

Our Young People

Bedtime.

Do you know
Why the snow
Is hurrying through the garden so?
Just to spread
A nice soft bed
For the sleepy little flowers' head.
To cuddle up the baby ferns and
smooth the lily's sheet,
And tuck a warm, white blanket down
around the roses' feet.
—Youth's Companion.

The Peacemaker.

"Is that you, Ted? Come, it is time you started for the station to meet cousin Robert."

Ted paused in the hall, and looked through the door at his mother. Tags also pushed the portiere aside with his little yellow head, and looked inquiringly.

"Brother Robert," ejaculated Ted, "I forgot all about him. Need I go for him?"

Tags barked responsively. "How would you like to go to uncle Charlie's and have Robert off rowing with the boys instead of at the train to greet you?"

"He wouldn't be off rowing. He doesn't know an oar from a bat. All he does is to stay in the house and poke over books. I don't see," continued Ted, his long pent up indignation finding vent at last, "why father asked him here to stay so long, anyway. He'll have to share my room. I've got it all fixed up so nice, and I suppose he'll be afraid of the guns on the wall. He's a regular mollycoddle, and—"

"Ted, my son!"

Even Tags, the sympathetic, jumped and thrust a cold protesting nose into his master's palm.

"I can't help it, he is," and Ted closely followed by Tags, rushed off, shutting the front door with a bang.

"We have not asked another hoy here any too soon, I fear," said Mrs. North to herself as she turned to her sewing.

Dismissing the boys of the rowing party, Ted walked so slowly to the station that when he arrived the train had come and gone, while a lonely looking lad walked back and forth on the platform as though expecting some one.

"Are you Robert?" asked Ted shortly, when he met him. "All right, come on. John will come down for your baggage. We'll walk," and he led the way up the street.

"Is this your dog?" asked the newcomer, patting Tags' head; "I like dogs."

"Yes, he's mine," and though Ted's face relaxed a little at praise of his pet, he called Tags around to his side of the walk and took care to keep him there. Conversation languished the rest of the way. Robert made one or two attempts which met with discouraging results. By the time they reached home Robert felt a curious tightening in his throat and a smarting of his eyelids, but when Mrs. North opened her arms and took the tired boy to her heart as his own mother would have done, his homesickness vanished at once, and the world looked brighter. His trunk came soon after, and he went up to unpack it. Nothing more was seen of him that afternoon, and when Ted was sent to call him to supper, he found him in the cozy library oblivious to everything save the big book before him.

Ted's lip curled, but he only said "Supper's ready. Come on."

When the boys went up to bed that night, Robert did not seem afraid of the guns that decorated Ted's walls; neither did he take up so much space in the room as Ted had anticipated.

Still he continued deaf to Robert's overtures, and hedged his own personality around with indifference and ungracious tolerance. This barrier grew more thorny as the days went by. When school began it was found that Robert easily outranked all the rest of the class, and it was also found that he had no interest in any of the boyish sports. A book and a quiet corner were all he seemed to care for, and though he was willing and obliging, the other boys followed Ted's lead, in leaving him a good deal to himself.

Matters had progressed thus for several weeks, when one night Ted had to remain after school to make up a lesson. When he was released it was too late for the rowing match, and as he came out tired and cross, he saw Robert sitting on the schoolhouse steps, trying to teach Tags to beg for a bit of candy. To have Robert there to witness his ignominy was bad enough, but to see him on such good terms with Tags was infinitely worse. Without a word to either, he went for his bicycle and mounted. Just how what followed really happened, Ted never knew. But a moment later he was bending over Tags, who was moaning piteously. His little leg must have come in contact with a sharp stone on the hard pavement, and both wheels had gone over it, leaving it crushed and broken. Ted turned his head, sick and faint, but Robert sprang to the rescue.

"It's broken," he exclaimed, "but I can set it. Get me some water!" But Ted, sick at the sight of the blood, leaned helplessly against a tree, while Robert carried Tags tenderly to the pump where he bathed the ugly wound

and with hastily improvised splints set the broken bone. Then, quite as tenderly, he bore the little creature home in his arms.

From that time forth, Tags was, by common consent, Robert's patient, since the same sick, faint feelings came over Ted every time he thought of the accident. He tried to think himself the abused one, and that he did not like Robert any better than ever. But he was an honest lad, and gratitude soon led him to exchange contempt for toleration, and toleration for admiration, as he watched Robert's skillful treatment of the dog that had now grown to divide his attentions between the two lads. And when one day the splints were removed, and Tags hopped around, barking joyfully at the restoration of his injured member, Ted's better nature asserted itself, and he shouted:

"Hooray, Tags! Hooray for Robert! How did you ever do it, Bob?"

