

CHILDREN'S CORNER

PUSSY WILLOW. In her dress of silver gray Comes the Pussy-willow gay— Like a little Eskimo, Clad in fur from tip to toe.

Did she live once, long ago, In the land of ice and snow? Was it first by Polar seas That she made such coats as these?

FOUR YEARS OLD. This is my birthday—I'm four years old! Papa says I'm worth my weight in gold, And I guess it must be because I am four;

THE DISCONSOLATE PEBBLE.

Many years ago a small pebble rolled within the water-edge of a shallow ravine. Other pebbles were prettier, which worried it not at all, but the children playing about the banks preferred the pretty rocks, which worried the little pebble very much.

TALKS TO BOYS.

Some time ago, my dear boys, I told you what it means to be a slave of "human respect." No doubt you thought and said to yourselves at the time, "Yes, indeed; it is very foolish to be afraid to act according to one's conscience and better knowledge because others will ridicule or despise us."

In schools and colleges these jealousies among the boys are to be found quite frequently. Here is, for instance, a boy who gets along splendidly at school. He is never in trouble; he never misses a lesson; he need never be admonished or rebuked for some failing; he gives perfect satisfaction all around and of course is therefore also liked by all his teachers.

But jealousy, having taken possession of the hearts of some less fortunate lads, will not remain inactive either. These boys will try their utmost to win him over to their way of looking at things, to bring him down to the level of their standing. They will attempt to persuade him to desist from his zealous endeavors, asking him, "What's the use of killing yourself?" They will try to get him against his teacher, saying, "He is too strict; nobody can do all he wants; he is never satisfied."

can do!" In all these things they will approach him as his friends. But if he is strong and cannot be misled, then they will turn his enemies and persecutors. They will begin to make fun of him, ridicule, mock him on account of his good ways.

Poor boy! He will sell himself, sell his good name and reputation to others—his enemies; and for what? Simply for the sake of pleasing them, of gaining their favor. Is such a boy not a slave? Poor boy, but foolish boy!

Boys, do not believe everything others tell you. If you are so credulous, if you are so easily made to believe everything people tell you, why, what will become of you? Do not think everybody means it as well with you as your parents, priests and teachers. Stand by principles. If you know a thing is right and just, go ahead, and care not for the opinions or objections of others. They may seem to mean it well with you, they may talk very fine to you, but their hearts are full of jealousy and envy.

TRUTH IN A FAIRY NUTSHELL.

"He seemed to be in great distress, and first catching sight of the discontented beggar rushed up to him, crying: "'Gossip' (which means friend) — 'gossip, help me! I am chased by ruffians. They are already at my heels. Hide me in your pack, I pray you!'"

"Without more ado, the nimble elf sprang upon the old man's shoulder and secreted himself in the top of the pack. Hardly had he done so, when a party of desperadoes appeared in pursuit. They were jeering and vociferating wildly; but, meeting no sign of their victim, and seeing only the two mendicants, the ringleader hastily concluded that the fugitive had turned down a bosky lane which led along by the city wall; and, unwilling to waste time in parley, he plunged amid its shadows, followed by his noisy band.

"When they were gone, the jolly beggar whispered to the small wayfarer whom he had harbored: 'Now, gossip, all is again quiet. You may continue on your way without dread or molestation.'

"Where do you live?" asked the other. "'Only just beyond the hill yonder,' was the reply. "'The jolly beggar set out with his new friend, trudging along slowly and painfully beneath his burden, the addition to which was as the last straw that breaks the camel's back. And as he went he was followed by the derisive laugh of the discontented beggar, who called after him, that he was a zany to take so much trouble for the sake of a vagrant who had no gold with which to recompense him.

Heedless of these taunts, the jolly beggar toiled on till he came to the brow of the hill. To his surprise, he found it overlooked a romantic glen, of which, strangely enough, he had never heard. Here, in the light of the full moon, were sporting merrily a company of little people, each arrayed in the colors and after the fashion of some flower common to the region. They were dancing round and round in a fairy ring, singing a sweet refrain.

"Now put me down," directed the wee wanderer, peremptorily. "'The jolly beggar was too tired to resent his lordly tone, or to question why he was now so helpless when he had climbed into his hiding-place with so much agility. He simply lifted the little man out of his pack and set him on the ground. Then he turned away with a cheery good-bye. The frolicsome chap had no notion of letting him go in that manner, however. Grasping the end of his ragged

cloak, he led him into the midst of a sprightly throng, and to a throne of silvery moonlight, where sat the King and Queen of the fairies, in robes of rose petals embroidered with diamond dewdrops. Before the beggar could realize it all, his little acquaintance was presenting him to these royal personages, and telling of their needy subject. Their Majesties thanked him graciously, and the King gave him the place of honor at the right of the throne.

