

YOUNG FOLKS.

The New Noah's Ark.

"What are you going to make for our fair, Chester?" The speaker was a very small young woman, with so much fluffing blonde hair hanging over her eyes, that she looked very like the terrier curled up beside the work basket, where were bunched bright bits of ribbon and lace to be turned into wonderful "nothings" for the fair.

"I don't know," was the response from a corner where Chester was supposed to be studying.

"A boy with a camera and a scroll-saw and a printing-press ought to do lots of things, Bessie Clarke says."

"Did Bessie really say that?"

"Yes, and she is to have a table, and all the money goes to the Children's Hospital."

"I don't care where the money goes."

"But you ought; it's so philan-some-thing."

"Filling something?"

"Yes; poor little empty stomach—I suppose that's what it means."

"Why should children in a hospital be hungry, when they have oranges and things? Aunt Constance takes dozens of them there."

Blanche was unable to reply, for she had come to a twist in her silk, and was struggling with a knot; besides, she always felt like a witness in court when Chester began to ask questions.

"You will make something, won't you?" she said, after a while.

"I might make a book," said Chester, looking around as if for an idea.

"The very thing—a picture-book, I suppose," said Blanche, eagerly. "Bessie makes lovely scrap-books with Christmas cards."

"Do you think I'd do that?" was the scornful answer.

"Why not?"

"I'm not a girl. I mean a real book, with a title and a preface and a 'to be continued'—or, no, 'the end,' would be better—and stories in it."

"Oh!" said Blanche, drawing a long breath.

"I can print it well enough; I have plenty of paper, and my press is all in good order. The type is a little mixed, but I can soon straighten it out; the only bother will be the stories. I hate to write."

"So do I; my fingers get so ink-y."

"That isn't the worst—it's the thinking more than the ink-y."

"Laura Jones likes it; she writes verses."

"So does Jack Vane; he makes up yarns by the yard."

"And Kitty Rogers's compositions are splendid."

"I won't have any girls' fingers in this pie; they can make pin cushions and paint plaques."

"Oh, Chester!"

"I'll only have one story with illustrations, and a red binding and gilt letters. I'm going to see Tom Barker and the boys; perhaps they will help. When is the fair?"

"Six weeks from to-day."

"That's time enough," said Chester, as he put on his cap and went out.

He found Tom Barker and two or three of his other companions playing base-ball, but they were tired, and glad to have a chat as they strolled home. They all entered heartily into his project, and promised assistance.

"I tell you what," said Jim Nixon; let's have an editor. My big brother will do it, and we'll get the fellows at school to send in things, and the best story shall have the author's name on the title-page, and we'll print ever so many copies."

"All right," was the response all around. And then hours for meeting were appointed, and they resolved to call themselves "The Steeple-chase Printing Club."

The way in which pens and pencils danced about at the Webster School for a few days was something remarkable. Such knitting of brows and biting of nails and twisting of shoulders might have frightened parents had they seen it; but they did not, and so there was no suggestion of nervous maladies. Some lessons suffered, and much paper went into the waste-basket; but the editor soon announced the chosen manuscript, and the boys ceased their literary efforts for the more agreeable task of printing. But, strange to say, the editor had promised not to reveal the author's name. The story was called *The New Noah's Ark*, and the only name accompanying it was to be Chester Drayton's, the boys having voted that as he was the donor, this honor should be awarded him. The rest were contented to see "Printed by the Steeple-chase Club" in very small type down at the bottom of the last page. There were a good many difficulties to be overcome, and the boys worked like beavers under the direction of a competent bookbinder, whom Chester's father employed for the purpose. Perhaps the volume was a little rough, a trifle less beautiful than the finished works of experienced hands, but how proudly did the makers survey it! Copy after copy was turned off, until a goodly little pile was ready in brightest scarlet and gold; and never was boy better satisfied than Chester.

The Steeple-chase Printing Club went in a body to the fair—a handsome, valiant set of lads, full of fun and nonsense, but of courteous manners and gentle address.

The book was prominently placarded, and at the table where Blanche Drayton was serving, everybody was saying what a bright idea it had been, and how clever and funny the story was.

"Have you read it? How do you like it? Isn't it good?" said one to another.

"It is the best thing in the fair. There ought to have been a thousand copies; they would go off like hot cakes."

Chester could not help being a little proud as Blanche smilingly repeated all the kind things that were said; and Blanche looked so pretty as she gave a little sigh, saying, "None of my things sell so well."

"You could not expect them to," said Chester.

