



MENELIK AND HIS PEOPLE.

JAMES HENRY'S GRANDFATHER ANSWERS QUESTIONS ABOUT THE ABYSSINIANS.

"Why is it that the people of Abyssinia are free, when almost all the other countries in Africa have been conquered by Europeans?" asked James Henry of his grandfather, as he showed him a great colored picture of King Menelik II, the ruler of Abyssinia.

"It is because Abyssinia," replied the boy's grandfather, "is a sort of African Switzerland. The people of Switzerland throughout all the long and bloody wars of Europe have kept their freedom, although they are few in number. Abyssinia, on the east coast of the Dark Continent, as Africa has been called, consists for the most part of a high plateau, or tableland, about ten thousand feet above the sea. And, James, as you will find in your study of history, the inhabitants of mountains are good fighters and love liberty."

"But this King Menelik," said James, as he looked again at the picture, "does not appear as if he could stop a European army. He looks as if he could fight with a bow and arrow all right, but would not know how to handle a gun. See, grandpa, he has coarse features like those black wild men you see in the circus."

"He is much wiser than he looks," was the answer. "When the Italians sent an army, Menelik, at the head of some well trained troops, defeated them with wonderful bravery. And in some of the churches of Abyssinia, if you ever happen to go there, you will find rude paintings picturing the great triumph of the Abyssinian king."

"Have the Abyssinians churches, the same as we Americans have? Or do you mean pagan temples?" asked James, who was now thoroughly interested in King Menelik and his people.

"My boy," said the grandfather, "many centuries before your forefathers knew who Christ was, and were still roaming through the forests of England and Germany, or sailing up and down the coasts of Northern Europe as pirates, the people of Abyssinia had been converted to the Christian religion, and had churches of their own. It was as long ago as the year 333 that two young Christians, by the names of Frumentius and Edesius, landed in Abyssinia, and became such favorites of the King and Queen that they were permitted to teach the subjects all about Christ and his doctrines."

"But are these Abyssinians good Christians?" asked James. "For I should think if they were we would have more to do with them."

"They have been so cut off from the rest of the world, and were at one time treated so cruelly by the Mahometans," said his grandfather, "that they have not had the chance to study and to learn as we have. Then, the climate is tropical, for Abyssinia is between the equator and the tropic of Cancer, where the sun is exactly over their heads in the summer time, and the people in hot countries do not feel like working very hard."

"Don't the Abyssinians have any savage customs at all?" asked the boy, with astonishment, as he again looked at the somewhat savage face of the King.

"Yes, a good many cruel practices still remain in the country in spite of its Christianity, and King Menelik tried to abolish them. For example, there are no prisons in Abyssinia. If a man steals once, he is whipped; if he steals again, his hand is cut off; and if a third time, they cut off his foot. A murderer is handed over to the parents or relatives of his victim to be tortured to death."

"Well," said James after a long pause, "I think I had rather live in New-York than in Abyssinia, but I would like to see this King Menelik."

A PRIZE OF \$10 IN GOLD.

TWO OTHER PRIZES OF BOOKS FOR YOUNG READERS OF THE TRIBUNE.

The Tribune will award:
As a First Prize.....\$10 in gold
As a Second Prize.....A book
As a Third Prize.....A book

To such of its little readers not over fifteen years old as send in the first, second or third best letter about any topic which James Henry will talk upon with his grandfather in the month of June in the Department for Little Men and Little Women in the Illustrated Supplement of The Sunday Tribune. These are the conditions of the contest:
No letter can exceed two hundred words.
All letters must be addressed to Prize Competition, Little Men and Little Women, The Tribune, New-York.

BOB'S TRUST.

LEFT HIS LITTLE SISTER ALONE, AND WAS BADLY FRIGHTENED BEFORE HE GOT BACK.

"Bob! Bo-o-o-b! Robert!" It was mother calling from the back porch, and Bob, who had been cooking up a perfectly glorious plan for the afternoon, left Roy White reluctantly and went to see what his mother wanted.

