

THE LITTLE FOLKS.

The Cheated Mosquitoes.
Little Gold Locks, who had been
kisses and given and prayers are said
to be a good girl, as she turns out the light
Mosquitoes won't bite my child tonight.
They will try to come in, but won't know how.
For the nets are in the window now.

First Mosquito.—That is the window where we go in!
Second Mosquito.—Is little girl Gold Locks fat?
Third Mosquito.—O, plump as the plumpiest dairy
mouse!
Fourth Mosquito.—And the sweetest morsel in the
house.
Fifth Mosquito.—Hurry, I pray, and lead the way!
Sixth Mosquito.—I haven't had a bite to-day!

First Mosquito.—What have I done against now, I
wonder?
Second Mosquito.—There's something across here,
let's crawl under!
Third Mosquito.—These bars are as large as my
body!
Fourth Mosquito.—I've reached the point of my bill
on the net!
Fifth Mosquito.—I'm slim, perhaps I can crawl
under!
Sixth Mosquito.—Oh! what shall I do? Oh! what
shall I do?
Chorus.—Oh! what shall we do? Oh! what shall
—St. Nicholas.

Two Sides of a Joke.

Tommy came home from school one
summer afternoon, and went out into
the woodshed to do some carpenter work.
He had a few pieces of board, some
nails, a saw, a hatchet, and a jack-knife.
He worked industriously for some time,
until, after much labor and bruised
fingers, he succeeded in fashioning a
sort of rule box with a movable top or
lid. Having done this, he stopped for
a moment, and viewed his work with
great satisfaction, then picking up a
piece of soft pine, he began to whittle.
Presently Millie came out for a basket of
chips.

"What are you making?" she asked,
putting down her basket and looking at
the box.

"Making a squirrel trap," answered
Tommy, "going to set her down in the
woods. This is the trigger I'm making
now to touch her off, you know. Oh,
there! Plague on it!"

"Why, Tommy Jennings!" exclaimed
Millie, severely. "You oughtn't to
talk that way. Mamma said you must
never talk slang."

"That isn't slang; but then I cut my
finger," replied Tommy, holding up the
wounded member as an excuse. "Didn't
cut it much, though," he added, as he
discovered he was more frightened than
hurt. "I'm glad it wasn't my juggernaut
vein."

"What's that?"
"Oh, that's a vein way up in the
neck," answered Tommy, in a patronizing
way. "It's the blue vein that you're
a goner, sure!" I heard Uncle Hiram
tell about it."

Millie was just going to ask another
question, with a view to obtain more in-
formation, when Bridget's voice called
from the kitchen door.

"Ceme, Millie, it's melfs in waitin'
for him chips to be makin' the fire."

Millie hastily filled her basket, and
hurried into the kitchen. She came back
immediately, however, and stood watch-
ing Tommy as he worked.

"That kind of a trap isn't one bit like
the one Jack the Giant-killer made to
catch the giant in," she observed, as
Tommy, after finishing the trigger, be-
gan to place it in position.

"Ho! of course it isn't," answered
Tommy. "Jack the Giant-killer just dug
a deep hole, and covered it over
with sticks and leaves. You couldn't
catch the squirrels in such a trap as
that; they'd just jump out as soon as
they fell in."

"Mebbe, though, if we made one
down in the woods, we might catch a
little Indian girl, or a little bear, or
something," urged Millie. "Wouldn't
it be real nice if we could? I'd like best
to catch a real live Indian girl, wouldn't
you?" And the blue eyes sparkled
under the sun bonnet at the thought.

Tommy shook his head doubtfully.
"I don't believe there's any Indians or
bears round here now," he said. "They
are gone long ago. You know, Oh
Millie! I know what we'll do; we'll
make one anyhow," he added with a
sudden thought.

Millie did not reply; she only looked
up with a question in her eyes, as she
felt perfectly sure that whatever Tom-
my proposed must certainly be just the
thing to do.

