

AGE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

Jimmy and Kickum

How One Small Boy Became a Hero and Observed the Fourth.

Jimmy was 9. He was not the usual story-book boy, with long, golden curls and large, blue eyes. No, he had red hair, so red that the boys called him "Carrots"; a snub nose, with more freckles on it than you could count, and dark-gray eyes.

Not a handsome boy, you say? No, not a handsome boy, but he had a friendly smile and was a popular boy. His mother was dead; and his father, who was a carpenter, sent him to the public school, and, in the summer, allowed him to do as he pleased.

It was the 2d of July, when Jimmy asked his father how much money he intended to allow him for "the Fourth," and was met with the gruff reply, "I have no money for you this year. When a boy gets as big as you, he should not ask for money to waste."

Jimmy and several other boys of about his age had decided to put their money together and buy some fireworks to celebrate the holiday. They intended to build a large bonfire, invite their parents, and then have their pyrotechnic display.

"What will the boys say?" now thought the poor lad, as he walked slowly down the street. "What can be the matter with father? He is usually so generous on the Fourth," he reflected. The youngster had exactly 2 cents, as his sole wealth, and he had promised 12.

He turned the corner and came upon a group of eight boys, who greeted him with, "Hello! Here's Carrots! Well, Carrots, how much have you?"

Jimmy slowly put his hand in his pocket, and as slowly took it out again. He held up the two coppers. "That is all I have," he said, almost ready to cry.

Jimmy is searched. They thought he was laughing at them, so, in spite of his struggles, they held him fast and searched him, only to bring to light a pocket-knife, a dirty handkerchief and a piece of string.

"Boys," he gasped, "you might have taken my word; you will have to take my name off the list." And he turned away, with something like a sob. "Fellow," said Eddy Gale, as he put his hand on the carry-over handle, "we have \$10, as it is. That's enough. Let Carrots stay in; we won't have half as much fun without him."

The boys all assented, and Jimmy was partly comforted. But he could not help saying, "I hate to be the only fellow not to give anything."

"That's all right, Jimmy," responded one of the lads; "you can give two whole cents," and in the laugh that followed this tally, the disagreeable feeling vanished from Jimmy's mind.

But it returned again, after he had left his companions. "Every one of the boys gave a dollar, and some gave two," he thought, dejectedly. "Now, if I had just one dollar! But what's the use?" his thoughts ran on, "there's no way of earning one at this short notice."

That evening, when Jimmy's father returned from work, he handed his son two tickets for the circus which had come to town that day, saying, "Here, Jim, are some tickets that Mr. Blatt gave me today. You can go tonight and take one of the other boys."

"Oh, thank you, father!" said Jimmy, delightedly, for circuses, in the little town of H—, were rare occurrences. His thoughts flew back to "Let Carrots stay in," and, when he had finished his dinner, he hurried over to Eddy Gale's.

On the way he passed a large poster, on which was printed, in big, bold letters, under a picture of a hatless boy, astride the neck of a small donkey, whose heels were elevated to the perpendicular, this information:

KICKUM, the wonderful trick donkey, will perform tonight. Any one who comes to the show can have three trials at riding him. The person who rides him once around the ring will be presented with a silver dollar.

There was, more concerning other of the attractions of the circus, but Jimmy got no further. A bright idea struck him; he grinned broadly, cracked his heels together, and after other manifestations of delight, he said, soberly, "I'll try it!"

When Jimmy had left home his father chuckled. Rubbing his hands together, he said, with a fond smile, "I'm proud of the boy; I will make it five, instead of three."

The boys had a splendid time at the circus. Gale was very much excited at all he witnessed, and jumped up and down in his delight. But Jimmy, while he enjoyed the performance, was waiting for

"Kickum" to be brought out, for, of course, you have guessed that his purpose was to ride the donkey.

Jimmy and Kickum.

