

FOR EVERY BOY AND GIRL

The Prince of the Toadstool City. A FAIRY TALE.

By M. BOWLEY.

There were great rejoicings in the Toadstool City because the Prince was now grown up, and had taken the government into his own hands, having removed from the regency the Chief Councilor, who had really reigned as head of the state for many years, while the Prince was very young.

And every one said the Prince must now marry the pretty Princess whom the councilors had selected, and must live at the Royal Palace in state, as his fathers had done before him. This Princess was the daughter of a neighboring king, and she lived on the mountain at the other side of the lake.

But an unforeseen difficulty arose. The Prince had been much spoiled by his nurses and his tutors and attendants, and he had become very whimsical; and now he announced that he would not marry a golden-haired princess. He was tired of them. Princes were always expected to marry golden-haired princesses, and he did not intend to do exactly as every other prince did. He called the Chief Councilor, and told him he must find him a princess "as beautiful as the dawn," and that her hair must be "as black as the raven's feathers."

The Chief Councilor bowed to the ground, and made no reply; but he thought within himself: "Whoever heard of a prince wanting a black-haired princess? Such disregard of all tradition will lead to harm."

However, the Chief Councilor knew the Prince would not allow any argument; so, like a wise man, he made the best of the situation. He took the Second Councilor aside, and agreed that while this official should watch over the welfare of the country, he, the Chief Councilor, should go abroad, to find and bring back a princess such as the Prince had described.

He set out that night, and the next day he was far from the Toadstool City. He consulted eminent persons of many countries; but they always shook their heads, and said they had not heard of a black-haired princess, and that they could give him no assistance.

One day, as he sat resting on a great stone at the side of the road, the retinue of the Bee-Queen came by. The Chief Councilor himself was of exalted rank, and did not hesitate to make known to her Majesty that he desired an interview.

As soon as he had explained the object of his quest, to the Bee-Queen, she clapped her hands for joy. She took him home with her, and introduced him to a dainty young lady whose hair was as black as velvet and whose eyes were as blue as the corn-flowers.

The Chief Councilor was delighted with his success; he could hardly believe it.

"And she is really a princess?" he inquired.

"She is my own daughter," said the Bee-Queen.

So the Chief Councilor and the daughter of the Bee-Queen set out for the Toadstool City.

The Prince was very much pleased with the appearance of the Bee-Princess. He gave the Chief Councilor a ring with great sapphires in it. "They are like the Princess's eyes," he said.

Now, when the wedding-day arrived, it happened that it was very windy. And as they rode along under the swaying garlands of flowers and the waving flags, the hair of the Bee-Princess was blown about, though she tried hard to keep it down. At last her long white veil flew off, and as the Prince turned to catch it for

her, he saw that only the upper part of her hair was dark, while the hair underneath was orange-yellow!

The Prince was exceedingly angry. He ordered the carriage stopped, and the whole wedding-party returned. He even took back the sapphire ring from the Chief Councilor and made the Second Councilor chief in his place.

satisfied himself that her hair was black all through.

The Moth-Princess and the second Chief Councilor hurried on the wedding, lest the autumn had weather should commence. It was still fine when the day arrived. But no sooner had they started than a thunder-storm came on and it began to rain heavily. The gardens dripped water upon the people, and the limp flags clung round the staffs.

Then the Prince was amazed as he looked at the Moth-Princess, for he saw that streaks of purple dye



THE PRINCESS CALLED THE CHIEF COUNCILOR, AND TOLD HIM HE MUST FIND A PRINCESS "AS BEAUTIFUL AS THE DAWN."

The Bee-Princess was sent home in tears, and the second Chief Councilor immediately started in the opposite direction, to find another princess, with hair as black as the raven's feathers.

He had not traveled many days before reports reached him of a black-haired princess among the Moths, who lived in a neighboring town. For he had talked freely about the matter of his search, and as it had not been any fault of his own, he made no secret of the ill success of the first Chief Councilor.

Without any misadventure, he reached the place where the Princess was reported to be.

As soon as he saw her the second Chief Councilor rejoiced; for she was very beautiful, though her eyes were glowing green.

"You are quite sure she is a princess?" he asked.

"She is my own daughter," said the Emperor Moth.

But alas for the Councilor's hopes! He raised a look of her dark hair to make sure it was not yellow underneath, and lo!—it was spotted with scarlet.

Then the second Chief Councilor thought of a trick. He would dye the scarlet spots with the juice of blackberries! And to this the Princess consented.

