

OUR YOUNG FOLKS



The Feats Of Muchslash.

BY JOHN WALKER HARRINGTON.

CHAPTER I.

It seemed as though the Kingdom of Woe had never been more cheerless than it was in the summer in which Muchslash, the tailor, moved to that country. As he walked through the Forest of Sorrow which surrounded the little town of Plaint the weeping willows brushed his brown cheeks and the dew like tears lingered on the petals of the woodland flowers.

Muchslash rented a store in a quiet part of the town of Plaint and hung out his sign: "Cheerful Clothes for the Weary souls." Customers were few, however, and when the landlord hinted that business would be better if the sign were "Garbs of Grief for the Truly



MOURNFUL MERTON WAS POISING HIMSELF ON A HORIZONTAL BAR.

Miserable," Muchslash chuckled and said that he would not waste good cloth in adorning walking misery.

As he sat Turkey on the bench in his little shop and saw the cheerless throng pass by his door, the more cheerful did the old tailor become. He sang merry songs about the chasing away of troubles and the foily of crossing bridges which had not been reached. He was looked upon as such a curiosity that the citizens went to see him as he pieced his needle and sang all day, and some of them even came in and had him make clothes just to hear him talk. One man, whose life had been all blue Mondays, laughed at a joke of Muchslash, and was thereby cured of indigestion. He told others of his good fortune, and the fame of Muchslash, not only as a tailor, but also as a great physician, spread throughout the kingdom. The people of Plaint ordered more clothes, and the town was a happier place in which to live than it had been since the accession of the young king, who lived far away beyond the Forest of Sorrow.

Muchslash one day was sitting on his bench watching a stew next the goose on the stove when the Watful Witch entered. "I am glad," said the Witch, "that there is one cheerful person in this Kingdom of Woe, and I shall do myself the honor of eating your dinner."

about his past with a smile, and as a maker of mirth I have no equal, for I have made the motley garb of a thousand clowns."

"Tell him a story," said the councillors of state.

Muchslash related them the marvelous adventures of which he said as a tailor he could vouch to be made out of whole cloth, but as the merry tale proceeded the sadder became the face of the King and the more wicked the gleam of hate in the balcony eyes of the mournful and acrobatic clown.

Even the cheerful story of how Robinson Crusoe found a little cave running into the land and a great swell coming in from sea when he went to his desert island did in no way tend to make Megrim a merrier monarch.

The chief executioner came in with a sicklesword and poised that great sword, waiting for the word of command to sever the head of Muchslash from his body.

"It seems to me," said the tailor, with a laugh, "that it is time for our friend Merton to show some sign of cheerfulness on this merry occasion."

Muchslash waved his magic shears through the air and told Merton to mount the horizontal bar. The jolly tailor passed the shears over the bar on which Merton rested.

"He made a half circle with the shining shears around the clasped hands of the clown and then flashed the blades along the molding and through the neck of the so-called acrobat."

"Wonderful!" exclaimed the court.

"I rather think," said Muchslash, "that I have made Merton smile."

How he did so will be told in the next chapter, and if there is anybody who would like to know before that he must study it out for himself.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"I will not," said R. E. Morse, "to find a great physician who would also be a cheerful wight. We may, I think, brothers in woe, acquaint Dr. Muchslash with the nature of our business."

"I did not know," replied Muchslash, with a rare smile, "that I was a great physician. I've been busy doctoring hazy knees and padding shoulders for a good many years. You may call me a physician if you like. From what particular brand of misery do you suffer? Have you attitudes in your sides?"

"The need of our king," replied the tallest of the sorrowful men, "is greater than ours. Since his birth he has never smiled, and we hear that unless he does so he will die in sorrow. We heard of you and have come to ask your mighty aid."

"Has he, then, no sister?" asked Muchslash. "Who ever heard of a king without a dwarf in cap and bells?"

"Alas!" replied the Chief Councillor, "he has a clown named Mournful Merton, who is the saddest subject in all his realm."

"I opine, then, merry gentlemen," replied Muchslash, "that it were well I should first minister to the jester. Come, let us like as quickly as we can. I also think that I am talking as becomes a person who has been called to interfere in affairs of state."

