

Our Young People

On Arbor Day.

"Let's plant a baby tree," said Bob
To little sister Bess,
"And then we'll have a great big tree
When we grow up, I guess."
"Oh, yes," cried Bess, "a sugar tree,
A maple-sugar tree,
To bear sweet sticks and hearts and
rounds,
As thick as thick can be!"
"And I will plant an oak," laughed
Bob
(A "squirrel-tooth" had he.)
"For cups and saucers for your dolls,
And nuts to crack for me!"
—Babyland

He Loves Dolls.

An English paper tells of a dog in
Birmingham that is devoted to dolls.
The owner of the dog had a little
daughter who taught the dog to carry
her doll. The dog became so fond of
the doll that he would snatch it and
carry it to his kennel and lie down be-
side it. The children of the neighbor-
hood thought this was fun, and would
ask the dog's owner, "Please, may your
dog come and take my doll for a walk?"
Alas! now the dog snatches dolls from
the little owners, and runs off to his
kennel. He never harms them, carry-
ing them by their clothes. One day he
brought four dolls home. He is no
longer a favorite; his reputation as a
friend of the children is gone. He
does not wait to be asked to take the
dolls for a walk; he runs off with them,
without the owner's consent.

Blossom's Interpretation.

Blossom, the Boston Transcript
says, was the pet of a very gentle lady.
One day a young gentleman called, and
as no one was about, he petted the cat
in his way, calling her "old rascal,"
"scapegoat," "tramp," and similar
names. First the cat looked indignant,
and then she sprang away from him
and disappeared until he was gone.
Whenever he appeared after that the
cat gave every evidence of her intense
dislike, by scratching at his clothes and
spitting at him. All her pretty ways
disappeared whenever this gentleman
was about.

Poor Blossom! she had never heard
such language.

Little Man Mercury.

Down in his cellar hidden away,
Little Man Mercury sits while he may.
Up from his dwelling a tall ladder
shows;
Why it is put there, wee Mercury
knows.
When the weather is warm he skips up
to the top,
And when it grows colder, downstairs
he must stop.

—Selected.

Two Stories

(Mary's Story.)

O mother! I've had the most beauti-
ful time! Stella's house is the loveli-
est place in the world. I wish you
could see all the fine things.

There is such a splendid piano in
the parlor, and Stella's mamma played
to us, just the sweetest music you ever
heard, I thought, but Stella didn't care
anything about it. She takes music
lessons and practices an hour a day,
and she hates it! Just think about it!
I know I should love to learn to play
the piano.

You ought to see Stella's room with
all her books and playthings. I just
wanted to sit down and read the whole
time, but of course that wouldn't have
been polite. Stella says, she doesn't
like to read! Isn't it strange? We
played with the dolls, and they have
trunks full of the most beautiful
clothes, silk, satin and lace. Oh! you
can't imagine!

It didn't seem any time at all till
supper was ready and we went down-
stairs. The table was set with the
loveliest dishes—I was almost afraid to
handle them for fear I should break
something. There was a servant to
wait on the table and Stella's mamma
was dressed so nicely, and had on
such sparkling rings, and her hands
were so white and pretty.

I was a little afraid of her papa, for
he didn't smile and look pleasant at
us, but ate his supper quickly and
went out.

I was so sorry when seven o'clock
came and I had to come home. I
think Stella ought to be the happiest
little girl in the world.

(Stella's Story.)

O mamma! I've had the loveliest
time! I and Mary's home is just the
pleasest place!

Her mother is as kind as can be and
her grandmother is such a pleasant old
lady, and oh! her baby brother is so
cute, worth a thousand of my dolls.

We played in the attic, and it is the
grandest playroom, such lots of things
to dress up in and play keep house
with, and there was a splendid swing,
there, too.

The supper was the nicest I ever
ate, baked sweet apples and brown
bread and milk, and the most delicious
pumpkin-pie! I wish our cook could
make things half as good.

