

Our Young Folks

DAVY AND THE GOBLIN.

BY CHARLES CARRYL.

CHAPTER VII.—SINBAD THE SAILOR'S HOUSE.

"You had no right to tell those birds my name was Gloopitch!" said Davy angrily. "That's the second time you've got it wrong."

"Well, it's of no consequence," said the Hole-keeper, complacently. "I'll make it something else next time. By they way, you're not the postman, are you?"

"Of course I'm not," said Davy. "I'm glad of that," said the Hole-keeper; "postmen are always so dreadfully busy. Would you mind delivering a letter for me?" he added, lowering his voice confidentially.

"Oh, no," answered Davy, rather reluctantly; "not if it will be in my way."

"It's sure to be in your way because it's so big," said the Hole-keeper; and taking the letter out of his pocket, he handed it to Davy. It certainly was a very large letter, curiously folded like a dinner-napkin and sealed in a great many places with red and white peppermint drops; and Davy was much pleased to see that it was addressed:—

C-de-a Robinson Crusoe,

Jeran Feranderperandamam. B. G.

"What does B. G. stand for?" said Davy.

"Baldergong's Geography, of course," said the Hole-keeper.

"But why do you put that on the letter?" inquired Davy.

"Because you can't find Jeran Feranderperandamam anywhere else, stupid," said the Hole-keeper, impatiently. "But I can't stop to argue about it now," and saying this, he turned into a side-path, and disappeared in the wood.

As Davy walked mournfully along, turning the big letter over and over in his hands, and feeling very confused by the Hole-keeper's last remark, he presently saw, lying on the walk before him, a small book beautifully bound in crimson morocco, and picking it up, he saw that it was marked on the cover:

BALDERGONG'S STUFFING FOR THE STUPID.

"Perhaps this will tell me where to go," he thought as he opened it; but it proved to be far more confusing than the Hole-keeper himself had been. The first page was headed "How to frill griddlepegs"; the second page, "Two ways of frumpling crumblers"; the third page, "The best snub for feastie spralls," and so on, until Davy felt as if he were t'king leave of his senses. He was just about to throw the book down in disgust, when it was suddenly snatched out of his hands; and turning hastily, he saw a savage glaring at him from the bushes.

Now Davy knew perfectly well, as all little boys should know, that when you meet a savage in the woods you must get behind a tree as quickly as possible; but he did this in such haste that he found to his dismay that he and the savage had chosen the same tree, and in the next instant the savage was after him. The tree was a very large one, and Davy in his fright went around it a number of times so rapidly that he presently caught sight of the back of the savage, and he was surprised to see that he was no bigger than a large monkey; and moreover, that he was gorgeously dressed in a beautiful blue coat, with brass buttons on the tail of it, and pink striped trousers. He had hardly made this discovery, when the savage suddenly disappeared through a door in a high paling of logs that began at the tree and extended in a straight line far out into the forest.

It was very puzzling to Davy when it occurred to him that, although he had been around the tree at least a dozen times, he had never seen this paling before. The door through which the savage had disappeared also bothered him; for, though it was quite an ordinary-looking door, it had no knob nor latch, nor indeed any way of being opened that he could perceive. On one side of it, in the paling, was a row of bell-pulls marked:

Family.
Butcher.

I & R.

Police.

Candlestick-maker.

and on the door itself was a large knocker, marked:

Postman.

After examining all these, Davy decided that, as he had a letter in charge, he was more of a postman than anything else, and he therefore raised the knocker and rapped loudly. Immediately all the bell-pulls began dying in and out of their own accord, with a deafening clangor of bells behind the paling; and then the door swung slowly back upon its hinges.

Davy walked through the door-way and found himself in the oddest-looking little country place that could possibly be imagined. There was a little lawn laid out on which a sort of soft fur was growing instead of grass, and here and there about the lawn, in the place of flower-beds, little footstools, neatly covered with carpet, were growing out of the fur. The trees were simply large feather-dusters, but they seemed, nevertheless, to be growing in a very thriving manner. And on a little mound at the back of the lawn, stood a small house built entirely of conch-shells with their pink mouths turned outward. This gave the house a very cheerful appearance, as if it were constantly on a broad grin.

The savage was sitting in the shade of one of the dusters, complacently reading the little red book; and as Davy approached, he saw, to his astonishment, that he was the Goblin dressed up like an Ethiopian seronader.

"Oh! you dear, delicious old Goblin!" cried Davy, in an ecstasy of joy at again finding his travelling-companion. "And were you the savage that was chasing me just now?"

