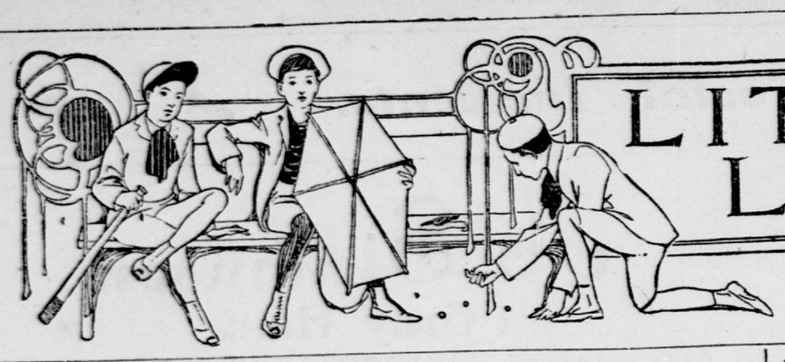

LITTLE MEN AND LITTLE WOMEN

Billy Whiskers.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A GOAT.

BY FRANCES TREGO MONTGOMERY.

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PART XIII.

WHAT BILLY DID ON WEDNESDAY.

On Wednesday Billy was not tied up, and after wandering around the circus and visiting the different animals and stopping to chat with Betty, he decided to watch his chance and slip into town.

This was not hard for him to do and he soon found himself on the main street. At first he walked quietly along looking into the windows, but presently he saw before him a well known figure, that of the ringmaster.

"Now is my chance," thought Billy, "to get even with him for giving me all those cuts with his whip. I'll just give him a butt and land him in the middle of that mudpuddle, and I am going to do it so hard he will hear his spine crack, and I guess he won't hit me with his whip again very soon."

So Billy started quietly on a run, going on his tiptoes so the ringmaster would not hear him until it was too late to get out of the way. Just as Billy got to him the man raised his arm to doff his hat to a pretty girl, and the next thing he knew he was flying through the air with his hat in his hand. Still holding his arm extended, he landed in the deep puddle of muddy water in the middle of the street, while the young lady threw up her hands and fled.

It is needless to say that Billy immediately disappeared down a side street. Here he ran into a livery stable where a dog fight had been going on in the back yard. Two ferocious bulldogs had fought so wickedly that their jaws had had to be pried apart.

One of the dogs had a chain around its neck and its owner was going to lead it off when one of the livery men saw Billy and called out:

"Wait a minute, Mr. Pride, here's a billy goat I bet can lick your dog. Let us turn them loose in the yard and have another fight."

"Why, man, what are you talking about? My dog would make just one grab at the goat's throat and kill him."

"I am not so sure of that," replied the man, "but I am mighty sure he will lick your dog if he is the goat I think he is, for I believe he is the trained goat from the circus."

"Let's have a fight," said the other men that were standing around. "It will be great sport to see the goat lick the dog that can whip every other dog in town."

"So you think the goat can lick my dog, do you? I'll bet one or all of you twenty dollars that he can't."

"It is a go!" said two or three. Then the man that had proposed the fight said: "It is all well enough to have a little fight for fun, but I hate to see your dog killed, as he may be."

"Oh, don't you worry about my dog. Leave all your worrying for the goat."

All this time the dog had been pulling at his chain and straining to get at the goat, while Billy quietly walked around inspecting things, chewing anything he could find.

"Won't I fix that conceited dog!" said Billy to himself. So he allowed himself to be driven into the back yard. Here the men formed a circle with Billy in the centre; then the man unfastened the chain from the dog's neck. With a rush he went for the goat, who quickly stood on his hind legs, lowered his head and met the dog's onslaught with his horns, running one of them into his chest. Then the dog tried to get behind Billy for another charge, but Billy wheeled and met him again as before, and, no matter which way the dog tried to approach him, Billy was always head foremost with his long, pointed horns sticking straight out to meet him.

The dog was getting more and more furious at each failure, and at least he made a blind plunge at the goat, but, as before, Billy was too quick for him and this time he sent the dog yelping back to his master.

"Here! what do you mean by shutting our goat up?" they heard some one say, and turning around they saw one of the men from the circus who had been sent out to look for Billy, as it was nearly time for the performance to begin.

"We did not shut him up. He walked in of his own accord; but you should have been here a minute sooner and you would have seen the prettiest fight you ever saw in your life, between your goat and the bulliest bulldog of the town."

