

## Our Young Folks.

### The Children's Offering.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

What shall little children bring  
As a grateful offering  
For the ever watchful care  
That surrounds us every where?

Gathered in a happy fold  
Safe from wintry want and cold,  
Fed by hands that never tire,  
Warned at love's unfailing fire;

Sheltered by protecting arms  
From the great world's slings and harms;  
While a patient, wise and sweet,  
Guides our little wandering feet.

Thou who hear'st the ravens call,  
Thou who see'st the sparrows fall,  
Thou who holdest safe and warm  
Lost lambs in thy tender arm;

Father! dearest name of all,  
Bless thy children great and small,  
Rich and poor alike are thine,  
 knit by charity divine.

Willing hearts and open hands,  
Love that every ill withstands,  
Faith and hope in thee, our King,—  
These shall be our offering.

### DAVY AND THE GOBLIN.

BY CHARLES CARRYLE.

#### CHAPTER XI.—(CONTINUED.)

Davy looked around and saw that the dog, the goat, and the cat were seated respectfully in a semicircle, with the parrot, which had dismounted, sitting beside the goat. He seated himself on the sand at the other end of the line, and Robinson began as follows:

"The night was thick and hazy  
When the 'Piccadilly Dory'  
Carried down the crew and captain in the sea;  
And I think the water drowned 'em,  
For they never, never found 'em,  
And I know they didn't come ashore with me.

"Oh! 'twas very sad and lonely  
When I found myself the only  
Population on this cultivated shore;  
Eat I made a little tavern  
In a rocky little cavern,  
And I sat and watch for people at the door.

"I spent no time in looking  
For a girl to do my cooking,  
As I'm quite a clever hand at making stews;  
But I had that fellow Friday,  
Just to keep the tavern tidy  
And to put a sunday polish on my shoes.

"I have a little garden  
That I'm cultivating hard in,  
As the things I eat are rather tough and dry  
For I live on toasted lizards,  
I lick pebbles and parrot gizzards,  
And I eat really very fond of beetle pie.

"The clothes I had were tatty,  
And it made me fret and worry  
When I found the moths were eating off the hair;  
And I had to scrape and sand 'em,  
And I boiled 'em and I tanned 'em,  
Till I got the fine Morocco suit I wear.

"I sometimes seek diversion  
In a family excursion  
With the few domestic animals you see;  
And we take along a carrot  
As refreshment for the parrot,  
And a little can of jungleberry tea.

"Then we gather as we travel  
Bits of moss and dirty gravel,  
And we chip off little specimens of stone;  
And we carry home as prizes  
Funny bugs of handy sizes  
Just to give the day a scientific tone.

"If the roads are wet and muddy,  
We remain at home and study,—  
For the goat is very clever at a sum,—  
And the dog, instead of fighting,  
Studies ornamental writing,  
While the cat is taking lessons on the drum.

"We retire at eleven,  
And we rise again at seven,  
And I wish to call attention as I close  
To the fact that all the rebekars  
Are correct about their collars  
And particular in turning out their toes."

Here Robinson called out in a loud voice, "First class in arithmetic!" but the animals sat perfectly motionless, sedately staring at him.

"Oh! by the way," said Robinson, confidentially to Davy, "this is the first class in arithmetic. That's the reason they didn't move, you see. Now, then!" he continued sharply, addressing the class, "how many halves are there in a whole?"

There was a dead silence for a moment, and then the Cat said gravely, "What kind of a hole?"

"That has nothing to do with it," said Robinson, impatiently.

"Oh! hasn't it though!" exclaimed the Dog, scornfully. "I should think a big hole

could have more halves in it than a small one."

"Well, rather," put in the parrot, contemptuously.

Here the Goat, who apparently had been carefully thinking the matter over, said in a low, quivering voice: "Must all the halves be of the same size?"

"Certainly not," said Robinson, promptly, then nudging Davy with his elbow, he whispered, "He's bringing his mind to bear on it. He's prodigious when he gets started!"

"Who taught him arithmetic?" said Davy, who was beginning to think Robinson didn't know much about it himself.

"Well, the fact is," said Robinson, confidentially, "he picked it up from an old adder that he met in the woods."

Here the Goat, who evidently was not yet quite started, inquired, "Must all the halves be of the same shape?"

"Not at all," said Robinson, cheerfully. "Have 'em any shape you like."

"Then I give it up," said the Goat. "Well!" exclaims Davy quite out of patience. "You are certainly the stupidest lot of creatures I ever saw."