At the friendly "Bob" Robert flushed with pleasure.

"O, I learned how from books," he replied modestly, adding: "I am going to be a doctor some day."

"Well, Tags and I know one thing—don't we Tags—and that is, we are sorry we ever called you a mollycoddle. And isn't it funny?" he went on slowly, with an air of one who was stating a newly discovered fact, "some of us can do some things, and some another. I can row, and you can't; and you can set a bone, when the sight of blood gives me that awful creepy feeling; and I don't suppose," he finished oracularly, "that those of us who can do some things ought to poke fun at those that can do other things—do you, Tags?" Bending over, Ted shyly kissed the shaggy yellow head, and Mrs. North, from the piazza, knew that in his secret heart Ted meant the caress for Bob.

Bob knew it, too. Thereafter the three were the firmest friends, and not even Tag's equal division of his affection awakened so much as a spark of jealousy in Ted's now loyal heart. And when years later Bob was graduated with high honors from a medical school, Tags, grown old and feeble, was an honored guest at the little banquet Ted gave in his cousin's honor.—New York Observer.

Dear Little Johnny.

Little Johnny has been naughty, and has to be sent from the table without having any dessert. For an hour he has been sitting in the corner of the room crying. At last he thinks it time to stop.

"Well, I hope you have done crying now," said his mother.

"Haven't done," says Johnny in a passion; "I'm only resting."

Tracings.

"Why," asked Love of a coquette, "did you shut the door on me?"

"That you might wish to enter," she replied.

"I amount to nothing," said a small stone, as it rolled from its place in a dam. That night a town was flooded.

Venus asked Minerva to teach her wisdom. "You could not then be Goddess of Love," said Minerva.

"I am tired of life," exclaimed a disappointed woman. "Why?" asked her more fortunate sister. "Because I have never lived," she replied.

"Love has wounded my heart with a dart," said a rejected lover. "He will cure it with another," said his friend.

"I wish I had only had your chances," said a poor man to a rich friend. "Why? I picked them up after you had passed them by," answered the friend.

"You do not exist," said Doubt to a soul. "You would not be if I did not," answered the soul.

"You come too late," said a dying man to Glory. "I usually wait till after the funeral," answered Glory.

"I have read the Book of Life," said a conceited youth to his grandfather. "No; the contents are not on the cover," said the old man.

Love asked a woman how he could gain entrance into her heart. She told him to enter from the inside.

"I have never known happiness," complained a discontented old man to his companion. "No," answered the companion, "you have never recognized me."

—E. Scott O'Connor, in the Century.

Punishing Prisoners in China.

The unhappy prisoners were flogged as they were ignominiously paraded round and dragged mercilessly along, for they could hardly move, each having a large wooden collar board, 3 feet by 3 1/2 feet, and 3 1/2 inches thick, attached to his neck. The board is in two parts, each of which contains two semi-circular apertures. The half boards are screwed together, so as to form a huge collar frame, leaving the head and one of the hands visible above. A chain is attached to the board, by the other end of which the warden drags the prisoner. On the board are inscriptions in Tibetan and Chinese, giving an account of the nature of the crime and penalty inflicted. The poor wretches were ready to sink under the weight of the board, but this they were not allowed to do; whenever one attempted to sit down the whip of his cruel warden served to keep him up.—[Nineteenth Century.

With The Poets.

The Song of the Cavalry Bugle.

1861-1865—An Old Soldier's Reverie.
In the hush of the calm and peaceful night,
When all is lone and still,
I think I hear an old-time strain,
An echo from the hill;
My heart beats fast—my pulses bound
Old friends I seem to see—
The ringing, singing bugle brings
The old days back to me!

I care not for the serried ranks,
The battery's rumbling noise;
The patter of fleet chargers' hoofs
Alone bids me rejoice.

With old-time saucy yellow crests
We swept across the lea,
When the ringing warrior bugle sang
Its sweetest note to me!

I know its voice—each clarion note
That made my heart-strings thrill!
There's "Reveille,"—and "Stables,"
With "Taps" when all is still!

The "Forward"—now—the "Rally"—
And "Charge"—it used to be—
In olden days through battle-smoke
The bugle sang to me!

I heard that voice above the fight
At "Alcide" when with pride
We drove the foe; it sadly sang
When Philip Kearney died!

At Yellow Tavern, too, it wailed
A requiem, wild and free—
And how it thrilled at "Opequan"
The loyal blood in me!

Great God! that day and grand array
Crowds back from buried years!
With Custer's face, the scene to
grace,

And Lowell's name brings tears!
With Bayard, Buford and the rest—
Gone to eternity.

