

# PAGE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



**He's a Funny Little Boy.**  
 How a funny little boy,  
 Who, very strange to say,  
 Speaks often topside down  
 And inside out this way—  
 "O Donald, when did Israel put  
 So many recruits kill?  
 You know that battle, I am sure;  
 'Twas fought on Humber Hill."  
 "O—Donald, I must track my punk!  
 Mamma says I can go  
 With you to where the ocean lies  
 Where crabbies bite your toe."  
 "The seashore is a lovely place,  
 And sand forts are such fun,  
 I like to play tag with the waves,  
 And from the surf to sun."  
 "The word walk by the beach is very  
 Very, very long,  
 Sometimes I think that it must end  
 In Moulant; but that's wrong."  
 Some day I'll stand the little boy  
 Right on his curly head,  
 And then, maybe, his downward words  
 Will stand straight up instead.  
 —New York Herald.

## TO CENTER OF THE EARTH

End of the Wonderful Adventures of Inventor Josh and His Darling Chums, Eph and Snooks.

### CHAPTER III.

There was a tug-of-war in progress down, down, far below, in the center of the earth. The participants, as you know, children, from the preceding chapter, were Eph, Snooks, Josh and the hideous giant, Volcan.

"Let go; you're pulling me in two!" screamed Josh.

Volcan had taken a fresh hold on Josh's leg, and Eph and Snooks, determined not to give up, renewed their efforts to save their companion. It began to look as though Josh would be pulled in two, when Eph and Snooks finally had to let go and Josh and Volcan rolled over in a heap together. Volcan quickly regained his feet, however, and, catching Josh by his coat collar, dropped him into his pocket and strode away.

The two terror-stricken lads sat in the floor of the boring machine, watching the disappearance of Josh, and not knowing what to do.

"We're in an awful fix, Eph," remarked Snooks.

"I don't see how we better go up and get help!" Eph asked.

"No, I don't think so. We'll not leave Josh at the mercy of Volcan. Let's follow them, only we needn't get too close, you know," answered Snooks.

Volcan and Josh.

So it was agreed, as they started in the direction taken by the giant. They had not gone far, when, to their astonishment, they came upon Volcan, seated upon a rock, with Josh close beside him.

"Well, look at that!" exclaimed Snooks. "Josh is talking to the giant, and they seem to be the best of friends, don't they?" said Eph.

"Maybe he won't hurt us either. Come on! I'm going to slip up and see," said Snooks.

As they stole out from behind the ledge of rock where they had hidden and crept near.

Josh, in the midst of a lively description of how they came to be at the center of the earth, said the following:

"Hello, fellows!" he called. "Come here! Volcan wants to talk to you. He's the best giant I ever saw."

When that Eph and Snooks walked up boldly and sat down beside Josh. Volcan eyed them curiously and said:

"You are afraid of me, aren't you, lads? Well, you needn't be for I shall do you no harm; I'm glad to have this opportunity to talk to you."

This was spoken in English, which language, it seems, the giant had acquired from some Englishman who had been dropped, with their ship, through a crack in the ocean bed, during a dreadful earthquake, some hundreds of years ago, and had been carried to the center of the earth, where they were compelled to pass the remaining years of their lives.

### A Good-Natured Giant.

Imagine such a giant, children! One that was good to people and liked to talk with them. He was better behaved than he looked.

Soon the boys and the giant were friends, and then Volcan took the young explorers on an exploring tour through the wonderful places about them. They saw the great caverns of the earth and the sources of volcanic eruptions which were seething, boiling masses of molten rock and minerals. Volcan showed them how earthquakes were made. He blew his fiery breath upward and a crack appeared in the crust of the earth. This was accompanied by much rumbling.

They passed through deep canyons, near one of which was a great storehouse filled with gold and precious stones such as the lads had never dreamed of before. All the while, Volcan talked in a most entertaining manner, and the boys learned much about the hidden treasures of the earth from him. They found that the center of the earth is honeycombed with galleries that fairly gleam and glitter with precious metals. Miles and miles of these galleries, with lofty roofs, canopied over with gleaming metal, were traversed. Countless gems flashed in the light of the fires that burned constantly everywhere. No boy ever saw such splendor since the world began. The interior of the world was wonderful.

Finally, however, the lads began to talk about going home, but Volcan urged them to stay, saying:

"There is one thing you haven't seen yet, and you must not return before you do."

"What is it?" inquired the lads.

