

## Young Folks.

### THE TRAVELLING MONKEY.

My master grinds an organ  
And I pick up his money;  
And when you see me doing it  
You call it very funny.

But, though I dance and caper, still  
I feel at heart forlorn,  
I wish I were in monkey-land—  
The place where I was born!

There grow the great green cocoanuts  
Around the palm tree's crown;  
I used to climb and pick them off,  
And hear them—crack!—come down.

There all day long the purple figs  
Are dropping from the bough;  
There hang the ripe bananas, oh  
I wish I had some now!

I'd feast, and feast, and feast, and  
feast,  
And you should have a share,  
How pleasant 'tis in monkey-land!  
O, would that I were there!

On some tall tree top's highest bough;  
So high the clouds would sail  
Just over me, I wish that I  
Were swinging by my tail!

I'd swing, and swing, and swing, and  
swing,  
How merry that would be!  
But oh! a traveling monkey's life  
Is very hard for me.

### BETTY'S ARITHMETIC LESSON.

Betty was eating one of mamma's lovely round turnovers and studying fractions. She had just begun to take little nibbles from the edge of the turnover, "to make it spend," when papa gave her a question to work out. "From four-fourths take one-fourth."

Betty thought fractions dreadfully stupid things. She didn't try to think out the answer in the way papa had explained to her over and over, but guessed it would be "seven-eighths!" and put it down on the paper that way. Then she took another nibble out of the side of her beloved turnover.

Papa looked at the answer and then at Betty. Then he looked at the turnover and lastly at shaggy old Bruno, who had just come into the room. He took out his knife, and taking the turnover, he cut it into four quarters.

"Now, Betty," he said, cheerfully, "as I told you yesterday and as you see here, there are four-fourths, or four quarters in the whole of anything. Now if we take away one-fourth—here, Bruno—what is there left?"

Betty saw a quarter of that beautiful turnover disappear down Bruno's throat!

"Three-quarters!" she said, with a little gasp, in her voice.

And if you will believe me, Betty never forgot how to work in "fourths" after that.

### WHAT BENNIE CAUGHT.

Bennie hung on the gate, watching, as long as he could see it, the cart disappearing down the road, in which were father and Joe, going fishing in the lake, four miles away. The little fellow wanted to go, too; and he could hardly keep back the tears when he remembered that his father had said:

"Not this time, little man, I am afraid you would get tired and jostle the boat."

So six-year-old Joe went proudly away, with a rod on his shoulder, feeling so important that he hardly stopped to say good-bye to the small brother hanging on the gate.

Ben called "bye" to them, through the bars of the gate, in a voice that was not quite steady; and Joe sent back a gay shout:

"Good-bye, Bennie! I'll bring you a big string of fish."

But Ben's lips quivered. He thought it would be nicer to sit in a boat and catch his own fish. He had never in his life been fishing.

He was just brushing two big round tears off his nose when mamma came out on the porch with a pan of peas, calling—

"Mother needs a little man to help her!"

Soon Bennie was so busy popping the green balls out of their jackets that he did not feel near so badly about being left behind.

Presently his mother said—

"Now, manikin, if we fly round and finish all the work, what do you think we'll do?"

"What?" asked Ben, breathlessly.

"We'll go down to the brook" and fish.

"Oh, goody!" And Ben clapped his hands.

At twelve o'clock mamma tied on her big sunbonnet, packed a basket of sandwiches and got the rods and lines ready. Ben dug some bait and away they went across the meadows waving with long, pretty grass, through the wood-lot where the birds sang in the trees and to the side of a lovely, babbling brook, which, mamma said, was talking to itself as it hurried busily along, going somewhere.

Mamma threw her line in and began to read a book. Ben sat as still as a mouse, watching the lines and nibbling a sandwich now and then.

He was just getting a little tired of keeping so still, when the cork stopped bobbing up and down and dived straight off in the water.

"Sh-h-h!" whispered mamma, laying down her book. And she quietly put her hand over Ben's; and they drew the line gently—oh, so gently—toward

the bank. Then, when the fish gave a big, strong tug, as if he was wondering what was pulling against him, mamma jerked the line quickly up; and there lay Mr. Fish on the green bank!

