

# FOR YOUNG AMERICA.

## INTERESTING READING FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Learning to Sew—Two Teams—Anecdote of Nelson—Sparrow and Chipmunk—A Bird Without Wings—A Lucky Irishman.

**GRANDMAMMA** says that the Right way to sew is to put little stitches Along in a row. That sounds very easy. I almost know That some spectacles and things would Help me sew.

I try very hard now, but Isn't it slow? The stitches won't half of them Stay in a row. I'm sure as can be that the People don't know What very hard work 'tis to Learn how to sew.

Here is a really funny story which will amuse all who are interested in football. On the occasion of a great match in one of the English counties, between a number of military officers and a team of barristers, the former had prepared a splendid lunch for the visitors before the game. Both teams did thorough justice to the lunch, and the legal gentlemen going in strong for the indigestibles, the officers anticipated an easy victory. On looking toward the football ground, however, after lunch, the officers espied a remarkably fresh-looking lot of giants kicking the ball about, and, in amazement, asked their guests who the strangers were. "Oh," replied one of them, just finishing his last mouthful, "that's our playing team; we are only the 'unching team, you know."

A very pretty anecdote is told of Lord Nelson, the hero of the battle of Trafalgar. Besides being a great commander and a brave man, Nelson was one of the truest of friends, and while he was as fond as all other remarkable men of the praise which good and heroic deeds merit, he knew so little of jealousy that he always wished others to have their meed of praise as well as himself.

Presented to King George III. of England at one of the royal levees, his majesty congratulated the admiral upon his tremendous victories, closing with a few sympathetic remarks about the admiral's loss of his arm.

Nelson bowed his acknowledgments, and then, turning about, presented his friend and companion in many hot fights, Captain Berry.

"The loss of my arm, your majesty," he said, "is not so great as you imagine, for here is my right hand."

The Sparrows and the Chipmunk. A young naturalist who is a close observer of birds tells this little story: "One morning last summer, while walking through one of our parks, I was attracted by a tremendous chattering from a clump of bushes near the pathway. It sounded as if a hundred birds were having a fight over their breakfast—for sparrows think that a fat worm or a juicy bug is worth making a great fuss about. I walked quickly and stealthily up to the bushes and peeped in. It was not a worm which caused the commotion, but something bigger. A large flock of English sparrows were flying about, screaming as if they had gone mad and pecking savagely at intervals at some small animal, which was running about on the ground. It was a poor little red chipmunk who had excited their wrath. He was running back and forth, evidently trying to get away from his tormentors. It was of no use, for he was closely surrounded by them, and he evidently was getting weak in the unequal struggle. So I drove away the sparrows and tried to rescue the miserable little squirrel. When the birds flew away the chipmunk still lay upon the ground and seemed unable to move. I picked him up in my hands. He was in a pitiable condition. The sparrows had pulled nearly every hair out of his tail. One of his eyes was entirely pecked out, and he was covered with cuts and wounds, where the pugnacious little sparrows had pecked and beaten him. Poor little chipmunk! He was nearly dead, and evidently in such suffering that he had to be put out of his misery. We had Mr. Chipmunk stuffed and put him on the mantel-shelf for an ornament. He looks much more happy there than he did the day the quarrelsome little sparrows pecked his life away. But what it was that excited their wrath Mr. Chipmunk never told."

Too Much for Him. Some small boys are said to have a great horror of the bath-tub, and are disposed to rebel whenever the time comes for them to get into it. These at least will appreciate the following anecdote, which we cut from an English periodical: "A young Scotchman at Aldershot fell ill, and was sent to the hospital. A bath was ordered. It was brought into the chamber where the invalid lay. He looked at it hard for some time, and then threw up his hands and bawled, 'Oh, doctor! doctor! I canna drink a' that!'"

