

In The Play Room.

"All childhood is innocence."—STOE.

Hazelkirk, editor of this department will be pleased to receive letters from young contributors. Contributions such as puzzles, short stories, poems, etc., will be welcomed. Address "Hazelkirk," in care of this paper.

Written for the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

A Modern Casabianca.

The boy lay in his little bed,
Though oft' his mother called:
"Get up! come down to breakfast, Fred!"
"Get up!" his father bawled,
Yet quiet and serene he lay,
As though he heard them not;
Opossum did the youngster play,
Though things were getting hot.
The time passed on—he did not start!
But took another nap,
His father up the stairs did dart
And gave his door a rap.
He cried aloud, "say, Freddie, say!
Why don't you leave your bed?"
But silently young Freddie lay
As though he were quite dead.
"Speak, Freddie," once again he cried,
For I must soon be gone,
And "—but a lusty snore replied—
Pa's patience nearly gone.
Up to his face quick ran the blood,
He tore his auburn hair,
A moment at the doorway stood
In still, yet deep despair.
And shouted 'gain, with thunderous knock
"Young scoundrel do you hear?"
While in the hall loud ticked the clock
That grated on his ear.
With angry push he opened the door,
And slammed it to again,
With noisy strides across the floor
To the bed he walked amain.
Then came a sound like threshing wheat,
Or butchers tendering steak,
Hear screams! hear moan! here scamping feet
Oh, Freddie is awake.
A ringing bell, a mother's call
May sometimes wake a lad,
But the only sure thing after all
Is a father when he's mad.

Answers to Puzzles.

(From Last Issue).

No. 1. RIDDLE—Friendship.

No. 2. DIAMOND—

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E N D
E N T E R
E N U E N O M
E N T E R T A I N
D E N T I S T
R O A S T
M I T
N

No. 3. CHARADE—New, found, land—Newfoundland.

No. 4. ANAGRAMS—Great artists. 1. Sir Joshua Reynolds.
2. David Leiers. 3. William Hogarth. 4. Michael Angelo.
5. Sir Anthony Vandyke. 6. Hans Holbein. 7. Peter Paul
Rubens. 8. Claude of Lorraine.

Puzzles.

QUEER QUERIES FOR THE QUIZZICAL.

No. 1.—What is it that has no head, and yet possesses a large round mouth that is always open, that roars occasionally, but it is always silent when unfed, has no hand to help itself to food, and no eyes to see what it eats?

No. 2.—What is it that has a face lacking eyes, nose and mouth; wheels, but no carriage to ride in; chains not intended for ornaments; weights, but no scales to use them with; hands that have no fingers; and that never comes up stairs, but is perpetually running down?

BURIED TOWNS.

No. 1.—He was in bed for days after his fall out hunting.

No. 2.—Give me a strawberry or Kate will give me one.

MILL CREEK, May 8th, 1892.

DEAR HAZELKIRK:—I received your kind and welcome letter, and was pleased to hear from you. My home is in the much admired City of Salt Lake, but I am at present living in Mill Creek, a little village about nine miles south of the city. Mamma has been teaching in the Academy here. I have been attending school at the academy all winter, and have enjoyed my studies very much. The building which is made of brick, is two storeys high, besides the basement, this contains the furnace, which is used for heating the building. The location is beautiful, being a level tract of land elevated above the surrounding country forming a kind of table-land or platform. The school owns ten acres upon which are several hundred shade trees. The trees around the building and edge of the grounds are planted in two rows forming a pretty avenue. We depend upon irrigation in this locality, as the climate is dry. The land being so much higher than the rest around here, they sank two artesian wells, which flows like a fountain all the time, and supplies all the water necessary. Your paper is a welcome visitor to our house; I am always glad when it comes and shall be pleased to contribute to it when I can. I remain yours respectfully,

MAUD E. BLISS.

Mistakes no Disgrace.

It is not disgraceful to make mistakes. Those who never make mistakes never do anything worth mentioning. The attitude of men with reference to their failures is something disgraceful. One who cannot see his own errors, even when they are pointed out, will not make much improvement. Until we discover and deplore our defects, we will not take pains to remedy them. Frankness in confessing faults is a great grace. When one becomes so perfect in his own estimation, that he has no occasion to confess his faults to his neighbors, he is well-nigh beyond the reach of hope.

