

## Our Young People

### A Kindergarten Carol.

All night long the little stars blink;  
All night long they twinkle and wink;  
All night long, when we're fast asleep,  
Through the cracks in the shutters they  
peep, peep, peep,  
But what do they do when the daylight  
comes?

When the sun wakes up, and his big,  
round eye  
Stares and stares at the big, round sky,  
The little stars nestle right down in  
their nest,  
And their bright eyes close, while they  
rest, rest, rest,  
And that's what they do when the  
daylight comes.

### A Day at Aunt Harriet's.

"Children, come here."  
"Children," meant my cousin Polly  
who was visiting us, and myself. We  
both ran at the sound of mother's  
voice.

"Do you want to go on an errand  
up to Aunt Harriet's?"

"Yes'm."

"No'm."

"Yes'm. Let's, Emily."

"I don't like to go there," I grum-  
bled. "You wouldn't, Polly, if you lived  
as near Aunt Harriet as I do."

"Emily," said my mother in a re-  
proving tone. "Your Aunt Harriet is a  
very good, kind woman, and I am  
surprised to hear you talk so."

Aunt Harriet was, and is, as I have  
good reason to know as I have grown  
older. But in those days I must con-  
fess that I did not like her very well—  
probably because I fancied she did not  
like me. For which—also probably—  
she was not at all to be blamed, for as  
I look back upon my mischievous days  
I can well imagine I must have been a  
terror to one not at all accustomed to  
children and their ways. I yielded so  
far as to say:

"Well, I'll go if Polly wants to."

"And do you want to stay all day?"  
asked mother. "Because if you do I  
will say so in the note I am writing to  
Aunt Harriet."

"Yes," again said Polly.

"I wonder if the pony is there yet,"  
I said.

"I think he is. Your aunt wishes to  
sell him, but I hadn't heard of her  
doing so yet."

"I think it's real mean of her to sell  
him," I whispered. "I think she  
ought to keep him for my children  
when we go there."

"Aunt Harriet needs the money she  
would get for the pony," said mother.

"Now, take this basket, and don't  
loiter too long on the way."

The road to Aunt Harriet's was so  
delightful that mother's caution was by  
no means unnecessary. Our house  
was in a small town, but Aunt  
Harriet's farm was a mile out in the  
country. She had taken charge of it  
herself since my uncle's death some  
time before, keeping a man and a  
maid and hiring such help as she  
needed. Our way lay at first along a  
little creek whose banks were gay with  
wild flowers, and in whose shallow  
ripples we always looked for fish—  
never, however, finding them until we  
got into quieter places in the shade of  
the woods. Along here, too, were  
berries in the season. We scratched  
our hands in reaching into the thorny  
blackberry bushes, tearing also a few  
small holes in our dresses. We took  
off our shoes and stockings and waded  
in the cool water. It was late in the  
morning when we reached Aunt  
Harriet's. Hulda, the maid, always  
greeted me with a smile. Aunt  
Harriet always with a look as if she  
was wondering what I might do before  
I left for home. As I watched her  
read the note from mother I thought  
I fancied a little cloud coming over  
her face and felt sure it was because  
we were to spend the day. This was  
a mistake, as I learned afterwards.  
Mother had told her of the death of an  
old friend. But I jumped to my silly  
conclusion at once, and my heart was  
filled with a spirit of opposition to  
Aunt Harriet.

"I don't care if she don't want us.  
I don't care whether I am a good girl  
or not."

I felt it as Aunt Harriet explained  
that she had been very busy in the  
hot kitchen all the morning and was  
now going to take a little rest. She  
told Hulda to bring us some cool  
milk and ginger-bread, and told us to  
amuse ourselves in any way we liked.

"The pony is out in the meadow,"  
she said. "I suppose you will ride  
him. You will have to be contented  
with riding, for the cart is broken."

"O dear! I wanted to drive," I  
said.

"Too bad, dear."