Also! Poor Owl. A pair of large brown owls of a very rare species have had their home in the thick woods by the creek on our farm, and for fifteen years, when the stars shone resplendently during the long winter nights, these hardy birds, warmly clad in down and feathers, cheered the passing hours with their strange, solemn talk, understood only by themselves. We had something like an attachment for these owls; they formed the only surviving link of a wild nature that connected the present with the past years when the prairies north of the hills were unsettled and inhabited only

by the wild creatures that were in the full enjoyment of unbroken solitude. Unfortunately the owls did not understand the advancement of settlement and civilization, and attacked the tame pigeons of a neighboring farmer, committing such depredations among the doves that one of the birds of night was shot for his misbehavior. The mate of the lost bird still lingers in the old grove and sits solitary on the ancient oak where so many winter nights were pleasantly spent in company with her big-eyed companion.—Pilot Mowbray (Manitoba) Sentinel.

**The Roof Saved Him.** The Irishman who went up in the hotel lift without knowing what it was did not easily get over his surprise. He tells the story in this way: "I went to the hotel, and says I: 'Is Mr. Smith in?' "Says the man with the sojer cap: 'Will yer step in?' "So I steps into the office and all of a sudden he pulls the rope and the walls of the building began rinnin' down to the cellar. "Och, murther," says I, 'what'll become of Bridget and the childer which was left below there?' "Says he: "'Be aisy, sor; they'll be all right when yez come down.' "Come down, is it?" says I, 'and it's no office, but a haythenish balloon that yez got me in.' "And wid that the walls stood stock still and he opened the door and there I was with the roof just over my head, and begorra that's what saved me from going up to the hivins entirely."—Dublin Journal.

**Bird with No Wing to speak of.** If a child was asked what ability a bird had which was not possessed by other creatures, he would probably reply "the power to fly." So a bird which could not fly would seem to him a contradiction; yet there is such a bird, and he is called the penguin. The penguin does not fly, but he can walk upon the land and swim in the water. He swims in the water as a duck does, and his pictures show him to look not unlike a duck when swimming. But upon the land he sits in a peculiar upright position, with his queer little apologies for wings tucked close to his side. Penguins inhabit the southern seas and assemble together by thousands, sitting in stiff rows along the shore or walking in the same straggled upright position. The penguin subsists as might be expected, upon fish, which he swallows whole.

The penguin makes no nest. The mother lays but one egg at a time and carries this about with her under her absurd little wing or under her leg, as some naturalists say. In this style she takes good care of it until the baby penguin appears, when both parents go out and fish for his sustenance. With two parents working for one child, the baby penguin should be well provided for, and he probably is.

There are many varieties of penguins, their habits and appearance being much alike. They are very noisy birds, making a harsh, braying sound. They are not afraid of men and show a disposition to fight if molested. These birds are about three feet high.

**The Bugaboo Brownie.** An amusing toy, easy to make and worth the trouble of making, is the bugaboo brownie. Boys often find the hours of a rainy night hanging heavily on their hands. Here is something to make one forget that the dark hours before bed time are dreary. Obtain a rosy-cheeked apple. Stick two ladies' hat pins through the apple, close together; these form the big eyes of the roly-poly face. Below the hat pin optics stick a row of ordinary pins. These form the teeth. Stick a spool atop of the apple where the stem comes out; this is the hat. Into the under side of the fruit insert three long strips of wire, not too pliant, and stout enough to bear the weight of the apple. Cut a piece of cloth in the form of a loose robe. Twist up the ends of the wire and there's your brownie—no, the bugaboo's nose is missing! This is a simple peg. No need to say where it is to be placed. When the brownie is tied himself, he may be stood up on the table cloth and by scratching the cloth in front of the figure it will walk, dance or wobble toward the finger. A great personage, this bugaboo brownie.—New Orleans Picayune.

**A Musical Item.** Here is a story from New Orleans which must be taken as it stands. We do not vouch for the truth of it. "Musical shots," says the tale, "are the latest among the sensations of New Orleans. A sharp-shooter of the name of Pardon fires at the metal bars of a set of bells. The bullets, in striking the bar, sound a musical note, and the shots follow each other in such rapid succession and with such accuracy that the marksman is able to shoot any tune that may be desired." The only thing lacking in this story is some account of Pardon's ability, which we presume he must possess, to shoot chords with ordinary bird-shot.

