"If the first of July it be rainy weather; OUR BOYS AND GIRLS when oping has passed away and warm July has come to stay, the more on less OUR BOYS AND GIRLS Then my milk white cherry tree for four weeks a gether. CONDUCTED BY POLLY EVANS

When Spring has passed away and warm July has come to stay,

THE STAR-FISH

True Story of . Tame Crow

IM is a tame crow, and for years has been a pet in the family of Mr. and Mrs B. in a quaint old town in Pennsylvania.

Jim was taken from his mother's nest in a tall chestnut tree in the woods when very young by a cruel boy who shot in the nest, killing his little brother crow and capturing him.

The mother bird's grief must have been very great when she flew home with food for her young ones to find the nest empty, for, no doubt, she thought her baby crows the lovellest and blackest ones in the world, and soon they would have been old enough to fly with her far away over the fields and woods, sounding their wild notes, "caw, caw," as they flew, and feasting with her on the corn and grain in the fields.

But, alas! for the disappointments and



tragedies in bird life-just as in human lives. Poor little Jim never experienced these pleasures, but instead was carried by his captor to town, and in due course of time his wings were clipped to prevent his flying away.

vent his flying away.

A box in the yard was provided for his home, and he leads a most lonely and monotonous life. True, they are all kind to him and give him plenty of dainties to eat, and they have taught him to say "hello," which is quite an accomplishment, but a crow was never intended to live alone and in captivity.

Jim has his likes and dislikes in regard to people, and shows his bad temper by picking at persons whom he does not fancy. He is very fond of the children's playthings, and every chance he gets carries them off and hides them.

Anything bright appeals very strongly to Jim. One day he saw a silver thimble standing on the window sill, and he slyly carried it off in his bill and burfed it in the yard. He heard them talking about the thimble and saw them looking for it, and he seemed to understand, so thought he would dig it up and hide it in another place.

Mrs. B. watched him from behind a hush while he was time engaged and dig it up and hide it in another place.

Mrs. B. watched him from behind a
bush while he was thus engaged, and
so recovered the lost thimble.

On another day he stole the scissors
and hid them. On wash day the clothespins afforded him no end of amusement-much to the annoyance of the
washwoman, however, who, when she
needs the pins, finds Jim has carried
them away.

washwoman, however, who, when she needs the pins, finds Jim has carried them away.

Josh Billings, in writing about a tame crow, once said, "What he can't steal must be tied down," and this is certainly true in Jim's case. He even hides bits of food which he cannot eat by covering them with leaves and grass—just as a dog buries his bone.

Dogs are Jim's pet aversion. If one ventures into the yard, he helloes loud and long, till he scares Mr. Dog into taking his departure. But he and the cats are great friends, and will eat out of the same dish.

When he hears the children shouting at play in the school yard, nearby, he tries hard to talk, and it seems as though he wanted to foin them in their sport; but much as he tries to say something, he never has succeeded in saying more than "hello," and this is his greeting to every one.

Poor Jim is a most forlorn-looking crow at present, for lately he lost his tail feathers, so now he is wingless and tailless; but, fortunately, he cannot see himself as others see him, so his comical appearance does not interfere with his enjoying his tame existence apparently as much as he ever did.

JESSIE BOWLES FISHER.

Backyard Fish Commission

WHILE the honorable . Fish Commission busies itself looking after the natural bodies of water

you boys and girls turn yourselves just for fun into Backyard Fish Commis-sions, make yourselves artificial ponds and stock them with fish.

First of all, you

need a watertight tank. Make it in the form of a scow, wide and flat-bot-tomed. Better be modest and mak couple of feet Make all the beards meet close-iz. After the car-penter work is fin-ished melt tar over

a fire and smear it all over the bottom of the tank, filling crack and erevice.

In the shadlest corner of the bock yard dig a hole for the tank. When the tank is in place, cover the better of it with place, cover the bottom of it with an inch of sand and cover the sand with a layer of gravel.

Then slowly fill the task with war and the same state of the tank with water. Put in some water

plants, which you can get from any brook or river. Build if you think it necessary as a protection After the water has stood for a few days and the plants have started to grow, you may stock your tank with tortoises, frogs, crawfish, sunfish, fresh water clams, etc. Some of them may be timid. In that case you will have done then a kindness by building a rockery in the centre. Go to the river to catch all the fish for your tank, if you can. If you can-not, then you can buy them from any

Miss Fluffy's Love Affair

When night came, Mr. Browncoat took

a lantern and climbed into a tree oppo-site to the one where Miss Fluffy lived,

and commenced to sing as loudly as he

could.

In a few minutes Mr. Snowwhite and Mr. Greyhound came running up, and then they both began to sing as loudly as they could, and altogether you can imagine it did not sound very musical.

