

Our Young Folks.

DAVY AND THE GOBLIN.

By CHARLES CARRYL.
CHAPTER XII.

The paper was addressed, "*Davy Jones*," and was headed inside "*Binnacle Bob: His verses*," and below these words Davy found the following story:

"To inactivity inclined
Was Captain Parker Pitch's mind;
In point of fact, 't was fitted for
An easy-going like ashore.

"His disposition, so to speak,
Was usually soft and weak;
He feared the rolling ocean, and
He very much preferred the land.

"A stronger-minded man by far
Was gallant Captain Thompson Tar;
And what was very wrong, I think,
He marked himself with indelible ink.

He boldly called, 'The Seaking Sue'
When angry gales and tempests blew,
And even from the nor-nor-east
He didn't mind 'em in the least.

"Now, Captain Parker Pitch's sloop
Was called 'The Cozy Chickadee'—
A truly comfortable craft
With ample state-rooms fore and aft.

"No foolish customs of the deep,
Like 'watches,' robbed his crew of sleep;
That estimable lot of men
Were all in bed at half-past-ten.

"At seven bells, one stormy day,
Bold Captain Tar came by that way,
And in a voice extremely coarse
He roared 'Ahoy!' till he was hoarse.

"Next morning of his own accord
This able seaman came aboard,
And made the following remark
Concerning Captain Pitch's bark:

"'Avast!' says he, 'Belay! What cheer!
How comes this little vessel here?
Come, tumble up your crew,' says he,
'And navigate a bit with me!'

"Says Captain Pitch, 'I can't refuse
To join you on a friendly cruise;
But you'll oblige me, Captain Tar,
By not a-taking of me far.'

"At this reply from Captain Pitch,
Bold Thompson gave himself a hitch;
It cut him to the heart to find
A seaman in this frame of mind.

"'Avast!' says he: 'We'll bear away
For Madagascar and Bombay,
Then down the coast to Yucatan,
Kametchatka, Guinea, and Japan.

"'Stand off for Egypt, Turkey, Spain,
Australia, and the Spanish Main,
Then through the nor-west passage for
Van Dieman's Land and Labrador.'

"Says Captain Pitch: 'The ocean swell
Makes me exceedingly unwell,
And, Captain Tar, before we start,
Pray join me in a friendly tart.'

"And shall I go and take and hide
The sneaking trick that Parker tried;
Oh! no, I very much prefer
To state his actions as they were:

"With marmalade he first began
To tempt that bluff sea-faring man,
Then fed him all the afternoon
With custard in a table-spoon.

"No mariner, however tough,
Can thrive upon it kind of stuff;
And Thompson soon appeared to be
A feeble-minded child of three.

"He cried for cakes and lollipops—
He played with dolls and humming tops—
He even ceased to roar 'I'm blowed!'
And shook a rattle, laughter and crowd.

"When Parker saw the seaman gaze,
Upon the Captain's cunning ways,
Baw envy thrilled him through and through
And he became a child of two.

"Now, Thompson had in his employ
A mate, two seamen, and a boy;
The mate was fond as he could be
Of babies, and he says, 'I've he,

"'Why, meemates, as we're all agreed
Sea-bathing is the thing they need;
Let's drop these blinits off the quarter!'
(They did, in four or five fathom water.)"

Just as Davy finished these verses, he discovered to his alarm that he was sinking into the beach as though the sand were running down through an hour-glass, and before he could make any effort to save himself he had gone completely through and found himself lying flat on his back with tall grass waving about him.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE END OF THE BELIEVING VOYAGE.

When Davy sat up and looked around him, he found himself in a beautiful meadow with the sun shining brightly on the grass and wild-flowers. The air was filled with

dainty colored insects darting about in the warm sunshine, and chirping cheerily as they flew, and at a little distance the Goblin was sitting on the grass attentively examining a great, struggling creature that he was holding down by its wings.

"I suppose," said the Goblin, as if Davy's sudden appearance was the most ordinary thing in the world,—"I suppose that this is about the funniest bug that flies."

"What is it?" said Davy, cautiously edging away.

"It's a cricket-bat," said the Goblin, rapping familiarly with his knuckles on its hard shell. "His body is like a boot-jack, and his wings are like a pair of umbrellas."

"But, you know a cricket-bat is something to play with!" said Davy, surprised at Goblin's ignorance.

"Well, you may play with it if you like. I don't want to!" said the Goblin, carelessly tossing the great creature over to Davy, and walking away.

The cricket-bat made a swoop at Davy, knocking him over like a feather, and then with a loud snort, flew away across the meadow. It dashed here and there at flying things of every kind, and turning on its side, knocked them, one after another, quite out of sight, and finally, to Davy's great relief, disappeared in a distant wood.

