

PAGE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

reformed. His teacher found no fault with him, but praised him instead. Neighbors shook their heads and said it would not last long. Their words proved true.

The Gypsies.

One day a band of gypsies came to town. Ted was greatly attracted to them, and followed them about. He thought it would be nice to join them. There were some of the gypsy boys near his age who would be companions for him. They told him what a happy life they led and how they slept at night, by the roadside, in tents. They had no homes, but lived out of doors. This suited Ted. He would not have to be shut up in the city, but would stroll around the country, and live the free life he had always longed for.

So, the evening they were about to start on their journey, Ted was among their number. At first they refused to take him. But he told them his parents were dead; that he was living with an aunt, who was unkind to him, and that he greatly wanted to go with them. Finally some of the boys, who had taken a great fancy to Ted, begged to have him with them, and the gypsies consented.

Ted was happy now, but his happiness did not last long. He was pursued and brought back to his home and placed in solitary confinement. He had time then to think of his ingratitude to his parents. Was it not better to have a nice home and some one to love him, than to be roaming around the country, living the life of a gypsy?

Ted made more good resolutions while he was locked up. He often asked himself the question: "What makes me such a bad boy? Why am I continually grieving my parents, who are so kind to me?" Then he added: "I will be good. They shall yet be proud of me." When his mother came in to bring his supper, she found her boy in tears. He was truly penitent and promised to be obedient, if she would release him.

Ted really kept his promise. No more playing truant for him. His teachers sent good reports to his parents that the latter really felt encouraged. No more threats of the reform school were held up to him. Mothers did not call their children indoors when found playing with him. All were pleased to see the great change which had taken place.

Brave Ted.

One day, when the children were returning from school, a runaway horse dashed around the corner. A little girl was just about to cross the street. Ted saw the danger and sprang to her assistance. The child was saved, but Ted was picked up, bleeding and unconscious, and carried to his home. There was no hope for the boy; he was fatally injured.

When he regained consciousness, he found himself in his own little bed at home; with parents and friends beside him. Every one loved him now, as he lay there, thinking, in the midst of all his suffering, of the sorrow he had caused his parents. All the events of his life seemed to crowd upon him, as life slowly ebbed away. Day by day he grew weaker. His little friends came often to see him. Perhaps, thought the stricken lad, he would have a white casket like Arthur's, and every one would bring flowers to lay upon it; he knew, by the sad looks which came upon the faces of the boys as he was the last few months of his life.

One morning, his mother noticed that he had been crying. When asked if he was suffering more than usual, he replied: "No, it is not that; I can bear the pain. But when I think of the suffering I have caused you, it makes it harder for me. I wish that I could have lived to show you how good I would have been. But you will forget all, will you not, when I am gone, and think of your boy as he was the last few months of his life?"

The broken-hearted mother assured him of her love and forgiveness. When she raised her head from the pillow she saw a changed look upon the boy's face. Ted was dead. He had given his life that of a little child might be saved.

CONCERNING SPIDERS.

Facts of Interest of Which Every-body Is Not Aware.

"Now, children," Aunt Margaret said, "I am going to tell you some things that I know, and which, I believe, will interest you about the spider family; and, although I expect to make some very personal remarks, our visitor is not at all sensitive, which is a fine thing."

"First, though, I will say that the spider family is a large one and is found in all parts of the world, but attains to the greatest size in the tropical regions, where we find what is known as the bird-

catching spider, which is nearly two feet long, very hairy, and almost black; its feet, when stretched out, occupy nearly a foot in diameter. This great spider forms a tube-shaped cell, widening at the mouth, of fine, white, semi-transparent tissue, like muslin, in the clefts of trees or hollows among the rocks and stones. It only goes abroad after night in quest of insects and 'tis said, humming birds. The bite of the spider is very poisonous.