In due course they reached the Toadstool City, and the Prince liked her well when he saw the beauty of the Moth-Princess.

He gave the second Chief Councilor a ring of emeralds, and appointed the wedding-day, having first

were running down her face and over her rich embroidered robes. And he guessed at once that her hair had been dyed.

The Prince was more angry than any one had ever seen him before.

He sent the Moth-Princess away to the Emperor, with the blackberry-juice staining her face and her grand wedding-dress all over ugly stripes. Then he took back the emerald ring from the second Chief Councilor, and made him third, and the former Third Councilor he made chief.

So in this way the third and youngest Councilor's turn came. He had learned wisdom from the disgrace into which the others had fallen, and he determined to let neither carelessness nor dishonesty deprive him of the exalted position to which he had so unexpectedly attained.

He journeyed for many days and weeks, finding no one at all who met the requirements of the Prince, until one day, as he passed through a wood, he saw a lovely lady sitting on the fallen leaves, weeping. She had a silk scarf wound about her head, but by the jewels upon her hands and on her shoes he knew she must be a princess.

She looked up as the third Chief Councilor spoke to her. She was as beautiful as the dawn, and her eyes, full of tears shone like diamonds.

"Why do you weep alone here in the woods, Princess?" he said.

She threw back the silk scarf from about her head, and as it fell he saw her hair was as black as the raven's feathers.

"It is because of my hair," she said. "All my six golden-haired sisters are married, for princes love fair princesses, and no one will ever care for me." Whereupon she wept more bitterly than before.

But great was the joy of the third Chief Councilor, and the Princess's tears were dried when he explained to her how he had long been searching for just such a lady as herself.

He set her behind him on his white horse, and they rode back the way he had come.

It was midwinter when they arrived. The Prince came out, and he took the hand of the black-haired Princess, and led her into the palace; and he loved her more than the six princesses loved her six fair sisters—who, by the way, all came to their sister's wedding.

The snowflakes fell, and sparkled, and melted on the bride's long hair, and the wind blew it in clouds about her face. The ravens saw it as the procession passed by. They circled round in flocks, and screamed for jealousy, until the trumpeters had to blow their trumpets more loudly than ever to drown the noise of their screaming.

The third Chief Councilor sat nearest of any one to the Prince and Princess at the wedding-feast. He wore a great ring of diamonds; and all the rest of his life he was the First Adviser to the court of the Toadstool City. So was faithful service rewarded.



YE MOTH-PRINCESS & YE 2ND CHIEF COUNCILOR

TWO WAYS OF DOING.

(A Kindergarten Motion Song.)

By Grace F. Pennypacker.



There was a little bird so gay, (1) gay, (1) gay, (1) Said a boy, (2) "Little bird, will you stay, stay, stay?" (3)

Said the bird, "I really fear (4)

That I cannot linger here, (5)

As I do not care for that kind of play, play, play." (6)

There was a little bird so gay, (1) gay, (1) gay, (1) Said a girl, (2) "Little bird, will you stay, stay, stay?" (7)

Said the bird, "I do not mind, (8)

Since you are so very kind, (9)

And I'll sing a little song for your pay, pay, pay." (10)

MOTIONS.

1. Clap hands.
2. Drop on one knee.
3. Aim with bow and arrow.
4. Shake head for no.
5. Step back.
6. Flying motion with arm.
7. Scatter crumbs.
8. Nod head for yes.
9. Hop forward.
10. Duck, salute, and run off.



OUR QUEER LANGUAGE.

By Edwin L. Sabin.

When the English tongue we speak
Why is "break" not rhymed with "freak"?
Will you tell me why it's true
We say "saw," but likewise "few";
And the maker of a verse
"Cannot cap his 'horse' with 'worse'?"
"Beard" sounds not the same as "heard";
"Cord" is different from "word";
"Cow" is cow, but "low" is low;
"Shoe" is never rhymed with "foe."
Think of "hose" and "dose" and "lose";
And of "goose"—and yet of "chose."
Think of "comb" and "tomb" and "bomb";
"Doll" and "roll"; and "home" and "some."
And since "pay" is rhymed with "say,"
Why not "paid" with "said," I pray.
We have "blood" and "food" and "good";
"Mould" is not pronounced like "could."
Wherefore "done," but "gone" and "lone"?
Is there any reason known?
And, in short, it seems to me
Sounds and letters disagree.

"O-U-G-H": Or, The Cross Farmer.