Pink and Puss and Pitto.

Three Little Mischiefs.

BY LELAH R. BENTON.

CHAPTER I.

Little Pink Carewe looked up at the queer little box on the mantle, with one finger between her pearl teeth. Rose was so mean to put it up there where her little sister couldn't reach it; Pink was just going to get it somehow, and she ran off presently for a chair. When she had brought it over to the side of the grate she looked around at the door.

There was nobody there, only a tall glistening statue, whose head seemed bent in a listening attitude. Pink took the hint, and went to peep out between the pale blue plush curtains that parted the hall and drawing room. It was a false alarm, and as she came back she made a little face at the figure, and said, "You think you scar't me, don't you?"

And then she climbed up on the chair—oh! She drew back so quickly that she came near tumbling down. She had climbed up to the wrong end of the mantle, and as she raised her head, her big, blue eyes looked straight into the ugly ones of a hideous Chinese idol, sitting there grinning.

She pulled her chair along over the soft, thick mat to the right side of the glowing gas log in the grate, and once more ascended its rungs. Pit, pat, soft and slow, came a step along the hall. Pink grabbed the box, and slid down on the carpet again; she was looking very demure when Pussy Boots entered. His stately tail waved grandly and an enquiring expression was on his face.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" Pink said much relieved. "Well, I don't care for you!" and she proceeded to show him how little she cared. This consisted in hugging him till his fur was all ruffled, and kissing him till he cried enough, which was very soon, as he was a dignified old cat and scorned such effusive displays of affection.

"Do you want to see what's in this box too?" his little mistress asked, sitting down on the carpet near him and fingering the little parcel. It was tied up in tissue paper with a soft, creamy cord and looked as if there might be something very pretty indeed inside. Pink knew where sister Rose got it. That nice Mr. "Riffraffer" had given it to her that very afternoon. He had come in a great hurry. He was going to catch a train, having been called away on business for a few days and had just time to leave this box with Pink's pretty grown up sister, with a few whispered words that Pink, lingering curiously on the stairs, could not catch; only, as he went down the steps, he called out aloud, "Be sure and write me your answer as soon as possible, whatever it is, write it—will you?"

Rose had returned his bright smile and nodded, and Pink thought her sister's cheeks very like twin carnations as she turned round after shutting the door. She followed into the drawing room where Rose went, examining the box all the way.

"Rose! Rose! Come here! Your sponge lillies are baking too fast," called Mrs. Carewe, from the kitchen, and this was what made the elder girl put her gift on the mantle and run away. Rose was one of the dearest and most dutiful daughters in the world, and she always made it a point to attend to duty first. The box would not fly away and her first attempt at fancy baking, under her mother's personal direction must not be a failure. So she flew away to the sponge lillies she had just popped into the oven.

And here was Pink and Puss, a self-constituted committee of investigation, intensely interested in the hard knot on the fastenings of the box.

Ting-a-ling. There's the bell again.

"Pinkie, dear," Rose called out, "you can open the door, can't you?"

"Pinkie, dear" frowned, but got up obediently, followed by the lazy old Pussy Boots. She opened the door to see a poor little girl whose great dark eyes stared out hungrily from a pale, pinched face. She held a thin shawl about her tightly, and put out one hand appealingly.

"Please, missie, can't you give me a copper? My mother is sick and we have nothing to eat."

Pink stared, hardly comprehending. Pussy Boots went out and sat down on the door sill directly between the two children and swished his handsome tail from side to side, while his large yellow eyes looked up into the stranger's face as much as to say, "I'm well and happy, what more do you want?"

"I'll ask mamma!" Pink said in answer to the plea for help and she left the door to run to the kitchen.

"There's a little beggar girl here wants a copper," she told her mother, putting one hand behind her and leaning in at the door, her eyes running over the good things on the table at the same time. "She looks hungry, too, may I give her a cake?"

"You go upstairs for my purse and I'll go and see if she looks worthy," Mrs. Carewe said, softly, "Perhaps she has some little brothers or sisters that would like cakes too."