"It is the fountain of living water. If

you bathe in it, you will live forever, and if you drink of it, you will become giants like myself. I want you to take a drink and bathe in it, then you can live forever with me here in the center of the earth. How would you like that?"

"Oh, let's not," urged Snooks, when Josh, who always enjoyed experiments, appeared to be in favor of the plan.

"No, I don't want to be a giant, Josh," said Eph. "It wouldn't be any fun to live down here forever; we couldn't get out."

"Well, let's go and see the fountain, anyhow, if we don't drink of it," said Josh.

"Come then," said Volcan, starting down a path of white marble. When they had traveled about an hour, there appeared before them a most beautiful lake. Diamonds were imbedded in the edge, and they sparkled in the water which was clear as crystals. A fragrance as sweet as that of the violet rose from the shining water, while above it hung a misty cloud of brightly variegated colors. It was a picture for a painter, and the boys gazed in silent admiration at the wonderful scene.

Volcan said nothing, and, at last, Eph broke the silence.

"Eph's Suggestion."

"Boys," he said, "it wouldn't be bad, after all, to live forever; I'd rather enjoy it. Let's bathe, but we mustn't drink the water, for we don't want to be giants."

The lake looked so inviting that the others agreed and the lads thereupon disrobed and plunged in for a fine swim.

Volcan urged them repeatedly to drink of the water, but they refused, as they were very well satisfied with their present state. Whether they will live forever remains to be seen.

When they came out, each boy declared that he felt younger, though I think he only imagined it.

They were ready now to go home, but decided to wait until the giant was asleep, as they feared he might attempt to keep them there by force. So that night, while Volcan slumbered, they sneaked away, got inside the boring machine and soon reached the earth's surface. They had spent three days and nights inside the earth, and it was a great relief to them to get into their accustomed atmosphere again.

So, my dear children, when there is an earthquake or volcanic eruption, you may know that the big giant Volcan, in the middle of this globe, is mad about something.

ALICE M. WELLS.  
(The end.)

### "TWO-FOR-A-NICKEL"

Village Lad, Scorned by Comrades, Redeems Himself Nobly.

"Two-for-a-nickel" was a boy of perhaps 13, loose-jointed and thin, with a sallow face, washed-out blue eyes and an air of listlessness, all of which made him an object of contempt and derision among his comrades. This name, bestowed by the other boys, was gradually shortened into Two-for, and finally into the monosyllable Two.

"I do not think," says a writer in the Cleveland Plain Dealer, "the boys ever really maltreated Two. No one but those of genuine brutal instincts could have done so, and I do not recall any act of cruelty. Of course, we made game of him unmercifully. In fact, I believe we tolerated him when we went to the river or to the woods for no other purpose."

"He bore it all patiently. Perhaps it was generally believed that his feelings were not easily touched, just as we believe or pretend to believe that the hook does not hurt the fish."

"Two-for-a-nickel" the daily coming of the passenger train was a source of everlasting delight. Now and then some of the other boys were absent. Two never was. He would get up by the engine and watch the hissing valves, the great red furnace as the fireman shoveled in coal, the ponderous wheels and the powerful piston rod with an interest that never flagged and which he accorded to no other object.

"One Summer morning the platform of

was gone. She called sharply and rushed about among the crowd. The child was nowhere to be found. Every one had seen it a moment before, but no one had noticed it leaving.

"The train was within 50 yards of the platform. At that moment there crept, from behind some empty barrels at the farther end, the little girl, out into the center of the track, not 30 yards in front of the thundering train. We heard the quick reversing of the engine, but we knew it was too late. Some turned their heads. The mother faints. Then all at once a tall, thin figure darted across the end of the platform straight toward the unconscious child, tossing it with a quick motion far into the weeds and nettles beyond the track. It was saved, but under the mighty wheels, utterly worthless indeed now, there lay all that was mortal of him whom the boys had scorned and in their mockery had christened Two-for-a-Nickel."

THINGS CHILDREN SAY AND DO.

Ingenious Whimsicalities of Busy Paragraphic Scribes.

Teacher—Now, Tommy, give me a sentence, and then we'll change it to the imperative form.

Tommy—The horse draws the wagon.

Teacher—Now put it in the imperative.

Tommy—Gee-up.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"That's a terrible noise in the nursery, Mollie," said the mistress. "What's the matter? Can't you keep the baby quiet?"

"Shure, ma'am," replied Mollie, "I can't keep him quiet, unless I let him make a noise."—Exchange.

