

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys— I need hardly ask if you are all having a jolly time. I am always waiting for accounts which I know must be coming.

A pair of pretty gloved hands began almost unconsciously to clap, and then everybody clapped and applauded until it might have alarmed Bob, if a young lady sitting by had not slipped her arm around him and said, with a sweet glow on her face: "Tell your mamma that we all congratulate her upon having a little boy strong enough to resist temptation and wise enough to run away from it."

AUNT BECKY.

GOOD NIGHT AND GOOD MORNING

A fair little girl sat under a tree, sewing as long as her eyes could see. Then smoothed her work and folded it right. And said, "Dear work, good-night, good-night!"

TOMMY'S DAY IN BED.

"Come, Tommy, wake up now. It is time to have your breakfast and get ready for school," called mamma. Tommy squeezed his eyes so tight together that they almost hurt and puckered his face all up in an effort to look unconscious and made no answer.

thought how they would envy him if they only knew. He heard baby's little pattering feet come to the door, and she tried to open it, but mamma hurried after her. "No, no, darling, you mustn't go in there. Your brother is sick, and we must let him rest."



Sick Headache, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Coated Tongue, Foul Breath, Heart Burn, Water Brash, or any Disease of the Stomach, Liver or Bowels. Laxative Pills are purely vegetable; neither gripe, weaken nor sicken, are easy to take and prompt to act.

GIANT TORTOISE 800 YEARS OLD IS WORTH A FORTUNE.

Captain I. F. Shurtleff, of the United States collier Nero, which has just returned to this port from coaling the South Pacific squadron,

brought with him a curiosity probably exceeding in value and rarity anything of its kind ever seen in this country, and specimens of which are possessed by only a few of the larger museums of Europe. It is a gigantic land turtle, or tortoise, from one of the Galapagos group of islands, which lie in the South Pacific, right under the equator, and are dependencies of Ecuador.

The tortoise was presented to Captain Shurtleff by the governor of one of the islands of this group. It measures about two feet across the back, weighs 75 pounds, is supposed to be 800 years old, and is valued at \$5000.

As captain of a naval collier Captain Shurtleff recently had occasion to visit this group of islands, which are out of the line of regular travel, but the regular meeting place of the ships of the South Pacific squadron and the colliers which supply them with coal.

In spite of this, however, a party of the ship's crew went into the interior on a hunt for one. The trip lasted for several days and the hunting party ran out of water and came very near perishing of thirst, before they returned to the ship without having seen a sign of a tortoise. Just before the departure of the ship, however, the governor heard that one had been captured in the interior, and sent up and purchased it and presented it to the captain.

The species of tortoise to which this specimen belongs is found only in the islands of the Galapagos and Mascarene groups, in the Southern Pacific. Until recent years these islands were not inhabited by man or any form of mammalian life.

Each reptile would furnish from 75 to 300 pounds of excellent meat, could be kept alive for months in the hold of the ship without food and served to vary the monotony of the salted diet which ordinarily falls to the lot of the sailor.

Just how rare and near to extinction the species is can be judged from the fact that about a year ago the European kings of finance, the Rothschilds, fitted out an expedition for the express purpose of securing, if possible, one or more of these tortoises.

Just what disposition Captain Shurtleff will finally make of this specimen is not known. It was reported that he would offer it to the city, to be placed in the city park, Norfolk, Va., Correspondent of the Baltimore Herald.

FATHER KENNY'S FREE NERVE TONIC. A VALID REMEDY FOR NERVOUSNESS AND A COMPLETE CURE FOR NEURALGIA. POOR GET THIS MEDICINE FROM ANY DRUGGIST.

These sentences from Poe's review of Hawthorne's Tales are followed by some remarks on the technique of the short story which might have served as a hand-book for all the masters of the craft—Marine, Bret Harte, Maupassant and Kipling. Having conceived, with deliberate care, a certain unique or single effect to be wrought out, he (the author) then combines such events as may best aid him in establishing this preconceived effect.

