

Our Young Folks.

DAVY AND THE GOBLIN.

BY CHARLES CARROLL.

CHAPTER XII.

A WHALE IN A WAISTCOAT.

Davy rushed up to the clock, and pulling open the little door in front of it, looked inside. To his great disappointment, the Goblin had again disappeared, and there was a smooth round hole running down into the sand, as though he had gone directly through the beach. He was listening at this hole in the hope of hearing from the Goblin, when a voice said, "I suppose that's what they call going into the interior of the country," and looking up, he saw the Hole-keeper sitting on a little mound in the sand, with his great book in his lap.

His complexion had quite lost its beautiful transparency, and his jaunty little paper tunic was sadly rumpled, and, moreover, he had lost his cocked hat. All this, however, had not at all disturbed his complacent conceit; he was, if anything, more pompous than ever.

"How did you get here," asked Davy in astonishment.

"Am banished," said the Hole-keeper cheerfully. "That's better than being boiled, any day. Did you give Robinson my letter?"

"Yes, I did," said Davy, as they walked along the beach together; "but I got it very wet coming here."

"That was quite right," said the Hole-keeper. "There's nothing so tiresome as a dry letter. Well, I suppose Robinson is expecting me, by this time, isn't he?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," said Davy. "He didn't say that he was expecting you."

"He must be," said the Hole-keeper positively. "I never mentioned it in my letter—so, of course, he'll know I'm coming. It strikes me the sun is very hot here," he added faintly.

The sun certainly was very hot, and Davy, looking at the Hole-keeper as he said this, saw that his face was gradually and very curiously losing its expression, and that his nose had almost entirely disappeared.

"What's the matter?" inquired Davy, anxiously.

"The matter is that I'm going back into the raw material," said the Hole-keeper, dropping his book and sitting down helplessly in the sand. "See here, Frinkles," he continued, beginning to speak very thickly. "Wrap me up in my shirt and mark the packish distinctly. Take off shirt quickly!" and Davy had just time to pull the poor creature's shirt over his head and spread it quickly on the beach, when the Hole-keeper fell down rolled over upon the garment, and bubbling once or twice, as if he were boiling, melted away into a compact lump of brown sugar.

Davy was deeply affected by this sad accident, and though he had never really liked the Hole-keeper, he could hardly keep back his tears as he wrapped up the lump in the paper shirt and laid it carefully on the big book. In fact, he was so disturbed in his mind that he was on the point of going away without marking the package, when, looking over his shoulder, he suddenly caught sight of the Cockalorum standing close beside him, carefully holding an inkstand, with a pen in it, in one of his claws.

"Oh! thank you very much," said Davy, taking the pen and dipping it in the ink. "And will you please tell me his name?"

The Cockalorum, who still had his head done up in flannel and was looking rather ill, paused for a moment to reflect, and then murmured, "Mark him 'Confession' y."

This struck Davy as being a very happy idea, and he accordingly printed "CONFEXION" on the package in his very best manner. The Cockalorum, with his head turned critically on one side, carefully inspected the marking, and then, after earnestly gazing for a moment at the inkstand, gravely drank the rest of the ink and offered the empty inkstand to Davy.

"I don't want it, thank you," said Davy, stepping back.

"No more do I," murmured the Cockalorum, and tossing the inkstand into the sea, flew away in his usual clumsy fashion.

Davy, after a last mournful look at the package of brown sugar, turned away, and

was setting off along the beach again, when he heard a gurgling sound coming from behind a great hummock of sand, and peeping cautiously around one end of it, he was startled at seeing an enormous Whale on the beach lazily basking in the sun. The creature was dressed in a huge white garment buttoned up in front, with a bunch of live seals flopping at one of the button-holes and a great chain cable leading from them to a pocket at one side. Before Davy could retreat, the Whale caught sight of him and called out in a tremendous voice, "How d'ye do, Bub?"

"I'm pretty well, I thank you," said Davy, with his usual politeness to man and beast. "How are you, sir?"

"Hearty!" thundered the whale; "never felt better in all my life. But it's rather warm lying here in the sun."

"Why don't you take off your—," here Davy stopped, not knowing exactly what it was the Whale had on.

"Waistcoat," said the Whale, condescendingly. "It's a canvas-back, duck waistcoat. The front of it is made of wild duck, you see, and the back of it out of the foretop-sail of a brig."

"Is it nice, being a Whale?" inquired Davy curiously.

"Famous!" said the Whale, with an affable roar. "Great fun, I assure you! we have fish-balls every night, you know."

"Fish-balls at night!" exclaimed Davy. "Why, we always have ours for breakfast."