Ben was so delighted that he could only exclaim, "Oh, my! Oh, my!" as he capered about his catch. It was a perch, and its silver sides glistened in the sun. After that he could not sit very long without going to see if his fish was still in the basket and had plenty of water.

Ben felt very sorry for mamma, because she did not catch anything; and he promised her she could claim part of his fish.

He was a happy little fisherman who trudged home that evening just at the time the cows were coming in from the meadows and the chickens were going to roost.

Papa and Joe came soon after, very tired and sunbrowned, but disappointed.

"They wouldn't bite!" said father. "Didn't you catch a thing?" cried mamma, laughing.

And then a proud and happy young man brought his big perch to show; and like all fishermen, he had lots to say about what sport it was pulling him in and how he came very near getting loose, etc.

Papa laughed, and declared that he believed they caught it with a "silver hook;" but Joe felt very small to think that his four-year-old brother had beaten him fishing, right at home in the little brook.

### ROYALTY AND RICH GEMS.

When a London dealer in precious stones is commanded to Windsor or Osborne he finds in the Queen a very shrewd and intelligent purchaser. She knows diamonds like an expert, and buys like one. She owns a marvellous green diamond that has never been set, and, furthermore, she has at her fingers' ends the history of every notable stone in Europe now in possession of royalty.

Queen Margaret, of Italy, owns next to the ex-Queen of Hanover, the finest necklace of pearls in existence. She does not, like her deposed Majesty of Hanover, possess a six-foot string of those love-beads, everyone an absolute match in shape and colour, but so extensive and precious are her pearl ropes that her maids are obliged to wear a portion of the collection all the while in order to assist the Queen in keeping the gems pure, lustrous and healthy by constant contact with warm, human flesh.

It is King Humbert who buys the pearls for his wife, and he is, like Queen Victoria, an expert in jewels. The Empress of Russia wears next after Queen Victoria the largest diamond and rubies of surpassing splendour, but all of these belong to the nation, though the richest and most varied aggregation of precious stones are owned by the Russian church.

That quiet, domestic lady, the Queen of Dresden, enjoys the ownership of four sapphires equal in size and beauty to one that glows in the Crown of England, and the favourite wives of the Shah of Persia and the Sultan of Turkey wear turbans, the like of which no western queen can boast.

Mrs. Langtry at one time owned the most perfect set of turquoises in Europe, but her necklace and bracelets were sold at length, and the finest stones went to America. The Duchess of Westminster still wears, however, the largest flawless turquoise owned by any private individual; the Duchess of Sutherland possesses the only complete necklace of black pearls, and it is said by jewellers that Mrs. Potter Palmer's star sapphires are still unrivalled.

### IMMENSE LAND SLIDE.

The Course of the Fraser River Diverted by It.

A tremendous landslide has occurred near Spence's Bridge of the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway B. C. Half of a mountain containing about 200 acres of earth was loosened by a quick thaw after frost and tumbled into the Fraser River where it plunges through a narrow Canyon. Settlers at the foot of the mountain had fled from their homes, the night before owing to the big crack appearing in the precipice above them. They stood on the adjoining mountains and saw their homes buried by a mighty fall of earth. They saw the historic Fraser, dried up as if by magic and the diverted stream, dammed by the mountain, roar and plunge over the fertile Nicola Valley, spreading desolation among the highly cultivated ranches, and joining the river bed a mile below. They saw the mighty ice jam at the dam rise higher and higher till it reached the top, and crashed to the ground and roared like a live monster in rage, then the strangest sight of all, thousands of fish in the exposed river bed gasping, struggling and attempting to leap into, the diverted stream, then the Indians clambering down the bank before the sun had set, began to scoop up the salmon and in the dawn of the following day Indians and Chinamen were ready with their puns taking out coarse gold and nuggets securely hidden from the miners for hundreds of years by the rushing waters. The harm done by the diversion of the Fraser is not yet known but it is said to be very heavy in the way of burying highly cultivated lands that can never be reclaimed.