"Come on! come on!" cried a voice; and Davy looking across the meadow, saw the Goblin beckoning vigorously to him, apparently in great excitement.

"What's the matter?" cried Davy, pushing his way through the thick grass.

"Oh, my! oh, my!" shrieked the Goblin, who was almost bursting with laughter.

"Here's that literary hack again!"

Davy peered through a clump of bushes and discovered a large red animal with white spots on its sides, clumsily rummaging about in the tall grass and weeds. Its appearance was so formidable that he was just about whispering to the Goblin, "Let's run!" when the monster raised its head and, after gazing about for an instant, gave a loud, triumphant whistle.

"Why, it's Ribby!" cried Davy, running forward.

"It's Ribby, only he's grown enormously fat."

It was Ribby, indeed, eating with all his might. The name on his side was twisted about beyond all hope of making it out, and his collar had quit disappeared in a deep crease about his neck. In fact, his whole appearance was so alarming that Davy anxiously inquired of him what he had been eating.

"Everything!" said Ribby enthusiastically. "Gas, nuts, bugs, birds and berries! All of 'em taste good. I could eat both of you, easily," he added, glaring hungrily down upon Davy and the Goblin.

"Try that fellow first," said the Goblin, pointing to large round insect that went flying by, humming like a top. Ribby snapped at it and swallowed it, and the next instant disappeared with a tremendous explosion in a great cloud of smoke.

"What was that?" said Davy, in a terrified whisper.

"A Hum Bug," said the Goblin calmly. "When a cab-horse on a vacation, talks about eating you, a Hum Bug is a pretty good thing to take the conceit out of him. They're loaded, you see, and they go booming along as innocently as you please, but if you touch 'em—why, 'there you are n't!' as the Hole-keeper says."

"The Hole-keeper is n't himself any more," said Davy mournfully.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Cloud-land.

While boys and girls are studying nature in the forms of plants, and the instincts of beasts and birds, they should not forget to look up and admire the ever-changing beauty of the clouds. Nearly all of you have amused yourselves by tracking the forms of giants, and castles, and many other things in the summer sky, and have tried to fancy pretty tales about them before they disappeared. Perhaps you think that learned men have never troubled their wise heads about the matter. Yet, after long patient watching, meteorologists, as such students are called, have learned a great deal about the clouds, and given names to the different kinds. That delightfully soft and downy cloud which

looks like a great mountain of cotton, or white of egg, whipped to a froth, is called Cumulus, a word meaning a heap. These heap-clouds make the best pictures, for they go floating about taking all manner of shapes, which fade and change like the figures in a dissolving view. Sailors call the Cumulus, the "Ball of Cotton," and it is known also as the "Day-cloud," because it melts away at night. You have all noticed it, and fancied that you would like to have such a soft, fluffy thing for a pillow, but you would not have thought so if you had known that the cloud was cold and watery, being made of the vapor which the sun had drawn up from oceans and streams. The Cumulus does not rise very high, and far above it, in colder regions of the sky, is seen the graceful Cirrus, or Curl-cloud. This is long and wavy, like a lock of hair, or an ostrich-plume, and sailors call it the "Mare's tail." The Stratus is that cloud which stretches across the lower sky in long stripes or streaks. It is often seen about sunset, tinted with the most gorgeous red and gold, or with delicate shades of violet, pink and green. Its name Stratus means "a layer," and it is known also as the "Cloud of Night," because it grows more distinct as darkness comes on.

These are the three principle classes of clouds, and you can easily learn to know one from another, as they are so very unlike. Sometimes, however, you will see groups which may puzzle you, by seeming to be neither Cumulus, Cirrus, nor Stratus alone, but a combination of two of these kinds, or even of all three.

For instance, in fine, warm weather, the sky is sometimes covered with little woolly balls—thousands on thousands of them, or with wavy lines like the dark markings on a mackerel's side. This is called Cirro-cumulus, not exactly like either Cirrus or Cumulus clouds, but a little similar to both. The Cirro-cumulus is formed when the Cirrus floats down to a warmer atmosphere, meets some melting heap-clouds, and mingles with them. Sometimes the Cirrus stretches out in long bands, as the stratus does, though less evenly, and generally in a higher part of the sky. It is then called Cirro-stratus, or the "Thread clouds," and is said to be a sign of rain.

The Cumulo-stratus looks like a straight row of soft, white balls, being a combination of the heap-cloud and the layer, as the name shows. It keeps growing darker and more threatening until it becomes the black Nimbus, or Rain-cloud, to which is sometimes given the triple name, Cirro-cumulo-stratus, as is often formed of all three classes of clouds. The Rain-clouds are full of electricity, and when they come near each other, lightning and thunder are produced with grand and often terrible effect. You have now a long list of cloud names, but you will not find them difficult to recollect or understand if you bear in mind the meaning of the first three: Cumulus, "a heap;" Cirrus, "a curl;" Stratus, "a layer."

