

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

The Enchanted Table; or, The Good-Natured Brownie.

By RAYMOND FULLER AYRES.

ONCE upon a time there was a brownie who had a falling out with a very powerful magician. They threatened to do all sorts of terrible things to each other, and the more they threatened the angrier they got, and the more fearful the things they threatened to do, until one day when they happened to meet each other right in the middle of the sidewalk they were just as angry as they could possibly be.

"Ah!" said the brownie; "you are the fellow who is going to turn me into a four-legged table, are you? Well, I'd like to see you do it. That's all."

"Yah!" said the magician. "You are the fellow who is going to turn me into a barb wire fence, are you? Well, you just better not let me catch you at it!"

either! Whose table are you, anyway?"

"I am no one's table," said the brownie angrily.

"Well," said Willie, "if you are no one's table there is nothing to prevent my taking you home with me, for we need a nice new dining room table."

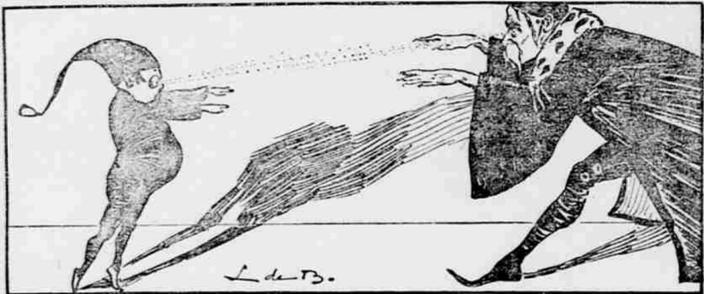
"I just won't go home with you—so there!" said the brownie.

"Well," said Willie, and he took the table on his back and carried it home, not paying any attention to it when it kicked all of its legs and called him names.

When Willie tried to take the table in the kitchen door it stretched out its legs and caught them on the side of the door. Then when Willie gave a yank, of course it bruised the table's legs, and it said he

like that in my life. If it wasn't such a handsome table I would not have it in the house."

Then they took the table into the dining-room and tried to make it stand in the middle of the floor, but the table made a jump to get away and tried to jump out of a window, but they caught it and it only broke five panes of glass. Just then Willie's father came in, and when he saw the broken window he was very angry. He was a very stout man, and he had entered in such a hurry that he was quite out of breath. He leaned against the table for a minute to breathe and the table ducked so quickly that he fell heels over head, and fell on the cat, who thought he did it on purpose and scratched him on the nose with all four



EACH ONE BEGAN TO ENCHANT THE OTHER.

Then they said more things of the same kind, and finally each began to enchant the other just as hard as he could. The magician knew much more about enchantment than the brownie, and the first thing the brownie knew he was turned into a beautiful, highly polished dining room table! There he stood right in the middle of the road, while the magician walked off with his head up in the air and said: "Humph! I guess that brownie won't try to enchant me again."

Now, when anyone knows anything about enchantment they cannot be enchanted nearly as much as one who knows nothing at all about it, and so, while the brownie was turned into a table, it was not all table, but only part table and part brownie. So the table could talk and even move its legs a little. Of course, it was so nearly a table that its legs were stiff, and as the brownie was not used to walking on four legs it could only stalk along very awkwardly.

"Land sakes alive," said Angelina, the servant. "Did you ever hear such talk! It must be something heathenish."

"Heathenish yourself!" exclaimed the table angrily. "If you pull my ear again I will slap you!"

"Why, the impudent thing!" cried Willie's mother. "I never saw a table act

feet. Just then the table kicked him violently in the stomach, and made a dash for the door. Of course, it couldn't open the door and they caught it easily, but Willie's father was so angry that he said he was going to make short work of that table. But just then Willie proposed that they nail it fast to the floor, so that it would just have to stand still, and when it heard that the table said it would be as good as pie if only they would not chop it with an axe or drive nails into it.

The table behaved beautifully all the afternoon, and when some of the neighbors came in to call it helped to entertain them in a perfectly lovely manner, joining in the conversation, telling funny stories, and even singing a perfect solo when one of the ladies tried a new song. The ladies said that it was just too charming for anything, and it was just utterly sweet, and then the table thought



THE TABLE JOINED IN THE CONVERSATION.

The table stood there in the road for some time, and then it made up its mind that it might as well go somewhere, and perhaps it could find some one who could change it back into a brownie. So it started down the road in the direction opposite to that which the magician had taken. It had not gone very far when it met a little boy. He stopped and rubbed his eyes as hard as he could. "Goodness, gracious me!" he said. "Well, I never! Who ever heard of a table walking!"

"Table yourself!" said the brownie. "I'm a gentleman, I would have you know! Come, get out of the way there, Johnnie; I want to get by!"