The Goblin nodded his head, and exclaiming, "My, how you did cut and run!" rolled over and over, kicking his heels about in a delirium of enjoyment.

"Goblin," said Davy, gravely, "I think we can have just as good a time without any such doings as that. And now tell me what place this is."

"Sinbad the Sailor's house," said the Goblin, sitting "p'again."

"Really and truly?" said the delighted Davy.

"Really and truly," said the Goblin. "And here he comes now!"

Davy looked around and saw an old man coming toward them across the lawn. He was dressed in a Turkish costume, and wore a large turban and red morocco slippers turned up at the toes like skates; and his white beard was so long that as he took a step he trod upon it and fell forward to the ground. He took no notice whatever of either Davy or the Goblin, and after falling down a number of times, took his seat upon one of the little carpet foot-stools. Taking off his turban, he began stirring about in it with a large wooden spoon. As he took off his turban, Davy saw that his head, which was perfectly bald, was neatly laid out in black and white squares like a chess-board.

"He's the most absent-minded story-teller that ever was born," said the Goblin, pointing with his thumb over his shoulder at Sinbad.

As Davy and the Goblin sat down beside him, Sinbad hastily put on his turban, and after scowling at Davy for a moment, said to the Goblin, "It's no use telling him anything; he's as deaf as a trunk."

"Then tell it to me," said the Goblin, with great presence of mind.

"All right," said Sinbad, "I'll give you a nautical one."

Here he rose for a moment, hitched up his big trousers like a sailor, cocked his turban on one side of his head, and sitting down again, began:

"A capital allop for an ocean trip. Was 'The Wallowing Window-blind'; No gale that blew damaged her crew Or troubled the captain's mind. The man at the wheel was taught to feel Contempt for the wildest blow, And it oft appeared, when the weather had cleared, That he'd been in his bunk below."

"The boatwain's mate was very sodate, Yet fond of amusement, too; And he played hop-scotch with the starboard watch, While the captain tickled the crew. And the gunner we had was apparently mad, For he sat on the after-rail, And fired salutes with the captain's boom, In the teeth of the howling gale."

"The capt'n sat in a commodore's hat And dined in royal way On toasted pigs and pickles and figs And gunnery bread each day. But the cook was Dutch and behaved as such; For the dilet he gave the crew Was a nun ber of tons of hot-cross buns Prepared with sugar and glue."

"All nautical pride we laid aside, And we cast the vessel ashore On the Gulliblee, where the Poochpool smiles, And the Rumbuletumbunder roars. And we sat on the edge of a sandy ledge And shot at the whistling bee; And the chimpanzees wore water-proof hats As they danced in the sounding sea."

"On rubgub bark, from dawn to dark, We fed, till we all had grown Uncommonly shrunk,—when a Chinese junk Came by from the torrid zone. She was stubby and square, but we didn't much care; And we cheerily put to sea; And we left the crew of the junk to chew The bark of the rub-gub tree."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep."

"I don't s'pose it makes any difference when poor ones like us die, do you, Jennie?"

"What makes you talk like that, Dickey? Try to go to sleep, and when mother comes home you can have an orange like what you wanted yesterday; that, is, if she gets the pay for the washin'."

"I don't want to go to sleep, 'cause I ache so; and somehow I'd like to know what there is up in the sky, for I shouldn't wonder if I was goin' there, like Joe Hardy did when he got run over."

"Oh, Don't, Dickey, don't talk like that! I'll fix the room up so it'll look better, and then you shall get up an' sit by the window."

Jennie bustled around the scantily-furnished room, trying with but poor success to so arrange the few pieces of furniture that the wretched apartment might seem more cheerful to the poor little invalid, who had been confined to his bed for so many long, weary weeks that it seemed as if he had always been there.

"It ain't any good, Jennie," he said, with a faint sigh, while his pale face grew more pallid, as an unusually severe spasm of pain passed through the wasted body.

"I don't want to sit at the window, but I do want you to come and talk to me. Don't you know what it was Limpey Jim said rich people's children told God when they wanted to talk to Him?"

"I don't know what you mean, Dickey," said Jennie, as she furtively wiped the sick boy's poor little wasted hand in her own. "Don't talk this way till mother comes back; please don't, Dickey."

"But don't you remember what Limpey said? I wouldn't want to go up to the sky all alone without lettin' God know I was comin', though perhaps He wouldn't let me in there anyway, 'cause my clothes are so bad. I know how it commenced."

