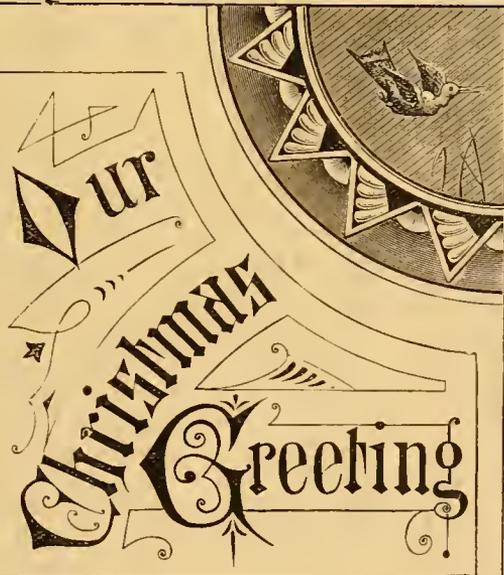
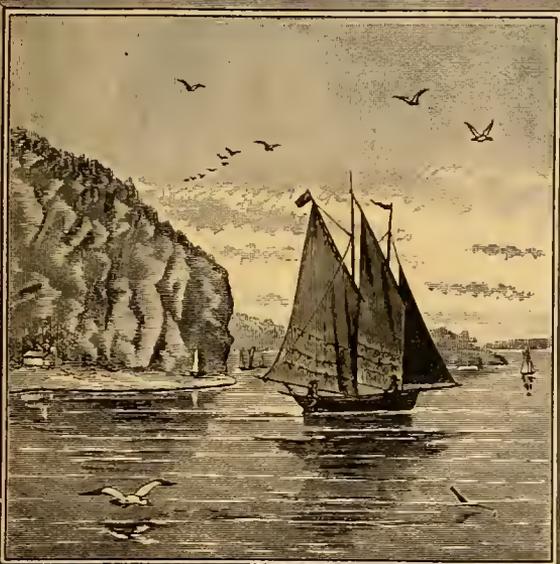


OUR

BOOK

PICTURE



A. C. YATES & CO.

YOUTHS', BOYS' & CHILDREN'S  
CLOTHING HOUSE,

No. 626 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

MEN'S CLOTHING DEPARTMENT—LEDGER BUILDING.

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# Look Here! YOUNG GENTLEMEN!

OUR attempts this season to keep Youths' Clothing in our Boys' Store, have proved such a success, that we have concluded to fit up

## OUR SECOND FLOOR

EXCLUSIVELY FOR

FINE GOODS FOR YOUNG GENTLEMEN.

