

Our Young Folks.

Happy Children.

They sent him round the circle fair
To bow before the prettiest there;
I'm bound to say the choice he made
A creditable taste displayed;
Although, I can't say what it meant,
The little maid looked ill content.

His task was then anew begun,
He tried before the wittiest one.
Once more the little maid sought he,
And bent him down upon his knee.
She turned her eyes upon the floor;
I think she thought the game a bore.

He circled then, his sweet delight
To kiss the one he loved the best;
For all she frowned, for all she chid,
He kissed that little maid, he did.
And then—though why I can't decide—
The little maid looked satisfied.

Philadelphia Record.

DAVY AND THE GOBLIN.

BY CHARLES CARRILL.

CHAPTER XI.

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND.

"This is a very sloppy road," said Davy to himself, as he walked along in the direction taken by the turkey; and it was, indeed, a very sloppy road. The dust had quite disappeared, and the sloppiness soon changed to such a degree of wetness that Davy presently found himself in water up to his ankles. He turned to go back, and saw, to his alarm, that the land in every direction seemed to be miles away, and the depth of the water increasing so rapidly that, before he could make up his mind what to do, it had risen to his shoulders, and he was carried off his feet and found himself apparently drifting out to sea. The water, however, was warm and pleasant, and he discovered that instead of sinking he was floated gently along, slowly turning in the water like a float on a fishing-line. This was very agreeable, but he was nevertheless, greatly relieved when a boat came in sight sailing toward him. As it came near, it proved to be the clock with a sail hoisted and the Goblin sitting complacently in the stern.

"How d'ye do, Gobsy?" said Davy.

"Primo!" said the Goblin, enthusiastically.

"Well, stop the clock," said Davy; "I want to get aboard."

"I haven't any board," said the Goblin, in great surprise.

"I mean I want to get into the clock," said Davy, laughing. "I don't think you're much of a sailor."

"I'm not," said the Goblin, as Davy climbed in. "I've been sailing one way for ever so long, because I don't know how to turn around. But there's a landing-place just ahead."

Davy looked over his shoulder and found that they were rapidly approaching a little wooden pier standing about a foot out of the water. Beyond it stretched a broad expanse of sandy beach.

"What place is it?" said Davy.

"It's called Hickory Dickory Dock," said the Goblin. "All the eight-day clocks stop here," and at this moment the clock struck against the timbers with a violent thump, and Davy was thrown out, heels over head, upon the dock. He scrambled upon his feet again as quickly as possible, and saw to his dismay that the clock had been turned completely around by the shock and was rapidly drifting out to sea again. The Goblin looked back despairingly, and Davy just caught the words, "I don't know how to turn around!" as the clock was carried out of hearing distance and soon disappeared on the horizon.

The beach was covered in every direction with little hills of sand, like ray-cocks, with scraggy bunches of seaweed sticking out of the tops of them; and Davy was wondering how they came to be there, when he caught sight of a man walking along the edge of the water; and now and then stopping and gazing earnestly out to sea. As the man drew nearer, Davy saw that he was

dressed in a suit of brown leather and wore a high-peaked hat, and that a little procession, consisting of a dog, a cat, and a goat, was following patiently at his heels, while a parrot was perched upon his shoulder. They all wore large standing linen collars and black cravats, which gave them a very serious appearance.

Davy was morally certain that the man was Robinson Crusoe. He carried an enormous gun, which he loaded from time to time, and then, aiming carefully at the sea, fired. There was nothing very alarming about this, for the gun, when fired, only gave a faint squeak, and the bullet, which was about the size of a small orange, dropped out quietly upon the sand. Robinson, for it was really he, always seemed to be greatly astonished at this result, peering long and anxiously out to sea, after every shot. His animal companions, however, seemed to be greatly alarmed whenever he prepared to fire; and scampering off, hid behind the little hills of sand until the gun was discharged, when they would return, and after solemnly watching their master reload his piece, follow him along the beach as before. This was all so ridiculous that Davy had great difficulty in keeping a serious expression on his face as he walked up to Robinson and handed him the Hole-keeper's letter. Robinson looked at him suspiciously as he took it, and the animals eyed him with evident distrust.