After supper we sat on the rug be-
fore the fire-place and roasted apples.
The room was so pleasant in the fire-
light, and Mary's grandmother sat
there with her knitting, and her mother

held the baby, while her father popped
corn for us and cracked butternuts.

I heard such soft, sweet strains of
music once in a while. Mary said it was
an Eolian harp her mother fixed in the
window, only a thread of sewing-silk
and a couple of tooth-picks. Think of
it! The wind made just the sweetest
music on it, better than any piano.

Her grandmother was just telling us
the loveliest story when Josephine
came for me. I did hate to come
home. I think Mary must be the
happiest girl in the world.—[Youth's
Companion.

Some Queer Mistakes.

Very amusing mistakes are made by
printers and also by reporters. A
gentleman in the course of a speech,
said: "Prosperity has its duties as
well as its rights." The next day the
papers stated that he said: "Prosperity
has its duties for which it fights."
Another speaker said: "Great Diana
of the Ephesians!" He was reported
as saying: "Great Diana! what a farce
this is!"

The Wren and His Home.

Quaint little birds the wrens, dressed
in their brown feather jackets and flit-
ting hither and thither in their brisk,
busy way from twig to twig of the
bushes, or searching beneath them for
the worms and insects on which they
delight to feed.

They are small birds, with long,
slender legs, and their plumage is of a
red brown color, somewhat streaked
or mottled with dark brown. The
under part of the body is a light color,
nearly approaching white, and on the
tips of the wings there are small bead-
like spots of white.

Their wings are not long, and instead
of flying continuously they flit and
jump from place to place.

The song of the male bird is sweet
and clear, but he is very pugnacious,
and will defend his rights wherever
occasion requires, even though he may
be obliged to fight larger birds than
himself.

The nests are made of hay or moss,
lined with feathers and covered with a
roof, the opening is at the side.

To prevent being discovered the
birds select for the outside of the nest
material resembling in color the object
against which it is to be built, and al-
ways choose some spot where it will
be sheltered from storms, such as
under the eaves of a house, or beneath
the projecting edge of a wall or bank.

They will also gladly take possession
of the little bird houses which may be
prepared for them or others of the
feathered tribe, and consider the quar-
ters very luxurious.

One species, called the winter
wren, is quite numerous, and may be
found in the cold climate of Labrador,
and thence to the far south. Another
is called the house wren, and loves to
make its home near dwelling houses,
and renders itself a truly welcome
neighbor because of its sweet and
cheery song.

When the winter is very severe, a
number of wrens will form themselves
into a company and take possession of
a bird house, or some old nests, and
there make themselves as comfortable
as possible until the intense cold is
gone.

There are several varieties of these
little birds, besides those already men-
tioned, such as the common wren and
the marsh wren, and they are all very
interesting little creatures, and as they
sing their sweet songs in coldest winter
weather as well as through the sum-
mer, they have unlimited power of
giving pleasure.

Agnosticism Dying Away

Prof. John Watson, writing for the
Philosophical Review, says he thinks
the indications are that the reign of
agnosticism is over. "That phase of
thought," he says, "which is based up-
on the fundamental contradiction that
we know the absolute to be unknow-
able, has drawn its main support from
a rejection of the preconceptions of
traditional theology and an affirmation
of the validity of the scientific view of
the world as under the dominion of
inviolable law." President Schurman,
of Cornell University, remarks that
"Agnosticism is only a transitional and
temporary phase of thought. The
human mind can no more surrender
its belief in God, than its belief in a
world or in itself. Contemporary
agnosticism, strange as it may sound,
is in part due to the great advance
which knowledge has made during the
last half century; it is blindness from
excess of light. But the agnostic fever
seems already to be burning out." So
much the better for the world; but,
alas, when some new negation presents
itself, it will be welcomed by a hand-
ful of scientific men and a whole reg-
iment of those who are unable to do
their own thinking, who will regard
the new teaching pretty much as they
would a new fashion in clothes. As
for agnosticism, it is at best a sorry
affair. We would rather have down-
right good old-fashioned atheism pure
and simple than the nondescript noth-
ing which Prof. Huxley christened ag-
nosticism.—[New York Observer.