THIS WILL FORM

A Special Department

AND WILL BE TREATED

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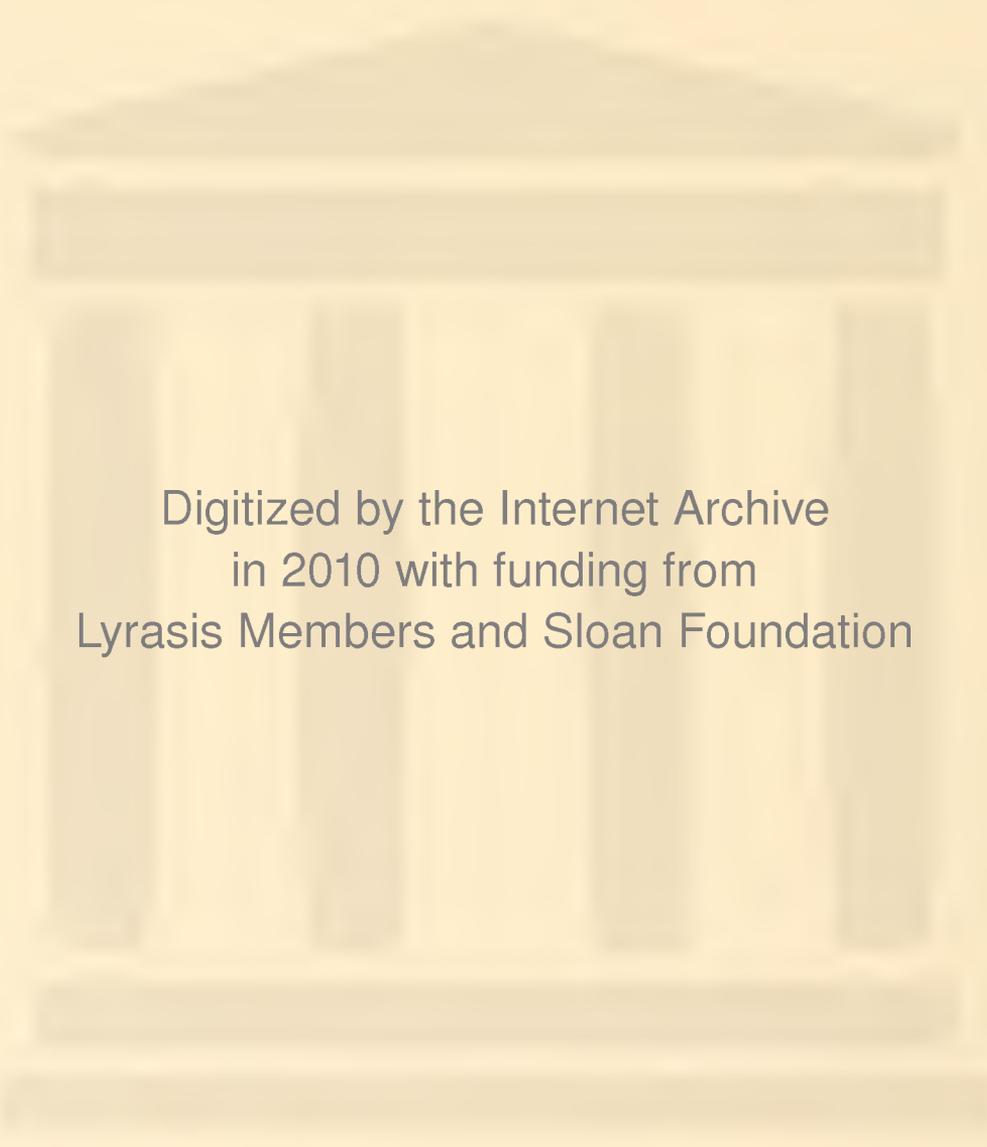
BOYS' DEPARTMENT,

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# Our Picture Book.



## PLAYING HORSES.

**D**ON'T they make a pretty team?— curly-headed Alice and blue-eyed Tom. And then Willie is such a careful whip. How Pont, the dog, enjoys it too! I hope they won't run away or tumble over Pont and upset their driver,

or become fractious and refuse to go, and so spoil the fun. Hand in hand together, with home in full sight, they are going to dash past the garden gate, and when they see their dear mamma sitting in the porch, won't they all give a shout! Just you wait and see; that's all.

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# Our Picture Book.

## OUR BABY.

BABY one, and chickens four,  
Playing by the kitchen door;  
Romping in that narrow  
ground,  
See them how they run  
around!

Without stockings, without  
shoes,  
They are free their feet to  
use.

Baby, chickens, tell me which  
Are in happiness most rich?

Food the chickens try to  
find;

But for baby, she has dined:  
So I think we must allow  
That they are the gayest now.