"Nonsense!" thundered the Whale, with a laugh that made the beach quake; "I don't mean anything to eat. I mean dancing parties."

"And do you dance?" said Davy, thinking that if he did, it must be a very extraordinary performance.

"Dance?" said the Whale with a reverberating chuckle. "Bless you! I'm as nimble as a sixpence. By the way, I'll show you the advantage of having a bit of whalebone in one's composition," and with these words the Whale curled himself up then flattened out suddenly with a tremendous flop, and shooting through the air like a flying elephant, disappeared with a great splash in the sea.

Davy stood anxiously watching the spot where he went down, in the hope that he would come up again; but instead of this, the waves began tossing angrily, and a roaring sound came from over the sea, as though a storm were coming up. Then a cloud of spray was dashed into his face, and presently the air was filled with lobster, eels, and wriggling fishes that were being carried in-shore by the gale. Suddenly, to Davy's astonishment, a dog came sailing along. He was being helplessly blown about among the lobsters, uneasily jerking his tail from side to side to keep it out of reach of their great claws, and giving short, nervous barks from time to time, as though he were firing signal-guns of distress. In fact, he seemed to be having such a hard time of it that Davy caught him by the ear as he was going by, and landed him in safety on the beach. He proved to be a very shaggy, battered-looking animal with a weather-beaten tarpaulin hat jammed on the side of his head, and a patch over one eye; and as he had on an old pilot coat, Davy thought he must be an old sea-dog, and so, indeed, he proved to be. He stared doubtfully at Davy for a moment, and then said in a husky voice:

"What's your name?" as if he had just mentioned his own.

"Davy—" began the little boy, but before he could say another word, the old sea-dog growled:

"Right you are!" and handing him a folded paper, trotted gravely away, swagging as he went, like a sea-faring man.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

How Tim's Prayer Was answered

"It's a staving night for a supper, a hot supper, too!" said Tim Mulligan to himself, as he stood on the street corner, in the piercing wind and sleet. "A staving night," he reiterated, as he peered wistfully into the bakery windows across the way. He had not had any dinner at all, and not enough breakfast; to say so—nothing but a crust or two that he had picked up. A little hump-backed, stunted figure, with dull blue eyes, and thin, peaked face, surmounted by a brimless hat; his clothes, evidently odds and ends—for the pants were too large and long, while the coat sleeves came scarcely below his elbows, and the garment would not begin to button around him—that was Tim.

"It's a bad night," he said, as a gust of wind nearly took him off his feet. "The worst I ever knew," which was saying a good deal, for Tim had known some pretty rough nights in the course of his short life. "There isn't much show of my getting anything to-night. Guess I'd better be turnin' in, provided nobody's gone and took possession of my 'establishment.'"

But just as Tim was bracing himself up to face the storm, some one came driving down the street at a furious rate, stopping so close to Tim that he took a step to get out of the way.

"Here, lub, hold my horse for me," said the gentleman, springing out, and handing the lines to Tim, he disappeared.

"Mebbe he'll give me as much as five cents," thought Tim, when he had thoughtfully o'eyed. "If he doo, I'll have a plate of hot beans and biscuits. I'rape he'll give me ten. Wouldn't I have a reg'lar square meal then? But 'tain't likely."

Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed. Tim's hands were pretty thoroughly benumbed when at last the gentleman returned in as much haste as he had gone away.

"Here's something for you," he said, dropping a couple of coins into Tim's hand, then springing into his buggy.

Tim went under the nearest gas light to examine.

"Je—ru—sa—lum!" he gasped, as he saw two bright silver dimes in his rather grimy hands.

Twenty cents seemed a small fortune to Tim, for there were so few things a poor little hunchback like him could do. He would have such a supper, baked beans, biscuit, and a cup of coffee, and even a doughnut; he could have all that, and still have some money left for to-morrow. The richest man in the whole great city would have felt poor beside Tim, as, clutching his treasure, he crossed the street. There, crouching in the doorway, he spied two miserably forlorn little figures.

"Hullo!" he said, "What you doin' here?"

"Nuthin'," replied the oldest, briefly.

"What makes you stay here then? 'Why don't you go home?" continued Tim.

"Hain't got none," was the reply; and then, feeling the hearty, though unspoken sympathy of one of their own sort, the little wail added, as he drew his jacket sleeve across his eyes, "they carried mother up to the graveyard yonder," pointing in the direction of the pauper burial ground, "and we hasn't anybody now, nor nowhere to stay."

As Tim stood deliberating, the bakery door opened and a most appetizing odor came out, reminding Tim of his promised treat.

"Hungry?" he asked.

"You bet," was the inelegant but emphatic response.

