

YOUNG FOLKS.

DICK.

Dick was the pet of the whole household. From the oldest to the youngest, the family never tired of watching his cunning ways and bright eyes.

Can you imagine what he was? Some one says a dog, another a bird, or perhaps some who have such cute baby brothers, may think he was a lovely baby boy. But he was neither of these; but a squirrel of the species known as wood or gray squirrel. He was dark-gray, with a bushy tail as long as his body; and he had such a funny way of curling it over his back.

Frank found him one day in the woods, and after several attempts finally succeeded in catching him. Frank would follow him up a tree, but the squirrel had the advantage of the boy there, for before he could be caught, he sprang nimbly from one tree to another when the trees were close together, and descended one tree the squirrel would be climbing another. Two or three such attempts were made, when Frank, excited by the chase, risked neck and limb, and jumped from the tree to the ground, close upon the squirrel who, surprised by the audacity of the movement, was easily captured before he could get away, as they do not run very fast when on the ground.

He was about half-grown. Frank took him home and showed him to the family with much pride.

He was put into a barrel for safety for a few days until something better could be found, then an old bird-cage was brought into use.

While in this he managed to get the door open some way and get out, but as the cage had been put into an out-house that did duty as wood and general store-house, he hid away among some of the things, and after a day or two showed himself, and was coaxed back into the cage, where he seemed very contented.

Frank heard of a squirrel-house, and at once made up his mind to try and secure it for Dick. He went to the store where it was for sale, and asked the price. The clerk told him one dollar and a half. Thinking this was too much, he returned home resolved to make the old bird-cage do.

But the desire to obtain the house—which was in reality a very nice one for a squirrel—was very strong, and he went again, and succeeded in purchasing it at even a lower figure than was at first asked.

The house was made all of tin with a double roof and chimney on top. The door was made so it could be securely fastened from the outside, so there was no danger of master squirrel forcing it open.

The windows were barred with strips of tin. Inside there was an upper floor, and a flight of tin stairs leading to it; and when Dick felt inclined he could ascend these, and take a quiet nap, sure that no prying meddler could reach him there.

On the outside, attached to one end of the house, was a wheel made of strips of tin. It was about a foot and a half long and nearly one foot across.

This wheel was closed at one end, and at the other had three holes large enough for the squirrel to go through, to and from his house at pleasure.

Dick would come out into this wheel, and begin by climbing up the side.

The wheel would turn slowly at first; Dick would keep climbing, and the speed of the wheel increasing until it would fairly buzz. Then, tired of this he would scamper back into his home, to see if perchance some stray nut had rolled off in a corner.

It was a never-ceasing delight to the children to watch him nibble off the shell of the smaller nuts, and pick out the meat; larger nuts had to be cracked for him. He was quite fond of water-melon, and would sit up, hold a piece in his fore-paws, and eat all the red juicy part. He liked crab-apples, but did not consider it genteel to eat them without peeling; this he proceeded to do by holding the apple in his paws, and nibbling off the skin a little at a time, and dropping it down; he would dexterously turn the apple around until every bit of the peeling had been removed, and then eat the apple.

He was often given the liberty of a room with closed doors, but unless the door of his own house was closed, he would invariably go back into it. Still he did not seem so very much afraid of persons, but would come close up to Frank and take a piece of nut off his knee, as he sat on the floor, but he never permitted any one to handle him.

With all the attention Frank bestowed on him, and so many things that suited his taste to eat, it is no wonder he grew fat and jolly.

In the autumn Frank began to wonder where he could keep his pet in the winter. The house, during the summer, had been kept on a portico, but something better than that must be devised; various plans suggested themselves, but none as yet would answer; finally the matter was settled for him; it came about in this way:

It was one bright morning in the latter part of September. Frank had given Dick his usual morning rations, and with three-year-old Tot by his side had watched him as he sat on his hind feet, with that beautiful tail thrown up over his back, and nibbling the nuts from his cute fore paws; and he thought nothing could be handsomer or nicer for a pet than this very same Dick, with his bright, snapping eyes and droll ways.

After his breakfast Dick came out and took a turn at the wheel, but he was getting so fat, he was a little lazy, so he soon tired of this exercise, and went back into his house, and up the stairs to his nest for his morning nap.