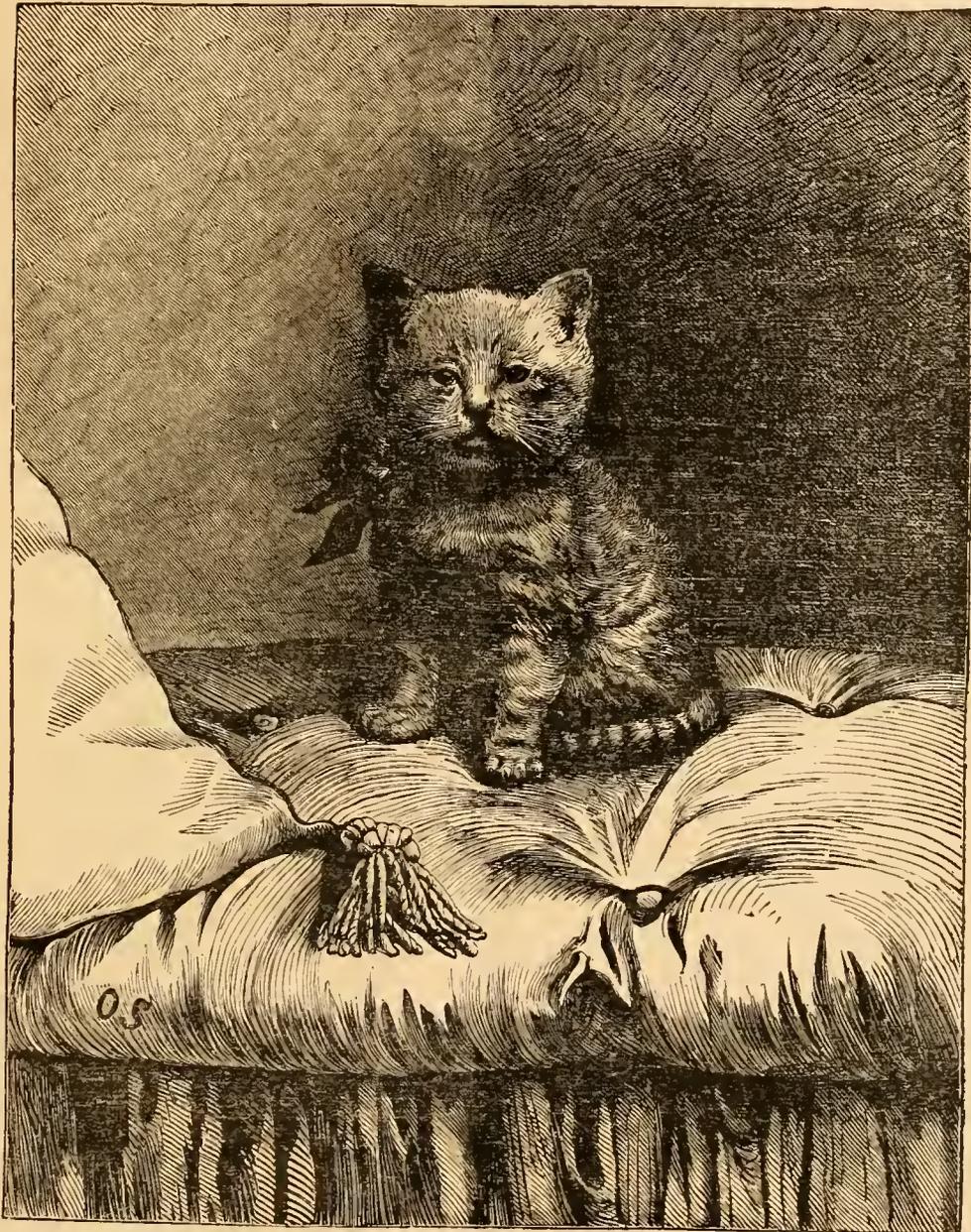
ROSIE has put down her slate and taken up her "Picture Book." It is full of pretty stories and sweet songs: but our pet loves the pictures best. Jyp, the dog, looks very wise and wants to see the pictures too. Perhaps Rosie will read to him about some good little doggy who never romps or barks or makes a noise; but I am afraid that as long as Jyp lives he will be full of fun, and always ready to have a good time with his little playmate, Rosie; and if you don't like noise, why you must put up with it, that's all.



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**OUR KITTEN.**

LAZY puss, with chubby head,  
Waking from your nap in bed,  
As we have such pleasant weather,  
Let us go and play together.  
Little Kitty winks and blinks;  
Who can tell what Kitty thinks?

A BUTTERFLY and a grasshopper were playing in the fields in summer. They saw a bee laden with honey. The butterfly said to the grasshopper, "How stupid the bee is to load himself with honey, and work when he might enjoy himself as we do!" The grasshopper thought the same thing. The bee heard them, and said to himself, "That's very well now, but what about the winter?" And when winter came the bee had honey enough to last till spring, but the grasshopper and butterfly died of hunger.

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HALF A DAY.

BUT that half a day was Saturday afternoon, and such fun as the children had! Rosie played "keep school." She was the teacher, and three little midgets were the scholars. Then Anna, the baby, crawled



up the garden steps to come in and read too, and Tom went off to bring in more books. Then mamma sent out some cakes and ice cream, and after that they had a run down the



shady lane, and a swing under the old oak tree. Gyp came up and tried to eat up baby's bowl of bread and milk, but he got only a spoonful, for Tom called him off to chase a rabbit, and then—oh!



they did lots of things, and went to bed so tired, but so happy that they all wished for Saturday to come once more.





