OUR YOUNG FOLKS CORNER.

The Last Indian.

Six little Indians sitting in a row,
Outside their warm teepee.
One got up and ran away,
And the others cried, "Whoop-ee!"
Five little Indians played at cards;
One cheated, and was called a liar;
He got mad and climbed a tree;
Then four sat around the fire,
Four little Indians eating meat
From a kettle 'neath a tree;



One fellow swallowed too much bone!
And died, leaving only three,
Three little Indians all wrapped up
In blankets, bright and new:
One rolled down the great steep bank,
Leaving the other two.
Two little Indians out on march,
Going towards the setting sun:
One fell through the river ice!
And then there was but one.
One little Indian all alone
Took a very sudden pain;
He crept into a little hole,
And n'er came out again.

M. W.



CONUNDRUMS.

When is a beefsteak like an uncommon plant?
When rare.
When is a pot of sweetmeats like an old maid?
When they are left over.
Why are staffs of old men like Lent?
Because they are lent on.
What days are like wornout shoes?
Holy ones.

When Sniffles and Toodles Ran Away

(By William Wallace, Jr.)

Sniffles and Toodles were twins. They had the bluest eyes and yellowest hair you ever saw, and their bodies were made of fine kid while their heads, hands and feet were of bisque. Sniffles wore a dainty sailor suit of white serge trimmed with blue braid and brass buttons, and Toodles was glorious in a frock of pink mulle trimmed with white lace. Therefore, you will understand that Sniffles was a boy doll and Toodles a girl doll.

The home of Sniffles and Toodles was a very, very nice one, not to say quite elegant. But the twins grew so tired staying forever in the nursery, where their little mother came during her vacations and holidays to play with them. And they were not the only playthings she had, for the great playroom was crowded with every manner of toy known to toymakers, and as the small mistress of the room was an only child, she had many other interests than those belonging in her nursery. Besides, the little mother of Sniffles and Toodles was getting a bit too old for dolls, for she had been sent away to a private school the year before, and since then had felt herself quite a young lady, although she was but 10 years of age.

And so it was that the twins sighed for change and excitement. Often they looked down from the nursery window into a pretty park that bordered the opposite side of the street and watched with lonely hearts the children playing there. So many little girls came to the park every day, bringing their dollies with them for the air and recreation. Some of the dolls rode in dainty wicker cabs, and this sight caused Sniffles and Toodles to feel the irony of their fate all the keener; for was there not a dear, silk-lined doll cab—bought expressly for them—right there in the room with them? And had it not been several months since they had been taken abroad in it? And was this not enough to make even a doll's heart heavy?

But every lane has a turning point, not to say an end, and Sniffles and Toodles made up their minds to bring their lonely, uneventful life to some change. This decision was reached one cool November day as they lay on the edge of a table and looked out on the gay life of the park and street below. It was Toodles—veritable little Eve, to tempt her brother—who first suggested leaving the home where they had lived even since the first Christmas after they were made in France and brought to this country to be put in a Fifth avenue toy shop.

"Well, Admiral," said Toodles, who always called her brother by that honorable title, owing to his sailor suit, which suggested the navy, "I've been thinking today that it would be worth while for us to leave this dull place. There isn't a child in the house—nor in the block, except the little ones who come from some of the less aristocratic streets to play in the park opposite. Even the grown-ups will soon be going to Europe—or some other place—for the winter. Then here we'll lie in this lonely room till next summer, when our little mother will come in to take a peep at us, kiss us howdy do and then tell us she is too big to play with us longer, but that she loves us dearly in memory of the old days. Then in a few weeks more she'll be gone to the country or seashore with her parents and more loneliness will follow for us."

"Yes, I guess you are about right," acquiesced Sniffles, otherwise the "Admiral." "But as the house is always locked, how are we to get out of it? I'm in for going to some place if we can make our escape."

