

## Our Young People

### Cape Cod Turkeys.

Teddy Dean was going to move. He stood on the street saying goodbye to all his playmates.

"Are you glad you are going, Teddy?" asked Arthur Mitchell.

"Yes, I guess so," answered Teddy, doubtfully, "if there are some boys down there."

"There are boys everywhere, said Tommy Dutton, assuringly, 'an' there are things nicer than boys down on Cape Cod, too. Did you know that, Teddy?"

"No," said Teddy, "I didn't."

"Well, there are," said Tommy. "Guess them," he urged.

"Plymouth Rock," said Arthur.

"No," said Tommy. "Guess something that comes in November."

"Thanksgiving," said Teddy.

"No, it's something that we eat on Thanksgiving."

"Turkeys?" asked Teddy, slowly.

"Yes," said Tommy. "There's heaps an' heaps of turkeys down on Cape Cod, an' I guess they are the very best ones, although I'm not sure. Mamma went to lunch with Mrs. Bowman, an' she lives on Chestnut street, in that great big house, an' when I asked mamma what she had for dinner, she said, 'Cape Cod turkey, my dear!'"

"Isn't that splendid?" exclaimed Teddy, clapping his hands. "I'm glad as I can be, 'cause my papa is going to move!"

"I wish I was going," said Arthur.

"An' so do I," echoed Tommy.

But I am sure they would have all changed their minds if they had known that Cape Cod turkey was only another name for salt fish.—[Youth's Companion.]

### The Little Girl With a Company Face.

Once on a time, in a far-away place, Lived a queer little girl with a company face, And no one outside the family knew Of her every-day face, or supposed she had two.

The change she could make with wondrous celerity, For practice had lent her surprising dexterity. But at last it chanced, on an unlucky day (Or lucky, perhaps, I would much better say), To her dismal dismay and complete consternation, She failed to effect the desired transformation!

And a caller, her teacher, Miss Agatha Mason, Surprised her with half of her company face on, And half of her every-day face peeping out, Showing one grimy tear-track and half of a pout, Contrasting amazingly with the sweet smile That shone on her "company" side all the while.

The caller no sooner had hurried away Than up to her room the girl flew in dismay; And, after a night spent in solemn reflection On the folly of features that can't bear inspection, She came down to breakfast, and walked to her place, Calm, sweet and serene, with her company face.

Thenceforward she wore it, day out and day in, Till you nearly might think 't would be worn very thin; But, strange to relate, it grew more bright and gay, And her relatives think 't was a red-letter day.

When the greatly astonished Miss Agatha Mason Surprised her with half of her company face on.

—St. Nicholas.

### Trink's Chucky.

One day, long, long ago, there was a very happy little girl staying with her grandmother in the country. She had such a long name for such a short, chubby girl that everyone called her "Trink." As Trink's father and mother had gone across the great waters to Europe, she had been left with her grandmother on the farm away back in the country.

In pleasant weather Trink played out of doors all the day long. She had no playmates to help her pass the time away; but the birds in the lovely green-leaved trees, the velvet-coated bees buzzing among the flowers, the grasshoppers and toads, and the funny little squirrels with their bushy little tails were all her friends. I really believe that the bees would rather have stung one another than harm a hair of Trink's head.

Trink also possessed a kitten, of which she was very fond. "It was a Maltese cat, and Trink had given it the original name of 'Blue Kitty,'" on account of its pretty color. But Blue Kitty often wanted to take a nap on those warm summer days. Trink never wanted to sleep in the daytime. The days were short enough without taking time for naps.

One good playfellow of Trink's was Uncle Jack. He was a man to be sure, but when he had time to spare no one could be a jollier or better companion. But Uncle Jack was busy with his work in the fields most

of the time, for farmers are very busy folk.

One day Uncle Jack went off to hunt, and in the afternoon he came home with something soft and small tucked down in the bottom of his game-bag.

"Trinket," said he, "I'll give you three guesses at what I have in my bag."

"Oh! oh!" cried Trink, patting the outside of the bag, and finding that it held something very soft. "Do tell me what it is, Uncle Jack. Something for me? What color is it? I'm sure I can't guess."

"Well," said her uncle, "you may have it if you can guess what it is. It's about ten inches long, has black hair on its back, sort of a chestnut red colored breast, thick, short legs, bushy tail, rather flat head, long whiskers, and looks as if it had no neck at all. Now guess."

Trink laughed. "I never heard of such a funny animal. 'Tisn't a cat, is it?"