OH, birds and dogs and kittens and children and doll-babies, what an interesting family you make! Did you ever see such a picture as we have here? The pigeon has got on the pump-handle, the cat is on the fence out of Ponto's reach,

and Charlie is coaxing her to come down and have a good time on the ground. We have tubs and little benches and playthings, plenty of sunshine and a tubful of toys. Just think of it! We shall have lots of fun. Won't you come and join us?

## OUR SLOOP.

DID I ever tell you about the boys' adventures with the sloop "Daisy"? No? Well, this is the way it all came about. My uncle owned the boat, and I had promised to take Charlie Smith and his little playmate Alex Green over to the island, and we were to go crabbing in the

work and haul up the anchor, so as to be ready, they afterward told me, to start as soon as I got back? But the wind was so fresh and the tide so strong that before the lads knew it the sloop had drifted away from the beach, and they knew nothing about handling such a craft. They were frightened, but they did the



lake, which emptied into the sea. It was all arranged that we should lunch on the island and be home in time for supper. I went off to pack the basket full of good things; and I put enough in too, for crabbing, let me tell you, gives boys a famous appetite. While I was up at the house, what did the boys do but set to

work and haul up the anchor, so as to be ready, they afterward told me, to start as soon as I got back? But the wind was so fresh and the tide so strong that before the lads knew it the sloop had drifted away from the beach, and they knew nothing about handling such a craft. They were frightened, but they did the best thing they could. Charlie went to the helm and tried to steer, while Alex fixed all the running rigging and tied the sails, so that they wouldn't get loose and give trouble, for you see they were too little to manage canvas, and were afraid of an upset if they spread sails. When I reached the shore I was astonished, you

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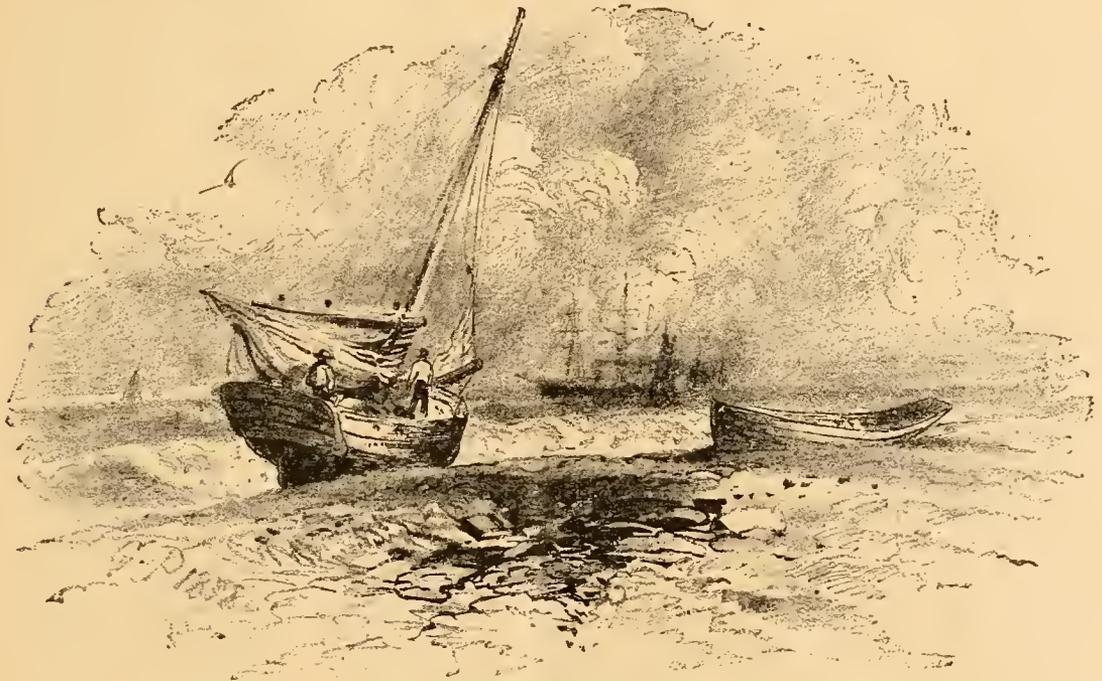
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## Our Picture Book.