Mother was standing on the porch, dressed for a walk. "Bob, dear, I've just had word that Mrs. Holbrook has been taken very ill. I must go to her at once; she is all alone, and there is no one to whom she can turn. You will take care of Rose, won't you, Bob? She mustn't go out doors, so I will have to ask you to amuse her in the house. And, oh, Bob! do look after the kitchen fire, please."

She was gone before Bob could answer; she was so anxious she did not even say she was sorry that Bob would have to give up his long looked for Saturday afternoon which he could have all to himself. All the spring there had been so much to do about the garden that he really hadn't a minute to do as he pleased in, and now that old Mrs. Holbrook had to go and get sick, just to spoil his fun. Mother was always trotting off to take care of people that didn't belong to her. He wished she would consider his pleasure sometimes. He went in and banged the door hard, and helped himself to a freshly baked, heavily sugared jumble from the big trayful on the kitchen table.

Rose, who had had a long siege of whooping cough (such a foolish disease, Bob thought), was cutting out pictures at the dining room table. She looked thin and white for a little girl named Rose, but she looked up happily when Bob entered.

"Hi, Bobby," she said, with her jolly little chuckle, "you has to be my muvver this day. Hallo, Muvver Bob!"

Bob had to smile. "Well, kidlet, what do you

"She's as good as tied up now," said Bob, "for she's promised me not to stir."

"Hark! What's that?" asked Roy.

Both boys listened.

"Sounds like a brass band," said Bob.

"Let's just run down to the turn to see what it is."

Both boys ran to the turn, and far, far down the road they saw a cloud of dust. They watched it for a moment. "A circus!" gasped Bob.

It was the first time in the lifetime of those two boys that a circus had come to their little farming town. Bob and Roy forgot poor little Rose, and tore down the road to meet the circus. It was a long time before Bob remembered. Then his conscience smote him terribly.

"Poor little kid," he thought. "I ought to go back to her." But just then a bear began cutting up as if he wanted to escape, and all the animals turned restless, and there was so much excitement that Bob forgot again. The circus had turned down a long, level road, and Bob was quite a way from home when he thought of Rose again. It was getting late in the afternoon, and with a great effort he turned his face homeward. As he looked toward his home, which was almost out of sight, he saw a big, golden blaze. "Looks like a fire," he thought to himself. Then like a flash came the memory of his mother's warning to look after the fire. He turned suddenly faint. What if the house was on fire and Rose was burned to death! She would not stir from that chair when she had promised "honor bright." He flew like the wind up the road, bending his head and speeding as he had so often done in racing with the boys. His fright made him swift. He did not stop for anything, but went on—on—on—with the horrible fear in his heart.

He hardly dared look up till he was almost home, then he gave a gasp of relief. The fire was nothing more nor less than the setting sun blazing on the upper windows.

He stole softly into the house. There was poor little Rose with her head on her arms. She was talking to herself.

"I hope nuffin dreadful has happened to my darling brother Bob. He said he would come back in a minute, and seems 's if it was a whole long minute, and I know my own, dear, big brother Bob wouldn't go off and leave his little, sick sister all alo-o-one. Maybe a big bear's ate him. But I can't go see, 'cause I promised 'honor bright.' I've had time to have a whole long nap. I didn't 'spose a minute was so long. Did you, Moses?"

Bob tiptoed softly up behind her and picked her up in his arms. He hugged her hard, and cuddled her, and told her wonderful stories with animals in them that barked and mewled and growled, and Rose forgot all the lonely time, and thought her big brother Bob was the dearest that ever was. And after that day she was not mistaken, for Bob never forgot his little sister again.

PUZZLES.

WORD SQUARES.

(a) 1, a measure of land; 2, a kind of fuel; 3, a bar of wood or iron; 4, a feminine name.
(b) 1, a kind of fuel made of coal; 2, not under; 3, knows; 4, at first.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of nineteen letters, and form the name of a great discoverer.
My 12-13-16-17-19 are used to dress the hair.
My 5-6-7-8 is to come to a standstill.
My 14-15-16-17-18-11 is rough timber.
My 1-2-4-16-19 is to sound in harmony.
My 9-18-1-6 is to injure.