Pink had quite a search for the pocket-book and while looking she came across a little box that was a twin in size and shape to the one she already had in her possession; she clapped her hands on seeing it, "I'll give it to the little girl for her mother," she exclaimed, "it'll cure her up quick. Sarah Jane said it said on the paper inside 'Health for every one who takes these complexion capsules.' I was going to give 'em to Gertrude Gladys for her cough but I guess the little girl's mother needs 'em most!"

So saying she jumped up from the work-basket she had been diving into and turned around falling over something soft and fat and furry which yelled and squalled in a terribly piteous voice as Pink went tumbling down square upon it.

"Oh you poor Pussy Boots! Did ze 'ittle kitty-cat get hurted? I didn't mean to do it my poor darling pussy!" exclaimed Pink as soon as she could sit up and clasp the injured pet to her bosom. Then she scrambled up and gathered up cat, purse and boxes in her apron and rushed away down stairs again.

Her mother was just handing out a good-sized parcel, and receiving her purse from Pink, gave some money also to the thankful little stranger. Puss squeezed out the door and ran down to the street. Pink flew after her, and as the other child passed she shoved the box into her hands.

"You just have your mother take that medicine," she said: "She'll get well right off. Sarah Jane gave it to me for my doll but I can give her somefin' else."

The little girl took the box and murmured words of thanks but Pink did not hear them, Pussy Boots had got into trouble. He was perched up on the narrow railing of the area steps, spitting and imitating distant thunder, and right below him creeping up the rails was the funniest little monkey, all dressed up in red and with a comical, tiny little silk hat between his ears, fastened on with an invisible elastic!

"Oh its Pitto!" cried the strange little girl, "He's run away again. You naughty Pitto, come here to Hildegard this moment."

"Is that your name?" Pink inquired interestedly, forgetting to worry about Pussy Boots.

"Yes, ma'am," came the answer. She went forward and caught up the monkey and tucked him under her arm. Her shawl flew off and Pink picked it up and pinned it around her.

"Is it your monkey?" she asked.

"No, it belongs to Mr. Peamits, a man that lives in our basement and plays an organ in the summer. Pitto is a bad monkey. He runs away so much."

Pussy Boots here gave a jump for the sill of the hall window and almost missing it, made a great howdy' do scrambling to its level. Then there was only room for three of his great cushions of feet and Pink had to go and rescue him. When she turned around Pitto and Hildegard were walking off, the former's cunning little black eyes twisted back over his captor's arm and still watching Pussy Boots with a horrible little grin.

Rose came out here and called her sister in.

"Pinkie!" she said, quite sternly, "where is that box I left on the mantle?"

Pinkie held it out with downcast eyes. "I never opened it, Rosie."

"You are a very naughty little girl," her sister said, giving a kiss for the box. "Mamma has so often told you not to meddle."

She turned aside to open it but Pink hung on to her dress. "Let me see, too," she pleaded, and Pussy Boots rubbed himself against Rose's pretty slippered foot, stopping now and then to smooth a ruffled hair with his tongue, and now and then crying out something that sounded like "me too!"

(To be Continued.)

Hazelkirk

Arranging Other's Love Affairs.

Two business men, who have long been warm friends, met the other day. One of them had a gloomy look, and his friend finally asked him what the matter was. It was the old story. His son had fallen in love, and wanted to marry a girl whom he had not known a year. The father was opposed to the match, but he did not like to interfere. "Let me tell you a story," said his friend, "and then you may agree with me that it is of no use to try to account for one falling in love. Every one does it differently. I know a man who met a woman one summer a good many years ago. He saw her, perhaps, only a half a dozen times. He was a poor man, hard-working and ambitious, and was seeking his fortune in a big city, say New York. When his scant vacation was at an end he went back to his work and pegged along. In two years he had saved enough money to feel able to afford another little vacation. He hadn't heard a word from that woman in the meantime, but he sacrificed a very large part of his vacation fund in getting to the town where she lived. He had only three days to stay there, and before he went back to the city he told the girl that he loved her, and that he had waited two years for the opportunity to tell her, that their lives ran in such different channels that he might not see her again for two years more. He took her promise back with him. They got married and every day of his life he thanks God for the fate that led him to that little country town almost thirty years ago. I'm the man, John, and you know what a treasure the woman is. Don't try to arrange the love affairs of other people." The little romance is so simple and pretty that it seems worth the telling.