

Our Young People.

Guess?
"Now tell."
Cried Nell.
"Sometimes it's big—sometimes it's small.
It has two hands and no feet at all.
But still,
Said Nell.
"Though it doesn't run up it DOES run down.
Its face is always healthy and round
And it talks very prim and very precise.
When I am good it says, so nice,
"Pretty—well!
Little—Nell."
"But if I'm naughty, oh deary me!
Its voice is as solemn as it can be!
Solemn and sorry and dreadfully clear.
And the more I don't listen the more I hear
"Do's you'd—oughter,
Little—daughter."
"Can't you guess it, you funny folks?
Something that runs but never walks?
Well, well!"
Cried Nell.
"If you can't imagine, I'll have to explain.
And I won't make such a hard riddle again.
You must have a key before it will talk.
Turn the key—and there's a —"
—Youth's Companion.

Where They Found Her.

I am ashamed to say that little Lucy wanted to run away. Why it is that tiny folks of two and three and four years old should be so fond of stealing off and giving their friends such frights about them, I'm sure I do not know. Lucy was only three, but her head was so full of funny notions that if you missed her for a moment you always fancied she had fallen into mischief. One fine, bright day in October, Mrs. Lockwood, Lucy's mother, went into the garden with a caller to give her a handful of the beautiful marigolds. Lucy was in the back parlor undressing her dolly, Miss Fanny Fling, and putting her in bed, for Fanny had a high fever. Mrs. Lockwood was not gone from the room five minutes, but it was time enough for Lucy to dart away like a hummingbird, and what do you think she did? "I am going to dress up and go a-calling," she said. It was her idea of "dressing up" to put on a breastpin; that was always the first thing. And Hannah, the housemaid, had a pin she greatly admired. It was a very large one, with a picture on it of a yellow house and green trees and red roses. She went into Hannah's room and found the pin, and put it in the neck of her dress, managing to fasten it so that it did not fall off. Then she ran in great haste to mamma's closet, climbed to the high shelf, and took down the bandbox which held her mamma's last winter's bonnet—a dark green velvet, with a long, green, curling feather. She put this on her little naughty head, and over the bonnet a large blue veil, and then she was ready to go calling. But by that time mamma was coming back to the house, and Lucy knew she would be saying, "Hannah, have you seen the baby?" So she slipped out by the side door and ran to the stable.

Now, there was a cart in the stable full of empty barrels; and as Lucy heard grandpa's step in the yard she thought she would climb into one of the barrels and hide. She went in head first; alas for mamma's pretty bonnet! And as the blue veil was very large indeed, she drew it over her, covering her little self all up. There she was, that droll snip of a Lucy, at the bottom of a barrel. Who would think of looking for her there? And in two minutes she was fast asleep.

Well, this is not all of it. The barrels had been put in the cart by grandpa, who intended to drive the cart to Uncle Ben's, and Uncle Ben had promised that his boys should fill the barrels with choice apples from the orchard. It was now time for grandpa to start. He came out to the stable, and harnessed the gray horse to the cart, and drove away, and Lucy was having a ride and knew nothing about it. She had not waked even when grandpa threw an empty meal-bag right into the barrel where she lay.

"O hum!" said grandpa, talking to himself. "O hum! Ten barrels! I shan't get home much before night!" Pretty soon they came to a rough old bridge made of logs, and the cart jolted, and the barrels rattled, and Lucy woke up and began to cry.

"What's that noise?" said grandpa to himself. "O hum! It's a lamb, got strayed away in the field, I suppose." "It's me, it's me," cried Lucy, trying in vain to get out of the high barrel.

But grandpa was deaf, and did not know she spoke.

"I think it's likely that's a little calf a-bleating," said grandpa, looking right and left, but not behind him. "O hum! I wonder whose calf has got lost? I can't see anything that looks like a calf."

It was a quiet country road, and they had not met a single soul.