A farmer's boy, starting to plough,
Once harnessed an ox with a cough;
But the farmer came out,
With a furious shout,
And told him he didn't know hough.
In a manner exceedingly rough,
He proceeded to bluster and blough;
He scolded and scowled,
He raved and he howled,
And declared he'd have none of such stough.
At length with a growl and a cough,
He dragged the poor boy to the trough,
And ducking him in
Till wet to his chin,
Discharged him and ordered him ough.

And now my short story is through—

And I will not assert that it's tough,

But it's chiefly designed

To impress on your mind

What wonders our spelling can do.

And I hope that you will grant that although

It may not be smoothest in flogh,

It has answered its end

If it only shall tend

To prove what I meant it to shough.

Prof. D. S. Martin.

THEIR NICKNAMES.

By B. D. S.

Some children that I know, possess
Of nicknames half a score;
One is "Theo"—"Teddy"—"Ted,"
Though christened ———.

The next is scarcely called aright
By any haps or chances:—

"T is 'Fanny'—'Frankie'—'Frank' and 'Fau,'

Though her real name is ———.

Then "Larry"—"Laurie"—"Lanty" comes

(Though he always writes it ———);

And his sister twin, whom most address

As "Flo" or "Floy" for ———.

The last is "Lizzie"—"Betty"—"Bess"

"Bettina"—and "Elsbeth"—

"Betsy"—"Lisa"—"Beth"—"Bet"—"Lib" ———

And she's ———.

A SALAMANDER.

By Frank E. Channon.

It was a warm corner. Day after day the French soldiers had pushed their batteries nearer and nearer toward the besieged town, and now one could look out from behind the breastworks and plainly see the faces of the Austrian artillery-men, as they stuck to their guns with grim determination and sent their shots flying into the French forts.

In one of these little mud-constructed forts, a small party of French soldiers, under the command of a corporal, were busily engaged in returning the fire of the enemy.

The corporal, a tall, gaunt young fellow of twenty, was directing the work of his men. Often he leaped to the ramparts to note what effect the fire of his guns was producing.

"Truly," said one of the soldiers, as the corporal jumped back among them, "thou art a veritable salamander, for thou canst stand fire."

"Who is a salamander?" inquired a gruff voice from the rear of the smoke-filled battery.

The soldiers turned and saw standing there a small, pale-faced man, in a general's uniform.

One of the men pointed toward the corporal.

"It is he, general," he replied.

"A salamander! We will see!" reiterated the officer, as he ran his eye over the corporal. "Can you write?" he inquired.

"Yes, my general."

"Follow me, then." Out into the shot-swept open the two passed, walking side by side.

"You seem," remarked the general, pleasantly, "to be at least a foot taller than I. Kindly walk on this side," and he indicated the side nearest the enemy. "It will be a great protection to me."

Without a word the corporal took the place.

Just at that moment a shell burst directly over their heads, but did them no harm.

The officer cast a quick glance at his companion. He was not in the least flurried. He did not even quicken his pace.

Presently they reached and entered a battery which was the nearest of all to the Austrian lines. It was filled with dead and wounded soldiers. Only one gun remained standing.

Calmly seating himself on a broken gun-carriage, the general gave the corporal paper and quill and ink, and commanded him to write as he began to dictate a letter.

The corporal's hand did not shake. He wrote almost as rapidly as the general spoke.

Suddenly, just as the letter was finished, there was a deafening report, and a huge cannon-ball passed close above them and buried itself with a dull thud in the earth beyond. The wind caused by its passage overturned the two, and dust and dirt completely covered them.

The general picked himself up in an instant. Calmly leaping upon the ramparts, the corporal waved the finished letter defiantly toward the Austrian lines.

"Thanks, my friends," he shouted. "You have saved me the trouble of blotting it."

A look of genuine admiration crept into the eyes of the general.

"What is your name?" he asked harshly.

"Corporal Junot of the Ninth Foot, general."

"Say rather 'Captain Junot,' for I cannot afford to let such fellows as you remain corporals"; and General Bonaparte—for it was he—clapped the young man on the shoulder.

Eight years later Marshal Junot was decorated with the grand cross of the Legion of Honor by the Emperor Napoleon.

TWO KINDS OF CLOCKS

BY TUDOR JENKS.



"You're never-right," growled the grandfather clock,
To the clock from over the sea;
"When not too fast, you're very slow,
Why don't you go by me?"

"You do keep time," said the little clock,
"For that all look to you.
It's enough for me that the children love
To hear my soft, 'cuckoo!'"