"Although the common house spider is very unattractive, some members of the family to which he belongs exhibit beautiful colors. The mother spiders are very attentive to their babies, carrying them about on their own backs until they are able to do for themselves. As 2000 eggs are sometimes hatched out at once, you can imagine that the task that the mother spider has set herself is no light one. Spiders are great fighters; they often lose one limb and sometimes several in their

combats; but that is a loss which gives them little concern, for, like the crustaceans or shellfish, they have the power of repairing the damage, and also like them, the spider changes his skin frequently during his growth.

"You will observe that the head and chest are in one piece, which is covered by a sort of shield or oval form, to which, by means of a short kind of stalk, the abdomen is attached. Now, if you look closely and follow what I say, you will see near the base of the abdomen some little tube-like openings; these are his breathing tubes. By examining his head you will find that our visitor has two jaws, or maxillae, as they are called, between which is an organ called the tongue, and which comes out of the mouth; he has also eight eyes, though a few species have only six, and a very small number only two.

"Now, pay very close attention, while I tell you something about those long legs, which, by counting, you will find to be eight in number. Each leg consists of seven joints, the last one being armed with two hooks which are toothed exactly like a comb; the front legs, commonly called mandibles, have a sharp, movable hook, which has near its extremity a small slit through which the spider can emit or throw out a poisonous fluid, which is secreted in a gland of

the previous joint. All spiders kill the insects and other small creatures on which they prey by means of these venomous mandibles.

"I am going to describe now the most interesting part of this curiously made little creature. Near the hinder parts you will observe several small bumps or swellings; these are called spinnerets, and as you see, each is pierced at the extremity by a multitude of little openings, from which threads of great thinness are produced. All of these threads combining to make one thread of the web. The substance which comes from the spinnerets is glutinous; that is, sticky; but immediately dries into threads when the air strikes it."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Curious Puzzle.

Following is a very curious puzzle: Open a book at random and select a word within the first 10 lines and within the 10th word from the end of the line. Mark the word. Now double the number of the page and multiply the sum by five. Then add 29. Then add the number of the line you have selected. Then add five. Then multiply the sum by 10.

Add the number of the word in the line. From the sum subtract 25, and the remainder will indicate in the units column the number of the word. In the tens column the number of the line and the remaining figures the number of the page.

land. From his lofty perch he commanded a fine view of Oakesdale. He was looking for "Stumpy" Miller and "Bud" Davis, whom he had summoned on secret service of which I will inform my young readers later.

New Experience.

But they did not appear promptly, which was a new experience, and so, after uttering shrill catcalls until he was tired, he filled his pockets full of cherries and climbed down in disgust, just as his chums came running up the path in great excitement.

"Hi, there, Bobby! There's a big new engine down 't the depot. She's here to carry a railroad big bug 'way off to New York. Oh, she's a beauty!"

They all rushed frantically to the depot, with blood-curdling war whoops and kiki-ies.

What a wonder the engine was to their boyish eyes! To them it was not merely a thing of forged and riveted iron and polished steel and brass; it was a living creature, breathing fire and smoke from its nostrils, to be guided by a touch, like a spirited horse, but not to be goaded to extremities.

Bobby gazed at the brilliant wonder with a fascination amounting to awe. He had never before seen its like, and he was not unlearned as to how an engine really looked. His father's stanch old "Dad," that Bobby had always believed

to be one of the finest going, looked really shabby by comparison. The boy had taken many a trip in the cab with his father, as far as the next village, three miles away, and when he would ride back on the next train. He had even handled the levers, under guidance. He knew, or thought he knew, almost as much about an engine as his father. He could, or imagined he could, handle the throttle lever and the reversing lever and the airbrake quite as expertly as though he had a duly accredited certificate as engineer in his pocket. His father, however, having another opinion in the matter, restrained Bobby's ambition to run a locomotive, within bounds.

Bobby's Wild Desire.

Bobby looked at the splendid engine, and he was fired with a wild desire to make a short trip on her as engineer.

