

# FOR EVERY BOY AND GIRL

## DUMPLING'S WONDERFUL VOYAGE.

By E. BOYD SMITH.

Of a balloon," cried Dumpling suddenly, came interested in the different places which he as the boys of the little town of Bon-passed over. "How tiny the houses are in that hour, in France, were getting ready for town!" he thought; "and how small the trees are! a game of marbles one afternoon. And, oh, there's the sea!" True enough; for Dumpling, And, true enough, there was a bal-ling's cloud was rapidly carrying him out over the loon sailing over the wood and coming ocean. Suddenly, he became frightened. "Oh, I toward the village. At once all was excitement, for shall be drowned!" he cried. "Oh, I want to go a balloon was a rare sight to the boys. As it ap-back! I must go back!"

proached, the occupants of the basket dropped a. He was very much frightened at the idea of stay- long rope, shouting to them to catch hold and making out all night, and on a cloud too. It was bad it fast to a post. They wished to come down. Thenough in the daytime, when he could at least see boys ran eagerly for the rope; but the balloon was where he was going; but now, at night, he might going too fast, and they were unable to hold it.

"Take a turn around that post," called one of the men from above. But before the eager boys, tugging with all their might, could do as they were asked, a sudden gust lifted the balloon, and they, carried off their feet, were dragged along, their toes barely touching the ground.

"Let go, let go!" shouted the men, alarmed lest the boys should be hurt. The boys, now somewhat frightened, let the rope slide through their hands, and tumbled and rolled on the ground, unable to stop themselves. But Dumpling, as always, was too slow: the last to take hold, he was now the last to let go. In fact, he did not let go at all; for just as he was making up his mind to do so, the balloon, freed from the weight of the other boys, rose with a jump, carrying him high up from the ground.

"Stop, hold on, stop! I want to get down," cried poor Dumpling, now very anxious to let go. But the men above cried out to him to hold on for dear life, for they saw that should he fall from such a height he would surely be hurt, and perhaps seriously. So Dumpling set his teeth and held on.

At last, quite low down, he found himself draping across Mère Seigle's garden. The linen was hanging out on the lines to dry. Now was Dumpling's chance; he decided to drop; but just as he had come to this conclusion, a sheet flapped around his



AWAY HE WENT, WITH SEVERAL OF MÈRE SEIGLE'S BEST SHEETS AND TABLE-CLOTHS HANGING ABOUT HIS NECK.

head and so bewildered him that he forgot to let go. "Get out of that! Get away from that clean linen," angrily cried Mère Seigle.

Poor Dumpling wished to: he had n't come there of his own free will. And he did get away; for the balloon suddenly rose again, dragging him across the clothes-lines. They broke, and away he went, with several of Mère Seigle's best sheets and table-cloths hanging about his neck.

"Come back, come back, you thief!" she shouted. Dumpling would have liked only too well to come back, but the balloon was in too much of a hurry. Another strong gust of wind, and away they sailed, this time high above the houses. Dumpling shut his eyes in terror; but he held on. Far down below, the other boys, in open-mouthed horror, watched him sail away.

The men in the balloon were having trouble themselves to keep from falling out, as the basket rocked dangerously, shaken by every squall. And they could not pull Dumpling in as they had intended. When Dumpling, nearly out of breath, again opened his eyes, he saw, beneath him, the village, looking like a collection of tiny toy houses. The boys were only little black specks.

"Oh, dear," he thought, "how shall I ever get down?"

But higher and still higher flew the balloon. Soon they were among the clouds. These looked temptingly soft to Dumpling.

"I think I'd rather be on a cloud than dragging along like a tail to a kite," he said. And the more he thought about the clouds, the more he liked the idea of trying one. At last a big round cloud just below seemed to invite him.

"I've a mind to drop down on it," he said to himself; for he was getting very tired of holding on to the rope, and it hurt his hands.

The temptation was too great to resist. Dumpling let go. Wh-r-r-r-r! he shot down through the air, while the sheets were released and whirled up and away. He alighted in the middle of the soft cloud without a shock; it felt like a featherbed. He was delighted; it was so much more comfortable than the end of a rope. The balloon soon disappeared, still going up, and he found himself alone.

"Now this is very well so far," said Dumpling; "but how shall I get home in time for supper?"

He crawled over to the edge to look down: but all he could see at first was more clouds.

And, to his surprise, they all seemed to be going in different directions. At last, beneath them, he saw the earth far down below. "Oh, I'll never get back in time," he thought.

