

Our Young People.

False Kindness.

The softest little fluff of fur!
The gentlest, most persuasive purr!
Oh! everybody told me that
She was the "loveliest little cat."
So when she on the table sprang,
And lapped the cream with small red tongue,
I only gently put her down,
And said, "No, no!" and tried to frown;
But if I had been truly kind,
I should have made that kitten mind!
Now, large and quick, and strong of will,
She'll spring upon the table still,
And, spite of all my watchful care,
Will snatch the choicest dainties there;
And everybody says, "Scat! scat!"
She's such a dreadful, dreadful cat!"
But I who hear them, know, with shame,
I only am the one to blame,
For in the days when she was young,
And lapped the cream with small red tongue,
Had I to her been truly kind,
I should have made that kitten mind.
—Harper's Young People.

A Modern Hero.

(A True Story by Mary Willis.)
The children had decided that a day in the woods was the one experience that they must have to complete their happiness. It was so easy to meet their desires that I smiled when they presented it as a difficulty.
The very next morning they were surprised to find baskets packed, blankets strapped, everything ready for the picnic.
We had decided where we were going—into woods that had stood on a far-away hill, with all possibilities of an unknown land. A few gravestones marked a spot we had promised we would visit again when we left it last year—a weird place that seemed forgotten by everybody. We arranged our baskets, got the water, gathered sticks for a fire, and made the fireplace; then we started to explore the woods and visit the graveyard. Last year the youngest member of the party had been distressed because a lamb on a little tombstone had lost its head; she wanted to see whether it had been fixed.
The lamb's head, with the nose gone, lay on the ground beside the little tombstone. At the lower end of the graveyard the haycocks stood about, and we sat down, leaning against them. One of the children commented on the neglect, and concluded that the people did not care for their dead as city people do. Her attention was called to the long hours of labor, the little money, the distance that must be traveled from any house we knew, the absence of water, the stony soil. "I don't believe they care for their families as we do, anyway," continued the little skeptic. A wave of memory recalled a story about the family in the little house on the other side of that wooded mountain, and it was told to the children.

About sixteen years ago a widow and her son lived in the house. By hard work and care in the use of everything about the place these two managed to pay their way. One winter the boy saw that his mother could not work as she had been working. She made no attempt to care for anything outside of the house. The weeks went by and one by one the household cares were assumed by the boy, only 16 years old. He saw that his mother was growing thinner and whiter; but these two did not talk to each other about their feelings. The boy grew more and more bewildered. The nearest neighbor lived two miles away, over a rough road and had a large family and many cares. At last his mother could get up no longer. The boy said nothing to his mother, but when the morning's work was done one morning he started for his neighbor's and asked her to stay with his mother while he went for the doctor, living in the village nine miles away. He started with a heavy heart. By quick walking and a ride he was back before sundown. He said nothing of his errand, but he knew by the expression in his mother's eyes that she knew where he had been. The next day the doctor came. He could do nothing; the only hope for the mother was in an operation, and the doctor would have to be brought from a distant city to perform it. It would cost \$400! The boy gasped. For a few days he walked about in a dream. The sweet smile of his mother was the only gleam of happiness in his life. He could not lose it. One day, with a piece of pencil and brown paper, the boy seated himself behind the barn and wrote a letter to an uncle he had never seen, asking him for \$200 as a loan, and telling him why he wanted it. The neighbor took a mortgage on the farm for \$200, but before this was the money from the uncle reached the boy. He was radiantly happy. It was as though great wealth had come to him; he did not think of years that must pass before he would be free again.

On the journey to the doctor was the boy and the arrangements made for the operation. The boy had scrubbed the

floors in the little house, he had polished the stove, and made the house shine in his effort to help his neat mother. Then he washed and dressed her in her plain garments, whose rough lines told of untutored fingers in laundry-work. When the neighbor came she found everything ready, and mother and boy keeping each other's courage up. There was the noise of wheels, and the great doctors were entering the little house. The boy waited until all was in readiness, and then he found his favorite seat back of the barn. An hour later the neighbor came to him with a white face. He had no mother. He walked into the house and took the money from his pocket and handed it to the doctors. He did not let his little world know how he felt; he lived in silence. The years went by; the boy lived in the little house, and worked harder than ever. At 23 he had paid the debt, and was married to the neighbor's daughter.

"Why, if he had known, he need not have spent the money," said the little skeptic.
A brown-eyed boy lying on the grass turned with flashing eyes, saying: "That would have made no difference; such a boy would have done it even if he had known." He recognized a born hero.

The next week, without telling the children, I took them along a road that passed the little house on the mountain where love had made a hero. On and on we climbed; at first we came to the level at the top, and there was a little house, with flowers growing all about it—gay, old-fashioned flowers.