"It's me, ganpa, it's me!" wailed

poor Lucy. "Take me au-out, ganpa!" But it was of no use. The more she cried and called the more grandpa said "O hum!" and looked to right and left, but never once looked behind him.

It was not till they reached Uncle Ben's dooryard that the little one could make her words understood.

"Unky Ben! Unky Ben! Take Lucy!" she sobbed. And Uncle Ben went straight to the barrel and lifted her out. But the way grandpa stared, and the way Uncle Ben laughed! Uncle Ben had her in his arms, and danced into the house with her, and said "See, children, I've found a rubber baby for you! A baby in a velvet bonnet!"

"No, no, no!" shouted Lucy, not a yubber baby!" But the children laughed every time she spoke, saying "O what a nice one it is! It can talk!"

It was perfectly dreadful for Lucy. All the cousins—Fanny and Molly and Charley and Phil—crowded around her, exclaiming "O what a beautiful, beautiful, beautiful doll!"

And they pretended not to believe her when she stamped her foot and screamed "I'm Lu-u-ucy!" You never can know how sad it was. She thought surely her little heart would break. But she lived through it, and is alive now. And it did her a great deal of good; for, after this, whenever she had a wild wish to "dress up and go a-calling," she remembered that ride in the barrel, and how her cousins had taken her for a rubber baby, and how very, very sad it had seemed.

And so Lucy Lockwood turned over a new leaf, and never ran away any more.—[Christian at Work.

One More Question.

I had answered all his questions. And was fairly out of breath. Then he asked me, looking thoughtful, "Don't I tire you out to death?" —Youth's Companion.

Captain Carter's Monkey.

Captain Carter, who lives in Washington, D.C., when on land, had a great fancy for fine fowls, and among his collection prized a fine old king gobbler, says Harper's Young People. On his last cruise he brought home a mischievous young monkey, which gave him so much trouble it was a good deal like "an elephant on his hands." One day, hearing a terrible squawking in the henry, the captain found Jocko with king gobbler under his arm, while he was deliberately pulling out the poor bird's last tail feather. The captain rescued the turkey, and punished the monkey severely, who knew very well why he was chastised. The next day, again hearing a commotion among the feathered tribe, he went to the scene of action, and there sat Jacko with the much persecuted gobbler between his knees, while he was trying to put the feathers back. His intentions of repairing the mischief done were good, but the turkey did not appreciate them.

Curious, Wasn't It?

Said one little girl to another little girl, As proudly as could be, "I'll tell you something very nice That my papa told me: He said I was the sweetest girl That ever there could be!" Said the other little girl to that one little girl: "Why, now! How can you be? For that is just the very same thing That my papa told me!" (And neither was as sweet as my little girl, As any one could be!) —Tudor Jenks, in St. Nicholas.

Women Enfranchised.

The New Zealand Legislature, which is the product of the vote of both male and female citizens, is displaying a very creditable determination to discharge its business. The Lower House has banished all intoxicating drinks from the bar of the Chamber, and, further, has passed a resolution limiting the duration of speeches. Henceforth, no one may speak longer than half an hour; and in committee, no member may speak more than four times, nor longer than ten minutes. It is a curious comment upon the various proverbial sayings as to female loquacity, that the first legislature in which women had a voice should have been the first to put a drastic time limit upon the chatter of Parliament. Another measure which has been approved by the Lower House is a bill simplifying the entrance to the legal profession, and admitting women to practice at the bar.

There can be a difference of opinion on most subjects, but there is only one opinion as to the reliability of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It is safe, sure and effectual.

Complimentary Friend—Very striking woman Mrs. van Snort.

Mr. Van Snort—Yes; she hit me for ten this morning.

TELL THE DEAF.—Mr. J. F. Kellock, druggist, Perth, writes: "A customer of mine having been cured of deafness by the use of Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL, wrote to Ireland, telling his friends there of the cure. In consequence I received an order to send half a dozen by express to Wexford, Ireland, this week."

With the Poets.

