

FOR YOUNG READERS



NONSENSE VERSE
There was a man in our town,
When not a thing could please,
He even took a strong dislike
To little honey bees.

Foiled By "It."

It is often very difficult for the hostess to supply enough variety in her games or other amusements during a party to keep the fun going, and something new is always much appreciated. It may come your turn to make a suggestion.

Tell your companions that if any one of them will take a piece of bread and butter and go out by the range and eat it you will supply each one of the party with a glass of ice cream soda from the piano or desk or any other place suggested. Say this earnestly and see that one of the party takes the bread and eats it before the kitchen range. When the boy has eaten the bread let him come before the company. Say to him: "Have you eaten it?"

Of course he will reply that he has. Then say to him: "Are you very sure that you have eaten it?" And when he replies again that he is sure, invite the company into the kitchen and bring the boy who has eaten the bread before the stove and say:

"Why the range is still here, I thought you had eaten it."

You will then repeat to him your request, which was: "If you will take a piece of bread and butter and go out by the range and eat it," etc., and call his attention to the fact that he was not quick enough to see the absurd mistake in your grammar, because the antecedent of "it" was range, and not bread and butter, as was natural to suppose.

Birds' Nests.

I can tell the genus of birds by their nests alone; for instance, a blue jay's nest is like a crow's, and blue jays and crows belong to the same family.—Rosecoe S. Grant, Bement, Ill.

This is an interesting observation and shows that Mr. Grant thinks while he looks. That similar habits, not only of nest building, but of feeding, singing and flying, accompany similar bodily structure is one of the most significant facts in bird history. He would be a clever student, however, who could classify birds by their nests alone, and yet make his classification agree with that now accepted. With what family would he class the bluebird, judging from its nest in a hollow tree or post? Or how from its nest would he associate the oriole with the bobolink or black-bird?

On the other hand, the nests and white enameled eggs of woodpeckers afford one of the most striking instances of that racial similarity noted by our correspondent.—The American Boy.

A Naval Battle on a Table Top.

Here is a fleet of war vessels that you can make yourself and that go of themselves after a fashion. The vessels are carved out of lumps of chalk and furnished with military masts, 13-inch guns and anything else that may be needed to give them a formidable appearance. The more you have of them the better, but they need not be large, nor is it necessary to hollow them out or provide them with decks. They differ from real battleships in one other respect, for they are flat-bottomed.

The ocean which they navigate is a large platter or pie dish, which is empty until the commencement of the naval review or engagement. Then you pour in just enough vinegar to cover the bottom of the dish. In an instant everything is in commotion. The little cruisers and battleships rush hither and thither as if they were attacking each other or going through complicated evolutions. They rise and sink like ships



in a storm and each is surrounded by a mass of foam, as if they were churning the water vigorously.

It is great fun for the little ones and interesting to those who are not so little.

The movements of the vessels and the foam that surrounds them are

caused by the chemical action of the vinegar upon the chalk of which they are composed.

Chalk is carbonate of lime. The acid of the vinegar combines with the lime and sets free carbonic acid gas, which blows up the liquid into foam, lifts the vessels bodily and causes them to move about in a very eccentric and amusing manner.

For a similar reason, if an egg (the shell of which is composed chiefly of carbonate of lime) is put into vinegar, it will begin to turn or spin and will keep on spinning until the shell is entirely dissolved.

Wrapping Paper Magnet.

Here is an experiment which can be done quickly and without providing yourself with a lot of chemicals that you will never want again.

Take a piece of ordinary wrapping paper and wet it all over. Then put it near the stove and let it dry. When it is dry put it on a woolen cloth or a varnished table and rub it briskly with a piece of India rubber. In a few moments it will become charged with electricity, and if thrown against the wall or any smooth surface it will stick to it for some time.

Tear tissue paper into tiny pieces, not bigger than an eighth of an inch square, and toss them in the air near the sheet. The wrapping paper will draw them to it just as a magnet will attract a needle.

Take a tea tray and place on it two or three glasses. Put the electrified paper on the tops of the glasses and then touch the tray with your finger. You will be surprised to find that you receive a slight electric shock by so doing. Now put the wrapping paper on the tray itself and on touching the tray you will get another shock of electricity, but this time of a different kind. Replace the paper on the glasses and you will get the first little tingling again.

How to Make a Compass.

Any ingenious boy can make a good compass at no cost in money and at little cost in patience.

Get from a druggist a common pasteboard pill box, about an inch and three-quarters in diameter. Cut in the lid a round hole an inch in diameter, and cover this hole on the inside with a piece of thin window glass, which can be held in place by bits of sealing wax at the corners.

Break off about three-eighths of an inch of the point end of a sewing needle, and amx it, point upward, by



A-BOX. - C-MAGNET. B-PIVOT. D-COVER.

Parts of a Compass.

means of sealing wax to the center of the bottom of the box. This is to be the pivot on which the magnetic needle is to swing.