Finally, the fateful moment arrived. Two boys had tried and been thrown three times each before Jimmy summoned courage to make a trial. Kickum was without saddle or bridle, and his would-be rider found himself sprawling in sawdust the first time he attempted to mount him. The second time, Jimmy got astride the donkey, only to be pitched violently to the ground over the animal's head.

As the lad got slowly to his feet, he gritted his teeth, and said to himself, "This is my last chance. I must ride him." He walked slowly up and put his arm around Kickum's neck, and, before the astonished animal knew what was happening, the boy was on his back, with both hands clasped tightly about his neck. Kickum snorted and kicked his heels in the air, but all to no purpose; the plucky boy, now half on, now half off his back, clung tightly. The donkey fairly danced with rage, while the audience shouted its enjoyment of the exciting spectacle. Above all the clamor could be heard the shrill voice of Eddy Gale, uttering cries of encouragement.

Jimmy gave the donkey a kick in the ribs which caused him to give some extra high jumps which almost unseated his rider, and then to gallop around the ring, amid loud applause. When the twain got back to the starting point it was a very tired, but completely happy boy who dropped on the sawdust, where he lay, without moving, for a few seconds. The ringmaster and Eddy Gale got to him at the same time and assisted him to his feet.

Jimmy's Reward. "Here, my plucky lad, is your well-earned reward," said the ringmaster, as he gave Jimmy a bright silver dollar; "and let me tell you," he continued, "that you are the first boy who has ridden Kickum for four or five months. You may stay and see the concert, free of charge."

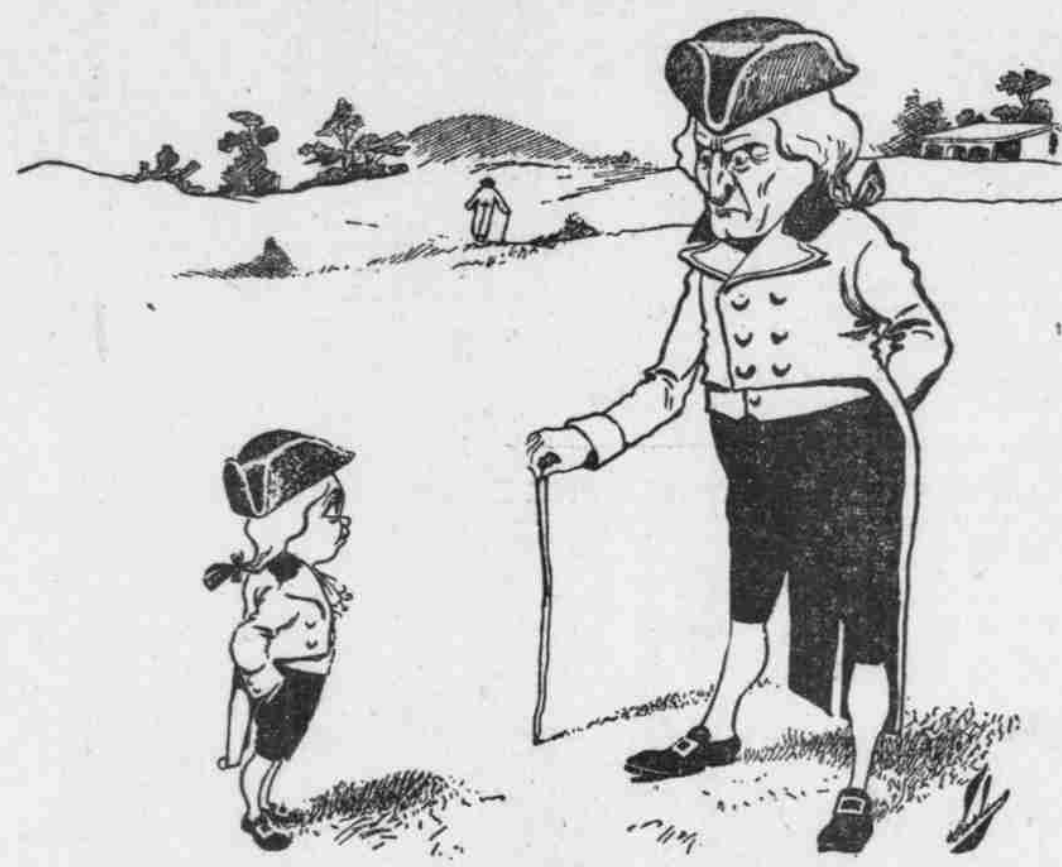
"May Eddy stay, too?" asked Jimmy, looking up with a saucy smile. The ringmaster laughed, but said, "Yes." So the boys had another blissful half hour. Jimmy was up rather late next morning. When he went out, he found a whole crowd of boys on the front porch, where he received many congratulations and hearty handshakes.