Teacher—In the sentence, "Patrick beat John with his fists," what is Patrick? Bright Boy—He's Irish.—Philadelphia Press.

"Don't you think his nose will be like his father's in time?"

"I don't know. It takes something besides time to produce a nose like his father's."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

In a lesson on the animal kingdom the teacher put the following question:

"Can any boy name to me an animal of the order Indentata; that is, a toothless animal?"

A boy whose face beamed with pleasure at the prospect of a good mark replied:

"I can."

"Well, what is the animal?"

"My grandmother!" replied the boy, in great glee.—Exchange.

A little girl was 9 years old a few days ago, and among the presents was a beautiful Bible from her auntie.

After the exciting events of the day were over, the lady who presented the book called to find out how it had been received.

"Yes," said Katherine, "it's a beautiful book."

"I am so glad you like it," her aunt replied.

"It must have cost a good deal, too."

"It was rather expensive."

"And I have three other Bibles. They are all alike inside, aren't they? And this is just the same as the rest, except the binding, isn't it?"

"Yes, dear."

"Well, it seems to me you might have done better with all the money you had to pay for it if you had bought me a pup."—Chicago Times-Herald.

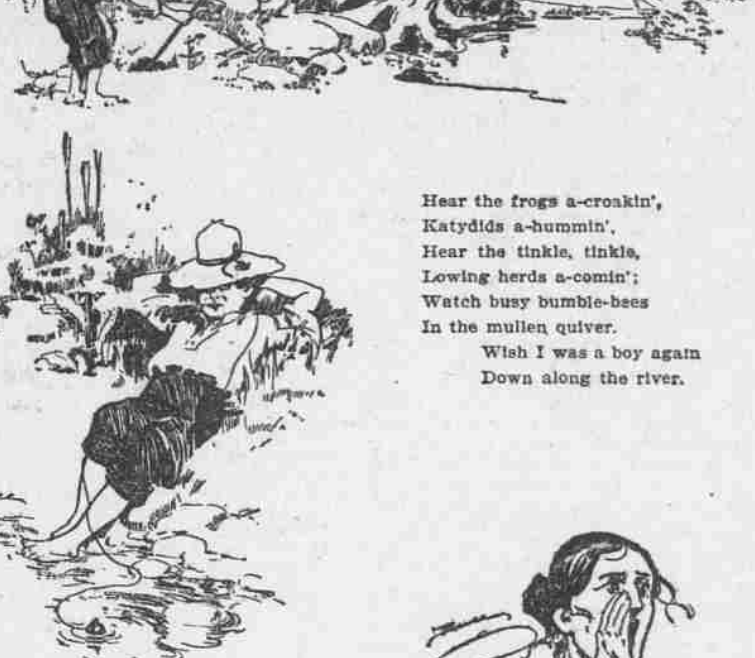
"I never tell my boy that I won't take him to the circus if he isn't good," remarked the candid man.

"Why not?"

"I don't care to take any chances. I'm tired of worrying for fear he'll do something that'll keep the whole family home."—San Francisco Examiner.

Tommy (sitting himself with apparent discomfort at a dinner table)—Ma, you've often talked to me about being

## A Retrospect



Hear the frogs a-croakin',  
 Hear the tinkle, tinkle,  
 Lowing herds a-comin';  
 Watch busy bumble-bees  
 In the mullen quiver.

Wish I was a boy again  
 Down along the river.

On the bank a-stittin',  
 Fishin' and a-smokin',  
 Fightin' pesky hornets,  
 Woodchuck holes a-pokin',  
 Eatin' stolen mooshey pie,  
 Gettin' torpid liver.

Wish I was a boy again  
 Down along the river.



Hear my mother callin',  
 Cattle need a-milkkin',  
 Hidin' in the hay loft,  
 Other chores a-bilkkin',  
 See my dad a-comin',  
 Used to beg and shiver.

Glad I ain't a boy again  
 Down along the river.

—GEORGE R. BRILL.

### BATHING CHUMS.

New York Dogs Take a Daily Plunge in the River Together.

In one of the blocks in Amsterdam avenue, New York, says the Sun of that city, not to be exact, somewhere above the Seventies, are an undertaker's rooms and a saloon. A dog belongs to each. The undertaker's dog is a spaniel; that of the saloon man is of a breed not yet known. Some one who has made a study of dogology and of these "two dogs" in particular vouches for what follows.

