

# BOYS AND GIRLS

## Work.

Sweet wind, fair wind, where have you been?  
'I've been sweeping the cobwebs out of the sky;

'I've been grinding a grist in the mill hard by;  
'I've been laughing at work while others sigh:  
Let those laugh who win!

Sweet rain, soft rain, what are you doing?  
'I'm urging the corn to fill out its cells;  
'I'm helping the lily to fashion its bells;  
'I'm swelling the torrent and brimming the wells:

Is that worth pursuing?

Redbreast, redbreast, what have you done?  
'I've been watching the nest where my fledglings lie;

'I've sung them to sleep with a lullaby;  
By and by I shall teach them to fly,  
Up and away, every one!

Honey-bee, honey-bee, where are you going?  
'To fill my basket with precious pelf;  
'To toil for neighbor as well as myself;  
'To find out the sweetest flower that grows,  
Be it a thistle or be it a rose—  
A secret worth the knowing!

Each content with the work to be done,  
Ever the same from sun to sun;  
Shall you and I be taught to work  
By the bee and the bird, that scorn to shirk?

Wind and rain fulfilling His word!  
Tell me, was ever a legend heard  
Where the wind, commanded to blow, deferred;  
Or the rain, that was bidden to fall, demurred?  
—Mary N. Prescott.

## Do You Know the Grasshoppers?

(Charles McIlvaine, in 'S. S. Times.')

There is something about the bullfrog and the grasshopper that is comical. Their faces are funny, but it is their long hind legs, and prompt way of using them that most amuses us. At jumping, the grasshopper can beat the frog. The grasshopper can fly and climb; the frog can do neither. The frog can swim, which the grasshopper cannot. The hind legs of both are wonderful pieces of machinery, and very strong. It will pay to catch a grasshopper, and with or without a glass, examine how it is made.

The proper name for the grasshoppers whose feelers ('antennae') are shorter than their bodies, is locust. The common red-legged grasshoppers and their close relations are the true locusts. The seven-year or Periodical locust, the greenish-black summer locust or jar fly, as it is called, which rattles its long call, beginning bravely but dwindling to a taper of sound, are not locusts but cicadae. The names have got badly mixed up. The plague of grasshoppers which is told of in the Bible as afflicting Egypt, was a plague of locusts very similar to the grasshopper (locust) which has several times done so much damage in America. In this article I shall, however, call grasshoppers grasshoppers, but please remember that the short-horned are locusts.

There are several kinds of grasshoppers. I shall tell about those which are true locusts first. The red-legged is the most common over the United States, excepting where the Rocky Mountain locust lives in the high dry lands, in their neighborhood. The Rocky Mountain kind is very much like the red-legged, but has far longer wings. Occasionally this high-up locust takes a notion to go on an eating trip. In

enormous numbers it leaves the upper regions, and descends to the rich pastures of the lower lands and valleys, and there eats its fill of almost everything green. Several years ago such a large army of the Rocky Mountain locust fed itself in Kansas, and states about it, that human beings went hungry—'There was a famine in the land.' Some years later the red-legged locust did great damage to the farmers' crops in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and many other states. It is not pleasant to know that we sometimes have to eat at the second table, if the grasshoppers choose to eat at the first.

I remember, when I was a boy on the home farm, that my father stuck a long-handled pitchfork in the ground, and on it hung his crash vest. It was in the hay field. He forgot it. The next morning there was nothing left of the vest but the buttons and buckle. The handle of the pitchfork was so eaten that it had to be sandpapered smooth before it could be used. This was the year of the great raid by grasshoppers. Grasshoppers did it.

Grasshoppers have three pairs of legs, two pairs of wings, and their mouths are made for biting. Those with short feelers lay their eggs in oval bunches, and cover them with a tough skin. Some species lay their eggs in the ground; others lay them in holes they make in logs, stumps, or fence-rails, with the tool (ovipositor—egg-depositor) they use for depositing their eggs. They lay but one lot in a year. These do not usually hatch until spring-time.

