OUR JUVENILES.

Mixed Ships.

Sixty little urchins
Coming through the door,
Pushing, crowding, making
A tremendous roar.
Why don't you keep quiet?
Don't you mind the rule?
Bless me, this is pleasant,
Teaching public school.

Sixty little pilgrims
On the road to fame.
If they fail to reach it
Who will be to blame?
High and lowly stations—
Birds of every feather—
On a common level
Here are brought together.

Dirty little faces,
Loving little hearts,
Eyes brim'ful of mischief,
Skilled in all its arts.
That's a precious darling!
What are you about?
"May I pass the water?"
"Please may I go out?"

Boots and shoes are shuffling,
Slates and books are rattling—
And, in the corner yonder,
Two pugilists are battling.
Others cutting didoes,
What a botheration!
No wonder we grow crusty
From such association!

Little Boy Blue.

Not the identical one that slept under the hay stack, while the cows trampled the corn; no, indeed, he was quite too wide awake for that! Our little Boy Blue had another name; but he was seldom called by it, and did not much like it when he was. For when he heard people say, "John Allison Ware!" he knew that he was in mischief, and justice was about to be meted out unto him.

Why was he called little Boy Blue? Because, when he was a tiny baby, his eyes were so very blue—"real ultramarine," Aunt Sue sa'd; but baby only wrinkled his nose at the long word, and mamma smiled.

However, the eyes kept their wonderful color as the baby grew up, so the name was kept, too.

Boy Blue had four sisters; three older, one younger, than himself. He used, sometimes, to wish for a brother, but mostly he was too busy to worry over trifles. He had so much to do the days were not long enough.

He had to work in his garden; it was about as large as a pocket-handkerchief, but it required a great deal of care. He had to feed the kitty, help shell the peas for dinner, ride on the saw-horse, and be an ice-man, a strawberry-seller, a coal-heaver and a fishmonger, all with only the aid of his wheelbarrow.

Above all, he had to help Jotham.

What Jotham would have done without his help I cannot tell. With it, he kept the garden in order, mended the broken tools, made sleds, swings, skipping ropes, carts and baby-houses for the five little Wares.

If Jotham could not have got along without Boy Blue, I am sure the little Wares would have sadly missed Jotham.

One day Jotham was making a sled for Elsie. It was June, and people do not usually wish to slide on the daisies and clover; but Jotham liked to get things finished early. I suppose he knew, too, that when Elsie's sled was done he would have to make one apiece for Lill, for Dora, for Boy Blue, and for Little Tot; so, perhaps, he thought from June to December was not too long a time for so much work.

The sled was ready to be painted, and blue paint, in a nice little bucket, with a small brush in it, was waiting for the sled. Boy Blue stood by helping.

Just then somebody called Jotham into the house.

"I might paint a little until he comes back," thought Boy Blue. "Don't fink I'd better, maybe. Elsie said blue stripes; 'haps I shouldn't get them even. H'm!"

The blue eyes twinkled, and the funny little mouth was puckered in a round, rosy button as their owner considered the matter.

"I might practice, first," said Boy Blue.

So he tugged the paint-bucket down from the bench; he slopped a little over, too. It did not fall on his trowsers; they were short, and fastened at the knee with three buttons; the blue splashes were on the white stockings below the trowsers, and Boy Blue saw them.

"But they will wash," said he to himself.

Then Boy Blue and the paint-bucket walked off behind the tool-house; that was a good place to practice, because the clapboards were so smooth, and of a nice gray color, on which the blue paint showed beautifully.

"I'll make five stripes, 'cause I'm most 5 years old," thought Boy Blue.

The first were crooked, and he had to make five more; they were too long, so he made some shorter ones. Soon all the side of the tool-house, as high as his short arm could reach, was painted in blue stripes.

"If I only had a ladder!" mused Boy Blue. "Fink I'd better get one."

He trudged into the shed, still carrying the paint bucket; it was not so full now as when Jonathan left it, and did not slop much.

There was no ladder in the shed, so he went on into the barn.

"Out! out!" grunted Piggy White, hearing steps, and expecting dinner.

"I'm busy now, Piggy White," said Boy Blue, looking over the side of the pen. "I'm painting. Oh my! Piggy White, you'd look just beautiful if you only had some blue stripes!"