THE BEST PILLS.—Mr. Wm. Van-

dervoot, Sydney Crossing, Ont., writes:
"We have been using Parmelee's Pills,
and find them by far the best pills we
ever used." For delicate and debilit-
ated constitutions these pills act like
a charm. Taken in small doses the
effect is both a tonic and a stimulant,
mildly exciting the secretions of the
body, giving tone and vigor.

With The Poets.

In Absence.

Let no man say, he at his lady's feet
Lays worship that to heaven alone
belongs;
Yea, swings the incense that for God
is meet
In flippant censers of light lover's
songs.
Who says it, knows not God, nor love,
nor thee;
For love is large as is yon heavenly
dome;
In love's great blue, each passion is
full free
To fly his favorite flight and build
his home.
Did e're a lark, with skyward pointing
beak,
Stab by mischance a level-flying
dove?
Wife-love flies level, his dear mate to
seek;
God-love darts straight into the skies
above,
Crossing the windage of each other's
wings
But speeds them both upon their
journeys.

—Sidney Lanier.

A Whiff o' the Caller Air.

Oh, for a breath o' the moorlands,
A whiff o' the caller air!
For the scent o' the flowerin' heather
My very heart is sair.
Oh, for the sound o' the burnies
—That whimple o'er the lea,
For a sight o' the brownin' bracken
On the hillside waving free!
Oh, for the blue lochs cradled
In the arms of mountains gray
That smile as they shadow the drifting
clouds
A' the bonny simmer day!
Oh, for the tops o' mountains,
White wi' eternal snow!
For the winds that drift across the lift,
For the strong east winds that blow!
I'm sick o' the blazing sunshine
That burns through the weary hours;
O' gaudy birds singing never a song,
O' beautiful scentless flowers.
I'd gie a' their southern glory
For a taste o' the gude saut wind,
Wi' a road o'er the bonny sea before
And a track o' foam behind.

Auld Scotland may be rugged,
Her mountains stern and bare,
But, oh, for a breath o' her moorlands,
A whiff o' her caller air!
—Margaret Davidson.

Mulholland's Contract.

The fear was on the cattle, for the gale
was on the sea,
An' the pens broke up on the lower
deck an' let the creatures free—
An' the lights went out on the lower
deck an' no one there but me.

I had been singin' to them to keep 'em
quiet there.
For the lower deck is the dangerousest,
requirin' constant care,
An' give to me as the strongest man,
though used to drink and swear.

I see my chance was certain of bein'
horned or trod,
For the lower deck was packed with
steers thicker 'n peas in a pod,
An' more pens broke at every roll—so
I made a contract with God.

An' by the terms of the contract, as I
have read the same,
If He got me to port alive I would
exalt His name,
An' praise His Holy Majesty till
further orders came.

He saved me from the cattle, and He
saved me from the sea,
For they found me 'twixt two drowned
on es where the roll had landed
me—

An' a four-inch crack on top of my
head, as crazy as could be.

But that was done by a stanchion an'
not by a bullock at all,
An' I lay still for seven weeks con-
valescing of the fall,
An' readin' the shiny Scripture texts in
the Seamen's Hospital.

An' I spoke to God of our Contract,
an' He says to my prayer:
"I never put on My ministers no more
than on they can bear,
So back you go to the cattle-boats an'
preach My Gospel there.

"For human life is chancy at any kind
of trade,
But most of all, as well you know,
when the steers are mad afraid;
So you go back to the cattle-boats an'
preach 'em what I've said.

"They must quit drinkin' an' swearin',
they musn't knife on a blow,
They must quit gamblin' their wages,
an' you must preach it so;
For now those boats are more like Hell
than anything else I know."

I didn't want to do it, for I knew what
I should get,
An' I wanted to preach religion hand-
some an' out of the wet,
But the Word of the Lord were lain on
me, an' I done what I was set.

I have been smit an' bruised, as warned
would be the case,
An' turned my cheek to the smiter
exactly as Scripture says,
But followin' that, I knocked him
down an' led him up to Grace.

