

For the Boys

see it, but you couldn't, because it was just dark. The dark was bad enough, the very blackest kind of dark, and a handful of it was pretty nearly as heavy as lead.

"Now will you be scared?" said the voice of the Bugaboo-man close to his ear.

Before Bobby had time to answer he felt a tingling in the hand that held the lucky potato and a whispery voice ran up his arm and said in his other ear, the one on the other side from the Bugaboo-man:

"All you've got to do is just laugh and nothing will hurt you."

So Bobby laughed. Not a real, hearty laugh, understand, because he didn't quite feel that way. Still it was a laugh, and it made the Bugaboo-man hopping mad with both feet.

"You want to get ready to shiver now," said the Bugaboo-man, "because I'm going to groan horribly."

So the Bugaboo-man turned in and groaned and groaned and groaned, but all the time the lucky potato kept whispering Bobby that he mustn't be afraid, and he wasn't, but pretty soon the groaning stopped and a whimper came from over in the corner. Bobby could hardly believe his ears. It was the voice of the Bugaboo-man.

"What's the matter?" asked Bobby. "I-I-m s-c-a-a-red myself!" whimpered the Bugaboo-man.

"Goody!" cried Bobby. "Now I'm going to groan, too."

So Bobby groaned just as scary as he could, and he kept it up till he could hear the Bugaboo-man's teeth chatter.

"Will you say 'nuff'?" asked Bobby, when he thought the Bugaboo-man was scared enough.

So the Bugaboo-man said "nuff!" in a shaky voice.

"And will you ever try to scare little boys again?" asked Bobby.

"No-o-o!" answered the Bugaboo-man.

"And will you turn on the light?" "Ye-e-s," answered the Bugaboo-man, and he did it.

When the light was turned on Bobby looked around him, and there, all around the walls, on stools like the one upon which he sat, were little boys with tear-stained faces, who had been scared stiff, while the Bugaboo-man leaned up in the corner as limp as a burst toy balloon, and looking so doleful Bobby would have felt sorry for him if it hadn't been for the other little boys.

Bobby took the lucky potato out of his pocket and cut it up and put a piece of it into the hand of each little boy, and as their fingers closed around the piece of lucky potato each one of them began to get unscared and was able to get up, and make faces at the Bugaboo-man.

The Bugaboo-man made one last attempt to be himself and began to swell up, but all the boys gripped their piece of lucky potato harder and only laughed at him.

The Bugaboo-man swelled up more and more, but he ought not to have done it, for he wasn't as strong as he was before he was scared, and by and by he burst into hundreds of pieces, or maybe two or three more.

Then Bobby led the way home. I don't know how they found the way back, but they did. Maybe the lucky potato helped them. At any rate a lucky potato is a very handy thing to have if you can get some one who knows all about them to pick one out for you. If you have one in your pocket you can be brave like Bobby

was, but if you haven't you can try to be brave, which is almost as good.

But the main thing is that there is no Bugaboo-man any more. He's burst, and if anybody tries to scare you with him don't you pay any attention. Besides you're so old you don't believe in him now, anyhow, and if you don't believe in him he isn't.

Tricks With Eggs.

Rather a pretty experiment with a blown egg is to suspend it by means of a piece of cotton attached to it with sealing wax, and then cause it to swing, without being touched, by means of an electric attraction. The later is supplied by a doubled sheet of brown paper, warmed and made electrical by being held tightly against the body with the upper arm, while it is drawn smartly out with the other hand.

The brown paper, which will give a bright electric spark to the knuckles, will make the egg swing briskly by its attraction, drawing the egg to itself as a very powerful magnet will attract a piece of iron, but in a much more striking manner.

An egg—that is, a complete egg, not the empty shell, such as we have just been using—will sink in water. But it will float in strong brine, made by adding to cold water as much salt as will dissolve in it. Cold water will dissolve a little more salt than hot.

If we mix a solution of salt with some pure water, trying the egg in it from time to time, we can obtain a mixture having the same specific gravity as the egg; and in this water we can make the egg float, by a little care, at any particular spot.

Thus if we take a tall jar full of the fluid mixed as above, and by means of a bent piece of tin carefully release the egg half-way down, we shall have the curious phenomenon of an egg suspended, as though by magic, in the middle of the jar, as Mohammed's coffin hung in air between earth and heaven.

