

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

SARTIS AND THE LION

It was many, many hundreds of years ago that the events in this story transpired. It was a time when men were yet in the savage state, and this great country of ours was still unknown.

Far to the East, beyond the expanse of unknown waters lived a tribe on the borders of a sea. And bounding them to the southward ran a low range of mountains in which a river found its source and flowed down to the sea. This range of mountains was the home for many wild animals among them were lions which menaced the life of the savage tribe. But there were great hunters among these savages, and the chief-tain's son, by name, Sartis, was the ablest of them all. He was but a youth, perhaps sixteen, but he was tall, strong and cheerful, and would put to shame the best "gyms" boys of the best college team of today.

One day Sartis decided to make an excursion far into a jungle, and along for he was an adventuresome youth who loved taking great risks with life and limb. He had never in all his sixteen years had been wounded or hurt in any way by beast or savage enemy. He carried a long, well-made wooden spear with a sharp bone head and a small but powerful club with which he was most dexterous, and over his shoulder hung a finely-made bow and arrows.

He spoke no word of his intention to his mother or to the other female members of his family. To his father, the chief, he merely said that he wanted a lion's skin for his bed, and that he would be in quest of one. As words were never spoken without occasion in those days, the great chief only bowed his savage head, thus signifying his willingness for his favorite son and heir to go hunting and return.

Sartis turned from the village of mud huts, and tents made of animal skins, and found his way along the edge of the sea to the place where a river entered it. There he found a place of savage make, a rude thing, but safe and snug, and he went in. He was soon inside it, making his way up stream against a heavy current.

He made himself in readiness through the thicket, weapon in hand, and keeping a sharp lookout. "Now I must find the watering place, for there are no signs of one being hereabouts."

So began his search for a watering place, which could easily be told by a path beaten among the leaves and grass, and a slight clearing away of vines and thickets. Many animals coming daily to drink, soon leave their track, and well did Sartis know this. After hunting about in a sly manner, much as our North American Indian hunter, Sartis found an opening in the dense thicket, then he

came upon a path, beaten almost as hard as though by human feet. This path led away from the watering place which was in the stream. Sartis followed the path toward the interior of the jungle for his native instinct told him that lions were there.

He kept on in the path, creeping stealthily, and with many pauses to listen. He knew every sound which came to his quick ears, and also knew just how far away was the source of it. The jungle was swarming with all sorts of creatures, and each species had its own peculiar song or vocal sound. A boy of today would find it rather noisy work, diving his way

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COASTING



It is rather coast than sled, said Ned. Who had a lovely brand new sled. And a fine one after school had led. To coast with chums an hour or so.

And when Ned's other call came. "This now too late to coast and play. He'd slowly stop and shake his head. And say, 'I hate to go to bed.'"

"When snow is fine and moon is bright. I'd really love to at all night. But off toward home he'd head his way. A-planning for another day."

AN ABSENT-MINDED CLERGYMAN.

ALBERGEMAN, very much preoccupied with some weighty subject in mind, went along a country road. Soon he came to a toll-gate and asked of the keeper: "What is the fee, sir?"

"Two!" returned the keeper in some surprise. "Why for a man, nothing?"

"But for my horse," replied the clergyman.

"Your horse?" returned the keeper with an amused look on his face. "Why, sir, you have no horse—unless you'd call shank's mare one."

Then the minister looked down between his legs and cried out: "Lord bless me! I thought I had mounted my old nag. I must have left her, saddled and bridled, beside the gate."

Patty Peters' Strange Visitors

A Story For Little Ones.

PATTY PETERS' mother gave her a birthday party. Patty was seven years old, and an only child. In this instance, being an only child did not mean that she was spoiled by her parents. Indeed, not Patty's mamma and papa were very sensible people and wanted their only child to grow up nice and good and wise, so they taught her to obey their wishes.

But Patty sometimes had her little "off days," which means that Patty was sometimes a bit naughty. And one of these "off days" happened to her on her birthday—the very day of her party! But Patty would not have owned to being naughty—no indeed. She thought she was in the right, just like lots of other little girls—and boys, too—who have their "off days."

"Oh, we'll not have it right away," explained Mamma. "You shall wait till two o'clock. Then comes your bath, after which, twenty minutes nap; and then you shall be dressed for your party. So come upstairs with me."

"But, Mamma, please, I'd rather remain down stairs and play with my dolls in the living room," begged Patty. And her mother consented, saying that she would call for her when it was bathing time. So Patty ran to the living room and began playing "party" with her two biggest dolls. But the birthday cake kept coming before her eyes, and after a few minutes she crept quietly through the dining room to the pantry where she softly closed the door behind her.

Listening at the keyhole to make sure Cook was not coming to the second place where she was hiding, Patty gently turned the key and made herself safe from outsiders. Then she got upon the little step-ladder, which was the door leading up to the great birthday cake on the third shelf from the bottom. On top of the step-ladder, Patty could easily inspect the cake—could even lay hands on it. This she did, and as she drew the white-cruet mountain of sweet towards her, one of the seven candles fell off. As Patty reached for the candle she got some of the icing, which had been loosened by the candle, on her fingers. She ate it. Oh, how good it was! Then she pinched off a bit more, and a bit more, and presently a fine jolly raisin came in sight, just below the heavy icing. Patty extracted the raisin for lunch.

