

In the Barn.

O Jack, are you up in the hay-loft?
I'm coming up there, too.
I'm tired of being a lady,
I'd rather have fun with you.
There's company in the parlor,
And mamma whispered to me,
"Now do be a lady, Pussie,
And see how good you can be."
But, Jack, it was really dreadful!
I couldn't sit still, you know,
And most likely the company wondered
To see me fidgeting so.
But I heard you laughing and shouting,
And I knew you were having fun,
And I looked at the clock and wondered
How soon her call would be done.
But when they were busy talking,
And didn't remember me,
I just slipped out as softly!
And here I am, you see.
O Jack! it is awfully jolly
Not to be grown-up folks;
They never have fun in the hay-loft,
Laughing and telling jokes.
They can't go hunting for hen's eggs,
Or swing on the old barn-door,
Or climb this steep old ladder,
And jump, like us, to the floor.
To sit in a chair is horrid.
To sit on a beam is fun,
And we don't care if we're sunburned,
We aren't afraid of the sun.
Just fancy mamma or sister
Rolling about in the hay!
It makes me laugh—because surely
Their "trains" would be in the way.
I heard papa call me a "Tom-boy;"
I'd rather be that, I declare,
Than to sit for another hour
So still in a parlor chair.
Just think of the time I wasted,
When I might have been here with you!
And it may have been another half hour
Before her visit is through.
I'm sorry for mamma and sister,
Long dresses, long manners and all!
And Jack, I'll be sorrier still, dear
When you and "Pussie" grow tall.

Carrier Pigeons at Great Altitudes.

Experiments were recently made in Switzerland to ascertain whether carrier pigeons would start at great altitudes, and would find their way from summits covered with snow as well as from less heights. Two pigeons were set at liberty on the Bergli, at a height of 8,600 feet. After perching for a few minutes on a neighbouring rock, they took flight in the direction of the Eiger; but soon returned to the hut whence they had been liberated. They did not start again for some time, when they took the route for their cot, although, surrounded by mountains, they had not seen the country. Of these two, one did not reach its destination till seven days after; the other failed to appear. Neither (it should be said) had been accustomed to be set at liberty at a great distance from its cot. Another experiment consisted in letting off two pigeons (one of which had not been trained for such great distances) about 9:30 a. m., at a point 50 feet under the highest point of the Jungfrau, or 13,750 feet above the sea level. They immediately rose, described several large circles, and took their flight down the valley of Lauterbrunnen, in the direction of Schilthorn and Schwalveren. One of these pigeons reached its cot at Thun at three o'clock next day (eight hours after starting). The other did not turn up. The result of these observations is the more interesting, because in several instances pigeons let off from balloons high in the air have seemed incapable of sustaining themselves, and have fallen to earth like an inert mass.

Mrs. Peter Piper's baby was making a tremendous noise, and a friend asked Peter why it was so cross. "Is has a stormy mother," said Peter, with a sigh; "You needn't wonder if it's a little squally."

"If you marry Grace," exclaimed an irate father to his son, "I will cut you off without a cent, and you won't have so much as a piece of pork to boil in the pot." "Well," replied the young man, "Grace before meat," and he immediately went in search of a minister.

Here is Sermon Enough for Sunday.

A little shoeblack called at the residence of a clergyman of this city and solicited a piece of bread and some water. The servant was directed to give the child bread from the crumb-basket, and as the little fellow was walking slowly away and shifting the gift between his fingers for a piece large enough to chew, the minister called him back and asked him if he ever learned to pray. On receiving a negative answer he directed him to say, "Our Father," but he could not understand the familiarity.

"Is it our father—your father—my father?"

"Why, certainly."

The boy looked at him a while and commenced crying, at the same time holding up his crust of bread, and exclaiming between his sobs:

"You say that your father is my father; aren't you ashamed to give your little brother such stuff to eat when you have got so many good things for yourself?"



SHADOW ON THE WALL.