"Ho!" laughed Uncle Jack. "That would be a funny cat, surely. Two more guesses now."

"A rabbit?" asked Trink.

"Wrong again—one more guess."

"I'm sure I don't know," said Trink, wrinkling her brow as she always did when thinking hard. "Do tell me."

So Uncle Jack untied his bag, and, opening it, took out something which looked like a muff.

"I suppose you'll have to have it, even though you didn't guess. Now look," said he; and Trink, bending over, found it had bright little eyes staring up at her. She was afraid to touch it until Uncle Jack laid it in her arms, saying that it wouldn't bite unless she hurt it."

"Oh, how lovely and soft!" exclaimed Trink. "Why, I never saw anything like it. What is it, Uncle Jack, and where did you find it?"

"It's a young woodchuck," explained her uncle. "I shot his mother in the clover field this morning, and found this little baby trying to get back to his house again. Woodchucks, you know, Trink, dig deep holes in the hills for their houses, slanting them upward so that the water won't run in, and then stay in them all winter, sleeping. When the warm weather comes, they wake and leave their houses to look for food, going back to them to rest and hide. They are very fond of eating my red clover, and I have to shoot them or they would destroy it all. You can tame this little fellow easily, and keep him for a pet."

So Trink gave her new pet as much bread and milk as he would eat, and fixed a basket for him to sleep in. After a few days he became very tame, and Trink taught him many tricks. He would beg just like a dog, sit up on his hind legs, charge, and play hide-and-seek by the hour with his little mistress. She would give him vegetables of all kinds, and clover for a treat once in a while; and when autumn came, Chucky had grown to be quite a large animal. It was funny to see Trink running about with Chucky under one arm and Blue Kitty under the other, but I dare say they all enjoyed it. She was so small and they so large that the little girl was almost hidden.

When the weather commenced to grow chilly, Chucky was not lively at all, and had to be thoroughly warmed before his eyes would shine and he would be his old self again. Woodchucks always retire to their houses to sleep all winter at that time of the year, and he felt, I suppose, that he ought to keep up the habits of his forefathers. At night Trink would put him in the stove-oven after the fire had gone out, and it was just warm enough in there to make Chucky full of fun, and in the morning he would be as bright as a button.

Alas for poor Chucky! One night, before going to bed herself, Trink placed Chucky in the oven and shut the door. Unfortunately for the little animal, cook made a hot fire in the stove early the next morning before Trink was dressed, and never thought of poor Chucky. When he was taken out he was baked too much, and he never came to life again.

Trink shed buckets full of tears over his untimely death, but she was comforted after a while by the hope that Uncle Jack would some day find another in his clover-field.

To this day (and Trink is grown up now) Uncle Jack has never brought her another woodchuck; and I ought to know, for I used to be Trink.—[The Outlook.]

Give what you have. To some it may be better than you dare to think.—[Longfellow.]

### A Neglected Science.

A well-known woman writer says that while progress has been made in almost every other pursuit during the century, the science of housekeeping has not only stood still but actually retrograded. She considers it a defect in the so-called "higher education of women" that no provision is made in their colleges for instruction in the art of housekeeping. It is not the mission of all women to preside over households, but no woman has any moral right to assume the responsibilities of a wife without becoming intelligent concerning the duties involved in the administration of family affairs. "If men undertook to conduct their business with as little preparation as women bring to the management of a house failure and bankruptcy would inevitably follow."

## With The Poets.

### A Vision.

Multitudes, multitudes, stood up in bliss,  
Made equal to the angels, glorious, fair;  
With harps, palms, wedding garments,  
Kiss of peace,  
And crowned and haloed hair.

They sang a song, a new song in the height,  
Harping with harps to Him who is strong and true;  
They drank new wine, their eyes saw with new light,  
Lo, all things were made new.

Tier beyond tier they rose and rose and rose  
So high that it was dreadful, flames with flames;  
No man could number them, no tongue disclose  
Their secret, sacred names.

As though one pulse stirred all, one rush of blood  
Fed all, one breath swept through them myriad-voiced.  
They struck their harps, cast down their crowns, they stood  
And worshipped and rejoiced.

Each face looked one way like a morning new lit,  
Each face looked one way towards the Sun of Love;  
Drank love and bathed in love and mirrored it,  
And knew no end thereof.

—Christina Rossetti.

### February.

Then came cold February, sitting  
In an old wagon, for he could not ride,  
Drawn of two fishes, for the season fitting,  
Which through the flood before did softly slide,  
And swim away; yet had he by his side  
His plow and harness fit to till the ground,  
And toils to prune the trees, before the pride  
Of hasting prime did make them burgeon round.