The Fourth dawned a glorious day. The boys were up, as the first streak of light brightened the horizon, and began to build their bonfire in the empty lot at the end of Main street. They had great fun. A procession was formed, and at the head marched Jimmy, as hero of the day. Just behind him came two other boys, with banners, on which was printed, in large characters: "This procession is headed by Mr. J. Carrots Healy, the champion rider of the world."

When, at last, it grew dark, the bonfire was lighted. The boys, surrounded by a large crowd, were getting ready for the subsequent exhibition, when up walked a messenger with a tremendous box addressed to "Mr. James Healy." Jimmy examined the contents, and found the finest fireworks he had ever seen. The happiest boy in Christendom, he looked up and saw his father's smiling face.

A Happy Boy. "Oh, father, you did it!" he shouted; "you did it!" And he almost smothered his father with his embraces. "Jim," whispered Mr. Healy, in his son's ear, "can you forgive your father?"

NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR EVERYTHING.



Papa Washington—George, Neighbor Fairfax has reported to me that he has lost one of his choice apples. Now, do you know, George—Now, see here, father, just because I acknowledged that cherry-tree racket, you needn't think I'm going to own up to all the devilry committed in the neighborhood.

case of authority over his children. He has left them as close to nature as might be, and they have grown up as natural children. They agree in nearly all things. They see things alike, think alike, and while they are of earnest, active, ardent natures, a sharp word seldom is spoken among them.

The father began to revolt against the cramming system in the schools which insists upon stuffing fact into ill-nourished constitutions. In order to provide nourishment, he insists that his girls shall exercise out of doors till their systems develop healthful food to repair the waste. They take his word daily each day, and they are versed in the Declaration of Independence and in constitutional history.

Offsetting all this, however, the outdoor life of these children keeps them from undue aging at their work. It prevents their feeling the need of outside companionship, and they have been sufficient unto themselves in all things. "Teaching them has been a delight," says the father, "and to them study has been an entertainment without end."

A Happy Boy. "Oh, father, you did it!" he shouted; "you did it!" And he almost smothered his father with his embraces. "Jim," whispered Mr. Healy, in his son's ear, "can you forgive your father?"

SLEEP ALL WINTER LONG.

Russian Peasants Who Hibernates Like Bears and Other Animals.

Hunger and cold impel bears and other animals in Northern countries to sleep during the winter months, and there are hundreds of Russian peasants who regularly follow their example. These peasants live in districts where food is very scarce at all seasons of the year—so scarce, indeed, that frequently none is to be obtained, and the unfortunate inhabitants can only keep from starving by gnawing a curious kind of bread which they make from the bark of trees. As this nourishment is insufficient to maintain life very long under ordinary conditions, they have been accustomed for years to go to sleep at the beginning of winter and not to rouse themselves from it until the beginning of spring.

At the first sign of frost the members of each family gather in the paternal hut and prepare for a five or six months' sleep. In order to keep from starving, they lie down beside the huge stove which is regularly supplied with fuel by each of them in turn, and thenceforth there is silence in the large, gloomy chamber until spring comes once more with its promise of food. During all this time no one leaves the warm hearth, except for a few minutes each day, in order to take a mouthful of food or a sup of water.