Tot went to play with her dolls, and Frank went off to school, with no presentiment of impending trouble.

The other members of the household were busy in different parts of the house, and no one was near the squirrel for some time; finally Tot grew tired of her dolls, and thought she would go and see if Dick were awake yet.

Going up to the cage she thought it very

strange that Dick should be asleep on the lower floor, for he never trusted himself there, but always went up to the loft for his nap. But she thought to herself, "Perhaps he came down-stairs before he got his nap out and was so dozy he dropped to sleep again;" she concluded he had slept long enough, and she would wake him and make him do some tricks for her.

So she gave the cage a little shake, but Dick did not stir; then she shook it harder, but still no signs of waking. "Dick! Dick!" she called, "why don't you wake up?" but Dick did not respond by opening those bright eyes; and even touching him with a stick did not make him move.

At this the little girl became alarmed, and ran into the house crying: "Grandma! Grandma!" Do come and see what is the matter with Dick. He won't wake up!"

Grandma came out and saw him lying there stiff and motionless; and the tears came into little Tot's eyes when grandma told her that Dick was dead, and that he would never please them again with his cunning tricks, and they would have to bury him in the ground.

Frank looked very sad when he came home, but he felt it would be unmanly to let any one see tears in his eyes for the loss of a squirrel, but in his heart he loved his little pet, and mourned him sincerely.

"What a Pocket Contained."

The heavens were in their full glory to-night. So Eleanor thought as she stood leaning her soft cheek against the window pane, and watching very intently each little bright point in the bright sky. Her childish imagination was becoming creative, for had she not been pretending she lived in Harland. Ah! and she sighed a very impressive little sigh when she told mamma "the country up there exactly suited her."

But all thought of the stars were forgotten when Eleanor saw some one in a long black ulster hurry by the stoop, and heard papa's voice in the hall. Mamma and daughter had a race and the first prize was awarded to mamma, when the person within that great ulster took her in his arms and gave her the first kiss, while his little daughter came in a close second.

Mr. Johnston had been away on a business trip, and one of the last things Eleanor had said to him before he started was, "Please bring me something real nice, papa, something I can play with." So before papa even started to have some supper he told Eleanor he had not forgotten his promise, and that he had her present right with him. Two little arms were around his neck in a minute, as he caught her up in his arms, and then two little hands immediately started to search all his pockets. The outside pocket in his ulster had a peculiarly large appearance. Eleanor thought it might have two big bags of peanuts in it, so she put one little hand inside to take some if they were there, but, oh! my! it didn't feel like peanuts, it was warm and soft and she gave a little jump when some small, wet thing licked her fingers. "What is it, papa, what is it?" and her golden curls bobbed up and down with delight. Papa smiled as he lifted very carefully from his pocket a little baby collie dog and put the round, soft, sleepy little ball into Eleanor's arms.

Never was human baby so tenderly caressed, and Eleanor proved herself a very thoughtful mother by immediately inquiring whether her dear little puppy had had any supper. In answer to the question, papa said, "He was afraid Mr. Puppy would have to be brought up on a bottle, as he had not quite learned the accomplishment of lapping." Eleanor would not think of going to bed until a bottle had been purchased. Then she drew her little willow rocker up before the wood-fire in her room and rocked to and fro, while she held that warm, soft dog close to her heart and hummed very gently her favorite lullaby, but the sweet song did not charm puppy, as it should, for he cried and cried, and apparently did not enjoy being rocked. Eleanor decided it was because he was so hungry, so she urged nurse to hurry and warm the milk and then mamma urged her little daughter to hurry and get ready for bed, as it was long past her bedtime.

A half an hour later mamma came upstairs to give her little daughter her usual good-night kiss, and she stood by the side of the bed for a long time looking at the pretty picture before her. For Eleanor in her night-dress with its dainty puffed sleeves and her golden curls half over one little flushed cheek was holding very closely that precious puppy; that furry little individual was not crying now but was vigorously removing the milk from the bottle which Eleanor held in one hand. He was not asleep, but hard at work; it seemed as though he just stopped long enough to look up at mamma and blink his sleepy little eyes at her. But mamma did not laugh, she just lifted puppy, bottle and all, out of bed and removed him to a small box in the play-room. In this she put a nice fur rug and this little innocent puppy curled itself up contentedly, and went to sleep thinking, no doubt, this warm substitute was its mother.

