

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

The Raggedy Man.

Oh, the Raggedy Man! He works for Pa
An' he's the goodest man ever you saw!
He comes to our house every day
An' waters the horses an' feeds 'em hay,
An' he opens the shed—an' all 'ist laugh
When he drives out our little old wobble-ly calf;
An' nen, ef our hired girl says he can,
He milks the cows fer 'Lizbuth Ann.
Ain't he a' awful good Raggedy Man?
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!
W'y, the Raggedy Man—he's 'ist so good
He splits the kindlin' an' chops the wood,
An' nen he spades in our garden, too,
An' does most things 'at boys can't do.
He clim'ed clean up in our big tree
An' shooked a' apple down fer me,
An' nother'n, too, fer 'Lizbuth Ann,
An' nother'n, too, fer the Raggedy Man.
Ain't he a' awful kind Raggedy Man?
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!
An' the Raggedy Man, he knows most rhymes,
An' tells 'em, ef I be good, sometimes.
Knows 'bout Giants an' Griffins an' Elves,
An' the Squidgicum-Squees 'at swallers themselves.
An' wite by the pump in our pasture lot
He showed me the hole 'at the Wunks is got,
'At lives way deep in the ground, an' can
Turn inter me er 'Lizbuth Ann.
Ain't he a funny old Raggedy Man?
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!
The Raggedy Man—one time when he was makin' a little bow-'n-arry fer me,
Says, "When you're big like your Pa is,
Air you goin' to keep a fine store like his,
An' be a rich merchant, an' wear fine clothes?
Er what air you go'n' to be? Goodness knows!"
An' nen he laughed at 'Lizbuth Ann,
An' I says, "'M goin' to be a Raggedy Man!
I'm 'ist goin' to be a nice Raggedy man;
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!"
—James Whitcomb Riley.

Eight Puzzles.

Feet have they, but they walk not—(Stoves).
Eyes have they, but they see not—(Potatoes).
Teeth have they, but they chew not—(Saws).
Noses have they, but they smell not—(Teapots).
Mouths have they, but they taste not—(Rivers).
Hands have they, but they handle not—(Clocks).
Ears have they, but they hear not—(Cornstalks).
Tongues have they, but they talk not—(Wagons).—Golden Days.

A TREACHEROUS WIND hits you in the back, and the next morning you have lumbago. Rub well and often with Perry Davis' Pain-killer, and you will be astonished to find out how quickly all soreness is banished.

A Pet Bullfrog.

Mr. D. L. Arey's young son, of about seven years, has accomplished an unusual feat in taming a bullfrog. Several months since, Mr. Arey went seining and caught several bullfrogs. He took them home and his little son, upon seeing them, determined to make a pet of a large frog. The boy immediately set about cultivating friendship with the frog, and in a short while his frogship was on terms of the closest intimacy with his little master. Now the boy calls the frog, and he answers to any command. He gives utterance to a particular order, and the frog begins to croak. Another order causes the frog to jump into a wagon in which little Arey takes him for a drive each day. The frog is as much a pet as a kitten, and is thoroughly domesticated.—Salisbury Sun.

A Strange But True Story of Old Times.

Editor of The Progressive Farmer:

Once a slave ship was wrecked down on the North Carolina coast and six slaves escaped. They traveled west after they landed and came to Raleigh.

The Sheriff of Wake County put them in jail for some one to come and claim them, but after a time all of them died of jail fever, except two. The Sheriff then released these two and gave them land, on which they built a log hut and farmed.

The people called the slaves Mark and Will. Mark was a tall black man and had been a cannibal when in Africa.

Will was a short, yellow man and had a dog that he was very fond of, for it had come with him from Africa.

One day one of the Sheriff's granddaughters went to the cabin to see the farm. Will told her to go up into the loft and get some pop-corn. She went, but was very much startled when Mark grabbed her by her long yellow plait. She screamed and Will came in just in time to keep Mark from murdering her. He had not forgotten his life as a cannibal, and wanted to taste human flesh again. This was the last, though not the first time, that the children visited the cabin. Mark used to file his teeth in true cannibal style.

Not long after this event Mark died, and the inhabitants of the community were not sorry, for they were all afraid of him.

When the circus came to Raleigh, Will was allowed to go, but instead of enjoying himself, he wept because he was homesick at seeing an elephant.

When Will died he was buried sitting up, and in the grave a bag of parched corn and a walking stick were put. His dog was also killed and put in the same grave. Will had asked to be buried in this way, for he thought he would go straight over to his own home in Africa, and wanted his dog with him.

LEONITA D.

Raleigh, N. C.

Riches are parents of eternal care.—Blacklock.

ABOUT MUD-DAUBERS.

How the Well-Known Wasp Comes into Life Well Provided For.

An interesting tenant of the farm is the mud-dauber, the best known of the solitary wasps, whose nests are found stuck to the rafters in the attic and outbuildings, or to a nail in the wall or in an old coatsleeve behind the door. She places several cells about an inch long side by side or on tiers above another without regard to regularity. As she toils she sings squeaky little solos in a high key which sounds like a tiny circular saw as it issues from a piece of hard wood. The moment the industrious little mason has completed the cell she sets about to fill it with spiders, all of the same species, of which it takes eighteen on an average. On one of these an egg is deposited which soon hatches into a grub and immediately begins to devour the feast of paralyzed spiders. When it has eaten all, it spins a dark-brown covering for itself which is about transparent. At the proper time it breaks through the walls of its mud house and proudly jerks its pretty steel-blue wings with the same graceful flirt as did mother while she was busily engaged with her nest-building.—Country Life in America.

Writing us regarding the note about the Chicago Young People's Weekly in The Progressive Farmer two weeks ago, its publishers say: "We note that you have put the price of our paper at 50 cents a year; this is correct when ordered in clubs of three or more sent to one person, but single subscriptions are 75 cents a year."

Condensed, Accurate, Helpful.

[Its publishers have not asked it, but it gives us pleasure to endorse every word of the following announcement sent us by the Youth's Companion. It is a paper that is sure to brighten every home it enters, and to interest, entertain and ennoble every boy or girl that reads it.—Editor.]

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Love Him and keep him for thy friend who, when all go away, will not forsake thee, nor suffer thee to perish in the end.—Thomas a Kempis.

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