"Now, see here," said the boy. "My name is not Johnnie, but Willie, and you are a table, for I guess I know what a table is, and I am not going to have any table order me to get out of the way,

that being a table was not so bad, after all.

That evening the whole family were very anxious to eat dinner off the new table, but the table did not like it a bit, for the dishes and things were heavy and made its head ache. It kept getting crosser and crosser, and finally, when Angelina brought in a dish of onions, it lost its temper completely, for the

office and work, and if I don't work I can't make any money, and I would like to know who is going to pay the bills."

"I tell you what to do," said Willie. "We just won't tell anyone that we are kings and princes and things, and then we can sell the crowns. Of course, if people don't know that we have been changed they can't expect us to wear crowns, and so we won't need them."

and it stepped on Willie's mamma's corn, which made her jump four feet. Of course, that upset her table, and it kicked Willie's papa in the stomach, spilled all the hot gravy on Willie's mamma's black hair, made the red pepper all fly into Willie's eyes, and fouled spang on Angelina, who had her hands full of mustard dressing, and knocked her flat.

"Oh!" cried Willie's mother.

"Ow!" cried Willie.

"How!" cried Willie's papa.

"Hoo!" cried Angelina. Then when they all got their breath and had some of the dinner wiped out of their eyes so that they could see they found that the table had disappeared completely, and there stood a little brownie, towing and smiling as hard as he could bow and smile. "Oh, how can I ever thank you enough?" said the brownie. They sat up and looked at him in astonishment. "You have uttered the magic syllables!" added the brownie. "I didn't know what they were, but you all said them by accident and set me free! You know that when anyone is enchanted, if some one else pronounces the right word or words they immediately regain former shape."

"Well, I wish you had regained your former shape before you kicked me in the stomach, that's all," said Willie's papa.

"Never mind," said the brownie. "I am about to reward you all." Then he changed Willie's papa into a king, Willie's mamma into a queen, Willie into a prince, and Angelina into a princess. Before they had recovered from their surprise at being made nobles in this way the brownie had disappeared.

"Just clear up those broken dishes and that fearful mess of spilled gravy as quick as ever you can, Angelina," said Willie's mamma. "This is a nice looking house for a queen to stay in all night!"

"The very idea!" said Angelina. "I'll do no such thing! Who ever heard of a princess clearing up gravy and broken dishes! Let Willie do it. He brought that wicked table in here."

"Well, I guess not," said Willie. "You don't catch a prince doing anything like that! Pa, attend me to my coach. I wish to retire."

"See here, young man," said his father. "Just remember that if you are a prince I am a king, and you can't expect a king to do anything but let other people wait on him. If you are not respectful to your sovereign I will spank you!"

"I know what is the matter," said Willie's mamma. "The brownie has forgotten to tell us where our kingdoms and things are."

"Well, I do declare!" said Willie's papa. "I don't feel a bit like a king, anyhow, and if we did not each have a crown I should not know that there had been any change. I don't see how we're going to get along this way, anyhow, for, of course, now I am a king, I can't go down to my

Reconstructed Names; A Recess Game.

ONE of the most important studies that you will find in a public school course is spelling. Most of our little friends will have to use their knowledge of spelling much more frequently than their knowledge of any other study when they grow up, and, although it may not seem nearly so important as some of your other school work, still you will find when you become older that there is hardly anything you can do in any business or profession that does not demand a great deal of spelling every day. Just suppose some one should write you a letter asking you to be president. How ashamed would you

for then you will never forget.

The game can be played by any number, but six players are enough for recess time, for if there are more the game is liable to be too long. A nice thing about it is that two players can have almost as much fun out of it as a much larger number.

The players stand in line in front of the blackboard, and each one has a space about three feet wide in front of her in which to write. The player on the right hand end writes on the blackboard the name of the player on the left hand end, and then each of the other players writes the name of the player who is on his or



EACH PLAYER WRITES THE NAME OF THE ONE ON HIS LEFT HAND.

be if you were obliged to write a letter accepting the honor and did not know how to spell some of the words in it! This will help you immensely with your spelling lessons, and even if you should not have any words in your lessons at present that you happen to use in this game, still you will be sure to have them some time, and then just think how glad you would be to have them given to you at examination time. The game is great fun, too, as you will find when you play it, and you will not know that you are learning to spell at all. Of course, that is the very best and nicest way to learn,

her right hand. When all have done this the real fun commences. Each player selects a combination of the letters from the name in front of her that will form some word. This word must be written on the board under the name. Then another word is found from another combination of the letters in the name until the player has written down all the words that she can find combinations for.

For instance, the boy or girl on the end might have "Jack Robinson" to choose from. Some of the words you can form from that name are back, in, snob, cabin, sack, sin, Jackson, nibs, etc. When each

When every player has finished with every name, including his own, then the points are all added, and the one who has the most points wins. When a player has as many words as he thinks possible to form from a name he can cry "Change!" and every one must move one space to the left, except the one on the left end, who comes around to the right end as before. It makes no difference whether or not the rest have finished with their list of words. This makes a whole lot of fun. The quickest does not always win, either, for he may misspell a word through haste that will cripple his score badly.

