



### Boys Wanted.

"Wanted—a boy." How often we  
These very common words may see!  
Wanted—a boy to errands run.  
Wanted for everything under the sun.  
All that the men to-day can do  
To-morrow the boys will be doing, too;  
For the time is quickly coming when  
The boys must stand in place of men.  
  
Wanted—the world wants boys to-day,  
And she offers them all she has for pay—  
Honor, wealth, position, fame,  
A useful life and a deathless name.  
Boys to shape the paths for men,  
Boys to guide the plow and pen,  
Boys to forward the tasks begun;  
For the world's great task is never done.  
  
The world is anxious to employ  
Not just one but every boy  
Whose heart and brains will e'er be true  
To work his hands shall find to do.  
Honest, faithful, earnest, kind;  
To good awake, to evil blind;  
Heart of gold, without alloy.  
Wanted—the world wants such a boy.

### Frisk.

**R**ISK is a cunning pet squirrel belonging to a friend, and how I made his acquaintance was quite amusing, at least to his owner. As we were going from the dining-room to the parlor, he pointed to an overcoat hanging on a nail, and told me to put my hand in the pocket and see what was in it. Such a surprise! The warm squirming little body made me withdraw my hand in a hurry, when up popped a pretty brown head, with bead-like eyes and a most inquisitive little nose. It whisked out of the pocket and leaped to its master's shoulder, where it sat up on its hind feet, holding one forepaw against its breast, a habit it had when listening. It was about two months old, and had been in my friend's possession so long that it did not know anything about wild, outdoor life, and had very little fear of any one.

It had chosen the overcoat pocket for its home, and when tired of running about the rooms, could always be found there. It was very frolicsome and playful, and somewhat careless as to danger, for one day it was running as usual, climbing up the backs of chairs, window-curtains, etc., when it slipped, and splash it went into a bucket of water. It was no sooner in than out again, and made a straight shoot for the pocket, and was quiet for some time. It evidently did not like plunge baths. It was extravagantly fond of peanuts; standing up on its hind feet and holding a peanut between its fore paws, just as a person would hold a "roasting ear," it soon nibbles off the shell, and then devours the kernel in short meter. Some friends present wished to see him nibble the shells from the nuts, but for some reason he stubbornly refused to face the audience, turning his back on them, no matter how often he was turned face about. As he was not afraid, it must have been a natural way he had of hiding his food when eating.

Some time afterward, I went out to the kitchen, and as I went, passed the overcoat, and looking up, there was the squirrel hanging—yes, hanging—limp as a rag, over the nail, fore paws and head on one side, hind feet and bushy tail on the other; his eyes were closed, and he

was to all appearances dead. Startled at his appearance, I reached up and touched him, calling him by name. Flash went the black eyes, the bushy tail spread out, and the helpless-looking little body was as brimful of life and activity as ever. Perhaps he had found the pocket too warm, and concluded to try the outside air for a nap.

Sometimes he is allowed the freedom of the yard, when he races up and down the trees to his heart's content, returning, when called, to his master; or he will dig the soft earth, very industriously searching for particles of something, which he eats with evident relish. He is very fond of hard cookies or snaps, holding and nibbling them with a rapid rotary motion that keeps them turning in his paws and they retain their round shape until they are finally eaten. Leaves of lettuce is another thing of which he is very fond. Frisk is a very cleanly and interesting pet, and as long as he does not have to be kept in a cage, one can enjoy his playful capers, believing that he is happy, too.

### About Three Dogs.

An English paper tells of a dog in Birmingham that is devoted to dolls. The owner of the dog had a little daughter who taught the dog to carry her doll. The dog became so fond of the doll that he would snatch it and carry it to his kennel and lie down beside it. The children of the neighborhood thought this was fun and would ask the dog's owner: "Please, may your dog come and take my doll for a walk?"

Alas! now the dog snatches dolls from the little owners and runs off to his kennel. He never harms them, carrying them by their clothes. One day he brought four dolls home. He is no longer favorite; his reputation as a friend of the children is gone. He does not wait to be asked to take the dolls for a walk he runs off with them without the owner's consent.