"Where there's a will there's a way," quoted Toodles. "We'll wait and watch. Tomorrow the maid will come here to put the things in order for the winter, and ten to one she'll leave the nursery door open while she is busy. Then we must slip out while her back is turned. Once we are down stairs in the hall we'll have no difficulty in getting to the street, for the postman will come several times in the afternoon and we must creep out past the butler as he is fingering the mail. You know he is half blind and very curious about the addresses on the envelopes. I've seen him turn the letters over and over, studying the superscriptions and postmarks, leaving the door ajar the while. During one of these pauses of his—and while he is intently spelling out the name on some envelope—we must creep from behind the hall bench, where we shall hide, and gain the street while the door is open for us."

"I'm with you, sister," said Sniffles, otherwise the "Admiral." "I hope the maid will not fail to come tomorrow to do this room and that she will kindly leave the room door open."

On the morrow—true to Toodles' prediction—the housemaid came into the nursery to arrange and put away things for the winter. And—as Toodles had declared she might do—she left the door open into the hall. Scarcely had she began putting away the toys, which lay scattered about on tables and chairs, when Toodles raised a finger to her brother to follow her and slipped from the table on which she lay and made for the door. Sniffles followed quickly and quietly, and within a few moments they were safely behind the great cushioned hall bench, which stood in the shadowy corner near the front door.

After waiting there for an hour or more in almost breathless anxiety Sniffles and Toodles heard the bell ring and saw the butler open the door and take his hands full of letters. As he stood glancing them over—the great door ajar—Toodles crept forth, keeping well in the shadow, and passed right by the old butler's legs out upon the white marble steps. Seeing his sister safe outside Sniffles followed just at the very minute when the butler turned to close the door. But the old fellow's head being elevated in a most dignified fashion, he did not see the pair of small folk who made their exit from his carefully guarded portal.

Once in the street the way was easy for the twins. They ran across to the park that was now almost empty of people, for the fall winds were blowing about very cold. But dolls do not mind the cold unless they are wax; then the low temperature cracks them and spoils their smooth skin.

"I suggest we stop here for a few moments," said Sniffles, jumping upon a rustic bench. "This is the path where all the children come when the wind blows, for the hill yonder and the hedge behind protect this particular spot."

Hardly had Toodles taken her seat behind her brother, the "Admiral," when down the path came trooping two little girls and a little dog at their heels. "Ah," cried one, pointing at Sniffles and Toodles, "someone has left two dolls! Mercy, aren't they l-o-v-e-l-y!"

"Oh, aren't they, just?" answered the second little girl, and even the dog stopped and sniffed at the toes of the twins and wagged his tail in commendation of them. "We mustn't take them though," added the last speaker, "for whoever forgot them will return shortly."

"Yes, but we'd better remain here and keep watch over them or some evil person will carry them off," said the other. So they sat down beside the twins and waited till almost dark. As no one came to claim the dolls, and it was so late that the children must go home, they decided to carry them home and return them to the park the following day, carrying the dolls up and down the paths hunting for their owner. So Toodles and Sniffles soon found themselves the centre of an admiring family. There was the mother and father and big brother to express their pleasure with the dolls. Never had the twins been so happy as in this new home. Here they occupied chairs at the table beside the little ladies who had found them. And at night they were put to bed on a big chair—well covered, too, from the cold—in the room in which the girls slept.

The next day the little girls promenaded the park paths for several hours, going in the morning and again in the afternoon with the dolls in a pretty cab, which they had borrowed from a friend for the purpose. And every child they met they would ask: "Did you lose a doll or dolls in the park yesterday?" To which they always met with a negative answer.

And so they went again and again to the park, day after day, hunting for the owner of Sniffles and Toodles to no avail. After a week had gone by the children's parents told them that they might make up their minds that the dolls had been left by some out-of-town child, and that they would never be claimed. So the little girls danced and clapped their hands with glee, for now Sniffles and Toodles belonged to them. And in the privacy of their bed that night Toodles whispered to Sniffles: "I'm happy now; aren't you, Admiral?" To which the Admiral replied:

"This ship just suits me. There's something doing. I always hated too much riches and aristocracy, anyway. There's no sociability about them."

Then they folded their hands and went to sleep as happy as could be.



Books, books, books, in the library!
Everybody come that will:
Look them over, select what you want,
And read and read your fill.

And after reading to your heart's content,
If the donor of books you'd see,
Search about among the books
And you'll find Andrew Carnegie.

A Favorite Game.

