

shorter than the others. Each key should have a hole bored through it, as shown in Fig. 4.



The small bridge is a piece of wood a quarter of an inch high and three-sixteenths of an inch wide, which is made to fit the groove (Fig. 1, A), with four notches cut in to conduct the strings. A similar bridge, with only one notch, and a quarter of an inch long, will answer for the fifth string.

The large bridge is made of a piece of wood two inches long, five-eighths of an inch wide, and a quarter of an inch thick. The shape of the bridge can be seen in the illustration of the finished banjo. Five notches an equal distance from each other should then be cut in the top edge of the bridge.

The tail-piece is the piece to which the strings are attached at the lower end of the instrument. It is made from a piece of hard wood an inch and a half long, an inch and a quarter wide, and a quarter of an inch thick. Five small holes an equal distance apart and a quarter of an inch from the end of the piece of wood must first be drilled, and through the small end two holes a quarter of an inch apart and three-eighths of an inch from the end should be drilled to allow a piece of wire about six inches in length to pass through them. A piece of tin an inch and a quarter long and three-quarters of an inch wide, bent so as to fit on the edge of the box, will be required. Strings can be purchased at almost any music store.

Having purchased the strings, begin to put the various parts together by fitting the handle through the holes in the cigar box and the small bridges in their respective grooves. The tail-piece is then fastened close to the end of the box by twisting the wire around the projecting piece of broomstick and staying it. Place the piece of bent tin on the edge of the box, under the wire holding the tail-piece, thus preventing the wire from damaging the box. Fit the keys in the key-board and the short key into the hole in the side of the handle. Knot the strings before threading them through the holes in the tail-piece. Before tightening the strings the last bridge is placed under the strings, two and a half inches from the end of the box, and your banjo is finished.



Some little folks are apt to say,
When asked their task to touch,
"I'll put it off, at least to day ;
It cannot matter much."

Time is always on the wing ;
You cannot stop its flight ;
Then do at once your little tasks ;
You'll happier be at night.

But little duties still put off
Will end in "Never done ;"
And "By-and-by is time enough"
Has ruined many a one.

— Well Spring.

JACK RICKABY'S FIRST FIGHT.

JACK RICKABY was the smallest man in the regiment. Indeed, he was not a man at all, but a fourteen-year-old drummer boy, and he would not have been accepted, even for the drum corps, had not his father begged the colonel, who was a friend of the family, to take the boy, for the purpose of curing him quickly and thoroughly of the war fever. The two men agreed that Jack would take chills and fever soon after the regiment reached the field, that home-sickness would follow as a matter of course, and then Jack, discharged because of physical unfitness for his duties, would gladly return to his home, and never again want to leave it.

But this ingenious plan did not work as was expected. Jack did not take the chills at all. Whether he was fit for the service, however, the Colonel sometimes doubted. Two soldierly qualities he quickly developed in fine style. One was an enormous appetite, and the other a steady objection to getting up in the morning, but neither of these was of any special service to the cause. At losing drumsticks, tearing his clothes, and burning his shoes when trying to dry them, he had not an equal in the regiment. He was always in urgent need of something which could not be had, always late at roll-calls, and on inspection his knap-sack could be depended upon to display more disorder and trash in a given space than any other, even in the drum corps. And yet he was so good-natured and cheery, so full of chatter about the boys he had left behind, that the fathers and brothers of these same boys spent a great deal of time in trying to keep him out of trouble.

Like most boys of that period, he was "spoiling for a fight," although he had nothing to fight with, and learned, to his sorrow, when the regiment got into its first severe battle, that the duty of drummers was to stay in the rear and carry the wounded to the surgeon. But this first battle was long in coming, and Jack made quite a nuisance of himself by expressing his mind as to the slowness of the generals and the unfitness of the government to manage a great war. Whenever the regiment got into a skirmish it was Jack's luck to be left in camp, either on duty with the guard, or by the intention of his Captain, who, like the Colonel, was a friend of the boy's family, and did not want to have to write sad news to his parents.

But the coveted opportunity came unexpectedly one night. The company to which Jack belonged was on picket duty, and Jack was with it. It was a pleasant summer evening, and the reserve—the men not actually on post at the time—were lying on the ground, chatting, joking, and grumbling, according to their respective tastes, when crack ! crack ! went some rifles on the picket line. Up sprang the reserve, and none too soon, for back through the underbrush and trees came the pickets. At first there seemed more of them than had gone out ; then, by the moonbeams that straggled down through the tree tops, the reserve saw that the greater part of the crowd wore gray uniforms. It was not a time to ask for explanations, for the visitors outnumbered the reserve at least ten to one, so there was a lively scrub-race for a breastwork a couple of hundred yards in the rear.

Then the firing became very lively. The enemy, who were apparently making a strong reconnaissance, did not care to charge the breastwork in the dark, but they kept up a steady fire from behind trees and logs whenever they saw a head, and the pickets returned the compliment when they thought they saw a gray elbow.

Finally, reinforcements reached the breastwork, crossed