

where he lives until he knows how to walk, when he gets his first suit of clothing.

This, however, is while the baby Eskimo is out of doors, and his mother is making a social visit. When at his own home, in order not to trouble his mother while she is sewing or cooking or doing such other work, the little baby is allowed to roll around almost without clothing, among the reindeer skins that make the bed, where it amuses itself with anything that it can lay its hands on, from a hatchet to a snow-stick.

You doubtless think little Boreas should have a nice time rolling around to his heart's content on the soft, warm reindeer skins; but when I tell you more about his little home, you may not think so. *For his winter home is built of snow.*

"But won't the snow melt and the house tumble in?" you will ask. Of course it will, if you get it warmer than just the coldness at which water freezes; but during the greater part of the year it is so cold that the snow will not melt, even when the Eskimo burn fires in their stone lamps inside these snow houses; so, by carefully regulating the amount of the fire, they can just keep the snow from melting. In short, it must always be cold enough in their home to freeze.

So you can see that the little Eskimo cannot have such a very nice time, and you can't see how in the world he can be almost naked all day long when it is so cold. But such is the fact.

Yet, in spite of all this, the little fellow really enjoys himself. He gets used to the cold, and has great fun frolicking around on the reindeer skins and playing with the toys.

At times the fire will get too warm in the snow house, and then the ceiling will commence melting—for you all perhaps have learned at school that when a room becomes warmed it is warmer at the ceiling and cooler near the floor.

So with the hut of snow; it commences melting at the top because it is warmer there—and when two or three drops of the cold water have fallen on the baby's bare shoulders, his father or mother finds that it is getting too warm, and cuts down the fire.

When the water commences dropping, the mother will often take a snowball from the floor, where it is colder than freezing, and stick it against the point where the water is dripping. There it freezes fast and soaks up the water just like a sponge, until it becomes full, and then she removes it and puts on another, as soon as it commences to drip again. Sometimes she will forget to remove it, and when it gets soaked and heavy with water, and warm enough to lose its freezing hold, down it comes! perhaps right on the baby's back, where it flattens out like a slushy pancake; or into his face, as it once served me.

—Lieut. Frederick Schwatka, in *St. Nicholas*.

CLEANING OUT THE PAPERS.

THE misfortune of the newsboy is to "get stuck" on a lot of papers. He must pay for them in advance. In six hours' time they are not worth a half a cent a pound; and every unsold paper is a dead loss to the newsboy, a dead loss which sometimes means want and hunger, and sometimes a whipping at home!

The jostling, hurrying world has little time to think of newsboys after dark; and often the poor must help the poorer ones if they are helped at all. Sometimes they do this.

About nine o'clock of the evening of election day, a gentleman passing up Washington street, Borton, was asked by a small boy to buy a paper.

"How is it," he enquired, "that you haven't sold your papers before this?"

"These ain't my papers," he replied; "I've sold all mine. These are the other little fellow's and I'm helping him clean 'em out."

"Where is the other little fellow?"

"Oh, he's there in the entry."

The gentleman looked and saw a boy fast asleep upon the stairs.

"How old is he?" he enquired.

"Oh, about six, and he lives in South Boston, and don't want to go home till he's sold out."

The evening was damp and chilly, and the sight of the poor, half-clad little waif, tired out and asleep upon the stairs, so moved the gentleman, that he purchased the remaining stock of papers, to the great delight of the child, who, rousing up from his nap, and shivering with cold, gladly took the quarter of a dollar given to him in the palm of his little hand, which was not much larger than the coin he received, and, stowing it away safely in his pocket, started off on a run for his home, a mile or more away, in South Boston. He was probably afraid of punishment if he returned with his papers unsold.

The aid so generously rendered to the boy in the sale of his papers by his associate, though but a child himself, was another and impressive testimony to the strength and beauty of that common bond of sympathy amongst the poor, a bond too rarely known or acknowledged in the higher walks of life.

WHAT MADE BABY CROSS.

IT is easy to make babies cross, and it is not difficult to provoke them to love and good works. "Mamma, I wish you would call the baby; he is so cross we cannot play," cried Robert to his mamma one day, as he was playing in the garden with his sister and the baby.