Whereupon the venerable Muchslash rose from his bench and, wrapping himself in his blue chinchilla cloak and donning his shaggy beaver hat, took his magic shears and went with the three Councillors of the most monarch, Megrim III., ruler of the Kingdom of Woe.

He stopped at taverns for food and drink, and told stories which brought tears of laughter to the cheeks of all who heard him. He danced with milkmaids and played hopscotch with boys and girls, and when at last he arrived at the gates of the Castle Blue, where dwelt the King of Woe, both he and his followers were in hilarious mood.

The tailor was shown to the youthful room of the castle, where sat the throne of the ruler, where sat the throne of the ruler, where sat the throne of the ruler. "Little his bones over repeated the words: "Bottle his bones over body owns." On a carpet a yard from the royal presence stood a sad-faced clown, who was posing himself on a horizontal bar.

"Your Majesty," said Mournful Merton, the sour-faced acrobat, "before you let this tailor entertain you, I wish to have you see my most side-splitting feat."

Whereupon Mournful Merton looked at the molding which ran along the frieze of the chilly room and slowly he leaned himself, chin upon post, and cried the King, in a rage, "How dare you make so pitiful a spectacle? To the gibbet with you! No! Wait! You shall go with you unless he makes you grin from chin to ear."

"I am fond of sorrow more than life," replied the mournful Merton, "and I do not feel at all cut up over the prospect of going to the headsman's block. If ever I had cause to weep I have it now, for in my trembling hands and great salt tears welled between his fingers and fell upon his back raiment."

Muchslash waved the new shears about his head and smiled.

"Woe," he said, "is not my specialty, and as far as being put to death is concerned, I have never taken the matter serious thought. I could make a Sphinx answer questions

spring water," says the toad, "even if all the dear little flies are out of season now, and, indeed, if he omits his drink, from choice or necessity, many times he becomes parched, then his throat rattles a bit, and he dries up like a leaf or a rose petal in a hot sun. So you may be sure he selects a damp corner to pass the winter in, and of all the winter apartments that a toad may wish to choose from, the deep underground cellar is the finest. These are usually overcrowded, and, of course, rents go up in consequence. The only trouble is, it is hard to get to sleep in such a crowded place, and if you don't sleep, you freeze, unless the cellar has a furnace in it or is near another that has. Those unfortunate hoptoads that are some distance from protecting rocks and cellars have a way of getting under a deep pile of leaves or sticks and then digging out a hole in the soft mould beneath. Thus they form a comfortable bed, with sheets made of dead ferns and a coverlid of leaves and sticks.

The frogs, who are well represented in our woods and marshes and are represented in our ferns and a coverlid of leaves and sticks, are eight times as large, have been the innocent cause of much mystery and superstition. Did you ever see a summer shower of frogs? No? Well, there are persons who stoutly assert that they have seen frogs fall from the clouds by thousands; will explain how that happens later. There are numerous story tellers who assure you they have found frogs inside of hard pebbles which are certain 2,000 years old. One man even tried putting frogs into stone, but of course that did not succeed. No, the truth is that most eat, drink and breathe like any other creature, and while I shall not deny the stories, you must not think for a moment they are possible. There are always expla-

WHAT WILLIE SAW.

This is the sailor Willie saw. He skims the main when weather's raw. His bark is called the Mary Jane, And sails in sunshine and in rain.

slinger. Very often he will creep into a house and get between the rafters, where his "peep, peep" rings shrilly through the rooms all winter. When he cannot enjoy a winter open-eyed in a house he goes to sleep deep in a hollow tree, near the roots, among the branches and twigs.

How the toad and frog are different. The toad is generally much larger than the frog, and has a more rugged appearance. The frog is usually much more colorful and has a smoother skin. The toad is generally found in damp, shady places, while the frog is more common in open, sunny areas.



Winter Quarters For The Animals.

BY W. S. WALLACE.

Who has not seen a hoptoad and cried out: "Hop, hop, hoptoad; hop, hop away. Should a hoptoad cross your path, You must neither look nor laugh, Lest bad luck end the day."

He is a true and tried friend, is the ugly but amiable little beast whose broad, affable countenance, supported on two stout bowlegs, is a familiar sight on warm, damp evenings in summertime.