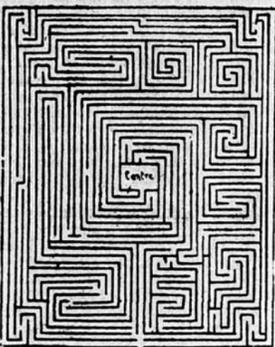
For a magnet use a short piece of a darning needle permanently magnetized. To adjust it to the pivot saw out of the handle of an old toothbrush a piece of bone about a quarter of an inch square by one-tenth of an inch thick. In the center of the square side bore a hole by means of a knife blade nearly through the piece.

The inner extremity of the hole

must be perfectly smooth, with no crevices or sharp edges. Attach the magnet to the opposite side of the bone by sealing wax, and after placing it on the pivot put the lid on the box. If the hole in the bone be properly made, the needle will at once adjust itself, pointing to the north.

This compass will be as accurate for all practical purposes, as one bought in a store, and any boy would take pride in it because he made it himself.

Maze.



Can you find your way to the center without crossing a line?

Soap Bubble Party.

A pretty form of amusement is made to take the form of a spirited contest for old and young. Five rings of pasteboard wound with bright tissue paper should be suspended in a doorway. Large bowls of strong soapsuds in which a tablespoonful of glycerine has been dissolved and a dozen or more clay pipes are the other materials needed for the bubble party. The players take turns in trying to blow their perfect bubbles through the different rings. Each person is allowed two attempts to blow his bubble through a ring and to the successful "bubblers" is given a score. The person gaining the highest score is awarded some trifling prize.

Floating Needles.

Having first filled a bowl with cold water, take an ordinary sewing needle and rub it on a piece of woolen cloth until it is warm. Taking it carefully between the thumb and forefinger, you may put it on the top of the water and it will remain there if not jarred. Take more needles and rub them as you did the first, place them also carefully, one by one, on the water, and they will form themselves in a line beside the first.

On the surface of every liquid is a thin film, and it is on this film that the needles in this experience are held, and it is only when this film is broken that the needles fall to the bottom of the bowl.

Very Nearly Buried Alive.

Patrick Farrell of Union Hill, N. J. had the remarkable experience recently of being buried alive in a grave dug for another, but was rescued just in time to save his life. An open grave in which he was working in Flower Hill cemetery caved in. Farrell was completely imbedded in the heavy earth up to his chin and was held firmly. Shouting for help until he was hoarse, he had about reconciled himself to die when two men, who were passing near by, heard his piteous groans, and after considerable labor succeeded in digging him out.

Queer Name for Rock Crystal.

The East Indians called rock crystal an unripe diamond.

PUZZLE.



Where is the Spy They are Hunting For?

Sabine, the Baroness de Monclay, who will soon change her name, as you have heard, was a young widow of Paris, pretty, witty and above all things, wise, for though but four and twenty years of age, she had known how from the very beginning of her "weeds" to express her grief fittingly, without exaggeration and yet to avoid the gossip's charge: "All that crepe but hides a red handkerchief."

Promptly with the appearance of the first April sun the Baronne departed from her apartment in the Rue Bienfaisance, where no visitor of the male sex had dared set foot since the unhappy accident. It took me a week to unearth her whereabouts, concealed from all the world—Villades Sycamores, Chantilly.

Promptly with the beam of the first May sun I followed her. Precisely and without leave or license, my only excuse a devoted love of—no matter how many years' standing. He that risks nothing gains nothing.

Of Sabine's anger when I presented myself at her gate within an hour of my arrival I prefer not to speak.

"Ah! mon Dieu!" she sighed, "to what is a poor woman exposed deprived of protection! You would never have dared to do this had my husband been alive! You, his best friend, too! Poor Antoine!"

I sighed in unison.

"Poor Antoine, indeed! We will talk of him together."

"Never! Never!"

"We will talk of ourselves then; I should like that better!"

Words that caused her so much irritation, it took me at least an hour to calm her. After which, she was unwilling for me to go until I had sworn, yes, actually sworn, never to set foot in her house again. Which oath, made under protest, I broke the next morning, and every morning thereafter that Sabine would permit.

And the day Sabine left off crepe entirely, I profited by the occasion—naturally enough, it seemed to me—to squarely present my candidacy for the succession to "Poor Antoine." Poor Antoine! Poor me, I should have said! I fled, I ran, I barely escaped being thrown from her door; and all night long I closed not an eye; the situation seemed to me to be growing too desperate.

I was no further advanced when the month of September arrived, the last month of my lease. True, I was no longer chased like a thief from her house when I mentioned my candidacy, but Sabine appeared bored, stifled a yawn, or turned the subject to indifferent matters. . . . I



Berated charmingly from morn until night.

much preferred the threatened door, for then I divined that she was afraid of me.

Early in September, the 10th to be exact, Mme. de Monclay apprised me when I arrived as usual at her gate in the morning, that she was going to Paris, and going that night, merely to

run her eye over some repairs done recently at her apartment. They had already closed the doors of the express that evening, which scarcely more than slows up at Chantilly, and still Sabine had not come. She only reached the platform in truth as the bell rang to start.

"Quick! Quick! Hurry up, Madame!" the employes cried, wildly beckoning.

