

BOYS AND GIRLS

How to Treat a Book.

In an old English book the author published the following lines of advice to his readers:

All you small children who look
Into this book
(Big people, too,
I write for you),
Spoil not, soil not, blot not, grease not,
Rub not, scrub not, spot not, crease not,
Tear not,
Wear not,
Thumb not,
Finger not,
Twiddling,
And fiddling,
And, above all,
O people great and small,
Don't point
With your forefinger joint;
For know, that the eyes
Of folks who are wise,
Don't grow under their nails,
Though the notion prevails.
Of butter, treacle, honey, jam,
Of sandwiches of beef or ham,
Of tea, coffee, wine, beer,
Of porridge, soup and milk, keep clear;
Of all sorts of prog, and all manner of
stork,
Also of paint, pitch, tallow, cheese,
Of wax of cobbler and of bees,
Of candles and oil,
And all things that spoil,
While you look
Into this book,
Don't abuse it.
But neatly,
Discreetly,
And carefully, use it;
And then
You may see it again.

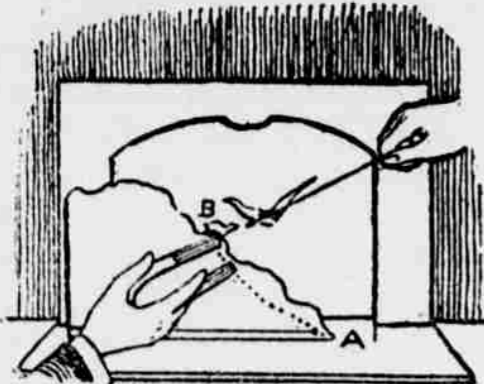
The Eagle and Its Prey.

This is quite a startling exhibition on account of the lifelike qualities of the eagle, which really soars into mid-air up the mountain crag after the defenseless sheep.

The eagle may reach his prey or hover about it in the air, in an unsuccessful attempt as long as the youthful operator wishes.

A small toy theater stage presents the best setting for the trick, although it can be done on an ordinary table.

You can easily fashion a set of mountain scenery by cutting out mountains from colored pictures in old magazines and setting them up



View Behind the Scenes.

either in the slits of the stage or on small wooden stand mounts, if you have no toy theater.

Two "wings" of mountain scenery will be enough—that is, the front wing, which is the mountain side in the foreground, and the other "wing" made up of the hills in the background as shown in the picture.

Now cut out a very small picture of a sheep and paste it on the "wing" in the foreground at point "A." Then cut out a small eagle from fine tissue paper. A small sewing needle should be procured. Thread it with a piece of fine thread about a foot in length and run it lengthwise through the body of the paper eagle.

The most important thing of all to secure is a very strong magnet. You place the theater or table in such a way as to enable you to stand directly behind the stage, where you can use both hands at the same time. Take the magnet in your right hand and place it at the point marked "A" behind the mountain and out of sight of the audience.

The needle-eagle starts to fly toward the invisible magnet. You instantly check its flight by pulling backward on the thread, the end of which you have grasped in your left hand.

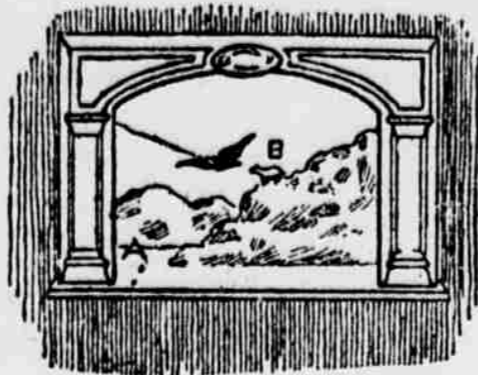
Now you gradually move the invisible magnet upward in the direction indicated by the dotted lines.

The astonished audience sees the eagle slowly fly up the mountain

side! This seeming miracle is easily accomplished by holding the thread end so that the attracted needle-eagle will be just far enough away to get the full strength of the hidden magnet's attraction without quite being able to touch it, and as the magnet is raised upward behind the mountain the eagle naturally rises with it.

The audience sees only the eagle, and, of course, is greatly mystified.

If your hand is steady you may direct the eagle's flight at will, being



View from Spectators' Seats. careful to always keep the magnet out of sight behind the scenes.

Blinkens, the Dog.

"You never say a word to me, though I tell you heaps of things. There—the paint's all off my soldiers, and my new boat cannot sail. You'd never have guessed it—the gold fish jumped out of the jar, and the cat nearly caught a new sparrow. But why don't you say something? Why don't you, Blinkens, dear?"

