For the Young Folks

Good Short Stories for Boys and Girls. Interesting and Instructive Reading for the Heirs to This Republic—Incident and Anecdote Worth the While to Read About.

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THE BOY WHO'S always wishing
That this or that might be,
But never tries his mettle,
Is the boy that's bound to see
His plans all come to failure,
His hopes end in defeat,
For that's what comes when wishing
And working fail to meet.

The boy who wishes this thing
Or that thing with a will
That spurs him on to action,
And keeps him trying still,
When effort meets with failure,
Will some day surely win,
For he' works out what he wishes,
And that's where "luck" comes in!

—Sei.

Oddities of Wild Animals.

"People who live near the haunts of wild animals see a good many strange sights if they are watchful," said a woodsman. "Our folks once had a stumpy lot with woods on three sides of it. The field had been seeded to clover, and fifteen or twenty woodchucks dug holes in the ground and lived high and in peace till a bear got in the habit, along in July, of stealing out of the woods just before sunset every day, crouching in the tall clover and pouncing on a wood chuck, while it was getting its supper. Father wouldn't shoot the bear because its fur was good for nothing then, and he wanted it to thin out the wood chucks. When the bear killed a number of woodchucks and carried them into the woods, a wise old woodchuck in the upper end of the field began to smell a rat, and whenever the bear stole out of the timber, the cunning old woodchuck would sit by its hole and whistle like everything to warn the other woodchucks of the bear's presence. Then he and all the woodchucks in the lot would scoot into their holes, and the bear would slouch back into the woods looking sheepish.

"When the alert old woodchuck had played that trick on bruin a few times the bear went to thinking, we thought, for at noon one hot day we saw the bear shamble out of the woods and climb up a tree just above the cute old woodchuck's burrow. Not a single woodchuck was in sight and that made us wonder what the bear was up to. The bear stayed in the tree all the afternoon, and just before sundown we saw the cute old woodchuck crawl out of its hole and take a survey of the field. He didn't see the bear, and pretty soon he scampered off some distance from his hole, and began to

nibble contentedly. No sooner had the woodchuck started to eat his supper than the bear let himself drop from the limb. It landed near the hole, got its feet in a second and lay flat in the clover. The woodchuck heard the thud and scampered for his hole, and the cunning bear nabbed him and squeezed him to death in a hurry. With the wise woodchuck out of the way, the bear had smooth sledding, and before the end of August it killed every woodchuck in the lot."

Crows Outwit a Farmer and Get a Dinner.

"Crows are so fond of eggs that you can play some amusing tricks on them," writes a well-known Illinois farmer. "One summer I placed a studded porcupine in a field, spread a little straw over it, and stuck some hen's eggs onto the quills. A crow soon spied the eggs from a treetop, and flew down to get one. It lit on the ground near by, and then it flitted up and settled down on the straw, but it hopped off very suddenly, looked sideways at the eggs, and scratched around as if its feet didn't feel exactly natural.

"The crow tried again, got its feet pricked and flew back to the tree, where it sat silently till two more crows got fooled in the same way, when it began to coo and chuckle as if it was laughing at them. Then the two joined him and the three sat on the tree till two more got their soles pricked, when the five went squalling away to the woods. The next morning I noticed a big flock of crows flying back and forth from the woods to the porcupine. Finally they all disappeared, and I found that the black scamps had outwitted me, for they had piled up a lot of twigs on the quills, and on them the cunning crows had got a foothold, stuck their bills into the eggs and carried them off.

"One spring I fed the crows on chopped frogs till the corn got well up, and by so doing kept them out of the cornfield. I scattered the frogs in a field next to the corn lot, and the crows soon got so that they watched for me to come with the fodder. When I had fed them a few times a lot of kingbirds got in the habit of following me to the feeding ground. They lit on the trees, and when the crows settled down to eat the king birds whaled them back to the woods, where they kept shady till the kingbirds went home."