may believe, to find the sloop gone and no boys on the beach. I knew at once what had occurred, though, and getting a pair of oars I put the lunch-basket into a row-boat and pulled off toward the island, as I knew the wind and tide would take the sloop that way. I was not mistaken. After rowing about a mile and rounding a point near uncles mill, I came in sight of the runaways, and in

day ended we again hoisted in our anchor, and towing the boat we made for home. Some neighbor had gone up to Alex's house and told his mother that her boy and some one else had got adrift in the sloop, and for a while she was quite anxious; but when the news reached her that I had gone after them, her fears were quieted. Widow Smith, Charlie's mother, was away on a visit, so no harm was done



less than an hour I was on board, and I tell you the boys were glad to see me. We soon hoisted sail and made for the island, and reached it in good time. We went ashore after seeing that the sloop was well secured and the row-boat taken care of, and all the afternoon we had one of the best of times. We filled our kettles with crabs, ate our lunch, had a splendid swim in the lake under the trees near the old bridge, and as the

at her home; and as for my folks, they always felt safe concerning me, as they knew I could handle the sloop even in a hard blow, and so on a sunshiny day they laughed and said it would be all right, as it turned out to be. We had a delightful return trip, reaching the house just in time for supper. I have promised the boys another holiday soon, and they say that next time they will wait until I come before they go to sea again.

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CHRISTMAS MORNING!

CHRISTMAS MORNING! The children woke up to find toys everywhere—horses and elephants, toy houses, flags, drums and candies. Charlie is having a good time making

Alex play horse, while he, with flag in hand and holding the reins, thinks himself a soldier, and is going bravely off to war.

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# Our Picture Book.

## FRANKIE.

THE little boy you see in the picture is one of the very nicest of my little friends. He looked just as you see him there on the day of the party which was given in honor of his fourth birthday. I remember going into the nursery while he was being dressed. Mamma was just arranging his curls, while he stood on a chair in front of the looking-glass, admiring his little self generally, but most his pretty buttoned shoes, which just matched his sash.

When he saw me at the door, he cried out: "I ready now; wait for me." And jumping off the chair and seizing my hand, he tripped away down stairs, chattering merrily as he went. The time of the year was the end of April, and Frankie's home being in the country and the weather very fine and warm, some of the festivities took place out of doors in the garden. There were dances, and all sorts of games, on the dry sunny lawn, a soft westerly wind blowing on the happy children the while, bringing health and enjoyment with its sweet balmy breath.

While the fun was at its height a curious figure appeared upon the lawn. It was a queer-looking old woman with a nutcracker face carrying a large basket

under her arm, She went hobbling along here and there, in and out, among the children. From the basket came balls, tops, dolls, and all sorts of toys for the younger ones; useful presents for the



bigger children; a cane and a ball and a toy cart for little Frankie, who was greatly pleased. Was there ever such a curious old woman, or ever a basket that held so much? How they all laughed when presently she threw off her mask, bonnet and cloak, and, behold! Frankie's papa stood before them! It will be a long time before our little boy forgets the fun he had on his fourth birthday.

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A HAPPY FAMILY.

WE wouldn't call it a wonderful breakfast—a few crumbs of bread, one or two worms and some pump-water. But our family in the picture are satisfied and happy. Summer to them is a holiday and a song. Life has no care, and they think nothing of days to come. The farm is their country, the coop their home, and to eat and sleep and play make up their life. Be kind to them, and when we can let us scatter crumbs and corn around where they are, and never in any manner seek to injure our little barnyard friends.

