

Our Young People.

Two Little Girls I Know.

I know a little girl
(You? Oh, no!)
Who, when she's asked to go to bed,
Does just so:
She brings a dozen wrinkles out,
And takes the dimples in;
She puckers up her pretty lips,
And then she does begin:
"Oh, dear me! I don't see why I
All the others sit up late,
And why can't I?"

Another little girl I know
With curly pate,
Who says, "When I'm a great big girl,
I'll sit up late.
But mamma says 'twill make me grow
To be an early bird."
So she and dolly trot away
Without another word.

Oh, the sunny smiles and the eyes so
blue,
And, why yes, now I think of it, she
looks like you.

—The Evangelist.

A Day at the Shore.

Papa and mamma, and Breezy and Breezy, and the baby, went down to the seashore to spend the day. Having left mamma and baby in the grove, they were picking their way, with bare ankles and toes, over the rough pebbles and prickly sedge to a point of rocks that jutted out into the water. Each had a tight hold of one of papa's hands, and as a compensation to him for thus depriving him of the use of those useful members, Breezy lugged his clam-basket and Breezy carried his digger.

It was low water now, and when they had climbed down the steep face of the rock, crunching the barnacles as they did so under their half-reluctant toes, they stepped upon a long sandy strip, or bar, that at this stage of the tide connected the mainland with a rocky island farther out. Along this they trudged, Breezy squealing every few moments at sight of a starfish, with its five jeweled points crusted with very prickly-looking little spines. She did not squeal because she had stepped on one, but because it might hurt so very dreadfully if she should!

On the island was a grove of stunted cedars, with tables dotted around here and there, amid a very discouraged-looking growth of samphire. Here Mr. Bright, their father, left them to play hide-and-seek, to clamber about over the rocks, or to paddle in the water on the bar, as best they liked, while he went off into deeper water clamminz. How long they had played there, with the warm breezes blowing through their wet clothes, they did not know until they saw their father returning and hastening towards them with a loud "Whe-w-w!" Then they looked and saw that the bar had already disappeared under the feet of the advancing tide.

"Hurry, children! hurry! or we shall be cut off! I didn't think it was so late!"

"I'm afraid," whimpered Breezy, while Breezy, who didn't exactly like the look of things, began measuring his own diminutive height with his eye.

"It's pretty deep out there," said he, with a reflective shudder. "Most over our heads, I guess!"

"Yes, it is!" said his father anxiously. "But come on! We must get over there somehow, and it's deepening every moment!"

"But we can't swim, papa," wailed Breezy, thoroughly frightened, "and we will be drowned, and never see mamma or baby any more!"

"Do just as I say, and trust to me," said Mr. Bright, hastily.

On they trudged, spitting along in the shallow water at first, that curled up to them in such smiling little dimples! just as if it was not so dreadful and deep out beyond!

At last they came to a point that was really a channel, now full of a black and swiftly running current.

"Ugh!" screamed Breezy. "It's horrid!"

"Now if it wasn't so really, awfully true," said Breezy, "wouldn't it be fun to play we're crossing the Red Sea?"

"O let's!" said Breezy: as if this was a ray of solid comfort in a dark hour. "Only we must be the Risrylites, of course."

"And you will be the Moses, papa. And you'll get us over all right, won't you?"

"Of course he will, if we look out and mind him!" stoutly asserted Breezy.

The children, amused by their prattle, had hardly realized that the water was already up to their chins as they were steadily advancing through it, until their father said, "Here! catch hold of a shoulder, and my collar, now each of you! And don't you be frightened when you begin to float. Only hold on, and keep still till I say 'all right,' then you can drop your feet again. Now then—ready?"

"Yes! Yes!" were the trembling answers, as the children called up all their faith and shuf their eyes that they might not see the rushing, swallowing waters they were being borne through.

A few long strides through waves

that gurgled high around Mr. Bright's neck and ears, and they were safely over and wading out to the rocks on the other end of the neck.

"I wouldn't like to do that again! There was hardly an inch to spare!" exclaimed the children's Moses, as he blew and shook the water out of his eyes, nose and ears. "Now I should just like to know how it happened that I was caught in this way. I thought I gave myself plenty of time!"

"O papa, see! your basket of clams!" Way out there, getting swallowed up, like Pharaoh!

"Well, I couldn't help it," said papa, drily. "I found I had to leave either the clams or the children, and I concluded it would better be the clams; but we can go back there and exchange now, if you want to!"

"Oh, no, no!" expostulated Breezy and Breezy, eagerly. "Let's go and tell mamma how we were drowned!"