Just To Be Good.

Just to be good
This is enough—enough!
Oh, we who find sin's billows wild and rough,
Do we not feel how more than any gold
Would be the blameless life we led of old
While yet our lips knew but a mother's kiss?
Ah! though we miss
All else but this,
To be good is enough.

It is enough—
Enough—just to be good!
To lift our hearts where they are under-
stood;
To let the thirst for worldly power and place
Go unappeased; to smile back in God's face
With the glad lips our mother used to kiss.

Ah! though we miss
All else but this
To be good is enough!
—James Whitcomb Riley.

The Tower of Babel Speaks.

In ways unknown to mortals, I regret
The memory of that grand and
haughty hour,
When the symmetric insolence of
my tower
Awed the pale heaven that braves my
anger yet.

No stone of mine now crumbling can
forget
My palm-clad pomp in those sweet
days of power,
When my colossal summit made
stars cower

And shrink before my awful silhouette.
Oh! despicable, puny hordes of men!
When I held sky and space within
my reach,
What souls had ye thus to be over-
come?

Why did your coward hearts desert me,
when
Jehovah, in His wrath, had blent all
speech?
Could ye not work, O fools! though
ye were dumb!

—Francis Saltus.

Tomorrow.

Lord, what am I, that with unceasing
care
Thou didst seek after me, that thou
didst wait,
Wet with unhealthy dews, before
my gate.
And pass the gloomy nights of
Winter there?
O strange delusion! that I did not
greet
Thy blest approach, and O! to
heaven how lost,
If my ingratitude's unkindly frost
Has chilled the bleeding wounds upon
thy feet.
How oft my guardian angel gently
cried
"Soul, from thy casement look, and
thou shalt see
How He persists to knock and wait
for thee!"

And O, how often to that voice of
sorrow
"Tomorrow we will open," I replied!
And when the morrow came, I
answered still "To-morrow."
—From the Spanish, by Henry
Wadsworth Longfellow.

About People.

The oldest surviving member of the Beecher family is the Rev. Edward Beecher, who has just celebrated his 91st birthday at his home in Brooklyn. Notwithstanding his extreme age, he is still in the enjoyment of good health.

The mother of Abdul-Aziz, the young Sultan of Morocco, bids fair to have as much sway as does the Empress of China. She is a woman of great talent and boundless tact, and her son is said to consult her before taking any political step.

There are three women physicians on the sanitary corps of the New York Board of Health—Drs. Alice Mitchell, Ellen Knight and Frances G. Dean. They are under the same rules and are required to do the same amount of hard work as their masculine associates.

Two Russians, MM. Menkhoudjinnoff and Oulanoff, recently arrived at Shanghai, after a journey of two years and nine months through Tibet, in the course of which they visited Lhasa and had an interview with the Dalai Lama. It is the first time since 1811 that Europeans have accomplished this feat.

A somewhat unusual sight was witnessed in the streets of Belfast on Hospital Saturday. A strong effort was made on behalf of the funds of the local hospital, and among others who posted themselves at the street corners and worked energetically were the Marchioness of Dufferin, the Countess of Shaftesbury, Viscountesses Massereene and Ferrard, Lady Victoria Plunket, Lady Helen Munro-Ferguson, and Lady Hermione Blackwood.

Someone tells this story of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, as illustrating very clearly the characteristics of the vigorous English boy who was afterward to achieve such widespread fame by his pen. When a boy of 12, he went on a voyage with his father, who, becoming desperately seasick, retired to his berth, leaving young Rudyard to his own devices. Presently the poor father heard a tremendous commotion over his head, and down the companionway

dashed the boatswain, three steps at a time, and shouting excitedly, "Mr. Kipling, your boy has crawled out on the yard-arm, and if he ever lets go he'll drown sure." "Yes," said Mr. Kipling, falling back on his pillow with a sigh of relief, "but he won't let go."