HAS HIS APPROVAL.

Mr. Frog—These rapid transit elevators are among the greatest of modern improvements.

As far as the village, anyhow. He knew how to regulate her speed, and how to slow up at the curve.

The engine was for the use of a high railway official who was on an inspecting tour, and it stood in the roundhouse, all fired up and every way in readiness to start. Oh, if he might only board her and go flying out of town! He knew he would be punished, and that not lightly, but he would have had one glorious experience that comes to but few boys.

He looked around. The engineer and fireman were not there at the moment, but of course they would be there soon.

Now or never! Bobby motioned to the boys, and they all jumped silently on board, with all the bravado of youth. Bobby looked out the cab window. The track was clear. He opened the throttle, and they moved out and down the track with a series of triumphant whistles.

"Fire up!" cried Bobby, excitedly. "We've got to skip lively!"

The engine flew down the track and quickly left the town, and the running, shouting men behind. There was a sharp curve between the two towns, and Bobby put on the brakes, and slowed down, so that which was not his father's had at this, the same place, for Bobby was disposed to be careful.

Suddenly he saw something that startled him, and he slowed down at once, and stopped within a yard of a toddling 2-year-old baby. It had wan-

dered there alone, and if Bobby had not run away with the engine it would likely have met its death by the flying express.

Almost dead, another engine came speeding down the track after the runaway, just as Bobby was lifting the now crying infant into the cab.

The Engineer's Child.

It proved to be the child of the engineer of the pursuing locomotive, who lived not far from the curve. He had nothing but thankful praise for the boy engineer, although he had left Oakesdale with anger in his heart and venom on his tongue. He allowed Bobby to turn the engine back to town all alone.

There was great excitement there over the escape. Everybody blamed Bobby and predicted dire punishment when his father should get in.

But when the little child was lifted down and the story of its rescue told, public sentiment changed. The official, although he had been at the point of explosion with anger at the delay, now actually patted the proud Bobby on the head and congratulated him. At the same time he thanked the boy engineer from the lad that the performance of the day should never be repeated.

Then the great man gave Bobby a coin that made him open his big black eyes, and also a pencilled request to his father that saved Bobby a richly deserved whipping.

After this wonderful exploit Bobby was

more bossy than ever, as "nothing succeeds like success," even in a boyish prank, and he knew that his rule over boydom was strengthened.

That was many years ago. Bobby is now an engineer in the employ of the railway company whose engine he once ran away with, and the summit of his boyish ambition is achieved.

QUEER FISH THAT ANGLES.

Has a Mouth One-Third the Size of Its Body.

Most remarkable of strange fishes is the angler fish, whose very name seems a paradox. The fishing fish is nevertheless a reality, and a stern one to all that approach those awful jaws of his. With a body the color of mud, he generally lies in the shadow of some rock on the bottom of the sea, waiting motionless for the approach of his prey. He is provided with an odd kind of fin, just over the mouth, and this is held out in front of him to give warning of the coming of something to be swallowed. One taken alive was experimented on and it was found that if this projecting fin was touched with a stick, even though the stick did not come near the mouth, the jaws closed convulsively. This shows that the fin, by some provision of nature, closes the jaws as soon as it is touched.

The mouth is tremendous, growing to the width of a foot when the whole fish is only three feet long. One of these anglers was caught not long since, and though it was only 25 inches long, a fish 15 inches long was found sticking in its throat. The angler, proved with peculiar teeth, set in double or treble rows along the jaws and at the entrance of the throat. Some of these teeth are a foot long. He is not a pretty fish to look at, but he attends strictly to business and will swallow anything that touches his warning fin, whether it is meant for food or not.

All kinds of things have been found in the stomach of anglers, from bits of lead and stone to fish almost as large as the angler itself. This is without doubt one of the most peculiar and interesting fish in the whole ocean.

Written Before the Fourth.

