

# BILLY'S BOOMERANGS.

By GUILIELMA SOLINGER



**B**ILLY STAPLETON was undeniably a queer boy—the only queer boy in the class. Miss Hollingsworth might teach as she would, Billy never took her teaching as the other boys took it. They sat and listened respectfully and attentively as well-brought-up boys should; but Billy just kept one eye on her, and with the other eye all the rest of him seemed to be thinking the lesson out to himself.

The other boys, it must be owned, regularly forgot from Sunday to Sunday what Miss Hollingsworth told them, but Billy, Billy remembered always and always he applied the lesson to his own life in such a way as suited himself.

Billy was not a well-brought-up boy. How could he be when he had no father, no mother, no brother, no sister, and depended mainly upon the exertions of Billy Stapleton for his livelihood. He was thirteen, and the other boys ranged in age as high as sixteen.

When he was nine years old he had been left an orphan with a very small sum of money, the income of which barely paid his board and lodging at the Widow Grimby's.

He had been put to board there by the town, because Widow Grimby needed money, that the county must otherwise supply. His fare, then, was not sumptuous and his course garments were such as he had been able to earn for himself by doing little odd jobs before and after school during the school year, and any time of day in vacation. And while he worked Billy practiced what he learned from Miss Hollingsworth's teaching.

The Sunday school opened. There sat Billy in his place, for Billy was never late. His straight, bristly hair apparently gave him no trouble, for, according to its custom, it had arranged itself and was standing cheerfully on end all over his head; his bright blue eyes sparkled and every freckle on his little nose looked alert.

The other boys all sat nearer to Miss Hollingsworth than Billy. He always sat in the outermost chair in the row; some way the outermost of everything seemed to be Billy's special province.

"What application will he make of this lesson?" thought Miss Hollingsworth. She was a very good young lady, but she did not understand boys, and particularly she did not understand Billy. And yet all the boys liked her, and Billy never dreamed that he was a constant puzzle to her.

That day she had hit upon a particularly happy illustration of a point in the lesson. But it was not till the hour was almost up that she began to describe to her boys the boomerang—that wonderful curved club which returns to the neighborhood of the sender, and not only to his neighborhood but sometimes upon his head.

"Boys," she said, "I want you to remember that every act of your lives is a boomerang. Every kindness you do to another, every hateful word you speak to or of another, will come back to injure you. It may be a long time coming; but it will come."

And then the lesson was done, and Miss Hollingsworth, flushing under the intendment of Billy's eye, turned her face toward the superintendent.

It was a long walk from the church to Widow Grimby's, and Billy had plenty of time to talk the lesson over with himself on the way. This was another queer trait he had—he talked to himself. But then he had hardly anyone else to talk with; for Widow Grimby was unsocial and he had few acquaintances.

"I'll get me some of them things," he was saying, "Boomerangs she called 'em. Just make 'em out of reeds. But I'll make the kind that hit soft and easy and not whack like an ice snowball. I can do it, if what she said is so. Stands to reason if badness comes back to whack you, goodness must come to hit you easy."

On their way home, and their way led in a direction opposite to Billy's, the other boys were talking; and they were saying that some day they were going to travel to that far country and see those natives throw boomerangs.

chug and easy some day. A boy can't be so very lonesome with boomerangs a-hitting him often. 'Most as good as having somebody you like say: "Hello!"

"And all the time one eye was on the squire, and the other eye and all the rest of the boy seemed lost in thought. "That's a queer boy," said the old man to himself, observing him sharply through his spectacles. "Queer! Now I remember I used to be called queer myself. Don't know but I am yet. Well, two queer ones ought to be able to make out together." The squire looked quite cheerful as he gave his instructions: "Now mind, boy! What's your name?"

"Billy Stapleton."

"Oh! Now mind, Billy, all you've got to do is just to do as I tell you. I hark a boy here last year, and spite of all I could do he just mixed them different kinds of sticks all up. I ain't hardly settled it in my mind yet whether he done it a-purposz or not."

"I won't mix 'em," answered Billy, cheerily.

"Suet you don't," returned the squire.

