

## Our Young People

### Consequences.

A sunbeam carried a valentine  
To an icicle's youngest daughter,  
When, sad to say,  
She fainted away,  
On account of the shock and the heat  
Of the day,  
And fell in a pail of water.

### Camping Out.

(By Nellie Helm.)

Grandma Anderson's was the most delightful summer resort that it was possible to find. Everyone thought so, but of all her favored guests none knew the charms of the place or enjoyed them so much as did her numerous grandchildren. It was a regular "gathering of the clans" each summer, when, as soon as school was over, they came from their widely-separated homes to share grandma's loving welcome and ample hospitality. Her sweet face beamed with delight each year, as she sat at the head of her long dinner table and saw no vacant chair and missed no beloved face.

It had been the custom of the family for so many years to spend the summers there that some of the grandchildren had grown to be young men and women, though none were too old to grow weary of the happy family life at grandma's. But they had not all grown up, and each of the three families gathered there could still furnish a small boy—while one furnished two—to enjoy the pleasures that the older brothers and sisters had outgrown.

Four small boys! cousins, and all good friends! life could not become quiet or dull with them at hand. So active were they and so interested in all they saw and heard, it was hard sometimes to believe that there were only four of them—the place seemed to swarm with small boys. They superintended the milking of the cows, the feeding of the pigs, the care of the garden, and even took an active interest in the kitchen affairs, especially on baking days.

But, notwithstanding all these delights, it seemed just a little hard, when they heard their older brothers planning to camp out, that they were not counted in. The very words "camping out" contained a hidden charm that their adventurous spirits longed to discover, and suggested to their imagination such thrilling experiences as they had read of in Robinson Crusoe and the tales of Oliver Optic. "I want to camp out, too," said Albert, having heard the glowing plans of his elders.

"So do I," replied Charlie. "I just know I could pitch a tent, with proud emphasis on the satisfactory expression 'pitch a tent,' which he had read in some story of other bold adventurers. "And I can shoot birds with my air-gun," said Frank, who felt that there must be some shooting about it to make it complete, as his brother had prepared his gun so carefully for his expedition.

"I'm not afraid to sleep out-of-doors," said little Joe, bravely, who was the youngest of the four. "Let's ask our mothers if we may," said Charlie, whose desire grew stronger as they talked.

Off they ran to where their mothers sat quietly sewing on the cool veranda. "Mother," exclaimed Albert, who was usually the spokesman, "can't we camp out, too?"

"You're too little to camp out," replied his mother, thinking to settle the question thus easily.

"Oh, no, mother," pleaded Frank, "please let us go."

"Where do you want to go?" asked Joe's mother looking at her small son. "Oh, away off somewhere," replied Charlie.

"I think over the other side of the big hill would do."

Joe's eyes grew round and he almost caught his breath at the suggestion of that mysterious region, for in all his short life he had never ventured so far into what was to him the great unknown.

"Suppose we let them try it," said the mother of Albert and Frank. The older boys can give them a start and see that they are comfortable, and the nights are so warm they cannot possibly take cold. I think there could be no harm if they really want to do it."

"Oh, we do, mother, but we don't want any help," exclaimed Albert; that would spoil all the fun."

"Only to choose a good place and set up your tent for you," she replied.

"When can we go?" asked Charlie, who, although but a few moments before he had boasted of his great ability to "pitch a tent," saw no objection to some one else doing the heavy work. After much planning and many warnings from grandma, it was settled that the next morning the older brothers would go and choose a camping ground for them, which, according to their earnest request, should be so far away as to make it "really camping out."

Then as soon as dinner was over they would go, have their supper in the woods and spend the night there. How much longer they would stay could be decided after this much of a trial. Such plans as they made all the rest of the day! It was very difficult to decide what to take and what not to take. At times it seemed as though they could not do without anything they possessed, but as it

hardly seemed practicable to take everything when the length of their stay was somewhat uncertain, they at last reduced the necessities to very few.

When night came on the family gathered as usual in grandma's cheerful sitting-room, where so many happy evenings were spent in reading, music and pleasant conversation. The little boys were still talking of their plans, and many were the sly suggestions made them by their older brothers and sisters.

"Frank, come with me," called his mother to her youngest son as she rose and left the room. He left the little group on the sofa and joined her as she stepped out on the veranda.

"Come and take a little walk on the lawn with mother," she said quietly. She took his hand in hers and started out under the trees into the darkness that seemed to grow deeper and blacker the farther they went from the house. "It is rather dark out here, isn't it, dear?" remarked mother, with seeming carelessness.