But if we had not wholly filled the jar there is yet a more curious trick greatly surprising to the unwarned onlooker. By means of a long funnel add some more brine to the water and the egg will gradually rise to the surface. Now add fresh water in sufficient quantity and it will as slowly sink.

Take an empty eggshell and choose one in which the hole has not been made too large. If you now put the empty shell into the oven, so as to make it very hot, and then plunge it in a bowl of water for a few minutes, the shell will suck in some of the water, owing to the contraction of the contained air in cooling.

Do this once or twice until you have in the eggshell just sufficient water for this experiment, which requires that the shell shall just be able to float on water and no more—that is, that a very slight touch will send it down, to bob up again directly forward.

Put it in a large, narrow-mouthed pickle jar, nearly full of water. Put the palm of the hand over the mouth of the jar and bear heavily upon it. The egg will sink to the bottom. Lift the hand and the egg will rise quickly to the surface. The compression of the air destroys the buoyancy of the eggshell. If you don't mind making rather a mess in the fireplace you can utilize this shell with the water in it for another striking trick.

Cover the hole with a piece of paper well gummed on and gummed over and put the shell in the fire. In a few minutes the shell will be blown violently to pieces by the steam from the water. Stand well back from the grate or you may be scalded.

In the next trick it is not necessary to allow the onlookers either to witness the preparations or to be aware

of the fact that it is an empty egg that is being used. Take a little piece of good muslin and soak it in strong brine. Let it dry and repeat the process three or four times. Then, by attaching a piece of wire to each corner of the muslin, make a little cradle to hold the shell. Do not do this until the muslin is thoroughly dry.

If you now set fire to the muslin so that it may burn, the eggshell will not, as the bystanders expect, fall. The trick is a very surprising one and its explanation simple. The salting of the muslin causes it to leave an ash sufficiently strong to support a light object like the eggshell.

Jim.

He was the most intelligent crow I ever know. He did not belong to us, but often came around for a visit. Whenever I heard a lusty "caw, caw," I knew that Jim had come for his treat of ginger cookies. They were the old fashioned hard cookies, and Jim often found trouble in managing them. There was a break in our garden hoses, through which the water ran in a tiny jet. Jim was a genius; he would hold his cookie over the little stream until it was soft, and then it went down his throat without trouble. If he had more cookies than he could dispose of at once, he would hop away to a pile of leaves and cover them up carefully until time for another lunch.

Our little pug dog, Tasso, had a very curly tail, and it was Jim's delight to slip quietly up behind Tasso and give said tail a pull—when there would be a very angry dog and a much-amused crow.

Jim was a sad thief! One day a workman, about the yard, laid down his pipe, and Jim, evidently not approving of the use of tobacco carried the pipe to the top of the house and safely disposed of it down the chimney.

Jim was severely reprimanded by his friends for his bad habit of thieving, and was told that he must be good. His invariable reply was, for Jim could talk: "Don't have to; don't have to."

One day they put a large washing out at Jim's house, and then went away for the day. When they returned a sad sight met their eyes. It had rained the night before, and the eaves, which were not very clean, were full of water. Jim had busied himself, while he was alone, in taking all the clothes pins from the line and putting them in the eaves, leaving the prints of his wet feet wherever he stepped on the clothes! Jim wisely kept out of the way till the wrath of the family cooled.

Jim disappeared one day and never more came back. Whether it was because several chickens in the neighborhood had disappeared, with numerous other things, or whether Jim had tired of civilized life and people, and had gone to the woods, to be with his own, we never knew.

He Meant to Be Polite.

During the visit of the Princess of Wales to the London Hospital, a little blind boy in one of the wards was sitting on a chair and the princess spoke to him. The chairman of the hospital, thinking it would be nice for the lad to know who had been speaking to him, said: "That lady who has been speaking to you is the Princess of Wales. Would you like to come up and make your bow to her and speak to her?"

The boy was delighted, and jumped off his chair. He was led up to the princess, and she was told of his wish, to which she very readily acceded.

The bow was duly made, and then came the speech: "How are you miss?"—a speech which was hardly expected, but which was answered by five minutes' conversation, and the boy returned to his chair proud and happy.