"The game that I love best," said Ned,
"Is dear old gay baseball.
I've never, never played a game
That compares to it at all."
"What's that you say about baseball?"
Asked freckled Sam O'Hare;
"Why, kid, it's not a patchin'
To football—that I'll swear."
"Well, you may have your football,
And baseball, if you choose;"



So spoke young Hank, the scholar,
"But o'er neither I enthuse.
"I love the game of old-time chess,
For it shows brain and wit;
And really is the only game
That for gentlemen is fit."
Small Bob was listening to the talk,
And said: "Those games may be
The ones you fellers like the best,
But playing hookey just suits me."

HELENA DAVIS.



LETTER ENIGMA.

My first is in hand, but not in foot:
My second is in angel, but not in crook:
My third is in locket, but not in chain:
My fourth is in luck, but not in gain:
My fifth is in oyster, but not in shell:
My sixth is in whisper, but not in tell:
My seventh is in anger, but not in scold:
My eighth is in age, but not in old:
My ninth helps to form
A word that means gay
Mischief and nonsense
On a certain day.

"Have ye anny ancisters, Mrs. Kelly?" asked Mrs. O'Brien.
"An' what's' ancisters?"
"Why, people you shprung from."

Little Biographies of Big Men.

Henry D. Thoreau, noted American author and philosopher, was born July 12, 1817, on a small farm owned by his maternal grandmother near Concord, Mass. His father, John Thoreau, was a "quiet little man, unobtrusive, deaf and minding his own business." But the same could not be said of his mother, who was exceedingly talkative and given to gossip, sometimes of a malicious sort; a woman who took part in the village bickerings with great relish, and who was "master" of affairs in her own home, her husband gently retiring to the background to give her full sway.

When Henry Thoreau was three months old he was christened, and it was a boast of his mother's that he sat upright during the ceremony, never crying once. Although as he grew up a fun-loving, lively little chap, he, nevertheless, became so serious and contemplative at times when in his tenth year that he was called "Judge."

It is not claimed for him that he was over-devoted to his studies, but when at school he was a conscientious pupil, remembering everything he read, and becoming at the age of 16 capable of entering college. While at college his expenses — which were very moderate, indeed, as compared to the college boy's expenses of today—were paid partly by his father, partly by his aunts and his sister Helen, the latter being a young school teacher, and partly by his own exertions, for during the summer he taught school, laying up his earnings to help him through the following college term. He also shared in the beneficiary funds of the college, though the sums he received from that source were modest, indeed.

At the age of 20 he graduated from Harvard, not "with honors," but with "a good name among his classmates, and a high reputation for general scholarship." During his senior year he tells us in his diary that during the summer (1836) he "went to New York with father, peddling."

In 1838—at the age of 21—Thoreau made a journey to Maine for the purpose of seeking employment as teacher in some school. He carried with him a recommendation of worth from his pastor, Dr. Ripley, and one also from Ralph Waldo Emerson. A copy of the certificate from the latter is given here.

"I cordially recommend Mr. Henry D. Thoreau, a graduate of Harvard University in August, 1837, to the confidence of such parents or guardians as may propose to employ him as an instructor. I have the highest confidence in Mr. Thoreau's moral character and in his intellectual ability. He is an excellent scholar, a man of energy and kindness, and I shall esteem the town fortunate that secures his services.

"R. WALDO EMERSON.

"Concord, May 2d, 1838."

But the young man's journey to Maine ended in disappointment, and he returned to his home—Concord—where he soon appeared as a lecturer before the Concord Lyceum. And there he remained — with the exception of occasional visits away on business or to visit old friends—to the end of his life.



HENRY D. THOREAU.

Age and Origin of Games

Chess, the most ancient and intellectual of games, is generally supposed to have originated with the Hindoos, and its age is about 1,000 years.

Billiards is claimed by some to have originated in the Far East, while others declare the game can be traced to the English, and that it is first cousin to the game of bowls. The first person to give form and rule to the game was Henrique Devigne, who lived in the reign of Charles IX.

Football came into England with the Romans, and is older than the English national game of cricket. It is played in many parts of the world, having been one of the most popular games with the Greeks.