A Christian Hero.

The heroic example of Gustavus Adolphus was recently called by a contemporary in connection with the centenary celebrations lately observed in his honor in many lands. The noble deeds of this great hero are as inspiring today as they have ever been. The picture which historians draw, representing the king and his warriors on one occasion in straits and difficulties out of which no way seemed clear, kneeling with uncovered heads and pleading for God's help and guidance, reveals one element of his power.

Akin to it is the power of his prayer uttered on the morning of the battle of Lutzen, in which he was slain: "O Jesus, help me to fight this day for the glory of thy name." When this prayer was offered, and Luther's great hymn, "Ein' feste Burg," had been sung by the entire army, the command was uttered, "In the name of Jesus, forward, march!" An example of this heroic type has a strange reduplicative power; from age to age its embodied ardor and faith and courage will quicken the souls of countless multitudes of struggling men and women.

Caught a Big Garfish.

H. Lutz, while fishing in Lake Marie recently, caught the largest garfish ever captured in that lake. It measured forty-one inches and had a bill seven inches long. He says:

"I was casting with a steel rod and live frog, and had about fifty feet of line out, when the fish took the bait with a yank. I at once began to play him, and attempted to land him, but he pulled like a horse, and in his struggles jumped repeatedly as high out of the water as four or five feet. I thought several times that my line was a 'goner,' but determined to land him it took all day. After a hard and exhausting fight of an hour and a half tied him and got him to the side of the boat, where my chum managed to finally land him with the aid of a gaff hook and landing net. He proved to be a huge garfish, the largest ever caught in those waters. I have had trouble in landing catches before, but never anything to approach this fellow's resistance. I was several times forced to play out all my line, and to hold on to the gunwale of the boat to save myself from going over."

Polly Got Even with the Old Man

A New Bedford man whose niece had coaxed him to buy a parrot succeeded in getting a bird that was warranted a good talker. He brought it home, and, after putting it in a cage, stood before it and said: "Say uncle, Polly!" The bird did not respond, and after repeating the sentence a dozen times or more with no better success, the uncle put his hand into the cage, and grabbing the bird by the neck shook him until his head wabbled around, all the time yelling to him: "Say uncle, goll darn you: say uncle!" The bird looked limp and lifeless, and, disgusted with his purchase, the old fellow took the parrot in the yard, where he had a coop of thirty chickens. Thrusting the half dead bird in with the chickens, he exclaimed: "There, by gosh! You'll say uncle before you get out!" Next morning the uncle went out to see how the parrot was getting on. Looking into the coop he counted twenty-nine dead chickens, and in the center of the coop stood the parrot on one foot, holding the thirtieth by the neck and shaking it till its head wabbled, and screaming: "Say uncle, goll darn yer; say uncle!"

Tabby Swam Back to the Kittens.

Albert Stetson, who has been superintending the unloading of the Washtenaw, is telling cat stories along the water front, says the San Francisco Chronicle. On the steamer Saturn there was for a long time a black cat that was the pet of the seamen. When the Saturn was last in port she went every day to the dock, where she had installed a litter of kittens among the freight. The Saturn left the dock a few days ago on the way to Liverpool, the mother on board. The kittens were on the wharf. The steamer got about 200 yards away from the pier when the mother realized that a parting was taking place, and that her kittens would be left to starve if she did not do something. So she sprang into the cold waters and swam back to the wharf. She climbed up a pile, dripping wet, and dashed for her babies. The freight clerks took her and her kittens to the Washtenaw, where they have quarters in the captain's cabin.

Companions in Mischief.

A dog and a horse owned by Col. Willis J. Hulings, at Oil City, are inseparable companions. The horse has learned to pick and untie all sorts of knots, and unless the door is fastened with a padlock it is impossible to keep him in the stable during the present hot weather. This trait gives the dog much trouble, for the horse pays no attention to his barking or sharp nippings, but keeps trespassing on the colonel's lawn or that of his neighbor without discrimination. After trying by all manner of stratagems to get the horse back into the stable where he belongs, the dog will give up the job in disgust, rush into the house, and by barking or dragging at the dress of some of the women members of the family entice them to the window or yard, and as plain as if told in words, show that the horse is in mischief.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Knew Him by His False Teeth.