"When our friend recovered somewhat from his confusion, he began to pay heed to the song the fairies kept singing in concert. He soon perceived that what he had at first supposed to be simply a gay melody was in reality a kind of task, which they were coning over and over. Each time they began bravely, and with every appearance of confidence; but after a measure or two the words came haltingly, the voices grew fever, they would break off abruptly and start again. This is what they sang: 'Monday, Tuesday! Monday, Tuesday! Monday, Tuesday! and—' At the pause which invariably occurred when the came to this point, they would stop dancing, glance piteously from one to another, and after a moment of perplexity and sadness begin once more.

"In a few moments our friend, the jolly beggar, apprehended wherein the fairies' trouble lay; they were trying in vain to learn the days of the week as mortals knew them. 'Poor little creatures!' he reflected, indulgently. 'So it is throughout the world. What seems to be a molehill in the path of one, is a mountain of difficulty to another.' He listened attentively, and when they next came to a stop, he sang out at the top of his voice: 'Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, too!'"

"The effect of this timely interruption was beyond the power of words to describe. The King and Queen started to their feet. "'Who's that helping our song?' they cried in delight, though they knew well. "'It is the jolly beggar,' joyfully exclaimed the fairy who had been to town. The whole company repeated: 'It is the jolly beggar,' and shouted and tossed up their caps in glee.

"As soon as the King could, make himself heard, he commanded order, and delivered a neat speech as follows: "'Friends and subjects, our guest has accorded us distinguished aid— first by rescuing one of our number from the hands of lawless mortals, and now by helping our song, and revealing to us the knowledge which we have labored so long to obtain, and to discover which we sent our envoy to the city. Therefore, I proclaim three cheers for our guest!'"

"Oh, did the Fairy King really say that?" asked Celia, incredulously. "'Well, something of the kind," rejoined her mother. 'At any rate, the little people recommenced their merry clamor, and kept it up, till the King had to pound on the ground with his sceptre before he could get them to listen to him. When he at length succeeded in making them hear, he continued: "'In consideration for these inestimable services, I decree that the hump under the weight of which he has struggled so long shall be taken from his shoulders and hung upon the wall of yonder cliff; and that, if so pleases Providence, he may never more be burdened with it.'

"At this a hundred elves seized upon the hump, cut the cords by which it was held in position, and carried it away in triumph, amid a tumult of enthusiasm. "'When the moon set, and the fairy festival was over, the jolly beggar made his way back to the city gate, wrapped himself in his cloak, and slept until morning. On awakening he was inclined to believe that his adventure of the night was all a dream. A consciousness of unwonted strength and elasticity surprised him, however, and soon the astonished exclamation of his neighbor across the way rendered 'assurance doubly sure'—his hump was indeed gone. "'Brother, I wish I were you!" cried the discontented beggar, with great energy. "'And his friend did not need to ask the reason this time, for he knew full well; but he generously began to think how he could help his less fortunate brother. To this end he told without hesitation whether the little man in green had led him and how his good fortune had been brought about.

"Some night, if you follow the same path, I dare say you will come upon the selfsame company," he declared. 'The little people are not very far advanced in their study of the days of the week; there is much left for you to teach them, and no doubt they will reward you likewise. But you must wait till the next full moon; for then only do they dance in the glen, I am told.'

"I'm h'm!' grunted the discontented beggar; 'nothing but moonshine!' He concluded to try, notwithstanding. A whole month was a long while to wait, and he spent it in a most envious frame of mind. The time drew to an end at last, and, following the directions of the jolly beggar, he set out, passed the brow of the hill, came upon the secluded glen, and caught the little people dancing in a merry round and singing gaily, 'Monday, Tuesday! Monday, Tuesday! Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, too!'"

"Was there ever anything more ridiculous!" grumbled the discontented beggar, cynically. 'They ought to go to the district school, instead of trying to learn in this kindergarten fashion. I've a mind to play a little joke on them. They will not know the difference, and the King will order the hump off my back in a twinkling.' So when they next sang 'And Wednesday too,' the silly fellow called out noisily, 'And Friday, too!'"

"Who's that spoiling our song?" exclaimed the Fairy King, angrily; for the voice of the discontented beggar had, from much croaking, grown harsh and discordant. Moreover, his Diminutive Majesty detected in its tones a false ring, which put him on his guard. "'Desecrating the intruder, a party of elves dragged him before the throne of silver moonlight, and he found himself trying to make excuses for his presence among them; and complaining at some length how his neighbor, the jolly beggar, always had the best of everything. Seeing that the King listened with apparent indulgence, he became self-confident, and, expecting to be relieved of his hump as a tribute to his wit, attempted to explain his little joke. Like most practical jokes, however, it met with scant appreciation from the intended victims. "'Cattid!' cried the King in fury. 'Do you call it fun to deceive? Would you teach as that Friday comes after Wednesday, when such is not the case? What punishment should be imposed upon one who would falsify impose on us in this manner?'"