At this, the animals stared mournfully at him for a moment, and then rose up and walked gravely away.

"Now you've spoiled the exercises," said Robinson, peevishly. "I'm sorry I gave 'em such a staggerer to begin with."

"Hooh!" said Davy, contemptuously. "If they couldn't do that sum, they couldn't do anything."

Robinson gazed at him admiringly for a moment and then, looking cautiously about him to make sure that the procession was out of hearing, said coaxingly,

"What's the right answer? Tell us, like a good fellow."

"Two, of course," said Davy. "Is that all?" exclaimed Robinson, in a tone of great astonishment.

"Certainly," said Davy, who began to feel very proud of his learning. "Don't you know that when they divide a whole into four parts they call them fourths, and when they divide it into two parts they call them halves?"

"Why don't they call them toothths?" said Robinson, obstinately. "The fact is, they ought to call 'em toothths. That's what puzzled the Goat. Next time I'll say, 'How many teeth in a whole?'"

"Then the Cat will ask if it's a rat-hole," said Davy, laughing at the idea.

"You positively convulse me, you're so very humorous," said Robinson, without a vestige of a smile. "You're almost as droll as Friday was. He used to call the Goat 'Pat,' because he said he was a little better."

I told him that was altogether too funny for a lonely place like this, and he went away and joined the minstrels."

Here Robinson suddenly turned pale, and hastily reaching out for his gun, sprang to his feet.

Davy looked out to sea and saw that the clock, with the Goblin standing in the stern, had come in sight again, and was heading directly for the shore with tremendous speed. The poor Goblin, who had turned sea-green in color, was frantically waving his hands to and fro, as if motioning for the beach to get out of the way; and Davy watched his approach with the greatest anxiety. Meanwhile, the animals had mounted on four sand-hills, and were solemnly looking on, while Robinson, who seemed to have run out of tooth-powder, was hurriedly loading his gun with sand.

The next moment the clock struck the beach with great force, and turning completely over on the sand, buried the Goblin beneath it. Robinson was just making a convulsive effort to fire off his gun when the clock began striking loudly, and he and the animals fled in all directions in the wildest dismay.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### What Decision Did

Make up your mind to a thing, and it is more than half done. For instance, John went to bed, but because he couldn't make up his mind whether he would get up at six o'clock or not the next morning, he did not rest well at all. Charles, on the contrary, made up his mind, upon returning, that he would rise at six sharp. Consequently he went to sleep immediately his head touched the pillow, and he slept like a log all through the night and until eight o'clock next morning. Oh! no! there's nothing like making up one's mind.

### A Royal Physician.

In the summer of 1768 a poor woman lay moaning on her bed in the attic of a dingy house in one of the poor quarters of Vienna. The house and its surroundings gave evidence of the poverty of the inhabitants of that part of the gay capital. A glance at the interior showed the tenants to be busily engaged in their various occupations. Kind-hearted though these people were, yet their daily struggle in the battle of life left them but little time to give aid and comfort to their suffering neighbor. Too poor to pay for doctor or nurse, Frau Walldorf was dependent on her only child, a lad of twelve years, who dearly loved his mother. His heart would almost break when he thought how little he could do for her, and saw that she grew worse from day to day.

One day she said: "Franz, I can bear this pain no longer. See if you cannot induce some doctor to call here and prescribe for me." With a sad heart, and with but slight hopes of success, Frank obeyed. He called on several physicians and begged them to visit his mother, but in vain. They all declined because he was unable to pay their fee, which in those days was a florin for each visit. In despair, and not knowing what to do next, he stood at a corner drearily to go home. Just then a private carriage came slowly by, in which sat a distinguished-looking man.

This was no other than the Emperor Joseph II., a most kind-hearted ruler, who was always accessible to the most humble of his subjects, and was dearly beloved by them. He frequently mingled with the people, delighting to walk and ride about among them. On such occasions he was plainly dressed, so that no one suspected that he was the Emperor.

Franz stepped to the carriage door, and taking off his hat, said, humbly, "Kind sir, will you have the goodness to give me a florin?"

"Would not a smaller sum do, my little man?"

"No, sir," replied Franz; and emboldened by the gentleman's kind tone, he narrated to him for what purpose he required a florin.

The Emperor listened attentively, and then handed him the money. He also inquired of him where his mother lived, and questioned him about her circumstances. Pleased with Franz's replies, he then dismissed him, and bade his coachman drive to the given address. On his arrival he wrapped himself well up in his cloak to avoid any possible chance of recognition. Then he ascended the stairs and entered the sick woman's room. She, supposing him to be a physician whom her son had sent, told him of her illness and of her poverty and struggles.

