

For Boys and Girls

A Tragedy.

One song lost to the summer day,
Ah me! ah me!
One pair of flashing wings the less
In the apple-tree.

Four moaning babes motherless
In the home nest,
A dying bird upon the ground
With wounded breast.

Who can in such a peaceful place
The wrong have done?
A little thoughtless-hearted boy,
And just for fun!

Nell's New Sister.

Nell stood at the gate, looking out into the icy, snowy road. The little front garden was entirely dry now, for as soon as the storm was over, her father had shoveled the snow all away from there, so Nell could go out when she wanted to come again. And there it was, making the fresh air warmer, and gliding the trees and houses and fences with its bright rays. Nell was wondering how little girls managed who hadn't any kind father to care for them, when she saw a child about her own age coming slowly along the road. Presently she drew so near to the gate that Nell could see that her shoes were thin, and that she wore no rubbers.

"My Nell!" Nell cried, for she had a very friendly disposition and talked to nearly everybody who passed. "Oh, your folks let you go out into the snow without any rubbers?"

The child turned a pair of sad-looking brown eyes on her questioner, and said:

"I haven't any folks."
"What? No folks? How's that?"
"Haven't you any father and mother?"

"No."
"Sisters and brothers?"
"No."
"Aunts or uncles or cousins?"
"No."

"Not even twenty-second cousins?" asked Nell in astonishment, for the twenty-second cousin had been jestingly spoken of in her presence when Nell's opinion better than no relation at all.

"No, I told you that I hadn't any folks," was the decided reply.

"My, what a situation!" This was an expression often used by Nell's grandmother, and she was fond of repeating it. "What became of all your folks, then?" she asked, after a slight pause.

"I hadn't anybody but mamma, and she died a year ago." The words were spoken softly, showing a tender reverence for the mother who had gone.

"That's too bad," persisted Nell. "There are always folks besides fathers and mothers. I have ever so many, and so have all the children I know about. Don't you believe that you could think up a few if you tried?"

"No, I couldn't," said the little girl with a despairing shake of the head. "I never had folks, and when she died, Mrs. Jones took me because I'd nowhere to go. She said I could just stop with her until she found a home for me. But she hasn't found any yet, so there I stay."

"Wouldn't you rather have folks of your very own?" Nell asked, regarding with curiosity a little girl who was all alone in the big world. She had never before heard of such a thing, even in orphan asylums.

This question brought tears to the child's eyes.

"Of course I would," she answered; "no one wants to have nobody but Mrs. Jones, who just lets you stay because she don't want to put you out on the street."

Nell's tender heart was deeply touched.

"Never mind," she said, sympathetically, "perhaps you will find folks some day. I can't just believe that you will always be without folks. I suppose you have a name, haven't you? Or do you have to be a Jones, too?"

"O, no, I don't have to be a Jones. My name is Alice May Evans."

"What a pretty name," said Nell. "Have I?" said the child wonderingly. "I don't know. I never cared much about my eyes. I just wanted a family-folks, as you call it—of my own. It was a kind of a family with mamma, but it seems long time since I had her." For a moment the little girl looked wistfully at Nell, and then, turning away, she added: "Mrs. Jones sent me on an errand. I must hurry now."

Later in the day Nell was sitting in a corner quietly thinking about something. Suddenly she spoke.

"Mamma," she said, "do you suppose we could afford to be folks to anybody else?"

Mrs. Morris looked at Nell in surprise and asked:

"What do you mean, dear?"

"Why, I know a poor little girl who hasn't any folks at all, not even a twenty-second cousin, and she seems so sad."

Mrs. Morris looked interested. For a long time she and her husband had regretted the fact that their little daughter had no playmate of her own age. They lived outside the village, and there were no children near. They thought it would be better for Nell to have a playmate than to be so much alone, and they sometimes thought that they would adopt a little girl if they could find one who needed a home. Of course Nell knew nothing of this, so she spoke rather hesitatingly when she added:

"You see she lives with Mrs. Jones, but she can only stay there until Mrs. Jones finds her a place. Do you think we could afford to let her live with us and be her folk?"

Mrs. Morris thought it best not to encourage the idea until she had learned more about the child, so she merely replied:

"You know that two little girls means double the expense than one little girl does, my dear."

That Curious Canine

Cartoonist Walt McDougall Describes His Bow-wow Ben-Hur—The Dog at a Tollgate.

He Rings Up Fares on the Pike County Man and Then Comes Home—How the Intelligent Creature Once Saved the Artist's Life.

