Our Young Folks.

THE SQUIRRELS LESSON.

Two little squirrels out in the sun,
One gathered nuts, and the other had none.
"Time enough yet," his constant refrain;
"Summer is still only just on the wane."

Listen, my child, while I tell you his fate:
He roused him at last, but he roused him too late.
Down fell the snow from a pitiless cloud,
And gave little squirrel a spotless white shroud.

Two little boys in a school-room were placed,
One always perfect, the other disgraced;
"Time enough for my learning," he said,
"I will climb by and by from the foot to the head."

Listen, my darling, their locks are turned gray:
One as governor sitteth to-day,
The other, a pauper, looks out at the door
Of the almshouse, and idles his days as of yore.

Two kinds of people we meet every day:
One is at work, the other at play,
Living uncared for, dying unknown,
The busiest hive hath ever a drone.

Tell me, my child, if the squirrels have taught
The lesson I longed to implant in your thought.
Answer me this, and my story is done,
Which of the two would you be, little one?

HOW MARBLES ARE MADE.

Marbles are known from the Latin word *marmor*, by which similar playthings were known to the boys of Rome two thousand years ago. Some marbles are made of potters' clay, and baked in an oven just like earthenware is baked, but most of them are made of a hard kind of stone found in Saxony, Germany. Marbles are manufactured in great number, and sent to all parts of the world, and even to China, for the use of the Chinese children. The stone is broken up with a hammer into little square pieces, which are then ground round in a mill. The mill has a fixed slab of stone, with its surface full of grooves or furrows. Above this a flat block of oak wood, of the same size as the stone, is made to turn rapidly around, and while turning, little streams of water run in the grooves and keep the mill from getting too hot. About one hundred of the square pieces of stone are put into the grooves at once, and in a few minutes are made round and polished by the wooden block.

China and white marble also are used to make the round rollers which have delighted the hearts of boys of all nations for hundreds of years. Marbles thus made are known to the boys as "chinas" or "alleys." Real chinas are made of porcelain clay, and baked like chinaware or other pottery. Some of them have a pearly glaze, and some of them are painted in various colours that will not rub off, because they are baked in, just as the pictures on plates and other tableware.

Glass marbles are known as "agates." They are both made of clear and coloured glass. The former are made by taking up a little melted glass upon the end of an iron rod, and making it round by dropping it into an iron mould, which shapes it, or by whirling it around the head until the glass is made into a little ball. Sometimes the figure of a dog or a squirrel or kitten, or some other object, is placed on the end of the rod, and when it is dipped in the melted glass the glass flows all around it, and when the marble is done the animal can be seen shut up in it. Coloured glass marbles are made by holding a bunch of glass rods in the fire until they melt, then the workman twists them round into a ball or presses them in a mould, so that when done the marble is marked with bands or ribbons of colour. Real agates, which are the nicest of all marbles, are made in Germany, out of the stone called agate. The workmen chip the pieces of agate nearly round with hammers, and then grind them round and smooth on grindstones.

TELLING FORTUNES.

I'll tell you two fortunes, my fine little lad,
For you to accept or refuse;
The one of them good, the other one bad;
Now hear them, and say which you choose.

I see by my gifts within reach of my hand,
A fortune right fair to behold;
A house and a hundred good acres of land,
With harvest fields yellow as gold.

I see a great orchard with boughs hanging down
With apples, russet and red;
I see droves of cattle, some white and some brown,
But all of them sleek and well fed.

I see droves of swallows about the barn doors,
See the fanning mill whirling so fast;
I see them threshing wheat on the floor—
And now the bright picture has passed.

And I see rising dismally up in the place
Of the beautiful house and the land,
A man with a fire-red nose on his face,
And a little brown jug in his hand.

Oh! if you beheld him, my lad, you would wish
That he were less wretched to see,
For his boot toes they gape like the mouth of a fish,
And his trousers are out at the knee.

In walking he staggers now this way, now that,
And his eyes they stand out like bug's;
And he wears an old coat and a battered-in hat,
And I think that the fault is the jug's,

For the text says the drunkard shall come to be poor,
And that drowsiness clothes men in rags;
And he doesn't look much like a man, I am sure,
Who has honest hard cash in his bags.

