

## YOUNG FOLKS.

A Garden Jingle.

Three little peas,  
Three little peas,  
Three little peas in a pod.  
The pod it was green,  
And fair to be seen,  
But they wanted to go abroad.

And "Oh!" said they,  
To be far away,  
Out in the world so green!  
To flutter and fly,  
Like the birds, that go by,  
We would envy nor king nor queen!

Three little peas,  
Three little peas,  
My Harry took them,  
And rattled and shook them,  
And fired them all abroad.

The first one fell  
Right into the well,  
And learned how to float and swim.  
The second did fly  
Into Roderick's eye,  
And sorely disgusted him.

But the third little pea,  
Right venturesomely,  
Straight up in the air it flew.  
And it started in surprise  
With both of its eyes,  
To find that the air was blue.

—[Youths' Companion.

In a Tiger's Claws.

It is the unexpected adventure which lends the thrilling element to the sportsman's life: An Englishman relates a stirring incident which occurred in Bengal jungle. As he was walking through the jungle, he failed to keep up with the other members of the party.

Suddenly I heard a rustle in the underwood, and almost at the same moment an enormous tiger presented himself, and I prepared to spring upon me. I had never seen a more magnificent beast, and I could not help admiring him, notwithstanding the danger of my position. But there was no time to be lost. I immediately presented my rifle and fired.

As ill-luck would have it, neither shot struck, and in another second the tiger was on me, and had thrown me down, his claws buried in my left shoulder. I had no particular sensation of fear, and I remember thinking quite calmly as I lay on the ground, the tiger's hot breath coming against my face, "It's all up with me now."

But at that moment my faithful Mungo came to the rescue; he bit the tiger's tail so severely that the beast immediately released his hold, and turned round to seize his new adversary. But Mungo, as sharp and wary as he was plucky, was off in the tall grass in an instant.

The tiger followed, but the dog had the advantage over him, as he could run through the grass and under the brushwood, at a pace which the other could not keep up with; in fact, it was almost comical to see how the great creature bounded about in its useless chase after the dog.

But I knew that the tiger, disappointed of seizing Mungo, would soon be back again to attack his master, so I reloaded my gun and stood awaiting his return. In a short time he was before me once more, and again I levelled my gun as well as I could, considering the pain in my left shoulder.

The first shot missed, but the second struck the tiger in the shoulder, crippled him, and made him roll about in agony. Reloading as rapidly as possible, I went nearer to him, aimed very deliberately, and this time gave him his quietus. Scarcely had I done so before Mungo came bounding up to me, looking into my face and whining as if with joy at seeing me safe. [Chambers' Journal.]

Dull Times.

A boy's pocket has many uses. At a pinch, it has been found to answer very well in place of a calendar.

"Cyrus," said a woman to her husband, at bedtime, "what day is this?"

"Wednesday," answers Cyrus.

The wife holds up a small pair of trousers at arms' length. "I'm afraid Johnny isn't well." At this time in the week he generally has a pound or two more of marble in his pockets than he has to-night. [Chambers' Journal.]

A Few Don'ts For Little Folks.

Don't say it is a certain little word, which boys and girls get very tired hearing, and we don't blame them for it. No, that it ought not to be spoken a good many times, but some lecturers of young people let it drop off the ends of their tongues constantly. After what we have just said you'll think it strange, perhaps, that we are going to tell ourselves in talking to you, but wait until we have finished and see if we do not use it well; no lecturing, no preaching, just a little good advice.

Don't fail to consider the feelings of others under all circumstances—that is the first principle of good behavior. [S. G. S. 31.]

Don't speak in a loud tone of voice in public or anywhere, unless the house is afire. A quiet, modest manner is very becoming to a boy or a girl.

Don't say "yes, ma'am" to your mother; say "yes, mother," or "yes mamma." "Yes sir" will do in speaking to father, but "yes, papa" or "yes, father" is better.

Don't neglect your hand, and above all avoid carrying blackened finger nails. Be neat in all things.

Don't say "awfully good," "awfully nice." Awful was never intended for any such use. Say "very good," "very nice."

Don't fail to return a borrowed book or a borrowed anything, promptly. Better not borrow at all, but perhaps books are excusable.

Don't smoke cigarettes, boys. They will ruin your health, or at least get you into a habit that you will afterwards regret.

Don't stare at people or laugh at any peculiarity of dress or manner.

Don't fail to apologize, if you stumble against any one or inconvenience one in any way.

Don't ask questions of strangers. On the train ask the conductor; on the street wait until you see a policeman. Young girls particularly run risks in approaching unknown persons with questions.

Don't speak ungrammatically. Study books of grammar and the works of the best authors.

Don't pronounce incorrectly. Listen care-

fully to the conversation of cultivated people and consult the dictionaries.

Don't use profane or uncouth language, boys. It is not only sinful, but extremely vulgar.

Don't walk with a slouching, slavish gait; hold yourself firm and erect.

"Boys Will Be Boys."

"Boys will be boys." We resent the old saying.

Current with men; Let it be heard, in excuse for our strutting.

Never again. Our hope is higher and clearer, Our purpose far brighter and dearer, Our name that should silence the jeerer.

We will be men!

"Boys will be boys" is an unworthy slander;

Boys will be men!

The spirit of Philip in young Alexander, Kindled again!

As the years of our youth fly swiftly away, As brightens about us the light of life's day, As the glory of manhood dawns on us, we say:

We will be men!

"Boys will be boys!" Yes! if boys may be pure,

Models for men; If their thoughts may be modest, their truthfulness sure,

Say it again!

If boys will be boys such as boys ought to be—

Boys full of sweet-minded, light-hearted glee—

Let boys be boys, brave, loving and free, Till they are men.