"You're right, it is, mother," he replied. "I can hardly see where we are going."

"Don't you think it will be pretty dark over the hill?" she asked. "It is just like this every night."

"Oh, well, mother," he answered bravely, "it won't make any difference if it is, 'cause we won't have to walk about. We can just stay in the tent and there we can have a light." When they turned toward the house to retrace their steps and saw the lights glowing in all the home-like windows Frank looked up suddenly in his mother's face and said:

"I tell you, mother, what I think would be just splendid and I am going to ask the other boys if they don't think so, too, and that is to set up the tent right there under grandma's window. It would be a splendid place." The mother was thankful for the friendly darkness that hid her smiles, but she answered quietly:

"Wherever you all would like best, dear." Of course the suggestion was received with shouts of derision by the others, although little Joe thought it might be rather nice; still he had a strong desire to explore the mysteries beyond the big hill, and he had not, like Frank, experienced the intensity of the darkness. The next afternoon, the preparations having been fully made, they started forth. So delighted were they with the novelty of their experience that time flew by as on swift wings and soon the night came on. As it became darker and darker it was a question who watched it with greater interest, the small boys in their tent over the hill or their respective mothers sitting around the bright evening lamp. About 8 o'clock Joe's mother looked up from the book she was trying to read and said to her tall son, sitting beside her:

"I wish you boys would just walk over and see how these children are getting along. I fear I shall not sleep at all unless I know they are all right." They all laughed, but he said: "All right, little mother, we'll go as soon as I write a note; it won't take but a minute," and he left the room. He had not been gone many minutes before such shouts of laughter were heard from him as caused the entire family to run upstairs asking what was the matter.

"Oh, mother," he said, when he could speak, "no need for us to take that walk, for here they are fast asleep." Sure enough there they were, all four in one bed, just opening their eyes from the sound sleep from which they had been so rudely awakened.

"Why, what is the matter?" exclaimed the family in a breath.

"Oh," said Albert, who was the widest awake, "Charlie got chills, and then I got chills, and Joe heard a calf make a noise, and Frank said his throat was getting sore, so we thought we had better come home."

"It isn't nice to camp out anyhow," said little Joe as he crept into his mother's arms. And Frank, as he slipped out of bed and hid his face in the folds of his grandma's dress, said:

"I think it would have been better if it was under grandma's window."

[The Interior.]

Man opens a blossom with a crowbar; God opens it with a sunbeam.

Unfortunate.

How often our most innocent speeches "gang agley," leaving us with no resource but that of making the best of a bad matter!

A certain Scotch minister is wont to relate how, having been out all day visiting, he called on an old dame well known for her kindness and hospitality.

After some conversation she began getting out her best china and whatever delicacies were at hand, to honor her unexpected guest. As he sat watching the preparations, his eye suddenly fell on four or five cats devouring some cold porridge under the table.

"Dear me, Miss Black," he observed, "what a number of cats! Do they all belong to you?"

"Na, na, sir," was the innocent reply; "but mony a time I say that a' the hungry brutes in the parish come tae me, seeking a meal o' meat."

Then the good woman bethought her, and in her embarrassment nearly dropped a tea-cup.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator does not require the help of any purgative medicine to complete the cure. Give it a trial and be convinced

## With The Poets.

The First Skylark of Spring.  
Thy spirit knows no bounds nor bars;  
On thee no shreds of thralldom hang;

Not more enlarged, the morning stars  
Their great Te Deum sang.

But I am fettered to the sod,  
And but forgot my bonds an hour;  
In amplitude of dreams a god,  
A slave in dearth of power.

And fruitless knowledge clouds my soul,  
And fretful ignorance irks it more.  
Thou sing'st as if thou knew'st the whole,  
And lightly held'st thy lore!

Somewhat as thou, man once could sing,  
In porches of lucent morn,  
Ere he had felt his lack of wing,  
Or cursed his iron bourn.

The springtime bubbled in his throat,  
The sweet sky seemed not far above,  
And young and lovesome came the note;  
Ah, thine is Youth and Love!

—William Watson.

We Are Unfaithful.  
If man could rule, his love of change  
would mar

The purple dignity that wraps the hills;  
Pluck out from the blue sky some perfect star,  
And set it elsewhere, as his fancy wills.

Train the gnarled apple tree more straightly up;  
Lift violet's head, so long and meekly bowed;  
With some new odor fill her purple cup,  
And gild the rosy fringes of a cloud.

For, mark! last year I loved the violet best,  
And tied her tender colors in my hair;  
Today I wear on my inconstant breast  
A crimson rose, and count her just as fair.