Now which will you have? To be thrifty and snug,
And be right side up with your dish;
Or go with your eyes like the eyes of a bug,
And your shoes like the mouth of a fish?

CAPTURING MONKEYS.

Monkeys are frequently captured in nooses and in traps built in the shape of houses. The only entrance is a trap-door in the roof, which communicates with a trigger set upon the ground. Food is spread about inside, the monkeys enter, and skirmishing around, disturbs the trigger and the trap shuts them in. The third method for catching them is a most ludicrous one. An old, hard cocoanut is taken, and a very small hole made in the shell. Furnished with this and a pocketful of boiled rice, the sportsman sallies into the forest and stops beneath a tree tenanted by monkeys. Within full sight of these inquisitive spectators he first eats a little rice and then puts a quantity into the cocoanut with all the ostentation possible. The nut is then laid upon the ground, and the hunter retires to a convenient ambush. The reader may be sure that no sooner is the man out of sight than the monkeys race helter-skelter for the cocoanut. The first arrival peeps into it, and, seeing the plentiful store of rice inside, squeezes his hand in through the tiny hole and clutches a handful. Now, so paramount is greed over every other feeling connected with monkey nature, that nothing will induce the creature to relinquish his hold. With his hand thus clasped he cannot possibly extract it, but the thought that if he lets go one of his brethren will obtain the feast is overpowering. The sportsman soon appears on the scene, the unencumbered monkeys fly in all directions, but the unfortunate brute who still will not let the rice go is thereby handicapped beyond hope with a cocoanut as large as himself—a state of affairs quite fatal to rapid locomotion, either terrestrial or arboreal. The sequel is that he falls an easy capture to the hunter, a victim to his own greed.

BOB RYAN AND DANDY.

"Never make an enemy, even of a dog," said I to Bobby Ryan, as I caught his raised hand and tried to prevent him from throwing a stick at our neighbour Howard's great Newfoundland. But my words and effort came too late. Over the fence flew the stick, and whack on Dandy's nose it fell. Now Dandy, a great powerful fellow, was very good-natured, but this proved too much for him. He sprang up with an angry growl, bounded over the fence as if he had been light as a bird, caught Bobby Ryan by the arm, and held it tightly enough to let his teeth be felt.

"Dandy! Dandy!" I cried, in momentary alarm, "Let go! Don't bite him!" The dog lifted his dark brown, angry eyes to mine with intelligence, and I understood what he said: "I only want to frighten the young rascal."

And Bobby was frightened. Dandy held him for a little while, growling savagely, though there was a great deal of make-believe in the growl, and then, tossing the arm away, leaped back over the fence and laid down by his kennel.

"You're a very foolish boy, Bobby Ryan," said I, "to pick a quarrel with such a splendid old fellow as that. Suppose you were to fall into the lake some day, and Dandy should happen to be near, and suppose he should happen to remember your bad treatment and refuse to go in after you.?"

"Wouldn't care," replied Bobby; "I can swim."

Now it happened, only a week afterward, that Bobby was on the lake in company with an older boy, and that in some way their boat was upset in deep water, not far from the shore, and it also happened that Mr. Howard and his dog Dandy were near, and saw the two boys struggling in the water.

Quick as thought Dandy sprang into the lake and swam rapidly toward Bobby, but, strange to say, after getting close to the lad, he turned and went toward the larger boy, who was struggling in the water and keeping his head above the water with difficulty. Seizing him, Dandy brought him safely to the shore. He then turned and looked towards Bobby, his young tormentor; he had a good many grudges against him; and for some moments seemed to be hesitating whether to save him or let him drown.

"Quick! Dandy!" cried his master, pointing to poor Bobby, who was trying his best to keep afloat. He was not the brave swimmer he thought himself.

At this the noble dog again bounded into the water and brought Bobby to land. He did not seem to have much heart in the work, however, for he dropped the boy as soon as he reached the shore, and walked away with a stately indifferent air.

But Bobby, grateful for his rescue, and repenting his former unkindness, made up with Dandy on that day, and they were ever afterward fast friends. He came very near losing his life through unkindness to a dog, and the lesson it gave him will not soon be forgotten.—*Children's Hour.*