

OUR JUVENILES.

Spinning.

A spider was swinging herself in glee
At his throat a bright ruby gleamed;
A dove came rustling up from the sea,
And fanned her beautiful brow.
She hung, it is true, with her pretty head down,
But her brain was as cool as you please;
The fashion quite suited the cut of her gown,
And she could look up in the trees.

She saw where a humming-bird lighted down,
At his head was a gold and emerald crown,
And sat on a bough and dreamed,
The spider ran up on her silver thread,
And looked in the little king's face;
"If I may sit by your feet," she said,
"I'll spin you some beautiful lace."

The humming-bird looked in her shining eyes,
And then at her humble feet,
And said to himself, "I have found a prize,
She is a dove, and a dove is a dove,
You may sit by my side if it pleases you well,"

Said she, "the summer time through;
And since you spin on a noiseless wheel,
I'll do the spinning for you."

—Our Young Folks.

The Grand Spectacular and the First Customer.

One Saturday, the cousins were on the square playing marbles, when they saw a farm-wagon passing with ever so many baskets of strawberries.

"How do you sell your strawberries?" Wyatt called. The man did not hear, but went rattling on.

"Ho, there!" shouted Snaps; "what's the price of your berries?"

Both boys now ran after the farmer, calling for him to stop, which he did after a time.

"Twenty cents the basket," replied the farmer, lifting the grape-leaves from one basket and another of the scarlet beauties. "Just picked this morning," he added.

The boys climbed upon the wheels, and looked longingly at the fruit.

"Let you have three baskets for half-a-dollar."

"What'll you take for the lot?"

"Well, let's see," said the farmer; but, instead of seeing, he shut his eyes up close, and bent his forehead on his hand. "They're thirty-five baskets, I'll let you have the hull my man for four dollars, seein' it's you; that's less'n a shillin' in the basket. That's dreadful cheap, an' I wouldn't let ye have um for no such money if ye was men an' women. But bein' ye're boys, ye kin take um. Ye kin easy git twenty-two cents the basket. I'd git that if I had time to wait on the sales; but, ye see, I want to git back to him."

"Say we take 'em," said Wyatt.

"All right," was Snaps' answer.

Then the subject of the baskets came up; so the boys promised solemnly to leave them, when emptied, at Mr. Nodler's grocery, where the farmer would call for them. Then Wyatt ran over to the savings bank, to draw the money.

Well, the money was paid, and the strawberries were delivered on the sidewalk. After discussing matters, the boys agreed, in the first place, to eat each a basket of the berries. They decided to set up a stand on the corner of the square for the sale of the remainder. Wyatt borrowed one chair from his father's office, which was near at hand, and another from his mother's kitchen, which was quite removed.

The speculators borrowed a plank; this resting on the chairs, made the stand for the baskets. These were speedily put in artistic and tempting array. Then the boys wiped their hands and faces, combed their hair with their fingers, touched up their neck-ties, straightened themselves up, and made ready for the rush of customers, with which they would be assailed. They sauntered about the plank, sniffing at the berries, occasionally eating one, looking in and up and down the street for customers. A half hour went slowly by.

"Yonder comes Billy Barlow," said Snaps. "I'll bet he'll want to trade his old barlow-knife for some berries. He's been tryin' for a year to get somebody to trade something or other for that old broken-bladed, rickety knife."

Billy Barlow's right name was Willi-on-Williams, but, as Snaps had said, he had a barlow-knife. It was the only thing in the world over which he had undisputed control. The one blade was broken and the rivets were loose. But Billy ever had it on display, and was ever trying to trade it for any conceivable boy-property. Hence his schoolmates had given him the name of Billy Barlow.

"Why, what sights of strawberries!" exclaimed B. B. "Are they your'n?" and he ran his hungry eye up and down the double line of baskets.

"Of course, they're ours," replied Snaps, with quiet superiority.

"Goin' to sell 'em!"

"Of course," said Snaps, in like superiority. "We didn't buy them to give away," he added, by way of forestalling a possible request.

"How much are they?" asked Billy Barlow, with his hand in his ragged pocket.

"Twenty cents a basket," and then Snaps winked at Wyatt, as much as to say, "Look out for the barlow-knife."