The males of many kinds of grasshoppers make music wherever they go, as did the lady 'with rings on her fingers, and bells on her toes,' Mother Goose tells about. Each species has its own way of making this music—one rubs a row of little spines on the inside of the long thick upper joint of the hind legs, against the outside of the wing covers. The noise suits the maker of it, and all of its kind understand it; but it is scratchy fiddling. Another species rub the front edge of the hind wings, and the undersurface of the wing covers. This makes the cracking noise heard when the grasshopper is flying. The katy did belongs to the section of 'long-horned grasshoppers.' Its feelers are longer than its body. We have all heard its curiosity to know what katy did. As a katydid has no way of answering the question, the male asker of it answers for her, and says: 'She didn't. She did.' The male asks his questions by rubbing the base of his wing covers together. On these there is quite a perfect arrangement for making the call; for all the noises made by the grasshoppers are calls asking for the society of lady grasshoppers. The katydid is not a locust, neither are any grasshoppers which have feelers longer or as long as their bodies.

The meadow grasshopper, with its long, delicate feelers, and shades of green, is a very common species. This grasshopper has its ears, or what answers for ears, in the long section of its fore legs.

Under stones and rubbish we often find a grasshopper which is mistaken for a cricket. It has no wings, and looks as if it lived very well. The true cricket is a grasshopper, but it differs from all others in having the wing covers flat on its back, and let down at a sharp angle like the leaves of a table. Its egg depositor is spear-shaped instead of swordlike, as with the meadow grasshopper. The song of the cricket, sharp, bright, cheerful, is good company. He makes it with his wings. Years ago, in the mountains of West Virginia, I was well acquainted with a jolly cricket who every night came out on the great stone hearth in front of my open wood fire. There he told

me all about his own affairs, and asked after all of mine. At least I suppose he did, for when he began talking he made me think of things long forgotten, and of many beautiful home scenes, and pretty stories I loved to remember. Many a time I saved his life, when the ladies got after him. They told me that some day I would regret being his friend. Sure enough, I did. The following summer he and his immense family completely ruined all my best clothes by eating great holes in them. Yet now as I think of him, and have more best clothes, I forgive him, because of the pleasure he gave me. And, too, I am satisfied that he did not know the clothes were my best, or anything about them, excepting that they were good enough for him and his family.

## He Loved Animals.

Charles Kingsley's love for everything that had life was remarkable. He spoke of all living creatures as his friends, and saw in them the handiwork of God. On his lawn lived a family of natterjacks (running toads) that dwelt from year to year in the same hole in a green bank, which a scythe was never allowed to approach.

He had two little friends in a pair of sand-wasps that made their home in a crack of the window-frame in his dressing-room. One of these he had saved from drowning in a hand-basin, taking it tenderly out into the sunshine to dry. Every spring he would look eagerly for his pair of wasps or their children, watching for them to come out from or return to the crack.

The little flycatcher that built its nest every year under his bedroom window was a constant joy to him. He had also a favorite slowworm in the churchyard, which his parishioners were warned not to kill under the mistaken idea that slowworms were poisonous.

The same love for God's creatures was encouraged in his children. He taught them to admire and to handle gently every living thing. Toads, frogs, beetles and worms were to them not repulsive things, to be killed as soon as seen, but wonders from the hand of God.—'Youth's Companion.'

## The Homekeepers' Club.

(Marguerite E. Gookins, in 'Ram's Horn.')

Until a few years ago, we children had always lived in a city, but one day father said he had bought a farm and was going to turn us loose on it and give us a chance to grow up healthy, wise and possibly wealthy.

We older children didn't like the idea of leaving all our playmates in the city and our school and most of all 'The Helping Hand Club,' to which we belonged. This club was made up of boys and girls who went to our Sunday-school and made it their object to provide holiday dinners for poor families. We held a meeting every Friday evening and after attending to business had a good time together.

Well, when we reached the farm, after we had looked all over the place, we told mother we thought we might find a good deal to enjoy in the daytime, but knew the evenings would be lonesome, and we would miss our club meetings.

'Well, we can have a club, here,' mother said.

'Ho! who'd there be to club with?' asked Jack, who is the eldest of us.

'Ourselves,' mother answered. 'There are six of us and that many healthy, active people, especially when four of them are boys and girls, cannot get together with plenty of lem-