"I am sorry I did not see it; but perhaps we can have another some time."

"Never!" said the dog's owner very emphatically. "I doubt if he lives through this."

"Well, goodby boys; come and see Billy Whiskers perform in the circus this afternoon, and you will see as good a performance as fighting, and I'll give all passes who bet on him this time.

"Billy, I would not have given much for your skin after the ringmaster got through with you if it had not been for this fight; but now I think he will forgive you for the butt you gave him this morning, since you whipped Mr. Pride's dog, for he hates Mr. Pride because he forbade him calling on his daughter."

WHAT BILLY DID ON THURSDAY.

On Thursday there was no performance, as the circus was to break camp and move to the next town, where they were to take the train for a large city. Here they would meet the rest of the circus, which had been divided up into small bands like the one Billy was now with, and sent into the country. When they met in the city all the companies joined forces.

The elephant told Billy to wait and see what elegant performances they gave when they were all together. "Why!" he said, "we have three rings, with acting going on in each one at the same time, and all the performers wear their best clothes and try their best to outshine one another; besides we have three or four times as many animal side tents as we do now.

"When we meet I will introduce you to my chum, who is the oldest and largest elephant in the circus business. He is a fine fellow and tells a good story, and one could listen for hours to him telling of his adventures and experiences while in the jungle and travelling in this country. But it nearly makes him weep when he tells of how he was once the pet elephant of a prince of India and how the prince would never ride any other but himself when hunting or riding in the royal processions. 'Only think of the come down,' he used to add, 'from having a prince of the royal blood on your back to a common circus rider in gaudy skirts! Then my blankets and trappings were of velvet, studded with real precious stones. Now they are velveteen with glass to imitate the precious jewels. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! That I should ever live to see this day.'"

Here the elephant's conversation was cut short by some one screaming, "Fire! Fire!"

"Where? Where?" called Billy, who was all excitement in a minute, and he started to run in the direction he heard the voice come from. But alas for Billy! He forgot he was tied until he came to the end of his rope and it gave him a quick jerk which sent him head over heels, breaking the rope.

"Gee whiz! I nearly broke my neck. Blame their old rope!"

"Fire! Fire! Fire!" called the voice again, followed by a laugh, and Billy, looking up, saw a green pollparrot swinging on a rope overhead, that commenced to call: "April fool! April fool!" as loud as she could.

"How I do hate parrots and monkeys! I dare you to come down here, you disagreeable, impertinent, pea green old bird!" bleated Billy.

He had hardly gotten the words out of his mouth when something struck him on the back and began to pull his hair out by the roots. It was Miss Polly who had dropped like a torpedo and who was screeching, pecking and clawing him at a great rate. She was in a bad humor that day as they had forgotten to feed her her accustomed crackers and coffee.

As soon as Billy got over his surprise, which was in a second, he lay down and rolled. This knocked Polly off, but the minute he stopped she flew onto his back again and pecked him until the blood ran. The second time she lit on his back he thought of a way to get even. He saw the elephant's tub of water a little way before him, and with two bounds he was by its side and before Miss Polly was aware of what was up, she found herself doused in the tub, and when she came up from under the water there was no goat in sight.

As Billy went out of the tent he ran into the animal keeper, who was just coming in.

"Ho, ho! Master Billy, not so fast. I was coming to look for you, for we are about to start and you have a way of turning up missing just when you are most wanted." As he said this he caught hold of the piece of rope around Billy's neck that Billy had broken when he took his somersault, and said: "Come along with me. I am going to put you for once where you can't get out, no matter how hard you bite, chew or kick."

"I wonder what he is going to do with me," thought Billy.

But he soon found out, for the man led him to a vacant cage that a wildcat had died in the day before, and made him walk up an inclined board into it.

"Heavens!" thought Billy. "I'll never get out of here unless I die and am carried out like the wildcat was, and if I don't die I know I will go crazy, shut up in a little cooped up place like this, with only room enough to take one step and not enough to turn around unless you turn yourself in sections."

"Well, Billy, how do you like being caged?" asked the animal keeper.

"Yes, you vicious beast you, how do you like being shut up where you can't butt and send people flying into mud puddles and chew up their wigs, etc.?" asked the ringmaster, who had joined the animal keeper.

"Oh, it is you, is it? Well, you just wait until I get out of here and see where I will butt you next time, and the animal keeper, too," bleated Billy, but neither of them understood what he said.

