

The Camp Leaflet.

THE LITTLE GIRL AND THE BIRD.

BY ELIZABETH A. DAVIS.

"It's going to rain, you dear little bird;
Fly into your home; don't stop for a word."

"Yes, I saw a black cloud as I sat on the tree,
But I care not for rain—I have feathers, you see."

"You have feathers, I know, but your little pink feet
Will be numb with the cold when the cruel rains beat."

"Oh no; I shall tuck them up snugly and warm,
Close under my body, all safe from the storm."

"But the branches will rock, and the dark night will come;
Oh, do, little bird, fly away to your home."

"Never fear, pretty one, as I rock I shall sing,
And how soundly I'll sleep with my head 'neath my wing!"

"Oh, birdie, dear birdie, I'd like much to know
How you're always so happy, blow high or blow low."

"Don't you know we've a Father who cares for me?
And that is the reason I'm happy and free."

ANECDOTE OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

When Gen. Garfield was a young man he taught school one winter in a little log school-house in the back-woods of Ohio.

He was once invited to a party, but the very day the party was to take place he split at the knee one leg of his trousers.

He had but one pair of very coarse jeans, and no money to buy another.

Garfield was bitterly disappointed.

"You go to bed," said his hostess, "and let me see what I can do for you." The teacher, Gen. Garfield, obeyed. He went to bed, and in one hour his trousers were sent

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*Published semi-occasionally
for our boys and girls.*

Friday afternoon, soon after dinner, July 11, 1884, a company of 87 boys, little and big, marched up from the boys' quarters, and halted near the office, on their way to camp.

We noticed that each of the little boys carried a bright red handkerchief tied into a bundle.

What is in those handkerchiefs we wondered.

Tops? marbles? slings? strings? Perhaps, books? papers?

We think not.

Each head was full of plans for hunting, fishing, swimming, climbing, berrying and many other possible and

impossible things, and we are glad of it.

But even a *boy* is not "all legs and stomach" as some one says he is.

Our boys have heads which are just learning how to think, and we fear they will get out of the right kind of material to work upon. And so we send them a supply.

THE LEAFLET promises to furnish rations for the beginners—very little, easy lessons, and reading a little harder for the more advanced boys.

The boys at camp, and all others interested are requested to send items of news, letters, stories, conundrums or anecdotes.

N. B.: Critics take notice that mid-summer vacation work is entirely beneath their notice.

The eyes are of little use if the mind be blind.—*Arab Proverb.*

SOME LITTLE BOYS GO BERRYING.

"Come boys, let us go up the mountain."

"All right. What for?"

"To pick berries."

So the boys took the red handkerchiefs Miss Patterson gave them, and walked off.

Soon they found some bushes. They were very little, but they were full of little black berries; but we do not call them black-berries. We call them huckle-berries.

We at home know that the boys at camp picked a great many.

How do we know?

Because we ate some of them for dinner.

The boys picked more than they wanted for themselves, and sent some to the Barracks. That was very kind. We say "Thank you." The berries were good.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND THE PEDDLER.

In 1830 a peddler came one evening to a cabin in Illinois, and asked the farmer's wife if he could stay all night.

"We can feed your horse," was the answer, "but we cannot lodge you, unless you are willing to sleep with the hired man."

"Let's have a look at him first," said the peddler.

The woman pointed to the yard, where a six-foot youth in ragged, but clean clothes, was stretched on the grass reading a book.

"He'll do," said the peddler.

The "hired man" was Abraham Lincoln.

The leading men in this country have been like Lincoln and Garfield—country boys not ashamed to work for an education.

Victory belongs to the most persevering. *Napoleon.*

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to him so neatly darned that it was hard to tell where they had been torn.

He thanked her so earnestly that the good women cried out, "Never mind, Mr. Garfield! When you're a great man in the Ohio Legislature, nobody 'll ask how many pairs of trousers you had when you taught up here in the woods."

THE BOYS AND THE SQUIRRELS.

Two little boys went to pick berries. One boy said, "Here are some black-berries."

Another boy said, "No, they are green."

Both boys were right.

They sat down to rest.

"I am tired," one boy said.

"I am hot," the other boy said.

Just then they saw a

squirrel in a tree. It was on a branch ten feet from the ground. The tired boy, and the hot boy jumped up, and in one second they were up in the tree; but the squirrel was not there.

He dropped into a hole, and began to crack a nut. He was cool, and not a bit tired.

The boys came down the tree. One boy said, "next time I will bring my bow and arrow and shoot Mister Squirrel."

Who said Miss Patterson is afraid of snakes?

What kind of fish do you find up there?

Which do you like best, fishing, hunting or swimming?

Address THE CAMP LEAFLET, Carlisle Barracks, Pa., to answer the above questions.