

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

A SCHOOL-BOY FIGHT.

[The following account of a little episode in school-boy life is the production of a lad just entered on his 'teens.]

"ARE you as good a man as you were when you called me a liar in school?"

"Yes, I am."

"Then take that."

And so saying James King struck the offending Oliver Atchison a blow on the side of the head which knocked him down; then James jumped on him and held him down until some of the boys interfered and took him off.

It started from a very little thing—a marble. James had lifted Oliver's marble, and had either kept it, or when he went to put it down it must have been kicked away. Oliver, who sat near James in school, asked him for the marble he took.

"I haven't got your marble; I put it back," replied James.

"You're a liar, you never," said Oliver.

And so the fight began. I give this simple illustration to show what a small amount of principle some boys have; and I am very sorry to say that there are a great many such boys in the world, who think it manly to fight, swear, chew tobacco, and do a great many other wicked things. Now, if tobacco were offered to any of these boys as a medicine it is very likely that they would refuse it. There are three things, which if boys would observe, would save a great deal of ill-feeling, viz.: always think before you speak; never reply with an angry word; and return good for evil; for in so doing you will feel happier; you will gain the respect of all; and best of all you will gain the love of God.—J. T. M.

OVER IN A MINUTE.

KITTY had constructed a new swing for her doll's entertainment; but it proved unsatisfactory, for that wooden lady slipped from her perch and landed with considerable violence upon the table, overturning an inkstand upon a picture Walter was copying. In an instant Walter sprang to his feet, snatched up the doll, and threw it into the fire and marched out of the room, leaving Kitty in tears and the table in confusion.

In half an hour he returned, gay and sunny as ever, bringing a handsome doll to replace Kitty's loss. She was easily comforted, and was more sure than ever that Walter was the best brother in the world.

"If a fellow is quick-tempered, why, he is; I suppose that's all there is of it," said Walter, more carelessly than penitently. "I do get angry in a jiff, but it's all over in a minute or two."

"Are you sure of that?" asked his grandfather, gravely.

"Oh, yes. I'm not one of the sort to go sulking about over anything. I flash up quick enough, but I never bear malice."

"But the consequences—can you be sure that they are 'all over in a minute or two?'" I never hear any one speak carelessly of that fault without recalling one scene in my own boyhood. I was quick-tempered, too, Walter, and, as you say, quick over it—flying into a rage one minute, and ready to laugh at my

own tempest of passion the next. I held a high place in my classes, and one day had spoken rather boastfully of my position and how long I had kept it; but that very afternoon, through some carelessness, I failed, and gave an answer so absurd that it was received with a burst of laughter. Mortified by my blunder, vexed at having lost my place, I passed an uncomfortable afternoon; and when school closed I walked out moodily, inclined to speak to no one and pretending to be busily whittling.

"Here comes the infallible! Here's the fellow that never misses!" called the teasing voice of a school mate in front of me; and then he mockingly repeated my absurd answer.

"With all the force of a sudden fury I threw my open knife at him. It just missed his head, and in an instant it was quivering in the tree beside him. The sight of it and of his white startled face recalled me to my senses, and I sank down upon the ground, covering my face with my hands. The boys gathered about me kindly, even Charlie, the one at whom I had aimed the blow, saying that the fault was more his own than mine. But I knew that only God's mercy had saved me from seeing my schoolmate dead at my feet and my whole life darkened with the stain of murder.

"For weeks afterward I lived it over in horrible dreams; and to this day, Walter, ungoverned temper can never seem a light thing to me. Anger that is 'over in a minute' may be like a spark of fire on powder, and give you cause for shame and sorrow all your days."

HUNTING WILD HORSES.

THE wild horse can run away from a man; but this protection fails at times. The horse-catchers—or "vaqueros," as they are called—are famous riders, and to see them capture a wild mustang is better than to go to a circus. The vaquero puts a Spanish saddle on a tame horse, and starts out to see what he can find. In front, on the high pommel of the saddle, he hangs in large coils a leather rope, about a hundred feet long, and called a lasso. It is made of strips of raw hide, braided by hand into a smooth, hard and very pretty rope. One end is secured to the saddle, and the other end has a slip-knot making a sliding noose.

The vaquero has not long to wait, for there are droves of horses cantering or walking about over the swells and hollows of the prairie, with here and there a smaller group looking on, or watching a battle between two horses who wish to be captains of their bands or companies. Presently, there is a strange sound of tramping hoofs, like the sound of a squadron of cavalry, except that it has a grand, wild rush and swing such as no cavalry ever had, and a cloud of dark heads rises over a swell of the land. The leader sees the vaquero, and he halts suddenly, and the others pull up in a confused crowd, and toss their heads, and sniff the air, as if they scented danger near. The leader does not like the look of things, and turns and slowly canters away, followed by all the rest, tramping in confusion through the yellow grass and wild barley. Presently they become frightened, and away they fly in a dusty throng.

The vaquero's horse seems to think his chance has come, and he pricks up his ears, and is eager for the glorious fun of a dash after the mustangs. Away they go pell-mell, in a panic, and the tame horse galloping swiftly after them. Down they tumble—some knocked over in the confusion, snorting and flinging great flecks of foam from their dilated nostrils, trampling over each other in mad haste, each for himself, and the American horse sweeping after them. Now the vaquero stands up in his saddle, and the lasso swings round and round in a circle over his head. Swish! It sings through the air with a whirring sound, and opens out in great rings, while the loop spreads wider and wider, and at last drops plump over the head of a mustang. The vaquero's horse pulls up with a sudden halt, and sinks back on his haunches, and braces his forefeet out in front. Ah! How the dust flies! The mustang is fast, held by the slip-knot, and he rears up and plunges in wild and frantic terror. The rope strains terribly, but the vaquero watches his chances, and takes in the rope every time it slackens. It is of no use! The poor mustang is hard and fast. Perhaps another rider comes up and flings another lasso over his head. Then they ride round him, and the mustang is twisted and tangled in the ropes till he can hardly move. He falls, and rolls, and kicks furiously, and all in vain. Panting, exhausted and conquered, he at last submits to his fate. His free days are over, and he seems to know it. A few more struggles, and he recognizes that man is his master, and, perhaps, in one or two days he submits to a bit in his mouth, and becomes a tame horse for the rest of his life. If, by any chance, he escapes before he is broken in, and runs away to join his wild companions, he seems never to forget that terrible lasso, and if he sees the vaquero again, he will stand, trembling and frightened, too much terrified to even run away.—From "The Wild Mustang," by Charles Barnard, in *St. Nicholas* for April.

HOW LONG AND HOW MANY.

HOW long do you think it took to write the Bible? Fifteen hundred years. From Moses, who wrote Genesis, to John, who wrote Revelation, it was that long, long time.

How many people helped to write it? More than thirty. There were Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, Paul, and Peter. There were Moses, and Ezra, and David, and Daniel, and Samuel. Some were shepherds, some farmers, some fishermen, some tent-makers, some kings, some judges, some princes; some were learned, some were unlearned; and yet all agree in what they write.

How could that be? Because God did all the thinking in the Bible. The thoughts in the Bible are all God's thoughts.

These thirty men only did the writing. They wrote just what God told them. How many different sections or books are there in the Bible? Sixty-six, all bound together, comprised in one beautiful whole. It is a blessed volume. Prize it above every volume in the wide, wide world. Receive it as the man of your counsel and the guide of your life. Your life can never be a failure if you follow its instructions; it shall be a lamp to your feet and a light to your path.