—Spenser.

### Accidents.

A vision seen by Plato the divine:  
Two shuddering souls come forward,  
Waiting doom  
From Rhadamanthus in the nether gloom.

One is a slave—hunger has made him pine;  
One is a king—his arms and jewels shine,  
Making strange splendor in the dismal room.  
"Hence!" cries the judge, "and strip them!"

Let them come  
With naught to show if they be coarse or fine.  
Of garb and body they are swift bereft:  
Such is Hell's law—nothing but soul is left.

The slave, in virtue glorious, is held fit  
For those blest isles of peace where just kings go.  
The king, by vice deformed, is sent below  
To herd with base slaves in the wailing pit.

—John Hay in the Century.

### Shon Campbell.

Shon Campbell went to college  
Because he wanted to,  
He left the croft in Gairloch  
To dive in Bain and Drew;  
Shon Campbell died at college  
When the sky of spring was blue.

Shon Campbell went to college,  
The pulpit was his aim;  
By day and night he ground, for he  
Was Hielan, dour, and game;  
The session was a hard one,  
Shon flickered like a flame.

Shon Campbell went to college  
And gave the ghost up there,  
Attempting six men's cramming  
On a mean and scanty fare;  
Three days the Tertians mourned for him—  
'Twas all that they could spare.

Shon Campbell lies in Gairloch,  
Unhooded and unowned,  
The green Quadrangle of the hills  
To watch his sleep profound,  
And the Gaudeamus of the burns  
Making a homely sound.

But, when the Last Great Roll is called

And adsums thunder loud,  
And when the Quad is cumbered  
With an eager jostling crowd,  
The Principal, who rules us all,  
Will say, "Shon Campbell! come  
Your Alma Mater hails you  
Magister Artium!"

OUT OF SORTS.—Symptoms: Headache, 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 Parmelee's Vegetable Pills on going to bed, and one or two for three nights in succession, and a cure will be effected.

### Facing the Issue.

ization, says the London Spectator, has undoubtedly added immensely to the fidgetings, and therefore to the irritability, of man. There are many more expedients in the use of escaping small evils than used to be, that we are very less accustomed to schooling even our fathers were; and so find lives the objects of scornful comparison to the minds of the Red Indians, and even of the Mohammedanists who do not believe in those expedients, and prefer being led by the hand of Providence to arming all these little acrobatic by which western energy perches itself that it can ward off the One of the reasons why there is much more dignity in the savage the Oriental believer in predestination than there is in the practical us of the West, is that the former is trained to acquiesce in so very his against which the latter is led to fight an often useless battle. The result is that the civilized man's blows, to which uneducated is accustomed to bow without paying them the homage of a or a sigh. It is, no doubt, a great to have something to do by which may reasonably hope to avert, or at least to alleviate, an impending evil. But we doubt whether the of mind which is accustomed to evade suspense by every ice of modern ingenuity, is at all ally desirable.

There is no point on which the of the West shows itself so in- to the genius of the East, as its comparative inability to face steadily onset of calamity without taking age in a hundred little expedients averting what is often in reality not to be averted. The only purpose these expedients answer is to divert the of the sufferer from the descend- blow, and that is in almost all cases a good but an evil. For- de is impossible without deliberate eight and what the devotional anials call "full collection"—in per words, full consciousness both of at may be coming and of what is quired of us in the moment when shock descends. The western world, which accumulates anodynes d plunges into a multitude of experi- for modes of alleviation, instead stringing every nerve to the highest int of endurance, only dissipates energy, while the Eastern world flects itself for an act of endurance ich is no do: but most painful, but uch at least results in a better con- of the illimitable resources of man dignity, and of the divine des of responding to human faith.

### His One Chance.

"It's a curious succumbance how men, fond of variety as they be, will ve a man the same things 't eat year an' out," said Capt. Abijah Sawyer. Capt. Nelson Judkins, as the two en sat on the war in the sun one plember morning, "That's as sartin 't the tides," responded Capt. Jud- ns. "I've eat more herrin' than any her man livin', I presume 't say."

"Well, now, my woman feeds me on ckled salt fish an' baked petaters," id Capt. Sawyer.

"It ain't but what it's nerishin' food, 't well-cooked," he continued; "but 's sing'lar how much Mr'd doos set by hem two things fer a stiddy diet. An' ence I've give up follerin' the sea, I t had but one chance to git a hange o' food in the year. I calculate 've eat about a thousand pounds o' alk fish an' frim thutteen to fourteen undred petaters durin' that time."

