

Our Young Folks

Mother's Room.

I'm awfully sorry for poor Jack Roe; He's the boy that lives with his aunt, you know, And he says his house is filled with gloom Because it has got no "mother's room." I tell you what, it is fine enough To talk of "boudoirs" and such fancy stuff, But the room of rooms that seems best to me Is mother's room, where a fellow can rest, And talk of the things his heart loves best.

What if I do get dirt about, And sometimes startle my aunt with a shout; It is mother's room, and if she don't mind, To the hints of the others I'm always blind. Maybe I lose my things, what then? In mother's room I find them again! And I've never denied that I litter the floor With marbles and tops and many things more; But I tell you for boys with a tired head, It's jolly to rest on mother's bed.

Now poor Jack Roe, when he visits me, I take him to mother's room, you see, Because it's the nicest place to go When a fellow's spirits are getting low; And mother she's always kind and sweet, And there's always a smile poor Jack to greet, And somehow the sunbeams seem to glow More brightly in mother's room, I know, Than anywhere else, and you'll never find gloom Or any old shadow in mother's room.

Bob's Petticoats.

SARAH J. BURKE.

It was the night before Christmas, and little Bob Moore, sitting up in his bed, was crying, "You Mary Ann, let me in quick!" "No, darling, she said, 'It's naughty to kick."

"It's time for yer supper, too, Bobby," she said. "Ver mother just told me to put yer bed." "You coaxed her," he cried, "and it's all for your sake."

"Now you just want to go off to a wake!" he said, finding his mother, he threw his brown head back, and between his sobs dolefully said, "I'll never go out on the sidewalk again; the fellows keep calling me 'Sweet Sarah Jane.'"

Mamma Moore's taste and his own were at strife; a pretty little skirt was the plague of his life, and he'd scaped his brown ringlets to take out the curl, and it quite broke his heart to look so like a girl!

Mamma long noted her little boy's grief, and her dear loving heart had been planning to "relieve" him.

"The knee, without proof of the tear or the sob, life's load was too big for the shoulders of Bob. 'Will be Christmas to-morrow,' she said as she heard."

"Alak how jolly, my boy!" But she breathed not a word. The little suit in her own bureau drawer had come from the tailor the evening before.

"A man, Bob, she added. 'My own darling son, be brave. Dry your eyes—they were only in fun!' In fun!" he moaned, "to be as brave as I can, a fellow in petticoats can't be a man!"

Mamma in his ringlets hiding a smile, many a story his grief to beguile; he pleading for "Ten Little Niggers" again, he forgot all the trouble of "Sweet Sarah Jane."

It was when his father had chucked to see the stocking stuffed tight as a stocking could be, took the great shears 'n his hand, and he crept to the side of the crib where his little boy slept—

His father had said, when his mother had pleaded the brown curls on the precious brown head, "My boy's nearly six, and, my darling, tut, tut, there's no use in talking, his curls should be cut!"

Mamma, "They're so lovely, I couldn't cut one!" must do it yourself, if the thing's to be done." And was the reason papa held the shears, mamma held her handkerchief over her tears!

clip! The bright rings on the white pillow fell; when the scene only mothers can tell; that by a very slight twisting and twirling Bob's last and his blundermost curl.

Mamma laid them all in a book on the shelf, over softly when all by herself, exchanged his kilt suit, and his petticoats too, and trousers of navvies blue.

Pressing a kiss on the warm rosy cheek, and him there looking so quiet and meek, she slowly and wearily went to her bed, and that her own little Bobby was dead!

Next morning he thumped at her door. "Now let me in, for it's me, Bobby Moore!" Mamma reached it, the door was flung wide, and when she saw Bobby she laughed till she cried.

He and trousers had made him so tall, and by the early dim light in the hall, the little bare feet and his funny crooked head, "My boy's nose of mine," she could sin out have said.

"Please," he cried, "will you let Mary Ann make my breakfast as soon as she can? I want to go out on the sidewalk again, and then for calling me 'Sweet Sarah Jane.'"

DAVY AND THE GOBLIN.

BY CHARLES CARRYL.

CHAPTER VII.—SINDBAD THE SAILOR'S HOUSE.

Here Sindbad stopped, and gazed solemnly at Davy and the Goblin.

"If you please, sir," said Davy, respectfully, "what is gummy bread?"

"It's bread stuffed with molasses," said Sindbad; "but I never saw it anywhere, except aboard of the 'Prodigal Pig.'"

"But," said Davy, in great surprise, "you said the name of your ship was—"

"So I did, and so it was," interrupted Sindbad, testily. "The name of a ship sticks to it like wax to a wig. You can't change it."

"Who gave it that name?" said the Goblin.

"What name?" said Sindbad, looking very much astonished.