"That's what I ask for a knife I've got," said B. B., rummaging around for the said article, amid the balls and strings, and marbles and slate-pencils which a boy's pocket is sure to hold.

"Here 'tis," he said, directly holding out the knife before Snaps' eyes.

"I've seen it before," said Snaps coolly, looking down the street.

"I'll swap it for one of them baskets of strawberries."

"I don't think you will," Wyatt answered.

"It's a first-rate knife," said B. B., with the sad light of disappointment in his eyes.

Snaps whispered a few words in the ear of his partner.

"All right," Wyatt answered aloud.

"Look here, Barlow," Snaps said;

"I don't want your knife—I wouldn't give it to pocket-room. You've tried to trade it to every boy in this town. We're all tired hearing that old barlow. Now, if you'll throw it as far as you can send it, we'll give you a basket of berries."

"It's a bargain," said Billy Barlow.

He placed himself in position, and threw the knife half-way across the square.

"All right; take your basket," Snaps said, with a good feeling at his heart.

Billy walked down one side of the plank and up the other. Then he picked out the basket which seemed the nearest and said to have the largest, ripest berries.

ries. With this he walked off in the direction in which his knife had gone. A few days after, he was discovered trying to it to a little girl for a half stick of liquorice. —From "How it Went," St. Nicholas for October.

The Postoffice of Dovecot Square.

The young folks of Dovecot Square wanted a postoffice, and one pleasant afternoon they all gathered on Alice Brown's steps to talk the matter over. Zack Brown elected himself Chairman of the meeting by taking possession of a red chair on the verandah, and calling out "Order!" in a very loud tone. The rest of the children were seated on the steps, except Johnny Snow, who mounted onto one of the flat gate-posts.

"Order!" cried the Chairman, again, and all were quiet.

"As many as want a postoffice," he continued, "hold up their right hands."

And hands, right and left, went up with a will.

"It's a vote," said Jack. "Now, where shall it be in the next question?"

"Under our steps," said one.

"On the lamp-post," said another.

Ladies and gentlemen, all listen to Morris," interrupted Chairman Zack.

And Morris Clark, the largest boy, went on to tell his plan.

"Let us have a box fastened just inside Zack Brown's gate. A wooden box will be the best, and it must have a hole in the top for the letters to go in."

"May I speak?" said Edith Snow.

"Miss Snow has the floor," says the Chairman.

"I can get a box just right for that. It has a sliding cover, and one of the boys can cut a hole in the top."

"My new knife is as sharp as a razor," answered Charley Green. "And I will do it."

"All right, Green," replied Zack.

"We must have a Postmaster," cried Johnny, from his high seat.

"And a Postmistress," whispered Eliza Smith.

"And a Postmistress," repeated Morris Clark, in a loud tone.

"I think Dick Draper would be a good one," said Edith.

"Dick Draper is named for Postmaster—no master," said Chairman Zack.

"Who shall be mistress?"

"Hattie Hall," shouted Charley Green.

"All who want Dick and Hattie raise their right hands!" cried the boy in the red chair.

Up they went again, left and right.

"We shall need postage-stamps," said Alice.

"I'll print 'em," screamed Johnny, from the gate post, "with my press."

"Johnny Snow has the contract for stamps," remarked Speaker Zack, in a disguised manner: "pay twenty-five pins. The stamps will be sold at the office at the usual rates," he continued.

"Order!" cried the Chairman. "Order!"

But it was too late. Order was gone and the meeting broke up in confusion.

But the postoffice was a success. Edith went home for the box, and Charley whittled a long, narrow hole in the cover, with his sharp knife. Zack found a skate-strap and fastened the box firmly to the post of the gate. The Postmistress's office hours were from three to four, and the Postmaster's from four to five in the afternoon. Letters could be dropped in at any time, but could only be taken out when the keeper was there.

Here the meeting became noisy.

"Order!" cried the Chairman. "Order!"

It was a busy week in Dovecot Square while the postoffice fever lasted, and many letters were sent and received.

The third day, when the excitement was at its height, Edith Snow had ten letters.

To one of them there was no real name. Signed to, and so it will be copied here.

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