"Why not?" asked Bessie Clarke—a bright little wren of a girl, with a soft voice and sweet manner that Chester thought very winning.

"Well," he answered, in a patronizing way, "the things girls do are very nice, of course, but they can't come quite up to this," and he looked at *The New Noah's Ark* he held in his hand with an immense amount of satisfaction.

Bessie's laugh rang out as softly musical

as a wren's jibbant twitter when it has made its nest.

"Who is the author of this?" asked somebody.

"Oh, I must tell," cried Blanche; "I must tell. Bessie Clarke wrote the story."

Chester stared incredulously.

"She did—she did," nodded Blanche, and every one crowded around the young author to congratulate her.

Chester had a little struggle with himself. So the best of the book was not his, after all!

This was indeed an unwelcome surprise; but his better nature prevailed, and as soon as he had the chance he took Bessie's hand, and said: "You're a perfect brick—I beg pardon; but there isn't a boy I know who could have done it. Besides, the not telling was splendid, and I just wish my name was off that cover."

"Oh, no, no," said Bessie, laughing; "it is twice the fun to be anonymous; but when Blanche told me that no girl's finger was to be in the pie, I could not resist the temptation, and my brother George was only too glad to let me try. You must scold him."

But no scoldings were necessary. The fair was a success every way.

AROUND THE WORLD.

Portsmouth members of the crew of the famous war ship *Kearsarge* at the time of her battle with the Alabama are planning to celebrate the 22d anniversary of the fight at Boston, June 17.

Telephone lines are being extended from the towns to the rural hills of Berkshire, for the convenience of summer boarders, whose entertainment is one of the most prominent industries of that region.

The mapping of a dog at her legs, though no bite was inflicted, so frightened a little girl in New Haven the other day that she became ill, effusion of blood to the head ensued, and she died in convulsions before morning.

The so-called peanut factories of Norfolk, Va., handle and put on the market a million and a half dollars' worth of peanuts each year. The factory is simply a cleaning, polishing, and sorting establishment, and the work is all done by machinery.

Two young women and one young man went boat riding on a recent Sunday, and the boat tipped over. The young man was tall, and by standing on tiptoe was able to keep his head out of water, and the girls hung to his hair and ears, and were saved.

A three-year-old youngster near Appomattox, Dakota, was lost, and after a search of twenty-four hours, was found near his home in a badger's hole, into which he had slipped feet foremost, and which was deep enough to quite conceal him.

While a young woman was being taken in an express train from Boston to a reform school the other day she eluded her guardian and jumped through a window while the train was at full speed. The train was stopped, but no girl was found, nor has been yet.

Until very lately only one copy of the first edition of "The Pilgrim's Progress" was known, but recently two copies more have been picked up in London at sixpence each. One was immediately sold to the British Museum for £65, and the other to a London publisher for £25.

The Kansas City *Times* does not hesitate to say that the coming match between Sullivan and Mitchell will be a hippodroming fizzle for gate money, and remarks with considerable wisdom that "standing up against Sullivan for thirty per cent. of the gate money is much safer than facing Dempsey for blood."

It appears from a recent book on sea legends that there are many ways to raise the wind. You may suspend a he-goat skin at the mast head, you may flog a boy at the mast, you may burn a broom and let the handle turn toward the desired quarter, you may blow out to sea the dust from the chapel floor, you may stick a knife in the mizenmast or scratch the foremast with a nail, and so on.

A small Waterbury lad said to a policeman the other day: "If you see a ladder up to my bed-room window to-night please don't say anything, or take it down. A lot of us boys are going to sleep together to-night and get an early start to see the circus come into town, and I want to get out of the house on the sly." The policeman is

said to have been worthy of the confidence thus placed in him.

Mr. Brown of San Antonio, Texas, became angry and swore in the presence of Mrs. Williams. She objected, and he told her to help herself if she could. So she laid her husband, and Mr. Williams at once loaded his pistol, sought Brown, and found him eating supper. "Did you swear in my wife's presence?" asked Mr. Williams. "I did," answered Mr. Brown. Thereupon Mr. Williams shot Mr. Brown dead.

Thirty-two years ago the father of Alexander Balles died, and after the estate had been settled, as was supposed, some papers and family relics were locked in a chest and given to the care of the boy's grandmother. She died and the chest went to the mother. Balles was married a while ago and went to housekeeping in Greenville, Mich., and his mother sent the chest to him. He opened it, and in the old family Bible found documents which make him heir to property worth \$40,000.

