

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

MODERN GIANTS.

The London *Tid Bits* has gathered the following list of giants who have lived in the later days:—

Samuel McDonald, a Scotchman, nicknamed "Big Sam," was six feet ten inches in height. Was footman to Prince of Wales. Died 1802.

Alice Gordon, Essex, England, giantess, seven feet. Died 1737.

Henry Blacker, seven feet four inches and most symmetrical. Born at Cuckfield, in Sussex, in 1724. Generally called the "British Giant." Was exhibited in London in 1751.

Edward Bamford, seven feet four inches. Died 1768. Buried in St. Dunstan's churchyard, London.

Louis Frenz, Frenchman, seven feet four inches. His left hand is preserved in the museum of the College of Surgeons, London.

Martin Salmeron, a Mexican, seven feet four inches.

Heinrich Osen, born in Norway, seven feet six inches; weight 300 pounds.

Edward Melon, seven feet six inches. Born at Port Leicester, Ireland, 1665, and died 1684, being only nineteen years of age.

James McDonald, seven feet six inches. Native of Cork, Ireland; died 1760.

Robert Hale seven feet six inches. Born at Somerton, England, in 1820, and often called the "Norfolk Giant." Died 1862.

Francis Sheridan, an Irishman, seven feet eight inches; weight, twenty-two stone; girth of chest, fifty-eight inches. Died 1870.

Bradley, seven feet eight inches at death. Born at Market Wheaton, in Yorkshire, England. His right hand is preserved in the museum of the College of Surgeons. 1798-1820.

Joseph Brice, seven feet eight inches. At the age of twenty-six years he was exhibited in London, 1862-5. His hand could span fifteen and a half inches. Born at Ramonchamp, in the Vosges, France, 1840. Was sometimes called Anak.

Cornelius Magrath, seven feet eight inches. He was an orphan and reared by Bishop Berkley, England. Died at the age of twenty years. 1740-1760.

John Busby, of Darfield, seven feet nine inches. His brother was about the same height.

Captain Bates, of Kentucky, seven feet eleven and one-half inches. Exhibited in London, 1871.

Gilly, a Swede, eight feet. Exhibited as a show early in the nineteenth century.

William Evans, eight feet at death. Porter to Charles I. Died 1632.

Charlemagne, nearly eight feet. He could squeeze together three horse shoes at once in his hands.

J. Toller, of Nova Scotia, Eight feet. Died 1819.

Maximilian Christopher Minor, eight feet. His hand measured twelve inches and his forefinger was nine inches long. Called the "Saxon Giant." Died in London. 1674-1734.

Chang-Woo-Goo, of Tychou, Chinese giant,

eight feet two inches. Exhibited in London 1866-67, and again in 1880.

J. H. Reichart, of Friedburg, Sweden, eight feet three inches. His father and mother were giants.

Charles O'Brien, of Byrne, Irish giant, eight feet four inches. His skeleton is preserved in the museum of the College of Surgeons. 1761-1873. Patrick, his brother, was eight feet seven inches.

Loushkin, Russian giant, eight feet seven inches; drum-major of the Imperial Guards.

A human skeleton, eight feet six inches, is preserved in the museum of Trinity College, Dublin.

DO YOUR BEST.

I'm only an insignificant broom,
Good to sweep an untidy room
And then to be hidden away.
It's very trying I cannot be
Something dainty or sweet to see
Where the light and the sunbeams stay.

I'd like to be the dear little chair
That holds the bonny wee baby, there;
Or rather, if I were able
To have my wish, I would proudly stand
With bric-a-brac, cards and flowers, a grand
Magnificent marble table.

For there is the looking-glass, you know,
Which everybody admires so;
You can always see the smile,
With which they peep as they pass it by.
How aristocratic to hang so high
And be looked at all the while!

And there is a splendid thing to hold
The books with covers of red and gold,
Exceedingly dignified;
Or that old sofa where children crowd
And shout and frolic and laugh aloud
At play on its cushions wide.

But what is the use of wishing to be
Anything else but just plainly me?
I'd better be trying to do
My best, I think for a homely broom,
And see to it that I sweep my room
As well as I can. Don't you?

Nor ever grumble, though only made
To live and work in the quiet shade;
For any with eyes may see,
That if we each of us do no more
Than keep in order a single floor
A very clean world 'twill be.

THE YOUNGEST DRUMMER-BOY.

But the Twelfth Indiana Regiment possessed a pet of whom it may be said that he enjoyed a renown scarcely second to that of the wide-famed Wisconsin eagle. This was "Little Tommy," as he was familiarly called in those days—the youngest drummer-boy and, so far as the writer's knowledge goes, the youngest enlisted man in the Union Army. The writer well remembers having seen him on several occasions. His diminutive size and child-like appearance, as well as his remarkable skill and grace in handling the drum-sticks, never failed to make an impression not soon to fade from the memory. Some brief and honourable mention of "Little Tommy," the pride of the Twelfth Indiana Regiment, should not be omitted in these "Recollections of a Drummer-boy."

Thomas Hubler was born in Fort Wayne, Allen Co., Indiana, October 9, 1851. When two years of age, the family removed to Warsaw, Indiana. On the outbreak of the war,

his father, who had been a German soldier of the truest type, raised a company of men in response to President Lincoln's first call for 75,000 troops. "Little Tommy" was among the first to enlist in his father's company, the date of his enrollment being April 19, 1861. He was then nine years and six months old.

The regiment to which the company was assigned was with the Army of the Potomac throughout all its campaigns in Maryland and Virginia. At the expiration of its term of service, in August, 1862, "Little Tommy" re-enlisted and served to the end of the war, having been present in some twenty-six battles. He was greatly beloved by all the men of his regiment, with whom he was a constant favourite. It is thought that he beat the first "long roll" of the great civil war. He is still living in Warsaw, Indiana, and bids fair to be the latest survivor of the great army of which he was the youngest member. With the swift advancing years, the ranks of the soldiers of the late war are rapidly being thinned out, and those who yet remain are fast showing signs of age. "The boys in blue" are thus, as the years go by, almost imperceptibly turning into "the boys of gray," and as "Little Tommy," the youngest of them all, sounded their first reveille, so may he yet live to beat their last tattoo.—*St. Nicholas*, for October.

BETTER WHISTLE THAN WHINE.

As I was taking a walk early last month, I noticed two little boys on their way to school. The small one tumbled and fell; and though he was not very much hurt, he began to whine in a babyish way—not a regular roaring boy cry, as though he were half killed, but a little cross whine.

The older boy took his hand in a kind and fatherly way, and said:

"Oh, never mind, Jimmy, don't whine; it is a great deal better to whistle."

And he began in the merriest way, a cheerful boy whistle.

Jimmy tried to join in the whistle.

"I can't whistle as nice as you, Charlie," said he, "my lips won't pucker up good."

"Oh, that is because you have not got all the whine out yet," said Charlie; "but you try a minute, and the whistle will drive the whine away."

So he did; and the last I saw or heard of the little fellows, they were whistling away as earnestly as though that was the chief end of life.

WE hear of men sowing wild oats, but who ever heard of a woman sowing anything but tares?

AN hour a day gained by early rising gives us, in forty years, five full years or eight hours a day for work—enough to make authors or inventors or masters of languages out of the entire class of those ordinarily endowed.

"UNCLE," asks little Paul, "when I am big will I still be your nephew?" "Always, my boy; thus, when you are sixty you will still be my nephew, the same as to-day." Little Paul, after a moment's reflection "Yes, but you will not have been my uncle for a long time."