

but English, though of course it is a common funny sort of English; still all English-speaking people understand it. In the Southern States, if a white baby has any nurse at all besides his own mother, he must have a black nurse, because there are no white servants. These black nurses are called "mammies," and as they are affectionate by nature they generally dearly love the white children whom they nurse, and so of course the white children get to love them. And it is a funny sight indeed to see a fine white child kissing the black cheeks or thick red lips of his black nurse and calling her his mimmie! It would make you laugh to see it. Little black children now go to many of the common schools and sit on the forms beside white children, and this is the reason some parents send their children to private schools; they cannot endure the thought of negroes associating with their children as playmates.

I said the young American was a very free and independent being even as a baby, and he loses none of that independence as years go on. Very early in life many small boys resolve to strike out into the world and do something for themselves. Americans are great readers from the very day

they learn how to read; and as soon as they are able they read the histories of great men, not only in America but in England, who have risen from poverty and low estate and grasped the world's highest prizes, solely by their own efforts. It is the ambition of every American boy to become President of the United States, the ruler during a period of four or eight years of fifty millions of people. This dazzling prize is constantly held out to children by American parents, teachers, and nurses. "If you are a good boy and study well," they say "you may become President of the United States some day." Lincoln and Garfield were both poor little boys, and yet they reached this high position, and many another poor boy will reach it, just as they did.

American children are, perhaps, more petted while they are babies than English children are; but with rare exceptions the petting stops at an early age, and the young citizen is allowed to leave school and begin the battle of life. His success in that will depend, as in England, on his cleverness and on the good principles he has had imparted to him while he was what you are now—one of the Little Folks. OLIVE LOGAN.

### SOME TRUE STORIES ABOUT DONKEYS.

—"evil is wrought by want of thought,  
As well as want of heart."



SOUND like "Whack—whack—whack—whack." The blows were heard from end to end of the street, and reverberated from the lordly pile of granite buildings that ran at right angles to it, though fully three hundred yards away.

Whack—whack—you see it was what is called a fast-day in the north of Scotland, the

town was very quiet, and with the exception of this boy and his donkey-cart there was not a vehicle in sight or the sound of wheels anywhere. The lad was, on the cart, a great mutton-shouldered boy of fully sixteen years of age, and weighing apparently about as many stone. The cart, too, was laden with fine sea-sand, which its owner retailed to the good citizens for the low sum of a penny a bucketful.

But the donkey had stopped suddenly in the middle of the street, and there he stood stock-still, with his nose between his knees, and evidently he did not mean to budge, let his master whack as

long and as hard as ever he pleased. But the whacking of the poor beast with a thick ash sapling had so cruel a ring in it, that I at once rushed up and ordered the boy to desist. Had he dared to disobey, I should have pulled him off the cart very quickly indeed.

"Why doesn't he go on then?" cried the boy. "I want to sell my sand, and get home to my dinner. And what business is it of yours?"

"Not so fast, please," I said quietly, "first and foremost look here. This is what the poor donkey wants."

As I spoke I picked up a large crust of bread, which some school-child had dropped, and which the donkey had determined should not be wasted. I handed it to the animal, and as soon as he had munched it, and before even I had time to finish my little lecture to his master, he positively began to trot off of his own accord.

Now I knew that that boy was not bad at heart, for he had listened respectfully to what I had to say, and as the donkey started off he turned round laughing, and cried, "Good day, sir, I must say I never saw my old donkey trot like that before."





OLD FRIENDS.

"SOME TRUE STORIES ABOUT DONKEYS" (p. 219).



Well, as an example of what may be done by a word of good advice given in season, I may tell you that about six or seven months after this little adventure I met the boy and his donkey again.

The boy himself was no longer in moleskin and corduroy rags, but decently clad in wholesome tweed, and the ass was quite sleek, clean, and fat.

He touched his hat.

"I took your advice, sir," he said; "the other boys laughed at me, but look at Ned."

He smiled as he patted the donkey.

"Ay," I replied, "and look at yourself."

"I ain't in the sand trade now. The sand was killing us both, so I took to kindling-peats and fir fire-lighters, and such; but when Ned got a bit fatter and a bit better in coat, then I painted the old cart—doesn't it look nice?—and took to carting gents' luggage from the station."

I do not give the boy's exact words or his quaint language, for he spoke in the broadest Scottish.

I have never seen either the boy or his "cuddy," as he called him, again, but before we parted that day he told me that the other boys had taken to grooming their donkeys, feeding them better, and making less use of the ash sapling.

But from this little anecdote you can learn not only the value of good advice, but the value of good example, which is a thousand times better.

On the subject of donkeys I could write a very great deal indeed, for I have loved and pitied their condition all my life.

Really to see the way they are oftentimes treated in our streets is enough to make one's heart bleed. Their lot is indeed a hard one at the best. There are donkeys and donkeys, and no one can pass along the streets of any of our large towns without being struck with the nice appearance which some of these animals show compared to others. Here comes one trotting along as happy-looking as a carriage-horse, and as merry as a filly. See how fat he is, look how his coat shines, and how bright are his eyes! Ah! but then the man who sits behind him is bright-looking and cleanly dressed.