He and She.

The moon shone soft, the hour was late, When they two parted at the gate;

Ah, she was wondrous fair!

Then up to her dainty room she went, Her heart overflowing with sentiment,

And breathed for him a prayer.

And he walked slowly down the street, With his lips still warm from her kisses sweet,

Through the moonlight soft and clear. In his mind still lingered her beautiful face, As he gayly turned into "Finnegan's place,"

And loaded himself with beer!

No Flies on Her.

"Herbert," she said, with a melting mellifluousness in her voice that sounded like the ripple of an orange ice as it thaws, "Herbert!"

"What is it?" asked Herbert. And the cold firmness of his tones showed that he meant every word of it.

"Would you love me just as well if you knew that I am near-sighted?"

"Why, why," he stammered, "of course I would; but are you?"

"Yes, I am afraid so. Just as a test—I can't read a word of that sign across the street, can you?"

"Yes," said Herbert, resignedly, "I can't read it either."

A STUDY IN INSECT PHRENOLOGY.

BY PROFESSOR G. G.—1890.

In the few years last past the science of Phrenology has made wonderful strides. It has been applied to matrimony in the way of aiding you to choose a congenial partner of your bosom—one whose temper will "com-pat" as it were, with your own. This is why it is so hated and held up to public scorn by the legal profession. Persons phrenologically mated furnish no business for the divorce courts. By it you can select your self, for the benefit of mankind, as the raw material for a doctor or a lawyer or a preacher or a President of the United States. It is now known that your bumps and your temperament indicate what you ought to eat, drink, breathe and wear. This accounts for the unprincipled opposition of the medical profession. No doctors are fed by those who feed and dress and so forth after the dictates of their own bumps.

Very recently it has been discovered that the brute-beasts can be selected for any special use by Phrenology. You can pick out dogs that will bark in the night when your enemy wants to sleep; and mules that will buck; and horses that will either run away or balk, as you may prefer. By this beneficent science you can select cattle that will horn your enemy, and will break into his garden and convert his cabbages and his turnips and his cauliflowers and his asparagus into your milk and beef. I have a farmer-friend who never buys a sheep without feeling its bumps. In that way he secures such as will butt when they are rams, and so avoids a loss on any male sheep that proves a failure for mutton or wool. He sells him, in that case, among dairy products, as a first-class butter.

Perhaps the day will come when I shall not be alone in the belief that, throughout the dateless periods of an illimitable past, this venerable science of Phrenology, un-honored and unsung, has been guiding mother Nature's processes of evolution in the selection of the fittest to survive!

The latest advance, and by far the greatest, is to be seen in my own astounding discovery that it applies to insects as well as to beasts and men. Under the microscope you can read, from their cranial developments, the characteristics of flies, gnats, bees, bigots et cetera.

A word of explanation on two points just here. First: As most insects are nearly or quite bald-headed their bumps can be appreciated by vision alone, without the aid of the fingers. It is well to know this when the subject is a hornet. Second: Subject to correction I think it is scientific to classify bigots as insects. All the bigots I have seen were insects. Judging by my own observation no sect is without them.

This new branch of the science—a branch which I have ventured to call Insect Phrenology—finds its best illustration in the dear familiar housefly. I select a single chart out of many written after observations made through a microscope of two hundred diameters. The extracts from the chart will be followed by a narration of some remarkable incidents in the career of the fly referred to. The whole will establish the claim of Insect Phrenology to recognition among the noble sisterhood of sciences.

Some enterprising minds will, doubtless, wish to verify and enlarge the discovery I have had the honor to make. For their guidance I will say, in passing, that the restlessness of the fly, while under examination, perplexed me greatly, for a time. Imagine me just ready to estimate the relative prominence of a set of bumps, preparatory to entering the result on the chart. At that moment, of all others, the fly would begin to scratch his ear! or to smooth down a wing with one of his legs! or would move to a new place in the field of the microscope—and present his posterior parts to the line of vision! Sometimes he would fly away and mix up with other flies, and persist in looking so much like them that I could not be sure of recapturing the subject of my unfinished study. At last—as if by inspiration—I thought of some cocaine lozenges I had. I laid one on the table.