"I shouldn't want make no state- ments as 't the number o' herrin' that I've been obleeged to stow away," said Capt. Judkins. "But when you was down to Marthy's Vineyard, week b'ore last, you must 'a' had an opp' tunity to git in a fast rate meal. I und'stood you stopped at the hotel durin' the day."

"Yes, I was there fer a dinner," re- turned Capt. Sawyer, looking abstract- edly out to sea. "That was the one chance I was referin' to."

"Why don't you speak up an' say what you had?" said Capt. Judkins, after a long pause. "I won't make no herrin' better, so fur 't I know."

"Well," said Capt. Sawyer, still gaz- ing out over the water, "when I took up the bill o' fare an' see all the different things there was 't make a ch'ice of, my head spun round jest like a top. I looked her up an' down; one spell I had some thoughts o' orderin' a tenderline steak with fixins'."

Capt. Judkins gave a grunt of dis- dain.

"Well, I didn't," continued Capt. Sawyer. "I studied quite a season over the furrin dishes, but I deemed it wa'n't best to run any risks so fur from home. An' b' that time the waiter was gittin' kind o' impatient, an' he says, 'What'll you have?' kind o' quick, an' I decided all in a whew!"

"Why, I says, 'Bring me a mess o' pickled salt fish an' a couple o' baked petaters,'"

said the recent trav- eler, carefully avoiding his old neigh- bor's eye. "It appeared 't be the most natural thing to say, an' so the words jest slipped out b'ore I come to a realizin' sense."

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.

An exchange contains an advertise- ment of a dog for sale. Among the good points of the animal are these: "He will eat anything and is very fond of children."

"Gran'ma," said little 4-year-old Austin as he twined his arms lovingly around his grandmother's neck, "You'll never know how much I love you till you have a child of your own."

NOT A BIT SICK.—Aunt (to Freddy, who is visiting her)—Freddy, will you have some more cake?  
Freddy—Course I will, auntie; I don't feel a bit sick yet.

"Did you divide your bon-bons with your little brother, Mollie?"  
"Yes, ma; I ate the candy and gave him the mottoes. You know he is awfully fond of reading."

AN INCOMPLETE PETITION.—Mamma—Flossie, did you ask God to make you a better little girl?  
Flossie—I never thought of that; it took so long a time to ask him to keep you from scolding me so much.

WHERE THE LINING SHOWED.—A little girl's father had a round, bald spot. Kissing him at bedtime not long ago, she said:  
"Stoop down, popsey; I want to kiss the place where the lining shows."

Newspaper misprints are often amusing. One of the funniest I have lately seen is the reference to "Mr. Hanson, lazy vicar and solo tenor, St. Paul's Cathedral." That printer had obviously never heard of a "lay" vicar.

Young Husband—Say, darling, what a peculiar flavor this stewed steak has?  
Young Wife (diffidently)—I really can't account for it. Indeed, in order to take away the bad taste of the onions I scalded them myself in eau de cologne.

Lillian and Marion are twins. They are so much alike that it takes persons some time to tell one from the other, and of course they are constantly hear- ing some one remark this. Marion was heard to say once, "That lady can't tell me apart."

Adams—What are you reading?  
Brown—It is a very useful book for those who don't know how to swim.

"How so?"  
"If you fall overboard, all you have to do is to turn to page 57 and read the directions, and you are safe."

"Well, Johnny, I shall forgive you this time; and it's very pretty of you to write a letter to say you're sorry."

"Yes, ma; but don't tear it up, please."

"Why, Johnny?"

"Because it will do for next time."

DISCOUNTING A PROPHECY.—A little boy, after helping himself several times to water, finally upset the glass, upon which his mother exclaimed impatiently:  
"My son, I knew you were going to do that."

"Well, mother, if you had only told me in time, I would not have done it," said the boy.

MODIFIED BY LATE RETURNS.—Little Jack prays every night for all the different members of his family. His father had been away at one time for a short journey, and that night Jack was praying for him as usual.

"Bless papa and take care of him," he was beginning as usual, when suddenly he raised his head and listened.

"Never mind about it now, Lord," ended the little fellow, "I hear him down in the hall."

A small boy was at a table where his mother was not near to take care of him, and a lady next to him volun- teered her services.

"Let me cut your steak for you," she said, "if I can cut it the way you like it," she added, with some degree of doubt.

"Thank you," the boy responded, accepting her courtesy; "I shall like it the way you cut it, even if you do not cut it the way I like it."