R. BROWNCOAT, the tear, was in love with Miss Fluffy, the pretty young owl, but she would have nothing to do with him, and so he was very miserable, indeed, and what made him more.

Now, it so happened that the pixies got to hear of what Mr. Browncoat was going to do, and being a very mischievous lot of little men, they ran and told Mr. Snowwhite and Mr. Greyhound, and they both made up their minds that they would go as well and sing to Miss Fluffy.

have nothing to do with him, and so he was very miserable, indeed, and what made him more

miserable still was the fact that Mr. Snow-white, the rabbit, and

Mr. Greyhound were also in love with Miss Fluffy, and, although she did not care very much for either

seemed to like them better

than she did Mr. Browncoat.

And so the poor bear was very un-

Don't put anything of a seawater nature in your pond, or all the fresh water hings will suffer. The caddice worms and fresh water chrimps, which are found among water plants, will make good food for the Never change the water in the tank,



but as it evaporates add to it from the barrel of water which you should rig



Was it Black Dust? One day my little sister (4 years old) was sitting gazing intently into the face of our old colored woman, when, turning to mamma, she said: "Mamma, did God have black dust in heaven when he

hap ened. A window in the moon open-ed, and out popped the head of the man who haves there, to see what all the noise was about, and why he could not go to sleep.

Now, up to that time, none of them knew there was a mun in the moon, and they were all very surprised and fright-

and Mr. Greyhound, and away ran the pixies and the fairy, and poor Mr. Browncoat, who had nearly fallen off the tree, climbed down and ran off as

fast as he could, and there was only one little pixle left, who had fallen asleep underneath a toadstool.

When they had all gone the man in the moon shut his window, but Miss

Nine Men's Morris--- A Game

THIS game was played by William Shakespeare when he was a boy. At any rate, he spoke of it in one of his dramas, "Midsummer Night's Dream." It can be played in the house by preparing a board with holes, as in the diagram here pictured, but is more fun played out on the turf, just as mumbletypeg and so many other games are played.

Two persons play the game. If they are inside the house, using a board, they use nine checkermen, or pegs, apiece, differently colored or shaped. If out of doors, marbles or pebbles may be used. keep the other from getting three men down in an unbroken row. Whenever

AM the star of Rockville, not the

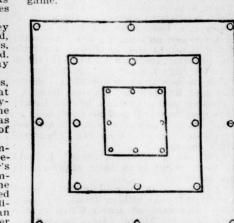
AM the star of Rockville, not the kind that twinkles of an evening in the dark sky and dances on the wavelets, but still I shame in my own society, and brilliantly, too.

Oysters are my favorite food, and I always take them in the shell. My mouth, as you know, is very small, so when I find a nice, plump bivalve, I clasp my five arms around him, turn my stomach right out over him and then

If out of doors, marbles or pebbles may be used.

The players lay down their pieces, whatever they are, in the holes, one at a time, alternately, and it is each player's business to prevent the other one from placing three of his pieces so as to form a row of three without any of the opponent's pieces between them.

Whenever either one succeeds in forming a row, he may then take up and remove any one of the other player's pieces he pleases, except from a complete row already formed. When all the pieces are laid down, they are played backward and forward in whatever direction each line runs, but a piece can be moved only from one spot to another be moved only from one spot to another at a time.



I suck, suck, suck till there is not much left but the empty shell. I drop this back into the water, tuck my stomach away, and crawl off in search of another fine shell fish. Like Pussy, I

want to keep my coat looking nice, so when I am not hunting or eating, I spend my time picking off bits of dirt

or seaweed with my nippers, of which I have hundreds of pairs. MARGARET W. LEIGHTON.

It is still the object of each player to

one succeeds in forming a row, he re moves any one of his opponent's men he pleases. The player who finally takes off all his opponent's pieces wins the

The Origin of Some Slang Phrases

THE famous phrase, "He's a brick," says the Pathfinder, originated from the reply of the king of Sparta, who, when asked where were the walls of his city, replied that Sparta had 50,000 soldiers, "and every man is a brick."

Numerous versions of the origin of "deadhead," meaning one who gets something free, have been given, claiming it as a modern phrase, but history shows that the term was used in precisely its present sense at least as early shows that the term was used in precisely its present sense at least as early as the palmy days of Pompeii, when those who had free seats at the theatre were provided with ivory checks made in the shape of a skull or "deadhead." No doubt the expression was ancient even then head." No doubt the expression was ancient even then.

A certain shoemaker, back in the days of "Good Queen Bess," committed suicide. He stood on a bucket, tied a rope round his neck, from a beam, and then "kicked the bucket." Hence that obscure periphrase for dying.