In a little time it was covered with flies, intent on packing their trunks with sweetened paralysis. I soon had all the quiet subjects I wanted, and was enabled to pursue my investigations at leisure.

In quoting from the chart referred to above I shall confine myself to the organs which were remarkable either for their great size, or because they were abnormally small. I find that I marked that fly as follows:—viz., veneration, 1; firmness, 6; combativeness, 7; inabitiveness, 9. The highest marking of this latter organ on any former chart—whether of man, beast or insect, was 7.

The day after writing the chart I was lecturing to my class. Let me say, in explanation, that I conduct a school of phrenology. I turn out many bright young men who devote themselves to lecturing on the noble science for a silver collection at the door. They also write up charts of the human head for the small sum of one dollar each—when they cannot get two dollars.

It was a muggy afternoon in September, one of those heavy hot times when all living things get into a state of semi-hypnotism. As I labored on in the discourse my sluggish blood was quickened to a livelier pulse by the sight of a fly that alighted on the manuscript. I knew him, by his bumps, as my subject of the day before. That phenomenal organ of inabitiveness could not be mistaken. Of course I could not have distinguished him from other flies by the naked eye, I use a large round reading-glass with a handle to it. When he marched into the field of the glass I recognized him instantly.

As in many another sad case that fly was to become the victim of the master-propensities of his nature. But in this instance there was compensation. He became historic in connection with the discovery and corroboration of a great science.

I had reached a part of the lecture with which I was so familiar that I could look away from the manuscript. The fire of eloquence was kindling towards a brilliant climax when the fly rose from the paper and settled on my upper lip—at a point southwest by south from my left nostril. He was no sooner settled than he began to excavate with a view to putting up a four-story brown-stone residence.

His action disturbed me not a little. It was impossible to break off the lecture to execute a deed of the building-lot he had selected. As a matter of fact the ground had not yet been surveyed by a competent engineer, and it had been—for a long time—a settled thing with me that I would not allow any irregular squatting. For who could tell what litigation and endless

confusion might arise from it, even a thousand years afterwards. My dissatisfaction with his course was further heightened by the fact that the process of excavating hurt me.

The cumulative force of the foregoing considerations moved me to, hustle the intruder off. I did it in a firm but quiet and respectful manner.

Finding himself afloat he sailed out, on a level with my mouth, to a distance of about two feet, and hove to facing me. Then it was that I saw the first confirmation of my scientific hopes in regard to insect phrenology. Let it be borne in mind, from this on, that I had marked that fly veneration, 1; firmness, 6; combativeness, 7; inabitiveness, 9.

As I proceeded with the lecture the evicted insect hung on pensive wing at about the same distance and level. He looked homesick. His tears dropped like rain on the pages of my manuscript. In what some would have taken to be a mere buzz of wings, I could catch the tender, tremulant cadences of "Home! home! sweet, sweet home!"

A moment thus, and then—or ever I was aware—he darted back to the old spot on my upper lip, a point south-west by south, from my left nostril. As he renewed the work of excavating he went on to sing in a more cheerful voice, "There's no place like home!"

My feelings were touched. It delighted me to observe so triumphant a confirmation of Insect Phrenology. I was also conscious of a thrill of sympathy with his love of home. But when the work he was doing laid bare and lacerated the network of sensory nerves which underlie the epidermis I was touched in another way. Delight and sympathy were suddenly obscured by the intolerable pain of violated nerves. Whereupon I brushed my tormentor off a second time, and it must be confessed, I did it in a somewhat peremptory and forceful manner.

Since the tragedy which followed I have gone, many times and very carefully, over the whole matter—sitting in judgment on myself, as it were. Upon every such review I have been able to acquit myself of all blame. I was preoccupied at the time. To have allowed him to acquire a squatter's right would have been an injustice to him, to myself, and to generations unborn. To break off what I was doing and attend to surveying and conveying was impossible. Besides, he was torturing me, I am quite clear that I was justified in brushing him off, and that it being the second time—some degree of rudeness in the manner of doing it was pardonable. I flatter myself that a discerning public will take the same view of it.