"Why, you see," exclaimed Tommy,
"we'll make a trap like the path
that leads up from the factory, and
then we'll hide in the bushes and see
the factory boys and girls come
along, and they'll tumble into it like
everything. It'll just be lots of fun,
won't it?"

"When will we do it?" asked Millie.

"Why, right away; we'll have plenty
of time before the factory stops," an-
swered Tommy, so full of mischievous
plans that the squirrel trap lost all in-
terest just then, and he ran away to the
barn to hunt up the spade.

Now, I think Tommy and Millie did
not intend any wrong; they did not stop
to think of what effect their fun might
possibly have. And right here I will
like to give you little boys and
girls a piece of advice. Whenever you
think of playing a joke on any one, ask
yourselves whether the joke might
possibly have any bad results. If you
can't answer it, then you may consider it
tolerably certain that the joke would be
wrong.

Tommy soon found the spade; then he
and Millie hurried down toward the
grove, through which a small footpath
wound up from the factory to the vil-
lage. It was somewhat difficult finding
a good spot to dig, for the ground in
the path was so hard that Tommy's
small strength could hardly make any
impression. But after several trials
they found a place they thought would
do, and then Tommy began to work
very industriously—more so, I think,
than he would had it been some good,
useful work—and at last completed a
hole about two feet deep.

"There!" he exclaimed, throwing
down the spade and wiping a very red
face with his jacket-sleeve. "I guess
that'll do; no we'll get the sticks and
things."

A quantity of sticks and leaves were
speedily brought and placed over the
hole, covering it from sight; the loose
dirt was then removed, and every trace
of the ground having been disturbed
carefully concealed. They were none
too soon, however, for just as they had
finished their work the factory bell
rang out for six o'clock, and a crowd of
men, boys and girls were seen hurrying
along the path.

"Come! we must be quick or they'll
see us," said Tommy, catching hold
of Millie's hand and pulling her along
in a clump of bushes near by. "Now
just keep real still and see 'em fall in.
My! but won't they be scared!"

No more was said, and two pairs of
bright eyes looked out for the expected

fun. But some way the "falling in"
did not take place. Whether the fac-
tory people saw the trap, or whether
they escaped it accidentally, the chil-
dren could not make out; but certainly
no one stepped into it.

"It's too late! It's just all missed
it," said Tommy, disappointedly, as the
last one passed by. "But—oh, there
come some more!"

Millie looked out to see who they
were. "Oh, dear, it's papa!" she ex-
claimed, excitedly, "he'll just fall and
get hurt!"

It was indeed Mr. Jennings, and be-
side him walked Annie Burns, a poor,
crippled girl, who supported herself and
an aged mother by working in the fac-
tory. All desire for fun had now died
out in the children's heart; they only
waited in breathless hope that these
two would escape as the others had. But
they did not. Poor Annie placed her
foot on the treacherous leaves, and in
an instant fell to the earth with a cry
of pain and terror. At this unfortu-
nate ending of their scheme Millie
sprang out from the bushes, while
Tommy followed more slowly. Their
father saw them approach.

"Children, did you have anything to
do with that?" he demanded, sternly.

Tommy did not answer; but Millie
sighed out the whole story. "We
were just playing, papa," she said in
conclusion; "we meant it only for fun."
"Only for fun," repeated papa, gravely.
"And my little boy and girl
were following me down the hill, and
they were having fun even at the
pain of others."

He said no more, but lifting poor
crippled Annie to her feet he assisted her
to her home in the village.

Tommy followed the aged mother, the child-
ren passed—awaiting papa's return.
And when he came and told them of the
sprained ankle, the pain and confinement
of Annie Burns would have to un-
derstand the expense of the cure, and
caused, then it was that Tommy took
out a little note-book papa had given
him, and wrote the following:

"A good rule:—'I'll have no fun
that makes me sprain my ankles.'
And I hope Tommy will keep his re-
solution; don't you?—The Methodist."

