

Youth's Department.

[We extract the following verses from a new publication that has just come to our table, it is called *Our Dumb Animals*. It is published at 46 Washington St. Boston, under the management of a Society formed to prevent cruelty to dumb animals. There are 100 such societies in Europe. We wish them success in their humane undertaking. The price of the paper is \$1 per annum. Those wishing to aid such an undertaking, might subscribe and see the progress they are making.]—ED.

BOYS, SPARE THE BIRDS!

BY CLARA F. BERRY.

Don't kill the little birds!  
Who sing on bush and trees,  
All through the summer days,  
Their sweetest melody.

Don't shoot the little birds!  
The earth is God's estate—  
And he provideth food  
For small, as well as great.

Don't kill the little birds!  
Whose plumage wings the air;  
Whose trill at early morn,  
Makes music everywhere.

What though the cherries fall,  
Half eaten from the stem?  
And strawberries disappear,  
In garden, field and glen?

Still, like the widow's cruse,  
There's always plenty left;  
How sad a world were this  
Of little birds bereft.

Think of the good they do,  
In all the orchards round,  
A grub we scarcely find,  
Where robins most abound.

In this great world of ours,  
If we can trust His word,  
There's food enough for all—  
Don't kill a single bird!

DICK'S SHOW.

"Say, Sophy, you come up to the garret this afternoon, won't you?" asked Dick Raynor of his cousin one morning.

"What for," asked Sophy.

"Oh! Jimmie Grant and I are going to have a 'show' exclaimed Dick, and we want some of the boys and girls to come. You may come for nothing if you'll behave yourself!"

"For nothing?" said Sophy, opening her blue eyes wider than ever. "You don't mean to say you're going to charge the rest of them anything for coming in, do you?"

"Of course I do," said Dick, "D'ye 'spose we'd be at ever so much trouble to get up a real nice show, and let 'em all in for nothing? I don't if you do."

"I guess it will be a 'nice show,' mimicked Sophy. "What are you going to charge the others?"

"Five cents apiece," answered Dick.

"What'll you do with the money?" inquired Sophy, who liked to have the whys and wherefores of everything.

"Wouldn't you like to know, now?" answered Dick, with a wink. "We'll manage to spend it in some way, I'll bet a red cent."

"What are you going to have, anyway?" asked Sophy, anxious to learn all about the matter.

"Come over, and you'll see," replied Dick, and started home on a run, whistling as he went.

Afternoon came, and Sophy put on her sun-bonnet and went over to her uncle's. Dick and Jimmie were up-stairs in the garret, Mrs. Raynor said, and had left orders that no one should disturb them till they gave the signal for the performance to commence, by ringing a dinner bell.

Sophy went into the sitting-room where about a dozen children were waiting very impatiently for admittance into the museum up stairs. No one seemed to know what was to be said or done, but all were anxious to solve the mystery.

At last ding dong went the bell, and they all scrambled up stairs in a hurry. Jimmie Grant stood at the door to take the admission fee. As soon as that was received, they were allowed to enter and seat themselves on some temporary benches that had been arranged in one end of the room. A white curtain hung across the opposite end, and beyond it was the material that was to make the "show."

When they were all seated, Jimmie, who appeared to be manager, announced that the performance would be opened by some music by the celebrated musician, Master Richard Raynor.

Back went the curtain half-way, and there sat Dick, looking very "tickled," yet perfectly sober. At a signal from Jimmie, he produced a jews-harp and struck up "Yankee Doodle," in a very spirited style.

"Land!" exclaimed Sophy to her next neighbor, "I wonder if that's the show? I suppose Dick thinks we'll take him for a monkey."

After the music was finished, Jimmie announced that Master Raynor would exhibit his trained dog Fido, in his most wonderful feats.

The curtain was drawn again, and Dick came out with his dog. Fido was a very intelligent dog and Dick had trained him and practiced with him, till he could do a great many amusing things.

"Sit up like a man," said Dick, and Fido raised himself erect and sat there with his fore-paws hanging down.

"That will do," said Dick, after a little; now come and get this pipe and smoke."

Fido came forward and took the pipe in his mouth, then elevated himself to a sitting posture again, looking very comical and cunning.

Then Dick made him roll over, and leap over a stick, and speak, and run after a ball, and bring it back, and perform various other tricks, that were really very amusing. And when they were concluded Fido was allowed to go about at his pleasure, his part in the "show" being over with for awhile.

"The next exhibition will be a fancy dance, by Mr. Chanticleer," announced Jimmie.

"I wonder who he is," whispered a little girl to Sophy.

"I don't know; keep still and you'll see,"

answered Sophy, who was getting greatly interested.

The curtain was drawn, and there was Mr. Raynor's old speckled rooster! A cheer greeted his appearance on the floor and I think he ought to be satisfied with his reception by the public, for it was hearty enough to satisfy anybody who aspires to the honors of the stage.

Though his appearance occasioned much delight and applause, he fairly "brought down the house" when he commenced to dance. The children laughed and shouted and clapped their hands, till the noise was uproarious; and the more noise they made, the harder the rooster danced; up and down, backward and forward, and sideways, keeping tolerable time to the tune of "Hail Columbia," which Dick played on his jews-harp.

I suppose some of the boys and girls that may happen to read this story, would like to know how they managed to make a dancer of a sober old rooster, whose sole amusement was a noisy crow several times a day. The way of it was this; a string was passed around his body and fastened securely to each leg, to prevent its slipping off over his smooth feathers. To this string, another was attached, directly over his back. This string was passed over a beam in the garret, and when Dick played, Jimmie would give it a jerk, and up hopped the poor old rooster, kicking his long legs about in a very funny, comical way. The garret was not very light, and the string that jerked the old fowl up and down to the strain of "Hail Columbia," was not noticed by the delighted audience.

"Wasn't that funny," whispered Sophy's little companion. "How could they learn him to dance I wonder?"

"I don't know," said Sophy, at a loss to account for such a wonderful performance. "I should 'at wonder if it was a humbug;" though what the humbug consisted in, Sophy could 'nt tell.

"The next thing on the programme, ladies and gentlemen," said Jimmie, when the applause elicited by the dancing rooster had subsided "is a tableau, got up regardless of expense, expressly for this occasion. It is called the "flower of the family."

The curtain was drawn to a slow tune by Dick, and there was a flour-barrel, with a blue brand on the head, which read, "Extra Flour from the Excelsior Mills."

"Humph!" ejaculated Sophy, trying to look scornful, though she was really wanting to laugh. "They'd like to make us think they keep the flower of the family in a flour-barrel."

"So we do," answered Dick, from behind the curtain; "and I guess Soph thinks it the sweetest kind of flower, judging from the piece of bread and butter I saw her eating this morning."

Sophy turned up her nose in disdain and made no reply.

"The last thing that we shall present to you to-day," said Jimmie, popping his head out from behind the curtain, is a procession composed of our trained animals and fowls, though we have 'n't got but one of either class," he added, drawing back out of sight again.

After considerable delay, during which the old