

20
60
1200
12



ARRANGEMENT OF THE FIGURES.

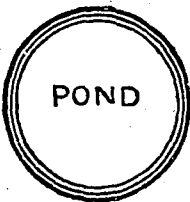
THE BABES IN THE WOOD: A GAME.

BY FRANK BELLEV.

You all have read the melancholy tragedy of the "Babes in the Wood." But here is a game in which a skilful player can save the babes, and make it no tragedy after all. Two or more persons can easily play the game.

First draw on card-board, and then cut out two figures to represent the ruffians, two to represent the wolves, two babes, and two robins. By bending back the lower part of each figure, you can make a sort of pedestal for it to stand upon, as indicated in the diagrams.

Perhaps you will criticise the robins as being rather large in proportion to the other figures; but you must excuse their size by what is sometimes called "artistic" license.



POND

18 INCHES

BASE



Station the figures so that they will form a row at one end of a table, about two inches apart, in the order here shown. In front of them, about three inches from the row of figures, place a saucer; and at eighteen inches from the saucer place a paper-weight or book.

Each player now takes a strip of stiff writing paper, about an inch wide, and rolls it up into what is commonly called a spill. An ordinary steel pen slipped into the small end of a spill, between the folds of the paper, will make it shoot with a more accurate aim. All draw lots to determine which shall begin.

The first player takes his spill (which is called his arrow) between his finger and thumb, and, planting one end on the table against the paper-weight, presses it down, so that it will shut up, after the manner of a telescope; then, if suddenly released, it will spring off in the direction of the row of figures.

Now, the object of each player is to knock over with his arrow one of the ruffians, or one of the wolves, and to avoid touching either the babes or the robins.

If he knocks one of the ruffians or wolves over backward, he counts two points; if it falls forward, he only counts one.

If he knocks either of the babes or robins over backward, two are either taken from his score, or, if he prefers, added to that of his opponent,—or of every one of his opponents, if more than two are playing.

If the babe or robin falls forward, it takes off only one point.

If the arrow falls into the saucer, or pond, the player is said to be "drowned," and his entire score is wiped out, and he must begin again.

Each player takes three shots in succession,—picking up his arrow, and shooting from the paper-weight as at first, but leaving any of the figures he may have knocked over lying where they fell until the next player's turn.

If he knocks a babe or a robin down before he has made any score, then of course every one of his opponents scores.

If he is drowned before he has made any score, then every opponent counts six.

The player who first counts twenty wins the game, unless one of the players has so far

avoided knocking down either of the babes or robins.

In that case the game goes on, and if that player can count twenty, without knocking down either of the babes or robins, before any one of his adversaries count thirty, then he is said to have saved the babes, and wins the game.

If, however, every player knocks down a babe or a robin, the player first making twenty of course wins the game.—St. Nicholas.

THOSE BOYS: A TRUE STORY.

BY MRS. E. J. RICHMOND.

"Yes, I'm delighted of course that Grandon and his wife are coming. The city must be dreadful this hot weather," and Esther Bradford as she said it glanced over her spotless rooms and out upon the waving meadows and the closely-shaven grass plat before the door, over which the rose leaves were falling. "They'll enjoy country life for a few weeks; but then, those boys!"

"Yes, those boys will be delighted with the freedom they enjoy here," said Uncle Harry. "A boy who never gets a taste of country life is defrauded of his birthright, for God made the country. We'll be gay, though, when young Grandon and Vick are here."

"Gay enough," replied Aunt Esther, ruefully. "My one thought when those boys are here is, what will they find to do next? Such reckless little fellows! I wonder they have lived so long."

Uncle Harry laughed. Dear, thoughtful Aunt Esther was so nice and orderly, so careful for everybody's welfare, that she really had no time to think of anything else.

When the Bradfords came "those boys" fully carried out the reputation they had achieved. In company with two little cousins, as full of fun and frolic as themselves, they had what they termed "jolly good times."

"Hark! that is the car whistle," said Aunt Esther to pretty Mrs. Grandon Bradford, who was all ready for a walk. "I wish I knew where those boys are. I believe I'll run up and see if they are near the railway track. Some way I'm fearfully uneasy about them."

"Dear Esther, if you had the care of those boys all the time, as I do, you'd give over worrying about them," said her guest. But the words had scarcely left her lips when one of the four boys, who were always together, came running up white and breathless.

"Grandon's hurt on the track, and—the train!" and he burst into tears.

Now Aunt Esther had all she wanted to do to care for the wretched mother, who, attempting to run to the help of her child, could only stand and wring her hands and cry. A few moments later they saw a man coming with his helpless burden, while the doctor came up on the other side with the other little cousin. Poor Grandon was insensible, and one arm hung broken by his side. The first thought was to care for him; and when the doctor had set the broken bones, and bandaged the arm, the boy opened his eyes.