An' we have preachin' on Sundays,
whenever the sea is calm,

An' I use no knife nor pistol an' I
never take no harm,
For the Lord abideth back of me to
guide my fightin' arm.

An' I sign for four-pound-ten a month
and save the money clear,
An' I am in charge of the lower deck,
an' I never lose a steer;
An' I believe in Almighty God an'
preach His Gospel here.

The skippers say I'm crazy, but I can
prove 'em wrong,
For I'm in charge of the lower deck
with all that there belong—
Which they would not give to a lunatic
and the competition so strong!
—Rudyard Kipling.

English and American Manners.

Americans complain that English-
men are not considerate and tactful,
and the usual retort is that while
Americans are really exceedingly po-
lite, as a rule, they lack "distinction"
and dignity. To what extent these
charges are true is explained and illus-
trated in a very readable article in the
Social Economist (July, New York).
The writer thinks that the "distinction"
which Americans lack is simply
the "art of snubbing," a manner calcu-
lated to keep inferiors in their place
rather than to make equals feel at
ease. By way of illustration, he cites
the following incident:

"Sir Archibald Alison, in his auto-
biography, narrates that at one of the
Marchioness of Londonderry's recep-
tions the guests with one accord took
offense at their hostess for taking a
position near the entrance where her
guests, in leaving, would have to pass
her. This would convert the closing
moments of the reception into a period
of reciprocal courtesies with their
hostess in person, which they thought
would assume too much the form of
homage to her, and as her manner was
supremely royal, they turned with one
accord and withdrew from her palace
by another route. This snubbing of
their hostess by her guests is told by
Alison as if it were exquisitely the
proper thing to do, inasmuch as Lady
Londonderry was getting too much dis-
play for herself and was using her
guests for the purpose in a manner not
contributory to their ease or enjoy-
ment."

Americans, says the writer, would
simply have smiled good-naturedly
and indulged the hostess rather than
humiliate her in her own house. It is
true, we have not learned the art of
protecting ourselves against social
bores and intruders, but this is largely
because of our disinclination to be dis-
agreeable. The most amusing in-
stance of English "distinction" in man-
ners given by the writer is as follows:

"On Lord Houghton's visit to
America, the faculty of the University
of Chicago were invited to meet him
during an evening at the parlors of the
university. After a brief chat and
collation, the party adjourned to the
tower which contained the telescope.
While the director was maneuvering
the telescope into the field for a favor-
able view of the planet Saturn, the
reverend president of the university
remarked, 'We Americans are sur-
prised at the fervor with which the
British mind is carried away by Mr.
Moody's preaching and by Mr.
Sankey's singing.'"

"Lord Houghton was walking, arm
in arm, with the president around the
small circle of space which surrounded
the telescope. Thus walking, he
replied in a series of articulated grunts
and robust snorts, to which the
listeners attended in the expectation
that when he had sufficiently cleared
his throat he would say something.

"H—m. Moody. Aha! Ugh!
Sankey! Humph! Moody and Sankey!
Bah! Sankey and Moody! H—m!
Moody. Ah, ah, aha!"

"This was the only reply he made.
"It was discreet. It left the question
unanswered. But it conformed to no
standard of politeness known among
Americans."

One American in fifty, according to
the writer, has English manners, and
the result is that he is often mistaken
for an Englishman. He says:

"It is no part of our argument that
America produces no prominent men
whose manners are, indeed, exceed-
ingly 'distinguished,' but not at all
polite. A very prominent lawyer and
banker of Chicago would preface every
statement of fact which he wished to
emphasize with the offensive prelude,
'It will astonish you very much to
know that,' etc., or 'My dear sir, you
have not the least idea, sir, but it is
nevertheless true that,' etc. So
generally, however, was this regarded
as English that very few persons
supposed him to be an American."

A SHORT ROAD to health was
opened to those suffering from chronic
coughs, asthma, bronchitis, catarrh,
lumbago, tumors, rheumatism, excori-
ated nipples or inflamed breast, and
kidney complaints, by the introduction
of the inexpensive and effective rem-
edy, DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL.