CHARADE.

My first is to read thoughtfully. My second is a line. My whole is a harmony; also a town in Massachusetts.

DIAMONDS.

(a) 1. In add. 2. By the way of. 3. The Roman goddess of the moon. 4. Also. 5. In add.
(b) 1. In fan. 2. Not new. 3. The Roman goddess of flowers. 4. Not wet. 5. In fan.

ANAGRAM AUTHORS.

1. Desk nice. 2. St. Cot. 3. The worn hah. 4. H. cake tray. 5. Rope Co.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primal letters spell the first name and my finals spell the last name of a famous inventor. Crosswords: 1. In that place. 2. Not soft. 3. The great river of Western Siberia. 4. A young woman. 5. In time past. 6. Presently.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES PUBLISHED JUNE 22.

DIAMOND.

A
O L D
O F F E R
A L F O N S O
L O N O R
A S K
O

Numerical transpositions—1. MMII. C—Mimic; 2. DIV. VI—Vivid; 3. MLI, L—MHI; 4. D. CL. O—Cold. Diagonal—Manru. Crosswords: Maine, dAunt, faNcy, couRt, adleU. Word squares—(a) Odes, dale, Ella, seat; (b) crow, rove, oven, went. Enigma—Santos-Dumont. Puzzle—1. Seam-seem; 2. seer-sear; 3. told-tolled; 4. gait-gate; 5. halve-have.

ODD THINGS ABOUT A JUNE BUG.

HIS SCALELIKE HAIRS, FANLIKE FEELERS AND SHARP CLAWS.

Almost every boy or girl who has lived in the country has seen June bugs. They are beetles, which are reddish brown on the back and nearly black on the under side, and almost an inch long. They fly with a whirring sound, and have a great trick of entering open windows and clinging to lace curtains and women's dresses. They even lodge in the hair, and when once they get a good hold it is hard to remove them. The firm grip they have is explained by their stout, sharp claws.



In the Southern part of the United States these insects hatch out earlier than in the North. For this reason they are there called May bugs or May beetles. Both of these names are common in England, where still another, "cockchafer," is often given to them.

Before a June bug has flown about much its body seems to be dusted over with a sort of powder. The latter rubs off easily, and in time the bug's back is almost as smooth and clean as a horse chestnut. Under a microscope the dust is seen to consist of little scalelike hairs, lying side by side, and pointing backward. The female June bug has more of these than the male. Careful examination shows that many of these particles are so narrow as to look like hair, and others wide enough to resemble scales. Others are too narrow for a scale and too wide for a hair.

The June bug's feelers, or antennae, carry tufts of hair, which can be opened out like tiny fans. These tufts are thus opened when the insect's attention is aroused. The performance is the same as the pricking up of its ears by a horse.

BABY'S RESEMBLANCE.

Young Mother—Do you think the baby looks like me or his papa?
Nurse—Like you, mum. Mr. Jenkins is a mighty handsome man.

want to do most of all? Go on cutting out pictures?"

"No. I'm tired of that. What I want to do most is to write a story for the Children's Page 'bout my Moses. You must write it, an' I'll tell you what to write. She is the most cunningest kitten that ever was. She does more funny things than that kittie you read about last week."

Bob went for paper and pencil, which he put down beside Rose, and Moses climbed up beside her to see what was going on.

"Suppose you begin the story while I run out and tell Roy I can't go hunting with him this afternoon. Don't stir till I come back, will you, Rose?"

"How long?" asked Rose anxiously.
"Oh, a minute or two; you can write on the paper, but don't get down out of your chair."

"All right, I won't, honor bright," said Rose, and Bob knew she always did what she promised, especially when she said "honor bright."

"It's a plagued shame!" said Roy when Bob told him. "Can't you tie her up somehow, and come on for a little while?"

IT WAS PURELY AN ACCIDENT—BUT IT LOOKED LIKE A GLORIOUS ACHIEVEMENT.



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—(Chuma)