When they left him alone Billy tried every way he could think of to break out, but he could make no impression on the iron bars, chew as he would—in fact, he broke one of his teeth trying. Then he tried butting out the ends of the cage, but it was of no use. Next he stood on his hind legs and tried to push the roof off with his long horns, but to no effect; so he lay down tired and broken hearted on the hard bottom of the cage and gave himself up to the blues.

He was lying there quietly, apparently asleep, when a man brought him a bundle of hay to eat, a bucket of water to drink and a pitchfork of straw to lie on.

Billy did not move when they brought the things, pretending to be asleep, but he was rudely awakened out of his supposed sleep by the man sticking the prongs of the pitchfork into him to make him get up so he could spread the straw on the bottom of the cage. He felt too disheartened to eat, especially food which he detested, but thought he would take a drink as he was very thirsty, but at one smell of the bucket he turned up his aristocratic nose, for he detected the bucket had not been washed since it had been used by some of the other animals, for he could smell and see their hairs on the rim; so he lay down more disgusted than ever. Poor Billy's confinement was going to be hard for him. He had roamed the fields and towns, master of himself, too long to take to being shut up easily.

At last Billy fell asleep and only awakened when they hitched the horses to the wagon like cage he was in to draw it to the depot. Just before they started he heard a man say: "Here, you forgot to put up the sides on that cage with the goat in."

Then the man brought wooden sides and fastened them onto the cage over the iron bars. This left Billy only a little iron barred opening near the top, at one side, to get air through.

"I shall surely smother," thought Billy. "Oh, this is horrible! I feel as if I were buried alive."

At that minute the horses started up and poor Billy went down on his knees with a sudden jerk.

After several hours of hard travelling they stopped, and Billy knew they must be at the depot for he heard the engines whistling and the bells ringing, and he was very glad of it for his knees were all skinned from slipping on the floor from one end of the cage to the other when they went up or down hill, for it was impossible to stand, so he had to lay down and make the best of it.

"I never pitied caged animals before," thought Billy, "but I did not know what they had to endure or I should."

After a great deal of commotion, swearing and fussing on the part of the men outside, Billy's cage was at last on board and the train started.

"Mercy!" thought Billy, "aren't they going to give me a drink of water or something fresh and cool to eat? Do they expect me to eat that dried up, tasteless, weedy hay this hot day; and as for the water, that got upset the first hill we went up. Oh, dear! and to add to the rest of my troubles I have got a cinder in my eye, along with this horrible dust that is blowing in that stuffy little window and I know I am going to be smothered to death. Oh, if Nanny were only here!"

And poor Billy commenced to cry softly to himself. It was a good thing he did, for he soon cried the cinder out, and when his eye stopped hurting he got some of his spunk back again and began to plan some way of getting out of his cage.

At twelve o'clock at night they reached the city and were driven through the silent streets to a vacant lot where all the circus bands were to meet. And here I will leave Billy until next morning.

(To be continued.)

HOW BILLY GETS EVEN WITH THE PARROT.

BILLY BUTTS THE RINGMASTER INTO THE GUTTER.

How Little Coral Creatures Eat.

In far worse plight than the old woman who "had so many children she didn't know what to do" is the caretaker of little coral creatures who have so many mouths that it is simply impossible to feed them all. This is the case of Custodian Spencer, at the Aquarium, in Battery Park. There was a time when he tried to give them a meal a day, by spearing minute particles of food with the point of a slender stick and offering one of these to every mouth or two of the mass of tentacled openings that make up the surface of the coral rock. But this was speedily found to be too laborious an affair, and now they are fed three times a week with minute bits of shredded clam, or sometimes oysters strewn through the water near them.

The tiny, filmy tentacles, something like an eighth of an inch long, reach out for these, and when one gets a dinner and his next door neighbor does not (though the dinner-grabber gobbles down his bit of clam without any apparent regard for his hungry brother), he nevertheless has a mysterious way of imparting nourishment to him afterward, and it so happens that if a half or even a third of the tiny creatures get a meal the rest of them never go hungry.

Because the tropical coral is not used to such changes in the denseness or saltiness of the water as are shown from day to day in the bay water with which the other sea creatures of the Aquarium are supplied, the water in their round glass houses is never changed. They are living now in water given them nine years ago, but the big leafed ulva, or sea lettuce, aerates it thoroughly, keeps it pure and healthful, absorbing anything that might hurt these little sea people, and giving back to them the oxygen they need to live.