Tim reflected on his own real good fortune. He could get biscuits, cold beans, and perhaps doughnuts enough for them all.

"Tell you what, fellers," he said magnificently, "I was just a-goin' to order my bill of fare. I'll invite my order a little, have a party, and invite you two. As it's rather suddint, we won't none of us bother 'bout party clothes. 'Grecable?"

"Reckon we air," was the quick response. Tim made a dive for the bakery, trying hard not to smelt the coffee, nor think how much better a plate of hot beans would be than the same cold.

"Now," he said, reappearing, "all aboard. Follow me sharp."

You may be sure the two little ragamuffins did as they were bidden.

"Taint much further," said Tim, at length. "I'm a little s'lect in my tastes, you see, so I live rather out of the way o' folks," laughed he.

Presently they struck the railroad, and then, in a few minutes, he stopped before an unused, dilapidated flag house.

"Walk in," he asked, politely holding open the door, which was only a plank.

There was certainly not much room when they were all in, but then they were sheltered and all the warmer for being obliged to keep close together.

"Reckon we'd better interduce before grub, hadn't we? I'm Tim Mulligan—at your service, an' happy to meet you."

"The boys in the alley call us Speckle-Face and Red-Top. I'm Speckle-Face and he's Red-Top," said the spokesman.

"Now were all right and old friends," said Tim, complacently. "Let's pitch in." He had spread the contents of his parcels on an old box, and without waiting for an-

other invitation, didn't they "pitch in!" Tim watched them with solid satisfaction, contenting himself with one small biscuit and half a doughnut.

It did not take very long to clear up, even to the last crumb of Tim's spread.

"Now, sirs," said the brave little host, when it was gone and his guests showed signs of departing, "my accommodations are not so very grand, but they're better than the storm. You'd better stop over-night."

As his guests made no remonstrance to this suggestion, he made ready a bed for them—a little straw and a part of an old blanket.

"You bundle up together, and you'll stand it, I guess," said Tim.

It was cold over by the door, which did not quite fit, and Tim missed his blanket, but did not say anything. Something came to him as he lay there shivering. Sometime he had crept into a church because it was warm there; he had caught at such times snatches of sermons about one who once lived on earth, was homeless, poor and lonely—"like us fellers," thought Tim. But now this mysterious one was great, rich, and powerful, and had a beautiful home. And those who would love and try to please Him could go and live with Him. He thought it over, as the bitter wind and storm came through the cracks upon him. He drew as far away as possible, up beside his little visitors, who lay sleeping so peacefully.

"I wonder if Jesus'd listen to a poor hunchy like me." And clasping his stiff little hands, Tim knelt and made his first prayer:—

"Dear Lord, I don't know who ye are, or where you live, but I wish you'd take me to your home, for I'm so tired, and hungry, and cold. And I'll do everything I can, if you'll tell me how. Won't you please take me? Amen."

Then Tim lay down again, and somehow he did not mind the cold as before.

"I wonder—when—He'll take me—and how I'll get there," he thought, dreamingly.

It was broad daylight before the two little visitors awoke, threw off the blanket and sat up.

"Hello!" said Speckle-Face, but Tim did not stir.

"Hello!" piped Red-Top.

Then Speckle-Face shook him, but still Tim's eyes did not open, and Red-Top putting his hand out on his face, started back in terror.

"He's cold, like she was," he sobbed.

Tim's prayer had been answered; he had gone to that home where they shall hunger no more. And I think he had found that, inasmuch as he had done it unto the least of earth's sorrowing ones, he had done it unto Him.

Easy Things.

There are some boys who do not like to learn anything that is hard. They like easy lessons and easy work, but they forget that things which are learned easily are of comparatively little value when they are learned. A man who confines himself to easy things must do hard work for small pay. For example, a boy can learn to saw wood in five minutes; any boy can learn to saw it in the same time; any ignorant person can learn it just as easily; and the result is, the boy who has only learned to saw wood, if he gets work to do, must do it in competition with the most ignorant class, and accept the wages for which they are willing to work.

Now, it is very well for a boy to know how to saw wood. But suppose he knew how to build a steam engine? This would be much harder to learn than sawing wood; but when he had learned it he would know something which other people do not know, and when he got work to do other people could not come and get it away from him. He would have a prospect of steady work and good wages; he would have a good trade and so be independent. Boys should think of this, and spend their early days in learning the thing they need to know in after years. Some boys are very anxious to earn; but this is not always best. It is often more important that boys should learn. When they are young they can earn but little, but they can learn much, and if they learn things thoroughly when young, they will earn when they are older much more than enough to make up for the time and labor which they spent in learning what to do and how to do it.—[National Presbyterian.