For more than a year there has been a noticeable friendship between the undertaker's and the saloon dog. The distance from the block in which the dogs live to the foot of a certain street which runs down to North River is about three blocks. Last summer the saloon dog found his way to the river and once every day, sometimes oftener, this dog went to the river and bathed. He did this with such regularity that he soon became known to the laborers about the dock. This summer he resumed his river baths. Soon after the season began he took a companion, the undertaker's dog, and they go to the river daily for their plunges and seem to enjoy it like boys.

After the story was told it was decided to put the intelligence of the dogs to a test. One day the undertaker shut his dog in the back room. The saloon dog waited about his corner for some time, looking for his companion, who on this occasion was like the letter in the old minstrel song. After a long wait the saloon dog trotted down to the undertaker's and looked in at the door. Calling to see his chum, he sat down and waited. The undertaker's dog was still kept in, and the saloon dog went back to his corner and stretched himself. Later in the day the undertaker's dog was released and went on a run to the saloon. The meeting was like that of two mates who had been separated, and after an "interchange" of wags the two trotted down to the river and indulged in their plunge.

### PARADISE FOR MONKEYS.

Experiences of An Indian Traveler Among the Simians.

"When I was traveling in Northern India," said a gentleman who had recently completed a journey around the world, "I was constantly impressed with the almost human ways of the monkeys there. You see, they are never molested, which is also true of the birds, and they are as tame and impudent as spoiled children. I remember that one morning while

we were sitting at breakfast on the veranda of our hotel suddenly we heard the loudest chattering, and down the main street of the town came a crowd of long-tailed monkeys, running a race evidently. They shrieked and chattered at every leap, tripped each other up, pulled each other's tails and seemed to be having a generally hilarious time. While we left the table to watch their antics, some Indian crows that had been solemnly lined up on the veranda rail watching us eat, made a dash for the food and had quite a fight with the native servant before they were finally driven away.

"The monkeys of India are surely the most irresponsible people in the world," continued the traveler. "I can call them people because they are such ludicrous counterparts of human beings. In many of the old temples there are monkey settlements. I remember one in particular, which was sacred to the simians. There seemed to be thousands of the creatures, and I was told that 500 had recently been taken to the woods to get

### THIS HORSE COULD COUNT.

Knew Number of Fire-Alarm Strokes as Well as Firemen.

"If there is any animal that knows more than a horse," remarked a member of the Washington, (D. C.) fire department, to a reporter of the Star, of that city, the other day, "I'd like to see it. I mean one that knows more than a smart horse, for there are fool horses as well as fool people and once in a while we get one of these fool horses in the fire department. But I will say that our horses as a rule are pretty smart and knowing."

"I remember one we had in this company some years ago that actually could count. George was his name, if I remember rightly, and George was one of those horses that never did any more work than he was obliged to. Not that he couldn't, but just because, like some people you run across, he was opposed to it, whether it was in our district or not, and stand hitched for 15 or 30 minutes. George knew this, of course, and that was why he would always take his time going to his place when the box wasn't in our district. And it's a fact that if he was eating when an outside box came in, he'd just keep on eating until the foreman yelled out to bring him down to his place.

"Of course, now and then, George would miscount the box, and rush to his place on a box not in our district. But when he did make a mistake like that, which was precious seldom, that horse would get so mad and feel so hot about it that he wouldn't get over it for a day or so."

### CAUGHT A HAIRY MONSTER.

Queer Find of Whistling Spider by a Massachusetts Man.

H. A. Peters, of East Brookfield, Mass., recently captured an immense spider of unknown species. When Mr. Peters first saw the spider, which was making a bee line over the public highway for East Brookfield, he was so amazed at the sight that he rubbed both eyes several times before he could realize that the monster was a reality.

Instantly grasping an empty glass milk can, Peters jumped from the wagon and was about to make the stranger a prisoner, when he was startled by a distinctly audible whistle, emanating from the insect.

Instantly a flock of minute facultives of the peculiar spider came rushing from all directions, clambered up the legs of the big spider and hid themselves in the fuzzy hair on its back. This was more than Peters could stand, especially as, after securing her young, Mrs. Spider assumed a defensive attitude. He thrust the mouth of the jar over the whole family of spiders and made them prisoners. Hundreds have since viewed the monster and its offspring, and all are puzzled.

The body of the large spider is one and one-half inches in length. The body is black and is supported by eight powerful legs, each two inches long. The head is supplied with powerful-looking jaws, from which two feelers one-half inch in length protrude. The body eyes are jet black.

### Bright Little Wu.

Little Wu, son of the Chinese Minister, is always at the very head of his class.