An Omaha boy, says the Chicago Times-Herald, who is spending the Summer with his grandmother in the western part of the state, writes as follows to his fond

"Dear Papa: I am very well and having a good time please send me a dollar to spend on the Fourth of July. Grandma has been well all Summer they are selling two bunches of firecrackers for 5 cents here I have got 30 cents saved up to buy fireworks will you please send me a box of fireworks like you did last Summer. I saw a box kite in a store yesterday and the man said you can send it up with a bunch of crackers so I will get one and make a fine sight. I would like to have box kite for the Fourth. We are all well at present & hope you are enjoying the same great weather what are roman candles worth in Omaha."

"I must close don't forget the dollar."

Quite Different Then.

When the attendant, whose sole business is to wait upon these small equine aristocrats, leads one after another and explains its distinguishing features, the difference is then quite perceptible.

Here is one that has been especially trained for some little girl who is nervous and timid. Its dainty step and intelligent dark eye indicate fine style and a tractable, docile disposition. Its glossy coat shines like satin, and its little hoofs are like black ivory.

Another is shown sturdy, robust and strong. Fully as beautiful and intelligent, it is not so sensitive as the first. It has natural qualifications suitable for the disposition and use of the owner. It is not at all nervous or timid and may wish to ride or drive long distances in a day, and who may thoughtlessly speak loudly or rudely, or drop the whip too heavily across the pony's back, and still not really wish to have a runaway. There are grades between these two extremes, in which a pony may be found suitable for any sort of boy or girl.

Ponies of almost any color desired may be found, but the favorite colors are bays and blacks. There is no demand for the sorrels, with large cream-colored spots, such as were quite common some years ago. The solid colors are regarded as more beautiful and are the only ones now sought by fastidious buyers.

Kindness Observed.

In training the ponies kindness is practiced under all circumstances. When the little pony colt, which a man can take up in his arms and carry about, is strong enough to run and play with its mother, a little halter is put on it and it is taught to lead and start and stop at the word. When it grows stronger, but not yet fully grown a little set of buff harness, with silver buckles, is fitted on it, and it is driven about with lines. A gentle pressure of the bit on the tender mouth is sufficient to guide it.

Later on it is hitched to a little yellow cart and trotted about the smooth gravel drives that wind among stately trees in every direction. It is taken close to puffing locomotives and alongside queer-looking vehicles, and into the neighborhood of shops where there is a sound of clanging iron and pounding hammers and ringing bells. Its actions under all these conditions are carefully noted and recorded, and its special qualifications for particular purposes fully ascertained.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

That Wasn't the End.

Kind Dog Owner (to little girl)—Don't be afraid, little one. He's a good doggie, and won't hurt you. Don't you see how he's wagging his tail?

Little Girl (still backing)—Yes; but that's not the end I'm afraid of.—Scraps.

Look Out for the Bat!

A humble bee lit, in its mad career, on a man with a beautiful nose. And seeing his ear with its opening wide, He said to himself, "I'll explore!"

But the bee lost his way, as surely he might, And stirred up a terrible row; And the man woke up and cried in fright, "What a buzz in my ears, anyhow!"

"The surely a sign that my liver is off!" And he ran to a doctor at once, Who asked for five dollars and gave a slight cough.

As he started some surgical stunts, Then he muttered, "Bad case; take care of yourself; You must mind both your Qs and your Ps." But strange to relate, and nothing about Taking care to look out for the Bat! —Tom Caper in Brooklyn Eagle.

TED, THE AWFUL BAD BOY

Was the Terror of His Neighborhood, but Finally Won Everybody's Love by a Brave Act.

I must tell you about the bad little boy, who was the terror of the whole neighborhood. His home was in Boston, Mass.

Npw, the Bostonians are very orderly, peace-loving people, and as Ted was continually disturbing the peace of all around him, they did not have very much love for him. When he walked into Sunday school they would look at each other and whisper: "Oh, there comes that awful bad boy! He is really too wicked to come here," the speaker quite forgetting that the teachings there ought to help him reform.