As he looked the land seemed to slide away from beneath him. For a while he could not understand this; but he soon discovered the reason—his cloud was moving along all the time. And now he be-

said away to some distant, savage country, he knew not where, and in the morning he so far from home that he could never get back. He might even go to China, he thought, away to the other end of the world. And his heart sank as he thought of it. Poor lost Dumpling tried hard to keep awake; but he was tired from so much excitement and such unusual exercise, and his eyes closed in spite of all he could do to keep them open. The cloud was soft and comfortable, so at last he fell asleep.

The sun was shining brightly when he awoke. He looked down from his cloud to see where he was. All below him was a great desert of rocky plains, burnt and dry from the heat of the sun. Here and there he saw droves of sheep and oxen, and occasionally a man or two; but they looked very foreign to him.

And now Dumpling discovered that he was hungry. And the sun became hotter and hotter. He crawled down into a shadowy nook of his cloud to try to keep cool. While he sat there, reflecting over his mishap and wondering where he could get a breakfast, he discovered that his cloud had grown smaller while he was sleeping. And even now, as he looked, it seemed to be breaking up. It also became thinner and more transparent, and he was surprised to find that he could almost see through it. The hot sun was drying it up.

In the course of a few hours, though to Dumpling it seemed a much shorter time, the larger part of his cloud had melted away before his eyes. Here was a new danger. What would become of him if it disappeared entirely?

He no longer could move about on it with safety, for steadily big pieces would break off and float away. And now he noticed that the remnant of the cloud was also getting nearer to the earth all the time.

"If it only holds together till I get there!" he thought to himself. But he very much feared that it could not last long enough to let him down in safety. Now he saw houses, plenty of them. He was just over a great city; he could see it stretching away in every direction. And what strange houses! He had never seen the like before. They were of such odd shapes, like great wooden tents, and all brightly colored.

"Perhaps it's China," he thought.

Here the cloud began breaking up in a most alarming manner. Piece after piece broke off and melted away into the air. Dumpling scrambled from each shifting piece to another, and held on for dear life. But they kept growing thinner and thinner. To his horror, he found that his feet went through and left holes. He felt that he must soon fall unless things changed at once. But the sun grew hotter and hotter, and the cloud still melted away before it. Dumpling felt himself rapidly sinking. He tried to hold to the last lump



THEY PROSTRATED THEMSELVES AT HIS FEET.

of cloud, but it vanished in his arms. He shut his eyes, for he knew that now he was lost. Down, down he rushed through the air. Thud! He had struck something. Crack! crash! It gave way. Splash! Dumpling had landed.

For a moment he was dazed; but a great clamor and shouting made him open his eyes. He looked up. Above him was a hole which he had made in the bamboo roof. He looked down. He was sitting in the middle of a big fountain. Now he understood why he was not hurt. He looked about him. Strange people were shouting and waving their hands. Some were on their knees, as though worshipping before him.

"It is the Child of the Sun," they cried. "He has come to us from the sky!" At once they helped Dumpling out of the water. They took off his wet clothes and put a rich robe around him; then they sat him on fine cushions and brought him all sorts of strange food and drink, which they placed before him. Then they prostrated themselves at his feet, while musicians beat gongs and sang what seemed tuneless songs.

Dumpling was so bewildered that he forgot to be frightened. But when the food was presented to him he remembered that he had had no dinner the day before, nor breakfast that morning. He forgot everybody in his hunger, and ate until he could eat no more, for Dumpling always had a good appetite. And those who watched him said to one another that he must be a god, for no mere human being could eat so much.

Next he looked about him. What strange men these were! He had never seen any such before. He would have been afraid, but he saw that they seemed to fear him. This gave him courage. "I wonder if I'm in China," he thought.

He asked where he was, but of course they could not understand him.

"They are Chinamen," he thought.

"He is a god," they thought. "He speaks a celestial language which we do not know."

And again they bowed down before him.

Dumpling had fallen through the roof of the prince's palace. To every one of course it was evident that he had come straight from heaven; they knew well that no ordinary person lived in the clouds. The prince gave up his best throne to him; so overcome was he by this great honor that the gods had done him.

Messengers were sent running through the city to announce the wonderful event; and soon the people came in multitudes to see the Child of the Sun. Dumpling was carried to the temple on a golden throne, while all the populace of the city fell down on their faces as he was borne before them.