Not only villages but whole townships hibernate in this singular fashion, and the duration of their sleep is always determined by the order of things, and few of the improvements had met with his sanction. Until Aunt Susan, his sister, had a quiet talk with him.

"Pa thinks theaters are the most wickedest things on earth," ventured Clinton. "I heard him talkin' about 'em to me, and he said they were instituted by Satan himself to make people bad. Then he says they're good."

"Right you are, Clinton," said Chester. "You might as well tell me that Mount Hood bowed to you, as to say Pa will favor such a plan."

"Now, boys and girls, let me manage your father, and I think we can arrange things peaceably with him. We'll play 'Cinderella,' and charge admission, and

Drama at Tai Hat

Aunt Susan Contrives a Fine Production of "Cinderella."

Things had been generally changed in Tai Hat district since the memorable New Year's gathering, carried out by the determination and energy of Clinton, Chester and Mary Bascom and their Aunt Susan. The gathering seemed to have silenced the gossiping and petty jealousies formerly so prevalent, and a more kindly spirit reigned. Progress was the keynote, and anyone visiting Tai Hat, six months after the party, would hardly have known it for the same place. Where once a small log cabin had served for a schoolhouse, a fine, new building now graced the property, donated for educational purposes by the once crabbed, cranky old Grandfather Smith. A singing school, a debating society and a social club met, three evenings a week, in the schoolhouse, thus giving quite a lively aspect to the Tai Hat community.

"This is what I call living," Aunt Susan had exclaimed, one evening, at the conclusion of an exciting debate. "What a difference six months ago!" Mary responded, as she and Clinton walked beside her. Chester had stayed behind to turn out the lights in the schoolhouse.

"At home, years ago," Aunt Susan went on, "we used to have splendid times, giving amateur theatricals. Seems to me we ought to be able to do something of that sort here."

Chester had overtaken them, and the children listened eagerly to her words. It was always Aunt Susan who thought of plans and made it possible to work them out. The children had never seen the old house, and they were sure to be something like fairyland. Their ideas were drawn from stories, Aunt Susan had told them of plays she had seen years before, in her home.

Enthusiastic Mary. "At home, years ago," Aunt Susan went on, "we used to have splendid times, giving amateur theatricals. Seems to me we ought to be able to do something of that sort here."

Chester had overtaken them, and the children listened eagerly to her words. It was always Aunt Susan who thought of plans and made it possible to work them out. The children had never seen the old house, and they were sure to be something like fairyland. Their ideas were drawn from stories, Aunt Susan had told them of plays she had seen years before, in her home.

Enthusiastic Mary. "At home, years ago," Aunt Susan went on, "we used to have splendid times, giving amateur theatricals. Seems to me we ought to be able to do something of that sort here."

Chester had overtaken them, and the children listened eagerly to her words. It was always Aunt Susan who thought of plans and made it possible to work them out. The children had never seen the old house, and they were sure to be something like fairyland. Their ideas were drawn from stories, Aunt Susan had told them of plays she had seen years before, in her home.

Enthusiastic Mary. "At home, years ago," Aunt Susan went on, "we used to have splendid times, giving amateur theatricals. Seems to me we ought to be able to do something of that sort here."

Chester had overtaken them, and the children listened eagerly to her words. It was always Aunt Susan who thought of plans and made it possible to work them out. The children had never seen the old house, and they were sure to be something like fairyland. Their ideas were drawn from stories, Aunt Susan had told them of plays she had seen years before, in her home.

Enthusiastic Mary. "At home, years ago," Aunt Susan went on, "we used to have splendid times, giving amateur theatricals. Seems to me we ought to be able to do something of that sort here."