Then Uncle Harry asked, "How did it happen, and who lifted him off the track?"

"Little Vick must have done it," said Harry, "for he lay on the track when I came away. Oh, but he's a plucky little chap, I can tell you. He just said, 'John, run for the doctor,' and 'Harry, call a man and tell his mother,' and we ran, and the whistle blew, and Grandon lying on the track and a big timber, too," and the child shuddered.

"But how came he with a broken arm lying upon the track?" said Aunt Esther, who looked hopelessly confused.

"I was trying to drop a stone into the smoke stack when the train came by," said Grandon, faintly. "Tell them all about it, Vick."

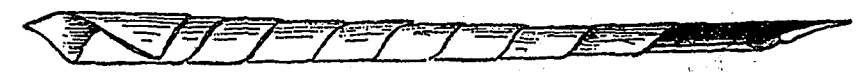
Thus adjured, little Vick, who was the youngest of the four, said modestly:

"We were all on the bridge where the road goes over the railway, and Grand climbed out on a long timber and the brace came down with him. We thought he was killed dead, but I put my face down to him and he was warm. Then the whistle blew and I just had to pull Grand off the track and the big timber, too. I got 'em off just in time, for the big freight train went by not half a minute after."

Vick did not understand why he was hugged and kissed and called a brave little general and a hero, and why they put his name in the papers. The timely action of the boy had saved his brother's life, and the train from going down a steep embankment, by the removal of the timber, but he said, "I just had to do it, for the train was coming."

Grandon was so badly hurt that no one reproached him. "I tell you, Aunt Esther, the track and the gravel was a hard place for a boy to light on," he said, and Aunt Esther was so thankful that "those boys" were spared that she only shed a few grateful tears.

The boy was still enough for many weeks, but by and by, with his arm in a sling, he could sit out of doors and watch the bees



THE PAPER SPILL, OR ARROW.

gathering honey in the sweet red clover, and see the golden buttercups and the pretty white daisies nodding in the breeze. But, oh! the barns and the bird's nests. Would he ever be able to climb a tree again?

Very probably, for one day in his explorations he found a huge paper wasp's nest, with shining black wasps going in and out; if only it wasn't quite so high up he would have that nest, and see how it was made. There were plenty of empty barrels in the corn crib where the nest was built. These he could manage with one arm. Very soon he had one in position, and climbing upon it he began punching the nest to bring it down. Instead of its falling quietly, a stream of black wasps came pouring forth, and a moment later Aunt Esther saw the crib door burst open and a barrel, a boy with his arm in a sling, and a stream of angry wasps came plunging out.

There was more work for the doctor, for the damaged arm must be repaired again, and the "jolly good times" were over for one summer.

"Those boys" are men now, fighting the battles of life, but they will never forget

Aunt Esther's pleasant home nor the railway episode and the wasps' nest.—Northern Christian Advocate.

HUNGRY ELEPHANTS.

HOW THEY GRATIFY A TASTE FOR DAINTIES.

One favorite food of the African elephant is the tender, juicy roots of the mimosa tree, which grows in scattered groups through most of the meadows and lowlands of Central Africa.

When an elephant finds a young tree of this sort, it is not difficult, as a rule, for him to get at the roots, especially if the surrounding soil is moist and loose, as is often the case after it has been soaked by the heavy rainfalls of the tropics.

If the tree is loose, the elephant, knowing his strength, winds his trunk firm around the tree, and plucks it from the earth, a feat which is no harder for him than the pulling up of a flower is for a child.

But the elephant does not stop here, experience has taught him the most comfortable way of enjoying his prize, so, without

relaxing his hold, he turns the tree completely over, and stands it with its upper branches thrust down into the place where the roots were. Then the earthy roots, now replacing the branches, remain within easy reach of the strong and deft trunk.

African travellers tell us of great tracts of country almost covered with these inverted trees. Seeing the dry trees turned upside down, one would be more likely to think a wood had been reversed by mischievous fairies than to suppose that hungry elephants had been feeding there.

Sometimes an elephant will find a tree which defies his greatest efforts, and absolutely refuses to be uprooted. But the elephant does not give it up. Not at all. He either brings another elephant to help him,—a thing they often do when the work is too much for one,—or, if he cannot find a friend, he sets his own wits to work. He makes use of his tusks as levers, thrusting them, as if they were crowbars, deep under the roots, and pries away slowly and steadily until the tree is loosened; and then with a great wrench he completely uproots it, and it goes toppling over, leaving the clever elephant victorious.—Carl D. Haskins.



THE BABES IN THE WOOD.