**The Use of It.** Among the many useless inventions thrust upon the world by people who like to do useless things was a clock once exhibited in Brussels. The peculiar thing about this clock was that instead of striking the hours with a bell it fired a pistol every hour. "It's ingenious," said a visitor to the exhibition; "but of what use is it? Why fire a pistol?" "To kill time," said the witty inventor.

**Professional Market Woman.** The professional market woman is a piece of good convenience for persons who are too busy or too lazy to do their own marketing. There are several women in that quiet city who are of service to their sex in this way and who make a comfortable living for themselves out of it. Every morning the professional marketer starts out with her notebook, visits her patrons, takes their orders and repairs to the market, where she superintends the filling of her orders. She charges a commission for making the purchases.

**To Obtain a Husband.** A Hungarian woman of rank and fortune has conceived an original way of obtaining a husband. She has attached the Hungarian finance minister to permit her to issue a lottery loan of 700,000 tickets of one florin each, with her fair share as the capital prize! According to the conditions, the winner is to marry the lady.

# GRAND OLD PARTY.

## MORTGAGES NEITHER A CURSE NOR A BURDEN.

The Calamity Howler's Pet Bogie a Creature of the Imagination—The Old Soldiers Sacrificed to Benefit the Fifty-third Congress.

The progress of the investigation of mortgage indebtedness in Minnesota, by the bureau of labor, has been followed by the St. Paul Pioneer Press with interest. It is now complete; and the results exhibit conclusively that mortgage indebtedness is not the curse and burden upon the farmer that the calamity howlers would have it. On the contrary, it appears to be the regular and well understood means by which the poor man acquires and improves his holding; increasing where the increase of new settlement is largest, and decreasing in the older portions of the state, as farmers begin to put their savings into the paying of debts instead of into betterments. The mortgage foreclosure is a bugbear to the city speculator and city investor, and to a few of those who deal in acre properties not only for improvement but for a flyer in the market. To the actual farmer its terrors are mostly imaginary, save where there has been drought or the chinch bug or the hailstorm or some other destructive visitation of unpreventable calamity.

The total farm mortgage debt of Minnesota, according to Commissioner Powers' investigations, was about \$39,000,000 on the first day of 1899, being an increase of between \$3,000,000 and \$4,000,000 in the preceding ten years. But not only were these years of vast development to the state, years when an enormous acreage was added to its tilled area, requiring the investment of much new capital, but they were years in which the farmers had added to their resources improvements and machinery to the amount of \$3,826,680, and live stock valued at \$26,820,862; while the value of their properties had increased over \$148,000,000. It is estimated that the foreclosures on farm property in 1892 and 1893 were 40 to 50 per cent less than they were ten years before. At the present time the amount of foreclosing is very small. The older agricultural counties are putting money in the savings banks. In the newer there is the same struggle for existence that there must be wherever man attacks the raw resources of nature without capital of his own. But it is a struggle less against debt than it is for an assured independent livelihood; and it is one which, with intelligence and industry, is in no wise in doubt. Mr. Powers has done a valuable service to the state in collecting the figures which show the promise of Minnesota agriculture under conditions which were far from the most favorable.

**Mr. Cleveland, "Deadhead."** A president of the United States, especially one who is rich, should be ashamed to practice the "deadhead" business. Mr. Cleveland, however, seems to be as callous in this respect as in others. If reports are trustworthy, his recent duck hunting trip was undertaken wholly at the expense of the federal treasury. He not only employed a government vessel on his junketing expedition, but he took navy officers and an army surgeon along with him.

What right has Grover Cleveland any more than another public servant to appropriate a government vessel and the time of government officials to his private purposes? So far as the army surgeon is concerned, the action of Mr. Cleveland is contemptible. This person is stationed at Washington in order to give the families of army officers medical attendance free, and while he is away from duty these officers are compelled to pay for medical services out of their meager salaries. Mr. Cleveland might just as well put his hands in the pockets of these men and abstract for his own benefit the sum which they are thus forced to pay.