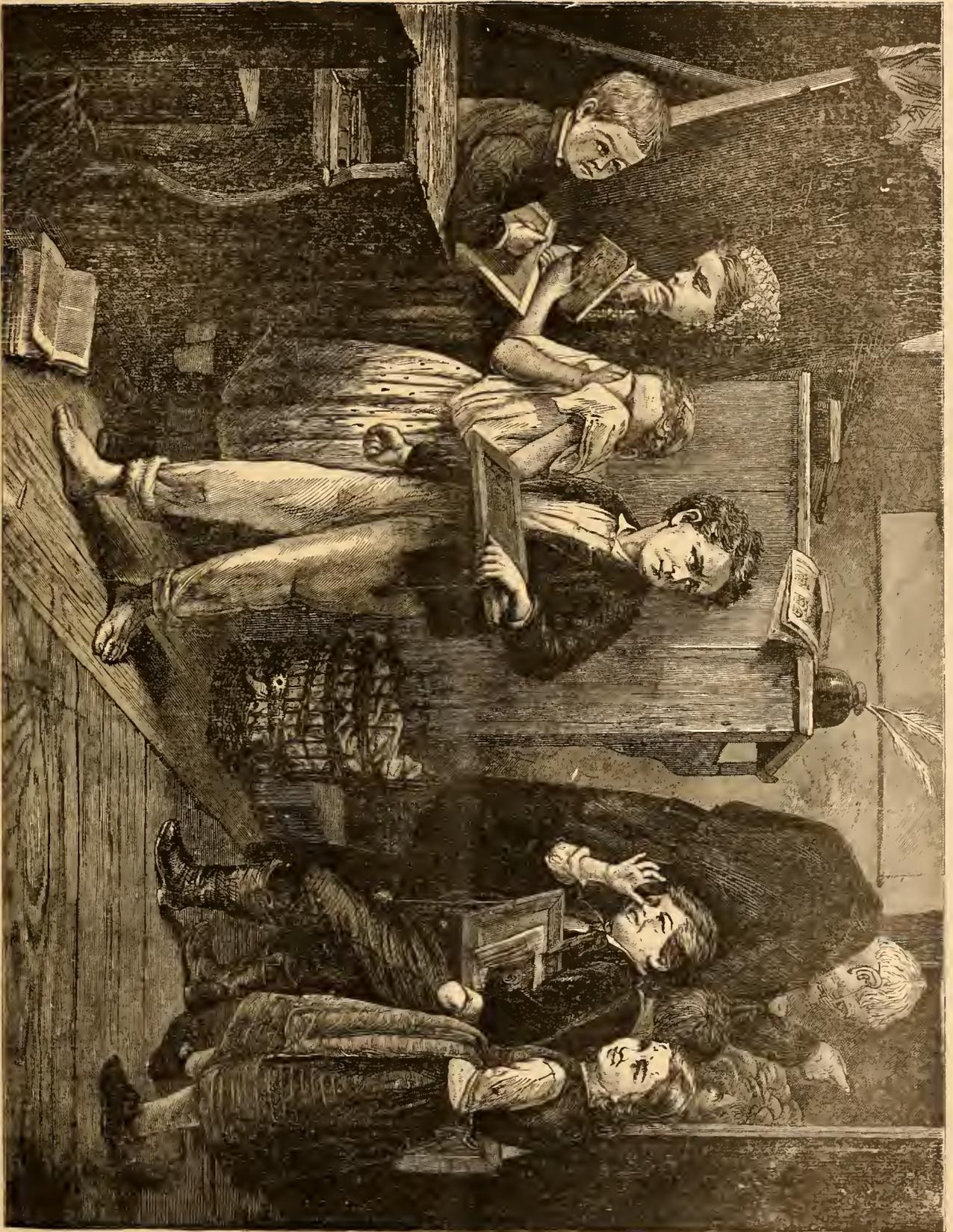
### KEPT IN.

MAD? Well, I guess he is! He missed his lessons, and now he'll miss his dinner. But Jimmie Smith ought not to tease him so. Perhaps Jimmie may get a whipping when Tom gets out of school. Little Susie is crying as though her heart will break, and the older girl can't see the answers to her puzzling questions, while little tow-head, as they call the lad by the blackboard, is thinking more of Tom's looks than of being kept in, and wondering if there will be a fight. O days of school-time! how soon you will be past, and these boys and girls, grown to be men and women, will have life's heavy loads to carry and life's harder battles to fight! Work and study now that in the near future you may be fitted for the toil which is before you.

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## THE PICNIC.

THE first thing to do was to have a glorious game of football, and in this old Carlo took a leading share, beating them all in chasing the ball, getting in the way all the time, and more than once sending one of the lads head over heels by tripping up his feet.



Then Lou proposed that they play hoop—rolling hoop and grace-hoop; and at

hoop-playing they went until Jim the farm-boy came with the wagon to drive them up to the house. On the way

the girls saw a pretty blackbird and tried to catch him, but he just gave a whistle, as much as to say, "No, thank you," and was gone in a moment. After reaching the house they had a nice lunch, and then they all went out to see Uncle William and the farm-hands load the hay-cart in the field, and by and by, as evening came on and the sun was setting



in the west. Jim got the wagon once more, and auntie told him to take them to the depot and see that they got on the train without accident and in good time; and so the picnic ended.