This time the fly did not move away in sorrow, but in a passion of anger. He darted out on furious wing some five or six feet and then dashed round and round, and zig-zag like chain lightning, as if possessed by some raging demon.

I had often seen men and mules fly into a passion and act in an alarming way, but this was new and terrible. May I never again see a fly fly into a passion and fly as I saw that fly fly! The terror with which he inspired me was in inverse ratio to his size. He revealed more malignant wrath to the pennyweight than I could have believed possible had I not seen it. I was ready to faint when the question arose, so naturally, in my mind, "What if my wife, who weighs three hundred pounds, should ever get up as much wrath to the pennyweight as there is in that fly, and become as much madder as she is heavier?" Shade of Socrates! Let me be discreet!

When he had worked his excitement down to the speaking point he poised himself in the air at about ten inches from my nose and began to describe me in a way of his own. It would be difficult to crowd more profanity and vituperation into the time, and all offensive personal to me. His eyes blazed like coals of fire, being lighted up from within by an infernal malice.

The brimstone element in his language must be suppressed in the interest of the young. It seems necessary, however, in self-defence, to give publicity to some of the blistering remarks to which I was compelled to listen. In that hour I learned something of the possible meaning of "rube-faciens" and "counter-irritants." And the worst of it was that, just then, I did not need a fly-blisters. My health was good. Besides, my wife is a little uncertain and peculiar in her temper—peppery, so to speak—and I never need anything in that line beyond what she supplies.

The winged fury began with a weak attempt to revile my ancestry by calling me a "son of a gun," coupling the remark with some very rugged and offensive epithets. I cared very little for this attack. All the civilized and most of the savage world have heard the report of the Gunne family. My name is Gunne—spelled with two n's and an e. He then went on to miscall me personally—me, Professor Gulliver Gunne! The torrent of his words was so vehement and so wicked with unreportable imprecations that, at first, I caught only such broken remarks as these—"You bald-headed old bumpsteer! toothless, ten cent rot-talker! hen-clawed old chart-scratcher!"

At this point my accuser became more coherent and raged consecutively thus: "You enormous great coward, to drive a poor little fly from his home! And you—overgrown strong brute that you are—more than ten thousand times bigger than I am! Why don't you take some one of your size? Don't fool yourself, you hairless old Tyrant! You think you can crush me! Don't you, now? But I have located my claim, and, by the big booming bumble bee I will build on it or bust! I will, so help me Gad-fly!!!"

With that he made his third and fatal dash for home—a point on my upper lip, southwest by south from my left nostril. As you will readily believe my breath was quite taken away. Alas for that insect! At the very moment when he was making his last rush I was replenishing my empty lungs. The air was pouring into the greedy vacuum like Niagara, and that doomed fly—his heart full of malice and his tongue yet hissing with falsehoods and profanity was caught as in a cyclone and swept out of his course into my open mouth!

On and on he was hurried past lips and teeth and tongue and tonsils and uvula, touching nowhere until he struck fast in the epiglottis!

I could have coughed him up, and would, had not my imagination, with the speed and vividness of lightning, presented some probabilities of the case which decided me to take another course. Being composed of very frail textures the fly would come up dead! and so multiplied that his own mother would be unable to recognize him! There

were other considerations presented—but I forbear.

In less than a hundredth part of the time it takes to tell it I saw what must be done and did it. The alternative to coughing him up was to coffin him down; and it was less disagreeable to my feelings. My courage and will-power never forsake me. With one convulsive gulp I swallowed him alive and went on with my discourse!

N— I did not go to a magistrate and accuse myself of insecticide. At first it seemed that nothing else could restore peace to my conscience. But to the end of life I shall be glad that I took time to consider the whole situation. When I weighed every circumstance connected with the tragedy I saw that instead of shortening I had prolonged the life of that fly by swallowing him. He must have lived from thirty to forty seconds longer than he would have done if I had coughed him up. I had internal evidence of this which was perfectly satisfactory to me, whatever value a jury might have attached to it. It was, beyond all doubt, a case of Insect-in-side. But that differs from Insect-i-side by the full value of the letter "n"! That enodation of the ethical problem encouraged me to be silent, but it was a narrow escape.