The coral requires more light, as well as care, than do the many other dwellers in the Aquarium. They are kept on broad shelves directly by the big windows of the laboratory, and are seen only by those especially interested in such creatures, who take the trouble to ask for a sight of them. So delicate are these little folk from the depths of the sea that their food must be thoroughly washed after chopping, that not a tinge of milkiness or discoloration may be seen in the water, as this would offend their fastidious tastes, even to the point, perhaps, of costing their lives if repeated often.

Many people have tried to discover how fast the little coral creatures work, but no one seems to have obtained any satisfactory data. Ten years' work does not make any showing, at least not with those kept in captivity, and it really does not seem to make much difference to coral folk where they are, as long as their food and water are all right.

There are many different kinds of coral, the rock, the honeycomb, the tree, but perhaps one of the prettiest is the rose coral, with its fringed petallike parts that move at the edges with every current in the water. A fine specimen of this in the Aquarium is now dead, because, as the caretaker thinks, it was called upon too often to "show off" for interested visitors. The edges of the bonelike structure under the filmy "flesh" of this creature are very sharp, and when, as might happen a dozen times a day, it was touched with a stick to make it "shut up," these sharp edges probably punctured the delicate tissue and eventually caused its death.

Of the next specimens that come to the Aquarium Mr. Spencer is going to keep one which will never be called upon to entertain company, and so determine if its social obligations really were the cause of this little rose coral's death. Fine examples of this species are found on the Lower Bay shore, and it is not so fastidious about its food or water as are those from tropical countries.

The sea anemones, which are a sort of cousin to coral folk, have a glass house to live in not far from the coral in the Aquarium. These look much like fringed mushrooms and have the power to move from place to place, as the little corals cannot do. The anemones, however, have only one mouth—directly in the centre of the shock of fringe that forms their heads. They are a lazy sort of creature, living, as far as one can see, only for their own pleasure, and never building any islands or reefs as their coral cousins do.

In another glass house near the corals live a dozen or more little hermit crabs, turning somersaults, and duelling, and fisticuffing the whole day long. They are not ambitious enough to grow shells of their own, but as soon as they are born begin to back around until they find an empty shell of some other creature or a neighbor small enough for them to kill and steal his house, and then they back their soft, jellylike bodies into the vacant shell and wear it as their own.

As they appear in the Aquarium they look for all the world like a ragged regiment, no two of them garbed alike, some in striped, sharp pointed shells, some in snail's, or in those of the little mattica, the winkle, the drill. The hermit crabs, however, have this punishment for their lazy, thieving ways, they can never grow any bigger than the little shell in which they take up their home at the beginning, and can never learn to run very fast, for their muscles have been cramped and weakened by long disuse.

FROM MOTHER GOOSELAND.

This little lady has just stepped out of Mother Gooseland, and has forgotten where she belongs. Can any little man or woman put her right? If so, print the first line of the verse to which she belongs in the blank space just beneath the picture and color the whole as well as you possibly can. For the best colored, correctly named picture, cut out and sent so as to reach this office before July 3. The Tribune will give a prize of $2.

BRAIN PUZZLERS AWARD.

Actually, the Little Men are coming out of their shells and showing what they can do in the way of solving "Brain Puzzlers." This week the prize, a book, goes to George B. Draper, of New-Milford, Conn., and several other Little Men sent correct answers. The set of answers which takes the prize this time is perhaps the neatest and most attractive that has come to the office since the contest was opened. Neatness counts for a great deal. Among those who deserve honorable mention in the Brain Puzzlers column this week are Richard Bennet, David Younglove, Marjorie C. Adams, Tillie De Graw, Maude L. Spence, Evaline Taylor, Florence R. T. Smith, Mildred H. Sarles and Marjorie Anderson.

NATURE STUDY PRIZE.

A Little Man wins the nature study prize of $2 this week. The fruits and leaves, neatly cut out and correctly put together by Roger Searle, Box 115, Nutley, N. J., are by far the most natural looking among the hundreds that were sent in in the competition. Even the bark of the twigs is tinted in the most realistic manner, and the shadows cast from these and the leaves and fruit are finely shown on the bevelled cardboard on which the five specimens are mounted. Though a number of others sent in fine work, Roger's is really the best of all.

HONOR LIST IN NATURE STUDY CONTEST.

