INDIAN CHIEFTAIN.

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Our Young Readers.

THE HAND MAN.

There's a funny old fellow, so I've heard say,
That goes round the country every day;
With a big, big bag on his shoulders, I ween,
And a shadow it casts about the size.
Now, the funniest part of the story, dears,
Is, he, that nobody ever sees.
The old man's footsteps, so quiet they
Are made on the dust and on our sidewalks
Long ago, my darlings, when I, like you,
Was a little boy, I used to see him
He came to me with his twinkling eye
And shake my hand in a friendly way.
Just as he comes to my own little one
Even now! Yes, children, he has got to
Come to you, too, if he hasn't been already.

WONDERFUL CRAWL.

On Friday morning, July 21, a
four little children, living at Allouez
mine, started out with pails and baskets
to pick berries. They rambled along
the highway for about a quarter of a
mile, and then turned off to a cross road,
which leads through the thick woods to
the new mine called the Wolverine.
All went well until the youngest,
mite of a girl, and very small of her
age, being but seven years old, complained
of being tired and wanted to go
home. Then for the first time, in their
efforts to retrace their steps, they discovered
that they had strayed from the
path and were lost in the thick woods,
where in many places the trees are not
a foot apart, and the underbrush grows
as high as the head. Vainly they sought
the right path till, exhausted, they sat
down, then, bruised and
scratched by the bushes, with hands,
face and limbs bitten and badly swollen
by the sip of the wicked black-fly, the
two older children (belonging to the
Finn settlement beyond the Allouez
proper), tired and frightened, lay down
and cried themselves to sleep, and were
found by anxious searchers the following
day in a woeful condition. When
these children were asked for their little
companions, they replied that they
begged them to stay with us, but the
boy said he would go and find the way
to the road, and then come back for us,
but his little sister would not stay without
him, and they pointed the way
they had gone. In that direction a
party of men searched all day, aided by
the half-crazed Norwegian father and
Finn mother of the lost little ones, and
all day the whistles of the Allouez and
Wolverine mines blew at intervals of
ten minutes to guide them to the
settlements.

Saturday night came and no children
found. The weary mother must return
to her home, but the father with a few
men spent the night in fruitless search.
Sunday we found the road full of
Swedes, Norwegians and Finns, while
large parties were in the woods, and
the whistles blew all day. Monday
came and the Calumet and Hecla joined
in the search, sending about four hundred
men. Towards noon a little
print was discovered, and a piece of
the little girl's dress. Tuesday more
men were sent out, and success was
thought to be certain, but alas! no
children were found. At evening the
sky was full of dense black clouds.
The thunder was awful—never before
do I remember such a rainfall and
tempest as raged for a few hours, while
the rest of the night and succeeding
day was misty with drizzling rain until
Wednesday night, another tempest,
still the search continued. Every day
the shouts of six hundred men or more
were making the woods alive. Friday
morning—one week from the children's
disappearance—came, and the Calumet
and Hecla mine was closed and the
whole force together with the Allouez
men were stationed along the road
front, feet foot apart, with orders to
break through the woods in that line as
best they could, to search every hollow
stump, to remove underwood, to examine
holes and niche sure not leaving
no spot unexplored, and yet night
brought no news, every man back with no
trace of the children. Some camped at
night at their almost hopeless task, and
some, a party of four Swedes, very
themselves lost and left in their wonderful
story, not realized quite how
far.

At three o'clock Friday afternoon
we saw Rowe by a brook to rest. We
were tired and bewildered and shouted
loudly for our companions to come to
us, when from a heap of bushes came a
lisping voice: "Where are you? Who is
it?" We, thinking he belonged to some
party of searchers, asked: "Who are
you with?" His answer came:
"Alone." Up we sprang to our fortunate
knew, even in our amazement, that the
lost children were found, and alive, and
in their right senses, although they had
been alone in the wood, amid lightning
and tempest, for eight days, with nothing
to eat but berries. Also the boy of
but nine years had built huts of brush
to cover them at night, had gathered
and loaded both himself and sister with
great bunches of blueberries where they
were to be found, and was trying to follow
the tortuous course of the brook
which he remembered emptied into
Torch Lake. He was still brave. We
gave them small pieces of bread at intervals
during the afternoon and night,
as we walked it off by the side of the
stream to rest we could with our
fell down for a little
rest, sometimes sleep with a child
between them to give warmth to the
little chilled frame.

Saturday morning, bright, one to
[illegible] "Lady, are found?
they are safe?" I threw up the sash,
and a party of men were right in front
of the house. They had the children
with them. They informed food, and
drink, saying they had met them
and had kept them to give them
shoes. Both children were bruised
will and cut and cut badly, as they
their bodies showed evidence of
and their little feet were badly
[illegible]

This season the boys started with a
stock of over [illegible]
[illegible] silk worms, and their
is equipped for raising and hundreds
[illegible]

Their business is prosperous and popular.
The association has lately published a pamphlet giving an account of the habits, changes, diseases and treatment of the silk-worm, and containing many other interesting particulars of silk culture.

[illegible]

It is commonly said, and would be considered almost a crime, that the cat has prevented all phases of human life. To us there is only one exception. He has no children, or want to none. There are no little girls, there are next to no little boys, for William, in "Merry Wives of Windsor," says Mamillius, the "Winter's Tale," [illegible] Like shadows, and so depart. [illegible]

[illegible]

What Three Boys Are Doing.

Every boy who is willing to work and bright without coin he begins to earn money for his own support before his parents have started on planning for him. The Boston *Transcript* shows how it is done by three lads in Philadelphia. That all young "business men" should carry on a trade and manage an establishment together, without unpleasant differences, is greatly to the credit of their good nature and good sense—as well as of their business ability.

"Take it," says the *Transcript*, "in Philadelphia a firm of young silk-culturists and silk-spinners, whose enterprise and success have attracted public attention. They have an establishment cocoonery, raise the silk-worms, reel off the silk, and sell it to manufacturers, and the sign of their establishment is 'Boys' Silk Culture Association of the United States.'

"There are three of them associated, all school boys about fifteen years old, devote their leisure hours to silk.

"They organized and reared premises in May, 1881, obtained eggs from all quarters, and during the season [illegible] ten thousand worms. The boys made all the necessary fixtures, trays, reels, and also invented an improved reel. They obtained permits to forage in the parks for mulberry leaves, until they could make arrangements for the worm food. They succeeded in [illegible] their own silk and several lots from other persons.

"They are now reeling the silk from the cocoons [illegible] Taylor, Scott and Tay's mother, who [illegible] for the best exhibits at the recent display of the Women's Silk Culture Association.

"This season the boys started with a stock of over [illegible] silk worms, and their cocoonery is equipped for raising and hundreds [illegible]

"Their business is prosperous and popular. The association has lately published a pamphlet giving an account of the habits, changes, diseases and treatment of the silk-worm, and containing many other interesting particulars of silk culture."

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