle is placed on a stand, and the victims are blindfolded with the greatest care, for even the least sight spoils the game.

Each of them is then placed about six feet from the table and required to walk up to it and blow out the candle. Almost every one thinks he can certainly do it the first time trying, but it proves to be a much more difficult matter than was supposed.

The Height of a Flour Barrel.

The company may be requested to estimate in the same manner the height of a flour barrel. It need not be brought into the room, for all are familiar with the article, and the company may be required to mark on the wall where the top of the barrel will come.

Carpenters, masons and others who are accustomed to making estimates in their heads may not be caught, but others will be sure to make a great blunder. The height of a flour barrel is about two feet and four inches; but most of the party will mark it not less than three feet and some over four.

Something for Boys.

Science gives the following significant facts concerning the results of smoking by boys: "In an experimental observation of thirty-eight boys of all classes of society and of average health, who had been using tobacco for a period ranging from two months to two years, twenty-seven showed severe injury to the constitution and insufficient growth; thirty-two the existence of irregularity of the heart's action, disordered stomachs, cough, and a craving for alcohol; thirteen had intermittency of the pulse, and one had consumption. After they had abandoned the use of tobacco, within six months' time one-half were free from all their former symptoms, and the remainder had recovered by the end of the year."

The Hen and the Baby.

Once upon a time, long ago, there was an old-fashioned farm-house with a very large kitchen.

This kitchen had two doors, one opening into the yard, and one into the orchard, where the hens were sometimes let out to scratch about.

One morning there was a dear little baby girl sitting on the floor right in the middle of the room, where she could play with her spools and look out of doors at the same time. On one side she could look out into the yard and study the big pump, and on the other she could watch the chickens running about under the apple-trees.

When no one was at the pump she liked the chickens best, and tried to call them to her.

One day the little brown hen came up to the door and looked in. All was still. She could see no one but the brown-eyed baby sitting flat on her blanket.

"Cluck! cluck!" said the little brown hen.

"Da! da!" squealed little brown-eyes, shaking her spools in delight. The little brown hen cocked her head on one side and looked at baby's little red boots with the black buttons on them.

"They are good to eat," she concluded, and hopped a little nearer, and then a little nearer, until she came at last to the little red shoes—and soon she was tugging at them with her bill, trying in vain to get them off.

"Da! da!" said baby, pleased with her new playmate and not a bit afraid.

"Cluck! cluck!" said the hen, wondering why these strange berries wouldn't come off their stems, when "Shoo! shoo!" came from behind and sent her flying from the kitchen in a hurry to find the other hens and tell them of her discovery.

And then baby began to cry because

she didn't like to have her caller driven away so suddenly.—Youth's Companion.

Gertrude's Pet Pig.

Gertrude's home is in the pine woods of Florida. As she has no little girls to play with, she makes playmates of the birds and animals. She calls them her menagerie. One of her pets is a razor-black pig, and his name is Peter. With the other pigs he wanders all day in the woods, digging with his snout under the soft moss for roots. When evening comes they all run home for their supper.

Gertrude has a pretty pail made out of a gourd, which she fills with ears of corn. With it swinging on her arm she walks out to see Peter. She climbs on a fence, and sitting there waits until he finishes his supper.

Peter is very funny-looking, for he is yellow and his nose is about half a yard long, and his back is a sharp ridge. He soon sees Gertrude, and knows the corn in her pail is for him. He plants his feet on the fence and lifts up his snout to be fed.

The other pigs have found out that Peter has something extra every meal. Sometimes they play a joke upon him. Just as he takes the ear of corn two pigs bite his legs, which makes him jump. He drops the corn and one piggy picks it up and eats it. Then Gertrude hands poor Peter some more. As he takes it, the pigs again bite his legs. He drops the ear and the other pig gets it. So silly Peter goes to bed without his dessert.

Gertrude heard her mamma say that pigs eat snakes. As there are many near her home, she is teaching Peter to walk home with her to protect her and then go back to his pen alone.—Our Little Ones.

Naughty Tommy.

Yes, it was Tommy Foster, and this was his first day in school. Tommy had started out quite gayly in the morning, in spite of the fact that he had tied his old gun to Fido's tail, and shut him up in the attic. Poor Fido! who loved him, and licked Tommy's hand even after Tommy had abused him.

Tommy's big sister had left him feeling very proud of the pretty, curly-headed brother in his scarlet fez, with its scarlet tassel bobbing and bowing and waving at every turn of his curly head, and the lovely Scotch plaid dress with embroidered collar. Tommy felt very large and important as he sat down among the other little folks. The first thing he did was to call out across the room to a little girl who lived in the next street. She looked very much frightened, but the teacher told Tommy that he must not talk in the school-room, so gently that the little girl looked pleased. Tommy frowned and muttered under his breath. Then he made a noise with his slate, and the teacher spoke again quietly. Then he pinched the boy next to him to make him look at the funny picture he had drawn on his slate.

He was naughty, and he knew he was naughty, and I do not know why, but I am afraid that he was glad he was naughty. At last the teacher handed Tommy his scarlet fez, and said: "I am sorry, Tommy, but I cannot have little boys in my school who do not try to be obedient. You must go home!" "Go home!" Tommy could not believe his ears. So naughty that he could not stay in school! What would his dear mamma say?