Dumpling thought they looked very funny with their smooth-shaved heads, and long pigtails of hair hanging down their backs. And their eyes, too, were queer, running up at the corners. And they wore strange shoes and strange clothes. It all looked very funny to him. When he smiled at them the people shouted in their joy; for they thought it a sign of his great favor, and that he would bring them much happiness and glory.

For the first few days he enjoyed himself, seeing the strange things, the beautiful palaces, and the flowery gardens. A guard of soldiers always carried him about; and since they could not understand

The Chinese boys were very fond of flying kites, and as soon as there was any breeze they were out at play. In the palace Dumpling saw some immense kites of odd shapes, bigger than men, asked the people, by signs, to fly them. They answered, by signs, that they needed much more wind. At last, one day there was a strong breeze; the big kites were taken out, and Dumpling was delighted to see great clouds high up in the sky.

"Oh, if I could only get up to them!" he thought. The men sent up the big kites. One of them pulled so hard that it took two men to hold it. As soon as it was up along way in the sky, almost to the clouds, it seemed to Dumpling, they tied it firmly to a post. Then they came bowing to Dumpling, the Child of the Sun, to show him that they had fulfilled his command. They invited him to feel how strongly it pulled. Dumpling was surprised to find that he could not move the great kite, though he used all his strength. Suddenly he thought, "A kite may do as well as a balloon to carry me up to the clouds." The more he thought of this, the more he was convinced that the idea would work. He was very homesick and very desperate. "I will try it, at any rate," he said at last; "I want to go home." So, while his unsuspecting attendants watched him adoringly, he suddenly cut the line which held the kite, and, holding on to it firmly, away he sailed.

The prince and his guards, when they saw him go, fell down on their faces, crying, "The Child of the Sun is vexed with us, and he has gone back to his house in the sky."

The kite soon carried Dumpling up among the clouds; and as he was now so used to traveling in this way, he easily dropped off upon a soft, thick one, and soon was speeding away toward home.

As he had made an early start, he reached his own part of the world just before dark.

He skillfully dropped from one cloud to another, until quite near the earth. When he approached his home his cloud, swayed by a gust of wind and his weight, passed close over the tops of the forest trees. Dumpling managed to drop in the branches, and, after some trouble, succeeded in climbing down to the ground, once again safely at home.

"Heh! Dumpling! I say, Dumpling! Where are you?"

Dumpling rubbed his eyes and looked out. There he saw the other boys with lanterns in their hands. It was quite dark. They were looking for him.

"Indeed, but you do sleep well!" said Victor. "Did n't you hear the supper bell?"

"We thought you were lost, and have been hunting for you for the last hour," added George.

"What have you been dreaming about this time, Dumpling?" asked Howard, laughing.

But Dumpling would not tell. In fact, he is not sure yet whether it was a dream or not.



ABOVE HIM WAS A HOLE WHICH HE HAD MADE IN THE BAMBOO ROOF.

### THE LIGHT OF THE FIREFLY.

What a pleasure it is to watch the brilliant, intermittent sparkling of the fireflies over the lawn and in the shrubbery! On some warm evenings in summer the vanishing and reappearing of these innumerable little lights is very beautiful.

These so-called "fireflies" are not flies at all, but beetles that have soft-shelled flexible wing-covers, instead of those that are hard and shell-like or metallic, as is usually the case in the beetle family.

There are several kinds of the "lightning-beetles" in different parts of the country. In our common firefly, the two end joints at the rear of the body are of a sulphur-yellow color. From these the strange, bright, phosphorescent light is given out. It is produced by the action of the nervous system, at the will of the insect, upon a peculiar formation of microscopic cells at this part of the body.

A famous firefly of Brazil is called the *cucuja*. In some tropical countries there is a large firefly called the *Pyrophorus*, that gives a steady light, not flashing like our firefly, and is brought alive to the United States and sold as an ornament.

### PONE-BREAD.

By GRACE MACGOWAN COOKE.

Little Bobby Black,  
He's a-singin' for a snack,  
An' what shall we make him from de meal in de sack?  
Go chunk up de fire wid a piece o' hick'ry wood,  
Mix up de dough,  
Pat it on de hoe—  
An', sinner, did y' ever taste hoe-cake?  
Oh, sinner, did y' ever eat ash-cake?  
Ef y' didn't, y' don' know what's good.

A little old man  
with a shiny bald head  
Was told by his wife  
they were all out of bread  
He puchered his lips  
and replied with a frown,  
Then bring me some toast  
that is crusty and brown.