

The Land of "Make Believe."

BY IDA GOLDSMITH MORRIS.

It lies in the distance dim and sweet,  
On the borders of long ago.  
And the road is worn by the little feet  
That have journeyed there to and fro.  
And though you may seek it by night or  
day,  
The task you will never achieve,  
For only the little ones know the way  
To the land of "Make Believe."

Clad in their armour of Faith they ride  
On the wings of their fancy fleet,  
And we hear, as we listen and wait out-  
side,  
The echo of laughter sweet.  
It lightens the burdens of toil we bear,  
It brightens the hearts that grieve;  
Till we wish we could follow and enter  
there,  
In the land of "Make Believe."

And, oh, the wonderful tales that are told  
Of the marvellous sights they see!  
For the weak grow strong and the young  
grow old,  
And are each what they wish to be.  
Oh, the deeds of valour, the mighty  
things—  
Too bold for mind to conceive!  
But these are every-day happenings  
In the land of "Make Believe."

Would you follow the print of the tiny  
feet?  
You must walk as they, undefiled,  
Would you join in their fancies pure and  
sweet?  
You must be as a little child,  
But in vain should we seek it by night or  
day,  
The task we should never achieve,  
For only the little ones know the way  
To the land of "Make Believe."

On Schedule Time

BY

JAMES OTIS.

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CHAPTER V.—Continued.

"Here is where we'll camp!" Phil cried, as he reined in Jack on a level piece of cleared ground.

"Why not go among the trees?" Alice asked.

"Because I prefer to camp in the open, where we can see readily in case we should have unwelcome visitors. Come, girls, set about unpacking the waggon while Dick and I put up the tents."

Ten minutes later all save Aunt Lois and Jackson were busily engaged, and each of the labourers kept strict watch of the alleged invalid, rendering it impossible for him to leave the carriage even for an instant without being observed.

With the exception of the stable, the tents were put up less carefully than usual on this evening. Phil was eager to have the task completed in the shortest possible space of time, and also wished to so arrange it that the least amount of work would be necessary next morning.

Then Jackson was assisted into the cook-tent, where Aunt Lois made certain he was comfortable before she left him to aid the girls in setting their sleeping quarters to rights.

By a prearranged plan, Dick performed all the outdoor work, and Phil had only the cooking to attend to, therefore he was able to keep close watch over the alleged invalid.

So engrossed were the boys with their plans for preventing mischief that they neglected even to congratulate each other upon being on schedule time once more, and that very important matter was not so much as referred to during the half hour the travellers sat, together discussing supper.

A few moments later Phil gave the word, "All hands turn in," and the occupants of the women's quarters were glad to obey, for the long journey had tired them decidedly.

Before leaving the cook-tent Aunt Lois repeated her instructions relative to giving Jackson medicine, and when she left him the pretended cripple said emphatically:

"I've taken the last of her messes, and that's flat! She's actually killin' me!"

"According to your own story you are much better than when we found you by the side of the road," Phil replied sharply.

"Yes, I'll admit she's helped my leg; but what kind of a stomach will I have if I take a couple quarts more of that mixture?" and he pointed to the tin cup which the little woman had left in a prominent position, lest even one dose should be forgotten.

"Of course I can't predict as to that, but this much is certain: When you are so far recovered as not to need what she chooses to administer, I shall consider that you are well enough to shift for yourself."

"Which means that I wouldn't be allowed to ride any more?"

"Exactly; and there is no reason why we should discuss the matter."

"It's take that stuff or walk?"

Phil nodded; he could not trust himself to speak lest he should laugh outright, so comical in his distress was this rascal who was rapidly being overpowered by the contents of Aunt Lois' medicine-chest.

"We'll attend to the nursing the same as we did last night, I suppose?" Dick said, as he wrapped himself in his blanket.

"Yes, except that perhaps it would be as well to divide the time into two-hour watches. I am so tired I'm afraid I couldn't keep my eyes open until midnight."

"All right; arrange it to suit yourself, and call me when you want to turn in."

"I'm willin' to do my share," Jackson interrupted in what he intended should be a friendly tone. "I'll feel better if I'm doin' some part of the work."

"A man who can't walk wouldn't be of very much service around the camp."

"There's no need of runnin' out so often to see the horses. If they got into trouble you'd soon know—"

"I don't intend they shall get into trouble, or that any one shall interfere with them. You'd better get a nap while you can, for your next dose must be taken in twenty minutes."

When Phil left the tent he could see Dick's blanket shaking as if its owner was suffering from an ague fit, and he hurried toward the stable in order to give vent to his own mirth.

At ten o'clock Dick was awakened by his cousin.