"Wonder if I can't make a boomerang out of fair dealin'," said Billy, when he was left alone. "I ain't got time to be doin' favors for people very much, and besides I don't get the chance. 'This town seems to think Widow Grimby's all I want for company. They wouldn't if they could see her set by the hour a-sayin' 'nothin' to nobody. I guess I'll try makin' a boomerang out of this wood wheelin' 'em plin'."

"Well! well! I declare for't!" commented the squire—his dim old eyes sparkled and his lips were parted in a delighted smile—"this is something like!"

And then he paid Billy.

"That must be one of your swift-fittin' boomerangs," reflected the boy, with a whimsical smile, as he jingled his coins on the road home. "I thought I just felt it touch me when the squire was so tickled. Fair dealin' the word."

He had lost half a day's school, a thing in Billy's case sometimes necessary to be done when a good job offered itself, and there were lessons waiting to be made up; but "Fair dealin' the word," he repeated.

The squire lived with his sister, who was a maiden lady. He was a bachelor. That night he thought often of the even rows of wood in the shed, and he thought often of his own rheumatic joints.

"What business has the town a-puttin' that boy to board at Widow Grimby's? If I had him here he could build fires of mornings and lug out ashes without spilling them, and get in all the wood and water without making a mess and tracking in more dirt for Margaret to clean than he's worth. I'm getting too old for such work, and I'm a-going to have him here if I can get him. 'Twill be best for him and 'twill be best for me."

That was how it happened that he waylaid Billy the next morning. The boy lent a favorable ear to all the old man had to say.

"The Widow Grimby don't like me anyhow," he responded.

"Don't she? Why not?" asked the squire, with cautious anxiety.

Such a N'ee Young Man, Too.

Mrs. Haskleigh—Such a gentleman, that Mr. Hallframe was! Never complained if he had no towels, never snickered at the prunes or made remarks about the napkins. But for his one great fault I'd never have let him leave the house.

Forth Flohr—Oh! he had a fault, had he?

Mrs. Haskleigh—Yes; he thought if he sat around praising things, it wasn't necessary to pay board.—Puck.

A Small Boy's Little Joke.

"Pop, said little Caleb Penquin, 'why are soldiers like rocks?'"

"Because they stand fast," said Mr. Penquin.

"Nope," said Caleb.

"Because they never fly," said Mr. Penquin.

"Nope," said Caleb.

"Why is it, then, Caleb?" said Mr. Penquin.

"'Cause they're both drilled," said little Caleb.—N. Y. Sun.

Easily Explained.

Lady (to her husband)—I am growing so fat that I am beginning to feel quite alarmed about it. I have just discovered that I weigh two hundred and forty pounds.

"Two hundred and forty pounds! And where did you get weighed?"

"On the butcher's scales!"

Two Sorts of Pride.

Little Miss Mugg (proudly)—Pop has bought this house, and paid for it, too.

Little Miss Freckles (offtily)—We wouldn't want to be known as the owners of such a miserable house as that.

Little Miss Mugg (angrily)—You live in a worse one.

Little Miss Freckles (triumphantly)—We only rent it.—Good News.

Contempt of Court.

Lawyer—I ask your honor to fine me for contempt of court.

Judge—You have not shown any contempt of court, colonel.

Lawyer—Perhaps not, sir, but I've been feeling it all the same, while your honor was sitting down on my authorities and overruling my points.—Truth.

Getting Seared.

Stage Villain—I have a scheme to rob a bank.

Second Stage Villain—Impossible!

Stage Villain—Why impossible?

Second Stage Villain—Where are you going to find one that hasn't already been robbed?—N. Y. World.

A Choice of Evils.

Landlady—Would you advise me to send my daughter to a cooking school or to a music school?

Boarder (reflectively)—Well, I think I'd send her to a cooking school. It may be more fatal in its results, but it isn't anything like so noisy.—Detroit Free Press.

Papa Was More Picturesque.

Johnny (who has jammed his finger)—Plague take it!

Teacher—Oh, Johnny, you shouldn't say that!

Johnny—You'd oughter to hear my papa when he hurts himself!—Boston Transcript.

It Wouldn't Matter.

Little Boy—Sister says she's never going to marry anyone that's in trade.