It was the custom of the Huns to put a feather in their cap for every Turk they killed, whence the origin of "feather in his cap" is easily understood.

Carp Eat Moss. Did you ever hear of fish eating grass? The farmers in the valley of the Columbia river in Oregon are afraid that Columbia river in Oregon are afraid that the carp in the river will eat up all the grass and leave nothing for the live stock during the summer months.

The fish seem especially ravenous for grass this year. They come up to the banks and shove and fight for a taste of it. Every spear within their reach quickly disappears. When the river floods the lowlands it is feared that the fish will clear the pasture lands of vegetation.

A Limited Vocabulary. "Mother," said Bertie, "the puppy chased Mr. Brown's chickens, but

'pologized."
"What did you say?" asked his "What did you say?" asked his mother.
"He was planting some flower seeds and he didn't hear me coming. I went up close to him and said, "Mr. Brown, will you please spooze me for my puppy chasing your chickens?"
"And what did Mr. Brown say?"
"He said, 'Ha, ha, ha' more'n anything else."

The Dream Fairy.

As I lay quiet in my bed Do I just think while I'm asleep? Or does a fairy creep.
So soft and still, up to my ear,
And whisper dreams for me to hear?

I dream the very nicest things!
I dream my tricycle has wings;
I dream my doll can laugh and talk;
I dream my woolly lamb can walk.
How do the dreams get in my head?
—Cassell's Little Folks.

The Chance of a Lifetime Babykins trudged into a fashionable confectioner's. The clerk leaned over the counter and asked her what she would have. Babykins laid two pennies

"What kind?"
Babykins looked about her, at case after case of different varieties.
"Bout every kind you got," she said, sweetly.—Little Chronicle.

The Needs of the Inner Man. Auntie, accompanied by her little nephew, purchased some buns from a baker's wagon. Anxious to teach him to be polite, she said as she handed him one, "Here's a bun, Walter. Now what do you say?"

"Put some budder on," was the innocent reply.

Had Seen Hard Wear.

The minister had received a ham as a donation. When it was about gone, little Edith, seeing her mother cutting a small slice for breakfast, said: "Mamma, the ham's about worn out, isn't it?"

When a Part Was Equal to the Whole Four-year-old Dalsy came running in from the garden, crying breathlessly, "Papa, I saw a snake! "Did you?" asked her father. "Did he have a tail?" "No," Dalsy replied, "he was a tail."

Fly Feather!

THIS is an old English amusement, described by Mrs. Burton Kingsland, which affords lots of fun. The players put their chairs together to form a close circle. A small downy feather with very short stem is procured and thrown as high as possible in the air. It is then blown, the object of each player being not to be touched by it. The person it falls upon pays a forfeit, and these are redeemed at the end of the game. It must not be blown too violently, or it will fly so high that it will be difficult to reach—and the one who blows it outside the circle must also pay a forfeit.

When children play it, they usually prefer to dance around in pursuit of it, but they must not let go each other's but they must not let go each other's hands to catch it in its descent. The player who goes through three rounds

Globe Party

without being touched wins the game.

ONE player takes a handkerchief, and, throwing it at another, cries "Europe!" A timekeeper then begins counting ten rather rapidly, and the person to whom the handkerchief was thrown must name some place, river, mountain, person or thing, connected with the countries of Europe, before number ten is reached. It may be arranged that the person answering correctly puts the next test question; if incorrectly, or unable to answer, a forfeit must be paid.

The players must be alert and alive, for often the one throwing the handkerchief looks at one while throwing it in quite another direction.—Book of Indoor and Outdoor Games.

Can You Muscle a Broom?

Polly Evans has received this question from Charles V. Goetz, of Philade, phia. He says:

This looks easy; but if once tried the person doing it will be greatly surprised at the strength that it requires. Lay the broom flat upon the floor or ground, grasp the extreme end of the handle and raise in a horizontal position until it reaches the height of your shoulders. Put the broom down again, and place a one-half-pound can full of sand on the broom straws, and the person doing the performance will be greatly surprised at the increase of strength it requires to lift the broom.

A Jap Game

ing it.
It requires two players. One throws



a red disk, face down, on the ground, and the other tries to strike it so hard with his differently colored disk that it will turn over, and, therefore, fall into

A Good Trick With a Wineglass

POLLY EVANS will not vouch for the success of this trick; but you boys and girls may try it for yourselves, and see if you can make it



dime in the lower part of it (it should rest snugly a little above the bottom) and a half-dollar piece in the tpper part of it. Tell your friends you can get the dime out of the glass without touching it or even putting your finger inside the but of the glass without touching it or even putting your finger inside the glass.

How is it done?