Policeman John Roebuck and Edward Goggin travel beats in the vicinity of the Illinois Central's Thirty-ninth street station, says Chicago Record. At 2:30 o'clock yesterday morning they saw the light usually kept burning in the ticket office go out. On looking through the window of the station they saw a man with a lighted match in his hand examining the front of the safe. He had a coupling pin. Just at that moment a heavy freight train thundered by, and the man proceeded to smash the combination with the coupling pin. He struck several blows, when the policemen entered and seized him. The safe contained $4,000. The burglar was taken to the Hyde Park station, where Lieut. Lavin recognized him by his false teeth as Henry Stone, alias "Mouthy John," an old-time thief.

Violent Commotion in Lake Michigan.

Glen E. Balch, assistant engineer of the United States Lake Survey, returned a few days ago from Batchewana Island, isolated and uninhabited, on the north shore of Lake Superior, sixty miles west of this city, says a Sault Ste. Marie special. He reports finding on that island such an upheaval as might have been caused by an earthquake. He says that the disturbance was on the south side of the island and affected a strip from 200 to 300 feet wide and about 1,200 feet long. It also extended several hundred feet into the lake, the rocky bottom of which was elevated out of the water. On the shore the earth was thrown up into a series of great ridges, trees were torn up by the roots and broken to pieces, while everything visible showed the effects of some mighty force. Mr. Balch is confident that it was of recent occurrence, the appearance of the broken rocks at the water's edge warranting this conclusion.

Both Equal to the Occasion.

A well-to-do gentleman of middle age said to me several days ago: "Do you know that I had rather shell green peas than do almost anything else? My wife says that it demoralizes the servants to have me do it, but I am not living for the servants.

"The other day I sat down on our back porch with a pan of my favorite vegetables in my lap, and was enjoying myself in great shape, far from the madding crowd, for my wife had some swell callers.

"All of a sudden I heard a woman's voice say: —

"'Oh, I must see your cute back yard; I've heard so much of it.'

"Then the window flew open and out popped two pretty bonneted heads.

"I turned mine away, and my wife was equal to the occasion.

"'Patrick,' she said, 'you must remember to mow that grass before Mr.——— comes home.'

"'Yis, ma'am,' I replied in my best brogue, and all was well."—Ex.

Queer Legislation by the Shad-Eaters.

One of the most remarkable bills of the session which became law was one which made it unlawful for imbeciles or insane or feeble-minded persons, or those who are deaf or blind, to assume or maintain marital relations, says Hartford Times. After exempting the blind, deaf and dumb from the operation of the law, the bill was passed and became Chapter 325 of the public acts. In looking it over later, it was discovered that it would apply to persons already married, provided they became afflicted with any of the troubles enumerated in the bill. On the last day of the session a supplementary bill was passed to remedy this blunder, so that the law will not apply to persons already legally married.

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The final news story mocks Connecticut's legislature ("shad-eaters" being an old nickname for Connecticut people) for a sloppy marriage law that barred the deaf, "imbecilic," "insane" and "feeble-minded" from marrying, and would have accidentally applied to people already married if they later became afflicted. A second bill fixed the blunder on the session's last day. The piece treats it as a comic drafting error rather than a moral issue, which shows how ordinary eugenic marriage restriction was in the era that led to the sterilization laws, a coercive precursor to today's debate over voluntary embryo screening. Today's debates over genetic selection are largely a different matter, centered on individual families choosing with medical technology rather than the state deciding who may marry or reproduce, and their disputes are about disability, autonomy, and what counts as a good life rather than state-enforced "fitness."

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