

# YOUNG FOLKS.

## THE P. R. A. J. SOCIETY.

When Mrs. Burton received a letter from her sister, Mrs. Graham, asking whether Annie Graham could stay with her and her cousins from September till the following January, she was much pleased. Annie was twelve years old, just the age of Tom Burton; and as the four other children were much older, their ages ranging from eighteen to twenty-four, she thought it would be very pleasant for Tom to have a companion of his own age. The whole family thought a bright little girl would be an agreeable addition to the household circle; but when Annie came they were much disappointed. Her appearance was pleasing. She had a trim little figure, bright black eyes, pretty dark curls, and her features were rather irregular, her expression was both amiable and intelligent; her manners, too, were graceful and refined; but she was painfully shy. She seemed troubled if spoken to, and even a glance would cause her to shrink as if trying to hide from every eye. The thought of going to school seemed so distressing that Mrs. Burton dropped the subject and allowed her to stay at home.

Tom was disappointed, and complained to his mother that he could not get acquainted with Annie. "Never mind, dear," said Mrs. Burton. "I think you will get on together nicely when the ice is once broken"; but Tom feared it never would break. Tom was a good boy, in the main, though he had a very quick temper, and he was a good-looking boy, but his hair was red. Now, as some people object to red hair, I should like to describe Tom's as Auburn or Golden or Tawny; but the truth is, that if ever hair was red—genuine, unmistakable, unmitigated, fiery red—that hair was Tom's, and Tom knew it. Poor boy! he couldn't help knowing it, for he had been teased about it from his earliest recollection. His trials began with his elder brothers at home, but they culminated at school when the boys found how it plagued him to have any attention made to his hair. Battle after battle did Tom fight to compel silence on the subject, but all in vain.

One day when Annie had been at her aunt's for nearly a week, Tom rushed home from school and burst into the sitting room, where the family were assembled, in such a plight that his appearance was greeted by a chorus of reproach and remonstrance. "Dear me, Tom," said fastidious Miss Clara, "you look as though you had been rolling in an ash-heap."

"The sleeve of your jacket is half torn out and your collar is hanging," said Miss Julia. "Hello, Tom, what's the matter with your eyes?" said Will. "They don't match; one's blue and the other's black." "Sullivan's nothing to you, Tom," said Bert. "You're a regular fighting phenomenon." "Tom, dear, I hope you haven't been fighting again," said Mrs. Burton. "Yes, I have, Mother," said Tom. "The fellows won't let me alone, and I won't stand being called Carrot-top by any one." "Nonsense!" said Miss Julia. "What harm does the name do you?" "A rose by any other name," quoted literary Bert. "The boys are only in fun," said Miss Clara. "And your hair is red, Tom," said Will, saying the said half critically, with the air of having his attention called to it for the first time.

"You should try not to give way to anger about such trifles, dear," said Mrs. Burton. "You should cultivate a forgiving spirit." "This fighting must stop, sir," said Mr. Burton, sternly. "Don't let me hear any more of it." Then, to the utter astonishment of every one, another voice was heard, and Annie Graham spoke, voluntarily, for the first time since she had entered the house. She spoke in a clear, rather high pitched, slightly plaintive voice, that gave distinctness to every word.

"I know just how you feel about your hair, Tom, for it's just the way I have felt a great many times." Every one was amazed; even Mr. Burton laid down his paper when Annie spoke, and every eye was fixed upon her. Tom was as surprised as the others, but he said nothing. "How can you know anything about it, Annie," with an appreciative glance at Annie's dark curls. "Your hair isn't red," said Annie, solemnly. "It's my nose." "No, said Annie, solemnly. "It's my nose." "Why, that isn't red, either," said Will, laughing. "No, said Annie, in the same clear, plaintive voice, "but it's so large, it is dreadful to have such a nose; it seems to cast a shadow over my whole existence. Will opened his mouth, seeing a chance for another joke, but, at a sign from his mother, he shut it again, and Annie continued.