Piggy White was a young pig, quite clean and pretty; the little Wares made a pet of him. He had a fresh straw bed every night, and Jotham took a deal of care to keep his house tidy. He was so astonished to visits from the children he only gently grunted in reply to Boy Blue's remark.

The next thing seen of that small lad he had climbed over and was astride over Piggy White as he had been on the tool-house. Piggy liked to have his back rubbed, and was very quiet while Boy Blue painted a long stripe down his spine and shorter ones across his sides.

"Piggy White, if you wig your tail so I fink I'll scold. I want to paint the end of it."

By this time there was not much paint in the bucket, but there was a great deal on Boy Blue's hands, on his stockings, on the short trowsers, and on the front of his little blouse.

"H'm!" said Boy Blue, suddenly looking up. "I find—Jotham—I find I've got frough."

"The land of liberty!" said Jotham, looking down. "You're blue, sure enough."

Then he picked up the little workman and carried him into the house.

When mamma had been out and looked at the tool-house and Piggy White, and had come in and looked at Boy Blue, she said what she had said about five hundred times:

"I don't know what I shall do with you!"

But she did. For she told Nurse Norah to give him a bath.

When he had been scrubbed and rubbed and dried, and stood very red and warm to have his hair brushed, he sobbed:

"Somebody didn't ought to look after me better!"

"Sure, 'twould take a paycock's eyes, and more, to look after sich a stirabout! Now run, see the organ-man with your sisters, and be good," said Norah.

The organ-man carried a monkey, and the monkey carried a tambourine, with which he played such pranks the little Wares fell off the steps one after another in fits of laughter, and Boy Blue decided at once to buy that monkey if he could. So when the organ-man went away Boy Blue followed. Only Tot saw him go, for the others were running back to the nursery to see if the dolls were awake. And Tot could not make people understand what her little, lisping tongue meant to say.

It grew late and later; it was almost dark. Boy Blue did not come home. They began to wonder; they began to be anxious; they began to look for him. They called his name everywhere. They shouted, "Little Boy Blue! Boy Blu-u-e! Boy Blu-u-ue!"

He did not come. They thought what if he should never come back!

Mamma cried.

"Somebody has stolen him!" said Norah.

"He is drowned!"

"He is run over!"

"He is—"

"Here he is!"

So he was! They had looked everywhere and inquired of everybody, and given up in despair. Papa and Jotham had gone to get help in searching for him. Mamma was in distress. And there little Boy Blue came walking into the house himself!

"Where have you been?" cried the sisters.

He had followed the monkey until he was tired, had come back unseen, had climbed into the hammock in the orchard, and had been asleep there ever since.

"And we just crazed about ye, ye bad boy!" said Norah, while mamma hugged him.

"You needn't fink I'd get lost," said Boy Blue, proudly. "I don't do such fings. I want my supper!"

He had it. But at our house we still keep asking this question:

"What shall we do
With little Boy Blue?"

—*Wide Awake.*

A Boy Well Recommended.

A gentleman once advertised for a boy to assist him in his office, and nearly fifty applied for the place. Out of the whole number he in a short time chose one and sent the rest away.

"I should like to know," said a friend, "on what ground you selected the boy. He had not a single recommendation."

"You are mistaken," said the gentleman, "he had a great many.

"He wiped his feet when he came in, and closed the door after him; showing that he was orderly and tidy.

"He gave up his seat instantly to that lame old man; showing that he was kind and thoughtful.

"He took off his cap when he came in, and answered my questions promptly and respectfully; showing that he was polite.

"He lifted up the book which I had purposely laid on the floor, and placed it on the table, while all the rest stepped over it, or thrust it aside; showing that he was careful.

"And he waited quietly for his turn, instead of pushing the others away; showing that he was modest.

"When I talked with him, I noticed that his clothes were carefully brushed, his hair in nice order, and his teeth as white as milk. When he wrote his name I observed that his finger-nails were clean, instead of being tipped with jet, like the handsome little fellow in the blue jacket.

"Don't you call these letters of recommendation? I do; and what I can learn about the boy by using my eyes for ten minutes is worth more than all the fine letters he can bring me."

A CONNECTICUT woman claims to be the most economical housekeeper living. She has been at it for forty years, and has just commenced on her second paper of pins. She has also used one needle almost daily for the past twenty-two years.

FROM a Hartford preacher's sermon: "Most Christians hate a contribution box more than they do the devil."

CENTENNIAL LETTER.

Cape May—The Dog Show—Horses—The Great Pomological Exhibition.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 13, 1876.