Opposite the house, on the other side of the road, stood a barn, with doors painted green—one of one shade, and the other of such a different shade as to appear almost blue. Through the doors came a man, tall and thin. He wore blue overalls crowded into boots that wrinkled round the ankles; one suspender held them over his shoulders. A torn straw hat was on his head. A shy-looking little girl held his hand. Just then a woman came out on the side stoop, and walked with a pail toward the well. Before she could reach the sweep the man sprang over the fence to help her. When he passed into the house, I said, "Chicks, that's the boy who paid the doctors—the neighbor's daughter!"
The boy with the brown eyes hurried through the gate, carrying his hat in his hand, and asked for a drink. He did not put his hat on again until he reached the road.

The little skeptic said, "You said he was a hero. I think he's homely." And the boy with the brown eyes flushed and turned to speak, but did not. I wonder what he wanted to say?
—[The Outlook.

Inconveniences.

It's funny I can never find
A pen of just the proper kind;
One such as makes the letters well,
And knows correctly how to spell;
Which just exactly fits my hand,
And writes things folks can understand;
Not stupid scrawls, which make one think
Some careless child has spilled the ink.
—Youth's Companion.

A Cat and a Dog.

Teddy was about six years old. He had blue eyes, short curls and a little figure which looked very well in his knee pants and jacket. His papa sometimes said he would make a fine-looking fellow.

Rover was about six months old. He had big, awkward limbs so loosely hung together that you would think he might go to pieces any minute. He had a coat of brown fur, great floppy ears and brown eyes. People said he would make a fine-looking dog, but nobody thought him so now.

Rover lived in the house next to Teddy, and there was no fence between. Teddy was afraid of him. Every time that Rover came rushing about, tumbling all over himself, with a good-natured "Wow wow," Teddy would scream and run away.

There was a kitten at Teddy's house—a very small one indeed, scarcely longer than a good-sized baker's roll. For the first few days after Rover came Teddy tried his best to keep kitty out of his way.

But one day Rover came tearing around the house as if ready to devour anything that came in his way. Teddy ran up the piazza steps and inside a window.

Then, as he looked out, his heart stood still with fright. Kitty was out on the walk.
"Bow wow wow!" Rover rushed after Kitty and Teddy held his breath, expecting to see her swallowed alive.

What did Kitty do?
She just turned her small self and looked at Rover. Her tail stood up and every hair she had bristled till she was as large as a five-cent loaf.

What did Rover do?
He turned about and walked away, his tail between his legs and his ears hanging down.

"Ho! ho!" laughed Teddy, "I guess I'll try that on you myself."

As he grows older Teddy will find that many fearful things will lose their terror if he makes a bold stand against them.—[Sydney Dayre in Youth's Companion.

Perhaps your Master knows what a capital plowman you are, and he never means you to become a reaper, because you do the plowing so well.—[Spurgeon

With the Poets.

Miss Annie's School.

While Johnnie searches Asia o'er,
To find the Hoang Ho.
I shut my eyes and see once more
That school of long ago.

It was no kindergarten shoot,
That child of modern rule,
Academy nor institute,
But just "Miss Annie's school."

Miss Annie's face was round and fair,
Her eyes were big and blue,
And everything we did declare,
In all the world she knew.

She always tried to make it clear
With gentle word or kiss.
"What country's south of Turkey,
dear?"

Oh, Polly Ann will miss!

But no! Miss Annie smiled. What's that?

Lies under in the pan

When mother roasts the turkey fat?"

"Tis Greece!" laughed Polly Ann.

Such grand excursions as we had

On continent and sea,

The while we held, with hearts so glad,

That charmed geography.

"The Mississippi River take,

For voyage of to day."

Each pencil sought Itasca Lake,

And then we sailed away.

One blissful hour we journeyed south,

No craft so swift could run—

And then we landed at the mouth,

And lesson time was done.

But in that hour what things we saw,

What people strange we met!

The painted warrior and his squaw,

The black-robed Jesuit.

All passed like figures in a dream,

With buffaloes and deer,

And left beside that mighty stream

The hardy pioneer.

We heard the slave in rice-fields speak,

And felt his pliant was true;

The tears rolled down Miss Annie's cheek,

And we—yes, we, cried, too.

Oh, shade of old De Soto grave,

All honor be your due!

And stern La Salle—who else so brave?

I take no praise from you.

But as in thought once more I view

The Mississippi free,

I know it was Miss Annie who

Discovered it for me.

—Ruth Siddons in Youth's Companion.

At Last.

My little son, who looked from thought-

ful eyes

And moved and spoke in quiet, grown-

up wise,

Having my law the seventh time dis-

obeyed,

I struck him and dismissed

With hard words and unkind—

His mother, who was patient, being

dead.