"Well, yes," said the fish, "there is a great favor that you can do me. My mistress, the Queen of Dragonland, has dreamed that she cannot live unless one of your tribe is willing to cross the sea and pay her tribute. But you won't regret the trip; it is a beautiful country, full of palms and cocoanut trees and oranges and figs, and a monkey would not have to climb for fruit; it would just fall down upon him in showers as thick as plum-blossom petals!"

"And how is one to get to this beautiful land?" asked the fish.

"Why," said the fish, "all you would have to do would be to sit astride my back, and I would take you there in a jiffy."

So the monkey agreed and off they went. After they had been sailing several hours the monkey said:

"Oh, by the way, Mr. Fish, why is it that the Queen is so anxious to have a monkey for a guest?"

"Oh, didn't I tell you?" said the fish in an innocent tone as he could command, "she wants to cut out your liver and eat it."

There was silence for awhile, and then the monkey spoke again:

"Mr. Fish," said he, "do you know if I have let my liver hanging to the top of a tree. You should go back and get that liver, for I would not disappoint Her Majesty for anything in the world."

So the big fish, with a sigh, turned back, and when they reached the Queen, the monkey sprang ashore and climbed a tree. Then he called down to the fish:

"My friend, while we were taking our little sail someone had cut with my liver, and since that is what the Queen wanted me for, there is really no use in my going. Good-bye, some other time, Mr. Fish."

And so the big fish made his way sorrowfully home to the Dragon Kingdom, and to the palace of the King, and when the King heard his story he was so angry that he called to a servant and said:

"Take this fish out to the water-side, and when you have reached the sand, put him down and beat him with all your might and main."

And as the King commanded so they did, and they beat, and beat, and beat the big fish until every bone in his body was broken, and then they threw him into the sea, where he has been a jelly-fish ever since.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

### Necessary to Go Back.

"Now, my dear fellow, continued Mr. Monkey, 'there is nothing to be done but for you and me to go back and get that liver, for I would not disappoint Her Majesty for anything in the world.'"

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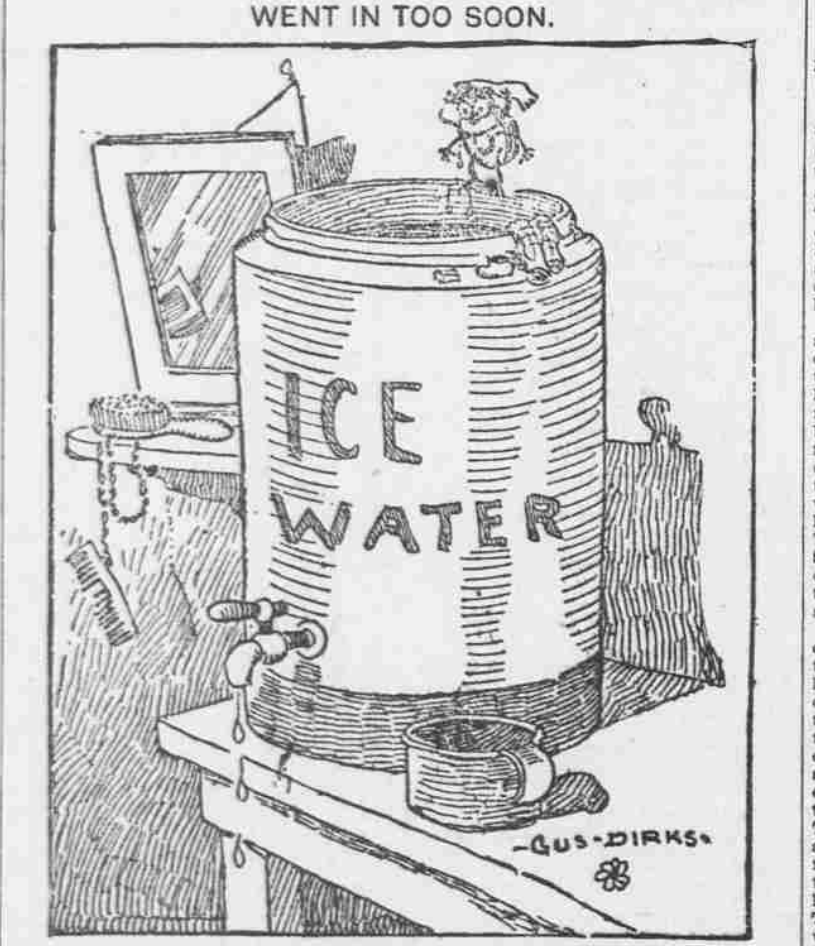
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### Another Infant Prodigy.

