

A FAIRY TALE.

BY PAISIE.

Many many years ago, when the good, little fairies made their homes in the forest and flowery dells, there was a little girl named Linda, who lived with her stepmother and her two sisters. The poor child was in great need of a mother's tender care; but she tried to be happy, and performed, uncomplainingly, all the hard tasks imposed upon her. Although but 10 years old, she must carry wood, draw water and wait upon her elder sisters, from morning until night. She was kept so busy that there was no time for her to go to school; and often she looked longingly at the rows of books on the shelves, and wished that she might learn to read and become wise.

One day as Linda sat resting for a few moments on the doorstep, an old woman, bent almost double with age, came to the little girl, and, in a pleasant voice, said: "Linda, why are you not at school with your sisters?"

"Alas," was the reply, "do you not know that I must remain at home to do the work?"

"But you must learn to read and write," said the visitor, "and if your mother will allow I'll teach you."

Linda was overjoyed when her stepmother gave the desired permission, and that very day the instruction began. After the lessons were over and the old woman was taking her departure, she whispered to the little girl: "If you are ever in trouble call upon the fairy, Blanka, and she will bring you aid."

Linda progressed so rapidly in her studies that the old woman said some great, good fortune would surely come to her. When her mother heard this, she begged that her daughters might learn with Linda; and she bought them beautiful books with gay pictures. But they were lazy, and although the old woman scolded and scolded, they would not study. Soon the pretty books became soiled and torn, and finally were lost. Then Linda must search all day for the missing books, but they were nowhere to be seen. When night came the mother said to Linda: "If you do not find the books in the morning you shall receive a severe beating."

The little girl was very sad; and that night when the house was quiet, and her mother and sisters were fast asleep, she rose from her little couch, and heedless of the darkness, wandered forth into the forest. As she neared a crystal spring, gushing from the rock, a bright light fell around her and she heard a silvery voice saying: "The fairy Blanka is near, and she will help you."

Then sinking to the ground, she fell into a deep sleep. When she awoke, the bright sun was bidding her good morning, and in her lap, lay the lost books. At her side, stood a small cart, drawn by three white owls, one of which, in a rough, hoarse voice, said, "The fairy Blanka has sent us to carry you home." The little girl quickly mounted the fairy chariot, the owls flapped their wings, and away they went, so swiftly that they reached Linda's home before her mother and sisters had awakened.

Now the old woman wished to teach her pupils fine needle work. As before, Linda applied herself so diligently that she was soon as skillful as her teacher. But although her sisters had golden needles and the finest of silk, with which to sew, they would take no care, and finally threw away the golden needles in order to escape the hated sewing. When the mother learned that the needles were lost she commanded Linda to find them. The little girl sought all day without finding the object of her search. At night the mother said: "To-morrow you must find the needles or you can no longer live in this house."

The child was greatly frightened, and determined to go again in quest of her kind friend, the fairy. So when everyone was sleeping, she quietly left her room, and walking through the silent, deserted streets, came to a large meadow, which was so broad that even in the bright moonlight, Linda could not see the other side. On the little girl wandered until, weary and footsore, she sank on the shore of a brooklet running through the meadow.

"Please, kind fairy, help me," she cried, and then fell asleep to dream bright visions of fairyland. She was aroused by something tugging at her dress, and on looking up she saw a tiny humming bird holding the golden needles in its mouth. Beside her stood the fairy chariot, having for steeds six white swans, which arched their necks, and cried: "The fairy Blanka bids you awake and hasten to your home."

Linda obeyed the wishes of the fairy. Great was the astonishment of the stepmother and her daughters when they learned that the golden needles had been really found.

In a short time the old woman made an

other visit to Linda's home, and showing a bag of pearls, said: "I am faint and hungry. To the one who will cook me the best meal I shall give this bag of pearls."

