

## YOUNG FOLKS.

## THE GRADUAL GROWTH OF A TALE.

Young folks often play at a very amusing game in which one tells a story to another alone. The one who has heard the story tells it to the next, and the next to the next and so on till the story has been passed on through the whole company of assembled friends. Then the last one tells the story, as he thinks he got it, out loud to the rest. It is curious and very laughable to notice the great changes that have taken place quite accidentally in the transmitting of the story. An umbrella will change to a pistol and then to a gun, and a frog will gradually develop into a bull. Then instead of the frog being poked by the umbrella, as the first story-teller intended, the story becomes much more tragic and the bull is shot by the gun. Here is an instance of such a tale which, however, happened in real life and came near causing trouble:

A farmer was once told that his turnip-field had been robbed, and that the robbery had been committed by a poor, inoffensive man of the name of Palmer, who, many of the people in the village said, had taken away a wagon-load of turnips.

Farmer Brown, much exasperated by the loss of his turnips, determined to prosecute poor Palmer with all the severity of the law. With this intention he went to Molly Sanders, the washerwoman, who had been busy spreading the report, to know the whole truth; but Molly denied ever having said anything about a wagon-load of turnips. It was but a cart-load that Palmer had taken, and Dame Hodson, the luckster, had told her so over and over again.

The farmer, hearing this, went to Dame Hodson, who said that Molly Sanders was always making things out worse than they really were; that Palmer had taken only a wheelbarrow-load of turnips, and that she had her account from Jenkins, the tailor.

Away went the farmer to Jenkins, the tailor who stoutly denied the account altogether; he had only told Dame Hodson that Palmer had pulled up several turnips, how many he could not tell, for that he did not see himself, but was told it by Tom Slack, the ploughman.

Wondering where this would end, Farmer Brown next questioned Tom Slack, who, in his turn, declared he had never said a word about seeing Palmer pull up several turnips; he only said that he had heard say that Palmer had pulled up a turnip, and Barnes, the barber, was the person who had told him about it.

The farmer, almost out of patience at this account, hurried on to Barnes, the barber, who wondered much that people should find pleasure in spreading idle tales which have no truth in them? He assured the farmer all he had said about the matter, while he took off the beard of Tom Slack, was that, for all he knew, Palmer was as likely a man to pull up a turnip as any of his neighbors.

## THE MINISTER AND THE SAUSAGES.

A minister in one of our Orthodox churches, while on his way to preach a funeral sermon in the country, called to see one of his members, an old lady, who had just been making sausages, and as she felt very proud of them, insisted on the minister taking some of the links home to his family. After wrapping the sausages in a cloth the minister carefully placed the bundle in the pocket of his great coat. Thus equipped, he started for the funeral. While attending the solemn ceremonies of the grave some hungry dogs scented the sausages, and were not long in tracking them to the pocket of

the good man's overcoat. Of course this was a great annoyance, and he was several times under the necessity of kicking the whelps away. The obsequies at the grave completed, the minister and congregation repaired to the church, where the funeral discourse was to be preached.

After the sermon was finished the minister halted to make some remarks to his congregation, when a brother, who wished to have an appointment given out, ascended the stairs of the pulpit, and gave the minister's coat a hitch to get his attention. The divine, thinking it a dog having designs on his pocket, raised his foot, gave a sudden kick, and sent the good brother sprawling down the steps. "You will excuse me, brethren and sisters," said the minister, confusedly, and without looking at the work he had just done, "for I could not avoid it. I have sausages in my pocket, and that dog has been trying to grab them ever since he came upon the premises."

## "DE PRINCIPLES OF DE TELEGRAF."

The most amusing mode of describing how the telegraph works is given by the Rev. John Jasper of a certain town in Virginia. The explanation is one which will strike everyone very forcibly and has the merit of being easily understood.

On being asked concerning the theory of the telegraph, he said:

"Well, de telegraf stans' to reason. I see de principles of de telegraf 'illustrated every day."

"How, Mr. Jasper?" I asked.

"Well, de oder mornin' my dog stood in de doorway. His tail was in de kitchen, while his head was in de dinin' room. When he was standin' dere my wife she trod on de dog's tail and bark! bark! bark! went de dog in de oder room. Now dat was de principles of de telegraf illustrated. De tail was one end of de telegraf and de mouf was de oder. De bark was de 'click, click, de machine. Now, ef dot dog had been big 'nough to reach from Richmond to Washington, den I could have trod on his tail down dere and de bark could have been heard all over de capital. Yes, sah, de telegraf is plain 'nuf, too, ef de movement of de sun is plain 'nuf, too, ef de people wouldn't pervert de Scriptures."