Chester had overtaken them, and the children listened eagerly to her words. It was always Aunt Susan who thought of plans and made it possible to work them out. The children had never seen the old house, and they were sure to be something like fairyland. Their ideas were drawn from stories, Aunt Susan had told them of plays she had seen years before, in her home.

Enthusiastic Mary. "At home, years ago," Aunt Susan went on, "we used to have splendid times, giving amateur theatricals. Seems to me we ought to be able to do something of that sort here."

Chester had overtaken them, and the children listened eagerly to her words. It was always Aunt Susan who thought of plans and made it possible to work them out. The children had never seen the old house, and they were sure to be something like fairyland. Their ideas were drawn from stories, Aunt Susan had told them of plays she had seen years before, in her home.

Enthusiastic Mary. "At home, years ago," Aunt Susan went on, "we used to have splendid times, giving amateur theatricals. Seems to me we ought to be able to do something of that sort here."

Chester had overtaken them, and the children listened eagerly to her words. It was always Aunt Susan who thought of plans and made it possible to work them out. The children had never seen the old house, and they were sure to be something like fairyland. Their ideas were drawn from stories, Aunt Susan had told them of plays she had seen years before, in her home.

Enthusiastic Mary. "At home, years ago," Aunt Susan went on, "we used to have splendid times, giving amateur theatricals. Seems to me we ought to be able to do something of that sort here."

Chester had overtaken them, and the children listened eagerly to her words. It was always Aunt Susan who thought of plans and made it possible to work them out. The children had never seen the old house, and they were sure to be something like fairyland. Their ideas were drawn from stories, Aunt Susan had told them of plays she had seen years before, in her home.

Enthusiastic Mary. "At home, years ago," Aunt Susan went on, "we used to have splendid times, giving amateur theatricals. Seems to me we ought to be able to do something of that sort here."

Chester had overtaken them, and the children listened eagerly to her words. It was always Aunt Susan who thought of plans and made it possible to work them out. The children had never seen the old house, and they were sure to be something like fairyland. Their ideas were drawn from stories, Aunt Susan had told them of plays she had seen years before, in her home.

Enthusiastic Mary. "At home, years ago," Aunt Susan went on, "we used to have splendid times, giving amateur theatricals. Seems to me we ought to be able to do something of that sort here."

ella ready for the ball then began. Her old dress, after being touched by the wand, dropped off, and she stood arrayed in a dainty gown of pink muslin. When this happened, the audience screamed itself hoarse, but when the crier, containing the mice which were to be turned into prancing horses was brought in and opened, and the frightened little creature, scurried off the stage and out into the crowd, the shrieks grew even louder.

A large pumpkin was next touched with the godmother's wand, whereupon it rolled across the stage and out of sight, and a little wagon, drawn by a couple of big black dogs, frisked on. Cinderella stepped in, and the driver, resplendent in much red chesecloth and gold paper, drove across the stage and into one of the wings. The curtain then went down, in a hurry, and the stagehands got the stage ready for the next act. A litter ran down the front row of the audience, when a quilt, screening the dressing-room from the audience, was blown down by the wind. The Prince, very red in the face, was discovered, standing before a mirror two inches square, and vainly trying to adjust his wig and gorgeous sash. This was more than the small boys could stand, and they howled in glee.

The Second Act. Things were at last straightened out, and the curtain rose on the second act. The ballroom scene was well presented, and, in the glare of the footlights, the costumes, bright and quaint in design, showed with good effect. The clock struck 12, and the slipper was lost, at just the right time and place, by Cinderella, in her flight from the room.

There was considerable suspense, when, in the last act, the elegant Prince came into Cinderella's kitchen, with the slipper in his hand. So anxious was the stepmother to have one of her daughters become the Prince's bride, she had handed a small knife (a potato knife, kindly loaned for the occasion by Mrs. Swamp-ton), to them, with the suggestion that it be used to amputate portions of their feet, in order to make the slipper fit. And while they pared off their toes and heels, Cinderella put on the slipper with ease, and stood up before them all, a charming belle for the happy Prince.