Robinson had some difficulty in opening the letter which was sopping wet, and took a long time to read it, Davy meanwhile waiting patiently. Sometimes Robinson would scowl horribly as if puzzled, and then again he would chuckle to himself as if vastly amused with the contents; but as he turned the letter over in reading it, Davy could not help seeing that it was simply a blank sheet of paper with no writing whatever upon it except the address. This, however, was so like the Hole-keeper's way of doing things that Davy was not much surprised when Robinson remarked: "He has left out the greatest lot of comical things!" Then picking up his gun, he said: "You may walk about in the grove as long as you please, provided you don't pick anything."

"What grove?" said Davy, very much surprised.

"This one," said Robinson, proudly pointing out the tufts of seaweed. "They're beech-trees, you know; I planted 'em myself. I had to have some place to go shooting in, of course."

"Can you shoot with that gun?" said Davy.

"Shoot? Why, it's a splendid gun," said Robinson, gazing at it proudly. "I made it myself—out of a spy-glass."

"It doesn't seem to go off," said Davy, doubtfully.

"That's the beauty of it!" exclaimed Robinson, with great enthusiasm. "Some guns go off, and you never see 'em again."

"But I mean that it doesn't make any noise," persisted Davy.

"Of course it doesn't," said Robinson. "That's because I load it with tooth-powder."

"But I don't see what you can shoot with it," said Davy, feeling that he was somehow getting the worst of the argument.

Robinson stood gazing thoughtfully at him for a moment, while the big bullet rolled out of the gun with a rumbling sound and fell into the sea. "I see what you want," he said, at length. "You're after my personal history. Just take a seat in the family circle and I'll give it to you."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Adventures of a Naval Monkey.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

One of the great British war ships in the Crimean war between England and Russia was the *Bellerophon*. On board of this ship there lived an ape named Sambo, who made a great deal of fun for both officers and men. He also got himself into numberless scrapes, and "smelt powder" oftener than monkeys like to do.

Sambo was so fond of mischief that he was kept chained to a small house, or kennel; but this was not a heavy structure, and seizing the chain in one hand, so as to take the strain off his belt, he would drag it all about the main-deck, going pretty much where he pleased, after all.

A favorite spot with him, because of its warmth, was the galley, or ship's kitchen. One day, finding the galley quite clear, he tried his hand at cooking, and in about half a minute nearly succeeded in producing a dish of boiled monkey, by spilling a kettleful of hot water over himself. It was a long time before he recovered, and over afterward, whenever he got in the cook's way, they had only to show him a kettle, filled or empty, to make him scamper off, yelling with terror.

Though he remembered the scalding so well, yet he tried another experiment in the galley, this time at baking. Seeing an oven door open one cold night, and thinking himself in great luck to hit upon so snug and warm a berth, he crept in, and went to sleep. By-and-by the cook came, shut the oven door, and lighted the fire. It was not long before strange noises—scratching and faint squealing—began to issue from the stove, so that the cook made up his mind it was possessed by goblins. Finally, however, he plucked up courage enough to open the oven door, when out leaped the well-warmed Sambo, grinning and chattering at a tremendous rate over his narrow escape.

To some of the youngsters on board he took a dislike; perhaps they had plagued him. He was well able to return the compliment. When one of them would be folding up his hammock in the morning, Sambo would suddenly leap from his hiding-place into the hammock, which the boy would drop instantly, for the monkey could bite if he cared to. There Sambo would sit, growling and making faces, until he got tired of the fun, and gave up his prize. Still he was on good terms with nearly everybody. In the evening he especially enjoyed nestling under the overcoat of some officer, and getting whiffs of his tobacco smoke. Once he broke his chain, stole into the clerk's office, tore papers to pieces, upset the ink, and so daubed his fur with the black fluid that he looked like a young negro. Discovered at this, and knowing what he deserved, he fled to the loftiest rigging, and could not be persuaded to come down for a long time.

Sambo's anxiety all the time was to keep himself warm at night. At last he hit upon a novel way. Discovering that he could reach the poultry coops, which were hung to a beam, he watched until a hen put her head out between the bars. At once Sambo made a grab, and pulled the unfortunate fowl out by the neck. Holding her firmly, he dragged his kennel back to its place before the galley fire, where he lay down, and slept all night with the chicken in his arms like a baby. Next morning he partly led and partly drove her back to her coop. Every cold night after that he provided himself in this way with a warm bed-fellow, never hurting the fowls beyond their unpleasant experience in being dragged through the coop bars.