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Why has nothing been written about dogs? Why has the faithful friend of man been left unsung, while the chimpanzee at Central Park and the living skeleton receive columns of fulsome attention in the press?

Yet the dog is full of good, lively, material, and lends himself to poetry and song. He has character, talent and affection, and sheds about him cheerfulness, hair and parasites in a way that should endear him to us. I am



fond, perhaps too fond, of dogs, and my affection knows no distinctions, for I admire and respect every dog regardless of color, sex or previous conditions of servitude.

I once bought from a Broadway connoisseur, who told me the dog was a St. Bernard, a fluffy little puppy that looked like a roll of cotton batting. The vendor said it was the only white St. Bernard living. He also added that he was a wonder. This was the only truthful statement the dog merchant made, for as Ben-Hur—for that was his name—grew up he developed into a canine freak whose anatomy revealed traces of sixteen distinct breeds. His color changed to a deep greenish-brown, with yellow spots, and he had an appetite that eagerly embraced not only ordinary edibles, but everything that could

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but my hair had turned gray. The cartridge was picked up next day by a man who put it in his stove to dry, and who now rests in care.

Then I gave Ben-Hur away to a man in Pike county, and we got a steel blue greyhound with \$2 well defined ribs and a corrugated tail. But we could not live up to him. His surroundings were not in keeping with his refinement. The villa I sold him for \$2 to our ice man. The next day Ben came back, with the mange as an additional attraction. His hair would come off in clumps when he scratched, and so casually that one day when he got in front of a wind blast in the hat factory, it blew all his plush off, and for some time he posed as a Mexican hairless dog. Before I could enter him in the dog show in that role he began to grow again. His scratching proclivities were the cause of his return to us. The man in Pike county had invented a platform register for bridge toll gates, a device whereby the bridge company was enabled to keep tabs on the gatekeeper by means of a dial, which record each passerby who stepped on the platform. The company appointed my friend as gatekeeper after accepting his invention, but he had carried it to do but sit in the neighboring tavern and talk about the tariff. The dial did all the work. Ben-Hur came along, however, and sat down on the platform and began scratching with his usual vigor, and ere long he had scratched up \$2.50 on the dial, each scratch costing my friend a nickel. Then he drove Ben into the cold world. We tied a sash-belt to his collar, and in the hot, wetting dog days, whenever he began to stir up the fur, we heard the merry jangling of the bells, and in fancy we had a sleigh ride and were cooled off at once.

Ben was a sincere and tireless friend of the tramps, and while he would bark savagely at a well attired book agent or insurance man, he would go to the gate to welcome a weary, travel-stained hobo and escort him to the back door. When the tramp was driven away with cold reproaches, Ben would lead him to his own store of concealed bones, rubber boots and other bric-a-brac and plainly proffer them to him. And when a man called to pay a bill Ben would evince such a fierce rage that the man would hesitate and be lost—to me, while he allowed two burglars to ransack the house and take away my sealskin overcoat and my railroad bonds, two packages of porous plaster, and our family photograph album.

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A Laugh--A Smile.

Traveler—May I take this seat?
Maiden (from Boston, jolly)—Where do you wish to take it, sir?

Jack listened with great delight to the soft purring of his kitten, and then exclaimed: "Dear little thing! just hear her bubble!"

A reporter describing a collection of bric-a-brac says: "The visitor's eye will be struck on entering the room with a porcelain umbrella."

There is a woman in Connecticut who wears a number nine shoe. When she sets her shoe down, her husband walks around it and says, "Yessum, I will."

"Have you seen that portrait of Miss Dawkins by Marulous Boran? It looks just like an old master." "Do you think so? I thought it looked more like an old maid."

Miss Constance—I'm so glad you think I have improved in playing that nocturne. I hope to be perfect in it the next time we meet.

Customer (looking at himself in the glass)—The trousers are not the kind they are wearing this season, are they? Clothing merchant—Mein freindt, those pants was all right, but your legs was yooost a liddle out of style.

A certain young man was anxious to impress his friends with her knowledge in general and her French in particular. She sought and obtained an interview with a noted woman writer.

"Well," said a friend to whom she was relating the story of the call, "how was she dressed?"

"Oh, well," she answered, "she wasn't dressed up much in the morning. She just wore her norm de plumet!"

"You'll please leave your umbrella or cane at the door, sir," said the Irish attendant at the picture gallery.

"Very proper regulation," said the visitor; "but it happens I have neither."

"Then go and get one. No one is allowed to enter unless he leaves his umbrella