Living in a Light-House.

Light-houses are strange and lonely
homes for men to live in. Some of
them are perched out on the ocean, with
nothing but a lone lighthouse keeper and
his family for company. The keepers are
less see forever beating and moaning
around them. The keepers of these do
not see other human faces than their
own in a quarter of a year. Night and
day, the light shines, and the waves
whisper by a sail that appears for a lit-
tle while and then floats out of sight,
below the horizon. They might be out
of the world, for all they knew of its
existence, its losses and its gains, its
victories and its defeats, the changes that
each day brings forth. There are other
light-houses situated on the coast, but
these are not so lonely as the one we
are talking of.

One of the most interesting light-houses
in the world is the one situated on the
coast of Norway. It is a very small
house, and the keeper and his family
live in it. The light shines from a
tower in the center of the house. The
keeper and his family live in the house,
and the light shines from the tower.

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Max Adeler's Grapevine.

I have not been very successful, says
Max Adeler in the Danbury News,
with my experiments in grape culture.
I bought a vine some time ago, and the
man who sold the cutting to me en-
joined me to be careful to water it
thoroughly every day. I did so, but it
did not seem to prosper. I was disap-
pointed, and I thought I would try
to get a better one. I went to the
neighborly Pitman what he thought
was the matter with it, and when I
mentioned that I watered it daily he
said:

"Be gracious, Adeler, that'd kill any
one! A grapevine don't want no arti-
ficial waterin'."

Then he advised me to discontinue
the process and to wash the vine with
sopsuds in order to kill the bugs. My
duty to know why it still didn't
thrive was relieved some time after-
ward by overhearing a man in the cars re-
mark that "some men kill their grape-
vines by their durned foolery in puttin'
sopsuds on 'em." He said that all a
grapevine wanted was to have the earth
about it loosened now and then with
spade. Then I began to dig around
my vine every morning, but one day,
while engaged in the exercise, Cooley
came and leaned over the fence and
said:

"Adeler, you'll kill that tree vine if
you don't stop diggin' at it. Nothin'
burts a vine worse than disturbin'
the soil around the roots, now mind
you. That vine don't want nothin', but to
be trained up on a trellis an' fastened with
wire."

I ordered a trellis that afternoon, and
tied tender shoots of the vine to the
cross-pieces. The job cost me \$34. In
the following morning, however, I re-
ceived an agricultural paper that if a man
wants to ruin a grapevine, the quickest way
to tie it up with wire, as the oxidation
destroys the bark. So I took off the
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Scene of the First Revolutionary Battle.

Lexington (Mass.) Cor. Chicago Tribune.
The town is at a stand-still. The
grass-encroachments upon the sandy
streets tell their own story. Just as it
was twenty years ago, it is now; and
though I have seen many changes in
my long life, since passed to assist me in
my wanderings, I had no difficulty in
finding my way to spots around which
so many pleasant memories cluster.

I sat contentedly under the shadows of
the grand old elms lining the streets on
either side, or looked about me to find
few signs of life. I could not realize that
here, in this "Sleepy Hollow," where a
man might sleep longer than even Rip
Van Winkle did, was struck the first
hard blow for American rights. The
place was more quiet, it was still.

Even the twitter of the birds was softer
than in the midst of stirring life, and in-
stinctively I tried softly, lest the passing
footfall might wake them from their
sleep. Perhaps it is fitting that noth-
ing of newness should enter in, but the
town should be undisturbed in its
dreamy quiet, consciously proud of the
fact that here, 100 years ago, was heard
the birthcry of the nation; that back to
this spot, in all time to come, every
mind must revert when it dwells on the
New World made free.

In the spring of 1775, a band of
men gave their life for their country.
To-day, a modest shaft marks the spot
where they fell, and tells the story of
their patriotism and their sacrifice. The
fact that here, 100 years ago, was heard
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