Last week I had a full day's vacation—the first since the opening of the Centennial—and made a trip to

CAPE MAY,

which is now one of the most popular summer resorts in the country, and is patronized largely by Western people. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company—the best railway managers in this country—run four large trains a day each way during the summer season, occupying but two hours on the route, some ninety miles, and costing but $4 for the round trip; so that one can leave Philadelphia in the morning, spend the day there, and return in the evening. There are a dozen hotels at Cape May, some of them quite large, and a goodly number at Sea Grove, some two and a half miles further west, which is the extreme point, on which is situated the lighthouse, and where they are blessed with a pavilion church, and a fresh water lake adorned with pond lilies.

THE DOG SHOW

has come and gone. It produced great excitement for a time. A thousand of them—more or less—big and little, of high degree and no degree, with long hair and short hair, house dogs and field dogs, fat dogs and lean dogs, with long legs and short legs, long ears and short ears, of all colors and no color, dogs worth a thousand dollars and those not worth a cent, and they kept up an infernal noise which, to me, was anything but pleasant. The ladies seemed to enjoy it more than the magnificent

SHOW OF HORSES

which succeeded them, and which now attracts a great crowd of people, day after day. It is probably the largest and best exhibit of horses of all varieties ever seen in this country.

POMOLOGICAL SHOW.

The show of fruit from the great fruit belt of the North American continent is now opened in the Pomological Building adjoining Agricultural Hall. It is not as general as it should be, many States contributing but little, but the aggregate, notwithstanding, is large and attractive.

The only foreign exhibitor is the Fruit Growers' Association of Ontario, Canada, which shows 350 plates of apples, 200 plates of plums, 125 plates of pears, seventy-five plates of grapes and twenty-five plates of peaches. The first, too, especially the apples, is very fair in appearance, of good size and in good condition. It is a most creditable show for Canada.

Of individual exhibits the most remarkable is from Marshall P. Wilder, Boston, 300 varieties of pears; Hovey & Co., Cambridge, 175 varieties of pears. B. G. Smith, Cambridge, shows forty-five varieties of pears and twenty-seven of apples—all superior in size and appearance to Wilder's or Hovey's. John Saul, Washington, D. C., seventy-five varieties of pears and twelve varieties of grapes.

Mount Hope Nursery, Rochester, N. Y., 163 varieties of apples, 122 varieties of pears, and 57 varieties of plums.

John A. Rickett, Newburgh, N. Y., has 63 varieties of seedling grapes obtained by crossing, which is the most remarkable exhibition of grapes here.

California has 500 plates in all occupying the table, of which 40 plates are peaches; the rest occupied with pears, apples, grapes, figs, almonds, and English walnuts. The grapes excel all other exhibits of that fruit. The pears are very large, but generally coarse grained. The apples are good. A box of raisins indicates a new source of supply for this important article of import. The third table is used as a huckster's stall for the sale of California fruit, where a crowd congregate, obstructing the passage, dirtying the floors with the rejected skins and cores, and constituting an intolerable nuisance which should never be allowed at a fruit exhibition. There is a general feeling of indignation and disgust among the entire body of exhibitors at this mercenary innovation upon the established usages of pomological exhibitions.

Ohio State Horticultural Society exhibits 1,200 plates of fruit from twenty counties, of which 1,000 plates are apples, of 165 varieties, and the rest pears, plums and grapes. The display is exceedingly good.

Wisconsin has quite a large display, including 180 varieties of apples, fifty ditto of Siberian crab, forty of grapes and ten of peaches. Expects to have a large display of grapes at the October show.

Michigan has a very large display of apples, 1,600 plates pears, peaches and plums. Fruit not all yet received.

Minnesota Horticultural Society has 140 plates of apples.

Iowa, as a State, has the largest and best display of apples in the Exhibition—seven long tables filled with 2,500 plates of fruit, chiefly apples, 300 plates of pears, and a fine show of plums and grapes. The character and condition of her fruit is excellent. There are 167 varieties of apples from Polk county, from trees not over fourteen years old. There are 370 varieties of apples in all, of which forty-seven are seedlings. Iowa pears are of good size and excellent flavor.

Nebraska has a large show of apples—four tables, and seven barrels unopened. The apples are large, exceedingly fair and fine-flavored. Of the 1,142 plates of apples there are a great many duplicates; there are 200 varieties, some in want of a name. Also, 10 varieties of pears. Everybody is surprised at the remarkable show from so young a State as Nebraska.