Amy L. Moore, Norris Burr Sargent, Eleanor Perry, Roxana Wentworth Bowen, Elsie Cromwell Comstock, H. Lauber, Carl Carlson, Maud S. Gorham, John Lusch, Marjorie Hall, Ransom H. Greenfield, Marguerite Crofut, Dorothy B. Larrabee, Leslie Cooper, Marjorie Coutant Larkin, William H. Seward, Helen Beach Craig, Jennie S. Eggleston, Gussie B. Wade, Muriel Parker, Bessie Warner, Josephine Burgess, Mabel McDowell, Edith M. Robinson, Helen B. Gibbons, Lita Perpall, Pauline L. Wheeler, Arthur F. Requa, Mary Thompson, Master Charles F. Throckmorton, Eugene Barber, Eleanor Perry, Pearl Hill, Harold Osgood, Marjorie Spurr, Florence Smalley, Fayette Taylor, Catherine Lawrence Richardson, Elizabeth Brengle, Katherine B. Carter, Marjorie C. Adams, Frances C. Lutlefield, Remsen Duryee, Jessie N. Welch, Catharine Terry, Loretta Murphy, Nellie Smallwood, Gifford Doon, Lydia Coit Butler, Marie Schuetz, Anna Brown Herr, Helen Louise Martin, Lois N. Cunningham, Jean Moffat, Robert Enos Van Clief, Helen Gunz, Fred R. Sisson, Harold Clark, Master Henry Schneider, Marjorie Waldo, C. J. Strickland, Lucy Marx, Muriel Murray, Virginia Irene Brittain, Edgar Williams, jr., Ethel Jackson, S. Helen Bridge, Catherine Vissman, Estelle Robertson, Florence Phyllis Batson, Ethel M. Porter, Gertrude Darwin, Kathleen Nelden, Julia Linse, Ruth Valentine, Marguerite Slevens, Ivy Gwater, Katharine E. Salkeld, Miriam Wolff, Anna A. Jacobs, Anne B. Ashley, Edith H. Terhune, Master Rodney Williams, Beatrice Roth, Hattie Skidmore, Janet Buchanan, Martha T. Hull, Janet Anderson, Jeannette Nelson, Carrie Tallman, Dorothy F. Taylor, Thomas A. Martin, jr., Miriam Ward, C. M. Merlser, Marion Heath, Clara Palmer, Ruth Plump, Marjorie Clare, Beatrice Blanche Drachman, Dorothy Reynolds, Adele Andrews, Olive Sarles, Dorothy Thomas, Roy Snyder and Emmie Cassels.

LOST KITTEN PUZZLE.

To eleven-year-old George Forrest Butterworth, No. 83 East-ave., Norwalk, Conn., goes the $1 prize for the Lost Kitten puzzle, published in the June 7 issue. His answer was the neatest and the one most nearly fulfilling all conditions and requirements, though very many fine answers were sent in from other little men and little women—so many, indeed, that this week's honor list is one of the longest ever given.

HONOR LIST IN LOST KITTEN CONTEST.