We rode the gentle little creature,  
taking turns, until we were tired of it.  
"I do wish we had the cart," I said.

"It's a great deal more fun when we  
can ride together. I'm going to see  
how it is broken. I know just where  
they keep it."

We went to the carriage-house.  
"It looks all right to me," I said.

"See Polly, I'm sure it would do just  
to ride 'round the meadow. We won't  
go out in the road. Here's the har-  
ness. I've hitched Bob up lots of  
times."

"I don't believe we'd better," said  
Polly, doubtfully.

"It won't do a bit of harm. 'See,  
the cart runs just right."

I drew it out and we soon had Bob  
harnessed to it. The carriage-house  
was so situated that there was no view  
of it from the kitchen. The hired man  
was away in the fields so there was no  
one to interfere with us. We climbed  
into the cart and turned it into the  
meadow. "Now, isn't this nice?" I  
began. "Didn't I tell you, Polly?"

Polly never disputed me, for at this  
moment she gave a scream, in which  
I joined. The cart went over, throw-  
ing us both out. Bob, good little fel-  
low that he was, made no fuss, but  
stood quietly, only looking round as if  
to ask: "What are you girls up to  
now?"

Hulda heard us and came out.  
"Oh, I hope Aunt Harriet hasn't  
heard, Hulda," I sobbed, as she took  
us in and bathed our bumped heads.  
She had not, and before long Polly  
and I were looking for some new  
amusement. Very soon we found it.  
Wandering about the house we came  
upon a little shelf outside a window in  
the woodshed.

"O Polly—look there!" I ex-  
claimed.

"Blackberry jelly. Doesn't the sun  
shine through it beautifully?"

"How good it looks."

"That's what Aunt Harriet was so  
busy about this morning."

"I'd like a taste—"

Polly said nothing, but I knew that  
if she had said anything it would have  
been: "So would I."

"Polly, those glasses are so full—  
most running over. It wouldn't do a  
bit of harm for us to take just a little  
taste," Polly looked doubtful.

"I should think Aunt Harriet might  
have given us a little," I went on, try-  
ing hard to build up a reason why we  
should help ourselves. I stole into the  
kitchen and got a spoon. Then I  
stood on a peck measure so that I  
could reach the jelly, and we took  
spoonfuls turn about.

"That's enough," said Polly, at  
length.

"No," I said, "we must even them  
all down."

"But they'll know, I'm sure," said  
Polly, in distress.

"No," I repeated. "They'll think  
it's shrunk. Jelly always shrinks. I've  
heard mother say so."

"I'm afraid it isn't right," said Polly,  
who evidently was not enjoying the  
repart.

"Nonsense," I said. "What does  
Aunt Harriet want of such a lot of  
jelly, anyway? Just for herself and  
Hulda and Reuben."

"Now let's go," urged Polly.

"Wait," I said, "there's just one  
more. We must take some out of  
that or they'll surely know."

I leaned over towards the back of  
the shelf. I did not know that it was  
simply a board laid on two supports.  
I pushed against it—and crash. Down  
it went, and the jelly, mixed with  
broken glass, lay on the ground. Aunt  
Harriet heard this time. She and  
Hulda came out to gaze with dismay  
at the wreck. Hulda scolded.

"All that jelly you've been workin'  
so hard over, ma'am, a makin' for  
them poor little orphans over to the  
'Sylum."

Aunt Harriet did not scold. She  
looked at us two naughty, woe-begone  
little culprits, splashed with jelly from  
head to foot, in sore perplexity.

"There's only one thing to do,  
Hulda," she presently said. "You  
must put their dresses right into a tub  
of water. This hot sun will dry them  
in an hour and then you must iron  
them. I'll go and make some starch."

Three hours later, as very meek  
and subdued, we were ready for our  
walk home Aunt Harriet gave me the  
basket, saying:

"Here are a few fresh eggs, and a  
note, for your mother." The mention  
of the note sent a chill to my heart.

