

SOME LITTLE FOXES.

Among my tender vines I spy
A little fox, named "By-and-By."

Then set upon him, quick, I say:
The swift young hunter "knight away."

Around the tender vines I plant
I find the little fox, "I can't."

Then fast as ever hunter ran,
Chase him with bold and "I can't."

"No use in trying," says and whines,
This fox among my tender vines.

Then drive him low, and drive him high,
With that good hunter, named "I'll try."

Among the small vines in my lot,
Creeps a young fox, "Oh, I forgive."

Then hunt him out, and to his den,
With "I will not forget again."

The little fox that's hidden there,
Among my vines is "I don't care."

Then let "I'm sorry," hunter true,
Chase him afar from vines and you.

What mischief-making foxes, boys,
Are these that steal our grapes and joys?

But, now the hunters' names you know,
Just drive them out, and keep them so.

—Golden Days.

OLD BULL FROG'S CONCERT.

A short distance from the hollow oak
where lived the little white hen was a

huge pine log lying on the bank of
Beaver creek near the water's edge,

and on that log were two hundred and
twenty-five frogs all in a row.

They were Ole Bull Frog's nieces and
nephews, and the very best singers

among his numerous music pupils.
On a stump at the end of the log sat

Ole Bull Frog himself, on a fine new
toad stool which he had borrowed from

one of his cousins for the occasion. All
of his distant relatives—the toads, the

tree-frogs in their silvery jackets,
brown and green rain-frogs, and a large

family of horned frogs from a Texas
prairie—came hopping along to attend

this grand concert given in honor of
the little white hen's birthday. Ole

Bull Frog had gone to an immense
amount of trouble to get it up, too. He

engaged five thousand fire-flies to light
up the place, and there they were flash-

ing on every leaf and twig, while sun-
beams from the boughs overhead

The glow-worms laid their heads
down contentedly and blazed brilliant-

ly. Jack and Jim looked up at the
illuminating spiders and trembled.

"I will take," continued the pro-
fessor, "this occasion to present to you

a new settler in this community."
He pointed to a melancholy rat with

a crooked ear and a bob tail, who was
leaning against the stump.

"My unfortunate friend has recently
lost a part of himself in a fight."

The rat bowed and squeaked:
"Yes, and if any of you can and will

tell me where the villain lives I'll—I'll
punch his eyes out."

"What villain?" demanded the rab-
bit, jumping up and looking belliger-

ent.
"Tom," the yellow cat, replied the

rat.
"O—h, and you are going to punch

Tom's eyes out, are you? You, a lean,
half-starved, slab-sided rat!"

"Order!" called out Ole Bull Frog.
"Mr. Rat is editor of the Rattler, and

must be respected. You must know
that a rat's tail is to a rat what a boy's

right hand is to a boy. With his tail a
rat carried provisions from storeroom

and pantry to his own domicile in the
garret. When he wraps his tail around

a ham bone and leaps from sill to sill
over the garret floor the bone is bound

to follow unless the tail comes off,
which it never does, much to the regret

of the inmates of the house. He works
at night instead of day—not that he is

ashamed of his business, but because
he is less liable to be interrupted. A

tail without a tail is in a bad way to
make a living, and that is why my

friend here has gone into the news-
paper business. I hope you will all

subscribe for the Rattler. He prom-
ises to keep you posted on the crops,

personal matters, society news, and to
make lucid remarks about the weather,

and has his paper full of—"

"Chestnuts!" screamed the rabbit.
"Your insolent scamp!" squeaked the

rat.
"You old humbug!" retorted the

rabbit.
"What I meant to say," said Ole

Bull Frog, "I will leave unsaid, and in
concluding my remarks I will not

apologize for having made a little
speech, for no free born American

objects to a stump speech."
The applause was deafening.