## Interesting for Women.

The report that Sarah Bernhardt intends to go to India to perform there for the benefit of the rajah, and incidentally do some hunting on her own account, has been confirmed. The fair Sarah's fondness for tawny, velvety tiger skins is of long standing, but a new one, gained by her own prowess, will be a trophy worth considering. The actress is going in a yacht chartered by herself, to be commanded by the artist-sailor-dramatist-journalist, Pierre Loti.

One of the most noted women artists of England is Mrs. E. M. Ward, in whose studio most of the royal ladies of Great Britain have taken lessons. The Duchess of Albany was at one time her pupil, and since then has taken the greatest interest in her teacher's work and always attends her exhibitions. Among Mrs. Ward's innumerable souvenirs and treasures is a model of the hand of the Duchess of Albany, made especially for her by the royal sculptor.

It was proposed in one of the leading Indian papers a short time since that a woman should be placed on the governor general's council in the person of Mrs. Solomon Sassoon. Mrs. Sassoon is managing partner of a well known Jewish firm, with headquarters in Bombay, and is president of various companies in which the firm holds controlling interests. She takes the chair at the board meetings, and in every respect fills the position of her husband, who trained her in commercial life. She has made a special effort to draw together the women of different communities in Bombay.

A French woman has collected for fifty years specimens of corsets worn at different periods, and in her chateau is a billiard-room fitted up with glass cases, in which her treasures are kept. Those who frown at the idea of an eighteen-inch waist would be shocked at a corset of the Catherine de Medici reign, with a waist of thirteen and one-half inches, and an outside cover of steel bars to prevent stretching. In the same collection can be seen some leather stays, worn by Charlotte Corday, and a pair of broadcloth stays which once belonged to the Empress of Austria, with only a fifteen and one-half inch waist.

King Solomon has just been contradicted by the irascible French chemist, Baubet, who claims to have discovered something new under the sun. It is a colorless roger that shows no tint until the wearer compresses her lips, when a faint glow will flush the cheek and fade or deepen, according to the pressure brought to bear. Baubet, who owns to hating women, and gloats over the fortune he has made from the vanity of the sex, calls his latest invention the "twentieth century blush," and claims for it that when properly regulated it will express every emotion the new woman can find use for, from the peach pink to maiden bashfulness to the peony red fury of Shakespeare's "Woman Scorned."

Queen Victoria has a great aversion to smoke, and does not allow smoking in her immediate neighborhood; but the cigar bill for her guests is a very heavy one. The principal item is the brand of the finest Havana cigars, which are usually made for her and sent to Windsor in glass tubes hermetically sealed. Queen Victoria's cigars could not be obtained in Cuba at wholesale prices under \$1 apiece. The man who makes them receives 30 cents for each cigar, and none but the best and most skillful workmen are entrusted with their manufacture. At this rate they can earn quite a small fortune, for 300 cigars a day can be turned out by an expert.

The ingenious woman can make herself any number of pretty and becoming things for her neck, and the number of pretty new things is increasing. The affinity which fur and lace have for each other this year is manifesting itself in pretty soft scarfs and bows. A charming and becoming bow can be made from a bit of lace, a little chiffon and narrow strips of sable. A little real lace, if one has it, or pretty lace of any kind will do, for a couple of bows or ends and more bows and ends of the chiffon, the ends ruffled and edged with bebe ribbon, and above the ruffle the narrow bands of sable about half an inch wide. Or a scarf of some thin soft material can be tucked and ruffled, and bands of the fur run on across.

Of all the marriage rites of which one ever heard those of Burmah bear away the palm for conciseness and sweet simplicity. Here it is upon the dusky lady that the pleasing duties of courtship devolve. She sees a youth whom she deems calculated to make her happy, and forthwith offers him a stick of candy. If he accepts her proposal he promptly eats the token of affection and they are thereby man and wife. There is no further ceremony and no witnesses are necessary. In the act of eating this most primitive marriage rite consists. But if, on the contrary, the youth is not parting, he assures her that that particular kind of candy is not to his taste, and the maiden must seek elsewhere for one more appreciative of her candy and her affections.