"Why, 'The Canterburg Soup-tureen,'" said the Goblin, winking at Davy.

"Oh, that name!" said Sindbad; "that was given to her when—but speaking of soup-tureens—let's go and have some pie;" and rising to his feet, he gave one hand to Davy and the other to the Goblin, and they all walked off in a row toward the little shell house. This, however, proved to be a very troublesome arrangement, for Sindbad was constantly stepping on his long beard and falling down; and as he kept a firm hold of his companions' hands, they all went down in a heap together a great many times. At last Sindbad's turban fell off, and as he sat up on the grass and began stirring in it again with his little wooden spoon, Davy saw that it was full of broken chess-men.

"It's a great improvement, isn't it?" said Sindbad.

"What is?" said Davy, very much puzzled.

"Why, this way of playing the game," said Sindbad, looking up at him complacently. "You see, you make all the moves at once."

"It must be a very easy way," said Davy.

"It's nothing of the sort," said Sindbad, sharply. "There are more moves in one of my games than in twenty ordinary games;" and here he stirred up the chess-men furiously for a moment, and then, triumphantly calling out "Check!" clapped the turban on his head.

As they set out again for the little house, Davy saw that it was slowly moving around the edge of the lawn, as if it were on a circular railway, and Sindbad followed it around, dragging Davy and the Goblin with him, but never getting any nearer to the house.

"Don't you think," said Davy, after a while, "that it would be a good plan to stand still and wait until the house came around to us?"

"Here, drop that!" exclaimed Sindbad, excitedly, "that's my idea. I was just about proposing it myself."

"So was I," said the Goblin to Sindbad. "Just leave my ideas alone, will you?"

"Your ideas!" retorted Sindbad, scornfully. "I did n't know you'd brought any with you."

"I had to," replied the Goblin, with great contempt, "otherwise there wouldn't have been any on the premises."

"Oh! come, Isay!" said Sindbad, "that's my sneer, you know. Don't go to putting the point of it the wrong way."

"Take it back, if it's the only one you have," retorted the Goblin, with another wink at Davy.

"Thank you, I believe I will," replied Sindbad meekly; and as the little house came along just then, they all stepped in at the door as it went by. As they did so, to Davy's amazement Sindbad and the Goblin quietly vanished, and Davy, instead of being inside the house, found himself standing in a dusty road, quite alone.

CHAPTER VIII.

LAY-OVERS FOR MEDDLERS.

As Davy stood in the road, in doubt which way to go, a Roc came around the corner of the house. She was a large bird, nearly six feet tall, and was clothed in a dress of a bonnet and a plaid shawl, and wore overshoes. About her neck was hung a covered basket and a daisy. Davy at once concluded that she was Sindbad's housekeeper.

"I did n't mean to keep you waiting," said the Roc, leading the way along the road; "but I declare that, what with comb-

ing the lawn every morning with a fine-tooth comb, and brushing those shells every morning with a fine tooth-brush, I don't get time for anything else, let alone feeding the animals."

"What animals?" said Davy, beginning to be interested.

"Why, his, of course," said the Roc, rattling on in her harsh voice. "There's an Emphasis and two Periodicals and a Spotted disaster, all crawlin' and creepin' and screechin'—"

Here Davy, unable to control himself, burst into a fit of laughter, in which the Roc joined heartily, rolling her head from side to side and repeating, "All crawlin' and creepin' and screechin'" over and over again, as if that were the cream of the joke.

Suddenly she stopped laughing and said in a low voice, "you don't happen to have a beefsteak about you, do you?"

Davy confessed that he had not, and the Roc continued, "Then I must go back. Just hold my basket, like a good child."

Here there was a scuffling sound in the basket and the Roc rapped on the cover with her hard beak and cried, "Hush!"

"What's in it?" said Davy, curiously taking the basket.

"Lay-overs for meddlers," said the Roc, and hurrying back along the road, was soon out of sight.

"I wonder what they're like," said Davy to himself, getting down upon his hands and knees and listening curiously with his ear against the cover of the basket. The scuffling sound continued, mingled with little sneezes and squeaking sobs as if some very small kittens had had colds and were crying about it.

"I think I'll take a peep," said Davy, looking cautiously about him. There was no one in sight, and he carefully raised the cover a little way and tried to look in. The scuffling sound and the sobs ceased, and the next instant the cover flew off the basket and out poured a swarm of little brown creatures like snuff-boxes with legs. As they scampered off in all directions, Davy made a frantic grab at one of them, which instantly turned over on its back and blew a puff of smoke into his face, and he rolled over in the road almost stifled. When he was able to sit up again and look about him, the empty basket was lying on its side near him, and not a lay-over was to be seen. At that moment, the Roc came in sight, hurrying along the road with her shawl and her bonnet-strings fluttering behind her; and Davy, clapping the cover on the basket, took to his heels and ran for dear life.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Way to Success.