"The concert will now begin."
"High time, too," remarked an old

gray-headed beaver getting sleepy.
"By pupils I divide into three

classes. The seventy-five here on the
right that look as if they had nothing

to do are naturals; the seventy-five on
the left, standing straight and looking

alert, are sharps, and the seventy-five
in the middle that see to flatten them-

selves to the log, are flats—"
And the teacher is a grand swell,"

interrupted the rabbit.
Ole Bull Frog smiled, shook his fid-

dle bow at him, and went on.
"Naturals will now sing, 'Bury me not

in the cold, cold ground.'"
It was sung very sweetly and unaf-

fectedly.
"Flats sing, 'Bury me not in the

deep, deep sea.'"
That, too, was rendered very well.

"The sharps will now 'pull down' on

'Green grow the rushes, O.'"
This last song took so well that it

might have been called for again, but
the audience seemed to be getting tired

"What is that to you, Mr. Crane, and
what have you come for?" demanded

the dog, crept nearer.
"I'll explain my business in a mo-

ment, my friend. Will not some of you
come and shake hands with me, or do

you wait for me to go and shake hands
with you?"

"No, Mr. Crane, we don't want to
shake hands with any such suspicious

character."
At this the crane laughed. At the

same time the dog behind him gave a
bound and a yelp and grabbed the

crane by the neck, when out popped a
fox from the crane's skin and bounded

off as fast as his legs could carry him.
"The mean scamp," said the rabbit,

"to disguise himself as a crane and
come here and fool us, so that he could

grab the little hen or some of the rest
of us."

"Yes," said the dog, dropping the
crane's skin; "I smelt him inside of that

skin, and I thought I had him. The
next time he kills a crane and skins it,

and gets inside the skin and goes
prancing around in the woods he'll find

Mr. Dog at his heels."
"O, I do hope you will get him,

Mr. Dog, if you don't get him he'll
get us some day," said Jim Crow.

"Maybe he wouldn't notice poor little

me," said Jack Daw.
"Indeed, Jack, he'd gobble you up

at one mouthful," said the rabbit.
"Now, my friends," said the dog,

you may sleep in peace to-night; that

fox knows I am around, and he will
not leave his den again soon. The

squirrels may take this skin and feath-
ers for a winter covering. I give it to

them because they were so kind to the
little white hen."

"And what will you give the beavers
for building the little white hen a

house to live in?" asked Jim Crow.
"Wait and see," said the little dog,

and he ran a little way into the wood
and soon came back with a full sack on

his shoulder. "This," said he, "is for
the beavers. It is full of sweet pota-

toes and carrots and turnips and ground-
peas."

The beavers were delighted, and went
home drawing the sack after them. The

squirrels carried the skin, with the
catkins, to their home up the tree.

Jim Crow and Jack Daw flew home
in the bright star light, and the dog

went home with the rabbit to smoke a
pipe and talk over the affairs of the

country.
When all was still, and not a sound

of locust, cricket, or katydid was
heard, Ole Bull Frog came forth again

and, mounting a stump, turned his
guitar and serenaded the little hen in

this romantic strain:
Jocky, ockry, ogy, Ann,

Mulberry was and tarrow tan;
The catkins, to their home up the tree,

Nothing so nice as a little white hen.
JULIA BACON,

In the Old Homestead.

THE CARE OF CARPETS AND MATTING.

If a carpet is wiped over now and
then with a flannel cloth wrung out of

warm water and ammonia (a pail of
water and a tablespoonful ammonia),
it will always look bright. After

wiping dry with a clean cloth, it will
clean and brighten it to wipe it over
with a flannel cloth dipped in high-

"Almirante Condell," and the "Sar-
geante Aldea." Although the cruiser

was under steam, her manoeuvring
power was limited by the fact that she

was in the harbor. The torpedo boats
on entering took up positions on the

bows of the "Magellanes," so that her
heavy guns were useless, and she could

only bring her forward batteries and
her right Hotchkiss gun to bear on her

assailants. The fight is reported to have
been a fierce one. The "Sargeante

Aldea" was nearly blown to pieces, but
not before she had disabled the cruiser's

forward battery. A torpedo fired from
the "Almirante Lynch" was making for

the "Magellanes" bow when it was
diverted by the swell caused by a huge

cannon ball, and finally struck a barque
causing her to sink in a few minutes.