The worthy Sunday school superin- tendent was illustrating the text, "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

Superintendent—If I want to raise a crop of turnips what sort of seed must I sow?  
Children—Turnip seed.

Superintendent—If I want to raise a crop of tomatoes what sort of seed must I sow?  
Children—Tomato seed.

Superintendent—Very good. Now, if you want to raise a crop of good manhood, what kind of seed must you sow? And an observer who kept tally reported that the school on a test vote was a tie between turnip seed and to- mato seed.

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 pas- sages, 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.

### A Conviction After Observation.

She was a small child on her way to an evening party, escorted by her father. The relation between these two was that of deep friendship, not merely that of father and daughter.

This daughter had all the scorn of the young person of superior mental attainments who had been promoted from the primary to this party, which was, in fact, the school-house warning. She wondered how long the primaries would stay. "Most of them will go home early, but one will stay late," she announced with great conviction. "Why?" "Because she is over-dressed. A mother who overdresses her child will let her sit up late."—[The Out-look.]

### Too Exact.

The Boston Herald says that while Gen. Butler was in front of Petersburg he received the news that his favorite horse, "Almond Eye," had been acci- dentally killed by falling into a ravine. Thereupon he ordered an Irish serv- ant to go and skin the animal.

"What! Is Almond Eye dead?" asked Pat.

"What's that to you? Do as I bid you, and ask no questions."

Pat went about his business, and in an hour or two returned.

"Well, Pat, where have you been all this time?" sternly demanded the general.

"Skinning the horse, your honor."

"Does it take nearly two hours to perform such an operation?"

"No, yer honor; but then, you see, it tuck 'bout half an hour to catch him," innocently replied Pat.

Gen. Butler cast upon his servant such a ferocious look that Pat thought he meditated skinning an Irishman in revenge for the death of his horse.

### Unselfishness of True Growth.

God has placed us here to grow, just as he placed the trees and flowers. The trees and the flowers grow unconsciously and by no effort of their own. Man, too, grows unconsciously, and is educated by circumstances. But he can also control those circumstances and direct the course of his life. He can educate himself. He can, by effort and thought, acquire knowledge, become accomplished, refine and purify his nature, develop his powers, strengthen his character. And, because he can do this, he ought to do it. Yet we must add that mere growth is not all. There is something more, "Grow up." "Grow up in all things," but also "Grow up in all things into him who is our Head, even Christ." This is what Goethe, with all his wisdom, failed to see. This is what makes the apostolic maxim wiser than his. To grow up is an end, but not the final end. That is, since Christ is another name for generous love, cultivate and unfold all powers in order to do good, for the sake of helping, sav- ing, inspiring, guiding, animating, en- couraging other souls. Develop all your powers, but for universal useful- ness.—[James Freeman Clarke.]

### The Beggar Boy.

In the following story the power of kindness is beautifully illustrated: "Go away from there, you old beggar boy! You've no right to be look- ing at our flowers," shouted a little fel- low from the garden.

The poor boy, who was pale, dirty, and ragged, was leaning against the fence, admiring the splendid show of roses and tulips within. His face re- ddened with anger at the rude language, and he was about to answer defiantly, when a little girl sprang out from an arbour near, and looking at both, said to her brother:

"How could you speak so, Herbert! I'm sure his looking at the flowers don't hurt us." And then, to soothe the wounded feelings of the stranger, she added: "Little boy, I'll pick you some flowers if you'll wait a moment," and she immediately gathered a pretty bouquet, and handed it through the fence.

His face brightened with surprise and pleasure, and he earnestly thanked her.

Twelve years after this occurrence the girl had grown to a woman. One bright afternoon she was walking with her husband in the garden, when she observed a young man in workman's dress leaning over the fence, and look- ing attentively at her and at the flowers.

Turning to her husband she said: "It does me good to see people ad- miring the garden; I'll give that young man some of the flowers," and, ap- proaching him, she said, "Are you fond of flowers, sir? It will give me great pleasure to gather you some."

The young workman looked a mo- ment into her fair face, and then said, in a voice tremulous with feeling, "Twelve years ago I stood here a ragged little beggar boy, and you showed me the same kindness. The bright flowers and your pleasant words made a man of me, too. You face, madam, has been a light to me in my dark hours of life, and now, thank God, though that boy is still an humble, hard-working man, he is an honest and grateful one."

Tears stood in the eyes of the lady as, turning to her husband, she said: "God put it into my young heart to do that little act of kindness, and see how great a reward it has brought."

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