She says she's goin' to marry a professional man.

Old Lady—Well, it won't matter. The little dear never did have much appetite, anyway.—N. Y. Weekly.

Easily Accounted For.

"Yes, sir," he said with a grand sweep of the hand; "I have never had a poem rejected by a newspaper in my life."

"How do you account for it?"

"The easiest way in the world. I never write poetry."—Judge.

The Title.

"Kind hearts are more than coronets," But somehow with the belles, In choosing mates for life it is The coronet that tells.

—Washington Star.

ENTITLED TO SYMPATHY.

Mrs. Lennox—Grace Arbutnot lives over there; you remember her, don't you?

Aunt Sally Wayback—What, little Grace in that big house? My, what a lot of windows she has to clean!—N. Y. Ledger.

Getting Even.

Austere Lady—Madame, your child is annoying me with its attention! I wish you would keep it to yourself.

Mother (suppressing her anger)—Oh! you must excuse him. He thinks you are his grandmother, and he is very fond of her.—Puck.

Two Important Factors.

A.—The barrel is becoming very prominent in politics.

B.—Yes, but the barrel don't hold a candle to the bottle in politics.—Texas Siftings.

He Was Deceived.

Tom—So your engagement with Miss Flirty is declared off. I suppose she isn't all your fancy painted her.

Dickie—Worse than that, she isn't all she paints herself.—Texas Siftings.

By the Way.

"The servant girl is the burning question of the hour," remarked Bones, after tasting the lamb chops at breakfast.—Truth.

MODERN CHAFING DISH.

Recipes for Savory Dishes, Easily Made by a Mere Novice.

The chafing dish is the fashion of the hour, extending to all classes of society, and a fad which will grow into a practical institution of the cuisine, in even the humblest household.

Five years ago the average individual hardly knew what a chafing dish was, but now in many a small apartment are known full well the joys of savory suppers served informally and gayly from the bright and cheerful nickel-chafin' that may be bought anywhere for \$2 or \$3, and which has become in more ways than one a precious boon to the light and economical housekeeper.

Like all new things this popular utensil is old—very old, in fact—for it is said that in the early Grecian days the women cooked in a sort of a pan, the death which burned a pot of oil, and the children of Israel made toothsome the locusts of the desert in a similar manner.

It was a common utensil with the Assyrians and the Phoenicians, according to history, and from the excavation of Pompeii we learn that the early Romans used it extensively, the dishes and lamps being made of bronze, with much enrichment, after the fashion of the age. The lamps were filled with olive oil, which was smokeless and had a not unpleasant odor.

Society women nowadays deem it one of their accomplishments to be well up in chafing-dish art, and to serve from their silver stepwans no end of delicious and indigestible dainties!

Mrs. George Gould makes a most delicious rarebit, and she is fond of having late little suppers at Lakewood, with a few genial friends about the chafing dish.

Mrs. John Jacob Astor is an adept also, and has a long list of strange French dishes, besides the rarebit, that she creates in her elaborate skillet at Rhinebeck-on-the-Hudson.

Here are some savory recipes, easily made by the merest novice in any ordinary chafing dish:

First of all, the Welsh rarebit, which requires for four people a pound and a half of cheese—cream cheese in no way strong—a tablespoonful of butter, a teaspoonful of dry mustard, a pinch of salt, a sprinkling of cayenne, two eggs beaten well, and half a pint of clear ale, together with about eight slices of dry toast. Put the butter into the chafing dish; when nearly melted add the cheese cut fine, the mustard, salt and cayenne; stir constantly, and add the eggs when the cheese is nearly melted, and the ale slowly, to prevent burning. Serve hot on the toast. Some people prefer cream in place of the ale, and the eggs may be omitted, although the rarebit is said to be less indigestible with them.

Beefsteak a la mode: Take a pound of beefsteak, cut about an inch thick, two tablespoonfuls of butter, three slices of lemon, a gill of stock or a gill of port wine. Put the butter in the chafing dish with two slices of lemon;

when melted add the steak and cook slowly eight or ten minutes; then pour over it the stock or port as preferred.