The Queen of Belgium is known to be devoted to animals. One hot day last summer a dog was drawing a milk cart containing a peasant woman along the high road bordering the royal

park at Laeken. The dog, utterly exhausted, was panting under his load, but the woman remained cool, the poor beast mercifully to make him go on. At that moment the queen in her pony cart drew out of the park. Observing the woman she got out of the carriage and severely admonished the woman in Flemish. She then sent a servant to the castle to fetch water for the dog and insisted on the peasant getting out in the middle of the road in the hot sun until the milk cart was out of sight. The woman was ignorant of the identity of the queen and grumbled at being interrupted in her cruel course.

Germany is said to be far ahead of America in its women agriculturists. Four years since an agricultural school for women was opened at Friederau, near Berlin, by Dr. Castner. Seven women were graduated from it the following year, one of whom established a similar school at Riga, in Livonia. The Baroness von Barth-Harmiting opened a school of agriculture for women on her estate at Plauen in Saxony and a society for the promotion of the support of women by means of fruit culture and gardening was formed three years since by Frau Anna Blum of Spardan. In England the Countess of Warwick is striving to establish a school on the same lines. She includes beekeeping and poultry raising in her curriculum. In Germany the courses of study extend over two or three years and include not only the most varied branches of gardening and horticulture, but also such scientific and commercial instruction as is needed for the successful pursuit of farming as a business. Three students of the first mentioned school has established themselves on rented land and proved the profitableness of the occupation.

### BEDTIME.

A physician of courtly old-school manners used to give prescriptions marked respectively for early bedtime and for late bedtime. A discussion arose the other day between several friends as to what constituted early and what late bedtime. Some of the ladies maintained that 10 o'clock was the limit between the two, others thought that early bedtime lasted until 11, and a few who believed in beauty sleep pleaded that early bedtime began at 8 and ended at 9.30 o'clock.

So many people are engaged all day, and the dinner hour is necessarily, in city life, deferred to so late an hour, the families do not break up from their quiet evenings until after 10. Society pushes its hours later and later, and the votaries of fashion come near having no bedtime at all, snatching their rest when they can between one gay rout and another. The invalid and the aged person and the child must perforce retire early. For those steady-going persons who regulate their lives by rule, and who habitually rise at an early hour and breakfast punctually at 7 o'clock, 10 is certainly a good bedtime hour. Brain workers would find their account in seeking the repose of the couch and the darkened and silent chamber, with preferably opaque curtains to exclude the light of the moon and street lamp alike, at 10 o'clock.

A long sleep rests the mind as well as the body, and prepares one for the work of the next day, whatever it may be. Far better than an opiate or a narcotic is the habit of seeking the pillow at an early hour, and quietly lying still, with closed eyes and relaxed limbs, until sleep, gently wooed, comes with its healing touch and softly weaves its spell of calm.

The good doctor probably meant by early bedtime any hour between 8 and 9.30, and regarded the latter period as between 9.30 and midnight.

Growing children cannot too carefully be enjoined to get plenty of sleep. The boy or girl who has lessons to learn must awaken early after a good night's rest, and this is insured only by punctuality in retiring. Eight o'clock is a good bedtime for all young people under 5 and should be insisted upon by parents.

### HER MAJESTY'S WAITING MAID.

The duties of the English maid of honor are not tiresome, and as a good salary goes with the office, Queen Victoria has no difficulty in selecting companions. They are always the daughters of peers, who, if not themselves connected with the royal household, are personal friends of the queen. When an honorable Miss or a Lady somebody arrives for her first "wait," she receives at once her badge as maid of honor. This is a miniature picture of the queen set in brilliants, which she wears about her neck hung from a ribbon. From that time her mission is to be on hand when wanted. Just before the dinner hour, the maid of honor in waiting stands in the corridor outside the queen's private apartments to receive her as she comes out. She carries a bouquet, which on entering the dining room she lays beside the queen's plate. Her place at this meal is next to the gentleman on the queen's right hand unless royal guests are present, when she is differently placed. After dinner, unless otherwise commanded, she retires to her own apartments, but must be in readiness to answer a summons at any moment to read, sing, play the piano, or take a hand at cards. The maid of honor usually makes a brilliant marriage and the queen sends her for a wedding present an Indian shawl out of her perennial stock.

## Health Department.

### SIMPLE GYMNASTICS.

To remain young a woman must keep her joints limber; if neglected they become painful and stiff. Women groan with rheumatic pains, when, if they exercised properly, rheumatism would be unheard of. Women sit by a fire and shiver with cold, when, if they encouraged gymnastics, the blood would circulate vigorously through the body.