We are unfaithful. Only God is true  
To hold secure the landmarks of the past,  
To paint year after year the harebell blue,  
And in the same sweet mould its shape to cast.

Oh, steadfast Nature, let us learn of thee!  
Thou canst create a new flower at  
hy will,  
and yet through all the years canst faithful be

To the sweet pattern of a daffodil.  
—May Riley Smith.

Jerusalem the Golden.  
Jerusalem the Golden,  
I languish for one gleam  
Of all thy glory folden

In distance and in dream!  
My thoughts, like palms in exile,  
Climb up to look and pray  
For a glimpse of that dear country  
That lies so far away.

Jerusalem the Golden;  
There all our birds that flew,  
Our flowers but half-unfolden,  
Our Pearls that turned to dew,  
And all the glad life-music  
Now heard no longer here,  
Shall come again and greet us  
As we are drawing near.

Jerusalem the Golden?  
I toil on day by day;  
Heart-sore each night, with longing  
I stretch my hands and pray  
That midst thy leaves of healing  
My soul may find her nest,  
Where the Wicked cease from trou-  
bling,

The Weary are at rest.

The Journey.  
Along the dusty road he strayed,  
With step that would not be delayed,  
Through shine and shadow,  
Youth's careless courage filled his breast.

He sang, as dauntlessly he pressed  
Toward Eldorado.

Alas! at noon his footsteps lag;  
"O'er moor and fen" and rocky crag  
They falter blindly.

Which way to turn? How far to go?  
The tempest laid his landmarks low  
With force unkindly.

Day waned. The traveler paused to rest.  
The sunset haloed all the west  
With golden glory.

Then Peace, the holy toward him crept,  
God's finger touched him—and he slept;

And this his story.  
—Marie M. Meinell, in the Outlook.

OUT OF SORTS.—Symptoms: Head-ache, loss of appetite, furred tongue and general indisposition. These symptoms, if neglected, develop into acute disease. It is a trite saying that an "ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and a little attention at this point may save months of sickness and large doctor's bills. For this complaint take from two to three of Parmele's Vegetable Pills on going to bed, and one or two for three nights in succession, and a cure will be effected.

### Repose of Manner.

"She  
Whom the gods love, Tranquility."

Our great-grandmothers taught their daughters that "repose of manner" was the first requisite of true propriety.

No well-bred lady would fidget in company, put her hands to her face, toss her head or finger her buttons.

If she talked she did it in a soft voice and without gesticulation, no matter how many rings she wore or how pretty her hands might be. She was taught even to control her features; that squinting and winking the eyes and twitching the mouth were not "nice," and that they could and should be intermitted in polite society. In sitting, neither the knees nor the feet were to be crossed, rocking was odiously vulgar, yawning and stretching were unspeakable offenses, and, above all, the hands must be crossed and folded in the lap and kept there.

A later generation reversed these edicts. Its motto was, "Whatever you do don't be stiff." The stately ladies of the old regime were voted "slow" and "prim." Movement and demonstration "came in" and repose "went out." In the craze after "naturalness" the pendulum, as usual, swung past the happy medium, and feverish unrest marked the deportment of our young women.

As the outward manner is said to influence largely the inward state, who shall say that the present reign of nervous diseases has not been sensibly aided by the fling and unrestraint of the modern school of manners? Is it not true that the habit of controlling the face and members helps to establish a control of the emotions and thoughts?

We plead for at least a partial resumption of the old forms. Let mothers once more teach their girls to sit still in company; to cultivate calmness. Let our women learn to carry on earnest conversation in subdued tones and without gesticulation.

We used to be told that lying in bed with hands folded and eyes shut was half as good as sleep when sleep was impossible. It is quite credible that flouncing and tossing about largely increases the loss of strength from sleeplessness; as we know that the sleep which is accompanied with much tossing and turning is not as refreshing as that which is taken quietly. Just so, if a reposeful manner is acquired early in life, an enormous expense of nervous movement is spared, and a corresponding amount of power may be saved.—[The Outlook.]

Pasteur and Medicine.

The discovery that diphtheria can be cured by the use of an anti-toxine adds another laurel to the wreath that Pasteur has woven for himself, as the remedy is in line with the remarkable series of discoveries which the French savant has made. We are, perhaps, apt to lose sight of what is due to the researches of this noted man. Of this we are reminded by the late Prof. Charcot in an article in the Cosmopolitan, in which he calls attention to the fact that Pasteur was the discoverer of more than one scientific truth to which thousands of human beings owe their lives today.