"To this ideal Poe remained, from his first story to his last, extraordinarily faithful. His methods of securing unity and a cumulative effect have often been noted. In the stories of death it is the persistence of a single mood on the part of the hero, a mood that, connecting itself with some circumstance—a physical detail, like the teeth of Berenice, a human relation like the passionate love of Ligeia, a name, even, as in 'Morella,' or a background, as in 'The Fall of the House of Usher,'—becomes so absorbing that the reader is drawn under its spell for fifteen or twenty minutes, or half an hour,—for as long, indeed, as Poe calculates that his magic will last.

This same unity characterizes the tales of conscience, in which again the mood gathers about a circumstance,—the hero's double in 'William Wilson,' or the black cat, in the story of that name,—and is made to recur mechanically by the recurrence of the inciting cause. In the stories of adventure, physical or psychic, unity exists by virtue of a single episode, and in the detective stories, by virtue of the single thread of reasoning which connects a multitude of circumstances with the central fact.

"And yet, with all his artistic seriousness we do not, many of us, take Poe seriously. Applaud his cleverness as we may, we can not avoid a feeling that it is used for unworthy ends. We classify him with the mountebanks, the conjurers, the hypnotists—in short, with the fakirs; for, like them, his eye is always upon his audience, and he speculates upon our capacity for illusion. His art, we come to understand, is an art entirely of deception; his triumph is entirely at our expense. If there is any sincerity of emotion connected with his stories, it is we who supply it; he merely sets up the mechanism that gives us the shock. In Poe the later art of romanticism comes near to defeating itself by the very exactness of its methods, for with him the romance, instead of being a mode of spiritual expansion, becomes a matter of mental calculation, of mathematics.

"Poe had undoubtedly a large influence on succeeding story-writers, American, English and French. His influence has been the wider because his tales of cleverness really belong to no country or race. As in the case of Scribner, the international French dramatist, what was significant in his work, his technique, could be transported anywhere, would pass current among all nations, and could be counterfeited by any man of industry. Of things more difficult of transmission and assimilation,—of national or local realism, of criticism of life,—he has nothing. His characters are automata, his stories take place nowhere or anywhere; he has no ethical outlook. He is thus significant as an international writer rather than as the founder of the American school of fiction. That school, for its distinctive qualities, looks back to Hawthorne as its originator."

This world of ours is God's flower garden, and every day God sends his gardeners into the world and if they sow the seed of God's kingdom. One day the mysteries of life is disclosed, and our soul sends up a prayer to God. There are those seeds sown that never grow unless some hand reaches out to lead them to God's eternal kingdom. Were I to speak to you the single word of God, it would be love. God is love, for everything that enters into God's benign existence is love.—Rev. L. J. Vaughan.

It is a noble and great thing to cover the blemishes and excuse the failings of a friend; to draw a curtain before his stains, and to display his perfection; to bury his weakness in silence, but to proclaim his virtues on the house-top.

clothes betokened his identity with the same class of people as that to which the wee maiden belonged, approached, carrying a gallon of kerosene oil in one hand and a small, light brown paper package in the other.

His mouth was very full and he looked radiantly happy as he rolled the contents of it from one side to the other.

Suddenly his eyes rested upon the forlorn object wedged into the fence-corner. He set down the kerosene oil can and proceeded to undo his paper package. He took therefrom a piece of candy, about one-third the contents of the package, and handed it without a word to the tiny girl.

She took it, oh! how bashfully! and smiled at her boy benefactor, but said not a word. He also said nothing, but lifting his can from the sidewalk, trudged on.

"And a little child shall lead them."

THE BIRDS NOT CAUGHT.

A pretty anecdote is related of a child who was greatly perturbed by the discovery that her brothers had set traps to catch birds. Questioned as to what she had done in the matter, she replied, "I prayed that the traps might not catch the birds."

MASS ON THE SUMMIT OF CROAGH PATRICK.

It may not be generally known that a Catholic church is being erected on the summit of Croagh-Patrick—that lofty Irish mountain on which St. Patrick prayed for the perseverance of the children of Erin.

The church is not a large one, but the incredible labor of conveying materials up so steep a mountain has more than trebled the ordinary expense. No man who has not climbed or has failed to climb this rugged cone can appreciate the effort to carry up even one stone weight of cement. And yet the whole church—foundation, walls, and roof—is of concrete, and every stone of cement, every gallon of water, every shovel of sand, is carried, little by little, slowly up the mountain.