"But, said Breezy, "if we were really drowned, we couldn't tell her you see!"

"Well, most drowned, then!" corrected Breezy, and off they ran. Soon, clothed in dry garments, and gathered under a spreading tree, around a very inviting basket of lunch, with the foam beating up from the ledge of the rocks below and showering them with a flying spray of kisses, the children felt how good it was to be here safe and sound again, after a passage of such vivid and actual dangers.

"I know just how the Risrylites felt, now," said Breezy, after they got over! I feel just as thankful, as thankful; and I mean to be real good after this. I don't mean to go sliding backwards, as they did, anyhow!"

"On our sand-bank, do you mean?" inquired Breezy, touched in a tender spot.

"O no! Inside of me, I mean." "But how can you slide backwards inside of yourself?" asked Breezy anxiously.

"Well, the Risrylites did, and it was wicked too! Now let's play with the baby." And in a moment all three children were rolling about in the grass, shrieking with laughter and fun and frolic.

With the setting sun they all drove home, all consciously thankful of the delight of being alive.—[Companion.

Not Quite a Success.

When Bessie rose to sing her song, All in her finest dress, Two things that went a trifle wrong Debarred complete success.

Her hands were clean, her face was fair, Her voice was like a bird's; But she didn't really know the air, And she quite forgot the words.

—Youth's Companion.

I believe that I am right, and that with the prevailing fashion of unbelief has come in the prevailing fashion of sadness.

A Conquering Will.

Many are the stories told of the way in which Pitt, the first Earl of Chatham, frightened and silenced those who attempted to criticise his speech or action in any way.

On one certain occasion a member of the House of Commons made use of the phrase, "King, lords and commons, or"—directing his gaze toward Mr. Pitt—"as that right honorable member would call them, 'Commons, lords and king.'"

Mr. Pitt rose with great deliberation and called to order.

"I have frequently heard in this house doctrines which have surprised me," he said, "but now my blood runs cold. I desire the words of the honorable gentleman may be taken down."

The clerk of the house wrote the words.

"Bring them to me," commanded Mr. Pitt, in a voice of thunder. By this time the offending member was thoroughly frightened.

"Sir," he said, addressing himself to the speaker, "I am sorry to have given offense to the right honorable gentleman, or to the house. I meant nothing! King, lords and commons; lords, king and commons; commons, lords and king; tria juncta in uno, I meant nothing! Indeed I meant nothing!"

Mr. Pitt then rose, and said gravely, "I do not wish to push the matter further; the moment a man acknowledges his error, he ceases to be guilty. I have a great regard for the honorable member, and as an instance of that regard, I give him this advice—that whenever he means nothing, he will say nothing."

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Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure constipation, indigestion or dyspepsia, biliousness and headaches.

With the Poets.

Nancy's Way.

When in Fashion's dainty prime
Pretty Nancy walks the street,
Half the town is keeping time
To the rhythm of her feet,
While the other half looks gay,
As if smiling lips would say:
"Nancy, Nancy, darling Nancy,
Charming Nancy, come this way!"

Bright and blooming as a rose,
Heeding neither smile nor sigh,
Down the street sweet Nancy goes,
Passing all her lovers by,
Never granting yea or nay
Though the lips and glances pray:
"Nancy, Nancy, lovely Nancy,
Please, dear Nancy, come this way!"

Then, between the leafy shades,
Birds grow bolder, without fear.
As sweet Nancy promenades
Sing they louder and more clear,
Trilling, thrilling roundelay:
"Glad we are this sunny day;
Nancy, Nancy, pretty Nancy,
Darling Nancy comes our way!"

But sweet Nancy's full of care,
Hears she neither song nor talk,
Hardly more can maiden bear,
When she's learning how to walk:
And her tiny feet will stray
Spite of all that nurses say.
Nancy, Nancy, toddling Nancy,
Nancy has her own sweet way!

—Zitella Cocke, in Youth's Companion.

Service.

Two angels, waiting, stood before the throne,
Summoned for service. "Go," the mandate said,
"To yon far world: find on his dying bed

A child; convey him hither. Overthrown
Through stress of war, a conquered king makes moan.

Gather the wasted people whom he led,
And rule and guide the kingdom in his stead.

Choose ye which service ye shall make your own."

Then each made haste to answer:
"When God's voice utters the least command, or great or small,

Our eager wills can never know a choice.
Enough for us that we may serve at all;

Whether to soothe a child, or rule a state,
Only obedience makes the service great."

—Margaret J. Preston in Sunday School Times.

The Sexton.

Nigh to a grave that was newly made
Leaned a sexton old on his earth-worn spade.