Charcot gives him the credit of having discovered the true nature of living germs, and of being, therefore, the father of the new science of bacteriology. By endless experiment and research Pasteur first advanced the idea that putrefaction is not the result of chemical changes, but is controlled by the development of living germs, and from this he advanced to the cultivation of the germs, the attenuation of virus and to the experiments in the cure of disease by inoculation which have been the most prominent of the scientific questions discussed in the last few years. A list of the numerous benefits we owe to Pasteur would include, first of all, his treatment of hydrophobia, the complete success of which Charcot vouches for, in spite of the very great opposition that has been made to it. This was among the earliest fruits of his discoveries, and he watched with no little anxiety the effect on the first human being who was subjected to the treatment, fearing that he might succeed in giving the patient hydrophobia instead of rendering him harmless to an attack of the disease.

In finding a remedy against one of the most dreadful of diseases, Pasteur discovered also a means of combating many other infectious maladies. To Pasteur is also due the discovery of the septic and antiseptic treatment in surgery, whereby operations are successfully carried out to-day which were before impossible, and many of the diseases formerly common in hospitals as a result of surgical operations are now no longer known.

Charcot, in concluding, wrote of him: "Certainly there is none to whom our suffering humanity owes a greater debt of gratitude. His services to it in the past and in the future are incredible. His labors have been so vast that one is disposed to doubt that they are the work of a single brain, and not the contribution of several generations. He is certainly the glory of his native land, but he is more, he is also the glory of the nineteenth century, and if it was still the usage to bestow upon an age the name of a single man, ours might justly be called the Age of Pasteur."

The never failing medicine, Holloway's Corn Cure, removes all kinds of corns, warts, etc.; even the most difficult to remove cannot withstand this wonderful remedy.

## A Smile And a Laugh.

The people who always practice what they preach seem somehow not to preach such disagreeable things as others do.

"The trouble with the sympathetic sthroike," said Mr. Dolan, "is that the sthroike 'most always lashts longer than the sympathy."

"Willie, do you and your brother ever fight?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"Who whips?"  
"Pa."

"Papa," said a boy, "I know what makes folks laugh in their sleeves."  
"Well, my son, what makes them?"  
"Cause that's where their funny bone is."

"Suppose," said little Mabel, the other day, "that our pug should try to follow his nose; would he run down his throat or would he just turn a back somersault?"

Watts—So you don't believe that the good die young?  
Potts—That used to worry me a good deal when I was a boy, but I know better now.

Schoolmaster (entering boys' dormitory)—What are you doing out of bed this time of night, Murphy?  
Murphy—Oh, sorr, I got out of bed to tuck myself in.

A—What are you going to do, now that you have amassed so large a fortune?  
B—I shall retire from business, and tell everybody what a burden wealth is, and how happy I was when I possessed nothing.

Justice—How do you explain your being found inside Col. Ginger's chicken coop last night?  
Jackson—De truf is, Jedge, I made all ma' rangements ter git up arly in the mornin, and I wanted to sleep whah I could heah he roosters crow.

A youthful poet of St. Louis is said to have spent three hours in composing the following stanza:  
It was a cold and wintry night,  
A man stood in the street;  
His aged eyes were full of tears,  
His boots were full of feet.

Bertie—Can't I have another piece of pie, mamma?  
Mamma—No, Bertie; if you eat so much pie you'll have to take medicine for your indigestion.

Bertie—All right, mamma, I'll take it; but I would like to take the medicine first, and then take the taste out of my mouth with the pie.

It was on the cable car. Jarley had been tumbled here and there by the jerking and jolting of the car, until finally one of the passengers lost his temper.

"I do wish, my dear sir, that you would stop standing on my feet."  
"I am very sorry, sir, but I can't help it," returned Jarley. "The car jolts so I can't possibly stand on my own."

"Does your papa object to my calling upon you, Miss Dolyers?"  
"Not in the least, Mr. Spudds."  
"Does your mamma?"  
"No."

"Then I guess I'm pretty solid."  
"But there is one member of the family you neglected to ask about, and who does object most heartily."  
"I thought I had named them all, but now I think of it, I did omit to ask about your pug."

"Oh, Fido doesn't mind you."  
"Then who is that object to my coming to see you?"  
"It is only I, Mr. Spudds."

Fair Play Toward Microbes.

A fact is a dangerously heavy load to him who knows not how to carry it. Many truths of science and philosophy are valuable seed thoughts to one, while they are as mountains of obstruction to many. It is only reserved to the few to fit a truth into its proper place and so find life in it.