Are you a young beginner in life and without capital at the start, save brain and muscle? These are amply sufficient for the battle if faithfully and well employed. You must not cavil or find fault with your lot, but go in with energy and make the best of it. Fault finding is a chronic disease. It prevails largely among those under employ.

Clerks and salesmen are addicted to this habit, which is a bad one. In their eyes the employer is mean, grasping and avaricious. He exacts long hours with plenty of hard work. He is niggardly in his estimate of salaries; he is stern in manner and overbearing in word and action. All this and more is the frequent utterance of employees.

What a mistake. No clerk will succeed who is a chronic fault-finder. Nine times out of ten the fault lies at his own door and arises from a lack of well-performed duty.

Employers, as a rule, are not harsh, and do not exact more than their dues. They pay for services and have a right to expect faithful performance. If their rules are not to your liking you are free to go elsewhere.

This course is far more manly than to stay and at the same take private exceptions to them among fellow clerks.

Merchants soon discover the discontented clerks who are usually of that class who shirk their duty. They are also quick to perceive those who are faithful and who are determined to earn their wages. It is the latter who stay and climb up step by step to position and a business interest, while the former drift here and there until bereft of influence and situation they sink down to nothing, guess and despair.

One sure way of success is to make your employer's interest your own. If you add to his profit through your endeavors, you indirectly add to yours also. You are sow-

ing good seed that in due time will ripen into an abundant harvest. The clerk who speaks in disrespectful language to a fellow salesman commits a serious blunder. Lay that to heart, and if you have been guilty of this offence abstain from it in future.

Years ago there entered the counting room of a prominent dry goods jobbing house in New York a young lad as office boy. He was bashful, silent and timid. He minded his business, kept his tongue still, and diligently performed his tasks. He was never heard to find fault with salary, with his employer, or his duty. Had he been disposed he would have found frequent opportunity so to do, for it was a common practice with both entry clerks and salesmen. He kept his lips closed and his books well posted, for he was advanced to head book-keeper. In due season he was rewarded with a partnership, and is to-day an active member of a large jobbing firm and has made an honest reputation and fortune.

Do likewise, young beginner, as it is a good way to gain business success.

Watches.

Edward VI appears to have been the first Englishman to wear a watch, and this consisted of "onno larum gilt, with two plumets of lead;" that is to say, it was driven by weights. This is supposed to have been received by the king as a present from Nuremberg, and was playfully called a Nuremberg animated egg. The word "watch" was derived from an Anglo-Saxon word meaning to wake. The first portable timepiece of which we have any record was that of the Chinese pocket dial mounted upon the head of a cane or carried by a chain round the neck. Queen Elizabeth had a watch in shape like a duck, with chased feathers, the lower part of which opened, and the face or dial of silver ornamented with a gilt design. The outer case was of brass, and that in turn was covered with black leather ornamented with silver studs. Mary Queen of Scots gave a curious token of affection to her faithful maid-of-honor, Mary Seaton, in the shape of a watch in the form of a skull, the dial occupying the place of the palate and the works that of the brain. The hours were marked in Roman letters. A bell in the hollow of the skull received the works, and a hammer struck the hours.

Honesty is the Pivot.

It is well known that Thomas Carlyle hated the city. One day business induced him to enter London. Wishing to be informed as to a certain locality of the whereabouts of which he had no notion, he stopped a young man in the neighborhood of the Bank and asked of him the direction. The young man, recognizing his interlocutor, at once volunteered to accompany him to the required spot. On the way Carlyle opened a conversation with the young man, and elicited from him the fact that he was a clerk in a city house at a weekly salary. Arriving at their journey's end, Carlyle turned to his guide with a "Now, young man, you may go." "Thank you," said the clerk by way of a gentle reminder. "Thank you for what?" asked the sage. "Young man," said he with emphasis, "honesty is the pivot on which the actions of a man should hang. You have stolen your employer's time, and now you come and ask me to thank you for having done so. The receiver is worse than the thief. Get to your work."

The Lesson of Patience.

A certain lady had met with a serious accident, which necessitated a very painful surgical operation and many months' confinement to her bed. When the physician had finished his work and was taking his leave, the patient asked: "Doctor, how long shall I have to lie here helpless?"

"O, only one day at a time," was the cheery answer; and the poor sufferer was not only comforted for the moment, but many times during the succeeding weary weeks did the thought, "Only one day at a time," come back with its quieting influence.

I think it was Sidney Smith who recommended taking "short views" as a good safeguard against needless worry; and One, far wiser than he, said: "Take therefore no thought for the morrow. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."