THE CHEVALIER D'ASSAS.

to the reader, the love of Country Greater Than the Soldier's Frenzy.

What is heroism? It is more than brute courage. It is something beyond a desire for glory. Napoleon at the bridge of Lodi, Caesar rushing singly on the Spanish ranks, Perry sailing through the fire of the British fleet—are all fine heroes; but was their's the highest type of heroism? The test of ascension in heroism is not found in faculty, but in the sentiment which directs the faculty; the love of glory, the frenzy of the soldier in battle, must therefore yield the palm in disinterestedness of sentiment to the love of country or the sense of duty; and the hero as a patriot takes precedence of the hero as a soldier.

No story affected me, when a young lad, like the fate of the Chevalier D'Assas.

The proud, glad youth whose faith to France was plighted.

Old ducasse's child who for his honor died When life and love and joyce most delighted.

He was a nobleman's son and was engaged to be married, to a beautiful girl, but when the French Revolution began and the sons of France were called upon to defend their native land, he left the old ancestral castle in the heart of Auvergne, and with a band of retainers marched under Moreau against the Bavarian army on the German border.

One dark night as his men were on guard and he himself was doing picket-duty, young D'Assas was captured by a squad of the enemy who managed to get between him and his own men.

"Not a word, or you are a dead man, my master," was the grim whisper of his captors, and he felt the sharp points of their bayonets at his throat. There was a deep plot at the bottom of his seizure. The Bavarians hoped to surprise the French outpost, and for this purpose they conducted their captive toward the French watchfire, threatening him with instant death if he gave an alarm or refused to give the countersign.

"A dozen rods they advanced silently, when suddenly in the darkness rose a spectre-like form, and through the close, hushed air came the stern command:

"Halt! or the counter-sign!"

D'Assas was pushed forward and two sword points placed at his back.

"Give it, or die! Quick!" was the whispered threat hissed into his ear.

He stood silent a moment, but there was no thought of wavering in his brave and loyal heart. The next instant his voice rang out full and firm:

"Auvergne, Auvergne, here is the foe!"

They were his last words. In another moment he fell dead, pierced by the Bavarian swords.

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Actors are often failures, but when a pugilist appears before the public in an exhibition, he always makes a hit.

Prince Albert of Monaco has been using a part of the revenue he derives from the gambling palace of his little principality to amuse himself in a scientific way. He has just been telling the Paris Academy of Sciences about those 1,075 bottles he has committed to the vasty deep during his yachting cruises in the northern Atlantic in the past three years. The greater part of them are still supposed to be bobbing serenely on the waves, but 116 bottles have been picked up on the shores of Europe and Africa from Norway to Morocco, and one bottle has been fished out of the middle of the Mediterranean. The Prince thinks his bottles have demolished some theories about the Atlantic currents, and that, for instance, the Rennell current, supposed to be a little branch of the Gulf Stream that strikes the coast of France, does not exist.

A recent issue of the Farmington Register of Oregon contains a letter from Andrew Saltice, the head of the Cœur d'Alene Indians, asking the saloon men not to sell his people liquor. He says if any of them are found drunk in town he would like to have the city marshals arrest them and send word to him, and he will go and get them and put them in his jail. He also talks to the County Clerk about estrays and says his people lose many horses. He closes by saying, "I want to be at peace with all the whites, and I would like to have the whites my people as they use one another." It is but a few years since Saltice rode at the head of the Cœur d'Alene warriors and was a savage chief bent on destroying the whites. Now he rides about the country taking a fatherly interest in his tribe and keeping them straight. He is thrifty and well to do, and rides into town in a comfortable carriage behind a good pair of horses.

## PLUCKY YOUNG WRAY.

His Gallant Fight with Indians Against an Overwhelming Odds.

Three days after the battle of White River, in which the gallant Thornburgh lost his life, Freeman Z. Wray, an eighteen year-old boy who was in charge of cattle forty five miles north of White River Agency, was attacked by a band of savages. He contrived to get his rifle and to make so good a defence that they beat themselves to a ravine and besieged him at their lair. After a while he got out of ammunition and was forced to climb into a wagon to get a new supply.

While he was executing this movement a bullet struck him in the calf of the leg, passing directly through. In an instant more another ball caught him at the hip and knocked him down. With a whoop and a yell the savages ran towards the spot, expecting to take their plucky foe prisoner. But they were again foiled, for Wray was only down temporarily, and getting to his feet again, scrambled into the wagon where lay his ammunition. He pulled a sack of flour in front of him and piled a bag of beans on top of that, and took hold of such other articles within reach and made for him a barricade against the promised shower of bullets.

Rapidly cutting a hole in the canvas cover he saw the Indians approaching. Leaving his rifle he fired at the foremost of his pursuers, the ball taking effect. This threw the Indians into confusion, and they retreated into the ravine. They threw a hail storm of bullets into the wagon, and one of these caught young Wray in the right eye and lodged there. The Indians finally retreated. After protracted nursing he seemed to be entirely well, although he had lost the use of one eye. One of his wounds broke out afresh eighteen months after the fight and caused his death.

What the Japanese Did Not Imitate in Us.

Japan now only knows when to begin imitating Western civilization, but when to stop. There was no hesitation about adopting educational institutions and our civic institutions. Newspapers followed, and telegraphs, and railroads, and constitutions. But when it came to women's dresses, there was a halt. French men milliners and English women milliners were dropped and their needles rusted for want of patronage. This was wise. We are exactly 500 years behind the Japanese, and in the rear of common sense in our method of dressing women. We should do well to imitate our Oriental friends in several particulars, but particularly in female costume.

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