Does you—kind mother know of your visit to the pantry?

Then a big fudge of icing came off the cake and jumped right through the air just as Patty was opening her mouth to speak. It struck right between her lips and lodged against her teeth, locking them shut. Patty tried in vain to dislodge the great, hard, bitter thing, for now instead of being sweet the fudge was bitter.

"We're strange birthday visitors aren't you?" grinned the cake, upsetting himself and breaking into fragments. Patty's heart sank. Her lovely cake gone to bits! And now she could have no party! Tears came into her eyes and she struggled to cry out, but the little fudge kept her silent by closing her mouth and sealing her teeth together.

As Patty was on the point of getting out of bed and "tipping" to her mother, the one to whom she always went in all kinds of trouble, she felt a hard shaking her shoulder and a hard voice saying: "Come, wake up daughter! It is time for you to dress for your party."

Patty opened her eyes and sat up. She looked about for the birthday cake and the jumpy, mischievous raisin, but neither was there. She put her hand to her teeth, but no fudge of icing had them there. She had been asleep and dreamt!

"Oh, Mamma, dear!" she broke out with, throwing herself into her mother's arms. "I've been so naughty, and I've let you see it. I shall never, never do so again, indeed I shall not." And to her mother's surprise, Patty confessed what she had done in the pantry, and then told about her horrid dream.

"It was Mamma's conscience sure enough, that was it," replied Mamma, and she looked at her eyes. "But I do believe my little daughter will keep her promise to never, never be naughty again. See how it hurts one to be wicked!"

"Yes, Mamma, it does hurt. Why I thought the piece of icing would strangle me to death, and I couldn't cry out. That was my wickedness smothering me, wasn't it?"

And Patty's mother folded her in her arms and talked ever so kindly to her, and told her many "naughty" things she had never told her before, for now that Patty was seven years old she could understand. And she made a sacred vow to be a good girl in future. Then Mamma helped her to dress in her best white frock and white shoes, and when she was ready to receive her guests, she and Mamma went hand in hand, down to the table. Her mother had blessed her and gone from the room, telling her to go fast asleep, and promising to come and wake her in time to dress for the party.

But Patty's eyes kept blinking and blinking, and she kept thinking that she could not sleep when the door opened and in walked the great cake, its seven candles were flaming when it first entered the door, but as soon as it had walked up to Patty they all turned into long, sharp swords. Those swords left the cake and hopped upon the bed where Patty was now sitting up, startled. They began to prick her with their swords, and when Patty cried out, "Oh, you are cruel! You are cruel!" they replied: "No, it is not our swords which hurt you. It is Master Conscience pricking you. He is punishing you for having followed his enemy, Old Temptation."

Before Patty could say a word in reply, a huge black raisin came bounding from the cake. It danced nimbly toward Patty on long, frisky legs. "You will steal and devour my brother, will you?" it shrieked in Patty's ear. "What will your guests say when they find my brother and me gone from the cake's side? Aren't you selfish to have been so naughty?"

The Boyhood of John Ruskin

JOHN RUSKIN'S early life was a simple one in that he was closely associated with a very Puritanical and pious mother, who kept his toys locked away from him, fearing to allow him to play much, for in such case he might become frivolous and too fond of pleasure. She was a woman of fine, strong character of the old Scotch school of motherhood. She believed that to spare the rod would spoil the child, so many a good flogging did the little John receive at his mother's hands when he acted in opposition to her wishes. But little could be said in condemnation of his mother's severity for her love, pure and unselfish, shone out through everything else, and though she might reprove her beloved son in a severe way, her heart ached over having him obliged to do so. John was the biggest thing in his mother's life, as well as in his father's. The following is quoted from a biographer:

"The first account of John Ruskin in writing is in a letter from his mother when he was three years old. She chronicles—without a touch of superstition—the breaking of a looking-glass, and continues: 'John grows finely; he is just now sleeping on my knees and looking sweetly. I hope I shall not grow proud of him.'"

When once little John could read, unceasingly his mother gave him

regular morning lessons in Bible-reading and in reciting Scotch paraphrases of the Psalms and other verses, which for his good memory was of

solitary when at home, and kept incessantly. He was so little afraid of animals that he must needs meddle with their heres. He found a dog, which he called 'the dog', and spoiled his looks. He did not fear ghosts nor thunder.

"At seven, little John began to imitate the books he was reading, to write books himself. He had found out how to print, as all children do, and it was his ambition to make real books, with title pages and illustrations."

"A characteristic letter written to his father, when John was about seven, follows: 'Dear Papa, I love you. I have got new things. Waterloo Bridge Aunt Bridget brought me. John and aunt helped to put it up, but the pillars they did not put up right, upside down. Instead of a book bring me a whip, colored red and black. Tomorrow is Sabbath. Tuesday I go to Croydon. I am going to take my ship and my boats to Croydon. I will sail them on the pond near the barn which the bridge is over. I will be very glad to see my cousins. I was very happy when I saw Aunt come from Croydon. I love Mrs. Gray and I love Mr. Gray. I would like you to come home, and m., kiss and my love.'"