The ringing, singing bugle's note
Has magic power of me!

Kilpatrick! O darling, gallant soul,
And Dahlgren's graceful shade—
With Sheridan—still in the van
In battle-garb arrayed!

They've ridden to the silent night,
Yet oft their forms I see—
When the ringing, singing bugle brings
The old days back to me!

Oh! loved and lost on every field,
Your heads are lying low;
Some where the roses bloom in peace
And some 'neath prairie snow—
The old music calls you up,
Again I seem to see
The men I loved to follow when
The bugle sang to me!

—Richard Henry Savage.

Snow Song.

In dreams I hear a music made of
snow,
Harmonious chilly idyl of cold sound;
Its echo-twin in polar stars is found;
It moans to still white moons its utter
woe.

Gaunt ghost-musicians by the frost-
guards crowned,
Drunk upon icicles and snowdrops,
glow
With dismal thought in frigid murmurs
drowned.

I hear ice melodies through dream-
land flow:
Sounds like a dark, cold pond, inviting
rime;
Sounds like the freezing, vague, un-
certain chime

Of distant bells through airs of end-
less mist,
Clanging unconsciously to fates
above;
Cold as regrets of some frustrated
tryst;

Cold as the kiss of lips that know
no love.
—Francis Coltuz Saltus.

Pranks of Scotch Fairies.

There still lingers a widespread be-
lief in the North of Scotland that the
"fair folk" or "gweed neebors," as the
fairies are called, have a craving for
human milk, and during the first days
of convalescence a mother must be
zealously guarded lest one of the "wee
people" come and rob the child of its
nourishment. Sometimes they suc-
ceed in carrying off a mother. Tradition
tells of the wife of a farmer who was
spirited to the palace of the fairies
in a large cave on a remote part of the
Caithness coast. Notwithstanding the
kindness of the fair folk, the women
pined for her home, and offered as a
ransom the finest milk cow in her
gweed man's byre; she was permitted
to return to the homestead, and the
cow was led to the fairy hillock.

Disappeared, but, later, returned ill
and weak. On occasions, too, the
child is stolen, for have not the fairies
once in every seven years to pay "the
teind to hell?" They then endeavor
to sacrifice a human babe rather than
one of their own number.

A north country fisher had a fine
child. One evening a beggar woman
entered the hut and went up to the
cradle to gaze into the eyes of the
babe. From that time good health
left it, a strange look came into its
face, and the mother was troubled.

An old man begging for food passed
that way. When he caught sight of
the child he cried: "That's nae a
bain; it's an image, and the gweed folk
has stoun his speerit." Thereupon he
set to work to recall the fisher's bain.

A peat fire was heaped high on the
hearth and a black hen held over it at
such a distance that it was singed and
not killed. After some struggling the

hen escaped up the lum. A few mo-
ments elapsed, and then the parents
were gladdened by the sight of a
happy expression once more on the
child's face. It threw from that day
forward.—[Scottish Review.

Floral Hints and Helps.

A Few October Suggestions—By
Narcissus.

The "bulb fever" is still in place
and may be allowed to run on for a
few weeks longer.

Spread the contagion as far as pos-
sible, and many will thank you. In
your autumn rambles do not forget to
collect some ferns for potting. Try to
arrange to have some green feathery
foliage in the window garden to use in
the winter bouquets.

Now is the time to plant lilies for
next summer's bloom. Think ahead.
Do not let all your thoughts be given
to the winter wind or garden, give a
thought to some of the summer flower-
ing bulbs that may be planted outdoors
now.

It is also the best time to plant
hardy flowering shrubs as they make
good root growth even when the
ground is frozen. A slight expense
each year in this particular line will in
time give a wealth of beauty that will
be most highly appreciated.

Do not hurry your house plants
from the garden to the living-rooms.
Gradually accustom them to the
change. From the garden to the cool
room, from the cool room to the warm
room where they are to live through
the winter.

Paint some fruit cans a neutral color
and use them for flower pots. Punch
a hole in the bottom and use a small
handful of charcoal or pebbles for
drainage and you will find them very
satisfactory, in fact they are in some
cases better than pots as they retain
the moisture longer than a porous pot.

Lift your gladioli and dahlia bulbs
before the hard frosts come, and after
drying them, remove the stalks and
put them in strong paper bags or
pasteboard boxes and keep in a frost-
proof closet or dry cellar.

Try to have one or two bright-hued
coleus plants in your window gar-
den. They will brighten it up won-
derfully while you are waiting for the
still greater brightness of the flowers.