Polo has, from prehistoric times, been a favorite game in the eastern countries, the Persians, Turks and Tartars engaging in the pastime with great zeal. In China and Japan there is a game closely resembling the Persian sport, but going by a different name.

AN ECONOMICAL MAID.

She dyed her white merino gown
A hideous pea green,
According to directions in
A ladies' magazine.
She cut it over carefully
By paterns strange and new,
Presented as a supplement
With the Chambermaid's Review.

She took a basket made of straw,
(The papers told her how),
And bent it up across her hair
And down across her brow.
With pink crepe raner roses gay
She trimmed it stylishly,
The hat resembled when complete
A lamp shade on a spree.

"Ten cents for paper, ten for dye,
And five for wire," she cried,
"Are all they cost me," and she viewed
Her handiwork with pride.
But when she wore it on the street,
They sent this maiden vain,
Unto an institution for
The hopelessly insane.

—Minna Irving, in The New York Times.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The first iron to be found in America was discovered in North Carolina in the year 1585. The first attempt at its manufacture was in Virginia in 1619.

Rats form a large part of the diet for the mandarins, selling in Canton for 50 cents a dozen. The Cantonese also relish dogs' hindquarters, which bring a higher price than lamb.

I suppose it was a perfectly lovely wedding?"

"Yes. The bride's mother went all through the ceremony, the table with the presents on upset, breaking all the cut glass things, and Joe Walton stepped on Sue Madison's train, nearly tearing it off. I never enjoyed a wedding more in my life, and I just knew when Gertie chose Sue instead of me for her maid of honor some such thing would happen."

Tommy's and Myrtle's Automobile Ride.

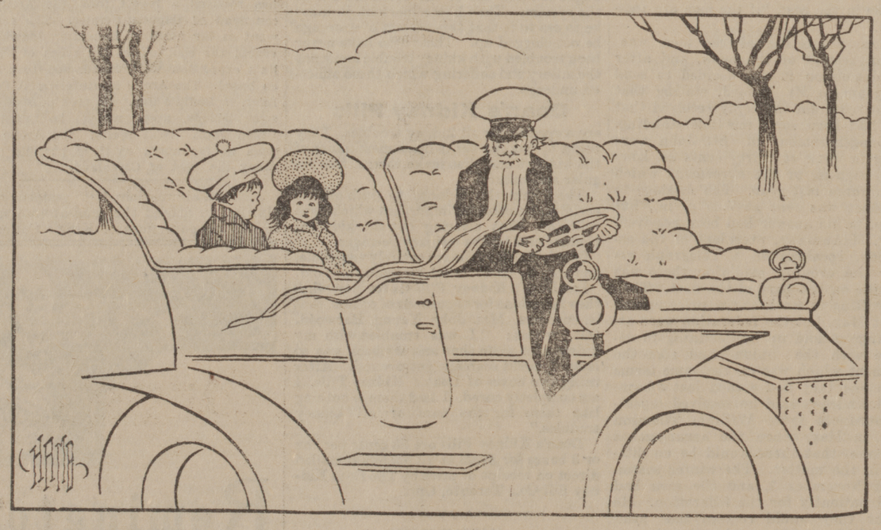
BY MAUD WALKER.

Tommy and Myrtle were very happy, indeed. Their papa had brought home a wonderful automobile, all painted a rich dark red and having the most luxurious seats one ever sat upon. And how the great monsterlike vehicle did "chu, chu and chug, chug, chug," as it started to go. And how loudly the horn did "toot, toot, toot," and 'honk, honk, honk," as they came near a corner or started round a curve. This was to warn all persons within its track that it was coming.

On the very first day that they had the automobile Tommy and Myrtle went with their papa and mamma for a long ride into the country. The sun shone bright and warm—one of those fall sunshines which makes one drowsy and a bit lazy—and a soft wind was stirring the leafless trees along the roadway. Before they had gone ten miles Myrtle and Tommy were nodding, their eyes seeming determined to close in spite of their mother's voice telling them to sit up and enjoy the scenery along the beautiful highway. But Tommy and Myrtle could no longer hold their own against the Sand Man, who kept blowing sand into their eyes to make them go shut. And after one's eyes are shut one might as well go to sleep, for what can one see without open eyes? So Tommy and Myrtle—sitting together in the back seat—decided to take a nap before reaching the town, some ten miles further on, where they were to stop for luncheon.