"One biographer tells of little John's 'preaching' when he was but three years old. He would climb upon a little chair and in very solemn way, with hands clasped and eyes cast heavenward, say: 'People, be good. If you are good, God will love you. If you are not good, God will not love you. People, be good. Amen.'"

John Ruskin As A Young Man.

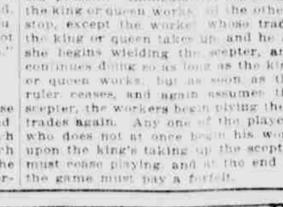
easy task. He made rhymes before he could write them. At five he was a book-worm. But with all his precocity he was no weakling. He was a bright, active lad, full of fun and pranks when with companions, though

woman washes clothes, the artist paints a picture, the book kneller reads, the locksmith hammers upon an anvil, the splinter turns a wheel, the engraver blows a whistle, the blacksmith shoes a horse, etc., etc.

One of the players is selected to act as king or queen, and Ruskin's game is welding a scepter. This is a signal for all to begin work. Presently the king or queen decides to work and

takes up the trade of one of the workers present. Immediately while the king or queen works all the others stop, except the worker who trades the king or queen a job, and he or she begins welding the scepter, and continues doing so as long as the king or queen works, but as soon as the ruler ceases, and again assumes the scepter, the workers begin plying their trades again. Any one of the players who does not at once begin his work upon the king's scepter must cease playing, and at the end of the game must pay a forfeit.

In Walked A Great Cake.



It Walked A Great Cake.

The Big Ants of Africa

OF a species of African ant, Du Chailly has the following to say: "I do not think that they build a nest or home of any kind. At any rate, they eat their prey on the spot."

It is their habit to march through the forests in a long, regular line—a line about two inches wide, and often several miles in length. All along this line are the largest ants, who act as officers, standing outside the ranks to keep the singular army in order. If they come to a place where there are no trees to shelter them from the sun, whose heat they cannot bear, they immediately build underground tunnels, through which the whole army passes in columns to the forest beyond. These tunnels are four or five feet underground, and are used only in the heat of the day or during a storm. When they grow hungry, the whole line spreads itself through the forest in a broad line, and attacks and devours all that it overtakes. Even the elephant and the gorilla fall before this attack. The black men run for their lives. Every animal which lives in their line of march is chased. In an incredibly short time the moose, the leopard, or deer is overwhelmed, killed and eaten, and the bare skeleton only remains. They seem to travel night and day.

"Their manner of attack is an impetuous leap. Instantly the strong pincers are fastened, and they only let go when the piece of flesh they hold gives way. At such times this little animal seems animated by a kind of fury, which causes it to disregard entirely its own safety, and to seek only the conquest of its prey. Their bite is very painful. The native negroes relate that in former times criminals were exposed in the path of these ants, as the most cruel manner of putting them to death."

Nursery Song

Little Figgle-wiggles,
With their curled-up tails,
Live inside a little pen
Made of little rails.

Little Figgle-wiggles,
From a trough do eat,
And when dinner's served them
They think it quite a treat.

Little Figgle-wiggles,
With their curled-up tails
Live inside a little pen
Made of little rails.

When I go to bed with the autumn chill,
To remain the winter through,
There're many and many who'd like to know
What a holed-up bear does do.

Well, first of all I take a nap,
And then I eat a morsel of real bear grub.
In my nest I found to night,
And though you look in every nook
No food will there be found.
For none with me did I bring in,
When I crept into the ground.

"What do you eat?" each child with ask,
And for a question that
I'll answer, say I'm glad to say,
"I can't expect any more."

A Jolly Fireside Game

A LIVELY and enjoyable house game is called "The Trades" and is played in this manner: Each of the company chooses a trade, which he exercises in the following way: The shoemaker mends shoes; the washer-

Our Puzzle Corner

HOOR-GLASS PUZZLE.
This hour-glass is composed of six words, each containing seven letters, and the second and sixth words contain five letters each; the third and fifth words contain three letters each; the middle of the glass is formed by the letter H, on which the top words balance. The words are: 1. Bark spots, 2. Sudden invasions of the enemy in war, 3. Something very hard and cold, 4. The letter, 5. Something used by ladies when dressing their hair, 6. Female relatives.

BEHEMINGS AND CURTAILINGS.
1. Behold and curtail the values placed on articles for sale and not a grain used for food. 2. Behold and curtail instruments used for dressing bullets in wounds and get a dress of state. 3. Behold and curtail a tragic play and get a male sheep. 4. Behold and curtail some of Shakespeare's names.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.
CHARADE:—Husband 1. Bug 2. Bird 3. Bird 4. Bird
ADDITION:—1. Rail Post, 2. Rail Post, 3. Ink-Risk, 4. Day-Shay
REBUS:—Boys spin tops and girls play with dolls and both boys and girls

The TALE of A BEAR

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To remain the winter through,
There're many and many who'd like to know
What a holed-up bear does do.

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