Chrysanthemums will now need at-
tention. They will be grateful for a
little liquid manure once or twice a
week, and the size and brilliancy of
bloom will be increased by this treat-
ment. If your plants are very full of
buds the flowers will be finer if some
of these are removed. This flower is
the queen of autumn, and we cannot
overpraise it.

The Bermuda or Easter Lily may be
potted now. The pot or box used
should be at least six inches deep.

Place about two inches of good drain-
age in the bottom of the pot, coal
cinders, broken crockery or charcoal.
Fill loosely with soil, and after plant-
ing the bulb water moderately and put
away in a cool place until the roots
begin to form, when it should be trans-
ferred to the sitting-room and given a
warm and light exposure. It should
flower in about three months from the
time of planting.

A FEW LADY "DON'TS."

Don't give newly potted plants too
much water.

Don't neglect to get and plant your
bulbs this month.

Don't try to grow Pansies, Sweet
Peas, Poppies, Phlox or Violets in
ordinary living rooms. They are a
dismal failure.

Don't forget that box of sifted soil
before the ground is frozen.

Don't forget to cover up your bulb
bed and perennial plants with a six or
eight inch layer of leaves; you will be
glad you did so next spring.

Embraced by a Cannibal Tree.

The most wonderful forest tree in
the world, perhaps, is the "cannibal
tree" of Australia, which someone has
aptly called "the most wonderful of
God's many wonders in vegetable life."

It grows up in the shape of a huge
pineapple, and seldom attains a height
of more than 11 feet. It has a series of
broad, board-like leaves, growing in a
fringe at the apex, which reminds one
of a gigantic Central American agave.

When standing erect these broad, thick
leaves hide a curious-looking arrange-
ment, which appears to perform the
same functions as those of the pistils
in flowers. Naturally, these board-
like leaves, which are from 10 to 12
feet long in the smaller specimens, and
from 15 to 20 in the larger, hang to
the ground, and are strong enough to
bear a man's weight. In old
aboriginal times in the antipodean
wilds, the natives worshipped the
cannibal tree under the name of the
"devil tree," the chief part of the cere-
mony consisting of driving one of
their number up the leaves of the tree
to the apex. The instant the victim
would touch the so-called "pistils" of
the monster the leaves would instantly
fly together like a trap, squeezing the
life out of the intruder. Early travelers
declared that the tree held its victim
until every particle of flesh disappeared.
On this account it is called the
"cannibal tree."

"Do you think, Professor," said a
musically ambitious youth, "that I can
ever do anything with my voice?"

"Well," was the cautious reply, "it
may come in handy to holler with in
case of fire."

A Smile And a Laugh.

"Miss Octavia is a beautiful player."
"You mean she plays beautifully."
"No, that's exactly what I don't mean."

"How's your infant son?"
"First rate—just like a student."
"How so?"
"Sleeps in the daytime, kicks up a
row at night."

Wife (to unhappy husband) — I
wouldn't worry, John; it doesn't do
any good to borrow trouble.

Husband—Borrow trouble? Great
Caesar, my dear, I ain't borrowing
trouble; I've got it to lend.

Miss Madison Square—Can you
explain how it is that where 100 men
abscond no more than one woman can
be found who is in the least dishonest?

Miss Fremont—Certainly. The
women have no extravagant wives.

Aunt Furby Low (at art store win-
dow)—Did you ever! Look at that
little bit of a picture! It's marked
\$200.

Uncle St. Slow (with an air of su-
periority)—That means by the gross.

Gus—How did you happen to ask
her to marry you the first time you
ever met her?

Chollie Well—ah—you see I had
just been introduced to her, and I—
ah—couldn't think of anything else to
say.

"What was Helen crying about,"
Polly?—Did you ever! Look at that
little one came in from the playground.

"She dug a great big hole in the
garden, and her mamma wouldn't let
her take it into the house with her,"
said Polly.

"I don't like hash," remarked the
musical stranger at breakfast. "It is
not rhythmical."

"Maybe not," replied the landlady,
as her eyes emitted a baleful fire; "but
you will always find one word to
rhyme with it and that word is cash."

"Is Mistah Gwaynus in?" asked the
sable caller.

"He is, sah," replied the dusky
functionary at the door, "but he is oc-
cupied."

"How soon, sah," said the caller,
putting up his shirt collar, "will Mistah
Gwaynus be vacant?"

Fogg says he received a letter the
other day, and he had a strong pre-
sentiment that he would find a ten
dollar bill in it. When he opened it
he found a bill for ten dollars which,
he says, though not exactly the same
thing, shows that his impression was
not altogether astray.

Gros Binet is the most ignorant of
men. Entering a bookseller's shop, he
said:

"I want a nice book—something in
the historical line."