He has a cousin of even more grotesque appearance. This toad, known as the space-footed toad, or "digger toad," is the happy possessor of two hind feet, both of which are provided with a shovel to dig with. He is very jocular and his throat is fitted out with a voice so loud that it produces "sounds equal to an ordinary steam whistle." Imagine a marsh concert of digger toads!

These toads, while having a splendid feast of insects all summer, do not enjoy Christmas time very much. They have no heavy fur overcoats or feather umbrellas, and must hunt out a corner in a cellar or a crevice in the rocks and roll themselves into a ball of shaggy hair or earth. Cold comfort, yet there is consolation, too, in the thought that their arch enemy, the puff blow, or blow snake, is to a similar predicament as they are in the cold days of October. A hoptoad may sit up and stare a snake out of countenance, whereas during summertime a toad goes about with a humming face, and finding themselves in a snake's stomach before they are much older.

But the digger toad is safe at any time, for he lives beneath the surface, as a rule, digging out a burrow and having a good laugh at the snakes all the time. In winter he just buries himself and curls up in a sleepy ball, knowing that Jack Frost has little chance of freezing him. Sometimes, however, he never wakes up, for a severe frost on the part of Jack Frost freezes the earth solid for a foot or more down when there is considerable water present.

Then there is the consideration of drink. No creature can stand to lose its daily drink, even if it goes weeks without food. "I must have my morning draught of sparkling



How To Make A Doll Dress.

Only the blouse part of the dress is made in the pattern, as the skirt is made from a piece of material three inches wide and six inches long. Hem this on the bottom of the skirt the top together on the waist, though with the fold out open and draw back to form a narrow hem each side of the opening.

The front of the waist should be cut with the center laid on a lengthwise fold of the material and the back in the same way. Take up the narrow seam under the opening being careful to see that the notches in front and the back are together, then draw up the thread until the button hole doll's figure. Sew the waist and skirt part together, pinning the right side of the blouse to the skirt. Lay the right side of the blouse on the right side of the skirt and sew them together. The skirt should be just to the gathered edge of the blouse and the blouse should be just to the gathered edge of the skirt. Sew the blouse to the skirt both sides to match the opening of the waist.

If more trimming is desired put a lace on a shirred silk ribbon around the bottom of the skirt. This dress may be worn with or without the fancy gathered skirt, of which was given last week.

SOME THINGS YOU CAN CUT WITH A Pen-Knife.

AN INDIAN RATTLE. WATCH CHAIN MADE OF WOOD.

THE BIRD IN THE CAGE.

A WHITE PINE JACK-IN-THE-BOX.

Every boy at one time of his life finds delight in whittling, and although his knife be of the barlow variety, dull and nicked, he is happy if he possesses one.

Many very interesting and pretty things can be made with a knife and soft white pine. The idea is as old as the hills, but with each rising generation the desire to whittle predominates over other amusements and the same old things that our grandfathers used to carve are now turned out.

It generally happens that figures are cut and many attempts end in failure, for while the line is of a wood and will not stand very much tampering with, but that does not lessen the joy of this pleasant pastime.

In the accompanying cut four designs are given which may be readily cut from wood with a sharp knife. Of these the "Bird in the Cage" is perhaps the most interesting. A piece of smooth pine is procured, twice as long as wide, with perfectly lined edges. This done, mark with a pencil on all four sides and piece of the pine—they should be as wide as a match stick. In the center of three narrow square is drawn. This will later be transformed, by careful carving, into the bird or ball.

Many hours will be consumed in this task, but it is highly entertaining labor, and will train the eye in accuracy and the hand in skill.

The Jack in the box is made from a piece of pine, longer than its breadth. The design should be marked out first with a pencil. A little judicious coloring will add to the toy.

The Indian rattle, when fastened at its bottom to a stick and shaken, will make a peculiar rattling noise, not unlike the whir of a rattlesnake. In the olden days these were once cut out of soapstone and used by Indian children. Many have found.

The chain, of course, we all know, and it is an excellent test of patience.

Full size of one Bretelle.

One half of front.

One half of back.

Turn under on dotted line.

Seam between notches.

Seam from notch to centre.

Let on fold of cloth.

THE BRIDGE.

When first I saw the sea, I knew at last that I had seen the famous bridge.

G. ORR CLARK.