His task was done, and he paused to wait
The funeral train through the open gate.

A relic of bygone days was he,
And his locks were as white as a foamy sea.

And these words came forth from his lips so thin:
"I gather them in, I gather them in."

"Many are with me, and yet still I'm alone.
I'm king of the dead and I make my throne

On a monument slab of marble cold,
And my scepter of rule is the spade I hold.

I've builded the houses that lie around
In every nook of this burial ground;

But come they stranger, or come they kin,
I gather them in, I gather them in."

"I gather them in, both man and boy,
Year after year, of grief or joy,

Mother and daughter, father and son,
Come to my solitude one by one.

Come they from cottage, or come they from hall,
Mankind are my subjects, all, all, all.

Let them loiter in pleasure or toilfully spin,
I gather them in, I gather them in."

"I gather them in and their final rest
Is here, down here in the earth's dark breast."

The sexton ceased, for the funeral train
Would mutely over that solemn plain,

And I said in my heart when time is told
A mightier voice than that sexton's old

Shall sound o'er the last trump's dreadful din,
I gather them in, I gather them in."

—George H. Look, Kansas City Times.

SKEPTICISM.—This is unhappily an age of skepticism, but there is one point upon which persons acquainted with the subject agree, namely, that Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL is a medicine which can be relied upon to cure a cough, remove pain, heal sores of various kinds, and benefit any inflamed portion of the body to which it is applied.

"Why, Jennie, you look very happy tonight!" said Mr. Younghouse.

"I am. Norah broke that hideous plaque Mrs. Barkaway gave me for a wedding present," said Jennie.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant to take; sure and effectual in destroying worms. Many have tried it with best results.

The Isle of Man.

Its Ancient Customs, Its Government, and Its Tailless Cats.

(Special Correspondence.)

The Isle of Man is only 33 miles long and 12 wide, so that it is not great labor to get over it, and, as two railroads run—one north to south, and the other east to west—you can see how convenient it is to the visitor. Douglas, Port Erin, Peel and Ramsey are the chief towns.

The Isle of Man, while belonging to the British crown, is neither English, Scotch, Irish, nor Welsh, but is a separate country with a home rule Government and a language of its own; but yet with great loyalty to the Imperial Government and devotion to Queen Victoria, for everywhere you go you see pictures of the royal family. The Government is known as the "House of Keys" and consists of 24 members, elected every seven years; but no person has a vote unless he possesses real estate of the value of £40, or occupation of the value of £60 per year, and women are also entitled to vote. The Court of Tynwald, presided over by the Lieutenant-Governor, is composed of the council, which embraces the bishop, attorney-general, two judges, the clerk of the rolls, water bailiff, and the vicar-general. This council and the House of Keys are the active Government of the great Isle of Man.

There is one feature of special interest in reference to the laws, and that is that all laws passed by the House of Keys are sent for the royal assent, and when that has been secured then the law must be formally read in the English and Manx languages on Tynwald Hill in the open air, where the council and the Keys united form a Tynwald court, before they become laws. This form of reading the law at Tynwald is the oldest style on record; was old in 1417 and has continued ever since. July 5 in each year is the day of public proclamation of the laws passed by the House of Keys.

The coat of arms of this isle is three legs of a man in a circle. The motto translated reads: "Whithersoever thrown, I shall stand." The Manxmen apparently rather enjoy the three-legged crest, for everywhere you turn your face, whether at a steamboat, a railroad, a coach, a flag, or on the windows of the stores, there you see the three legs.

I had read of the Manx cats without tails, and thought it a joke; but, sure enough, the cats here are without tails, and I saw several without that graceful member. Some ladies of our party, who had not seen the Manx cat, were rather doubtful of the truth of our report, and we had to accompany them to the house where the cat lived, and after a close examination came away believers in the tailless cat. I don't think pussy is improved by the absence of the tail. Some people say this strange act of nature extends to the dogs also.

The Manx language, like the ancient language of Ireland, is fast passing away, and in a generation it will be one of the dead languages, enjoyed only by scholars. I met an old woman on the side of a mountain selling milk, cakes, and ginger ale, and after asking some questions about the locality, I learned from her that the children were not learning the Manx language, and that only the middle-aged and old people spoke it. She said her children only spoke the English. I was anxious to get a book in Manx, but could not find one in the stores. The old woman referred to showed me an old Bible in Manx, which I tried to buy, but she said: "No money could buy her Bible." It had belonged to her father. I was sorry, but I also admired the old woman's love for old Bible, and I was glad to see that money could not tempt her, though she was quite poor, and a few shillings would have been a large sum for her purse.