MUTUAL SURPRISE.—Many romantic stories are related of marriages resulting from correspondence between strangers. Here is a story of a pair who, after exchanging letters, met by appointment: "The surprise with which she discovered that he, instead of being 27, tall, dark, and aristocratic, was 46, stumpy, red-headed, fat, and bow-legged, was only equaled by the rapturous amazement with which he discovered that she, instead of being willowy of figure, just 18, with warm, golden hair, an opalescent complexion, and blue eyes like limpid lakes, was 6 feet 1, if she was an inch, 52, if she was a day, weighing 330 pounds, if she did an ounce, and with no warm, yellow, or any other hair of own."



DARWINIAN THEORY.

EDISON'S INDUSTRY.—Edison has finally produced a lamp for use by electricity simpler than any lamp in common use. It can light a house at night, or run a sewing machine or rock a cradle all day. The entire cost of constructing the new lamp is not more than twenty-five cents.

WILD BEASTS.—There were as many as 19,695 persons killed by wild beasts and snakes in British India in the calendar year 1877. Tigers head the list. There were 819 persons killed by tigers, 564 by wolves, 200 by leopards, 85 by bears, 46 by elephants, 24 by hyenas, 1,180 by other wild beasts.

Bashful lover to his sweetheart: "Ahem, Miss, I want to see your father. I've an important matter to propose to him." Young lady (considerately): "I'm sorry papa is not at home, but couldn't you propose the matter to me just as well?" He did, and with perfect success.

Minnie May's Department.

MY DEAR NIECES,—How many housekeepers there are with only small families to do for who adopt such hard ways to do their housework that it is impossible for them to enjoy any leisure. They insist that they cannot visit their friends, not having the time; nor can they read periodicals or books for the same cause. Yet should company be expected to tea, these same housewives, who have no time for anything else besides hard work, will overrun the house from garret to cellar, although the same process may have been gone through with only a week or so before. Cakes and pastry must be manufactured, of which there are almost enough to supply a regiment, and at last, when the guests arrive, the housewife is too weary and tired to enjoy her friends' company. Now this class of housekeepers are very exasperating to the members of their own family. If anything happens to be out of place, if the least dirt is unavoidably brought into the house, scolding and fretting ensue, making everyone present feel very uncomfortable. Happily there is a way of doing housework not half as laborious as many make it. In the first place, all things pertaining to domestic work should be arranged as conveniently as possible; then use the brain as well as the hands and feet, and in going to or coming from the storeroom or cellar carry as many things as you can conveniently which should be brought or taken there, thus saving many extra trips. This saving of steps applies to all housework, therefore we must have our wits about us and not work like a machine. Let us work for the sake of living, and not live for the sake of working. Do work well which requires it. Provide a plain, substantial, yet not extravagant fare at all times, and let visitors feel as if they were members of the family and not company. Let us take proper rest, for rest and recreation incite a faster and better discharge of duties. Just dragging around when one is weary and worn, mechanically going through the day's duties, is a painful contrast to the vigorous step and cheerful movements of one who thoroughly enjoys her work.

MINNIE MAY.

Answers to Inquirers.

G. C.—Certainly, it is the duty of a person to recognise a gentleman with whom he is acquainted, but etiquette enjoins that a gentleman should wait for the lady's recognition before addressing her; that is to say, unless great intimacy exists.

JANET G.—If your objection to the gentleman who asked you to dance with him was so very strong that you refused his invitation, you should not have, on any account, accepted that of another gentleman for the same dance. You ought to have declined dancing with anyone at all for that particular set, and sat it out, so by doing what you did you either betrayed a preference that no lady ought to exhibit so openly, or else you wantonly wounded the feelings of the first gentleman.

BLAENGWAUR.—There is no such custom. The bridegroom gives the left arm to the bride when leading her from the altar.

MAGGIE.—If you are of a good constitution, the daily use of dumb-bells could not possibly injure you.

M. L.—When the hands turn dead white, and afterwards blue, on issuing from the water, it is a proof that the bather remains in too long or that bathing altogether disagrees with him.

MINERVA.—It is a foolish place of business for a young lady who has become engaged to a man, to seek to pry into his love affairs. In such an undertaking, you can not of course find out anything which will give you any pleasure, but will evidently come upon much that will annoy and pain you. Besides, it is a low, vulgar, and mean piece of business, or in which no decent women should ever be caught.