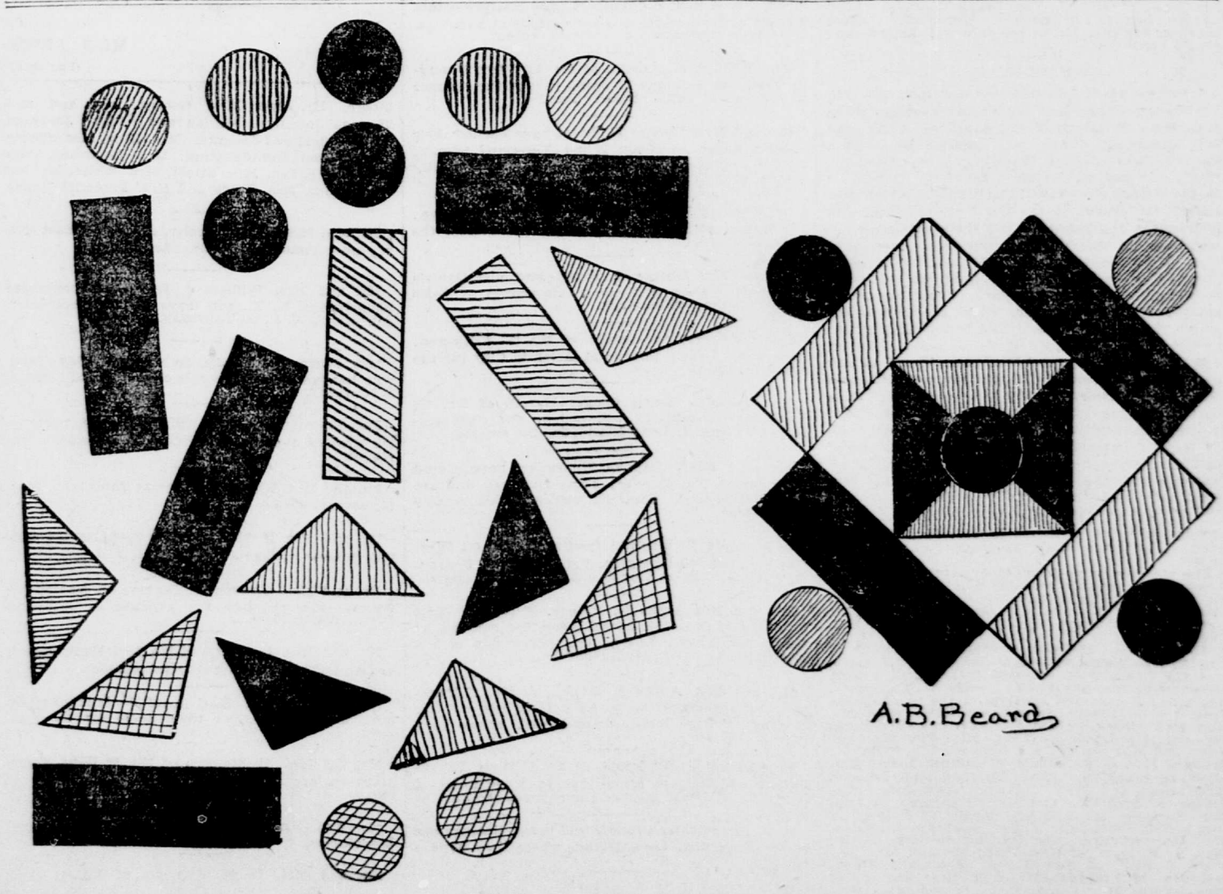
Cornelia D. Jannaris, Master Noble Whitcomb, F. Le Roy Newcomb, Eliza Minnerly, Catharine Montgomery, Ruby L. Thomas, Harriette Gowen, C. Silverberg, Florence Hallock, Veronica Caminoni, George Wright, jr., George Mathews, jr., Ruth Worden, Florence Blanke, Robert M. Munroe, Adelle Bush, Mary Havey, Lovett Keyser, Harold N. Jones, Albert Korbel, Constance Hunt, Harriet Allen Butler, Edna B. Tuthill, Dorothy Thomas, Beatrice Roth, Kenneth Bowen, Amy Young, Loretta Murphy, Ruth Moore, Ada Frazee, Mary Thompson, Fanny S. D. Brown, Kennith Moffat, Rachel Jeffery, Bess Louise Whitney, Marjorie Anderson, G. H. Barnes, H. C. Bosse, Charles Heckle, Georgeia Crofut, Louise Berkmayer, Joy Whitehead, Aileen du Pont, Catherine L. Terry, Dorothy White Ridgway, Ethel Moffat, Henry Whitehorn, Hubert Lauber, Lyman Rodman, Elsa Needham, Warren G. Folger, Mildred Johnson, Velma Estelle Kennedy, Jacob Ecker, Willie Stone, Isabel Decker, Edith Barron, Louise T. Butler, Edna Halliday, Joel Foster Bowers, Bennie Maston, Edith Howland Robinson, Carolyn Warren, Kitty Tannis, Olive Brundage, John Brandt, Roy Blaine Sanderson, Stella McCormack, Richard Taylor, Thomas Holmes, Putnam K. Barstow, Adele Hanson, Harriette Moody, Frances Hill, Constance Curtis, H. Jay Anderson, jr., Elizabeth Stewart, Arnold Cummins, Ethel Kelly, Arthur H. Mason, Elizabeth B. Ballard, Harry Hamm, Rosalind Adler, James R. Carlos, H. Lloyd Richards, jr., Mabel Chandless, Howard Simons, A. A. Burdick, jr., Bessie R. Ham, Lucy Ashley, Augustus Tracy, Dorothy Judson, Bertha Ray, Frank Lutz, Helen E. Meickle, Eleanor Adams, Marjory Willick, Janet Buchanan, Rebecca French, Ethel M. Porter, Margery Godden Hart, Berkeley Williams, Elizabeth Janet Griggs, Helen M. Steele, George Savale, Ruth V. Williamson, George G. Ternberry, Hester Hurlbutt, Dorothy M. Sayer, Helen S. Willard, Agnes M. Tracy, Jessie E. Wilcox, Berthold H. Nye, Gertrude Reimer, Harold N. Kingsland, Amanda Anderson, Gertrude Dawson, Muriel Gernon, Master Harry D. McGown, Ella