There is no excuse for "deadheadism" on the part of Mr. Cleveland. Beside being wealthy, he receives \$50,000 a year from the government and the use of the white house for a residence. In addition, a president of the United States should set a better example than trying to "beat his way." Such a thing may be tolerated in a tramp, but it is totally unbefitting the chief magistrate of a great nation.—New York Advertiser.

**Robbed from the Pensioners.** But for the robbery of the pensioners by the present administration the appropriations by the late congress would have exceeded those of the so-called "billion-dollar congress" by forty seven millions. As it is, the late congress appropriated five millions more than that which received the billion-dollar label. Mr. Cannon has shown up the matter in a very striking light, but did not go far enough by half in fixing the responsibility for the detestable work where it belongs.

Grover Cleveland has received much abuse for the tenacity with which he has clung to the members of the cabinet who he called around him. Half the country could not understand what he wanted of some of them at least, but it has been demonstrated by the incidental outcroppings of time that he knew what he was about. He had business for Carlisle, and he had a special job for Hoke Smith. How well they have performed the wishes of their master everybody knows. And with a half-way decent regard for their faithful services he could not part with them now.

# Almost a Veto.

The country is just made aware of the narrow escape it has had from a great calamity. It is given out on the authority of a "cabinet officer" that on Sunday, March 3, the president was on the very brink of vetoing the sundry civil and general deficiency bills, and then summoning a special session of congress. What particular items in the said bill stirred his animosity and stirred his indignation we are not told.

It is not often that the president almost does a thing and doesn't do it. He is not constructed that way. When his mind is once set in motion in a given direction it moves with a good deal of momentum and is not easily arrested or turned aside.

But in this case, it would seem, the cabinet, which was in session, rushed in and threw themselves in front of the president, so to speak, and derailed him and saved the country.

It gives one the "cold shivers" just to think what a narrow escape we had. We have heard of children playing on the slopes of Vesuvius, heedlessly plucking flowers, while the imprisoned giant below is turning himself restlessly, preparing to vomit forth floods of scorching lava. So heedless and so unconscious were the denizens of the capital and the people of this country on that critical Sunday morning.—Detroit Tribune.

**Anything Is Possible.** What with mediating with two wars in Asia and Africa, repressing a half dozen revolutions in South America and the West Indies, and nursing a howling neuralgia simultaneously Secretary Gresham is as busy as a cat with six skilllets to lick. There is really no telling what complications in the diplomatic relations of the country may not arise under these trying circumstances.

**Another Kind of Poverty.** A Washington dispatch asserts pathetically that Secretary Gresham is poor. That may be, but it is not on account of his poverty that Mr. Gresham is not popular. It is because his administration of the office was poorer than he fell from such esteem as he once enjoyed.

**They Look the Other Way.** The free-traders are exercising unwonted forbearance. They have never once charged that strike of 200,000 English shoemakers to the tariff, as they would have done had it occurred anywhere save in free-trade England.

**The Country Breathes Freer.** It is now safe to look for a steady improvement in business. There will be no more tinkering with the tariff, and no more monkeying with the currency, which is to say that the menace of a democratic congress has been removed.

**As a Memento.** An addition of three-quarters of a million a year to the national interest account is one of the things by which we shall remember the first half of the Cleveland administration.

**New Version.** "For lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of the birds is come, and the voice of the cuckoo is heard no more in our land."

**No Veterans Need Apply.** The duties of mail weigher could easily be discharged by old soldiers, but few veterans will waste time and postage by applying to Mr. Wilson for any of the 400 positions to be filled.

**Profit by Our Experience.** Canada, with a debt already upward of \$300,000,000, is scarcely in the right condition to try a "tariff reform" experiment, if one is to judge by the present plight of the United States.

**How Did They Manage It?** Five thousand people are subsisting on free soup in Newfoundland. This seems remarkable, considering that the democratic party has not been in control up there.