Tommy's big brown eyes were full of tears, but he saw it was useless to ask the teacher to let him stay. Slowly he went out into the hall, putting on the fez of which he was so proud only that morning. When he was alone he did not try to keep back the tears, and as he stood crying he heard a scratching scurrying sound over the floor, and a gentle little bark. There was Fido, saying as plainly as a dog could: "I am sorry you were so naughty!"

Well, the next day Tommy came to school, and he was so good, so obedient, that the teacher gave him a flower to take home. "Fido, I believe it was because I was hateful to you first that I was naughty to everybody yesterday. Mamma said it was, and she knows," and the red tassel waved most decidedly. "I told teacher all about it, and she said you were a true friend to me, because you forgave me what I did, and helped me. You did help me yesterday, Fido, when you came."

Fido waved his tail joyously, and rushed ahead, saying plainly: "Come, that's enough; let us play." And they did.—Christian Union.

Kangaroos to be Imported.

The Helena Independent is assured on what seems good authority that the project of importing kangaroos into this country is seriously entertained by several enthusiastic and wealthy sportsmen of the west. The animals have been successfully acclimated in England and France, and we are assured that there is no reason why they should not thrive here. The practical extinction of the buffalo has left the plains without any big game of importance, and the experienced sportsmen declare that hunting the kangaroo, as practiced in Australia, is second in excitement to killing the buffalo. The scheme is not without commercial importance. Kangaroo leather is a very valuable product, and the animals breed rapidly. The promoter hope to be privileged to introduce the new game at the beginning of the warm season in Yellowstone park, and to insure them for a few years government protection and immunity from senseless sportsmen.

A NEW-YEAR'S ERROR.

Again he took up the letter which a moment before he had thrown down in wondering anger and passion in pain.

"It is not like you to write such as this, my false one. It is as if your accusing conscience had made you careless of your wonted precision and daintiness," he murmured.

Defective in form as it was certainly, in substance it was impressive enough.

"I do not wish to see you again, now or ever. If I have ever allowed you to suppose I cared for you it was because my family for the time had confused my reason and dulled my sensibility by their unceasing importunities. To convince you this is true, I will even confess without reserve that I most fervently and devotedly love another."

Rathvayne arose from his chair as if unconscious of motion, and distractedly paced the length of the room.

Half-way down the room he passed a mirror, and he paused to glance earnestly, almost fearfully at his reflection.

It was indeed the look of a man whose reason might be unsettled; and in fact then, and for some little time afterward, Alger Rathvayne was scarcely his own natural self.

"Who is this other whom my adored false one loves?" he resumed, with increasing agony and excitement. "Is it Malmouth de Vere who has supplanted me in her affections—robbed me of my joy—who has cheated me of my most precious treasure? And shall I tamely submit to such injury and affront? Well, I shall be present at the reception to-night, and if our happy idyl, our brief delicious dream, closes in tragedy the blame and fault are not mine."

It was rather late that evening when he was admitted into the elegant Craig mansion.

The charming drawing-rooms were quite empty, alike of callers and hostess. As he entered a low tone—the eager, triumphant tones of Malmouth de Vere—sounded from the spacious conservatory just behind him.

Rathvayne's pallid face suddenly flushed a dark angry crimson. His fine eyes shot forth an unnatural fire. One hand was abruptly thrust inside his coat, and nervously clutched something hidden there.

He pushed aside the silken, rosy hangings, and gazed searchingly down the long, perfumed aisles of greenery and bloom.

The next instant he started and impulsively stepped back within the screen of the heavy portiere. Under a tall, blossoming orange tree, so near that he could almost have touched her with an outstretched hand, stood his fair, idolized Vanessa.

Her proud golden head was very erect at the instant, and her great, luminous blue eyes were fixed with something like wonder upon the smiling young gentleman before her.

"Why do you pretend coy indifference now, my queen? Have you not admitted that you care for me?" Malmouth de Vere was saying.

Alger Rathvayne set his white teeth sharply upon his nether lip. "Ah! I could slay them both. I had rather lay her dead at my feet than let her live to belong to the brainless, soulless society butterfly who has stolen her from me," he murmured to himself.

And again one shapely hand was thrust within his coat to fumble the deadly thing there concealed.

And then, all at once, his saner, nobler self asserted the supremacy. A sudden shudder shook his handsome figure from head to foot.

"Great heaven! I have been mad—absolutely mad!" he thought. But I am myself again, and I want no coward's vengeance.

He stepped to a window and drew something from his coat. The moon-shine flashed upon it for a second, and then it fell ringing upon the frozen snow far out from the lawn.

"She is safe now," he said to himself. And during that singular digression he could still see the sheen of her violet gown, and hear her soft low voice.

"There is some absurd mistake. I do not care for you, and I never can care," Rathvayne heard her say. His gloomy eyes brightened and the blood surged to his pallid face.

"What did you intend me to think by your delightful little note, my pet?" De Vere asked.