E. Bell, Dorothy Burnheim Larrabee, Francis Greenberg, George H. Mitchell, jr., Malcolm Corduan, Catherine Lawrence Richardson, Harriet Maurer, Marjory Hartwell Knight, Warren Frazier, Dorothy Everett, Marion L. Talmadge, Isabelle Lewis McCarter, Ida A. Darling, Mannie Sivan, Roy C. Brown, Elizabeth Schoonmaker, Katharine De Forest, Miss Marjorie Taylor, Victor Stern, Florence Maloney, Mildred Cornell, John C. Conger, Lillian Davenport, Lindley W. Cook, Charles Hamilton Young, Grenville Zerfass, May Steigleiter, Harold U. Taylor, Howard Lary, Henrietta Dana, Isadore Lubert, Ethel Wiederhold, William Waite Broughton, Marion Stedman, Rica Zelner, Mabel Howard Havens, Fredericka Riesberg, Blanche Chaumar, Clair Dickinson, Talcott B. Hull, jr., Gladys Marsh, Howard Hurley, Anna Stockdale Whittock, Richard H. Philip, Elizabeth Foye, Lita Perpall, Frank Locker, Elizabeth Murphy, Alfred Wolferz, William Harold Dodge, Abraham Ellenbogen, Laura Nott, F. Rhey Baldwin, Genevieve Gardner, Howard B. Green, Marie J. Hapgood, Aileen Hatch, Ruth Louise Plump, Master Harry Upson, Ethel Adele Capen, Anna Cohen, Helen B. Gibbons, Dorothy Reynolds, Master Elmer Andrews, Elizabeth Kline, Abraham Weinberg, Lawrence Van Vechten, Tessie J. Hoare, Teresa Agnes Flaherty, Morton H. C. Foster, Gertrude Darwin, Edna Shawger, Mary Townsend Howell, Rose Zamboni, Henry P. Warren, jr., Edna Kimball, George Newmark, John Kruesi, Wisner Goshen, Lettie M. Kent, Master Gus Haemisch, Sidney Randolph Dresser, Eugenia E. Corwin, Margaret Bellwood, Marie Church, David S. Post, John Taylor, Ivy Gwalter, Donald Smith, Mary M. Barrett, William H. Seward, Marjorie Coutant Larkin, Elsie Cromwell Comstock, Morris Burr Sargent, Florence Goodwin Mackey, Edward F. Queenan, Anna Broon Herr, Harold Osgood, Master Henry Schneider, Robert Enos Van Clief, Marion Heath, C. M. Merlser, Fred V. D. Skinner, Nellie Smallwood, Hattie Skidmore, Carrie Tallman, Christine Tullock, Edith H. Terhune, Ruth Valentine, Josephine Burgess, Carroll W. Johnson, Richard Esselstyne, Percy Cahen, Mamie Noble.

