

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

ONE SATURDAY.

IT was an autumn day,—that one Saturday. The Grammar Room class were going nutting at Crow Roost; that is, eight of them were going—"our set," as they styled themselves—four boys, Dick Hart, Val Duke, Julius Zink, and Kit Pott; and four girls, Clara Hooks, Sarah Ketchum, Mat Snead, and Constance Faber. By these eight Bob Trotter was hired to go as driver, and to take care of the horses and wagon while the eight were taking care of the fun.

"Let's go to Hawley's Grove instead of to Crow Roost," said Dick Hart, as the horse started. "Nuts are plentier at Hawley's."

"Let's go there, then," said the others,—all except Bob. Hawley's was four miles further, and he "hadn't been hired for that," he said.

Then came high words, and a stoppage; but, at length, Dick cried out, rather impatiently, "To Crow Roost, and be done with it, then!"

"All right," assented several voices.

"Crow Roost, Bob, by the lightning express," said Dick, with revived good humour.

"But, as you were so particular," said Sarah to Bob, "we're going to be, too. We aint going to give you any lunch unless you pay for it."

"Not a mouthful," said Clara.

"Not even a crumb," said Constance.

Nobody saw any dismay in Bob's face.

All grew enthusiastic as they approached the woods, and when the wagon stopped they poured over the side in an excited way.

"What shall we do with the lunch-basket?"

"Leave it in the wagon," said Sarah Ketchum.

Clara objected to leaving it. Bob would eat everything up. "Let's take it along."

"Why, no," said Julius.

He was the largest of the boys, and according to the knightly code, he remembered the carrying of the basket would devolve upon him.

"I won't have to climb the trees with it on my back, will I?" said Julius. "I'll tell you," he continued, lowering his tone—Bob had heard all the preceding remarks—"we'll hang our basket on a hickory limb. It will be safe from hogs, and the leaves will hide it from Bob."

This proposition was approved, and the basket was carried off a short distance and slyly swung into a sapling. Then the eight went scurrying through the woods, leaving Bob with the horses. Wherever they saw a lemon-tinted tree-top against the sky, or crowded into one of those fine autumn bouquets a clump of trees can make, there rushed a squad of boys, each with his basket, followed by a squad of girls, each with her basket.

But in a very short time the girls were tired and the boys hungry. All agreed to go back to the lunch. So back they hurried, the nuts rolling about over the bottoms of the bas-

kets. Julius had the most nuts: he had eleven. Mat had the smallest number; she had one.

Val Duke was leading the party. He made an electrifying announcement:

"A cow's in the basket!"

"Gee-whiz!" said Dick, rushing at the cow.

"Thunder!" said Julius, and he gathered a handful of dried leaves and hurled them at the beast. Kit said, "Ruinatation!" and threw his cap.

"Lunch is gone, every smitch of it!" said Kit.

"Hope it 'll kill her dead!" said Sarah Ketchum.

"We'd better have left it in the wagon. Bob couldn't have eaten it all," said Clara.

"But what are we going to do?" said Constance.

"We might buy something if anybody lived about here."

"There isn't any money."

"Dick might give his note, with the rest of us as indorsers," said Julius.

"We might play tramps and beg something."

"But nobody lives around here."

"What shall we do?" said one and another.

"Milk the cow," said Mat.

Boys and girls clapped their hands with enthusiasm, and cried "Splendid!" "Capital!" etc.

"I'll milk her," said Dick. "Hand me that cup. I'm obliged to the cow for not eating it."

The cow happened to be a gentle animal, so she did not run away at Dick's approach, yet she seemed determined that he should not get into milking position. She kept her broad, white-starred face toward him, and her large, liquid eyes on his, turning, turning, as he tried over and over to approach her flanks, while the others stood watching in mute expectancy.

"Give her some feed," said Mat.

"Feed! I shouldn't think she could bear the sight of anything more after all that lunch," said Dick. "Resides, there isn't any feed about here."

Somebody suggested that Bob Trotter had brought some hay and corn for his horses.

Dick proposed that Julius should go for some.

Julius proposed that Dick should go.

Valentine offered to bring it, and brought it—some corn in a basket.

"Suke! Suke, Bossy! Suke, Bossy! Suke!" Dick yelled, as though the cow had been two hundred feet off instead of ten. He held out the basket. She came foward, sniffed at the corn, threw up her lip and took a bite. Dick set the basket under her nose and hastened to put himself in milking position. But that was the end of it. He could not milk a drop.

"I can't get the hang of the thing," he said.

"Let me try," said Kit.

Dick gave way, and Kit pulled and squeezed and tugged and twisted, while the others shouted with laughter.

"I believe she's gone dry," said Kit, very red in the face. At this the laughers laughed anew.

"Some of you who are so good at laughing had better try," said Kit, setting the cup on a stump.

Just then, Bob Trotter came upon the scene, and, after some parley, was persuaded to milk the cow. He spoke some kind words close to her broad ear, and gently stroked her back and flanks. Then he set to work in the proper way, forcing the milk in streams into the cup, the boys watching with admiration Bob's ease and expertness, Dick wondering why he couldn't do what seemed so easy. In a few seconds the cup was filled.

"Now, what are you going to do?" said Bob. "This wont be a taste around."

"You might milk into our hats," said Julius.

"I've got a thimble in my pocket," said Sarah.

"Do stop your nonsense," said Constance; "it's a very serious question—a life and death matter. We're a company of Crusoes."

But the boys couldn't stop their nonsense immediately.

Dick remarked that if the cow had not licked out the jelly-bowl and then kicked it to pieces it might have been utilized.

Then some one remembered a tin water-pail at the wagon. This was brought, and Bob soon had it two-thirds filled with milk. Then the question arose as to how they were all to be served with just that quart-cup and two spoons. They were to take turns, two eating at a time.

When the lunch was eaten, Mat said she didn't think they ought to have milked the cow. The folks would be so disappointed when they came to milk her at night. Maybe a lot of poor children were depending on the milking for their supper. Val, too, showed that his conscience was disturbed.

"You needn't worry," said Dick. "They'll get this milk back from the lunch she stole."

"But they couldn't help her stealing."

"And I couldn't help milking her," said Dick.

At this there was a burst of laughter. Then Mat wrote on a scrap of paper: "This cow has been milked to save some boys and girls from starvation. The owner can get pay for the milk by calling at Mr. Snead's, Poplar street, Budville."

"Who'll tie it on her tail?" asked Mat.

"I will," said Val, promptly, glad to ease his conscience. And this he did with a piece of blue ribbon from Mat Snead's hat.—*St. Nicholas.*

SOME years ago a gentleman heard two children talking earnestly about their "sacred money." The expression interested him, and he learned, upon inquiry, that these children were in the habit of faithfully setting apart at least one-tenth of all the money which came into their hands, and using it for Christian work. They kept each a purse for this fund, and an account of all that was put into it and paid out of it. Their father said that they themselves invented the expression, "sacred money." They would often give much more than a tenth to this fund, but never less.