It is very hard to say just when the clouds are most beautiful. At dawn they are pale, silvery-pink, and at sunrise, glow with brilliant red and gold; at mid-day they drift calmly on in matchless, dazzling whiteness, with the bright blue sky above them; and later, when the sun is going down, are flooded with glorious shades of red and green and gold. On moonlight nights, a soft, silvery radiance bathes the cloud pictures as they form and float and melt away. Fortunately for us, we are not called upon to choose which kind of clouds to have, but may enjoy each fair scene in turn, as often as we desire.

Ivy and Georgie.

This is just a wee bit screed to let you good people know that we are all well and bonnie Ivy is sleeping away in the corner for all she's worth. I have a kind of a cot affair away up about two feet from the floor and it looks cozy and she likes it. She has the prettiest little eyes you ever saw. Deep violet—good deal like Lou's, only I fancy Lou's are just a tiny shade darker. I think her nose will develop into something like her mother's. We have put George into one of those dark, navy blue jersey and Knickerbockers of same stuff, with a piratical headgear, and he knocks

about in it to his heart's content, and it never seems any the worse for the rough usage; and it's warm for him, too. He's a good hand at hoop-trolling. I have had a good, strong iron one made for him. He's very fond of his sister. He kisses her and he hugs her when "Lou" wants to run down the garden for a minute. He's a model brother, and I think it wouldn't be well for any of his youthful companions to come philandering around Ivy while he was handy. He fetched one in—by the hand—the other day to show him his sister while she was asleep. It was comical to see the noisy little Turk tiptoeing into the front room with this dirty little playmate of his and whispering as they reached up to the cot, "Vat's my sister," "vat's Ivy," "don't make no noise, else o'll wake her," and after the lad duly admired the sleeping beauty bub was as carefully led out from the presence with a proprietary air by Master George. And I believe it's a case of mutual regard, for she puts her fat little arms around his neck. Georgie's hair has become curly and browner; and, if you can take the opinion of an unprejudiced party, you can believe me, he is one of the handsomest, if not the handsomest, youngsters in Kent. He has a sunny, plump, red-cheeked, brown-browed face, with a fine pair of blue eyes and a general appearance like those plump cherubs you see peeping out of the clouds in the old masters. He is not a bit of a cherub in his pranks, though, and I am jolly glad of it. I dislike goody-goody youngsters with their hair all sleeked down and never a spot on them anywhere. Not a bit like one of these is Georgie.

His hair is generally tumbled all over his head, and that's how I like it, and as for spots, well, Georgie don't stop to put spots, it's generally smeared honestly over; and he glories in it, and I'm afraid I don't look as serious as I ought to do.

It's wrong, I know, but I can't help it. He's quick, too. Begin to spell short words, and knows his figures. We don't intend letting him go to school yet awhile. I don't believe in filling their heads with a lot of stuff too quickly. Let them be youngsters as long as they can. Teach them just a bit at home, but not too much. Why, some places where I go they trot out the poor little creatures, very little older than Georgie, and make them go through the tables, or speak a piece, and so on.

It's a shame to make their heads swim over a table of divisions when they might, with more profit, be playing tag.

Let them be children as long as possible and as much out of doors as you can.

Saved by a Shoestring.

Captain Hall, the famous Arctic explorer, relates how he and an Eskimo boy went one day in a small boat to visit a certain island which he was anxious to explore. The boat was fastened to a piece of rock on the shore and left with every appearance of safety. When they returned from their expedition they discovered the tide had risen, floated their boat, which was quite out of reach, and covered the piece of rock to which it was fastened. Captain Hall saw in a moment the extreme peril in which they were placed. That boat was the only connecting link between them and the living world, and it was beyond their reach. What was to be done? To swim towards the boat was out of the question in such a climate. They did the only thing that seemed possible. They unwound the thongs that fastened their native boots, and piecing these together formed a line about twenty feet long. To the end of this they tied a heavy stone, which they threw into the boat and gently drew it to the shore. It was with unspeakable relief they once more entered the boat and felt they were saved from inevitable starvation—saved by a shoestring! How simple sometimes is the instrumentality by which the sinner is drawn to Christ. It may be by the artless question of a child, by a few plain words dropped incidentally dropped by the way-side, by the irreproachable consistency of a humble and obscure life, or by invisible cords of sympathy which, though inexplicable, are irresistible to their influence. "So, all these things worketh God oftentimes with man to bring back his soul from the pit, to be enlightened with the light of the living."