Boys and Girls.

Little Tim Got There.

They cut the pants of brother Jim
To fit the legs of little Tim.
Ah, me! 'twas years ago when Bill
And I would chase and race and run
To reach the school house 'neath the hill
To pick out seats ere school begun.
Poor little Tim! He had to pose
Upon the low front seat; his toes
Were then two inches from the floor.
His brother Jim and Bill and I
Picked out our seats behind the door—
For reasons that were smooth and sly.
I see her yet, a prim, sedate,
Staid personage, who sat in state
Upon the little platform where
She ruled with ruler and with grim
Determination she would stare
Into the eyes of little Tim
Poor little Tim! He seemed to grow
In wisdom on the front seat row;
But us big fellows by the door
Were satisfied to peg away
And learn a little or no more
Than just enough to keep from play.
Upon the farm is brother Jim—
He wears the castoff pants of Tim.
Bill runs a rural barter store.
Yours truly on a sal'ry small—
The chap who couldn't reach the floor
Will run for county judge this fall.

Horace S. Kellar.

Gum Camphor Experiments.

Get some gum camphor and make a few of these experiments.

Put a small piece of the camphor in water. It will float, and after a short interval it will begin to move about on the surface of the water, and will keep this up till it has all dissolved. This is because it dissolves more quickly in some parts than in others, and so the water keeps pulling it, first one way and then another.

Put another piece of camphor in the water and set it on fire, and it will burn and move about at the same time, making a very pretty sight. You may utilize this knowledge and construct a little toy. Make some boats by folding paper to that shape, and attach to each a bit of the gum camphor. When you place it in the water, the boat will sail about until the camphor is dissolved, and if you set a little boat on fire it will burn, camphor and all, still moving in the water until it is all consumed.

Now pour a little water into a flat-bottomed shallow dish. Hold a stick of camphor up to the light, to see which way its grain runs, and following the grain, cut out a small rod of the camphor, about a quarter of an inch square.

Hold the end of this rod to the bottom of the shallow dish, and the water will begin to ripple and wave, and will continue to do so until the end of the rod is melted away. The reason of this is that the water is first drawn to the camphor stick, and as the stick dissolves, a film of camphor forms on the surface, which has a tendency to draw away from the stick, even as mercury draws away from glass. So the result here is a wave motion, first a drawing to the stick, and then a drawing away, until the end is dissolved.

Now place several of the little paper boats, without camphor on them, in the thin layer of water around the edge of the dish, and put the stick of camphor in the middle of the dish to the bottom. Little waves will at once form, and you will see the boats buffeted about by them; indeed, some of the boats may be wrecked against the camphor stick.

The following experiment will be successful if made on a fine, dry day, as in such a condition of the atmosphere the film of camphor will almost instantly evaporate. Put some perfectly clean water into a perfectly clean vessel, and over the surface dust some lycopodium using a small muslin bag to hold the powder.

When you have put a thin layer of the powder over the water, dip the end of a camphor stick into the water, and the powder will begin at once to pull away from the stick and to form into wheel-shaped figures, which will begin to revolve, making a very pretty effect.

If you have a microscope, you may make the following experiment: In a drachm of benzine dissolve a piece of camphor about the size of a pea. Put the solution into a small phial, and have selected a cork that fits the phial stick be in the solution. Now take a concave microscope slide and fill it with water. Touch the surface of this water with a the head of the pin, and look at it through the microscope, the drop will assume a curious appearance, for, tiny as it is, little particles will separate themselves from it and move about in all directions.

Amusing as all these experiments are, they also teach a wonderful law of nature, that of attraction and repulsion, so that your time will be well spent in making them.

A Mother Deer to the Rescue.

A remarkable story of a mother deer's rescue of her fawn is printed in the Banning Herald. It was witnessed by two men, one of whom tells the story. They were driving up a canon, and, as they turned the bend, they saw a doe and a young fawn drinking from the stone ditch. At their approach the animals were startled.

In attempting to turn and run, the fawn lost its balance and fell into the ditch, where the water runs very swiftly and with great volume.

The fawn was carried swiftly down the stream. The mother deer seemed to lose all fear, and ran along the edge of the ditch, trying to reach her baby with her head.

Suddenly she ran ahead of the floating fawn for some little distance. She plunged into the ditch with her head downstream and her hind quarters toward the fawn, and braced her forefeet firmly in the crevices of the rocks to resist the rush of water. In a second the fawn was washed up on its mother's back, and it instinctively clasped her neck with its forelegs.