Each one wished to possess the jewels, and went to work to prepare the meal. But one burnt the meat and the other did not cook it enough. Linda, alone, made ready that which satisfied the old woman's hunger; and as a reward was given the bag of pearls. The mother was very angry that neither of her daughters had received the jewels, and as soon as the visitor had taken her departure the pearls were taken from Linda and given to her elder sister, who became very haughty, and treated the poor step-child worse than ever. Suddenly the pearls disappeared, and although neighbors and friends joined in the search, no trace of the missing jewels could be found. Finally the mother said: "Linda, you have found the books and the golden needles, and now you must find the pearls. If you do not find them by to-morrow morning I shall beat you and drive you from the house."

Linda wept bitterly and begged her mother not to be so cruel; but the mother made no reply, except to repeat her threats. That night the little girl could not sleep. She had almost forgotten, in her trouble, the good fairy, who had been so kind to her. Suddenly remembering the words of the old woman, she sprang up and crying, "The affair will help me," hastily left the house and took her way to the mountain. Here she called again and again for Blanka; but no reply came. At last, exhausted by grief and fatigue, she fell to the ground, and knew nothing more until the morning shone bright upon her. At her side lay the bag of pearls, and she was about to hasten home with her treasure when she heard a noise as of a rushing wind, and down the mountain came the fairy chariot, drawn neither by the owls nor the swans, but by 12 large eagles. Linda now knew that the fairy had sent her aid, and seating herself in the chariot she was soon at her home. Running into the house, she cried: "See, see, mother, I have found the pearls in the mountain."

But instead of being rejoiced over the recovery of the jewels, the mother was white with rage, and seizing the child by the arm, cried: "Wicked child, you have stolen these, and also the books and golden needles, and have hidden them in the mountain; else how could you find them in one night?"

"Indeed, mother," sobbed the child, "I have not stolen them. The fairy Blanka helped me to find them."

But the mother would hear nothing, and drove the friendless child out into the street. Lone and sad, Linda wandered again to the mountain, where she sat down on an old moss-covered stone, and shedding bitter tears, wished she were dead. As she thus sat, a slight rustling in the bushes roused her, and looking up, she saw her old friend and teacher, who inquired the cause of her trouble. When Linda had related her grievances, the old woman said: "I prophesied that good fortune would come to you, and now it is here."

Scarcely had these words been spoken when the fairy chariot, drawn by the 12 eagles, was present, and instead of the old woman, the fairy Blanka, herself stood near and said: "Your troubles are at an end. Come with me."

She then carried Linda away to the beautiful palace in fairyland, where she was happy ever afterward. But the cruel stepmother and her two daughters lived in great want, as punishment for their evil deeds.

A Cradle Song.

Oh, rare the honey-dew that drips,
By love distilled from baby's lips;
And sweet the breath that from them flows
Laden with odors of the rose
Sleep, darling, snugly folded up,
A rosebud in its mossy cup—
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Away from earth her spirit seems
To wander in the land of dreams;
But what within that realm she sees
Is part of nature's mysteries;
The secrets of her deep repose
The baby never may disclose—
Sleep, baby, sleep!

The hush of evening, deep and calm;
Descends to earth with tender halm;
The blossoms fair their petals close,
And nod and sink to soft repose;
Sleep, darling, till the dawn, and then
Bring glory to the world again—
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Hypnotism has proved to be the principal subject of discussion at the meeting of the British Medical Association.

"I trust," said the love-lorn young man, "that the poem I sent you touched you, even if only a very little." "It did, it did," she murmured. "I made curl papers with it."

Association for the Advancement of Women.