The play closed with a neat little speech by the Prince himself, who announced that the sum of \$40 had been realized from the performance, and that it would be devoted to the purchase of a library for the debating society. He concluded with the announcement that another play would be given a month later. Then the lights were extinguished and everyone went home, delighted.

ALICE M. WELLS.

HE PULLS DOGS' TEETH.

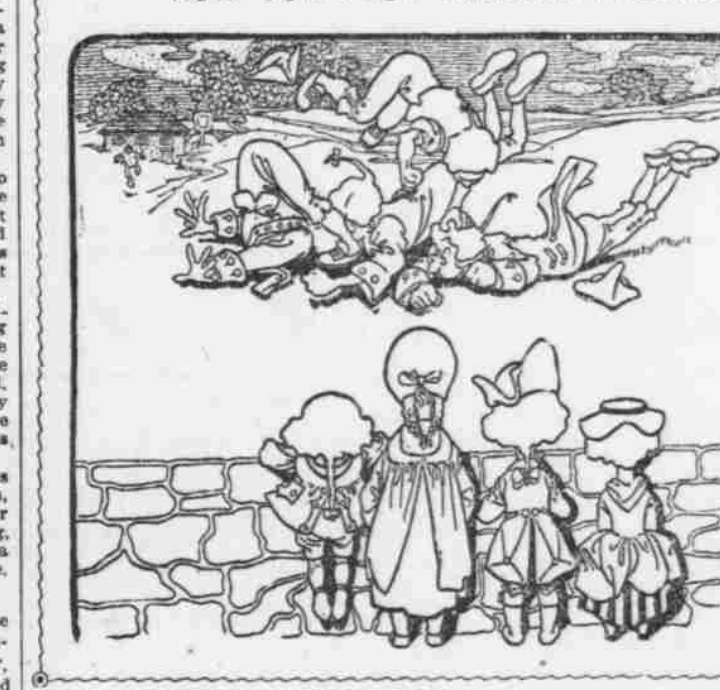
London Dentist Who Relieves Pet Canines of Toothache.

The indulgent American parent of two or three boys and as many girls, each with a pet dog—or, conservatively, with three pets among them—will learn with regret that dogs may have their teeth drawn or filled, says the Youth's Companion.

At present the only dog dentist is supposed to be in London, but there is no telling how soon existence in the United States may be further complicated for the good man who relieves the family blub, by an account with Dr. Stomper, such as: "Filling Fido's bicuspid, 5c." "Crowning Nero, 50c." "Extracting Primmy's right molar under ether, \$1.25."

However, as dogs have teeth, there is

HOW OUR FOUR FATHERS FOUGHT.



no reason why they should not have toothache, and if they have toothache, why should they be taken to a dentist to have the offending teeth drawn?

A good deal of the snapping and snarling of puppies is due to teething. As in infants of the human race, the market is made of girls and boys. It is said that children handle the explosives with more delicacy and are more deft than grown people.

Would You Like a Rat as a Pet? The common rat is a much more intelligent creature than the squirrel or the average cat, says a man who has tamed some of them, and he becomes a different sort of fellow altogether. No longer forced to steal his food, he becomes a playmate and a companion. The sleek and well-groomed gray rat is, barring the ordinary badness of his tail, quite as pretty and graceful a creature as the squirrel, and there is not reason why we should not become so much accustomed to the appearance of him that, in time, we should regard it as quite ornamental.