But hardly had Tommy and Myrtle lost themselves in the land of Nod when of a sudden the automobile came to a stop, their papa jumped out and assisted their mamma to the ground. Then he said to Tommy and Myrtle: "You little ones just keep your seats, for mamma and I are just going down over this bank to gather some autumn leaves."

Tommy, still very drowsy, nodded his head and said: "Yes, papa, we'll sit perfectly still while you are gone." Then he rested his head abainst the cushion back and prepared to fall asleep again. Myrtle was still snoozing away beside him. After sleeping what seemed a long time to the children they awoke to find their parents still absent from the automobile, which was saying 'chu, chu, chu," as though about to start. Then, to the children's amazement, they saw sitting in the



"So away we'll go and sup with the man in the moon tonight."

chauffeur's place—the seat that their papa occupied—a queer little old man with a long beard and sparkling eyes. He had turned round and was looking at them with a merry twinkle in his eyes, while a smile broadened his toothless mouth. He was so small that only his head showed above the back of the seat he occupied. So the children could not see what sort of a body he had, if, indeed, he had any at all.

"Well, how would you like a ride to the moon?" asked the strange individual, still smiling in the children's faces. "We can get there before dark if we go at a good speed. It's all nonsense for people to think they can't go to the moon—or any other planet they choose to visit. So if you say so we'll go to the moon."

'But our papa and mamma," faltered Tommy, while Myrtle seemed on the point of crying out with fear.

"Your papa and mamma be hanged," laughed the funny old man. "They don't know anything about driving an automobile. I've been chief chauffeur to the King of Mars and the man in the moon, and I know what speed means. So, away we'll go and sup with the man in the moon to night, going tomorrow to Mars in time for dinner, if you say so."

Before either of the children could speak the automobile was going down the road at a terrific speed, the dust flying in a cloud about it. At a sharp curve the machine almost went over, which made the old man cry out and laugh wildly. Then he rose and stood on his knees on the seat, and the frightened children could see that he was a hunchback, and almost a dwarf. His clothing was smeared with mud and grime, and showed that he had been walking through bad roads. Scraps of grass and dead leaves clung to his back, and Tommy thought he must have been sleeping on the ground.

But it was little the frightened children thought about the appearance of their strange chauffeur, for their lives were in danger they knew. The automobile was running at a speed that took their breath at times, and Tommy clung to the side of the seat to keep from being thrown out, while Myrtle clung to him.

"Oh, oh," wailed Myrtle, when she could get her breath to articulate, "I'm sure we'll be killed; I'm sure we'll be killed! Oh, why did papa and mamma get out of here and leave us—"

But the wind took her breath, and she did not finish her poor little wail. Tommy, pale and too scared to try to speak, sat holding onto the seat for dear life, his heart beating wildly in his breast.

"One thousand miles more and we'll be on the moon's great highway, leading straight to the palace of the Old Man in the Moon," shrieked the chauffeur, turning round to let the children catch his words. "Holy Smoke and burning cinders! but we are going some," he went on, again cackling and screaming with delight.

They were now in a road which led up a long and very steep hill, and the automobile panted furiously at the extra work it had to accomplish. Then the little, old man became talkative, turning in his seat so that he might face the children. "Have you anything in here to eat?" he asked, smiling still till his toothless gums were exposed in a most hideous way.

Then a thought came to Tommy, one which he immediately used.

"Yes, we have a fine luncheon of chicken and cake, but it is in a basket tied under the machine. If you get out and look underneath, you'll find it. Then well all have a nice little feast out here on the road."