"I think a large nose is even more trying than red hair, for you can dye your hair, or cut it off and wear a wig, or it may turn gray; but a large nose can never possibly grow smaller, and as you grow older, it will look even larger. I never can forget my nose. It has been laughed at ever since I was a little, tiny girl, and every one that saw me would say, 'What a large nose that child has!' The girls at school laugh at it, and one of them was angry at me, and nicknamed me 'Sword-fish,' and the others took it up. I dread to go to a new place. I dreaded even to come to see you, and go to school here, on account of my nose."

Annie paused, and Tom, whose own trials had taught him something in regard to personal sensitiveness, said: "I don't think your nose is bad-looking at all, Annie, and, even if it were a great deal larger than it is, it couldn't be so bad as my red hair, for it doesn't give a chance for so many jokes. After any one has said it is large they can't say any more." "Oh, you do not know," said Annie, "the number of jokes that can be made on a large nose. I believe they would fill a volume." "Those on my hair would fill a whole set of volumes," said Tom. "Suppose you put the matter to the test," said Will. "Each of you take a blank book, and write in it all the personal remarks and jokes you can recall, and see which has the most." "Agreed," said Tom. "I'll bet I'll get the most." "And I feel sure that I will," said Annie; "but we will try."

By the time evening came Tom and Annie had each a blank book in readiness. Miss Clara helped to make them, and they were very pretty. The covers were of stiff, cream-colored paper. On Tom's was painted a boy's head, crowned by a carot of brilliant orange, while around the edge ran a fantastic border of poppies, torches, flamingoes, comets, and other objects of sanguinary hue. On the cover of Annie's book was a swordfish, and the border was made up of elephant's trunks, crane's bills, heads of Mr. Funco, and other suggestive objects. Tom and Annie were in the highest spirits as they sat side by side, writing and numbering the remarks and jokes—missiles, as they agreed to call them. Annie's shyness was quite forgotten; her black eyes shone, and she was full of animation. Bedtime came, before the stock of "missiles" was exhausted.

The next day Mrs. Burton again suggested Annie's going to school, and she made no objection. Annie was very much liked by teachers and pupils, and she was much less shy than usual; for, if she did not succeed in forgetting her unfortunate nose, she was cheered by the thought that any remarks made upon it would swell the number recorded in her blank book, and she was becoming very anxious to excel Tom in this regard. Annie thought that her being a stranger gave Tom an unfair advantage; but Tom said that was balanced by the fact that "the fellows know he would thrash any one that spoke of his hair." Tom did not know that it was his very rage at such allusions that tempted the boys to make them. Before long his old enemy, Sam Whitney, returned to the charge. "Hello, Woodpecker," he called out to Tom. "I wish you'd get your hair out. If you don't I'll have to get a pair of green goggles to wear if you are going to sit in front of me."

"Get them then," said Tom, saying to himself, with a feeling of satisfaction, "That makes 107." Sam was surprised at Tom's coolness, and kept on with speeches intended to be provoking, which Tom quietly recorded in his book, bringing his number up to 112. Tom and Annie had agreed that up to 112, Tom and Annie had agreed that a joke repeated should count the same as a new one. Annie sagely remarking that old jokes were the most provoking of all. After a time so many such questions arose that at Will's suggestion they drew up a set of rules, and formed themselves up a secret society of two members, each wearing a badge, on which was inscribed the mystic letters P. R. A. J. S., signifying "Personal Remarks and Jokes Society." They each carried a little notebook, in which they made notes in a kind of shorthand of their own invention, to be afterward copied into the larger book. Of course, these badges and note-books excited the curiosity of the other pupils, but Tom and Annie could not be persuaded to divulge their meaning, till, one day, Annie said:

"Tom, I feel very sorry for Cornie Scott. She is a dear girl, but she is rather stout, and some of the girls make fun of her. Cornie never gets angry, but I found her crying to-day, because Ida Loring called her a porpoise. Suppose we invite her to join our Society?" "Agreed," said Tom. "If you will let me invite Ned Warren. He's a good fellow, but some of the boys laugh at him, because he's cross-eyed." The Society, thus enlarged to include four members, began to hold regular meetings, at which each member was addressed by a name which had been originally bestowed in derision. Annie was "Sword-fish," Tom, "Woodpecker," Ned was known as "Bat," while Cornie cheerfully responded to the title of "Porpoise." Each had a book, modeled after those originally made by Tom and Annie, and diligently collected "missiles," the more the better. Cornie would exceed all the others, her list growing at a wonderful rate. The Society grew more and more to be a social club, and was soon joined by Charley Gibson, a freckled boy, enrolled as "Leopard," and Emma Davis, a tall, thin miss, who meekly bore the title of "Giraffe."