Little Viola Geirich, of Council Bluffs, Ia., is the smartest little girl in the world, according to reports from her enthusiastic friends. She can, it is said, operate a typewriter, she can carry 25 a week on the stage; she's a mathematician; she knows all the forms of geometry; reads and speaks English, French and German; reads the newspapers; can read handwriting; knows the names of the principal cities, countries, lakes and rivers.

And, adds the teller of the tale, with the air of one who expects to be believed, she is only 3 years old.



Mr. Bug-B-r-r-er!! My but this water's cold. I'll never go swimming so early in the season again!—New York World.

the station was crowded. The boys were on hand in full force. I did not see Two in the crowd, but I knew he must be there if he were alive.

"Among those who were going away there was a young woman and two children, one a baby in her arms and the other a little girl of perhaps 3 years. The mother was rather a nervous woman and was worried about the checking of her baggage, which the agent attended to very leisurely, handing her the checks just as the train rounded the curve. The sudden discovery that the little girl

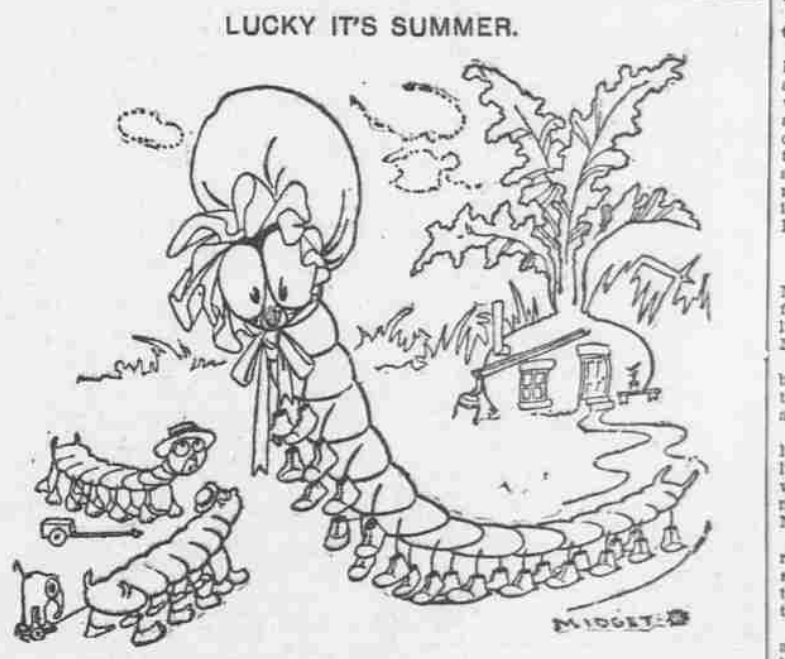
brave, but I don't think you're brave yourself.

Ma—Why do you say that, Tommie? Tommie—Cause I've always been taught to believe it was cowardly to hit a fellow behind his back.—Boston Courier.

rid of them. But in this temple I saw little simian mothers nesting and rocking their babies in their arms for all the world like a Christian mother. I ventured to pick up one of the infants that was running about, and instantly the baby gave a typical infantile squeal and the excited mother came to me, chattering angrily. I put the infant down, and the mother, her eyes still blazing with anger, carried the little one to a corner and petted and rocked it, frequently turning to give me a scornful look.

"It is not uncommon for the monkeys in the trees to reach down and seize the traveler's hat as he passes.

"Perhaps the most remarkable sight in connection with the monkeys in India I witnessed early one morning. We were riding in the highway and by a vacant



Mother Centipedes—You'll have to go barefooted, children; your father hasn't made enough money to buy shoes for you.

wherein he is the youngest pupil, and last month the report which was given him to take home could not possibly have been more excellent, for he had gotten a mark of 100 in every branch. After signing this report, the man Wu wrote on its margin: 'I hope my son will improve.'"

Recently a fair was held at the school for the benefit of a hospital. Little Wu, with his bright and beautiful sliken garments, is, of course, a favorite of the ladies, and one of the masters said, in discussing the plans of the fair: "We'll put you, Wu, behind the counter of the pickle booth."

"You?" Wu answered in the paternal manner and answered: "Then I will be in a pickle!" This pun, for a Celestial of 12 years, was considered not half bad, says the Philadelphia Record.