ODE TO WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS.

(Jumel Mansion.)

Oh, stately old manse of Colonial style
In the sade of thy porch I linger awhile,
And think of the deeds thy windows have seen
Looking down on the gallants out there on the green.
George Washington, truly, thy wide halls has tread,
Thy rooms for headquarters he's used, so it's said.
Oh, tell me your story, be it mournful or gay,
Were the women and men of that long far off day
So noble and gentle, so manly and brave?
Oh, would you could speak a few words I would crave!
How did Washington look as he labored or prayed?
And how looked the British in bright red arrayed?
But alas, in these days of hurry and work
There's no time for dreaming lest some labor we'd shirk,
But to you, noble mansion, I reverently bow
Among the green trees lying, thinking of how
In days past away to your welcoming walls
Flocked the gallants and ladies to bright festive balls,
And now, like some veteran, sleep quietly on,
While we gently place the laurels you've won
Before your broad door and tiptoe away,
With a smile and a sign, to the works of the day.

MACALLISTER COLEMAN.



PRIZE FOR BEST DESIGN.

Here are nine circles, six oblongs and eight triangles. Cut them all out neatly and put them together in as many designs as possible. Paste each design on a separate piece of white or colored paper and send all to Little Men and Little Women, N. Y. Tribune before June 26. Fig. 1 is only given to show what can be done with some of the material. Do not make one like it, but try to design something different, as all the ideas must be your own. A prize of $2 is offered for the greatest number of designs. Use all the different circles, oblongs and triangles.

BRAIN PUZZLERS.

The Tribune offers a book as a prize to the one who sends the best solution to the Brain Puzzlers each week. The answer to every puzzle sent must be correct in every detail, must be written on one side of the paper only, and must be addressed to Brain Puzzlers' Contest, Little Men and Little Women, The New-York Tribune. The letters must reach this office before June 26. Neatness and clearness count as much as correctness in the award of prizes.

INVERTED PYRAMID.

NO. 1.

Read across—Moving swiftly, a musical instrument, an article for fastening, a consonant.
Read downward—A consonant, a preposition, to pinch, a spike, a tavern, a negative, a consonant.

DIAMOND NO. 1.

A third of a can, an exclamation, a small chicken, a large city in the United States, a chink or fissure, time gone by, an exclamation of surprise.

NO. 2.

A consonant, to be ill, a girl's name, a former President of the United States, to fire at, sick, a consonant.

NO. 3.

A consonant, a mineral, a foreign fruit, a well known daily newspaper, a feather, a tavern, a vowel.

NO. 4.

A vowel, a girl's name, a word meaning all, the greatest country on the globe, a girl's name, very cold substance, a vowel.

NO. 5.

A vowel, the whole, a tongue of fire, one of the United States to accuse, a girl's name, a vowel.
The central words in these are identical both when read downward and across.
Contributed by Florence R. T. Smith, No. 6 Elmst., Newton, N. J.

ADDITIONS.

Example: Add "in" to renown and get a scarcity of food. Answer: Fam (in) e.

Add "in" to a domestic animal and get acting; to a near relative and get evil; to a man's title and get a clergyman; to dumb and get a fraction of time; to a plural personal pronoun and get a beverage; to a small point and get a place where things are joined; to satisfaction, and get a large body of land; to a singular personal pronoun and get to emit rays of light; to without love, and get qualities exciting love; to a likeness, and get to think; to a man who dives, and get one who instinctively knows.

Add "o" to a musical instrument and get a crown; to a vessel for carrying coal and get a covering for the head; to a young boy, and get a burden; to an angle and get a civil officer; to a small pole, and get a fourth of an acre; to check or hindrance, and get to bend.

COMBINATIONS.

Out of the following letters spell three words meaning privileged, quieted and refuses: E E D L C I N S.

ENIGMA.

My first's in trellises and trees;
You'll find my next in heat;
My third's in every summer breeze,
And plain my fourth in greet;
My fifth in riverside repeats;
My sixth's in antelopes;
My seventh's in the meat one eats;
My eighth's in blighted hopes;
My ninth's in tea, my tenth's in sea;
Eleventh lies in rest;
My twelfth's in every little bit,
And thirteenth in hillcrest;
In tinlest things my fourteenth hides;
My fifteenth sounds in singing;
My sixteenth and my seventeenth
Are both espied in ringing;
My eighteenth in the midnight lurks;
My nineteenth in the thunder;
My twentieth in horrid things;
My twenty-first in plunder;
My twenty-second's in world wide;
My twenty-third in Tyrol;
My twenty-fourth's in roses red;
My twenty-fifth in spiral;
My twenty-sixth in finished stands;
My whole's a short quotation
The phrase an English author used
As love's best definition.

Answers to Puzzles Published June 14.

DIAMONDS.

NO. 1.

```
      N
    P A N
  B E R R Y
C R A C K E R
N A R C I S S U S
  F L I S T E R
    B I S O N
      F U N
        N
```

NO. 2.

```
      A
    A M Y
  E V E R Y
A M E R I C A
  O L I V E
    I C E
      A
```

NO. 3.

```
      M
    P I G
  R I D E R
K I S S I N G
M I D S U M M E R
  S T O M A C H
    H Y M N S
      P E A
        R
```

SQUARES.

NO. 1.

```
T O W N
O H I O
W I L T
N O T E
```

NO. 2.

```
M A I N E
A I M E E
I M A G O
N E G R O
E L E O E
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ENIGMA.

Island of Manhattan.