The P. R. A. J. Society was kept up during the whole of Annie's stay, and it proved more useful than many societies more pretentious. When it came time for Annie to return home, there was general regret at her departure. "We shall miss you very much, my dear," said Mrs. Burton. "You have been like a little sunbeam in the house. I hardly thought that you would be so when you first came to us, a little maiden all forlorn." "We had only to wait till the ice was broken," said Miss Clara, laughing. "It was my big nose that broke the ice." "Or my red hair," said Tom. "Your hair may have melted it," said Will. "And Tom never winced, but only thought: 'Another joke! That makes 253!'" Independent.

Where "Red Tape" Prevails. A paymaster in the United States navy gives an exchange the following account of the "red tape" that must be gone through in making purchases for a man-of-war: "Supposing that a paper of tacks is wanted on board a United States ship on a foreign station, the following is the routine actually required under general order No. 48: Four regulations are made out, which are signed as follows:—Officer making the requisition, four times, captain eight, paymaster eight, and admiral four. Bids are sent out to five merchants, which are signed by pay officer five times; merchants bidding, five; acceptance of bid, paymaster, one. Bids are then made out in quintuplicate and are signed by the captain, five times; paymaster, ten; senior officer of the board of inspection, five; and persons receiving the money, five. A report is attached by the senior officer of the Board of Survey in duplicate, two signatures, and the officer who has made the requisition signs a receipt on the bill five times, when it is complete, with more than half a hundred signatures." (Philadelphia Ledger.)

Pulpit and Pew. Stories of discourteous smartness in either pulpit or pew abound. The following is as fresh as are the winds that blow across Cape Cod, where the incident occurred. The congregation was not attending to the sermon. The minister stopped in his reading. "My hearers," said he, "I have given much thought to this sermon. It has cost me many days of labour. If you cannot listen to it in the night seasons, if you cannot listen to it, I will stop right here and now." The reply was prompt from a member of the congregation. "Go on, pastor, go on; you must be about through." (Chicago Advance.)

What He Was Crying For. "Hans," said one German to another in the streets of Frankfurt, "what are you crying about?" "I am crying because the great Rothschild is dead," was the reply. "And why should you cry about that?" was the further query. "He was no relation of yours, was he?" "No, was the answer, half smothered in sobs, "no relation at all, and that's just what I am crying for."

A Fifty Cent Fortune. Young Girl (at fortune-teller's)—"What I'm going to marry a poor man and have seventeen children! It's outrageous! My friend Sarah had her fortune told her, and you said she was to marry a millionaire and live on Fifth avenue. Here's your quarter." Fortune-teller, with dignity—"Your friend Sarah got a fifty-cent fortune, miss."

His Conspicuous Ability. A storekeeper was boasting in the presence of a customer "that he could secure a pound of tea in a smaller piece of paper than any other man in the country." "Yes," said Zedekiah Dryadus, "and you'll chance to hear the remark, 'and you'll put a pint of rum in a smaller bottle than any other man that I ever see, anyway.'"

Liver and Lights. Two gentlemen walking along the streets, observed some workmen taking the windows from a house which they were about pulling down and which the tenant had left the day before. "What tearing work," said one, "they are making with that house!" "Yes," said the other, "yesterday the liver went out and now they are taking out the lights."

Taxation Without Representation. Sexton—"Mr. Healthy, I called to get your share of the fund annually subscribed for keeping the cemetery in repair." Mr. Healthy—"Well, I've contributed for fifteen years and none of my family have as yet got a cent's worth of benefit from it." (Omaha World.)