West Jersey Nurseries display 168 plates of apples, plums and grapes, and some cream pumpkins, weighing 100 pounds.

The Arlington Nurseries, Montgomery county, Pa., show 150 varieties of apples and 50 of plums. A splendid exhibit, but, as the proprietor of it was one of the judges, it was not in competition.

Massachusetts has the largest display of pears here. M. P. Wilder's 300 varieties includes the same as Hovey's, and all the rest. Wilder's number many small and inferior ones, as does Hovey's, and Smith's 45 varieties include all the best ones, and there is not an imperfect specimen in his whole collection. On the whole, the Massachusetts fruit is small and inferior to the Western.

Connecticut has disappointed everybody by the most complete exhibit of the best varieties of apples and pears—especially of apples, large, smooth, firm and well flavored. No Eastern or Middle State compares with it. And for the benefit of Western grape growers I must speak of the grape exhibit of Mr. N. Barnett, West Haven, Ct., who exhibits twenty varieties, including the Concord, Clinton, Ives (black), Martha, King, Goethe (white), Diana, Salem and Massasoit (red), beside other varieties and half a dozen of Rogers' Hybrids. The first is sweet and *well ripened*—the result, he claims, of his system of planting and training, by which they ripen *two weeks earlier* than by the old method. He makes a root-bed (ten feet wide and two and a half feet deep), running north and south so that the sun's rays strike it directly most of the day, giving the soil an average of ten degs. higher temperature than the soil shaded by the trellis. He carries the tops away from the roots east and west, so as to give the sun full play upon the roots. His grapes give evidence of remarkable culture. The Massachusetts Horticultural Society gave him a premium on his system delivered before them, and published in their transactions this year. A system that will hasten the ripening of grapes two weeks is worth knowing.

G. M. B.

HAFIZ PASHA'S ATROCITIES.

Murders and Hideous Outrages in a Bulgarian Town—The Monstrous Bombardment of Panigurishti—A Blood-Curdling Recital of Warfare in Europe in the Closing Nineteenth Century.

[From the London Daily News.]

The Turkish commander, Hafiz Pasha, in marching through Bulgaria, arrived before the little town of Panigurishti with a regiment of regular troops, two or three pieces of artillery, and a great number of Bashi-Bazouks. It would seem that the insurgents had only about 250 men armed with muskets or rifles. The rest had only knives or pistols, that before these troubles were worn by everybody. One hundred and fifty of the best armed had gone out one road toward Tatar-Bazardjik to dispute the way, and 100 on the other road; for it seems they did not have spies out to see by which way the army would come. When Hafiz Pasha arrived he found only 100 men to oppose him, and these, frightened at the great superiority of the force brought against them, ran away at the first fire. It does not even appear that they fired off their guns, for there was not a single Turk killed or wounded. The inhabitants, panic-stricken, had in the meantime attempted to fly; but the town had already been surrounded, and they were either driven back or cut down in the fields. At the approach of the Bashi-Bazouks the inhabitants of eight or nine neighboring villages, fear stricken, had abandoned their homes and taken refuge here, to the number of 5,000 or 6,000, and they now filled the streets, crying and screaming with fright. As all resistance had now ceased, or rather as none had really been offered, Hafiz Pasha had nothing to do but march into the town, arrest the leaders of the insurrection, and restore order. Instead of this, however, he brought up his artillery, and without summoning the place to surrender, commenced a bombardment, ruthlessly throwing the bursting shells into these crowds of shrieking women and children. Until midnight the din of the bombardment resounded through the streets. Hafiz Pasha was offering himself a concert. The hoarse roar of his cannon, the screaming of shells, the ear-splitting explosions, mingled with the feeble wail of women and children, made sweet music to his ears, and he prolonged the entertainment. He wished to see it by night, lit up by the fires of burning houses and the globes of flame which leaped from the mouths of the cannon. It was a safe and harmless kind of amusement. There was no stern-eyed men there to give him back ball for ball and shell for shell, but only women and children, who answered with shrieks and groans; and he continued the joyous concert until midnight. Then the loud-mouthed dogs of war ceased their clamor; they had done their work; it was now the turn of the saber.