The Baroness de Langenau, of Vienna, widow of a former minister from the Austrian Court to Russia, has taken the vice-presidency of the W. C. T. U. for that country. The baroness devotes all her varied gifts to the well-being of those who need help. She has opened a home for servant girls, a mission for postmen, and a chapel for the Wesleyan missionary—a German sent out under the auspices of the London Society.

The following story of a proof-error is from The Bookman: A proof-sheet of one of Landor's poems, printed in The Keepsake, is before us, the concluding stanza of which reads:

"Yes," you shall say, when once the dream
(So hard to break) is o'er,
"My love was very dear to him,
My FARM and peace were more."

This error seems to have angered the poet, for upon the margin of the leaf he has written: "Of all the ridiculous blunders ever committed by a compositor, farm instead of fame is the most ridiculous. Pity it was not printed, My farm and peace!!!"

The First Pair.

Among many interesting incidents connected with the closing of saloons in Kittanning, Pa., a leading merchant tells the following:

A woman came into his store very timidly. She was evidently unaccustomed to trading.

"What can I do for you?" inquired the merchant.

"I want a pair of shoes for a little girl."

"What number?"

"She is twelve years old."

"But what number does she wear?"

"I do not know."

"But what number did you buy when you bought the last pair for her?"

"She never had a pair in her life. You see, sir, her father used to drink when we had the saloons; but now they are closed he doesn't drink any more, and this morning he said to me, 'Mother, I want you to go up town today and get sissy a pair of boots, for she never had a pair in her life.' I thought, sir, if I told you how old she was, you would know just what size to give me."

O, it is pitiful that the children of this republic must be robbed of shoes and bread that a few idlers may be supported. The man who gives his influence in favor of the saloons gives his sanction to this cruel robbery. He says "This idler may have the privilege legally to take the hard earnings of this toiler, and debase him, though his children go with bare feet."

How Cool He Was.

"It's wan av the greatest blessin' in loife to possess the power av kapin' cool whin danger is noigh," remarked Mr. Herlihy, as he sat heavily down on the hair-cloth lounge and wiped the sweat from his forehead, on his return from a fire in the neighborhood.

"Now, there's that crather Doolohan," he continued; "manny's the toime O've heard that felly say that the burstthin' av a cannon-ball clost to his head in the days av the war was no more to him than the foirin' av a piny shotgun. Manny's the toime O've heard him shpake av lapin' from wan windy av a burnin' buildin' to the roof av the nixt wan wid a scotched choild schramin' murder in both arms."

"It's meself that don't always have me wits about me whin the foire bells ring an' the injines goes a gallopin' troot the strathre; but Moike he's niver turned a hair, but away he'd go, an' be there formin' the very shipot, by the toime the water began to play."

"He had his plans all laid, jist how he'd carry out his woife an' the four children—if iver the foire come where they was—an' thin return for the furnitoor an' vallyables, an' have 'em all safe an' sound on the sidewalk before aven the polis knew what he was at."

"So whin O'i heard the buildin' they lived in was afore, thinks O'i to meself, 'Dinnis, here is your chance to larn a lissin in kapin' cool an' pre-sarvin' yure wits in toime av danger.'"

"An' shure an' I received the lissin, be the same token! It's a rare privilege, Norah, for me to have sane Moike Doolohan this day a kapin' his wits about him. He towid me whin all was over that he felt as calm as iver he did in his loife. He's a wonderful man, is Moike Doolohan."

"An' did he save his woife an' the four children, an' all his furnitoor an' vallyables?" inquired the awe-stricken Norah.

"Naw—av coorse he did not that," replied Mr. Herlihy, solemnly. "He saved a handful av close-pins, an' Bridget Doolohan an' the four little wons they come noigh bein' smothered, fur they slipped his moind somehow. But he was jist that calm an' cool that he'd remarked he would be in toime o' danger. It's a lissin to wan loike me to have sane Moike Doolohan this day, Morah; an' that's the thruth!"