He Had Some Grounds. Wibble—"Of all the nerve men I think young Wagwell takes the cake." Wibble—"What's the matter with Wagwell?" Wibble—"He proposed to a deaf and dumb girl some time ago, and now he is suing for breach of promise on the ground that silence gives consent."

A Look Ahead. Mother—"Laura, you ought to make that young man of yours go home earlier." Miss Laura—"But we are engaged, mamma and I don't see why—" Mother—"You will get him into habits of staying out late that you will be sorry for it some day, after the honeymoon is over."

A Needful Statement. Since that Bridgeport girl ruined her jaws with chewing gum the manufacturers of the "society quid" have been forced to put out the following statement: "Our gum does not paralyze."

Evening Things Up. Where did you get that cake, Annie? "Mother gave it to me." "She's always giving you more she does me." "Never mind, Harry; she's going to put mustard plasters on us to-night, and I'll ask her to let you have the biggest."

Culture in the West. A teacher who had asked a girl to purchase a grammar, received the following note from the little girl's mother: "I do not desire that Mattie shall engage in grammar, as I prefer her to engage in more youthful studies and can learn her to speak and write proper myself. I went through two grammars; and I can't say as they done me no good—I prefer Mattie to engage in German and drawing and vocal music on the piano."

Why He Became a Bachelor. A young lawyer, who had been instructed that when a witness declared that he was this or that, it was essential that he should be made to tell when and for what reason he became so, thus utilized his instruction when trying his first case with a witness that he had under cross-examination: "Are you a married man?" he asked. "No, sir, I am a bachelor," was the answer. "The, sir," said the young lawyer, in a stern tone, "will you please tell this court how long you have been a bachelor and what were the circumstances that induced you to become one?"

Lucky Man. Visitor (looking through the photograph album)—"This, if I mistake not, is a portrait of your deceased husband." Widow—"It is." Visitor (with a well-meant effort to say something appropriate)—"What a fine-looking man he was! And so young! But he has escaped many of the trials and sufferings of this life. Ah, me!" Widow (with a sigh)—"Yes. He died just as I was getting ready to can five dozen boxes of blackberries."

Ashamed of His Wife's Handiwork. "How do you do, Sam?" said a colored gentleman to one of his cronies the other day. "Why you no come to see a feller if I lib as near you as you do to me I'd come to see you every day." "De fact is," replied Sam, "my wife patch my trousers so all to pieces I'm ashamed to go nowhars."

Didn't Want to be Too Precipitate. Charlie—"Well, Edith, if you are as fond of me as you say, why don't you promise to marry me?" Edith—"Well, you see, Charlie, I haven't been to Newport well, the fact is, I haven't been in fact here—nor Saratoga—nor anywhere else knows here at Long Branch, and one never knows who might be—that is, well, I wish, Charlie, you would wait until the first of November anyway—I'll tell you then."

Did His Duty. The free and easy manner in which the trial of Sullivan was conducted at Purvis, Miss., the unrestricted tendency of the crowd to loose the pugilist and the unmistakable trend of local opinion gave little assurance that the affair would be more than farcical; but to the surprise of all, the jury found a verdict of guilty, and now the presiding judge has vindicated the dignity of his office and his own manhood, by sentencing the pugilist to one year's imprisonment at hard labor, the extreme lighter punishment he would have been shamefully derelict in his duty, but a knowledge of the prevalent sentiment in Mississippi and of the public of its justice did not tend to fortify a confidence and had Sullivan escaped with a nominal fine, it would have occasioned little surprise. A petition signed by over one thousand people, including the sheriff and the jurymen, praying that Sullivan be released with a fine was a formidable document, peculiarly so in that section, but Judge Terrell possessed the courage of his convictions in an eminent degree, and undeterred by the strong influence brought to bear, discharged his duty faithfully and manfully. He knew as every one knew, that a fine would be a travesty, and that Sullivan's sporting friends would pay it cheerfully as one of the legitimate expenses of the fight. At such punishment they could well afford to smile, but imprisonment at hard labor is an entirely different matter and the consternation of the plug-ugly fraternity is easily imagined. It is possible that legal ingenuity may yet defeat the ends of justice, but every right-thinking man will devoutly hope that nothing will impede Sullivan's progress to the penitentiary or shorten his stay in the asylum which should have received him years ago. The man is an habitual law breaker and a curse to society. He is a fair representative of all that is vicious and depraved, and his unusual strength as a pugilist has enabled him to exert a most pernicious influence, far reaching and tenacious. The hulking, rowdy, drunkard and wife-beater is a disgrace to civilization and it is gratifying to know that at last he is to be placed with the convicted criminals where he belongs.