The Government vessels were at length
driven off. They had suffered heavily,

both men and ships; the "Magellanes"
had sixty of her crew wounded and

twenty-two killed; her forward por-
tillery was badly damaged, portions

of her gun carriages were destroyed,
and some of her rigging was carried

away.
The United States cruiser Charleston

was sent in pursuit of the "Etata," the
Chilian cruiser, "Esmeralda," and the

"Etata" herself which succeeded in
reaching Chili in safety notwith-

standing the efforts made to capture her.
She has now been delivered to the

United States war vessels.
The "Esmeralda" was on the watch to

protect the fugitive ship, and it was
feared that, rather than see it captured

she would go into action with the
"Charleston." The latter is a

partially deck-protected cruiser of 3,750
tons displacement, carrying eight

powerful breech-loading guns, besides
four six-pounders and ten machine

guns; the "Esmeralda" is a deck pro-
tected cruiser of 2,810 tons, and her

armament consists of eight breech-load-

ing guns of heavy calibre, and seven
machine guns, so that they would have

been fairly matched.
The view of Valparaiso harbor was

taken prior to the recent naval engage-
ment in which the floating docks were

destroyed by torpedoes.

BEAUTIFY THE HOME.

It is the duty of every one to do
something towards embellishing this

earth upon which we have a transient
home.
A poor man, toiling hard for frugal

fare, will be more than repaid for the
labor that is required to keep the plot

before the door clean and green, and
he will love home the better for the

rose bush which blooms in the yard,
looking up into his eye, as it were,

with gratitude, through its green
leaves and blushing flowers. It was

the work of a half hour to plant it
there, and many a year it will reward

the family with its blossoms.
A man cannot love a rose without

being a better man for that exercise of
love. A child cannot prune and water

it, and watch with affection its swell-

ing buds, without becoming more gen-

tle in character, more refined in feel-

ing, more docile in spirit.
Walter Scott, in one of his graphic

descriptions, represents a Scottish lord
riding by the humble hut of a peasant

who is planting a tree before his door.
He comments him for his taste, ex-

claiming: "When you have nothing
better to do, Jock, be eye sticking out

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

a lie never stops to put on its hat.
Many good sawlogs have knots on

them.
People like to travel in cheerful com-
pany.

The only real giver is the cheerful
giver.
No wealth is real that can be taken

from us.
There is no virtue in doing what you

have to do.
No man can go straight ahead who

looks backward.
Be there a will, and wisdom finds a

way.
None of us is infallible—not even the

youngest.
It takes a good many trials to make

some folks faithful.
The only heavy burdens are those we

try to carry ourselves.
No one can suffer in any good cause

without being a giner.
Faith fears nothing. Faith and trial

are the best of friends.
The nimble dime soon wastes the

slow dollar.
A great many people get into the swim

who can't swim.
There never was a man who was un-

willing to work to-morrow.
The poorest man on earth is the man

who has the fewest trials.
The flax must be broken before its

real strength can be known.
There is a brick in every clod, but it

takes a hot fire to tell it so.
It is better to kill a snake in a clumsy

way than not to kill it at all.
Great victories can be enjoyed by

those who fight great battles.
The man who is true to the best he

knows will do to trust anywhere.
The roots of a tree are of more conse-

quence than its highest branches.
The only people who are discontented

are those who are not doing their whole
duty.
The hardest thing to do is to get peo-

ple to think of the things that concern
them most.
The poorest man is not the one who

has the least, but the one who has the
most wants.
There is nothing for which a man has

to pay so dear as he does for the priv-
ilege of being stingy.
The only reason why sliding down hill

is so nice is because it is such hard work
to pull the sled up.
The beautiful hidden virtues are the

most lovely.
He who will not answer to the rudder

must answer to the rocks.
Many men owe the grandeur of their

lives to their tremendous difficulties.
There is no easy path leading out of

life, and few are the easy ones that lie
within it.
Think not of gratifying thyself, but

consider each day what good thou canst
do to others.
There is no action so slight or humble

but it may be done to a great purpose
and ennobled thereby.
All the while thou livest ill, thou hast

the trouble, distraction, inconveniences
of life, but not the sweets and true use
of it.
True glory takes root, and even spreads.