During the night and the next morning the troops and the Bashi-Bazouks entered the place, and then began a scene of pillage, violence and massacre only equalled by that of Batak. Neither age nor sex was spared. The town was pillaged, then fired; about one-fourth of the houses were burned; people were cut down in the streets, on their own doorsteps, slaughtered on their own hearthstones. Old men and women begging for mercy, and children and infants screaming in terror, perished alike beneath the swift and certain saber. It is thought that 3,000 people were killed in this place alone, of whom 400 were inhabitants of the town, and the rest from the neighboring villages who had taken refuge here. But we were not greeted here with the scenes of horror that awaited us at Batak. Hafiz Pasha, unlike Achmet Agha, had sense enough to have the bodies buried within the following three days, and thus to cover up his tracks.

In Panigurishti we were shown in the ruins of the church, before which had stood the altar, a black spot specked with calcined bones, on which lay a bouquet of flowers. This was the remains of a priest, Theodor Peoff, 85 years of age, who had been seized and tortured in the hopes of obtaining money, mutilated and maltreated in ways which only the foul imagination of a Turk could invent, then killed and burnt here before the altar. In another place we were shown a black spot where an old blind man, Dondje Stregleyoff, was beaten half to death, and then thrown senseless on a heap of wood and burnt alive.

There was an old man here, Zwatko Boyadjeff by name, a public benefactor, a liberal contributor to the school fund, who in winter supported half the widows and orphans of the place, who was renowned for his charities to Christian and Turk alike. He was likewise seized, tortured, and maltreated. His eyes were put out, and, after undergoing the most fearful torments, he was thrown on a heap of wood fainting or dead, the people do not know which, and burned. They seized the priest Nestor, and cut off his fingers one by one to extort money, and, as the poor man had none to give them, they continued by cutting off his hands, and finally his head. We were shown in the yard of a neat little cottage, embowered in trees, a grave, beside which a woman was kneeling as we passed. It was the grave of a young man of 18 who had just returned home from school when the troubles begun, after an absence of two years, and who had taken no part in the outbreak. They had seized him, and in mere sport cut off his hands one by one in the presence of his mother, then killed him. What made these acts more terrible was that many of them were committed in the presence of the weeping relatives—wife, mother, brothers, sisters of victims. And they were repeated by the hundred. But it was not only old and young men who suffered; women, young girls, children, infants, were ruthlessly slaughtered. These Turks, these strong, bearded men, picked infants up out of their cradles with their bayonets, tossed them in the air, caught them again, and flung them at the heads of the shrieking mothers. They carried little babes about the streets on the points of their bayonets, with their poor little heads and arms drooping around the barrels of their guns, and the blood streaming down over their hands. They cut off the heads of children, and compelled other children to carry the still bleeding heads about in their arms.

The crimes that were committed here are beyond the reach of exaggeration. There were stories related us that are maddening in their atrocity, that cause the heart to swell in a burst of impotent rage that can find vent only in pitying, useless tears.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

The Cincinnati *Enquirer*, in its report of the Allen-Goss prize fight, says: "Along about the eighteenth or nineteenth round, a ripple of surprise ran through the crowd, caused by the appearance of a woman on the scene. She was a tall, angular woman, of probably 45 or 50 years, with an all-pervading voice, and a blue cotton umbrella, and as she dismounted from the buggy in which she rode, and walked toward the ring, the boys made a respectful passage for her benefit. 'I came to see this 'ere fight,' said she, 'and I want to speak to the men.' Joe and Tom, who were then executing a *pas de deux* in the attempt of one to get in a blow on the other, stopped a moment, marched across the ring, and spoke to their visitor, both of them shaking hands with her, while Col. Eph, with his well-known gallantry for the sex, welcomed Mrs. Gorman—for that was her name—to the entertainment. She took her place well up the corner where Goss belonged, and was a close and interested spectator during the remainder of the fight, commenting on everything that occurred, and clapping her hands when anything took place to awaken her admiration. At length, when the fight was over and Goss declared victor, she manifested her sympathies with Allen by crawling between the ropes into the ring and shaking hands with him. After this part of her duty had been performed, she gathered up the meek-looking masculine who had come along with her, presumably her husband, pushed him into the buggy, and drove off. Talk about the dawn of woman's rights! When she can go to a prize-fight and shake hands with the principals, and cheer and clap hands like a b'hoy, her day is not far off."

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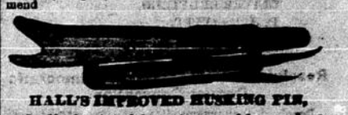

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