When the project was first spoken of, the nature of the undertaking might easily have been inferred from the remarks of the old men who used to point up to the cloud-capped peak and say, "When a chapel is built on the top of that, there will be eight wonders in the world."

Early in the spring of the present year the work was commenced, and it has gone on so rapidly that it is now nearing completion.

The workmen sleep on the summit at night, come down on Saturday evening, and make the ascent again after Mass on Sunday. Their patient endurance is beyond all praise. On that lonely peak, high above the surrounding mountains, they toil among the clouds, and when the day's hard work is done, they retire into little canvas tents to rest their weary limbs. They expected to encounter rain and storm and thunder and lightning—and they have not been disappointed. Indeed it would make an interesting volume to recount their strange experiences.

God has given to occupation the mission of the north wind—that of purifying the miasma of the heart, as the wind purifies the miasma of the atmosphere.—Golden Sands.

"She won't stub me, mamma. Let her come in while you wash the dishes," said Tommy generously. "Oh, no, dear. You must lie still and rest." So she shut the door and all was quiet again.

After hours and hours Tommy was sure it must be almost night, so he went to the door and said, "Has papa come home yet, mamma?" "Whatever put that idea into your head. It is only ten o'clock. Go back to bed and try and sleep."

Tommy crept back and tossed restlessly from one side of the bed to the other. Then he began to see faces and animals in the figures on the wall paper, and pretty soon they all rushed toward the bed and he fought them and drove them back. Then after a long while he rubbed his eyes and knew he had been asleep and dreaming.

He went to the door and said: "Mamma, I think the bed is getting tired of me. Shall I sit up awhile and let it rest?"

But mamma laughed and told him beds couldn't get tired, and sent him back again. Then he must have gone to sleep again, for he thought the bed really did get tired of him, and it gave a bound and threw him right out on the floor. His head struck against the chair and he began to cry, and mamma came in and helped him back and wet a cloth in cold water and laid it on his head.

When mamma was rocking the baby to sleep she heard a deep sigh and, looking around, she saw a forlorn little figure in pink pyjamas at her side, and he said, trying to smile hopefully, "Don't you think it would make me feel stronger if I went out doors and took some exercise, mamma?"

It cost mamma an effort to say firmly: "No, indeed. A boy who is too sick to go to school is too sick to play."

It turned out to be the longest day Tommy had ever known, longer than all the other days of his life put together, but people say that the very longest days come to an end some time, and this one finally did.

The next day one little boy reached the schoolhouse ahead of the others. His face was very bright and shining from a copious application of soap and water, and his hair was brushed until it could never get mussed up again. When the roll was called he answered to the name of Thomas Algernon Whitley.

THE WARNING OF THE BIRDS.

The death of Archduke Joseph, of Hungary, recalls a story which, though often repeated, may be new to some of our young folks. During the war which he waged with Prussia, his troops had on one occasion encamped on the outskirts of a forest, and had lain down for the night, when one of the sentries sent word to the Archduke that a soldier insisted on speaking with him. When admitted, the man proved to be a gipsy of whose people the good Archduke had been a warm friend and benefactor. The soldier hastily warned him, in gipsy dialect, that the enemy was stealing upon the camp.

"How can you know this?" asked the Archduke. "The outposts have given no warning." "Because they see nothing," returned the gipsy. "But remark the flocks of birds on the wing, all flying South. Birds do not fly at night unless something disturbs them. Nothing but the passage of some great body through the woods—for there is no fire—could cause them to desert in such numbers."

"It is well, my son. We will see to it," said the Archduke; and he roused the camp and got everything in readiness. An hour later began the engagement with the hostile forces that had meant to surprise the camp.—Ave Maria.

A LESSON OF THE STREETS.

The chill of March was in the air, although it was an April afternoon. I walked along through a portion of a large city, where there were many saloons and many poor people.

In a little niche, which she almost filled, between a building and a fence, both of which touched the sidewalk, stood a little girl.