"Would you like the 'Last Days of
Pompeii'?"

"What did he die of?"

"An eruption, I believe."

The Detroit Free Press says that a
French writer of some note recently
wrote to a friend in this country that
he was studying English, and making
famous progress.

"In small time," he concluded, "I
can learn so many English as I think
I will to come at the America and go
on the scaffold to lecture."

"Papa," said Jenny, climbing upon
her father's knee, "don't you think
that 'stead o' sixpence a week you
could give me ninepence?"

"Well, I don't know, my dear," was
the answer. "What do you want with
the extra threepence?"

"I thought my dolly was old enough
to have a 'lowance, and I want to give
it to her."

"Say," said the elderly, farmer-look-
ing man, "I want a little piece put
into the paper that I want a woman
who can cook, wash, iron, milk four
cows, and manage a market wagon."

"All right," said the advertising
clerk; "shall I state what wages will be
paid?"

"Wages rothin'," shouted the
farmer-looking man. "I went to marry
her."

Peary's Last Expedition.

Says the Outlook: Like every other
expedition which demonstrates man's
conquest of nature, the last journey of
Lieutenant Peary will challenge sym-
pathetic interest. In 1886, five years
after he had entered the navy, the ex-
plorer began his active Arctic work,
and since then has led five expeditions
towards the North Pole. The most
remarkable of these was the expedition
of 1892, when a point on the east
coast of Greenland was reached much
farther north than had been attained
by any previous explorer. In the
journey repeated this year of 1,100
miles across North Greenland, and at
an ice-cap elevation of 5,000 to 8,000
feet, Lieutenant Peary again reached
the same point—now known as Inde-
pendence Bay. Owing to the fact,
however, that the weather had been so
unfavorable as to destroy his dogs and
to snow over, beyond finding, his pro-
visions (stored the year before), he was
unable to get farther north. Besides
this, his aids and support were found

to be insufficient. Nevertheless, the
last expedition has not been a failure,
even if it has not accomplished its
chief aim. Much has been done in
coast surveying. Botany and geology
will be benefited by the interesting
collection of flora and by the meteor-
ites brought back, and by the oppor-
tunity to scientists to study glacial
conditions on the spot. In addition,
Lieutenant Peary has added to the
record of meteorological observations
and of descriptions of the most north-
ern of any people—the Arctic High-
landers. These are real results, though
there will be general disappointment
that there have been so much dis-
coveries as those of 1892 (which in-
creased Greenland's longitude by
fifteen degrees), which have done
more to outline the coast than all the
efforts of European explorers for a
century past. It may be remembered,
nevertheless, that while Lieutenant
Peary's northing is the farthest on the
east coast, it is still a hundred miles to
the south of that made by the Lock-
wood and Brainard Expedition.

Picturesque Cowardice.

There were few real cowards in the
United States Civil War, and yet
many an officer on both sides has
amusing stories of cowardice to tell,
especially of the earlier period of the
great conflict. Gen. Joseph E. John-
ston, the Confederate commander,
now dead, used to relate that in one of
those early battles, and in the hottest
part of the action, he felt his coat-tails
pulled. Turning about, he recognized
a young man who had been employed
in his tobacco factory previous to en-
listment.

"Why are you not in your place
fighting?" the general demanded
angrily.

"Why," answered the youth, "I just
wanted to tell you that, if you don't
mind, I reckon I will take my day of
today!"

Admiral David D. Porter once said
that he had asked a friend who had
fought all through the war, and made
an excellent record, if he had ever
killed a man.

"Yes," he answered, in a remorseful
tone. "At Bull Run I ran at the first
fire. A Confederate chased me for
ten miles, and was then so exhausted
that he dropped dead."

Both Sides.

Mrs. Savage was a woman greatly
liked and respected in the neighbor-
hood in which she lived, and her even
disposition was often praised by her
neighbors, who were apt to be rather
plain-spoken in regard to her hus-
band's irritable temper. "I don't see
how it is, Aunt Temperance, that you
are always so quiet when Uncle Ichabod
begins to fret about useless things. You
never say a word," remarked her
niece, who had been staying at the
farmhouse for several weeks, and had
heard Ichabod's frequent complain-
ings.

Mrs. Savage smiled placidly, as she
answered:

"I'm most afraid, Miranda, that you
haven't paid strict attention to what
your uncle was saying at the times you
mention; because, if you had, you'd 'a'
seen that he don't need anybody to
reply to him; he reasons with himself
so to speak, and presents my views a
sight better than I could. You just give
attention the next time you hear him
a-disputing, and you'll see that I've no
occasion to disturb myself."