"Polly," I said, as we walked home,  
"I know it's to tell mother how  
naughty we've been."

"I s'pose so," said Polly, with a sigh.

"Say, Polly—s'pose we don't give it  
to her."

"Oh—but we ought to," said Polly,  
a little startled at the idea. We talked  
about it nearly all the way, and the  
end of it was, as we crossed the bridge  
over the creek I held it high over the  
water and let it fall. A moment later  
I said:

"I wish I hadn't."

"We can get it again."

"But it would be all wet. That  
would be just as bad."

"Why, dears, how nicely you have  
kept yourselves," said mother, as we  
went in our clean dresses. "I'm  
sure you've been good girls."

We were both so quiet and said so  
little that mother, thinking we must be  
tired, sent us to bed early. And there  
I had to face the full ugliness of my  
ill-doing. I didn't mind much about  
anything except the deception, but  
with every moment in which I restles-  
sly tossed it grew darker and darker to  
me. Mother trusted me—Aunt Har-  
riet trusted me. Neither of them  
would have suspected it of me. There  
was such meanness added to the sin  
of it. And as the shadows of the  
summer night grew deeper the thought  
of the Eye that sees through all dark  
and all concealment grew intolerable  
to me. How light in comparison  
would have been any punishment  
which I could have received. How  
wistfully I recalled the triumphant,  
light-hearted sense of its being done—  
and-over-with-and-not-half-so-bad-after-  
all, which had always followed one of  
mother's light punishments. I bore  
my burden of unconfessed wrong-

doing for two weeks, and then carried  
it to mother.

"I know what you'll say," I said. "I  
must go and tell Aunt Harriet."

"You can't do that for awhile," said  
mother. "She has been sent for to go  
down to Virginia to a sick sister, and  
must not be bothered now. Oh, my  
little girl, I hope you will think well  
before you again do a thing which you  
may be tempted to conceal. A con-  
cealment means a lie—for it is a cover-  
ing of the truth. We will wait until  
you can tell her yourself."

I expected Aunt Harriet to look  
dignified and severe when I told her  
about the note. But she did not. She  
looked only earnest and grave and  
kind as she said:

"We all of us do wrong, dear child,  
but it is not all of us who have the  
courage to confess our misdoings, even  
to our God. Don't ever forget that  
that is the sure and only way to atone  
for a sin. Let me see," she added,  
after a moment thought. "What did  
I write in the note?—Oh, it was to  
tell your mother that I couldn't sell the  
pony till the fall, and that if she wish-  
ed I would let you little girls have  
him through the summer. If I did  
not hear from her the next day I  
should conclude that your father did  
not want him about, so I would let  
Robbie Hays have him. Which I did."

Ever since I have had an ache at  
my heart thinking how Polly and I  
would have enjoyed the pony that  
summer.—[The Interior.

Here is Realism.

The Remarkable Performance of a  
Chinese Ventriloquist.

A man who witnessed the perform-  
ance, says the Philadelphia Times,  
gives the following description of  
what a ventriloquist in China did:

The ventriloquist was seated behind  
a screen, where there were only a chair,  
a table, fan and a ruler. With the  
ruler he tapped on the table to enforce  
silence, and when everybody had  
ceased speaking, there was suddenly  
heard the barking of a dog. Then we  
heard the movements of a woman.

She had been waked by the dog, and  
was shaking her husband.

We were just expecting to hear the  
man and wife talking together, when a  
child began to cry. To pacify it the  
mother gave it food; we could hear it  
drinking and crying at the same time.

The mother spoke to it soothingly,  
and then rose to change its clothes.

Meanwhile another child had wak-  
ened and was beginning to make a  
noise. The father scolded it, while  
the baby continued crying. By and  
by the whole family went back to bed  
and fell asleep. The patter of a mouse  
was heard. It climbed up some vase  
and upset it. We heard the clatter of  
the vase as it fell.