The tiny, desolate creature must have been four or possibly six years old. Her apparel was too small for even her slight form, and her well-worn calico apron was soiled with the dust of the street. On her face were traces of tears, and her big, sad eyes shone out under a mass of matted brown curls.

A tiny boy of six or seven, whose

The horses neighed, and the oxen lowed, The sheep's "Bleat, bleat," came over the road, All seeming to say, with a quiet delight, Good little girl, good-night, good-night.

She did not say to the sun "Good-night!" Though she saw him there like a ball of light; For she knew he had God's time to keep All over the world, and never could sleep.

Th' tall pink foxglove bowed his head; The violets curtsied and went to bed; And good little Lucy tied up her hair And said, on her knees, her favorite prayer.

And while on her pillow she softly lay, She knew nothing more till again it was day; And all things said to the beautiful sun, "Good-morning, good-morning! our work is begun."

—Lord Troughton.

BOB STOOD THE TEST.

The "blue line" street-car stopped at the corner and an anxious-looking young woman put a small boy inside.

"Now, Bob," she said, as she hurried out to the platform again, "don't lose that note I gave you; don't take it out of your pocket at all."

"No'm," said the little boy, looking wistfully after his mother as the conductor pulled the strap, the driver unscrewed the brake and the horses, shaking their bells, trotted off with the car.

"What's your name, Bob?" asked a mischievous-looking young man sitting beside him. "Robert Cullen," he answered. "Where are you going?" "To my grandma's."

"Let me see that note in your pocket." The look of innocent surprise in the round face ought to have shamed the baby's tormentor, but he only said again, "Let me see it."

The baby was crying lustily for her milk and mamma was so busy getting it ready that she did not notice for a few minutes that Tommy did not answer. Then she went to the bedroom door again, and when Tommy heard her coming he began to breathe in a strenuous and labored manner to show that he was, very sound asleep indeed. Mamma stood still, looking down lovingly at the sturdy little form and tousled yellow hair. Tommy continued to breathe loudly and kept his face screwed up tightly in order to convince mamma that he was sleeping soundly, but soon the silence became more than he could bear, and he opened his eye a little tiny bit to see what mamma was doing, and caught her looking full in his face. She laughed then and called him a rogue and a fraud and told him he must hurry now or he would be late for school.

"Oh, mamma, I'm sick. I can't get up and go to that horrid old school," whined Tommy, sticking his fists into his eyes.

"Well, for a sick child you seem to be sleeping very peacefully," said mamma. "That was 'cause I was awake all night and never shut my eyes once, and course I have to sleep once in a while," said Tommy unblushingly.

"How perfectly dreadful! In that case I think the best thing for you to do is to lie quiet and sleep all day, and I will send a note to your teacher."

Tommy's heart bounded with joy. Did she really mean it? He glanced slyly at her out of one corner of his eye, and when he saw that she looked perfectly calm he was sure that she was in earnest.

In order not to show how happy he was he began to write and groan, but stopped suddenly when mamma said: "If you are in such pain, we had better send for Dr. Pillsbury at once and have him give you some medicine."

"Oh, no, mamma," began Tommy in alarm. "I'm sure I'll feel all right—er—no, not all right, of course, but lots better if you will bring me a cup of coffee with lots of cream and sugar in it, and a piece of toast and some jelly and a pouched egg and a cookie and two pieces of fruit cake."

"Why, Thomas Algernon Whitley," said mamma, aghast. "A breakfast like that would kill a horse."

"I just s'pose a bushel of oats and a big pail of water'd kill me, but if you want me to starve I will, only when papa was sick you cried 'cause he couldn't eat and said he'd never get well, if he didn't, so I thought I'd force something down just to please you," said Tommy in an abashed voice.

Mamma went out of the room and presently returned with a bowl of oatmeal, plentifully covered with cream and sugar.

"I think this will be better for a sick boy," she said. After Tommy had eaten it all and scraped the bowl with his spoon mamma pulled down the shades and went out, closing the door softly, and Tommy cuddled down under the covers with a long sigh of perfect content.

"I guess I'll be sick for a whole week, maybe a month," he thought to himself. He closed his eyes, but for some reason he could not go to sleep again. It seemed strange, for other mornings he knew he could have slept all day. He imagined the other boys studying in school, and