Hand over hand, as sailors say, he passes another donkey and cart. This poor animal is lazily dragging along a load of coals, and looks as though all his joy of life had long since been beaten out of him, and there is a look in those patient brown eyes of his that is saddening to see. His master is brutal and cruel, and treats his donkey as if he were a mere machine; and there never will be rest from labour, from cold, and weariness, and pain for that poor ass.

"Donkeys for Hire" is a sign you often read at the sea-side and other places, and remembering the days of my own childhood, few things, I am sure,

are more enjoyable than a canter on the back of a donkey. But let me give you this advice—whenever you go to have a donkey-ride take something nice in your pocket for your "fiery steed," as a little acquaintance of mine always calls his pretty ass.

Donkeys, when well fed and cared for, are most playful, without the least bit of viciousness. Sometimes their playfulness is carried to the extreme. I was walking one day in Aden—by the Red Sea—when some Somali boys came up with two pretty donkeys and asked me to go for a ride. Aden is an extremely hot place—there is not a green thing to be seen anywhere in it. On this particular day it was hotter than usual, the sun blazed down on me from a sky of pitiless blue unshaded by a single cloud. So I felt inclined to ride.

But which donkey should I ride?

Each boy insisted on my having his animal, and I am not a circus jockey, so it was no use trying to ride the two. Just at that moment my friend Captain B—, who belonged to the same ship as I did, came round a corner, and I hailed him.

"Oh, B—," I cried, "I'm glad you've come! These boys want me to go for a ride, and as I can't mount both their donkeys, you must have one."

My friend had been making an official call, and was in full uniform, cocked hat, epaulettes, and sword and all.

I was in plain clothes.

"Never mind your uniform," I added; "nobody knows us here, and what if they did?"

Captain B— mounted the white donkey, and I the brown.

There was fun and there was mischief too in that white donkey's eye. I don't believe he had ever carried an officer in full uniform before, and so he determined to have a joke at my friend's expense.

We rode to the famous water-tanks, and although the donkeys tried to scrape the skin off our legs by rubbing them against every wall they came to, we enjoyed the canter very much.

The Somali boys came whooping along behind us, and when we came to a densely populated part of the town, the natives turned out to see us.

"Whoop, whoop, whoop!" cried the boys, louder than ever, and off went the donkeys.

"Now is my chance," thought that white donkey. He certainly acted on the spur of the moment, for down he dropped on his knees, with his head between them, and fairly turned a somersault.

Woe is me for my poor friend in uniform! So pitiable a spectacle did he present when he picked himself up, after being rolled upon by that white donkey, that the natives screamed with merriment, the Somali boys whooped louder than ever, and



when the white donkey himself joined the chorus, with loud hee-haw, I was obliged to follow suit, and laugh till my sides ached.

But it was only the white donkey's fun—nothing else.

A very nice and useful pet a donkey makes for children, and as they can be bought very cheaply, and cost but little to keep, I wonder they are not more in use in country places. I will tell you how they should be treated in order to make them feel happy, and to keep them bright and healthy.

You must feed a donkey regularly three times a day, when he cannot get out to browse herbage and grass for himself. Let him have a portion of the usual mixture given to horses called chaff, cut hay, beans, and bruised oats, &c., every day. Give him also carrots and turnips or roots of any kind.

Let him have a nice dry bed, and keep his little house dry, and sweet, and clean.

Water must not be forgotten three times a day at least. Nor must you neglect to groom your patient steed, every morning and night. If intended for running the coat should be kept close in summer, if

only for slow work let it grow, and let it remain on all winter whether the animal has to work or not.

Exercise in the open air is essential to a donkey's well-being.

Donkeys are not properly understood by the generality of the people—they are said to be stupid and self-willed; they are neither the one nor the other if rightly treated, and not over-worked. They are exceedingly hardy animals, and will live where a horse would starve.

They are, in my opinion, most kindly dispositioned, exceedingly willing to work, and very affectionate towards those who really are good to them.

There is a great deal of work in this country that donkeys could do and do easily, and it should not be forgotten that the milk of the ass is invaluable at times to invalids. A good donkey can be bought for a few pounds, and from two to three shillings a week would keep one well; but pray use and treat the animal well, if you possess one, for no creature in the world appreciates kindness more than the patient humble donkey. Of this you may be always assured.

ARION.

### TOO CLEVER BY HALF.



With one rod only Jack has great success,  
So thinks with two he cannot well do less.

And so it seems, for, keeping watch between them,  
The two floats bob at once, and Jack has seen them.



But lo! how oft the proverb's truth is found:  
Between two stools one's apt to reach the ground.

And so friend Jack discovers to his cost,  
For 'twixt two rods, hat, fish, and rods are lost.