The women coughed in her sleep.  
Then cries of "Fire!" were heard.  
The mouse had upset the lamp; the  
bed curtains were on fire. The hus-  
band and wife waked up, shouted  
and screamed, the children cried,  
thousands of people came running and  
shouting.

Children cried, dogs barked, the  
walls came crashing down, squibs and  
crackers exploded. The fire brigade  
came racing up. Water was pumped  
up in torrents, and hissed in the  
flames.

The representation was so true to  
life that every one rose to his feet and  
was starting away, when a second blow  
of the ruler on the table commanded  
silence. We rushed behind the screen,  
but there was nothing there except  
the ventriloquist, his table, his chair  
and his ruler.

They wrong man greatly who say he is  
to be seduced by ease—martyrdom and death  
are the nerve stimulants that act on the heart  
of men.—[Carlyle.

The Mysterious Thirteen Trees

Over a century ago, on the upper  
west side, at a spot known as Fort  
George, but now a part of Harlem,  
Alexander Hamilton, whose breath was  
stopped by Aaron Burr's bullet, plant-  
ed thirteen trees within a radius of  
thirteen square feet. Now they are  
sturdy oaks, and a splendid object  
lesson in forestry. Although planted  
on the knoll of an obscure hill, this  
bunch of timber attracts the attention  
of all who pass that way, whether they  
know its history or not. Like Hamil-  
ton was, these trees are now—namely,  
eccentric. One may face them from  
any angle, or any range of vision, and  
count them, but by some hocus pocus  
one is sure to miscalculate their num-  
ber, invariably falling short at least one  
tree, a round dozen alone being  
visible.

In order to accurately count the  
trees in this big trunked maze one  
must scale the dilapidated fence sur-  
rounding the oaks and count them one  
by one, marking them in order to  
avoid a second error. You will then  
find that the unlucky number is there.  
Harlemites, who are acquainted with  
the mystery, frequently lay wagers  
with the uninitiated. After rousing a  
stranger's curiosity they eagerly bet  
him liquid refreshments or money that  
he cannot count the Hamilton oaks  
correctly. They always win, of course.  
Then they take pride in telling the  
loser how to play the game on others  
and get even. The thirteen trees were  
planted by Alexander Hamilton to  
commemorate the thirteen original  
States.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

## With The Poets.

### "Who Is This Jesus of Nazareth?"

Mrs. Knapp, of Bitlis, the nearest  
missionary station to the Sassoun mas-  
sacre, writes that one of the Turkish  
soldiers, troubled in mind by the  
memory of these awful scenes, told his  
wife to ask the wives of the "Giaours"  
(infidels, unbelievers), who is "His-  
sious Nazaretsce" (Jesus of Nazareth). For  
all the women whom they had to  
slaughter died calling upon Him.  
They could have life by just saying,  
"Mohammed is the prophet of God."

The Turks call Jesus "Isa," and so the  
ignorant soldier did not understand  
the Armenian form for Jesus of Naza-  
reth. This incident must touch any  
Christian heart.

"Who is this 'Jesus of Nazareth'?"  
The Mussulman soldier caught his  
breath.

And knit his brow, like a man op-  
pressed,  
Whom the soft divan hath brought no  
rest.

He had come from a field, of God ac-  
cursed;  
He had fought where devils did their  
worst!

The fearful fray he would fain forget—  
In his soul its echoes were ringing yet.

"Who is this Jesus of Nazareth?"  
The women all called his name, in  
death;

And the very children, caught to im-  
pale—  
Nay!—not for a woman's ear that tale!

"Your blood would freeze at its very  
fount;  
Yet the fire up into your brain would  
mount,

Till you shrieked at night, when the  
wind awoke,  
And, shuddering, cowered till morning  
broke.

"Nay, ask no question! I know not  
why  
The women and harmless babes must  
die.