"How what commenced, Dickey, darling?"

"That what Limpey told about. It was. 'Now I lay me down to sleep.' That couldn't be for me, could it, Jennie? 'cause I ache so, I can't lay down to sleep. I wish I knew the rest of it, 'cause perhaps God could give me new clothes so's I'd look fit to go where He is, if I only knew how to tell Him about it. 'Now I lay me down to sleep.' P'raps God wouldn't mind if that ain't jest the way it really is, seein's how I don't know what the words—now I've got it. 'I pray the Lord my soul to keep.' I ain't jest sure I know what that means? do you, Jennie?"

"Oh, Dickey, what is the matter? What makes you talk so when you know mother promised us we should have a good dinner with real meat to eat when she came?"

"Now, listen, Jennie; 'cause it seems as if it would make me feel almost well if I could only say it. 'Now I lay me down to sleep; I pray the Lord my soul to keep. If I should die before I wake'—/ I should get to sleep, Jennie, and if I should die before I got awake, where would I be, Jennie?"

"I don't know, Dickey; I don't know. Perhaps you'd go right up into the sky. Put please don't die, Dickey dear, 'cause you and mother is all I've got; and what would I do if you wasn't here?"

"But a'posen I should die, where would I be? I don't ache so very much now; but I wish I knowed all of it; wouldn't it be tough if I was to go up to the sky without lettin' any one know I was comin'. I s'pose I'd get throwed out, anyway; but perhaps I might have a chance of stayin' a little

while if anybody knowed I was comin'. 'Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep.' Do you s'pose He'd take the trouble to keep the souls of poor young ones, like me an' you, Jennie? If we was rich folks and had good clothes, it wouldn't make much difference if I died, 'cause I ache so dreadfully all the time."

"Indeed it would make a difference, Dickey; for you're the only brother or sister I've got, an' what would I do if I was all alone here when mother goes to work?"

"Well, I wou'd if I can help it, though if I know jest whether God would let me come up into the sky, it wouldn't seem so bad—I—I—down to—sleep—soul to sleep."

The words came slowly and falteringly from the cold lips; the face that had been distorted by pain was wreathed by the fanning of the angels' wings into smiles; the pain-racked body was stilled by the presence of the white-robed visitors, and Dickey had really lain down to sleep.

To him had come that certainty which comes to all as they reach the brink of the dark river, that He does all things well; and there it was that poor little invalid Dickey knew that in his father's mansion neither money nor raiment was needed to make even the poorest in this world's goods one of the favored dwellers.

If he should die! Dickey had but awakened to a life of which he had known nothing, but the glories of which were to be shown to him. Ah, yes, poor little Dickey, poor no longer, had gone home with never a doubt to make him afraid.

RULES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The person who first sent these rules to be printed, says truly, "if any boy or girl thinks it would be hard work to keep so many of them in mind all the time, just think, also, what a happy place it would make of home if you only could."

1. Shut every door after you, and without alarming it.
2. Never shout, jump or run in the house.
3. Never call to persons up stairs or in the next room; if you wish to speak to them, go quietly where they are.
4. Always speak kindly and politely to servants, if you would have them do the same to you.
5. When told to do, or not to do, a thing, by either parent, never ask why you should, or should not do it.
6. Tell of your own faults and misdoings, not those of your brothers and sisters.
7. Carefully clean the mud or snow off your boots before entering the house.
8. Be prompt every meal hour.
9. Never sit down at the table, or in the parlor, with dirty hands or tumbled hair.
10. Never interrupt any conversation, but wait patiently your turn to speak.
11. Never reserve your good manner for company, but be equally polite at home and abroad.
12. Let your first, last and best friend be your mother.

If the above rules are good for the children, perhaps their adoption by older persons may be applicable. No harm can result from following them.

Grandma in the Family.

What a treasure is "grandma" to the happy child who is blessed with one! He knows he will never find her too "busy," as the mother often is, to attend to his numerous wants. She can always find a button just the right size. She has always on hand an unlimited supply of tail for his kite. She has always just the right kind of piece of string for his top; and she always has time to mend his mittens, help him to hunt his school-books, and hear him say "that line of hard spelling." To her with all his little confidences he goes, fearing no ridicule, but sure of such sympathy as no one else can give. To her he unfolds all his plans and aims, knowing that her perfect faith in him will discover every element of success in them, because they are his. To her does the trembling little transgressor go with his confession of wrong doing, for she can explain to mother, so much better than he could, how he meant to obey, but "before he thought" he did the very thing forbidden.