"His Majesty drew himself up till he looked nearly twice his usual size; he paused, panting for breath, and glared about alarmingly. Suddenly he caught sight of the jolly beggar's hump hanging upon the wall of the cliff. Bring him that tack! he commanded, in stentorian accents. The elves brought it with alacrity. 'Strap it to the shoulders of the discontented beggar!' thundered the irate monarch. The order was promptly obeyed. "'Know, wretch,' continued the Fairy King, 'that here everyone gets his deserts; for this is the place called 'In the Long Run.' You have coveted your neighbor's possessions. Well, take them now—the whole pack of sorrows and disappointments which your companion has borne so patiently. Take them, and learn that the envious man doubles the burden which he is called upon to bear.'

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"That is a splendid story!" declared Celia, as her mother concluded. 'Of course it is only 'make believe,' though, mother? I know there are not really any fairies."

"Well," hesitated Mrs. Treanor, smiling; "at least it is not all 'make believe,' as you say. Perhaps we may call it a kernel of truth in a fairy nutshell."

Celia never forgot this story; she often laughed over it. But more than this; whenever she caught a little feeling of envy creeping into her heart, she chased it away by saying to herself, "Dear me! I am getting like the discontented beggar!"

A SPECIFIC FOR THROAT DISEASES.—Brown's Bronchial Troches has been long and favorably known as an admirable remedy for Coughs, Hoarseness and all Throat troubles.

A brindled cow, a spotted calf, Were walking on the street; "Walk quite erect, your toes turn out, And speak to whom you meet."

RUTHLESS EXPULSION OF RELIGIOUS. Paris, March 24.—The Chamber of Deputies by a vote of 304 to 248 tonight rejected all the applications for authorization made by the religious preaching orders. The entire session to-day was devoted to a discussion on the Government bill which opposes the application of the preaching orders for authorization, and the Chamber by its vote refused to pass to the discussion of the clauses of the bill, thereby declining to consider the applications separately for authorization to remain in France, and rejected them all by a single vote. Among these orders expelled thus from France is the English Passionist Order, which conducts a church in the Avenue Hoche for English and American Catholics, and in behalf of which British Ambassador Monson and United States Ambassador Porter recently interested themselves.

MIGHT HAVE BEEN SAID OTHERWISE. At a meeting in London lately Lady Henry Somerset, the great temperance worker, was absent through illness. The lady who took her place made this kindly but unexpected exclamation: "Dear Lady Henry has been overworked; and we must, of course, be careful not to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs."

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THE THING.

Run, girl, away! The Thing is out! It's now right on your trail; No dodging, turning, twisting round Will be of least avail.

Where you are safest it is there; 'Tis lurking in the dark; When you are hiding, safe and sound, Its eyes glow like a spark.

Upon the stairway when you creep With careful feet and small, Beside you comes its haunting step— Its hand slides on the wall.

And shut your eyes, as well you may, It lifts your lids to peep; Or when you run with blust'ry feet It throws you in a heap.

And if you say, "I'm not afraid!" It leaps upon your back; Or if you tell a false, false tale It turns your tongue to black.

An evil deed will bring it close When cries the wind at night; And when it comes it snaps your heart —And bites as tigers bite.

Now Conscience is this haunting Thing; And very kind and mild Is she if you, but do your part, A Christian little child.

LIFE OF POPE LEO. "Jubilee Life of Pope Leo XIII." by Monsignor Bernard O'Reilly, D. D., D. Lit. Laval: The John C. Winston Company, Philadelphia and Toronto.

We have been favored with the specimen pages of the new issue of Monsignor O'Reilly's celebrated "Life of Pope Leo XIII." This is the official biography, and the only one authorized and recognized by the Holy Father. He himself commissioned the venerable author to undertake the important task of chronicling a career in whose every action the interests of the whole world are so intimately bound up.

W. H. HARMER SAYS He used Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets and was Cured of a Disagreeable Throat very Common Complaint

Were you ever troubled with food and gas rising in your throat? Have you ever had an evening spoiled by the objectionable matter coming between you and an agreeable conversation? When it was the greatest of agony to keep it down and the height of bad breeding to do anything else?

"I was troubled with gas and food rising in my throat, Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets stopped it. Others around here have used Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets with equally good results."

"And so they have made up their quarrel!" "Oh, yes! As soon as she saw she was wrong she concluded to accept his apology."

Sore Throat! Don't delay; serious bronchial trouble or diphtheria may develop. The only safe way is to apply PAINKILLER

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