# SWEET CHARITY.

## The Poor Woman's Appeal Wrung a Ready Response from the Mechanic.

It was in a Main street restaurant. The clerks from the neighboring stores and offices began pouring in for dinner. While the waitress put a lamb-steak dinner, with coffee and pie, in front of the writer a man came in and sat down opposite, says the Cincinnati Tribune. By his dress a casual observer would have put him down as a mechanic. His hands were as soft as a woman's. He ordered milk and rolls, and when he had about half finished a young woman came in. She was poorly clad, and, hesitating for a moment at the first table, she took courage, and going close to the table she spoke to the man who was eating a big dinner. With a frown he answered "No!" She was disappointed and her looks showed it. Then, her eyes falling on the mechanic with the soft hands, she went up to him, and with a voice that seemed full of sorrow she said: "Won't you help me, sir?"

"You bet I will. I'm a poor man and I'm not eating a big dinner with this turned and scowled on the man who was) but I'll help a poor girl from starvation."

This speech, in a rather loud and excited voice, attracted the attention of everybody in the room and all saw him lay a quarter on the table. The young woman's gratefulness seemed to render her speechless. She took up the money in an embarrassed manner, expressed her thanks, and started to leave. Everybody had a coin in his hand by this time and as each handed over his donation he scowled on the man who had refused. The poor young woman went out and the "mechanic" with the soft hands, having finished his milk and rolls, paid his bill and left, the hero of the hour. The writer followed and a few yards up the street two familiar figures met his gaze. They were the young woman and the man who had ordered milk and rolls. The pantomime was brief and plain. She dumped a handful of small change in his hand and they started down Main street together.

# WEAK NERVES

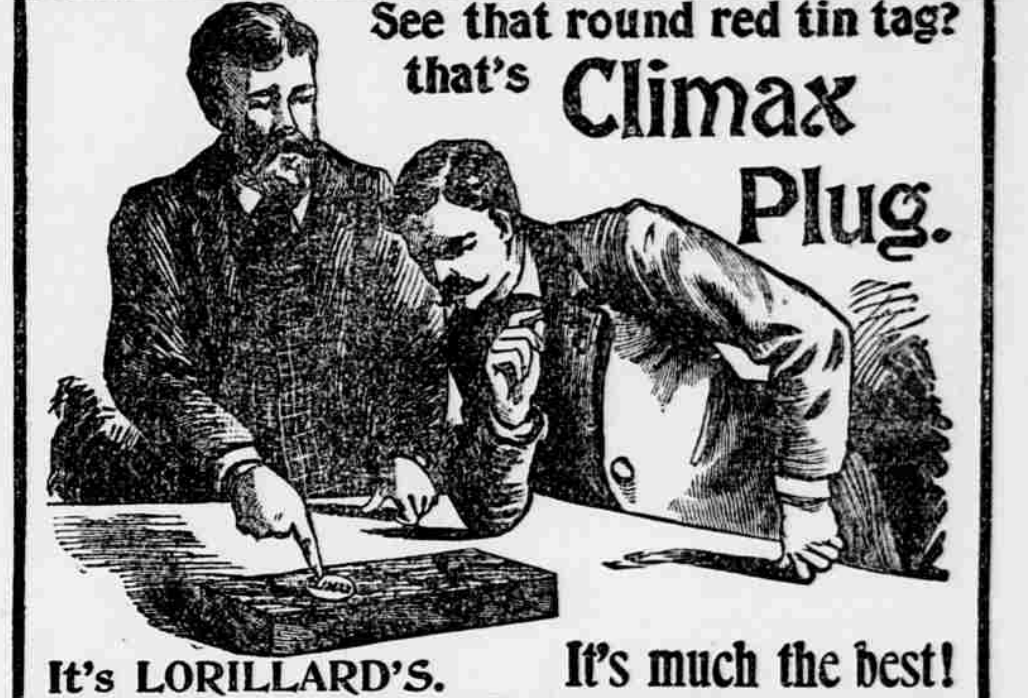
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