Are you a sufferer with corns? If you are get a bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure. It has never been known to fail.

A Smile and a Laugh

McFadden—Faith, and why do you charge me 25 cents for a haircut, when you sign says: "First-class Haircut For 15 Cents?"

French Barber—Ah, but Monsieur, your hair ez not first class!

A little Buffalo girl was not feeling well, and her parent suggested that she was about to have chicken-pox, then prevalent. She went to bed laughing at the idea, but early next morning she went into her parents' room, looking very serious, and said: "Yes, it is chicken-pox, papa; I found a feather in the bed."

POOR COMPANY.—The New York Herald quotes a bit of conversation between a young gentleman and one of those very sarcastic young ladies, who, it is to be hoped, exist only in the fancy of Newspaper humorists.

The young man, it appears, had lately returned from his summer outing. "Miss Rambler," said the young lady, "has just been telling me that you were up in the mountains with her last month."

"Yes," answered the young man. "I thought she wrote you about it at the time."

"Why no," was the amiable response. "All she wrote me was that she was having an awfully stupid time."

The visiting clergyman remained to the Sunday school and made a little speech.

"I know that you are enterprising," he said, "because I see so many new books. I know that you are happy, because I see so many smiling faces. And I know that you are generous, because that little boy over there offered me a peanut as I came in."

The attention of the assembly was instantly directed to the little boy, who began to snicker uncontrollably to himself.

"Well, what's the matter, my little man?" asked the clergyman. "You're not sorry you offered me the peanut, are you?"

"Did you t-think that was a peanut I gave you?" asked the boy, still snickering violently.

"Why, yes, wasn't it?"

"No-o-o-o! 'twas only a shell."

THE GENERAL'S COW.—Some years ago, says a writer in Harper's Young People, the commanding officer of a military station, desiring the grass around the quarters to be protected while it was growing, gave strict orders to the sentries that no one except the cow should be allowed to step over it.

The next day the general's wife called upon some ladies, and wishing to make a short cut, walked across the grass from one path to another.

"No one to pass here, madam," said the sentry.

The lady drew herself up.

"Do you know who I am?" she demanded of the sentry.

"No, madam," replied the impassive soldier, "I do not know who you are; but I know that you are not the general's cow, and nobody else is permitted to walk on this grass."

An Englishwoman of rank, a duchess, while kind-hearted in the main, was careless about many matters which affected the happiness of others, particularly the tradespeople whom she patronized. She was apt to forget to pay her bills until annoyance and sometimes distress resulted.

A milliner, whose large bill had been repeatedly ignored by the duchess, at last determined to send her little girl, a pretty child of 10 years, to beg for the money which was so much needed.

"Be sure to say 'your grace' to the duchess," said the anxious mother; and the child gravely promised to remember.

When, after long waiting, she was ushered into the duchess's presence, the little girl dropped a low courtesy, and then, folding her hands and closing her eyes, she said softly, "For what I am about to receive, may the Lord make me truly thankful."

As she opened her eyes and turned her wistful gaze on the duchess, that light-hearted person flushed very red, and without delay made out a check for the amount due for the milliner.

The little girl, happy in the belief that she had done the errand exactly as she had been told, departed joyfully; but the quick-witted duchess knew that the lesson she had received had never been intended, and felt its reproof all the more.

You Get Strong.

If you're a tired out "run-down" woman, with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. And, if you suffer from any "female complaint" or disorder, you get well. For these two things—to build up women's strength, and to cure women's ailments—this is the only medicine that's GUARANTEED. If it doesn't cure in every case your money is returned. On these terms, what else can be "just as good" for you to buy? The "Prescription" regulates and promotes all the natural functions, never conflicts with them, and is perfectly harmless in any condition of the female system. It improves digestion, enriches the blood, brings refreshing sleep, and restores health and vigor. For ulcerations, displacements, bearing-down sensations, periodical pains, and every chronic weakness or irregularity, it's a remedy that's safely and permanently cures.