DRUNKEN ANTS.—Sir John Lubbock, who spent so many years in studying the habits and peculiarities of the lower orders of nature, once tried the experiment of alcohol on ants, and thus relates his experience: "None of the ants would voluntarily degrade themselves by getting drunk. However I got over the difficulty by putting them into whisky for a few minutes. I took 50 specimens—25 from one nest, and 25 from another—made them dead drunk, marked each with a spot of paint, and put them on a table close to where other ants from one of the nests were feeding. These other ants soon noticed those ants which I had made drunk. They seemed quite astonished to find their comrades in such a disgraceful condition, and as much as a loss to know what to do with their drunkards as we are. After a while, however, to cut my story short, they carried them all away; the strangers they took to the moat and dropped into the water, while they bore their friends home into the nest, where by degrees they slept off the effects of the spirit."

Cucumbers and melons are "forbidden fruit" to many persons so constituted that the least indulgence is followed by attacks of cholera, dysentery, griping, etc. These persons are not aware that they can indulge to their heart's content if they have on hand a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, a medicine that will give immediate relief, and is a sure cure for all summer complaints.

A Smile and a Laugh

"Did you ever try the faith cure, Tompkins?"

"Yes. It cured me, too."

"What of?"

"Faith in the faith cure."

"Well, Edith, how do you like going to school? Is your teacher nice?"

"No, I don't like her one bit! She put me in a chair and told me to sit there for the present; and I sat and sat and sat, and she never gave me a present."

GOOD REASON.—An exchange reports the sarcastic saying of a master of elocution who was instructing an unusually dull pupil.

"When you have finished your lecture," said the teacher, "bow gracefully and leave the platform on tiptoe."

The pupil was dull, but not so very dull as not to feel surprised at this last remark.

"On tiptoe?" he said.

"Yes," answered the teacher, "so as not to wake the audience."

CHILDREN'S SAVINGS.—Little Dick's mamma had found some tiny holes in a skirt which she called moth-holes. A few days afterward little Dick appeared with a very large hole in his kilt.

"Why, Dick," said mamma, "what have you been doing to tear your skirt so?"

"Mamma," said Dick, soberly, putting three little fat fingers through the hole and regarding it dubiously, "I think this must be a butterfly hole."

HIS LAST NAME.—"What is your last name?" inquired a teacher of a new scholar. "Peter, ma'am," replied the small boy.

"Peter!" echoed the teacher. "What is your other name?"

"Fairbanks," responded the boy.

"Then Fairbanks is your last name, of course," said the teacher, eying the round-eyed, vacant-faced Peter with considerable severity.

"No'm," replied the child, respectfully. "My name was Fairbanks when I was born, but mother says they didn't name me 'Peter' for 'most six months.'"

POLITE.—Relations of courtesy between physician and patient are always pleasant to see. It is related that doctor B., of Boston, and Mr. S., an old-fashioned merchant who was his patient, were both very polite men, though the doctor was somewhat embarrassed in manner, and occasionally made queer remarks inadvertently.

Mr. S. at last came to his deathbed, and had but an hour to live. He was, however, extremely calm and collected.

The doctor came and sat at his bedside awhile. He had other patients who needed him.

"Go, go, doctor; don't let me 'keep you,'" said the dying man.

"Ah, nor me you!" said the doctor, nervously rising.

There is a story—one of the numerous, unvouched-for narratives that float about Washington—of a rather amusing adventure which Prof. Garner, the discoverer of the monkey language, had with a young man of that city who may be called Cholly—not because that is his name but because it sounds like him. The young man appeared to be having rather a dull time and the hostess was determined that he should be entertained in some way.

She thought that the professor could relieve the ennui which had settled over the young man, and brought them together.

"Now, Cholly," she said, "this is Prof. Garner. He has been to the wilds of Africa, you know."

"Y-a-a-s. I've heard of the professor. Happy to meet him, I'm suah."

"Of course you are. He has had no end of wonderful adventures and seen lots of queer people. And he knows how to talk to monkeys in their own language. Now, professor," she went on, turning to Mr. Garner, "do talk to Cholly a little while, won't you?"

And then she fluttered away.

Respect for the Mother.

Mark the young man who is coarse and disrespectful to his mother. No roseate pathway can be hers who shall sustain to him the relation of wife. Not the happiest will be the lot of those who shall come to be his children. Not to be envied is the neighborhood even in which he must be reckoned as a citizen. It does not matter what the mental status of that mother is, how old, how bent, how decrepit, the man to whom she is mother owes to her gentleness, kindness, tenderness, and consideration. Did she fall back and did the children with superior advantages pass her in the race? But think of her toil and trial, her devotion and denial, her mind and her years that she gave that the children might derive the benefit. Think of her sacrifice—no wonder if she fell behind, with her heart in her home, in the buds that were hers.