Mr. Jasper has a theory about the sun, too, and maintains that the world stands still, and the sun moves around it.

"Ef de sun don't move," said Mr. Jasper in the most solemn manner, "den why did Joshua command it to stand still? No, sir, de ministers who tell you dat de sun stands still and dat the world moves round her—why, dey is mistaken. Dey is lying to de people, and ef dey don't change dere b'leaf dey will die in dere sins."

## HOW TO PUT AN EGG IN A BOTTLE.

A writer in the *Rural New Yorker* tells the young folk how they may perform the magic feat of putting an egg in a bottle. Like many other things it is easy enough when you know how. This is the way it is done: Soak a fresh egg for several days in strong vinegar. The acid of the vinegar will eat the lime of the shell, so that while the egg looks the same it will be soft and capable of compression. Select a bottle with a neck a third smaller than the egg. With a little care you will have no trouble in pressing the latter into the bottle. Fill the bottle half full of lime water, and in a few days you will have a hard-shelled egg in a bottle with a neck a third smaller than the egg. Of course, you pour off the lime water as the shell hardens. How the egg got into the bottle will be a conundrum that few can answer.

## COURTSHIP IN SARDINIA.

The process of "courtship" in Sardinia was until a few years ago carried on in an exceptionally singular manner. The lovers were not permitted to meet either privately or in society, and if a meeting should accidentally occur, they recognized each other as distant acquaintances, neither shaking hands nor holding converse together. The only communication between them was conducted through the medium of the "deaf and dumb" alphabet, the lady performer hanging over the balcony, or half-hidden by the curtains of her room, and the gentleman standing below; this "process" was continued very often for several hours, the rapidity and dexterity, as also the patience and perseverance, exhibited on these occasions being truly marvellous. Courtship after this fashion has been known to be protracted for years, until one or the other was wearied out, or until the gentleman was financially in a position to make a formal offer for the object of his affections. This mute and distant interchange of loving words was no doubt a very safe and a highly proper mode of proceeding, but I venture to think it would not have found favor amongst the youth of either sex in our own country, and, indeed, in Sardinia it is, like many other "good old" customs, gradually dying out.—*Mr. Tennant, in "Sardinia and its Resources."*

## THE WHISTLING BUOY.

The boy who whistles is sometimes thought to be a nuisance. However, everything has its uses. The whistling buoy is now the greatest fog signal they have. It is the invention of a New York man, and consists of a pear-shaped bulb that floats upon the water. A long tube, open at its lower end, passes up through the bottom of the bulb out at the top. The upper end is closed with a plate, through which there are three holes. In one is secured a big locomotive whistle. In the other two are valves which open inward.

As the buoy rises on a wave the water sinks down in the tube and the air rushes in through the valves to take its place. Then the buoy sinks into the trough of the sea and the water presses up through the tube, forcing the air out. With the varying pressures the whistle makes the most heart-rendering sounds known to humanity—quite unlike those cheerful sounds issuing from a schoolboy's lips, but far more appreciated.

## ROAST HORSE IN ENGLAND.

There are many people who prefer horse to beef, but as it is a point in dispute, a practical step for solving the doubt is being taken in Manchester. A hundred horses are slaughtered in that city every week, and cut up and sold as "butchers' meat." The trade is carried on in the poor districts, where the steaks find ready purchasers at prices ranging from fivepence to eightpence per pound. There can be no pretence for saying that the flesh of a healthy horse is not fit for human food. There are epicures who prefer it to the choicest beef, but it has been their rare good fortune to get "a dainty dish" which does not ordinarily come into the market.

## A COW WITH A WOODEN LEG.

A novel feat has been accomplished in surgery by a veterinary surgeon and the facts are told by the *New York Herald*. A cow on the celebrated Weston game farm, near York, broke its leg, and there being no chance of reducing the fracture, the limb was amputated and an experiment of affixing a wooden leg was found to answer admirably. In the afternoon the cow was grazing with her calf by her side.

## FUN.

A gentleman came home in the "weesma' hours ayont the twal," at the South End, recently, and was surprised to find his wife clad in black. "Why are you wearing these mourning garments?" he said somewhat unsteadily. "For my late husband," was the significant reply. He has been in the house at ten ever since.

A board schoolmaster desired a boy to write on his slate an account of the Good Samaritan. The following was the result:—"A certain man went down from Jeruselem to geriker; and he fell among 'thawns,' and the 'thawns' sprung up and choked him; whereupon he gave tuppins to the host, and said take care of him and put him on his horse hass; and he passed by on the other side."

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