Behandings. The letters removed from a musical entertainment:

1. Behad part of a boat and leave a fish.

2. Behad to encourage and leave behind time.

3. Behad a story and leave a liquor.

4. Behad a fabric and leave an animal.

5. Behad smallest and leave a point of the compass.

6. Behad a hard, dark colored wood and leave cartilaginous.

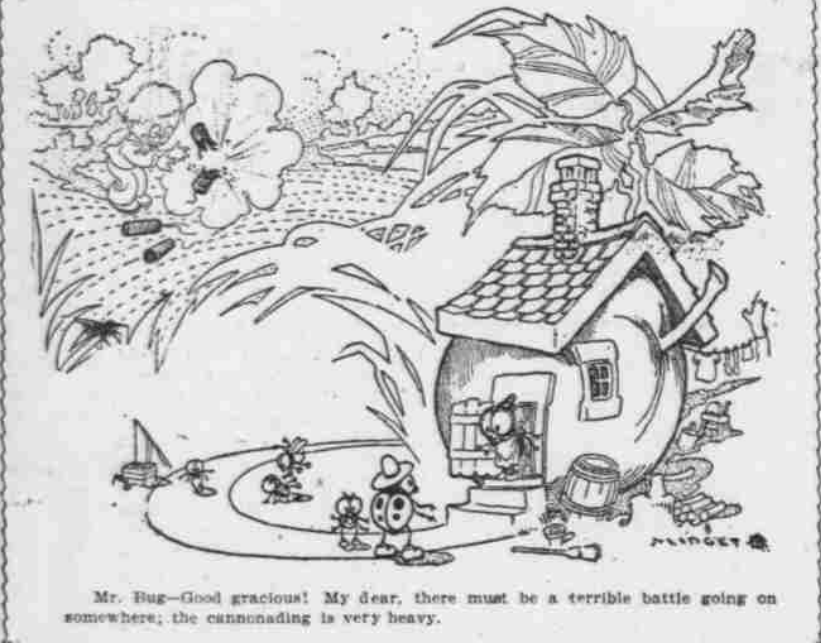
7. Behad to pull and leave uncooked.

8. Behad to bellow and leave something used in a boat.

9. Behad custom and leave a wise man.

10. Behad ditch and leave a grain.

VERY NATURAL SUFFOSITION.



Mr. Bug-Good gracious! My dear, there must be a terrible battle going on somewhere; the commencing is very heavy.

one of the lads; "you can give two whole cents," and in the laugh that followed this tally, the disagreeable feeling vanished from Jimmy's mind.

But it returned again, after he had left his companions. "Every one of the boys gave a dollar, and some gave two," he thought, dejectedly. "Now, if I had just one dollar! But what's the use?" his thoughts ran on, "there's no way of earning one at this short notice."

That evening, when Jimmy's father returned from work, he handed his son two tickets for the circus which had come to town that day, saying, "Here, Jim, are some tickets that Mr. Blatt gave me today. You can go tonight and take one of the other boys."

"Oh, thank you, father!" said Jimmy, delightedly, for circuses, in the little town of H—, were rare occurrences. His thoughts flew back to "Let Carrots stay in," and, when he had finished his dinner, he hurried over to Eddy Gale's.

On the way he passed a large poster, on which was printed, in big, bold letters, under a picture of a hatless boy, astride the neck of a small donkey, whose heels were elevated to the perpendicular, this information:

KICKUM, the wonderful trick donkey, will perform tonight. Any one who comes to the show can have three trials at riding him. The person who rides him once around the ring will be presented with a silver dollar.

There was, more concerning other of the attractions of the circus, but Jimmy got no further. A bright idea struck him; he grinned broadly, cracked his heels together, and after other manifestations of delight, he said, soberly, "I'll try it!"

When Jimmy had left home his father chuckled. Rubbing his hands together, he said, with a fond smile, "I'm proud of the boy; I will make it five, instead of three."

The boys had a splendid time at the circus. Gale was very much excited at all he witnessed, and jumped up and down in his delight. But Jimmy, while he enjoyed the performance, was waiting for

one of the lads; "you can give two whole cents," and in the laugh that followed this tally, the disagreeable feeling vanished from Jimmy's mind.