This way: One trickster says, Give

Louise was cutting out pictures. She was trimming off the edges when I asked, "What are you doing, dear?"

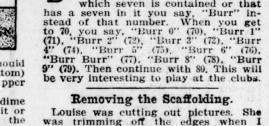
She looked up at me and said, "Oh! I'm just taking off the railings."

the side of the glass such a vigorous tap as to upset the balance of the half dollar and cause it to take an up and down instead of a flat position. He says the air thus suddenly forced down by one half of the coin will jostle the dime out of its position and cause it to fly out

If any one succeeds with this trick, please inform Polly Evans. Game of Chestnut Burr

B EGIN and count from 1 to 100.
When you come to a number in which seven is contained or that

Removing the Scaffolding.



izzles and Proble

Hidden Boys' Names.

Th- -oc- and the painte- must b- men -oin -ur new u-ion, 'arry. Igno-ance or neg-igenc- has -au-ed mist-ke. My --o-h-r is -lde- than I. A -arge pa-t of th- -rmy were dr-w-e-.
 John and -illi-m's fath-r chi-ed them for thei- con-uct. The missing letters when put together correctly will give seven boys' names, JOSEPH BETZ,

Parts of Body.

Uuayeyestea Enigma.

Change Puzzle.

A man had \$1.15 in six (the kinds used every day), and he found it was impossible for him to change a nickel, dime, quarter, half or dollar. Now, the puzzle is, Wha denomination was his money in?

F. L. P. 2.18.

Four Luried Trees. Dick saw a shadow on the Hint makes too much noise. The mice darted into the river. Please step in every day you are near.

Arithmetical Puzzle. If a cat and a half kill a rat and a half in a minute and a half, how many cats will it take to kill 60 rats in 90 minutes?

Four-Line Puzzle. Start at one of the above asterisks, and by making four straight strokes without lifting the pencil from the paper touch each asterisk.

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles and Problems

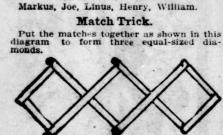
Geometrical Portraits. Bunch of Keys. 1. Tur-key. 2. Don-key. 3. Mon-key. 4. Joc-key.

Forty Dot Puzzle.



Words Spelled Differently. 1. Heir, air. 2. Read, red. 3. Made, maid. Square Word.

Hidden Boys' Names. Markus, Joe, Linus, Henry, William. Match Trick.



Transposition Puzzle

happy, and tried to think of a way in which he might outdo his rivals and gain the affections of Miss Fluffy. Now, he had always been very proud of what he called his fine, deep voice, and so he made up his mind that he would go that night and sing love songs to Miss Fluffy, and perhaps she might he charmed by his beautiful voice. Really, his voice was not at all beautiful, but still it was loud, and he could

The pixies and their friend the fairy came out to see the fun, and whose singing Miss Fluffy would like best; but it seemed as if she did not care for any of it, for she only sat up in her tree and winked her eye, as much as to say. "You can all go on making that noise all night, but I do not intend to marry am. of you."
Well, the three of them went on making as much noise as they could, when all of a sudden something very strange

Fluffy had caught sight of him, and, strange to say, she had fallen in love with him, as the others had fallen in love with her, and so she commenced to sing to him, but he would not open his window again, and has never done so since

to ask.
Child-Well, we do, don't we?
Mamma-No, whatever makes you think such funny stuff?
Child-Why, mamma, I heard the cook say she'd have to buy 'a bread raiser only this morning.

A little girl asked her mamma one day: "Mamma, do people ever shave bread?"

the day the storm began and she was eating her breakfast of bread and milk, when she happened to upset a little on when she happened to upset a little on the tablecloth, for which her mother re-

mamma some snowflakes which had Beatrice's papa had gone to the country on business. Each night when she said her prayers her mamma taught her to say, "God bless papa and send him home safe." Beatrice misunderstood her mamma, and instead of saying that she would say, "God bless papa, and send him home in a safe." One day as the bottom fell out of an old safe down in the cellar, Beatrice came to her mamma and said, "Mamma, I wonder what God will send papa home in now."

Miss Fluffy still sings to him some-times, and if ever you hear an owl hoot-ing of a night you will know that it is Miss Fluffy asking the man in the moon to open his window.

HERBERT F. INMAN.

Some Cunning Sayings by Little Children '

Mamma-No, child; what a silly thing

the tablecloth, for which her mother reproved her and told her that good little girls did not upset their milk. A few moments after that we were out on the porch, when it began to snow, and Mary, without any hesitation, went in to her mamma and said: "Mother, you told me good little girls did not upset their milk. Well, the angels upset theirs, and it was just coming down on me, see?" And with that she showed her