"Twas my chieft's to order—mine to  
obey,  
Be it on his head at the Judgment Day!

"Yes—there was one alternative:  
"Call on our Prophet, and you live!"  
But every victim, with dying breath,  
Called upon 'Jesus of Nazareth'!

"Who is this 'Jesus of Nazareth'?"  
Does he bear the sword that conquers  
death?

Must I meet him there, when Azrael  
calls  
My naked soul to the Judgment halls?

"Go—ask the Giaours—and tell me  
true,  
Who is this 'Jesus of Nazareth'?" Who?  
I have fought for Allah! But if He be  
Allah's vicegerent—woe is me!"

Jesus of Nazareth! Lord of Life,  
Conqueror of all this world's mad  
strife!

Vengeance for blood that cries to thee!  
Bow the False Prophet on bended  
knee,

Till the Cross shall quench the  
Crescent's ray  
From St. Sophia to the Gates of Day;  
And murderous Moslem, with contrite  
breath,

Shall call upon Jesus of Nazareth!  
—Mrs. Cyrus Hamlin in Woman's  
Journal.

Hope.

We sailed and sailed upon the desert  
sea,  
Where for whole days we alone  
seemed to be.

At last we saw a dim, vague line arise  
Between the lonely billows and the  
skies,

That grew and grew until it wore the  
shape  
Of cove and inlet, promontory and  
cape;

Then hills and valleys, rivers, fields  
and woods,  
Steeple and roofs, and village neigh-  
borhoods.

And then I thought, "Some time I  
shall embark  
Upon a sea more desert and more  
dark

Than ever this was, and between the  
skies  
And lonely billows I shall see arise  
Another world out of that waste and  
lapse,

Like yonder land. Perhaps—perhaps  
—perhaps!"  
—William Dean Howells, in Harper's  
Magazine for September.

On the Ither Side.

O mither-heart, will ye grieve for aye?  
Is it fair to greet, or wise,  
It a little child has won its way  
To the peace of Paradise?

That upper countree is strange nae  
mair,  
Though a while we here may  
bide—  
Wee feet have broken oor path tae the  
door  
O' the hame on the ither side.

Through the dreepin' tears that sairly  
fa'  
At the soun' o' a bairnie's name,  
Look up tae the heaven ayont us a',  
An' ye'll catch a glint o' hame!

There's a star that we didna ken afore,  
Aloof in the lift sae wide—  
The wee face lookin' oot frae the door  
O' the hame on the ither side.

If, in the big war's clatter an' clash,  
We lose love's tenderest tune,  
Life's no sae lang that we need to fasth,  
We will hear it a' aboon.

An' its sweetest note, dear heart, ye  
ken,  
Will fill us wi' lovin' pride,  
When a wee voice ca's us, "Come awa  
ben,"

At the door on the ither side.  
—Nancy Patton McLean.

## Floral Hints and Helps.

Why Flery Fail in Growing Bulbs—  
Rules to be Implicitly Observed  
—How to Succeed.

(By Narcissus.)

So many have said to me, "Oh, I  
cannot get on with bulbs, they are so  
much bother, and anyway, I can never  
get them to grow properly, so I just  
leave them alone," that I have  
thought it worth while trying to find  
out why, where and how these unfor-  
tunate fail. There is no "royal road"  
to grow bulbs. They require attention  
and patience like anything else from  
which you expect any return. We  
need to study their habits and treat  
them accordingly.

The first essential to successful bulb  
culture is to be sure and get  
GOOD SOUND BULBS

from some reliable dealer, and if there  
is one in your locality so much the  
better, as you can see what you are  
buying. Many amateurs are tempted  
by cheap job lots offered at about half,  
or one-third the regular price; but  
woe to the unsuspecting simpleton  
who is caught by such a bait, for most  
of such are worthless. If you have  
only a small amount to spend, better  
have a few good ones that will give  
you real pleasure and satisfaction than  
a heap of rubbish that will only annoy  
and vex you.