The mistress of this little animal says:

"Rags is the dearest, cleverest dog in the world. He can do every thing but speak. We set him up sometimes, as he is in the portrait, to imitate father. When father reads the paper, which takes a long time, he always puts it down and says there's nothing in it. Rags can't find anything in it, either. So you see the imitation is very close."

The hero of this last story is a dog named Sam, and the story was told by a well-known man to the Philadelphia Record.

"Sam is a setter and belongs to a man named McCormick, who keeps a restaurant down at Atlantic City. I was down there last week and saw the dog going through a remarkable performance. A man in a crowd of six or eight people will take a nickel from his pocket, wrap it in a piece of paper and give it to the dog. Sam trots off to a corner where an Italian keeps a fruit stand. The Italian places an orange in a paper bag and pretty soon Sam comes trotting back with his purchase, wagging his tail and showing every exhibition of profound satisfaction. He will then hunt out the man who gave him the nickel, never making a mistake, apparently wishing to show that he hasn't squandered the money foolishly.

"After that he takes the orange from the bag and plays with it until he is tired. Then he eats it. He first bites a piece out of the skin, just as a man who has no knife might do, and then breaks it in two pieces. He is fond of oranges, but, although he manages to get the meat of the fruit, he will never swallow even a morsel of the skin."

### How to Read a Book.

The first thing to do in reading a book, or a story in a magazine, or any other thing worth reading, is to ascertain who wrote it. An author talks to us in his books, and just as we

like to know the friends we talk with we should like to know the name of the man or woman whose published thoughts are entering our daily lives. Therefore, make it a rule to read the title page of the volume in your hand; and if there be a preface, unless there be a very long one, read that, too. You will in this way establish an acquaintance with your author; you will know him by sight, and soon you will know him more intimately. Every author has little ways and words of his own, and you will find yourself recognizing these very swiftly and lovingly. By and by, when you happen in your story on some phrase, or turn of a sentence, or little jesting mannerism which belongs to the author, you will feel well pleased.

### Great Young Men.

Charles James Fox was in Parliament at nineteen.

The great Cromwell left the University of Cambridge at eighteen.

Gladstone was in Parliament at twenty-two, and at twenty-four was lord of the treasury.

Webster was in college at fifteen, gave evidence of his great future before he was twenty-five, and at thirty he was the peer of the ablest man in Congress.

Napoleon at twenty-five, commanded the army of Italy. At thirty he was not only one of the most illustrious generals of the time, but one of the great lawgivers of the world. At forty-six he saw Waterloo.

Maurice of Saxony died at thirty-two, conceded to have been one of the profoundest statesmen and one of the best generals Christendom has seen.

Martin Luther had become largely distinguished at twenty-four, and at fifty-six had reached the topmost round of his world-wide fame.

The great Louis X. was pope at thirty-eight. Having finished his academic training he took the office of cardinal at eighteen, only twelve months younger than was Charles James Fox when he entered Parliament.

### The "Evolved" Coat.

If one knew the history of dress, one would know the history of all peoples. When you look at a man's dress coat, it certainly does not suggest war. Yet it is said that the two buttons on the back are the reminders of the time when men wore swords. Then buttons were at the back of the coat to hold the sword-belt in place. Some students think that these buttons are the reminders of the time when men used to fasten up the skirts of their coats when riding. The thought of ceremony attached to the wearing of a dress coat is said to date back to the early Egyptians, when the kings wore a lion's tail hanging down their backs.

### Incongruous Friends.

A pretty story of affection between a cat and a rat comes from the shores of Lake Ontario by way of New York. A farmer, who is also a shopkeeper, found a nest of rats in pulling down an old shed, and one of two baby rats stole into a pocket of his coat. It seemed so helpless and trustful that he could not bear to kill it, and kept it as a pet, feeding it with meat and cheese, which it took from his hand.

Its life was in constant danger from the cat, and to save it he put it into a large wire cage. By and by the cat grew accustomed to its presence, and finally the farmer one day put the cat also into the cage. It made one or two half-hearted attempts to catch the rat, and then lay down and went to sleep.

The upshot of the matter was that the two animals became fast friends. Now they fairly live together. By day they wander in company about the house and shop, or lie side by side in the show window, where the strange sight attracts much attention.