But it returned again, after he had left his companions. "Every one of the boys gave a dollar, and some gave two," he thought, dejectedly. "Now, if I had just one dollar! But what's the use?" his thoughts ran on, "there's no way of earning one at this short notice."

did it to try you, and I am satisfied with this. And this is the way one Fourth of July was celebrated by one small boy.

MADELINE SMITH.

FOUR CHARMING GIRLS.

Live Close to Nature, Relieved of Trammels of the Schools.

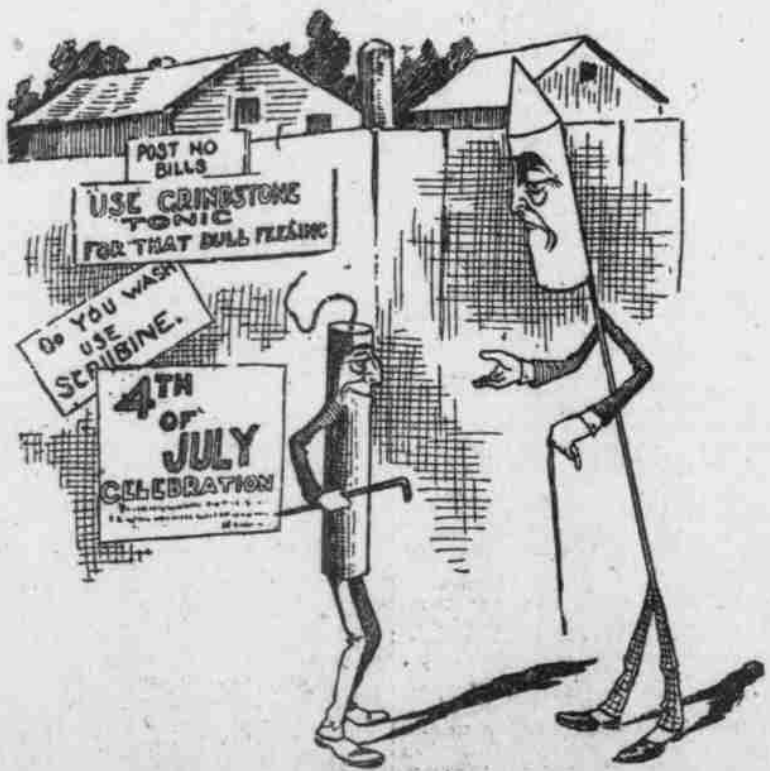
Four girls, daughters of W. H. H. Murray, famous ex-clergyman and writer, otherwise known as "Admiral Murray," live with their father on an old farm near Guilford, Conn., free as the air they breathe from the constraints and restraints of the conventional. They never go to church. They have never been to school. They have no playmates, nor do they want any. They live out of doors, having only the companionship of their father, who devotes nearly all of his time to training them to unconventionalities.

The two older girls are 11 and 13 years old respectively, and in education their chief accomplishment is in the ability to spell and define 15,000 English words. They have learned these at the uniform rate of ten words a day since they reached the age of 8 years.

But, in addition to this, Mr. Murray has insisted upon their being out of doors in all that "out of doors" may convey. The old farm upon which they live has been in the Murray family since 1685, and the father endeavors first of all to instill love for home in the girls. They know every square foot of the old place and can gallop a horse over it on the blackest night of the year. They ride and drive, and dandle and harness their own horses. They climb trees, scramble over fences and take long walks across country. Marbles, battledore and shuttlecock, bathing, pitching and throwing balls, archery, rifle and revolver shooting, fishing, rowing and swimming are their pastimes. They cultivate flowers, graft trees, and study the life of the orchard, wood and fields. Indoors are all the amusements of the old-fashioned home, with a good many of its small duties. Then, at opportune times, are story-telling, reading and romping.

Mr. Murray is a believer in sound bodies as the basis for sound hearts and brains. He has not believed in the exer-

AND HE'LL NEVER COME BACK.



Mr. Fire Cracker—Are you going away this Summer?

Mr. Rocket—Yes; I expect to go off for good the Fourth.