You seem to understand me; sometimes you look so sad, and when I tell you about the cat, you can hardly keep still. How is it you always frighten her so? And do you have much fun with the chickens? Or would you rather chase the rats? Why, there, you're laughing, Blinkens—if I was only sure at what!

Are you thinking of brother Bob and the sticks he throws in the creek? Are you just glad to be with me here by the fire? If you could peep over the fence as I do now, dear fellow, you'd see the merriest party. All the children of Tabby have their coats brushed till they shine, and each one wears a bow at her ear, for this is the old cat's birthday, and a time for the kittens to be gay. But you're such a lively dog, Blinkens, you'd be sure to make confusion, so I'm glad you can't even imagine the party for Tabby's birthday.

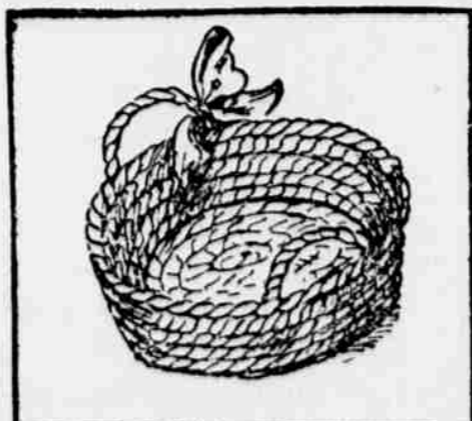
But it's awfully lonely for a little boy to have a dog who never speaks, even though I love him so.

Schoolboy Years Ago.

Here is the account of a day of a German schoolboy of thirteen years, forty years ago: "I get up at 5, or even earlier, and work till 7, go to school, play the violoncello at 11, the piano at 12, then dinner, then school again, then coffee and gymnastic exercises, then work again till I can get fresh air in the garden, which is impossible in this heat during the day. I eat only a roll from 5 in the morning till 1 o'clock, and drink no coffee early, and I often feel rather faint."—American Boy.

For Mother's Birthday.

This simple work basket is made of rope coiled and shaped into the pattern shown. After it is shaped a few coats of shellac are given it. A knot of bright ribbon on one of the handles



adds a touch of color. If the basket is to be fitted up with needle book, pin cushion, etc., the same color should be used as appears in the handle bow. It makes a pretty gift for mother's birthday.

CAMPFIRE TALES.

Under Orders.

Oh, I am the fag of the infantry,
The raw recruit of the company,
From the bivouac, ready for night
alarms,
I stumble up at the cry "To arms!"
I hurry to where The Commander lies
And Present—Arms! to still his cries,
"Halt! Beware!"
Who goes there?"
"Thy father's spirit, doomed, at sight,
For a certain time to walk the night."

Oh, I am the jest of the promenade,
Shivering there on undress parade,
The Commander cries "Right shoulder—
shift!"
Attention—father!" Steady and swift,
I hasten to heed his every whim
And Carry—Arms! and likewise him.
"Halt! Take care!"
Who goes there?"

I send my song across the dark:
" 'Tis the nightingale and not the lark."

In fatigue dress, flowing loose and white,
I drill through the crawling hours of
night.

I "Forward—march!" I "Charge!" I
"Wheel!"

I "Double—quick!" but still I feel
The Commander, all unmollified,
Conceives me still unqualified?
"Who goes there?"
Stand and swear!"

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth
To have a sleepless child, forsooth!"
—Saturday Evening Post.

Wartime Incidents.

"Things happened queerly in the army," said Sergeant Sam Grimshaw. "When Carlin's division was driven back at Bentonville, N. C., our brigade (the Third of the Second division) was thrown out to check the rebel advance. The underbrush being heavy, we ran into the rebs unawares and got in the first volley to our advantage. We had fired six or eight volleys when the brigade commander ordered us to cease firing. This gave the rebs a chance to notice that both our wings were in the air and they proceeded to take advantage of the situation.

"When the brigade fell back, I took to a tree, and Comrade Giles took another to my right. We felt pretty secure, as we had seen rebels only in front, but I had fired only once and had reloaded and was putting on the cap when a Johnny who had gotten in on my left flank took a shot at me, tearing thirteen big holes in my folded or rolled blanket. This convinced me that he had my range and that I was outflanked, and I hiked for a more congenial clime. I came across Col. Clancey and we traveled together to where the regiment was in line along a fence. I had been with my company only a few minutes when I received a musket ball that put me out of the fight for the day.