The next thing is to get suitable  
soil. While they are not over particu-  
lar, and will bloom in any ordinary  
sandy soil, yet they are all the better  
if grown in a soil specially prepared  
for them. They love leaf mold, and  
if you can get a basket of this (i. e., de-  
cayed leaves) from the woods and mix  
it half and half with your garden soil,  
you will have it just about right. Be  
very careful not to put any manure in  
the soil except it is thoroughly rotted.  
It is much better to leave it out alto-  
gether and feed them afterwards with  
Bowker's plant food, or Excelsior fer-  
tilizer.

Another important matter, and one  
that is often a great stumbling block to  
would-be bulb growers, is

PUTTING THEM IN THE DARK

for six or eight weeks. I heard of a  
lady who complained of her non-suc-  
cess with bulbs, and who declared she  
had put them in the dark as directed  
by the florist, and when asked how  
long she had kept them there, replied  
"two days." No wonder she failed.

Why do they require to be put in the  
dark so long? So that they will have  
a chance to make plenty of roots be-  
fore they commence to grow from the  
top. The conditions of a cool cellar  
or dark closet are favorable for root  
growth, but not for top growth; and as  
the bulb already contains both leaf and  
flower folded up within itself, we can  
see the wisdom of giving it time and  
opportunity to make sufficient roots  
before it starts its growth upwards.

Make a note of the date you put them  
away and mark on your almanac or  
diary the time when they should come  
to the light; you may make sure of this  
by looking at the bottom of the pot to  
see if the roots have reached the drain-  
age hole, if they have you may bring  
them out. Do not expose them to the  
full light for a day or two, but keep  
them in a shady place until they get  
used to their new position.

It is a good plan when putting them  
away, to pack them in a box and cover  
with four or five inches of sawdust or  
other light litter which helps to keep  
them sufficiently moist as not to need  
any water.

Be careful not to over water them  
as the bulbs may rot.

Above all have

PATIENCE

and you will be rewarded. I well re-  
member a failure of my own through  
lack of this virtue when growing  
Iris. After watching and tending  
them for two months and seeing no  
sign of bloom, I concluded they were  
no good and threw them away. If I  
had given them time they would have  
bloomed all right, but they are some-  
times six months before they bloom.  
So patiently wait and do not complain  
and success will come.

Women's Wages.

The New York Sun says that during  
the last two years there has been a  
steady decrease in the wages of  
women, and it seems likely to go fur-  
ther. There are several causes for the  
decrease. For one thing, men are  
now entering employments which  
formerly belonged exclusively to  
women. These men are mostly Poles,  
Hungarians and Italians who will work  
for the smallest of wages. Foreign  
women are also coming in and accept-  
ing wages which American women  
cannot think of taking. Employers  
resort to various methods for forcing  
down wages. During the holidays  
they take on cheap help, and when  
the rush is over keep the new girls and  
drop the old employees. Many women  
are said to be working for from 50 to  
60 cents per day, and the army of un-  
employed is steadily increasing.—[The  
Advance.

## A Smile And a Laugh.

A man who had his attention drawn  
said it was not half as painful as draw-  
ing a tooth.

Bachelor—I am told that a married  
man can live on half the income that  
a single man requires.  
Married man—Yes, he has to.

There is a good story told of a Hert-  
fordshire farmer. He went home late  
one night and drank a pint of yeast in  
mistake for buttermilk. He rose three  
hours earlier next morning.

Hurrying stranger (in Squeawket)  
—Is there time to catch the train?  
Languid Native—Waal, stranger,  
ye've got time enough, I reckon, but  
I'm dead sure ye hain't got the speed!

A few days ago Susie was quite  
angry at her older sister Edith, and  
after thinking pretty hard for a few  
minutes she said, "Mamma, how did  
you ever happen to pick Edith out for  
my sister?"