"You've had a two-hour nap, and now it's my turn. Jackson has just taken his mixture, so there's nothing to be done here for half an hour. Keep your eyes on the stable. Both horses are lying down now, and until you hear one or the other get up, don't disturb them, for the more rest they have to-night the more miles we shall make to-morrow."

At midnight Dick awakened Phil and reported that everything was quiet, after which he rolled himself in the blanket, falling asleep almost as soon as he was in a recumbent position.

Two hours later he went on duty again, and it seemed to Phil as if he had but just closed his eyes in slumber when he was aroused to find Dick's hand pressed over his mouth, and to hear the whisper:

"I pretended I was asleep in order to see what he would do. He spoke to me softly once or twice, and, getting no answer, has just crept out of the tent. If we follow him we shall learn what mischief he has on hand."

Phil arose instantly, but when the boys emerged from the tent Jackson was nowhere to be seen.

"He has run away from Aunt Lois' dosing," Dick said, with a smothered laugh; but Phil went with all speed toward the stable.

Opening the flap softly he saw, by the light of the lantern suspended from the ridge pole, the invalid, who had declared it was impossible for him to bear any weight on his injured limb, creeping stealthily toward Jack with an open knife in his hand.

There was no time for thought. At any instant he might wound or kill the poor beast; and Phil, acting on an impulse, leaped directly upon the fellow's back, hurling him to the ground almost directly under the horse's feet.

"Come quick, Dick! Come quick!" he shouted, and then it was impossible to say more, for Jackson had twisted himself around in such a manner as to gain a hold of the boy's throat.

Dick obeyed none too soon, but during a moment he was unable to decide in what way he could aid his cousin. Jackson was brandishing the knife with one hand as he clutched Phil with the other, and crying:

"Keep back! Keep back, or I'll do you some mischief!"

The axe had been left at the rear of the stable, and Dick suddenly saw it.

Seizing the tool he rushed forward, bent on striking the scoundrel down regardless of the consequences, when the battle was suddenly and unexpectedly ended.

The two on the ground were closed by Jack's heels, and as Jackson flourished the knife he inadvertently scratched the horse.

In an instant old Jack lashed out with both feet, striking Aunt Lois' patient on the side and shoulder, and hurling him half a dozen paces outside the tent.

"That horse shall have an extra feed of oats if I live long enough to give it

to him!" Dick cried, as he dragged his cousin beyond reach of the animal's heels, and then ran to where Jackson was lying silent and motionless.

The noise had awakened the occupants of the women's tent, and Aunt Lois' voice was heard crying shrilly.

"What is the matter? Phillip! Richard! Is Mr. Jackson worse?"

"I reckon he is," Phil replied grimly. "It wouldn't be a bad idea if you came out, for this time he needs something more than medicine!"

"The poor man!" Aunt Lois exclaimed; and then it was evident she was making ready to visit him.

"Is he hurt much?" Phil asked, joining his cousin who was standing over the prostrate rascal.

"I can't make out; but I'm certain he's not as sound as he was. He appears to be unconscious; but no one can say that he isn't shamming, and we'd better not trust him too far."

Phil ran back for the stable lantern, and returned with it just as Aunt Lois arrived.

Jackson was not shamming. His left arm was twisted beneath his body, showing that the bone was broken, and his face covered with blood.

There was no longer any danger this one particular enemy of Mr. Ainsworth's would work them any harm.

Hurriedly Phil told his aunt what suspicions he and Dick had had concerning the fellow, and what he was detected in doing, but it was several moments before she understood the whole story.

Then her first exclamation was:

"To think of my wasting medicine on such a bad man!" But immediately afterward her kindly heart prompted her to add, "It makes no difference what he would have done, boys, he is in distress now, and it is our duty to care for him to the utmost of our ability. Dick, bring me water and a towel. Phil, tell Gladys to give you the scissors from my satchel, and then get me adhesive plaster from the medicine-chest."

That the man was seriously injured could be told after the briefest examination, and Aunt Lois said with a sigh, as she bathed the sufferer's face:

"This time, Phil, I'm afraid there's no question but that you must go to Milo, if that is the nearest point where a surgeon can be found. Such injuries as these are beyond my power to care for."

"I'll not allow that he shall stop—"

Phil checked himself, as if ashamed of what he was about to say, and Jackson opened his eyes.

"Who struck me?"

"The horse you were trying to maim or kill," Aunt Lois replied solemnly.

"I reckon I'm knocked out, eh?"

"I don't know what you mean by that, but it is evident you are in a critical condition. One arm is broken and some of your ribs fractured, I think."

"Can I get back to Milo?"

"You are too severely injured to be moved. A doctor must be brought here, if such a thing be possible; we can do nothing for you."

"You mean you won't?"

"I would willingly do anything in my power, whatever mischief you have tried to work us; but your condition is too serious for me to think of acting the part of physician."