"In the same fight the Fourteenth Michigan and a rebel regiment both got lost from their brigades and had an independent fight of their own, in which the Fourteenth whipped the rebs and captured their flag. One of the boys of company G was sent back after a box of ammunition, and, the lines changing, he walked, on his return, into the rebel lines. The rebels thought it was a great joke, relieved him of his ammunition and gun, and started him to their rear without a guard. He made a flank movement, got around their line and came back to the company in three hours.

"That is one illustration of the resourcefulness of the American soldier. Here is another. When our regiment the Fifty-second Ohio, made the march to Knoxville after the battle of Missionary Ridge, we camped for one night near Cleveland. Our quarters were in the timber, and for tenting purposes McLaughlin, Hastings, Roe and myself had joined forces, so that we might splice pup tents to the best advantage. There being plenty of leaves, we made a fine bed, ate our supper, smoked our pipes, and retired to what the boys called our 'downy' in great contentment.

"We were just going off to dream of what a fine feast we would have the next morning, as Sergeant Withrow was cooking a twenty-pound turkey which McLaughlin had confiscated, when I was awakened by a cry of fire

and other cries which suggested that I was an interested party. We had, like others, built a fire in front of our tent. The leaves between our tent and the fire were in flames, and we were asleep. McLaughlin was a good soldier, but inclined to be a little slow. On this occasion, however, he went into action so promptly that we saved our tent and bedding, and we had our feast of turkey the next morning."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Many Medals of Honor.

Up to three years ago 2,525 medals of honor had been issued, of which 489 went to the regular army, 236 to New York volunteers, 152 to Pennsylvania, 127 to Ohio, and 90 to Illinois. Maine had a record of 888, but this included the notorious 864 of the Twenty-seventh Maine infantry.

Distributed by grades the medals issued were as follows to volunteers: Major generals, 3; brigadier generals, 9; colonels, 38; lieutenant colonels, 18; majors, 30; surgeons, 4; assistant surgeons, 7; captains, 94; lieutenants, 139; chaplains, 4; sergeant major, 17; sergeants, 274; corporals, 156; and privates, 382.

In the regular army 179 privates, 65 corporals, 136 sergeants, 1 hospital steward, 2 sergeant majors, 53 lieutenants, 15 captains, 2 assistant surgeons, 1 surgeon, and 2 majors received medals.

The courage displayed by some of the men rewarded with the medal of honor seems almost incredible. The roll is filled with recitals of deeds of daring and gallant conduct.

Officers risked their lives to save wounded enlisted men and private soldiers faced almost certain death to save their officers. There are many instances in which medals were granted for capturing the enemy's colors. Men were never wanting for this hazardous exploit, nor did they hesitate, when necessary, to plant the Union flag in the most conspicuous spot on the field of battle.

For Commander-in-Chief.

Comrade Wilmon W. Blackmar is presented by unanimous vote of the Encampment of the Department of Massachusetts as a candidate for the office of commander-in-chief. He was a trooper of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania cavalry, a lieutenant in the First West Virginia cavalry; served both in eastern and western armies; was engaged in twenty-two actions, among them Antietam, Stone River, Chickamauga, Wauhatchie, Chattanooga, the Shenandoah Valley campaign of 1864, and the final fighting from Dinwiddie Court House to Appomattox, and was promoted captain by Custer on the field of Five Forks for conspicuous gallantry, which was subsequently further recognized by the medal of honor. A few years after the war he was appointed judge advocate general on the staff of the governor of Massachusetts, in which position he served ten years, under four administrations. He has been a working member of the Grand Army of the Republic for thirty-six years, Post Commander, Judge Advocate four terms, Department Commander, and has twice served on the National Council of Administration. He is a lawyer of high rank.—New York Press.

For New Soldiers' Home.

A strong effort is being made by the comrades and other citizens of Washington, to have the government acquire an old park out toward Bladensburg as a site for a home for ex-volunteer soldiers of the civil war. There is a sort of temporary home now in Washington, where stranded veterans can be cared for a few days at a time, but it is altogether inadequate for the purpose, and besides it is necessary to have a home where the veterans can stay while in the city trying to get their pensions through. Hundreds of such veterans go to Washington each year filled with hope, but having very little money with them. In a few weeks hope and money are both gone, and they have to be cared for by the local Grand Army posts, which is a very severe drain on the resources of a small department.