"It was plain enough," Vanessa answered, impatiently. "I meant you to understand that I wished to see you no more; that I had only been kind to you because my family were always pleading for you, and that I loved another."

"But you didn't write that," said De Vere, producing a dainty note, fastidiously lettered upon the most delicate of violet-tinted paper.

Vanessa caught it with a startled little cry of grief and mortification.

"Oh, that was not meant for you, but for another," she panted, her blue eyes brimming with tears. "Oh, how could I be so careless! How shall I manage to correct such a stupid blunder?"

In the hurry of her many preparations for her grand new-year's reception Vanessa had somehow contrived to change the envelopes.

And so De Vere's note had been sent to Rathvayne, while that meant for the latter had, of course, been forwarded to De Vere.

She dropped faintly upon the plush-cushioned seat beneath the orange tree, and she did not attempt to restrain her tears.

"Oh, what will poor Algy think?" was her mental question.

But Rathvayne was hastening toward her knowing all, understanding all, and so joyful at the termination of his day's misery that he was ready

even to pardon the blunder which caused it.

"But you will never know, my beloved darling, what I suffered," he said to her, as he kissed the loving, quivering lips and beautiful wet eyes. "I trust never to experience a like torture again," he added, with a shudder, as he recalled the deadly thing which was glittering beneath the moonshine somewhere out on the lawn.

And that fearful temptation, resulting from her new-year's error, he never confessed to her, even when she had become his adored bride.—Family Story Paper.

All "Fust Class."

Some one has said that frankness about unpleasant facts in regard to one another invariably marks the conversation of relatives, and it certainly is often true.

A Vermont farmer had three sons for whose benefit he had worked hard and denied himself that they might have the education which he had lacked. The two older sons made the most of their advantages, and in the course of time entered honorable professions and were great sources of pride to their old father.

The youngest was a handsome, easily influenced boy, and on his final return from college he had developed into what is called a "dude," with many airs and little common sense. He regarded the farm and everything about it with a high disdain, yet he seemed to have no inclination to seek employment of any sort away from home.

His father was bitterly disappointed in him, but said little to the foolish young fellow, who one day overheard a conversation between his father and an old friend from the city, which fortunately had a salutary effect on him.

"Well, Mr. Adams," said the old friend, "you have three sons, I know; what are they all doing?"

"John," replied Mr. Adams with pride, "he's going to be a minister, and a first rate one, too, if I do say it; and Fred, he calculates to be a lawyer, and I guess there won't be many smarter in this part of the country!"

"And how about James?" inquired the friend.

"Well, as to James," responded the farmer dryly, "he's my son to be sure; but if James don't meet with no serious drawbacks I think likely he'll make a first class idiot some day!"—Youth's Companion.

A Sensible Precaution.

You ask me why I inquired your address when writing out the prescription for your cough. The reason will at once commend itself to every sensible mind, and is simply this: There have been cases innumerable where lives might have been saved had the number of the residence of the party for whom the prescription was put up been known to the druggist. For, as we all know, mistakes are made even in the most reliable drug stores through the carelessness of clerks. Not long ago a druggist found, on returning from supper, that a bottle of strychnine was on the counter, and asked the reason why.

The clerk replied that he had just been putting up a prescription, and was horrified when he found that he had made use of strychnine instead of some less harmful drug mentioned in the prescription. The frightened young fellow did not even know the name of the person who had come for it, or for whom it was intended, and after hours of search on the part of the distracted druggist the unfortunate victim was at last traced to his home, but too late for the first dose had killed him. That is why I place the name of the patient both on the prescription for the druggist and on the stub left in my prescription book.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Heroes Who Will Not Work.

Prince Nicholas of Montenegro, before leaving for Cannes, summoned the fighting men of several districts and addressed them in the following terms:

"You are heroes, all of you, but you will not work. Our country would be as rich as it is glorious if you would devote the same ardor to the productive works of peace as you do to the destructive labors of war. I waited for you to recognize yourselves that men must work, but as I have waited long in vain I now direct that every Montenegro soldier who lives where vines can be grown shall plant this year 200 vines. Commanders of brigades shall plant 20, commanders of battalions 10, officers of lower rank 5 and non-commissioned officers 1 olive tree apiece, and whoever shall voluntarily plant 2,000 vines this year shall be exempt from taxes for ten years."

The "heroes" made wry faces over the matter, but a command is a command, and they are now busy at the degrading occupation of husbandry. The Gazette calculates that the 4th brigade alone will next spring plant 800,000 vines, 1,120 olive trees and that the whole army will enrich Montenegro with 4,000,000 vines and 20,000 olive trees. Nothing could be more significant of the change that has come over the spirit of the times.—London Standard.

A Mastodon's Tooth.

Dr. H. Miles Cochrane, of Houlton, Me., has on exhibition at his dental rooms an extremely rare curiosity. It is the tooth of a mastodon, known as such, according to Dr. Cochrane, from the conical projections upon its surface, and showing it to belong to a vegetable eating animal akin to the elephant. It was discovered in the earth about five feet from the surface of the ground by a man engaged in excavating for a cellar to a house in Monticello. The tooth is about thirteen inches in circumference.—Kennebec Journal.

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