By-and-by the great ship became engaged in the battle of Sebastopol. In the midst of the bombardment a shell came through an opening in the deck, and exploded among the sheep pens and poultry coops, to which Sambo had been consigned when preparations for the battle were made. The shell knocked the coops to pieces, killed most of the hens and turkeys, and smashed things generally. Out of the smoke and sulphur and shower of splinters and feathers came Sambo, frightened almost to death, but otherwise unharmed, and leaped with one bound into the arms of an officer standing nearby. He trembled with fear, and in tones of the strongest indignation began to tell in the most rapid way the story of the outrage he had suffered.

Though shot and shell hurtled thickly through the rigging and about the hull all day long, Sambo remained untouched; and at night the officer of the deck reported him to the admiral as having behaved with great gallantry during the action.

There are three friendships which are advantageous, and three which are injurious. Friendship with the upright, friendship with the sincere, and friendship with the man of much information are advantageous. Friendship with a man of spacious airs, friendship with the insinuatingly soft, friendship with the glib-tongued—these are injurious.

A Russian Festival.

BY DAVID KER.

The 18th of January is a great festival in Russia, called the "Christening of the Rivers." On that day a priest goes down to every great river, dips a cross in it through a hole cut in the ice, and pronounces a blessing which is supposed to make the water holy. Then the poor ignorant peasants, who think that this water will cure all their pains and sicknesses better than any medicine, rush in to fill their jugs and pots, and very often the water gets spilled in the scuffle and the jugs get broken, and so (like many other people) they lose what they want through over-eagerness to get it.

Some say that this festival is in memory of one of the first Russian Czars, a very savage and wild-looking fellow, very much like an Indian or a Zulu, who, instead of wearing fine clothes and having a grand palace to live in, dressed in bear-skins, and lived in a log hut floored with mud. When this man became a Christian, he and his warriors were baptized in the river Dnieper by an old Christian priest, who held a cross over them and blessed them and their river; and so, it is said, the custom began.

I was at St. Petersburg once on the morning of this festival, and a strange sight it was. The wide frozen river, the snowy streets, the houses of all colors—red, yellow, green, blue, or white—the great golden domes and spires standing out against the cold, clear blue sky (all Russian church towers are plated with gold), made it look quite like a fairy city in a picture. And the crowds that came to look at the show, what a sight they were!—smart young officers all silver lace and shining buttons, with long swords clanking at their heels; stout merchants, whose great red faces, half buried in huge fur caps and collars, looked like a sunset in a pine forest; round-faced children waddling along in blue coats reaching down to their heels, and so thickly wadded as to make them seem like cushions set up on end; long-haired priests in dark robes and high black tumbler-shaped caps; blue-frocked hackmen; nurses with paste-board crowns; and peasants in greasy sheep-skins, with knee-high boots stuffed with hay, and "shined" with tar instead of blacking.

The Winter Palace itself was not very pretty, for, with its yellowish-brown color and the ornamental turrets and pinnacles stuck all over its roof, it looked just like a huge cake of gingerbread. But half-way across the great square behind it stood one of the finest monuments in Russia, a pillar of polished granite eighty-four feet high, in honor of the Czar Alexander I. The very night it was set up, a tremendous thunderstorm came on, and the lightning struck it down; but it was soon restored.

Just as twelve o'clock struck, bang went a gun. Then the palace gate swung open, and out came a tall man in a dark green uniform trimmed with gold lace. Up into the frosty air went a tremendous shout—for this was the Czar himself—and then all was still again.

At the edge of the granite quay in front of the palace a little blue pavilion had been built, with a plank stair leading down to the frozen river, and here the Russian priests were awaiting the Czar. Between this building and the palace gate a carpet had been spread for him to walk on, and the passage was kept clear by two ranks of soldiers, who, standing motionless in their long overcoats of gray frieze, looked just like granite walls set with spikes of steel.

As the Czar entered the pavilion, the chief priest—a tall, fine-looking man in a richly embroidered robe, with long hair flowing over his shoulders—took the cross in his hand, and going slowly down the stair to the spot where the ice had been cut, dipped the cross into the dark waters, and spoke the words of blessing. Then the Czar went back to the palace as he had come, the soldiers marched off, the crowd broke up and melted away, and the great show was over.