How to Make a Wind Harp.

A VERY great number of our readers have written us letters telling us about the various musical instruments on which they play. Some of these little people reader choice selections before large audiences with great success; some of them play at home entertainments and small social gatherings; but by far the largest number merely play for their own pleasure and that of their families. Of course, most of our readers do not play at all, and when they see some boy or girl of their own age render a masterly composition of some prominent musician before an admiring audience they feel rather envious at having to sit quite still and listen to the applause without being able to earn it themselves in the same way.

Here is a musical instrument which you can all make, and which will play itself, or, rather, which will play with the assistance of the wind. It will render some beautiful harmonies, too, and without ever seeing or hearing them before, and its chief attraction is that it will never weary you of any one tune, for it never plays the same thing twice.

Get two pieces of hard wood three feet long, two inches wide and two inches thick. Rub these with sandpaper until they are perfectly smooth on all sides. Then bore holes one-quarter of an inch in diameter and half an inch deep into one side of each of these sticks. The holes must be two inches apart, and you should have about fourteen of them in each stick. Now sandpaper until they are perfectly smooth.

Take a soft pine stick and cut it into pieces an inch long. Shave these with your penknife until they will fit into the holes in your long sticks. Now heat a

A Tale of the Zoo.

At the zoo there are two bear cubs so full of fun and frolicsome pranks that there is always a crowd of delighted little people about them.

Some time ago the larger of these two cubs formed a habit of chewing the ear of its smaller companion. No doubt this was intended as a loving caress, and the smaller bear did not mind it at all, but the directors and keepers of the Zoo did, for before long all the hair was worn from the much chewed ear, making its owner look like a ragged little tramp.

Many plans were tried to stop this mode of showing affection, but none succeeded until a keeper hit upon the idea of painting the ear with a strong solution of red pepper and colloid. It worked beautifully, for when the larger cub again tried his novel caress he quickly abandoned the painted ear, and flew with frantic haste to the fountain. He drank great gulps of water, and after a time cooled his burning tongue and throat. He lost all desire to pet his little companion, and was very sulky for a long time, but now they are good friends again.

An Illustrated Riddle.

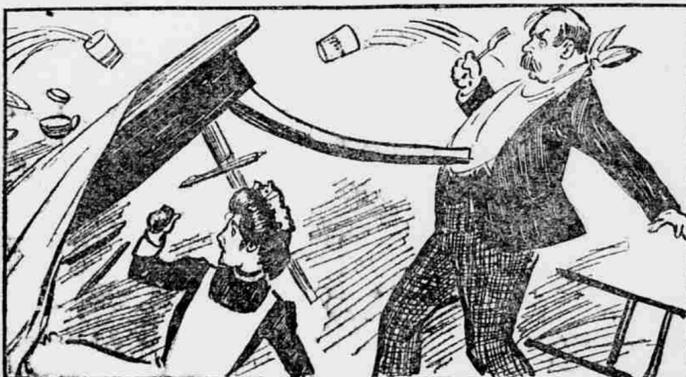


What vegetable will this noble steed resemble when the little artists have finished?

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THE TABLE UPSET AND KICKED WILLIE'S PAPA IN THE STOMACH.

brownie never could stand the odor of onions.

"I wish you would put those things somewhere else if you must have them around," it said. "Oh, hush!" said Willie's papa, "tables should be used and not heard. You talk too much; it's ill bred."

"Well," said the table, "I don't think much of people who would eat off the top of a gentleman's head and never offer him a bite. You may call that polite, but I don't." That made Willie's papa so angry that he hammered on the table with his fist, and the table tried to duck its head

The others said that was the very thing and they sold their crowns for so much they were very rich, indeed, and lived happily ever after.

Distinctly Original.

Clara—But were the places described in Tom's book at all like the real places, and did the men and women act and talk like real women?

Edith—Mercy, no. The book is distinctly original. That is the charm of it, you know.—Boston Transcript.

strong, this wire until it is red, and burn holes in the thick ends of these inch pegs. Then fit the pegs into the holes in the larger sticks so that they will turn around when you twist them rather hard, but will not slip easily. Place the long sticks together so that they will be at right angles to each other, with the pegs all on the same side. Fit the ends carefully together and fasten them with a strong screw. Now the framework of your harp is complete.

Purchase at a stationery store fourteen

Nonsense Verse.

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO RIDE A WHEEL OF WATER BUILT INSTEAD OF WHEELS, USE A TORRID POTTERY WAX IT MIGHT EXPLODE AWAY, NOT WATER WHEELS ARE URGENTLY IN DEMAND A QUANT OLD COUNTRY MILL.