



Like Grandma Used to Do.

I tell you what, I'm goin' back; I'm sorry 'at I came;
Th' way you treat a little boy like me is jus' a shame:
You shake me an' you scold' me, an' you never kiss me, too,
Er ever take me on your lap—
Like gran'ma used to do!

Jus' cause I took a cookie er a spoon o' jam er so,
Er try the tarts 'coolin' in th' winder in a row,
You whip me 'stead o' smilin'—never say, "Take one or two."
That "all such things is made for boys" Like gran'ma used to do!

Jus' 'cause I ketch a chicken or teach Tabby how to swim,
Er tie a string on Rover's ear an' ride aroun' on him,
You jaw me 'stead o' saying' that you "really never knew"
A boy so fond o' animals"—
Like gran'ma used to do!

Jus' 'cause I go a-fishin' in th' trough behin' th' barn,
An' use a cane an' button hook an' some o' your red yarn,
You shake me, 'stead o' bringin' me an apple, mebbe two,
An' tellin' me to "persevere"—
Like gran'ma used to do!

I'm goin' back to-morrow where I'm allers treated good,
'Cause you don't love a little boy th' way you really should,
You never gi' me nothin' nice, or call me "dearie," too,
Er tell me I'm a "comfort"—
Like gran'ma used to do!

The Boy Who Knew How.

(Continued from Last Month.)

under the direction of his youngest operator.

"Th' re you are, my lad," said the superintendent, "what next?"
"Get a stick, sir, and stir the blue stone in the kettle, please. We must have it dissolved if the battery is to work immediately when we connect it."

The copper bottom of the boiler was at last cut through, and hastily doubling it over several times, in order that it would lie flat in the crotch, Alex turned his attention to the zinc on the stove-board.

The scene in the little station had now become dramatic—the crowd of passengers, increased until it half filled the room, looking on in strained silence or talking in whispers; the tall figure of the superintendent at the stove, busily stirring the kettle, and in the middle of the floor, the centre of all eyes, the fourteen-year-old boy hurriedly working with chisel

and hammer, seemingly only conscious of the work before him and the necessity of making the most of every minute.

The zinc was cut, and hurriedly folding it as he had the copper, Alex sprang to his feet, and running to the cupboard dragged out a bundle of wire and began sorting out some short ends.

"How much longer," said the superintendent. "The train should be at Ziesler now."

"Just a minute. But she's sure to be a little late from the fog," said Alex, hopefully, never pausing. "Has the bluestone dissolved, sir?"

"All but a few lumps."

"Then that will do. Now please lift down the water-cooler, sir, and place it by the table."

As the superintendent complied, all conversation ceased, and the crowd, moving hurriedly out of the way, looked on breathlessly, then turned to Alex, on his knees, fastening two pieces of wire to the square of copper and zinc.

This done, Alex dropped the square of copper to the bottom of the big jar, hung the zinc from the top, connected one wire end to the ground connection at the switchboard and the other to the side of the key. And the task was complete.

"Now the kettle, sir," he said, dropping into his chair. The superintendent seized the kettle and emptied its blue-green liquid into the cooler. The moment the water had covered the zinc Alex opened his key.

It worked strongly and sharply. "Good work! Good work!" said the superintendent, fervently. "Now hurry up, boy!"

Already Alex was whirling off a string of letters. "Z.Z.Z. WS!" he called. "QK- QK- Z.Z."

The line opened and at the quick sharp dots that came Alex could not restrain a cry of triumph. "It works! I've got him!" he exclaimed. Then rapidly he sent:

"Stop Number 12. Has she passed yet?"

The line again opened and over it again the boy leaned a circle of white, anxious faces. Had the train passed. Had it

gone on to destruction. Or—

The instrument clicked. "No! No! He says, no!" cried Alex.

And then, while the crowd about him relieved its pent-up feelings in wild shouts and hurrahs, Alex quickly explained the order to stop the train.

"And now three good cheers for the little operator," said one of the passengers as Alex closed the key. In confusion Alex drew back in his chair, then suddenly recollecting the others who had taken part in the night's work, he told the superintendent of the part played by Mr. Moore and his sons, and of the sacrifice of Mrs. Moore's new wash-boiler.

"And then there was the man on the horse, who told us of the slide in the cut across the river. He was the real one to save the Mail," said Alex modestly.

"I see you are as fair as you are ingenious," said the superintendent, smiling. "We'll look after them all, you may be sure. And by the first express Mrs. Moore shall have two instead of one of the finest boilers money can buy. And as for you, my boy, we'll have a place for you at the division headquarters just as soon as you are old enough to take it."

Some Games for Out-of-Doors.

GARDEN QUOITS.

Garden quoits should be played with wooden rings, or wire ones bound with some soft material. A peg is driven into the ground, and the players stand at a distance, each having a number of rings. They then throw in turn, and those who get the greatest number of rings over the peg win the game, and any prizes that may have been offered.

CUDGEL.

Two small holes, ten feet apart, are scooped in the ground, and around each a circle about a foot wide is drawn. At these holes two batsmen stand, each armed with a short stick, one end of which is held in the hole. From a short distance away two bowlers pitch, in turn, a small piece of wood, called a cat, towards the holes. If it drops into one of the

holes both batsmen are out, but if it is struck by one of them they change places as quickly as possible while the bowlers try to drop the cat into a hole before either of the batsmen can protect it by popping in his stick. If the cat is pitched by a bowler so as to fall inside the circle surrounding a hole, he picks it up and runs to a little distance with his partner.

They then decide between themselves without the batsmen knowing, which shall hold the cat, and then return to ask the batsmen to guess who holds the cat. As the question is asked they both kneel down, one opposite each hole, and the batsmen answer by simply standing together opposite the bowler they choose. If the guess is correct the game must go on as before; if wrong, the boy holding the cat at once pops into the hole by which he is kneeling, and the batsmen become bowlers.

HOP SKIP AND JUMP.

Scratch line on the ground, and stand so that the toes just touch it. Then, lifting one foot, hop as far as possible. Follow this with a skip, and then, with both feet together, give a long jump, remaining quite still at the end of it till someone has drawn a line where the heels struck the ground. Then the next boy does his best, and the one who covers the greatest distance with his hop, skip and a jump is the winner.

OBSTACLE RACE.

This is great fun and will show the different ways boys have of getting over difficulties. Instead of the race-course being kept quite open, obstacles are put up at different places for the runners to get over as best they can. Those who do so most quickly are likely to reach the winning-post first. For small boys these obstacles should not be too troublesome. The first might be a long hurdle for them to climb; the next, a row of bottomless canvass sacks side by side on the grass, one for each boy to crawl through, and perhaps beyond these a number of ordinary school slates pegged to the ground with pencils attached, upon which each runner must write—quite distinctly—a short sentence arranged beforehand,