



### THAT RASCAL "SAMBO."

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:

I have had a long chat with two little nephews of mine about their pets. Harry has a fox terrier, and Jack keeps pigeons. I was surprised at the tales they told of their doings. Children in this country don't keep as many pets as they do in England. I wonder why? I think it must be that our children are not so much in their home, as English children. They go to school, and have long lessons to learn, and maps to draw, and sums to work, while very often the little English boys and girls have a visiting tutor, or a governess who comes only for three hours of a morning, or if he or she resides in the house, make it their business to see that the long play hours are profitably spent, and that their little pupils have all sort of good times and nice pursuits which our boys and girls know nothing about. For instance, when those little ones are reading English History, they will come across a battle perhaps or a great event of some kind, or the records of some remote religion or tribe, and maybe the tutor will say, "To-day we can go for a tramp and see that battlefield, or examine that ruin or the Druid stones." There is fascinating interest and history illustrated at some of their very doors! And the small English children study Botany and Geology and collect weeds and ferns and bugs and insects and fossils and minerals, and they tramp long distances, all ruddy and eager after their specimens, while the little American child is poring over his dry facts in books. Now you know, a man once said he could find sermons in stones, and books in running brooks, but I never heard that the rule was reversed, did you? For all these reasons I sometimes feel sorry for my nieces and nephews!

Harry and Jack have written me about the carrying on of Snap and the billing and cooing and hatching and straying of Loulou and Myrtle and Dulcie and Fan, (those are the first four pigeons Jack owned.) I liked their letters so much that I am going to ask the boys and girls who read THE QUEEN, to write me something about their pets. I am sure they have canaries and pussies and pigeons and dogs and ponies and rabbits and I don't know what beside. Tell me about them, won't you? And I should like to have some of your letters printed on the Young Folks Page, and if you will send me your pictures I would like to put them in too! Perhaps the best letters, every month and the pictures of the boys and girls who write them. If I could talk to you as I do to Jack and Harry, it would be much nicer, but we are so far apart that the best we can manage is to write

to one another. I will tell you about a pet I once had, just to start the ball rolling. His name was Sambo, and he was a coon. He had a long sharp black nose, and bushy hair, and a very large hairy tail, and he had the funniest black hands, with very strong claws on them. When we wanted to take him to bed, and he did not care about going, he used to run to the table and clasp his front paws round the leg, and sometimes would hold on so fast, that we could pull the table along, when we pulled Sambo. He had very sharp little teeth, and he could bite if he got into a bad humor. One very comical thing he used to do, was, as soon as he had eaten or drank as much as he wanted he would turn his back to his dinner dish, and kick it over. That wasn't nice of him, was it? He had such sharp little snapping black eyes, and he was so quick in his movements, that he often did things before we could stop him, and once he jumped from the window and ran away, his long steel chain clattering after him, and when night came and he got hungry, we put his basin of food inside the porch and waited to hear him clattering in to his supper, so that we might catch him and tie him up, but he did not come, why not, do you think? In leaping down from the barn, he had caught the end of his chain in a knot hole, and hung himself. We buried him under the Lady-apple tree, and that was the end of Sambo! Now, I wonder who will tell me the best story about his or her pets for August? I hope a number of you will send me accounts and perhaps if they are very interesting, the best one will gain a prize, and some other time I will tell you about some more queer pets I have had and lost.

Yours affectionately,

UNCLE JOE.

Written for THE QUEEN.

### GEORDIE'S WORK.

Three little boys were sitting on a river bank, fishing. They had bare feet, and old clothes and lunch baskets and a first-rate time altogether.

"Joe," said Will, as he baited his hook, "What do you do evenings?" "I play checkers, and read, and I am learning to play the mouth organ," said Joe, holding his head a little proudly, "What do you do?" "Oh, I fool round, I have a dandy box of paints and I color pictures, and I read some too, and sometimes Al and I make believe we're men, and we get matches for cigarettes, and we just lay on the style." Wee Geordie McGregor looked from one to the other of the larger boys, wonderingly, "O aye," he said, in his broad Scotch, "I jess helpins mither." The boys laughed at Geordie, they always did, and Geordie joined in the laugh, he always did, too, then Joe said quizzingly, "What's that you do, Geordie?" "Mind the wean, sew the bit carpet rags, an' sweep an' dust, an' sew my ain claes that's all I mind, just noo," said Geordie soberly, counting off his duties on the spread fingers of one dirty paw. The boys laughed again, and went on with their fishing. That was about