How many thousands of persons have been made miserable by a little one-sided knowledge of the "germ theory" of disease! It is a fair question whether the microbes have not worried more persons to death through a limited knowledge of them, than they have killed through a want of knowledge how to kill them. And now it is said that the microbe of old age has stepped under the microscope for recognition.

Old persons will begin to quake lest this pestiferous little germ has found them out. "My husband has recovered from his attack," said a distressed wife to a physician, "but isn't there a danger of the disease returning some time and carrying him off?" "Perhaps so," replied the doctor, "but, if I were you, I should rather have him live longer, and die of that, than die sooner of something else."

"What," said another worried woman, "are we to do, doctor, about the microbes on the communion cup?" "Oh!" replied the wise physician, "if it had not been for microbes we should all have been dead long ago." We

had better be willing to live longer and die of the bacillus of old age or of the bacteria of communion cup, than to die sooner of worry over the microbes that might kill. Let the other invaluable micro-organisms of which we hear so little, but upon which life is so largely dependent, have their turn with us awhile. Death has had its show in our anxieties, let us now give life a fair place—and live.—[Sunday School Times.]

The Qualities That Make Success in Life.

Dr. Weldon, the head master of Harrow, England, in an address to the students gave an interesting analysis of the qualities which go to make success in life. He had been led to consider this question by the fact that not half the clever brilliant men he knew at college had risen to prominence in life; while others, who were doing the best work of the world, were just those who were not distinguished in college and school life. This led him to the conclusion that success in life was the resultant of many factors, of which learning was only one and not the chief.

Dr. Weldon said that the first factor of success in life is character. He was in the habit of telling his boys when they left Harrow that it did not so much matter whether they were clever or popular, but if it was known that they would not for any consideration in the world, depart by a hair's breadth from the strict line of honor, then there was nothing too hard for them in life. There are plenty of clever, cultivated, agreeable, and amusing men—too many; but the men who are absolutely trustworthy, they are not numerous enough. For this reason Dr. Weldon urged that men should not merely hover on the border-line of right and wrong, but should keep well on the right side.

Another factor in success, said Dr. Weldon, is a certain discreet self-knowledge. There are certain forms of conceit or want of self-knowledge. One of these is proximity. Be brief in all you do and say—do not be long-winded. You cannot help being a little stupid, but no one need be a bore—yet it is so easy to be one. Great gifts of learning and intelligence are often marred by defects of taste and tact. When people do not know themselves they do not know other people. Sometimes the affection of parents for their children may be a form of conceit; the constant referring to them in conversation, and the bringing of them into your rooms.

Dr. Weldon laid strong emphasis on the answering of letters. Letters, he said, were sometimes long, needless and silly, and some were rude. At Harrow he had specimens of each. These he kept in a drawer by themselves, and when weary and worried he took them out and read them. All letters—excepting begging letters—deserved an answer. Another factor of success was the keeping of engagements. He had spent many sad hours waiting for persons who had not kept their appointments. An engagement, morally regarded, was a contract. Nothing would so conduce to popularity in society as the practice of this virtue. Lastly, Dr. Weldon advised the students not to go to bed too late and not to marry too early.—[The New Age.]

The Bible in the Chinese Court.

In times of tribulation we are more inclined to seek the soothing influences of religion than when prosperity enables us to divert ourselves with the vanities of this world. This observation, which is not new, may perhaps account for the fact that the Bible has become fashionable literature at the Chinese Court, as the Nieuws van den Dag, Amsterdam, tells us. The Empress-Dowager, it appears, had received a copy of the Bible from the Christians of China, on her sixtieth birthday. The effect is described as follows:

"The Empress-widow at once began reading in the copy of the Bible which had been presented to her. The Emperor, thereupon, also asked to be given this book of the 'Cult of Jesus,' but as the Empress-dowager did not care to part with her Bible, she sent a messenger to the depot of the American Bible Society to purchase another copy of the Old and New Testament for the Emperor. The messenger was given the books, but came to exchange them some time after, as the Emperor had discovered that they were badly printed. His Majesty also expressed his wish for a copy with larger type. The messenger received the Catechism and a copy of the Book of Proverbs as a present, and promised to let the other officials of the palace read in them. Since the Emperor, the Empress-dowager and other members of the imperial family have begun to read the Scriptures, the courtiers, as a matter of course, follow suit. May they, if they do not understand what they are reading, find a Philip who can teach them worthily."

The great lung healer is found in that excellent medicine sold as Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages, and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cured many when supposed to be far advanced in consumption.