Then, fearing that his grief should

hinder sleep,

I visited his bed,

But found him slumbering deep,

With darkened eyelids, and their lashes

yet

From his late sobbing wet;

And I with moan,

Kissing away his tears, left others of

my own;

For, on a table drawn beside his head,

He had put beside his reach

A box of counters and a red-veined

stone,

A piece of glass abraded by the beach,

And six or seven shells,

A bottle of bluebells,

And two French copper coins, ranged

there with careful art

To comfort his sad heart.

So when that night I prayed

To God, I wept and said,

"Ah, when at last we lie with tranced

breath,

Not vexing Thee in death,

And thou rememberest of what toys

We made our joys,

How weakly understood

Thy great commanded good,

Then fatherly, not less

Than I, whom thou hast moulded from

the clay,

Thou'lt leave thy wrath and say

"I will be sorry for their childishness."

—Coventry Patmore.

The Commonplace.

"A commonplace life, we say, and we

sigh;

But why should we sigh as we say?

The commonplace sun in the common-

place sky

Makes up the commonplace day.

The moon and the stars are common-

place things,

The flower that blooms and the bird

that sings;

But sad was the world and dark our

lot

If flowers failed and the sun shone

not;

And God, who sees each separate soul,

Out of commonplace lives makes his

beautiful whole."

—Susan Coolidge.

Worms cause feverishness, moaning

and restlessness during sleep. Mother

Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleas-

ant, sure, and effectual. If your drug-

gist has none in stock, get him to pro-

cure it for you.

Where Was the Garden of Eden?

The Garden of Eden has been located almost everywhere on the earth's surface; at the pole, at the equator, in Siberia, in Peru, by the Caspian Sea, on the banks of the Ganges. In an extended article on this subject in the American Ecclesiastical Review, October, the Rev. J. A. Zahm, C.S.C., University of Notre Dame, tells us that Livingstone sought for Eden in Africa, and hoped to find it at the head-waters of the Nile. Prof. D. G. Brinton, in a recent lecture, expresses his belief that the first home of our race was either in Western Europe or Northern Africa. Columbus thought he had found the site of Paradise in what is now Venezuela or Colombia.

A writer in La Nouvelle Revue argues that the Desert of Sahara embraces what was once the Garden of Eden. Dr. Zham gives very many of the views held on this subject, and then comes to his own conclusion, which is that the true site of Paradise is the land intervening between the confluence of the Tigris and the Euphrates and the Persian Gulf. He says:

"Here, then, at the long last, we have found the object of our quest. In the basin drained by the Shatt-el-Arab, on the northern border of the Persian Gulf, at the extreme south of old Babylon, so famous in history—the theater of so many political, social and religious revolutions, and the trying place of humanity's first intellectual jousts—must we locate the garden of Eden."

"This sacred spot, while answering fully to the description of the Genesis narrative, at the same time meets all the requirements of theology, and satisfies all the exigencies of history and science."

"All the indications of authentic history point to this spot as the cradle of our race. It was here, indeed, that history was first written; it was in this land that the first libraries were formed; it was in the capitals of Mesopotamia that literature essayed its earliest flights."

"From this spot went forth those streams of humanity that have long since reached every nook and corner of the habitable earth. From this quarter of the globe have come all our most useful plants and cereals—wheat, rye, oats, barley—and most of our domestic animals."

"It is toward this point that all the lines of human thought converge as to their natural center. Thither must linguists look for a solution of many of its riddles. To this favored portion of the world must ethnology go if it would read aright the affiliations of the various races and the countless tribes of humankind. Here alone have the traditions of the great Euphratean Valley their proper interpretation, and here alone have the myths which have so long puzzled Orientalists their full significance."

"The Garden of Eden is not then a bit of mythical geography, as it has so often been denominated. It is a fact, and one of the most interesting and important and suggestive facts of all history; the open sesame which explains many facts that were else an enigma; the thread of Ariadne that prevents us from losing ourselves in the labyrinth of fanciful theories and in the chaos of conflicting opinions, in which the lot of the modern searcher after truth is cast."

"And, strange irony of fate! It is in close proximity to the spot here indicated for the seat of paradise that those who are most opposed to the Biblical account of man's origin have been compelled, by the over-mastering indications of science, to locate the birthplace of our race. For not far to the south of the lower Euphratean basin is situated Haeckel's hypothetical Lemuria."

They Don't Talk Politics.

Nowhere in Russia do politics enter into the life of the people. Politics in Russia are the Czar, and whatever he does is right. You cannot induce a Russian, at least in Archangel, to touch on politics even in friendly conversation. When the Czar's "name-day" comes round, as it did the other day, the houses are decorated for the event. But even this is controlled by the authorities. "Two flags for this house, three for yours, hang them out of the window," and it is done.