The doe then sprang from the ditch with the fawn on her back. She lay down, and the baby deer rolled to the ground in an utterly exhausted condition. The men were not more than thirty feet from the actors of this scene; but the mother apparently unconscious of their presence, licked and fondled her baby for a few minutes until it rose to its feet. Then the doe and the fawn trotted off together up the mountain-side.

The Turning Point.

Franklin Pierce was widely celebrated for superior intellect, scholarly eloquence and painstaking examination of detail. Yet, in his youth he was not at all fond of study. Although a fair scholar without any particular effort on his part, he preferred various athletic sports to study. Nevertheless, his father, Benjamin Pierce, had early detected the signs of ability in this his favorite son, and determined that this boy should have the advantage of a good education. Franklin was accordingly withdrawn from the village school at Hillsboro and sent to Hancock and Francestown, then to Exeter where he prepared for College. In 1820 he entered Bowdoin College, at the age of sixteen.

The boy Franklin was a tender-hearted, affectionate lad, and very fond of his home; and for some time after his arrival in Hancock was exceedingly homesick. It seemed to him that he could never bear the strange, new life there. At last he decided to run away home. He arrived at Hillsboro one Sunday morning, while part of the family was at church. His father, however, was at home, and met the fugitive at the door, but without any signs of welcome.

"Why have you come home, Frank," he asked.

The boy was always truthful, and he did not flinch now. He answered simply, "I was homesick."

Without a word of reproach to his son, Governor Pierce sent for the coachman. "James," he said, "take the gray mare and the chaise and carry Frank half the way back to Hancock. He will walk the rest of the way."

The order was carried out to the letter, and Franklin was set down in the middle of a piece of dense woods. It would be of no use to disobey his father again. Franklin knew him too well for that. Dejectedly the boy turned his face towards Hancock, and trudged along, mile after mile. The afternoon was waning, and the shadows in the woods were growing longer and longer. To add to his discomfort, a heavy thunder-shower was coming up; the first great drops of rain were already splashing down upon him. Presently the rain came down in torrents and drenched him to the skin; but he kept bravely on.

Late in the evening he reached his boarding place in Hancock, footsore, tired, hungry, wet, but with a new determination in his mind. He would never give up in anything, however hard, again. In speaking in later years of the experience, he said, "I am convinced that it was the turning point of my life, and I have always thanked my father for his firmness."

Small Beginnings.

Sir Wm. Van Horne was a newspaper boy on a railroad.

Lord Strathcona was a clerk in the Hudson's Bay Co.

C. R. Hosmer was a telegraph operator.

Sir Thomas Shaughnessy was a telegraph operator.

R. B. Angus was a bank clerk.

Lord Mount-Stephen was a clerk in a dry goods establishment.

Senator Cox began life as a telegraph operator.

William Mackenzie was a school teacher.

D. D. Mann was a lumberjack.

Charles M. Hays was employed as a clerk in a railway office.

Russell Sage was a grocer's clerk.

Levi P. Morton was a dry goods clerk.

STRANGE PREDICTIONS

Planetary Professor Foretells Events and Quickly Reads the Lives of People, Though Thousands of Miles Away.

Sends Letters to the Rich and Poor Alike, in which He Advises Them About Business, Marriage, Speculation, Love Affairs Wealth, Etc.

Offers Free Readings to All Who Write and Send Date of Birth.

In his office in New York city, surrounded by charts and dials of strange design, Albert H. Postel, the astrologer, studies daily over the lives of men and women who have written him for advice on affairs of business, love, speculation, travel, marriage, health and the important events of life. The following letter gives an idea of Mr. Postel's ability.

Prof. Postel.

Dear Sir—You are certainly the most wonderful astrologer living. Every one of your predictions came true. I consider that you not only saved me from an awful death but prevented the loss of hundreds of dollars. I trust that many people will profit by your advice. Sincerely,

MISS EFFA M. TRYON.

The accuracy of recent predictions made by this eminent astrologer has caused many of his friends to believe that he possesses a supernatural power, but he modestly asserts that his predictions are due alone to a scientific understanding of natural laws. The many thankful letters Mr. Postel has received from people who have benefited by his advice furnish ample proof that he is sincere in his work and has a kindly feeling toward humanity.

Readers of this paper can obtain a reading free of charge by addressing a letter to Albert H. Postel, Dept. 1085, No. 126 West 34th street, New York. Simply say you wish a reading of your life, stating your birth date, sex and whether married or single. Please enclose 10 cents (silver or stamps) to pay postage and clerical work, and the reading, also a copy of Mr. Postel's booklet, "Your Destiny foretold," will be promptly sent.