

THE WORLD OF THE JUVENILES.

Stories and Anecdotes for Children--Some Bright and Lively Sayings of the Youngsters.

The Growsome Girl--Vain Little Tots Turned into Toadstools--A Very Funny Parrot--Happy Thoughts--Other Amusing Notes.



MASSACHUSETTS. A gentleman, say the Youth's Companion, has a large dog, a cross between an English mastiff and a St. Bernard, which is very fond of killing cats. Indeed, it is practically impossible to keep a cat at the stable, so fond is he of destroying them. He has been whipped and chained up, but, though in general he is well-behaved, he cannot in this respect be brought to reason.

Whenever Karl kills a cat, which happens every week or two, the room is in the habit of digging a grave, and then making the dog bring the body of poor puss to the spot. Karl takes the body of his victim to the place, which has now become quite a poppinus cemetery, and while the grave is being dug he lies beside it, kicking the cat all over, as if preparing her for burial. Karl takes the body of his victim to the place, which has now become quite a poppinus cemetery, and while the grave is being dug he lies beside it, kicking the cat all over, as if preparing her for burial.

The Growsome Girl. She was a real nice little girl. With hair that hung down like long curls, and eyes as blue as the sky, she was a beauty. Her mother was a very kind woman, and she was very fond of her. One day she was playing in the garden, and she saw a very large toadstool. She was very curious, and she went to pick it up. She was very careful, and she did not touch it. She was very happy, and she was very proud of her toadstool.

VANITY IN DRESSES.

A Story of the Proud Little Toadstools. Which is instructive. As I walked out in the forest one day I saw three quaint toadstools standing solemnly among the grasses. Throwing I to myself, the tops of those strange little mushrooms look very much like hats I have seen on many a little girl of my acquaintance. Can it be that any of my little friends have been acting naughtily and have been doomed to stand perfectly still beneath this tree for the rest of their lives?

I walked on a little ways, but a small voice seemed to be calling me, and I could not help turning back. "Toad stools," said I solemnly, "how do you do?" "Perhaps it was the wind that swept gently through the trees, and perhaps it was a fairy hid in the heart of a blue bell; perhaps it was one of the jacks in the pulpit; but I am inclined to think it was the tall Mrs. Fustel, who stood in the middle who answered: "Alas! kind sir, we are quite well, but not so as we can get around."

"You have my sympathy," said I. "Thank you," said she. "You are welcome," said I. "And their great flat hats bobbed gratefully in the breeze, as we went on."

"It seems to me I used to know you," I said. "A deep blush overspread her face as she said: 'I thought you were so changed that no one would know me. I had hoped it was so, for I should be greatly ashamed to meet many of our old friends, who would, I am sure, feel tempted to taunt us with our changed appearance.'"

"May I ask how you came to meet with your sad misfortune?" "Most certainly you may, and I hope you will tell it to your little girls, so they will be careful not to make the mistake we did."

"One day our mothers called us in to be dressed, they having laid out for us very pretty little plain dresses, suitable for play, and some close tiny bonnets that the wind could not coax off. But we teased, and cried, and begged for our old frocks and big hats, until at last, worn out, our mothers consented, and out we went to make our playmates envious, clad in our very best dresses and our big hats, and the brims of which flapped in the wind and gave us lots of trouble. But we looked so fine we did not care."

"We could not play with the other children, because our dresses were so fine, and we wanted to keep them nice for Sunday school; and, if we ran, our hats flapped down over our eyes, so we could not see, or else flew in the mud."

"Oh, we were very, very miserable. So we wandered away from the other children, and kept going and going until we should come to some spot where the sun would not fade our dresses, or the wind tilt our hats over our heads, or the sight of the children tempt us to forget our fine clothes, and romp and shout to our hearts' content."

"At last we came to this small forest, and just as we reached the edge it began to rain, so we hurried back and went into a suitable tree to stand under. And will you believe it, our feet sank into the mud and we took root, and gradually we changed into these odious brown toadstools, and here we must stand while we live. But we have only ourselves to blame," said she, sighing. "It was all because of our vanity. Dear old friend, tell all the little girls about our sad story, and beg them of all things not to be vain and disagreeable." And promising her I would do so I left, feeling very sad over my poor little friends who stand through wind and rain beneath the old oak tree in the forest. Boston Post.

King Baby, or a Difficult Problem. Indignant Mother--How dare you drive about at that rate, milkman! You very nearly ran over baby. If there were a policeman here--

Milkman (a keen student of maternal instincts, and equal to the occasion)--Very sorry, mam; but, you see, I was a-burry to be in time with the milk. No. 3 here, as gets that fraction of a minute behind. I ran over three old gents only yesterday, a-tryin' to be in time! The only valid excuse prevails; and he is pardoned.--Cassell's Journal.

AN AMUSING PARROT.

How Polly Frightened the Hen--The Cuteness of the Bird.

Our next door neighbors have an amusing parrot, which is always getting into mischief, but usually gets out again without much trouble to herself. When she has done anything for which she knows she ought to be punished she holds her head on one side, and, eyeing her mistress, says in a sing-song tone, "Polly is a good girl, until she sees her mistress smile: then she flaps her wings and cries out: 'Hurrah! Polly is a good girl!' She has been allowed to go free in the garden, where she promenades back and forth sunning herself and warning off all intruders.

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CAMPFIRE.

Millions of Trees in Formosa--Growth and Manufacture. A correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger, writing from Amoy, Japan, October 4, writes a very interesting article about the millions of campfire trees in Formosa. At the present time there is enough campfire there to supply all Christendom for a century. A very interesting fact about anything till it is fifty years old. To produce campfire the scrapings or chips are pounded in a stone or in a mortar, and boiled in a large iron caldron, over which is placed an earthenware bowl-shaped vessel. In the boiling the campfire bubbles and condenses on the inside of the big bowl, which is removed from time to time, the campfire scraped off and replaced.

The root and trunk is scraped while the yield lasts, and the chipping continued till finally the tree is a large mass of chips to catch the precious morsels out of its reach. The boy stopped, patted the old fellow on his neck and said: "Let me help you, old fellow." He held the bag up and the old horse proceeded with his launch. His thankfulness could have been no better expressed in words than he expressed it with his eyes. It was a small thing to do, but got a score of people besides the lesson. If that boy carried with him through life the principles shown forth in that simple act, neither he nor those about him will be growing out the query, "Is life worth living?"--Chicago Inter-Ocean.

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Fun for Children. The gramophone, a rival of the phonograph, is intended for children's parties, but it is also amusing to children of a larger growth. The instrument is built somewhat on the principle of a phonograph, reproducing sounds on the turning of a handle. Over a hundred records, cylinders, are deposited in the interior of the instrument, and it declares "Twinkle, twinkle, little star" with a force which is positively startling. It sometimes imitates a laugh, which has an awfully weird effect.--London Court Journal.

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Irate Mamma--Goodness me! It is half a hour since I sent you around to the store to get those things, and here you are back without them. Little Dick--It was such a long time before my turn came to be waited on that I forgot what it was that you wanted. I don't know, mamma--Then why didn't you come home and find out? Little Dick--I was afraid if I left I'd lose my turn.--Er.

Tommy--Oh, ma, look to that fat man coming along. How awfully his vest does poll to speak of anyone you see out of the street. That is Mr. Paunch, the new deacon of our church. Tommy--Oh, 'tis, eh? Well, it's a good thing he's back on the wrong side of 'im.--Boston Courier.

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CURIOS OF FACT.

Science and Philosophy--Bright and Diverting.

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