



## AN AMATEUR POOL.

BY FARMER LEE.

Who Fred was told that morning  
Before he came downstairs.  
They made him look beneath the bed  
To see two grumpy boys.

They gave him talk for supper  
And sweet cakes made of lard.  
They said his 's the kitchen door  
To see a 's a man.

They called to him to hurry  
Before the bird had flown.  
A gift within a box they gave—  
He found inside a stone.

At each fresh job they should,  
As tickled as could be,  
But none of them enjoyed it  
An atom more than he.

## Young America.

## THE GAME OF BIRDS.

"Let's play 'birds,'" requested Sylvia, wearying of the evening's merriment. "I'll begin by acting out some bird I've seen or heard of and the rest guess its name. If you can't by my character playing I'll give you a description of it. Whoever guesses correctly will take a bird and the rest will guess." and she began a series of low, sedate bows. "There isn't such a bird as politeness, is there?" asked Vincent. "Or bowing bird?" added Ray.

"You've almost found it, Ray, only you and I mean something very different. My hero builds resorts or runs of twigs and grasses and adorns them with shining white stones, shells and bones. I believe these bowers are found only in Australia or the adjacent islands, though, and they are not for nesting places, but a kind of a resort to run and play and meet society birds in."

"Society bird?—no, bower bird," guessed Anna. "Right. Now, your turn." But Anna was already humming a plaintive air almost too low to be heard. "Humming bird," shouted Hazen, and Hazen immediately went to the organ and played her most exquisite music. "Most any bird, they're all musical," said Ray, but the others knew it had a special name.

"I never heard of a playing bird," grumbled Harold. "Oh, I know! Where is its home?" "Amazonia. It is the only bird that makes any impression on the natives." "Is there such a bird as the organ bird?" "That is it."

Harold disappeared a few minutes and when he came in he was enveloped in his mother's red shawl and stalking on improvised stilts. "I live in troops or companies, and always when fishing in the mud for dinner have sentinels or guards to watch for enemies, for my flaming coat makes me valuable. I build tall mud hillocks and place the eggs in a hollow at the top, for my long legs would make it very inconvenient to sit on a low nest. On this hillock one leg dangles on either side."

"Flamingo," said Anna, and took her seat at the organ. "Why, you just gave us that—organ bird." "No, this lives in Peruvian forests." "Well, organist; name almost the same, though the bird is very different," said Harold, and resorted to his stilts again and stood in a corner looking grave and sage, till he suddenly pounced upon the cat and attempted to swallow it. All gave it up till he said his neck and head wore no feathers, but that he carried round a great pouch on the front of his neck.

"To pack cats and rattlesnakes in, and you live on the banks of the Ganges. Adjutant. What queer creatures there are in this queer world. Now let's try our artistic skill, then go home," and they drew around the table. Pencils and paper were furnished and they tried that old-fashioned drawing game, everyone making a mark, straight, round or crooked, and exchanging with a neighbor. Then the neighbor drew another line joining it or not and exchanged again. The third tried to connect them and the fourth to make them look like some figure, a cow or a rosebud. The fifth wrote its name

underneath, whatever he thought it looked like. "Oh, for a little bolsterous fun before we part," cried Hazen. "These are all so brainy they make me feel so wise I shall have troubled dreams," and she brought a fleecy ball of cotton and placed it in the table's center. With all their might all blew furiously to keep it from alighting on him or her. For full five minutes they kept it pretty near the middle of the board, till suddenly, in a neglectful moment of hers, it touched Hazen. "There, I'm waked up," she declared, "and willing to break up."—[The Maine.

## FROM OUR YOUNG AMERICANS.

**Musical Pigeon**—My pets are a dog, three cats, two doves and one pigeon, which is very tame. We have an organ and when I am playing on it the pigeon always finds his way into the parlor and jumps upon the keys and walks back and forth. It seems that the music charms him.—[Raymond (Thirteen), New York.

**Scott**—My favorite novelist is Scott. I have three of his stories. They are Waverly, Kenilworth and Ivanhoe. I also have a poem by the same author named Marmion. My next favorite book is Middlemarch, by Eliot. I also have Romola by the same author, but I do not like this book as well as the others. I always enjoy Beulah, by Evans, every time I read it, and I also have Vashti, by the same author. Then I have Cranford, by Mrs Gaskell, which I like very much.—[O. Smith, New York.

**Mischief**—I had a fine time Halloween tying up gates with wire and putting pumpkins and paper in the chimneys so they wouldn't draw. If there is any mischief done I am always the one that did it (so the people say). I have one sister and she is all right. She is nothing like me, she is so quiet. She takes the F & H and I like to read the letters written by the young folks.—[Trix.

**Friends Only**—Old Maid, like you I am called queer and for the same reasons. I like boy friends, but I want them to be friends only. Some do not agree with me, saying it is impossible for a girl and boy to be friends without one of them having a stronger feeling than friendship for the other. I think they can be friends only.—[E. O.

**Ten Times**—Merton V., you are all right. I think we can each learn something from another's experience. Water Lily, is this our first and only love? I have fallen in love 10 times or more, but always seemed to fall out just as easily. Some people call me fast, but what I want to be is, in masculine language, just a "jolly good fellow," with both boys and girls. I live in Omaha and this summer mamma had a couple of booths out there. Well, I just did not do a thing but enjoy myself and made all kinds of friends. Vernon M., I have read all of Elder Haggard's works. Like you, my favorites are Longfellow and Holmes, and then come Tennyson and Whittier and Lowell and Lord Byron. Really, I don't know who I like best.—[Eckle Fifteen, Nebraska.



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**Oyster Boats**—I live on the grand old Potomac river, where we have the fine oyster rocks. Men from the eastern shore of Virginia and Maryland, as well as from our own neighborhood, go out in the river and catch these oysters from Sept 1 to Oct 15 with oyster tongs, from Oct 15 to March 25 with dredges and tongs, and from March 25 to April 25 with tongs. After the day's work is finished the boats go beside the buy or market boats that lie in the harbors and sell their oysters to them, getting from 25 to 55¢ per tub. These buy boats sail with the oysters to Baltimore or Washington, where they are delivered to packing houses, private parties, etc. One tub or bushel makes one gallon of oysters when shucked. The oyster tongs have handles (called shafts) from 12 to 30 feet in length, which are fastened together and work very much like scissors. These shafts have iron pieces fastened to them with slanting teeth, something like an iron rake; with these

the men can catch oysters in very deep water. Our law runs down to a harbor, and in the evening when 200 or '00 oyster boats come sailing in it is beautiful. Averil, I have a collection of Indian arrowheads, also quartz and civil war relics. Among the latter is a brass U S belt buckle. I think it is nice for the Councilors to write on any subject they are interested in.—[Rider.

**Janitor**—We have eight months of school this term. I am janitor this winter. I have a hot time, too. Water Lily, you are just all right. Of course we young folks have a right to love (but I didn't say whom). This would be a queer world if we did not love, for God is love.—[Bashful Youth, Thirteen, Minnesota.

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