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WHAT CAN IT BE?

THIS picture of three curious little puppies looking at a tortoise reminds me of a story told of a countryman who saw some land-tortoises for the first time at a fair in the market-place of his native village. Very much surprised at their queer look, he asked the man who was selling them how much they were.

"Eighteenpence a pair," was the answer.

"Eighteenpence!" said the man; "that is a great deal

for a thing like a frog. What will you take for one *without the box?*"

Tortoises live to a very great age. One was given to the Zoological Gardens in London in 1833 which had already lived seventy years in Port Louis, in the island of Mauritius. Its shell, from the head to the tail, measured four feet four inches and a half, and it weighed two hundred and eighty-five pounds.

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**SATURDAY AFTERNOON.**

CLARA has brought baby Annie over to see and play with Jennie. Jennie has a nice side-yard, with large trees in it, and a swing, and the three are going to have a nice time together, I tell you. They will play hoop-  
store; then baby can have a ride in the cart, and after that they will let her look at the picture-books, and by that time, if baby isn't too

tired or else fast asleep, they will give her some strawberries and cream and a piece of cake, and baby will be glad to "come again." Jennie has a little baby-brother, too, and you can see two babies in our other picture playing together, and having a right royal good time among the chickens and with the quiet little kitten. An afternoon in the summer-time is a rare treat to children when there is no school. Supper-time always comes too soon.

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## Our Picture Book.

### A DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

you wish, my little readers, you had been there? In the picture Dick's mamma to go into the country for a holiday with his little cousins, over, so that Dick can get it with



Ida and Dick. And it was quite as great a day for the little cousins when they heard the good news. What a happy day they made of it, scampering through the meadows, swinging on the gate and thinking of nothing but fun and frolic! Don't his stick, if he doesn't tumble in the creek. Rover is helping all he can by looking on. Lucy is afraid to venture hers upon the water, for fear of an upset, but they are bent on having a good time anyhow, and I hope they will. all through life.

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THE WEE ONES' PAGE.

"How many miles to Baby-land?"

Any one can tell;  
Up one flight,  
To your right:  
Please to ring the bell.



"What do they do in Baby-land?"

Dream and wake and  
play,  
Laugh and crow,  
Shout and grow,  
Jolly times have they.



"What can you see in Baby-land?"

Little folks in white;  
Downy heads,  
Cradle-beds,  
Faces pure and bright.



"Who is the queen of Baby-land?"

Mother, kind and sweet;  
And her love,  
Born above,  
Guides the little feet.

THE LEDGER BUILDING STORE

—S1—

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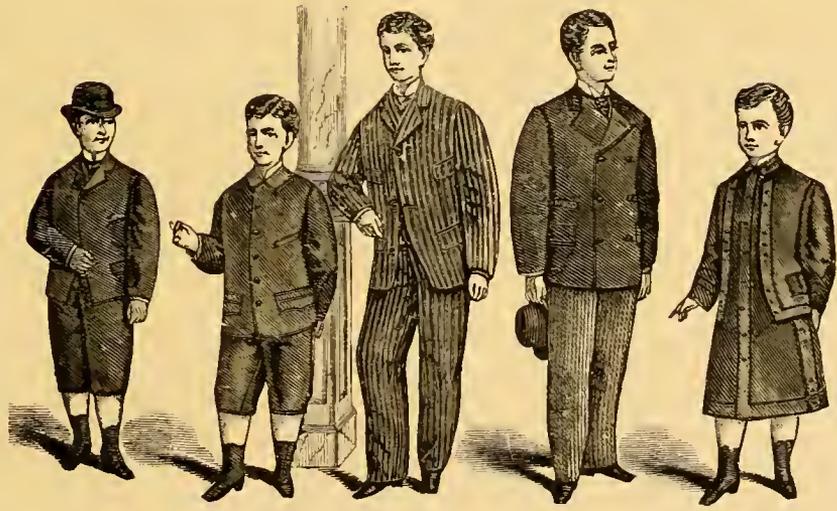
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