"I'll do that, my friends," said the old man. "I'm hungry enough to eat a pair of baked children, if nothing else was to be had." And he laughed in a most diabolical manner as he said this. Then, just as they reached the top of the hill he brought the machine to a standstill, jumping out to get the basket of luncheon. "Right back under the machine," directed Tommy, rising as he spoke and pointing toward the rear end of the automobile. The old man went down on all fours, hunting for the basket, and the moment he did so Tommy leaped over the back of the front seat and took charge of the machine. This was his first ride in their own machine, but often he had ridden with his uncle, who had taught him the way to start and stop the automobile in case he should ever need to know. So, before Myrtle could ask what he intended doing, or the old man could get up from his stooping posture, Tommy had the automobile spinning down the slow grade of the opposite side of the hill, and was keeping it pretty well steered in the middle of the road. Never once did he look behind him to see what their chauffeur was doing, but Myrtle glanced back from time to time to see the poor old cripple running feebly after them, frantically waving his arms for them to stop, his mouth open and his beard and hair blowing about his face.

Within a few minutes, however, Tommy saw coming down toward them a farmer's wagon, and knowing they were now so far away from the old man that he could not overtake them before the farmer should come up, he slowed down the machine, fearing some accident should he go on at his present speed with the wagon coming toward them.

As the farmer drove up opposite the automobile, Tommy brought it to a stop and, holding up his hand to the man, said: "Excuse me, Mister, but will you give me a little assistance in a matter of great importance?"

The farmer drew in the reins of his slow-going horses and looked at the occupants of the great touring auto with much surprise. Without answering Tommy's question, he asked one for himself. "Waal, I'll be durned! What you little chaps doin' in that infernal thing by yourselves?"

The man's question was just the thing needed, and Tommy very glibly told all about the cause of the present predicament. Then, to the children's horror, the man said: "Why, that little old man escaped from the insane asylum two days ago, and the whole county is being scoured for him. I'll just drive along and get him and let him have a free ride to town." So saying, the farmer started his horses at a trot, and within a few minutes Tommy and Myrtle saw him stop and take the lunatic—against his will — into his wagon and drive on towards town with him.

"Well, I guess if I could come this far without accident I can take the machine back to where we left papa and mamma," said Tommy, turning the automobile around.

About half an hour later, as they went sailing around a curve in the road, they saw, to their great happiness, their parents coming as fast as they could in a small top buggy, which they explained they borrowed at a farmhouse that they might overtake their children, for they had seen from where they were gathering the autumn leaves the little hunchback approach the automobile and jump in, and before they could climb the steep bank which led to the road they saw to their consternation the machine speeding madly away.

"Well, this is all the auto ride I want today," said the children's mamma, as she sat in the back seat of the machine between the children, her arms encircling both. "I never spent such an hour of suspense in my life as this past hour has been."

"Well, what do you suppose we felt—behind a crazy man, who had his hands on the lever—if wou were so uneasy?" laughed Tommy.

"We felt that we were to sup with the old man in the moon," said Myrtle, dryly, suppressing a smile. "And tomorrow we were to dine on Mars. Just think of the disappointment of our chauffeur when he has to return to his room in the asylum and postpone his engagements with people of other worlds! It's really too bad." And everybody laughed, now that the danger was over; and, tying the horses behind the auto, they proceeded merrily homeward, all thankful that Tom's and Myrtle's auto ride had ended so well.



The Coming Game.

"Do you play skat?" is now the correct thing, and everything, and everyone seems anxious to know something about the new candidate for public favor as the fashionable game of cards for the coming winter. In "Foster's Skat Manual" just published by McClure, Phillips & Co., we are told that while skat is of German origin, it has been so much improved since its adoption by Americans that the Germans themselves are now following out our ideas for counting and our rules for play. The elements of skat were brought together in the Tarok Club in Altenburg, at the beginning of the last century, but little or nothing is now left of the original game. Any number from three to six can play but only three take part in the actual play of the cards on each deal. The thirty-two card pack is used, and ten cards are given to each player, two being laid aside for the skat. Instead of allowing the dealer to name the trump, as at bridge, the players bid against one another for the privilege, and the successful bidder is opposed to the two other players. He can pick out a suit in his own hand, or he can turn up one or other of the skat cards to determine the trump, or he can take both those cards into his hands, and then declare. Instead of trying to win the majority of the tricks, as at bridge, the object is to get the majority of the 120 points that the faces of the cards are worth. Judging from the illustrative hands in the "Skat Manual," the game is quite as scientific as bridge, if not more so, and much more amusing.