Jackson tried to raise himself, but sank back with a genuine groan.

"I'm helpless!" he shrieked.

"You are very near death," Aunt Lois said, as she laid her hands gently on his.

(To be continued.)

A YOUNG CAPITALIST.

We find the following in a Newark paper:

"As Mr. C. B. Yatman was yesterday standing at the depositors' window of the Howard Savings Bank and counting out \$25 to deposit, a gentleman at his elbow remarked jocosely:

"Well, I see that taking care of the Newark youngsters proves profitable and enables you to lay up money."

"Why, bless you, my friend," was the reply, "that's just where you're wrong. I can't save any money. This that I am depositing belongs to a bootblack, to a boy only sixteen years old. Look at this bank book. You see it's for ———, who's one of my proteges, a street waif. You see also that he's been depositing through me as a trustee since April 1, 1884. Isn't that beautiful? You find \$25 here, \$40 there, and \$10 there, and now the aggregate of that little bootblack's savings is almost \$340. Why, bless you, there's many a clerk in Newark on a salary of \$1,500 a year who doesn't save half that sum. This boy pays his way, too. He's one of our little lodgers, and he pays for his board and lodging."

"Now, I'll tell you how it happened. About eighteen months ago this chap, who was spending his money foolishly at night, had no home. His father and

mother both died, and his step-father is in gaol. I told him he could start in business with a nice capital when he becomes of age if he wanted to. He inquired how. I said, 'Save your money, my boy.' Then he began to give me his savings each night. I put them in a safe place, and when they amounted to a respectable sum I came and deposited it all here, and for eighteen months I've been at it, and you see now he's a young capitalist—and only a bootblack."

"He's not the only one either. I've got others of my boys saving too, and I tell you they'll turn out smart men. They get the habit of saving and working and are self-supporting. They got the business habit. Why, bless you, they can give odds to many a rich man's boy now. But you thought it was my money, hey? Well, that's too good a joke. No, my friend, I can do for the young scamps what I can't do for myself. But, good day, I can't wait. I must go and look after others."

And as Mr. Yatman pitched for the street he could be heard saying, as he chuckled to himself, "Well, well, if that ain't too good. He thought it was my own money."

A SHEPHERD BOY'S PRAYER.

A little lad was keeping his sheep one Sunday morning. The bells were ringing for church, and the people were going over the fields, when the little fellow began to think that he, too, would like to pray to God.

But what could he say, for he had never learned any prayer? So he knelt down, and commenced the alphabet—A, B, C, and so on to Z. A gentleman, happening to pass on the other side of the hedge, heard the lad's voice, and, looking through the bushes, saw the little fellow kneeling with folded hands and closed eyes, saying, "A, B, C."

"What are you doing, my little man?" The lad looked up.

"Please, sir, I was praying."

"But what were you saying your letters for?"

"Why, I didn't know any prayer, only I felt that I wanted God to take care of me, and help me to take care of the sheep; so I thought that if I said all I knew, he would put it together, and spell all I want."

"Bless your heart, my little man," said the stranger, "he will, he will, he will. When the heart speaks right, the lips can't say wrong."

THE BIRDS AND THEIR BATHS.

Every boy and girl knows that a daily bath is not only a comfort, but a necessity for health. We often hear, "Cleanliness is next to godliness," yet we need not pride ourselves upon our great superiority over dirty boys and girls who do not share our comfortable homes and advantages.

If we look around us we shall see that the beasts of the field and the birds of the air are as fond of cleanliness as we are.

Have you ever watched how frequently the birds bathe? Some use water only, some prefer water and dust, whilst others choose dust and no water.

Wild ducks, though feeding by salt water, prefer to bathe in fresh water pools, and invariably fly inland for their early morning bath, which they take five or ten miles distant from their daily haunts. After preening their feathers they start homeward with a keen appetite for breakfast, for, like ourselves, the morning air and extra exertion add to their hunger.

Sparrows bathe often, both in dust and water, and are not at all particular as to the quality of the dust; so the writer of

"I'm only a little sparrow,  
A bird of low degree,"

knew this bird's habits very well.

But when the city sparrow can get out into the country for a day how he enjoys himself. How he rolls and tumbles over in the finest and driest of road dust, and chirps and twitters to his heart's content. Watch him; it will do you good to do so. Listen! you may learn that he is chirping, "How nice! how nice!"

The Bob White likes dry loam. He scratches the soil from under the grass and fills his feathers with the cool earth, then shakes himself free and fills up again and again.

But the most popular bath for all the birds is burnt ashes. Remember this; and when you cross a field or wood which has been burned you need not be surprised at the number of winged creatures which rise suddenly from every heap of ashes.

Books tell us many interesting facts about God's creatures, but better far is it for boys and girls to learn for themselves. Nature first, books about nature second.