A band of robbers, dressed as Indians, came into the little town of Pete, near Merida, in Yucatan. A travelling company were playing in the theatre, the best people of the town forming the audience. The robbers surrounded the theatre, a sufficient number of them going in and plundering every one of all the money and valuables on their persons, sometimes with violence.

A party went on the stage, ransacked the wardrobe, and finally carried off the handsomest prima donna, Mme. Rais, and two good-looking chorus girls. During the tumult a son of Mme. Rais was killed, defending his mother, and \$3,000 ransom for the ladies had to be paid.

California carries on a large business in sea shells, which are gathered on its coast and shipped to Europe. One firm has a contract to ship forty tons of shells every sixty days. They are worth from \$700 to \$1,000 a ton. They are used in all kinds of decorative industries, returning to the United States from France vastly increased in price when transformed into pearl buttons, brooches, shawl clasps, knife handles, or inlaid work. Tahiti shells, large flat mother-of-pearl shells, are worth from \$1.50 to \$4 each, and the finest selected pairs are sometimes sold for as much as \$50.

Oliver Hughes and Steve Connelton, lads of Sparta, Ohio, went squirrel hunting on Saturday. They happened to get into the same woods, and when they were about fifty yards apart Hughes sat down and began to fan himself with a brown handkerchief. Connelton, who had not seen him, saw the flutter of the handkerchief and thought it was a bird. He crept up, and when within gunshot was certain the flutter was made by two big owls fighting. So he blazed away, and peppered Hughes's head full of bird shot. Luckily his eyes were not hit, and the injuries were not serious.

Burglars entered several residences in Wilton, Conn., the other morning. At the house of Mrs. Clarissa Davenport-Raymond, the aged lady whose 104th year was completed on Easter Sunday, the old lady was the first to hear the movements of the intruders. With her staff, which always stands at the head of her couch at night, she rapped the floor so vigorously that the burglars departed without securing any of the family treasures. She said that she was afraid they would steal her little Bible, which contained the family record, including her own birth at Stamford, April 25th.

Death of a Prince in Poverty.

The last Prince of Grusinin has just died at St. Petersburg in very straitened circumstances. Of late years the Prince lived quite poor in a suburb of the city. Prince George of Grusinin was the last representative of a once powerful house. As a youth he went to St. Petersburg, where he attracted much attention through his beauty, the elegance of his carriage, and the splendor of his diamonds. He kept a great house and became renowned for hospitality and benevolence. On a single day, however, his wealth left him, and eventually he took to a couple of small rooms and live on a modest pension allowed him by the Government. He bore his reverse of fortune without complaining, even manly to devote a portion of his small pension to the maintenance of less favored friends. A Court lady of his mother, for instance, was provided with both home and necessities for a long time, and this dependent, 90 years of age, ministered to the Prince during his last hours.

A Very Curious Community.

Early in this century a number of Germans, under the leadership of George Rapp, made a settlement in Pennsylvania, fourteen miles from Pittsburg. They aimed to imitate the example of the Disciples as related in the Acts of the Apostles. In other words, they established a community having all things in common. The family relation was regarded for a number of years, but finally the community became celibate, and the husbands and wives lived apart. As a consequence the membership became less and less. At one time they numbered about a thousand persons. All that is left is about fifty old men and women. The community prospered in wealth while it diminished in numbers. In the past its manufactures were famous, especially their broadcloths, flannels, and blankets. Some years ago they bought some wild land in Pennsylvania for the sake of the timber it contained. Subsequently this tract proved to be the middle of the oil bearing region. Riches poured in upon the community, while all the time it is dying out, because it made no proselytes and would not own-emanance family life. Visitors to the community tell touching stories of the hunger for children which these old men and women still feel. The babies and little ones who come to Harmony, as their village is called, are passionately caressed and wept over by these celibate communists. In passing it is worthy of note that the Shakers are dying out in numbers. They make few or no proselytes, and the only recruits they get are children they adopt from the almshouses. A history of American socialist experiments, such as the Shakers, the Economites, and the Oneida Communists, would be very interesting reading.

Our Progress.

As stages are quickly abandoned with the completion of railroads, so the huge drastic, cathartic pills, composed of crude and bulky medicines are quickly abandoned by the introduction of Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," which are sugar-coated, and little larger than mustard seeds, but composed of highly concentrated vegetable extracts. By druggists.

Cactus cloth is a new material with a surface composed of soft silvery hairs.

A Small Leak

will sink a great ship; and what at first appears to be a trifling cough is apt to culminate in consumption if not properly attended to in time. For consumption, which is soreful of the lungs, and for all blood and skin diseases, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" has no equal. By druggists.

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