There is no rank, no station, no condition that may exempt a manly man from a kind regard for a mother. Much might we learn from pagan China and Japan in filial tenderness and respect.

Why go limping and whining about your corns, when a 25-cent bottle of Holloway's Core Cure will remove them? Give it a trial, and you will not regret it.

Finished Poetry.

Patient Labor as Much as Fine Frenzy a Factor in Its Production.

There are yet some persons left who fancy that poetry is the product of a fine frenzy that the poet genius awakes from a sublimated cataleptic trance to fill page after page with effortless beatitude. A number of manuscript sheets of Longfellow's "Excelsior," which may be found in Harvard, should not only explode this theory, but give hope to many a discouraged amateur. As Longfellow first constructed the first verse of this poem it ran:

The shades of night were falling fast
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth who, as the peasants sung,
Responded in an unknown tongue,
Excelsior.

This was manifestly weak, as the only obvious reason why the Alpine peasants sung was that that might afford a rhyme for the youth's response in an unknown tongue. A second trial at the verse, however, not only failed to improve it, but arranged it in such form that it is difficult to believe Longfellow guilty of the fault. The last two lines of the verse were made to read:

A youth who bore a pearl of price,
A banner with a strange device.

There are not many, even among the magazine poets of today, who would consent to refer to a banner as "a pearl of price." But the poet had by this time three lines to his liking, and the substitution of "a youth who bore 'mid snow and ice' completed the verse as it has been read and spoken throughout the length and breadth of the land, all of which goes to show that the genius of the poet is in the conception, and that the production of the poem, being quite another matter, lies solely in the direction of patient labor.

The Deacon's Remonstrance.

There lived down in Cambridge, Ind., a well-known old gentleman by the name of Josiah Nixon, who in early boyhood had acquired the habit of gross exaggeration. The habit had grown upon him so that he believed everything he said was the truth, no matter how great the exaggeration. After he had reached the ripe old age of three score and ten, some of the deacons in the church thought his peculiarity too much like lying to pass unnoticed, and it was decided after a great deal of consideration that the old gentleman must be churched.

One evening while he was seated in front of his door telling a small circle of neighbors about the way pioneers had to live, the gate opened and the delegation of deacons filed in.

"Yes," the old gentleman was saying, "we had hard times then. I lived two years on grass and hickory bark on Sundays. We used to call Sundays 'bark-days' on that account, and that's the only way we could tell when Sunday came. Bears! I see 1,200 great big varmints on't around our camp, and I killed—"

"Uncle Josiah," broke in one of the deacons, "we have come to see you about this habit of yours. You have the unpleasant habit of forgetting the truth when talking, and we have come to remonstrate with you."

"I know it, deacon," replied the old man, as he looked round. "I know it, and I want to tell you that I have grieved over that failin' of mine 500,000 times a day for the past 200 years."—[Indianapolis Sentinel.

"Mixed Scripture."

Apropos of "Mixed Scripture" says an American minister, I had a parishioner in one of my early circuits who invariably prayed for the widows and fatherless. Although in comfortable circumstances, he paid me for two years' preaching with a bag of apples, worth 75 cents.

He was full of captious criticism of his brethren—and unsparing, too—so I prepared a sermon to rebuke that failure; and after I had done my best to point out the evil and its remedy, in the class meeting that followed the sermon he said, when called upon to speak: "Well, brethren, I guess some of you got hit today."

I never prepared another special sermon to rebuke special evils of that kind.

"Glasgow Bailies."

In the House of Commons, on a recent occasion, Mr. Robert Wallace created great amusement by stating that a certain sort of herring was called a "Glasgow bailie," though whether that was meant as a compliment to the bailie or as a sarcasm on the herring, he was unable to say. But the origin of the term "Glasgow bailies," as applied to herrings, is very simple. In old times the Glasgow vendors of herrings, who brought their boats up to the Broomielaw, had to present their finest fish to the bailie of the river—the "skate bailie," as he was termed. Thus, in Glasgow, very large herrings came in time to be themselves called "bailies."

Mr. Thomas Ballard, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "I have been afflicted for nearly a year with that most-to-be-dreaded disease, dyspepsia, and at times worn out with pain and want of sleep, and after trying almost everything recommended, I tried one box of Parmelee's Valuable Pills. I am now and nearly well, believe they will cure me. I would not be without them for any money."