They worship the late Czar—they have made of him a saint, as they have made a Messiah of Alexander III. Ask them when the St. Petersburg railway is to be made, when the poor are to be better paid, when the children are to play in the sunshine instead of slaving in gangs in the ships—"When the Czar comes," is always what they say. The Czar will never come. I think they might take that as established if they would, though the other Czar has come, passing up that way on their pilgrimage to the Holy Isles.

—[Longman's Magazine.

Father—That cat made a dreadful noise in the garden last night.
Son—Yes; I think that since he ate the canary he can sing.

There is danger in neglecting a cold.

Many who have died of consumption dated their troubles from exposure, followed by a cold which settled on their lungs, and in a short time they were beyond the skill of the best physician. Had they used Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, before it was too late, their lives would have been spared. This medicine has no equal for curing coughs, colds and all affections of the throat and lungs.

A Smile and a Laugh

An Irishman who had on a very ragged coat was asked of what cloth it was made.

"Bedad, I don't know!" said he; "but I think the most of it is made of fresh air."

+++

Precise Maiden Aunt (trying to amuse Kate, who has come to spend the day)—Oh, see pussy washing her face.

Infant (with scorn)—She's not washing her face, she's washing her feet and wiping them on her face.

+++

Tender-Hearted Damsel—I think fishing is cruel. The idea of putting a worm to the torture of having a hook run through him is awful to me.

Witherby—It doesn't hurt the worm.

Tender-Hearted Damsel—How do you know?

Witherby—How? Why, I've put worms on hooks dozens of times and never heard a murmur from 'em.

+++

Little Louise is only three years old, but full enough of mischief for several little girls.

"O dear, Louise," exclaimed her big sister one day, after the little one had been in mischief, "do you think it would make you good if I put you in the flour-barrel and left you there awhile?"

"I'm 'fraid not," replied Louise, soberly; "but, sister, you may put me in the cookie jar if you want to."

+++

WORST OF ALL.—"A prophet is not without honor save in his own country," is one of the old sayings that are never out of date.

"You have been very naughty, Nelly," said a writer of children's stories to her little daughter one day, "and I shall have to punish you."

"What are you going to do to me, mamma?" inquired the tearful Nelly.

"Shall you put me to bed now, in the middle of the day?"

"No," replied her mother.

"Well, I don't think anything else would be so bad," said the child, with renewed cheerfulness; "unless—O mamma!" she wailed, as a sudden thought struck her; "I haven't got to sit still and hear you read one of the stories you've written, have I?"

+++

The simple process of discovering the meaning of a foreign word or phrase by the virtue of its sound sometimes leads to peculiar results.

"Shure, an' fwa't is this brigg-brag the mistress is all the toime talkin' yez about, an' tellin' yez to be so careful av it?" inquired the cook of the housemaid in a large family mansion. "Fwa't does brigg-brag mane, Oi dunno?"

"It aint brigg-brag, it's bricky-brack," returned the housemaid, moodily; an' Oi'm thinkin' if 'twas yersilf had the care av it, yez wouldn't be long foindin' out what it meant. It's Frinch for breakety-break, that's what it is. It's a lot av little ornamin'ts an' joogs an' vases jist made fer ketchin' in the duster an' draggin' 'emselfes off onto the floor, an' smashin' into bits before a poor harrd-wurkin' gell's oyes. That's what bricky-brack manes, an' a good name it is for the whole lot av 'em!"

+++

HIS LETTER.—A fond mother sent her small boy into the country, and after a week of anxiety received the following letter:

"I got here all right and I forgot to write before. It is a very nice place to have fun. A fellow and I went out in a boat, and the boat tipped over and a man got me out and I was so full of water that I didn't know nothing for a long while."

"The other boy has to be buried when they find him. His mother came from home and she cried all the time. A horse kicked me over, and I have got to have some money to pay the doctor for mendin' my head. It was broken a bit."

"We are going to set and old barn on fire tonight, and I am not your son if I don't have some real fun. I lost my watch and I am sorry. I shall bring home some snakes and a toad, and I shall bring home a tame crow if I can get 'em in my trunk."

+++

A Book for Young Men.

An immeasurable amount of suffering and injury to the human race is due to the ignorant violation of the physiological laws by the youth of our land. Ruinous practices are indulged in, through ignorance of the inevitable injury to constitution and health which surely follows. By every young man, the divine injunction, "Know Thyself," should be well heeded. To assist such in acquiring a knowledge of themselves and of how to preserve health, and to shun those pernicious and most destructive practices, to which so many fall victims, as well as to reclaim and point out the means of relief and cure to any who may unwittingly have violated Nature's laws, and are already suffering the dire consequences, an association of medical gentlemen have carefully prepared a little book which is replete with useful information to every young man. It will be sent to any address, securely sealed from observation in a plain envelope, by the World's Dispensary Medical Association of 663 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y., on receipt of 10 cents in stamps (for postage) if inclosed with this notice.