Man (at front door).—I want to see
the boss of the house.
Houser.—Walk right up to the
second story back, and tell the nurse
to show you the baby.

The "never-failing" medicine, Hollo-
way's Corn Cure, removes all kinds of
corns, warts, etc.; even the most diffi-
cult to remove cannot withstand this
wonderful remedy.

A Smile And a Laugh.

Why did the fly fly? Because the
spider spied her.

"He is always in the best of spirits."
"No wonder he is well preserved."

The average cab horse is a tender-
hearted animal. He is always ready
to listen to a tale of woe.

Teacher (to class).—In this stanza,
what is meant by the line, "The shades
of night were falling fast?"
Clever Scholar.—The people were
pulling down the blinds.

A schoolboy was asked how many
wars Spain had in the fifteenth century.
"Six," the boy promptly replied.
"Enumerate them," said the teacher.
"1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6," said the boy.

The eye of little Elsie was attracted
by the sparkle of dew at early morning.
"Mamma," she exclaimed, "it's hot-
ter'n I thought it was. Look here; the
grass is all covered with perspiration."

Robbie.—What are descendants,
father?

Father.—Why, the people who come
after you. (Presently) Who is that
young man in the passage?

Robbie.—That's one of sister's des-
cendants come to take her for a drive.

"Darling," she said to her husband
as they sat on the roll of parlor carpet
in the hall of the house into which they
had just moved, "I wish this roll of car-
pet was velvet."

"Do you? Well, I don't."
"What do you wish?"
"That it was down."

"Are you aware, sir," said an irate
nobleman in Yorkshire to a farmer
whom he thought wanting in proper
respect, "are you aware, sir, that my
ancestors came over with the Conquer-
or?"

"And if they did," replied the farm-
er, "I reckon they found mine 'ere
when they comed."—[Chicago News.

Lord Cockburn, after a long stroll,
sat down on a hillside beside a shep-
herd, and observed that the sheep se-
lected the coldest situation for lying
down.

"Mac," said he, "I think if I were a
sheep, I should certainly have prefer-
red the other side of the hill."

The shepherd answered: "Ay, my
lord; but, if you had been a sheep, ye
would have had mair sense."

A story of Scotch honesty comes
from Dundas. A little boy there, a
pupil in one of the schools, had taken
the prize for an exceptionally well
drawn map. After the examination
the teacher, a little doubtful, asked the
lad:

"Who helped you with this map,
James?"

"Nobody, sir."
"Come, now, tell me the truth.
Didn't your brother help you?"
"No, sir; he did it all."

SHE HAD HEARD.—When the lec-
turer inquired dramatically, "Can any
one in this room tell me of a perfect
man?" there was a dead silence.
"Has any one," he continued, "heard
of a perfect woman?"

Then a patient-looking little woman
in a black dress rose up at the back of
the auditorium and answered:

"There was one. I've often heard
of her, but she's dead now. She was
my husband's first wife."

Lunatics often assume a superiority
of intellect to others which is quite
amusing. A gentleman traveling in
England some years ago, while walking
along the road, not far from the side
of which ran a railway, encountered a
number of insane people out for ex-
ercise in charge of a keeper. With a
nod toward the railway tracks he said
to one of the lunatics:

"Where does this railway go to?"
The lunatic looked at him scornfully
a moment, and then replied:

"It doesn't go anywhere. We keep
it here to run trains on."

Trace All to God.