Putting Down Drunkenness. Wonders have been done by the Danish police, it is said, in putting down drunkenness at least in the streets. It is not your brutal patrol wagon method. No, it is the outcome of a refined and civilized age and an educated policeman. If the Danish constable on his beat comes across a drunken man he first gets his address, then hails a cab, politely assists the inebriate into it, and drives off with him to his home, and after ringing the bell deposits the unhappy individual in the arms of his family. If the man is too drunk or cannot remember his address, he is driven to the police station, and the following morning a fresh cab is hired by the constable to drive the victim to his home. "But who pays for all these cabs?" the anxious inquirer demands. The publican who supplied the man with drink is made responsible. We do not advocate this polite method for Canada, but just mention it to show what constabulary courtesy can do. In the state of Georgia the antithesis of this treatment is proposed for the suppression of street drunkenness. A bill has been introduced into the Legislature making it a misdemeanor for any person to get drunk except on his own premises. The bill provides that if a man does get drunk elsewhere than on his own premises he shall be fined \$10 and imprisoned ten days; if he does it again the fine must be \$20 and twenty days imprisonment, and the fine thereafter for each offence is cumulative.

Notes for Women. The Princess of Wales has been very stern and particular in the education of her daughters. She has had good material to work upon, as her girls were clever by nature. The Princess has taken great pride in their accomplishments and feels that her disquisitions have been extremely beneficial. The Princess of Wales has sometimes pleaded with her in vain to give her daughters a holiday. She has often answered that, as they were to hold high social positions, they had no time to waste while acquiring social graces.

An American lady was keeping house in Japan. Every month the highly accomplished Japanese butler brought in the bills made out in English and Japanese for audit and payment. One day our countrywoman was startled by this charge. "It was forty-four yards black extra." "It was impossible," she declared, "not to be thought of out of a sausage factory." But the smiling butler returned triumphant, the open dictionary in his hands, his left forefinger pointing to the translation, "Entrails, lining." Then she remembered her new black silk.

Queen Victoria wrote as follows of the present Emperor of Germany in 1860, when he was twenty months old: "He is such a little love. He came walking in with his nurse in a little white dress, with black bows, and was so good. He is a fine fat child, with a beautiful white, soft skin; very fine shoulders and limbs, and a very dear face—like Vicky, and Fritz and Louise of Baden. He has Fritz's eyes and Vicky's mouth, and very fair curly hair. We felt so happy to see him at last. All of which proves that the Kaiser was a nice baby and the Queen a good deal of a gusher."

In Iowa a married woman has every legal right that her husband has. She can make contracts with him or any other person; sue or be sued; sue her husband; transact business in her own name and right; receive and recover compensation for her own services rendered outside of the family; hold any public office to which she may be elected; in fact, do all things her husband may lawfully do, except vote. She has one advantage of her husband. He is liable for all her torts; while he may be never so rascally, she is not liable, therefore, in person or property.

Where nothing but a slight protection for the shoulders is required are provided little Carrick coats which have a handsomely trimmed collar, with long bows and ends of ribbon beneath. The collar is turned over on most specimens, but the high Medical collar appears on others, and these are elaborately braided. A fawn-colored cloth cape, braided at the neck with gold, is lined with Roman red, with ribbon strings to match. Summer cloth is much used, and the edges are not pinked or otherwise ornamented. For very hot days are capes of embroidered muslin, with long scarf ends of the same, which are tied in a full bow under the chin. These do not have the tangle collar, but a single one, with an embroidered cape.

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