"Quick! Quick! hurry!" repeated I.

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Monsieur; don't, we beseech you bring a crowd about us! It is Phanor my poor, dear Phanor! See, look for yourself!"

And the assassin, whose collar I still clutched, drew back the corner of the rug and I saw—a bloody muzzle.

"He was bitten by his mate three weeks ago; the wound was cauterized and healed without trouble. Believing him saved, we have hunted with him all day long in the forest of Creve-Scarce, however, had we taken the rain, a few miles only before reaching Chantilly when convulsions seized him. He attacked us furiously. We took to the nets for safety, awaited chance to shoot him—the rest you know."

I bowed, tipped my hat courteously and rejoined Sabine, wide-eyed with wonder at seeing me so civilly saluting these criminals.

I explained the case to her.

"There was no duel, then—no battle or killed or wounded. Very well, Monsieur, what I said and did then—goes for nothing; I take it back—counts not at all!"

She frowned, smiled, slipped her hand in my arm—

And come the month of January ext that little hotel in the Avenue Friedland, for sale no longer, thank heaven!—the workmen are in it now—you will find it tenanted by a couple of my most intimate acquaintance, who—

But let us not anticipate!—Cincinnati Enquirer.

NOT SAFE FOR ANGELS.

Little Jack Knew There Was Danger in Such Work.

The woman with the enameled tea tray sipped and told this story. She said the incident happened in Brooklyn.

"A little boy stood at the window watching the snow falling upon the pavement and blowing together into dusty patches.

"'Aunt,' he said, 'do the angels send the snow?'"

"'Yes, dear,' said aunt, without looking up from her book.

"There was silence for a while. From out the house across the way a white-capped maid came with a broom and swept the sidewalk and the steps. She was the maid of Mrs. S., a very fastidious, fussy old lady, who had a strong dislike for children and dirt. Indeed, she seemed to regard the words as synonymous. Only that day she had sent little Jack and his chums away from her side of the street.

"Jack watched the maid for awhile," continued the narrator, according to the New York Times, "then he started his aunt with this statement:

"'Well, then I'd pity the angels if Mrs. S. catches them putting snow on her steps!'"

The Thrifty Editor.

Not long ago an Eastern Senator received a request from a country editor in a mountainous section for a big package of seeds. He desired a goodly number of packages, which were forthwith sent to him, as it was supposed, for free distribution among the farmers of his vicinity. The Senator had been in the habit of sending out big packages of the seeds furnished by the Agricultural Department, to prominent men in different localities, who disposed of them where they would do good.

Thus the Senator acquired knowledge of a new use for the generous gratuity of the government. It wasn't long thereafter that a letter came from a rival editor in the same town, complaining that the first-named knight of the quill was using the seeds to boom the circulation of his paper, by offering packages of seeds to those who subscribed with him.—Washington Post.

Woman's Part.

To sacrifice her dearest wish
Or for another's need;
To find a path through darkest ways
Another's steps to lead;
To crush her sorrows to her heart
And smother back her tears
That she might soothe another's pain,
And smile against her fears;
To toll for those who love the best
With uncomplaining heart;
To find no deed of love too hard—
This is the woman's part.

To find her need in joys that come
When loved ones gain success;
To feed her hungry heart upon
A baby's soft caress;
To find a world of bliss or pain
In trifles such as these—
A word, a smile, an angry frown,
Come like a passing breeze,
To live for those who need her help,
Who lean on her brave heart,
Her life a monument of love—
This is a woman's part.—Selected.

Easily Calculated.

An Irishman was filling barrels with water from a small river to supply a village which was not provided with waterworks. As he halted to give his horses a rest a gentleman rode up and asked:

"How long have you been hauling water, my good man?"

"Tin years, or more, sor."

"Ah! And how many loads do you make a day?"

"From tin to fifteen, accordin' to the weather, sor."

"Well, Pat," said the gentleman, laughing, "how much water have you hauled altogether?"

The Irishman jerked his thumb in the direction of the river, at the same time giving his horse the hint to start and replied:

"All the wather that yez don't see there now, sor."—Chums.

Caustic Criticism.

Scribbleton—Don't you think my new novel contains much food for thought?

Criticus—Yes; but it is wretchedly cooked.

"No, no, Philippe, I love you! You shall not go! They will kill you, too." She loved me! Parbleu! those lunatics there might go on slaughtering each other at their ease! As for me—I was otherwise occupied. . . .

When the train slowed up for the fortifications I stepped to the quail to look about for a sergeant de ville when all at once the door of the wagon flew open beside me, and I saw descending, tranquilly bearing between them an inert mass rolled in a rug their victim, undoubtedly their victim, whom we had failed to see before—our three assassins!

"Stop! Stop!" I shouted. "What have you there? Quick tell me or I hand you over to the hands of justice!"

"Eh? The hands of justice! No, no, much preferred the threatened door, for then I divined that she was afraid of me.

Early in September, the 10th to be exact, Mme. de Monclay apprised me when I arrived as usual at her gate in the morning, that she was going to Paris, and going that night, merely to