My judicious silence kept me out of a number of difficulties. Think of the awkwardness of the post-mortem, the coroner's inquest and the funeral of a corpse which was known to be hid away somewhere among my vitals! Silence is golden!

The moral to be drawn from the whole subject is this; if you have any bumps that are either very large or very small don't neglect them.

Take any means necessary to enlarge the under-sized organs. If nothing else will do get some one to assault and batter you on the defective place. If it be done with sufficient energy the bump will rise. I knew a man whose head was flat where veneration should have been. He was a carpenter. One day the boss found fault with some of the work he was doing. The carpenter showed his utter lack of veneration by swearing at his boss and making toward him with clenched fists and saying something about "punchin' of 'is ed." In self-defence the boss caught up a claw-hammer and gave him one blow on the right spot. It stunned the man but it was the making of the bump. He was never known to be irreverent toward that boss afterwards.

The exaggerated bumps cannot be treated in the surgical way. It would not do. If some of you, beloved, were to get the bump of self-esteem reduced to the normal size by amputation, life would no longer be worth living. The greater part of the brain mass would be gone! You will have to control your master-organs from within or get into trouble.

Begin at once and persevere in that way of peace and good fortune. Veneration, 1; firmness, 6; combativeness, 7, make a bad, a perilous combination, when any other organ ranks as high as 9. Let a single additional example suffice. Say that over-sized bump is benevolence. In that case you grow exigent, persistent, belligerent. You presume to lecture all mankind on the subject of the moral virtues. You set up as instructor and leader of your seniors and superiors. You dub yourself "Expert Moral Reformer." You leave the impression on observing minds that you have a patent right on pretty much all the wisdom and goodness in the earth beneath, with pre-emptions elsewhere. When other people differ from your pet opinions and you don't get your way, you shake your fist in their faces. You buttonhole the same persons every day and every other day. You bore into their sensibilities as ruthlessly as that late lamented insect bored into my nerves.

Beware! A longsuffering public will bear with your teasing for a season. But some day you will find that public pre-occupied and, mayhap, impatient. On that day another tragedy in the insect-world will be enacted. You will be the victim. Don't count on historic fame as a compensation for being swallowed alive. Some of the grandest things can be done only once. Of all the apples that ever did, and ever will fall to the earth only one can claim the proud distinction of having suggested to the beholding eye of science the existence of the silent and invisible but almost omnipotent force of attraction which holds together the physical compact of the world and of the universe. In like manner, but one of all the insects in the world could become historic in revealing to science the fact that the Laws of Phrenology apply all along the line of animated nature down to the ephemeron fly whose natural lifetime is six hours.

There is nothing left for you to reveal. You may exemplify the mischievous effect upon conduct of overgrown and undergrown bumps when they are neglected. You may exasperate the public and perish. If you do it will not be as a celebrated and useful first subject whose eccentricities contributed to the discovery of a great truth, but as a fool who was deaf to the voice of instruction and warning.

GULLIVER GUNNE, Prof. Phren.

Accustomed as we are to regard Spain as one of the most reactionary countries of the globe, a feeling of surprise will certainly be created by the announcement that nowhere in Europe has labor legislation made more rapid progress than in the dominion of King Alfonso XIII. Not content with substituting universal suffrage for the comparatively restricted franchise which had been in force until recently, the Government has drawn up and submitted to the National Legislature at Madrid a series of laws for the benefit of the working classes that are far in advance of the labor legislation enacted elsewhere in Europe. The severe restrictions with regard to the labor of women and children, and the insurance of the working classes, on the German plan, against accident, sickness and old age, constitute only a division of the measures in question, which further provided for the establishment of a legal workday of eight hours, for the transport free of charge by rail of bona fide laboring men in search of employment, and for the organization in each town, village and commune of a special "junta" or municipal board charged with the care of the interests of the working classes, and with their protection against tyranny or oppression on the part of the masters. The bill, which is of a comprehensive nature, has been referred by the Cortes to a parliamentary committee presided over by the former Foreign Minister Senor Morey Prudensgas, who is one of the most intimate friends and trusted lieutenants of Premier Sagasta.