"My good woman," said the Emperor, when she had finished, "I understand your case perfectly. I will now write you a prescription, which I am sure will do you good."

He sat down at the table, and, after writing a few moments, folded up the paper. "When your son comes home he can attend to this."

He had hardly left the house when the door was again opened, and a doctor, followed by Franz, entered the room.

Frau Walldorf was surprised at this second call, and explained to the new comer that a physician had just visited her and had left a prescription on yonder table. The doctor took up the paper to see who had been there and what had been prescribed. He had, however, hardly glanced at it when he uttered an exclamation of surprise, and said: "Madam do you know into whose hands you have fallen? This paper is an order on the treasury for fifty florins, and is signed, 'Joseph.'"

"The Emperor!" shouted Franz, with delight, while his mother invoked blessings on him who had befriended her in her greatest need.

But the Emperor did not stop here. He caused inquiries to be made about Frau Walldorf and her family, and was informed that her husband had been an officer in his father's army, and had served with distinction through the Seven Years' War. In one of the last engagements he had fallen on the field of battle while gallantly charging a battery. On learning this the Emperor at once gave directions that her wants should be thereafter provided for, and that Franz's further education should be at his expense.

### A Plucky Lad.

"Yes," said a kind-faced old gentleman, "I have tenants of all sorts, but the one that I like best is a child not more than ten years of age."

"A child?" everyone asked.

"Yes, a little boy. A few years ago I got a chance to buy a piece of land over on the west side at reasonable figures, and did so. I noticed that there was an old coop of a house on it, but I paid no attention to it. After awhile a man came to me and wanted to know if I would rent it to him. I told him it wasn't fit to live in but he said he would fix it up if I would let him have it cheap."

"Well," I said "You can have it. Pay me what you think it is worth to you."

"The first month he brought me \$2 and the second month a little boy who said he was this man's son, came with \$3. After that I saw the man once in a while, but in the course of time the boy paid the rent regularly, sometimes \$2 and sometimes \$3. One day I asked the boy what had become of his father."

"He's dead sir," was the reply. "Is that so?" said I. "How long since?"

"More'n a year," he answered.

"I took his money, but made up my mind that I would go over and investigate; and I drove over there. The old shed looked quite decent. I knocked at the door and a little girl let me in. I asked for her mother. She said she didn't have any."

"Where is she?" said I. "We don't know sir. She went away after my father died and we've never seen her since."

"Just then a little girl about twelve years of age came in, and I learned that these three children had been keeping house together for a year or a half, the boy supporting his two little sisters by blacking boots and selling newspapers, and the elder girl managing the house and taking care of the house. Well, I just had my daughter call on them, and we keep an eye on the n now. The next time the boy came with the rent I talked with him a little and then said:

"My boy, you're a brick. You keep right on as you have begun and you'll not be sorry. Keep your little sisters together and never leave them. Now, look at this."

I showed him a ledger on which I had entered up all the money that he had paid me for rent, and told him it was all his with interest. "You keep right on," says I, "and I'll be your banker, and when this amounts to a little more I'll see that you get a house of your own somewhere. That's the kind of a tenant to have."

#### Who is the Owner?

BY ALICE M. KELLAGE.

A pleasant way for a party of young people to entertain themselves at an informal gathering is for them to try and distinguish each other by seeing the eyes alone.

Pin a shawl across the doorway about five feet from the floor. Cut two holes in a large sheet of wrapping paper, or a newspaper will answer the same purpose, which will show the eyes distinctly, but will not expose any other part of the face.

If any one present possesses a talent for drawing, the paper, which is to serve as a mask, could be further decorated with a mouth and nose put on with a brush dipped in India ink. This will add to the grotesque appearance, which the shawl, surmounting the mask, will present. Eyebrows might also be painted.

When the paper is pinned above the shawl, the company should be divided into two parties, one to remain in the room as spectators and guessers, the other to go behind the scenes (otherwise the shawl has performers. If there are over a half dozen of the latter, a line should be formed, the one at the head stands behind the mask so that his eyes are distinctly seen by those in the room, and another of the performers adds, "Who is the owner?"

If a correct response is given, the performers clap their hands. The one who has taken his turn goes to the feet of the line, and number two takes his place behind the screen. After a time the parties change places, and the fun is renewed.