The following four simple exercises will greatly help to develop and preserve physical symmetry:

1. Stand erect, with hands outstretched, on a level with the shoulders and slowly raise yourself on your toes as far as possible. Retain this position for an instant, and then sink back on the entire foot. Do this twenty times a day at first, and increase each day to a reasonable limit.

2. Place the hands on the hips, and resting all the weight of the body on the right foot, slowly raise the left leg, and extend it in front of the body. Then bend at the knee, pointing the toe downward, and bringing the foot up. Repeat this ten times at first. Then stand on the left foot and repeat the exercise in reverse.

3. Stand erect and lean over at the hips without bending the knees and try to touch the floor with the fingers. Day by day you will come nearer and nearer the floor. This exercise will make the body supple and strengthen the back, and will encourage grace.

4. Extend the right arm, and placing the left on the hip, bend to right side as far as possible, and then reverse the exercise, which should be repeated ten times at first, and like all the others, increased from day to day, as much as circumstances will permit. This is an excellent general gymnastic. No woman should indulge in any exercise to such an extent that even the slightest strain is possible. Fifteen minutes a day spent in exercise at home should result in muscular development and greatly help to retain health.

### LAUGH AND GROW LOVELY.

One's general physical condition is so closely allied to the mental that laughing is a good, invigorating tonic for the entire system.

A long, hearty laugh expands the lungs, making the blood course through the veins quickly, and this simple process gives a peach-like complexion to the woman who laughs. And when she laughs her eyes twinkle and the brightness lingers there after the laughter has died away.

Laughing, too, strengthens the muscles of the face and banishes that drawn look so familiar to the sad-faced woman.

The women who have adopted the laughing cure claim that they have never felt so cheerful and thoroughly good-natured before in their lives, and their friends tell them they are positively growing beautiful.

Many a man has been scared off from asking a woman to become his wife by the assertion from her lips that she has a bad temper and is proud of it. Men are selfish creatures, and above all things, like physical and mental comfort. Perhaps the average man does not hope to attain happiness in this world, though in truth he never ceases to seek it, but he does believe that there is such a thing as harmony, and he knows that a bad tempered woman and harmony do not go hand in hand.

Amiability is power, if women only knew it. By being always cheerful and amiable she can get a hold on men that the bad-tempered woman, no matter how beautiful, rich and alluring she is, never dreamed of in her philosophy. Amiability is not only power. It is health. It is mental progression. It is long life to one's self and to others.

### A WILD ROSE SKIN.

When a Swedish woman has a clear, beautiful skin, it rivals almost in exquisite loveliness the bloom of the "English rose," or her cousin, the "American lily." To lie in bed and be waited on by a nurse with a wild rose complexion and to discover that when health returns one may hope to attain to such a complexion by the use of very simple means, seems to make up in some degree for the weary days in bed.

"Oh, nurse, if I only had your complexion!" "If I could change my dull, spotted skin for one like yours, it seems to me I would be willing to jump into a barrel of boiling oil."

"Well, den, mees," was the reply, "you can haf it, sure, if you do but one little ting. My face vas all spots vat you call 'peemplies,' and the doctor he say it change of climate. He den tell me to buy 25c worth 'phosphate of soda.' I take a teaspoonful in a glass vater at bed time, and de same before breakfast. It not nasty. So, for von week I also take the same before each other meal; after dat for von week I take only night and morning. In two week, behold me as now."

Reader, I have followed the above advice for "von half week" only, and already my skin seems like "that of a little child," writes a correspondent. To those who desire to change a thick unresponsive skin, for a clear, bright complexion, this simple and practical advice is gladly given by a convalescent.

### WILD ROSES.

Every continent on the globe, with the exception of Australia, produces wild roses. There can be little doubt that the rose is one of the earth's oldest flowers. In Egypt it is depicted in a number of very early monuments, believed to date from 3000 to 3500 B. C. Rosewater, or the essence of roses, is mentioned by Homer in the "Iliad," and the allusion made to the flower in the Proverbs of Solomon indicates that it had already been long known