Accustom yourself every day to
think of God as the source of all; re-
gard the sun as the light of God, and
the rain as his water; look on bliss as
his goodness, on the thorn in the flesh
as his messenger, on your sins as his
purging, on your affairs as his making.
Trace all your gladness to him, and if
there be brightness in your life, and the
sun shines and the sky is blue, thank
God for it. Never consider anything
as a chance, seeing that God rules
over all; but learn every day, how-
ever small the event or however
great the crisis, to trace it equally to
God; and supposing there comes over
your days a blight, and you are in hell
for a season, trace your hell to him
even more certainly than your heaven;
trace your sin, your happiness, your
passions, your difficulties, your
paradise, all to him, and at nightfall
you will have learned a step towards
the worship of God; so that if you
follow this out you will be unable to
curse anything, but your shortcomings,
your pull-backs, your times of gloom,
your periods of loneliness will be
taken as from God's hand, and if it
should be that into your life should
come a great joy, a great favor, quite

independent of your merit, and there
is heaped upon you a goodness which
burns as a coal, and hurts you because
it is so undeserved, trace it all to God.
Thank him for it, and cultivate
gratitude: for gratitude is a steel
which requires spurring, and a grate-
ful heart is far more a self-made thing
than people suppose.

About People.

R. D. Blackmore has written a trag-
ic story in which several striking char-
acters introduced in Lorna Doone will
reappear. This tale is to be called
"Slain by the Doones: A Record of
Exmoor."

Mark Twain is setting to work in
earnest to repair his money losses. He
has just signed a contract for a lecture
tour around the world, and has sailed
for home with his family; then he will
proceed by way of San Francisco to
Australia and India.

During her recent visit to Chicago
Mrs. Grant discovered a nest of spar-
rows in the stirrup of General Grant's
statue in Lincoln Park. Mrs. Grant
was delighted, and said: "Even were
the statue living, the birds might safely
rest in the General's stirrup."

William II. has issued an edict for-
bidding soldiers and officers to smoke
either in the streets of Berlin or in the
Thiergarten. The reason for this is
that some of them have actually kept a
cigar in one hand while greeting his
Majesty with the other!

Professor von Gizycki points out
that the opposers of women's suffrage
are very concerned indeed about the
strain women's health would be put to
if they were allowed to enter the high-
er (paying) professions; but they never
say a word about the millions who are
put to compulsory "hard labor" in the
factory and workshop.

Mme. Rostowska, of Lille, France, is
112 years old and a major's widow.
She was the cantiniere of a Polish reg-
iment in the Russian campaign, was
under fire twelve times, received three
wounds, and was decorated with the
silver cross. Besides this, she has sur-
vived her fifteen children, the last of
whom she buried at the age of 80.

Mrs. Henry D. Cram, a Boston
business woman, has made arrange-
ments to furnish for the Paris Exposi-
tion of 1900, the derricks and para-
phernalia to be used in the erection of
all the buildings, which will be made
entirely of stone. Mrs. Cram will per-
sonally superintend the work of placing
the 75 derricks.

Incredible as it may seem to his ad-
mirers, a letter from Scotland addressed
to

"The Learned Mr. Ruskin,
The Famous Author,
England,"

went about among English cities and
towns nine days before some one sent
it at a guess to Christ Church College,
Oxford, whence it quickly reached its
proper destination.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has
extraordinary notions about bringing
up children. Hers have never been
allowed to be corrected since they
were born. However much they may
have outraged the traditions of good
behavior, sense of shame and the force
of example were the only remedies
permitted. It was as much as a gover-
ness' or a servant's place was worth to
forget this rule.

The death of Prof. Huxley recalls
the fact that the late Prof. Robertson
Smith, while cordially recognizing
Huxley's merits as a zoologist, was ac-
customed to speak with extreme scorn
of his philosophy. He said that Hux-
ley and Tyndall could never have
gained such influence as they had ex-
cept in "an age indulgent beyond most
others to ignorance which calls itself
philosophy, and blindness which calls
itself scientific doubt." Such a com-
ment may sound severe, but it is surely
the severity of justice.

Always an Opportunity to Do Right.

Whatever God may deny us, he
never denies us the opportunity to do
the right thing. This thing may be
our going forward or our holding back,
our acquiescence or our refusal. He
leaves it to us to decide, and this is
our opportunity. Sometimes the op-
portunity is to become poor, some-
times it is to become rich. Some-
times it is to live, sometimes it is to
die. But it rests with us to make the
circumstances in which we are placed
our opportunity to do the right thing,
and to take