All false pretences, like flowers, fall to
the ground; nor can any counterfeit last
long.
A flirtation is a smile to-day, a cry

to-morrow and a blush every day there-
after.
The world never knew a man who

was better than his mother thought he
was.
The first snow flake of winter how

significant—and the first white hair!
Life is a long course of mutual educa-

tion which ends but with the grave.
The prayers of a lover are more im-

perious than the menaces of the whole
world.
Above all things always speak the

truth; your word must be your bond
through life.
Lying is the basis of all evil. After

one year of absolute truth crime would
disappear.
Some people spend their vacation in

worrying over the business they left be-
hind them.
Justice is a little short-sighted, per-

haps but frequently has an eye to the
main chance.
You just bring a couple of little

quarrels into your home and they'll
breed like sparrows.
It is so easy to fancy one's self right

that self-condemnation is about as scarce
as a dodo's eggs.
Doubt is brain fog and it sometimes

HORSE NOTES.

—Sheridan is starting the horses at
St. Paul.

—There is a fine list of horses at
Saratoga.

—Isaac Murphy is riding in his old
time form.

—Proctor Knott is in five stakes at
Saratoga.

—The stake for the Buffalo free-for-
all pacing is \$5000.

—Prodigal, 2:17, is the fastest new
2:30 trotter of the season.

—Indianapolis horsemen are agitat-

ing the subject of a mile track.
—Horace Brown has gone to Italy

with Bosque Bonita and Mollie Wilkes.
—There will be a fall meeting at

Homewood Park Pittsburg.
—The ch. s. Alvin, 2:14, by Orpheus,

has been added to John Splan's stables.
—St. Omer, an 18-year-old Blue

Bull, made a pacing record of 2:28 1/2
recently.
—Robert Bonner is having Alfred S.

conditioned for a fast mile to skeleton
wagon.
—J. I. Case, owner of Jay-Eye-See

and Phallos, is seriously ill at his home
in Racine, Wis.
—Maud S. has met Ansel three times

and Mr. Bonner feels confident that she
will get with foal.
—The skeleton of Electioneer is now

articulated and ready to be placed in
the museum at Palo Alto.
—Sunol's fastest mile so far this

season is 2:21, but her quarter in 29 1/2
shows that she has her speed.
—Guy has plenty of speed this year,

but he is just as unreliable as ever, and
will only trot when he feels so disposed.
—The fall meeting at Belmont course

will be held the week following the
Point Breze meeting.
—At the meeting at Deer Lodge,

Montana, Eclipse, Jr. (5), ran three
furlongs in 34 1/2 seconds, reducing Cy-
cione's record of 34 1/2.

—The noted trotter Jack, 2:21 1/2, is
enjoying a run at grass at the home of

his owner, J. Malcolm Fortes, at Pon-
kagaug, near Boston, Mass.
—Flot Medium has added six new

ones to his old list of eleven trotters
and two pacers, which give him a total
of nineteen 2:30 performers.

—He wins his race in the first quar-
ter and jogs the rest of the way," is the

way they describe Frank Oxman, the
new Tennessee pacing cyclone.
—Nelson's mile in 2:11 at Detroit

was a wonderful performance, although
it failed by half a second to equal his
record of 2:10 1/2.

—Flatbush, the 4-year-old full broth-
er of Firenze, brought only \$35 when

put up at auction. He is destined for
use in an express wagon.
—If Nelson's record was 2:15 1/2 instead

of 2:10 1/2 he would still be an outlaw
against whom the gates of every Amer-
ican Association track would have been