Chicken croquettes: Take four cups of minced chicken, one cup of bread crumbs, three eggs, and a little drawn or melted butter. Roll the chicken, bread crumbs, egg seasoning, and enough drawn butter to moisten the mixture into pear-shaped balls. Dip these into beaten eggs and bread crumbs; put into the chafing dish and fry brown.

Sweetbreads: Take several sweetbreads, a tablespoonful of butter, and some strips of salt pork. The sweetbreads should be well washed and dried. Run the pork into them with a needle. Put the butter into the chafing dish, and when hot lay in the sweetbread and cook until brown and the pork crisp.

Escalloped oysters: Take a pint of large oysters, two tablespoonfuls of butter, a gill of cream, two tablespoonfuls of cracker dust and some pepper and salt. Put the cream and butter into the chafing dish. Drain the oysters and lay in layers sprinkled well with cracker dust, then another layer of oysters with added cracker, and a little butter, salt and pepper. Cook ten minutes covered.

FIRESIDE VERSE.

Flowers of Love.

Give the living the flowers of love, Let their perfume fill the air, And their sweetness and beauty cheer Hearts that are burdened with care.

Give the living the flowers of love, Nor wait till the journey's o'er, When the hungry heart and patient lips Are still for evermore.

Give the living the flowers of love, Let each day hold in store Some memory of kindness done To those who go before.

Give the living the flowers of love, Oh! bitter the tears that fall For thoughtless acts and cruel words, When death has ended all.

—Jennie L. Lyall, in Christian Work.

A Sign of Company.

"There's company coming!" cried Mayle, in glee, "For a spider's spun down to the end of his line. It's just over the table that's all set for tea—At home, that's the certainest kind of a sign."

And the sign was so sure, that for fear it should fall, An idea occurred to this far-sighted elf: "If you've no other company expected, you know, I guess I could just stay to supper myself!"

—Lucy L. Pleasant, in Good Housekeeping.

Her Majesty.

She wears a royal golden crown, Our little, laughing, shy-faced queen; The clust'ring curls o'er her eyes of brown Are bright as summer starlight's sheen.

She sways a scepter o'er us all, And obey each proud command; For we are held in slavery's thrall By that imperial, dimpled hand.

Her robes of state are pure as snow, In every clasp she finds a throne; In all the land she has no foe—The name of rebel is unknown.

Her loyal subjects, low and high, Full many a costly tribute bring; The glories of her kingdom, I, Her humble poet-laureate, sing.

At Evening Time.

At evening time let there be light; Life's little day draws near its close; Around me fall the shades of night, The night of death, the grave's repose, To crown my joys, to end my woes; At evening time let there be light.

At evening time let there be light; For God's hand speaks, it must be; Fear, doubt and anguish take their flight, His glory now is risen on me; Mine eyes shall His salvation see; 'Tis evening time, and there is light!

—Christian Work.

The Modern American Woman.

Oh, she can write a poem, And she can make a stew, Can play on the piano, And also bake and brew.

She reads a little Latin, And also studies Greek, Can rock the baby's cradle, And nurse the sick and weak.

Can give her husband counsel, Put triangles on a hat, Deliver an oration, Or work a bordered mat.

She entertains right royally, Reads law a little, too—Pshaw! 'Toll of something, can you, A woman cannot do?

—Ella Martin, in Womankind.

Manhood.

Not till life's heat has cooled, The headlong rush slowed to a quiet pace, And every pulsing passion that had ruled Opprobrious years at last Spurs us in vain, and weary of the race, We care no more who loses or who wins—Ah! not till all the best of life seems past The best of life begins.

To toll for only fame, Hand clappings and the flattery gusts of praise For place or power or gold to gild a name Above the grave whereto All paths will bring, were to lose our days, We on whose ears youth's passing bell has tolled, In blowing bubbles, even as children do, Forgetting who we grow old.

But the world widens when Such hope of trivial gain that ruled us lies Broken among our childhood's toys, for then We win to self control Upon us from the vast and wireless heights Those clearer thoughts that are unto the soul! What stars are to the night —St. John Adcock, in Spectator.

Where Light Is Found.

Night, night continually, Will the dawn never come? My soul is affright at the dark, dark night, And long for 'sired of home.

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