Tommy—What's that turkey thing around that way for?
Jimmy—Guess he's trying to tough.

THE BEST PILLS.—Mr. Wm. dervoot, Sydney Crossing, Ont., writes: "We have been using Parmelee's Pills and find them by far the best I ever used." For delicate and debilitated constitutions these pills act as a charm. Taken in small doses effect is both a tonic and a stimulant, mildly exciting the secretions of body, giving tone and vigor.

Rev. J. B. Huff, Florence, W. Va., writes: "I have great pleasure in testifying the good effects which I have experienced from the use of Northrup's Vegetable Discovery for indigestion. For several years nearly all kinds of foods fermented on my stomach, so that after eating I was very distressing sensations, but the time I commenced the use of Vegetable Discovery I obtained relief."

A Chance for a Perfect Man.

There are some persons living who believe that there are perfect men in existence. Not many years ago, in proof of this, the following advertisement appeared in an English paper:

WANTED.
In a provincial town a young man is required at once by a committee of Christian men. He must be talented, experienced, businesslike, a good penman, spiritually-minded, musical, a fluent speaker, a good financier, accountant and debt collector.

He must be thoroughly competent to make the preliminary arrangements for all meetings, such as prayer meetings, evangelistic services and Bible classes, literary, educational, social and business meetings of the whole body and various committees, and if necessary, conduct them.

He must be capable of taking the sole superintendency of a reading-room and library, the catering for a refreshment room, and the general working of the establishment, including the athletic and other clubs connected therewith. Preference will be given to a good gymnast.

He must have a good literary style as all the correspondence, reports, proof-reading, etc., will be left entirely in his hands. He must have robust health.

He must have a clear head and be a quick reader of character.

He must be generous and open-handed, and at the same time authoritative but not overbearing.

The hours are from 9 a.m. till 10:30 p.m., and on Sunday from 2 p.m. till 10 p.m., but he will be expected to attend church in the morning for his own soul's welfare.

The salary offered for the fortunate candidate was \$375 a year.

The Cycle and Woman's Dress.

The question of providing woman with a rational, convenient, and healthy dress, says the Review of Reviews, is being solved at last by an agency which no one could have dreamed of ten years ago. Petticoats which have survived all other attacks are perishing before the cycle. Petticoated cyclists carry their lives in their skirts of their unbuttoned garment and after one or two upsets the most prejudiced rider learns to see the virtue of knickerbockers. They will beautify them in due season, when they learn to discard the ungraceful gaiter, which in some odd way seems to be believed to be a kind of fig leaf atoning for the absence of the petticoat.

Princess Laetitia, the widow of ex-King Amadeo of Spain, scandalized society at Turin last month by riding on the race course on her bicycle with a smart escort of courtiers and ladies of honor also on bicycles. The princess is very stout and very fast, and it was not only her dress that created a sensation. She wore black silk tights, patent leather boots with leggings, a divided skirt of heavy black silk ornamented with silver thread, and a close-fitting waist of the same material.

On her head was a white silk yachting cap, around her waist a silver girdle, with numerous attachments on small sil chains. That costume would create sensation anywhere. But a bicycle alone, attired in neat and simple knickerbockers, without attracting any inconvenient attention. The lady has just returned from month's solitary ride, which she made, rationally dressed, from London to Lowestoft, York, Durham, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Keswick, Bangor, Stratford, and home without experiencing any more annoyance than the amazed salute of a startled rustic the saucy chaff of a boy in the str

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Sy stands at the head of the list for diseases of the throat and lungs. acts like magic in breaking up a cough. A cough is soon subdued, tightness of the chest is relieved, even the worst case of consumption is relieved, in recent cases it may be said never fail. It is a medicine prepared from the active principles or virtues several medicinal herbs, and can be depended upon for all pulmonary complaints.

"This is a high-headed outrage, the boy remarked when he found his mother had put the cookies on upper shelf."

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