Teddy knew just what people thought of him. He had been told he was bad, ever since he was a wee bit of a boy, and whippings and threats had no terrors for him. No matter what mischief he did, the question, "Who did it?" was seldom asked; every one knew that Ted Cook was at the bottom of it all.

Did a poor, little, frightened dog run down the street with a tin can tied to his tail, all knew Ted was not far away. Neighbors' gates would be opened, or bars would be let down, that some half-starved animal might get in among the vegetables or corn, and be fed at the expense of that neighbor.

Complaints were continually coming to his father about this awful bad boy. Children were frightened, and their sleep when coming from the stores, where they had been sent on errands, by Ted, who would often say that, when he grew up, he would be a bold highwayman. It surely seemed that he was on the road for it, although his parents were good Christian people, and did all in their power to make him a respected member of society.

When about to start for Sabbath school Ted would listen attentively to all that was said, make many promises to be good. But no sooner was his destination than all was forgotten, and the spirit of mischief was abroad with Ted.

Ted and the Mouse.

Once the lad carried a mouse with him to the school which he held by a string. He gave the children around him a warning look when he took it from his pocket. They knew that look meant trouble for them if they did or said anything to attract attention to the mouse. So they kept very quiet, while he let the mouse play around the benches. But when he let it run up the back of a teacher who was sitting in front of him, it was all over. It was hard work to keep still, and not until the mouse touched the teacher's neck and she screamed with fright did they dare to give vent to their mirth. No need to say who caused the disturbance; all knew. Ted was told to leave and go immediately home.

Did he go home? Oh, no; he just played around the corner, where a lot of other bad boys had congregated, and tormented that mouse until it was time to go to dinner. Of course, he did not tell his mother that he had been sent home.

When little Arthur Stevens died, Ted was allowed to attend the funeral. He looked very sad, as he placed the flowers he had brought upon the casket; tears were really in his eyes. He wondered, if he were to die, would he have a pretty white casket like Arthur's, and would all the boys that were three feet sorry that he was dead? Oh, no; he knew they would not; none of them cared for him.

Arthur had been a good little boy. His teacher loved him, and the minister who attended the funeral spoke so kindly and lovingly of the little dead boy! What a sad loss it was to his parents; how they would mourn for him! Ted felt that if he were lying there, instead of Arthur, his parents would not consider him much of a loss. Oh, how he wished that he were good, so that, when he died, all would feel sorry.

When Ted went home that day he resolved to be a better boy. His good resolutions were kept for some months. Indeed, a surprise to the neighbors, that the bad boy had, in a measure,



"A cracker, eh?" "Certainly! Thanks!" "I guess that'll be about all." "Got any more crackers, boys?" —New York World.

Kiss mamma and the baby for me when you will send the money. Goodbye. From your loving son."

Of course, the boy will get the dollar if papa has to sell his coat off his back. The small boy must have a big time on the Fourth, no matter what happens.

Saw the Story? Not the Author.

One day on a railroad train Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge sat beside a girl about 14 years of age. When the newsboy with his books and magazines appeared the little passenger asked her grandmother to buy a magazine which contained one of the installments of Mrs. Dodge's most successful story, "Donald and Dorothy."

Naturally Mrs. Dodge watched the results with the keenest interest, and when she saw the girl had nothing with which to cut the pages, she opened her satchel to find a substitute for a paper knife. Finally, seeing one of her own visiting cards, there came the happy thought of offering it and of watching for the surprise that would follow as a climax to the incident. The girl took the card, carefully cut the pages of the magazine and then returned it with a smile and a bow, becoming absorbed again in the story.

She does not know to this day, says the Saturday Evening Post, that the famous author was the kind lady sitting next to her, and the famous author tells the incident as a joke upon herself.

MERELY A POLE WITH TWO ENDS



—Meggendorfer Blatter.