Seventeen years ago a few earnest-hearted women of New York city were led to take steps towards forming an association for the advancement of their sisters. They issued a circular, which they sent out to all the women of the country who by voice, or pen, or practical work, had conquered an honorable place in any of the leading reforms, such as Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, Prof. Maria Mitchell, Mrs. Kate Newell Doggett, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, &c. The circular asked for an expression of opinion as to the propriety and wisdom of convening a "Women's Congress" for the purpose of organization. The response was so very favorable that a convention was called, and an association formed, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore being elected first president. The constitution set forth that the motto of the Association "shall be Truth, Justice and Honor," and its object, "to consider and present practical methods for securing to women higher intellectual, moral, and physical conditions, with a view to the improvement of all domestic and social relations." Once a year the Association meets in convention, when appropriate papers, dealing with the objects of the society and prepared by the most gifted women of our times, are read and discussed. Hitherto these annual gatherings, owing to the distinguished abilities of the ladies who take part in the proceedings, have been occasions of great interest; so much so that in nearly every city, after the dispersion of the Congress, societies and clubs—educational, humanitarian, and philanthropic, have sprung up, and are accomplishing much good. The society has selected Toronto for its next place of meeting and has fixed the date for Oct. 15th 1890. An opportunity will thus be offered the citizens of Ontario to learn more particularly concerning the aims and methods of an organization whose object is so abundantly praise-worthy, and which is destined to play no mean part in lifting the world into a higher and better place. The many conventions which from time to time gather in the Queen city not the least important will be this forthcoming Women's Congress.

About Children's Feet.

It is the part of the wise mother, to carefully watch the feet of her little ones during their tender years. "Keep the head cool and the feet warm," is a faithful admonition, especially adapted to the children. With many woolen stockings should be avoided altogether, especially when they cause itching or sweating of the feet. Perspiration will be absorbed by the wool, making of the stocking a cold, clammy mass, more to be dreaded than the most tempting "mud puddle." Equip such children with firm, substantial cotton hose, providing woolen anklets or leggings, if thought best, and their feet will be warm and dry, except for outward wetting.

When this happens, whether in child or adult, the wet garments should be promptly removed, the feet bathed if possible with lukewarm water—and vigorously rubbed till dry. Where this is promptly done, dry shoes and stockings being put on, there is little danger of serious results. Care in keeping the feet warm and dry is very much better than muffling the throat and neck. Too often it happens that a thick muffler is laid aside, the child steps into a draught of air, the perspiration is checked, and deadly lung or throat troubles follow; whereas, had the throat been but lightly covered, the strong circulation of the blood naturally keeping it abundantly warm, with the extra attention devoted to the feet and lower limbs, where the circulation is least vigorous, there would have been no danger of colds or more dangerous maladies.

While the child's foot is immature, with yielding bones and tender muscles, it is of greatest importance that care be exercised in all that pertains to the shoes, if serious trouble in later life would be avoided. The shoe should fit properly, being neither too large nor too small, and the child should be taught to walk firmly and squarely upon it; as soon as there are signs of the heel "running over," the aid of a cobbler should be invoked, or a new pair procured. More is meant by the "fit of a shoe" than is often realized. Unless the hollow of the foot is fitted, there is a constant tendency to break down the arch, making the foot flat and the owner miserable; and the graceful contour, once destroyed, can never be wholly regained. In mature life, except in ease to disease or debility, the muscles may be trusted to maintain the true proportions.

Singets and public speakers all chew Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum for the voice. 5 cents.

Why Girls Do Not Marry.

The primary reason is no doubt because, writes a man in the *St. James's Gazette*, men do not ask them, or, rather, because the right men do not ask them. Putting aside such questions as means and position, there are, according to my observation, two great reasons why many really charming and attractive girls do not find husbands, as I regretfully admit they do not. These reasons are precisely opposite in character. Some girls are two particular, and some are not particular enough. The former class, without necessarily entertaining any very high flown or romantic notions, are apt to repel many a worthy though not brilliant-seeming wooer by a foolishly scornful demeanour. This is all very well for a time—no girl should sell herself against her own inclinations—but it is often carried too far. When it grows into a habit and the years roll by (as they do with a good deal more certainty than the clouds) there comes a time when the worthy wooer fails to present himself at all—and the fairest maiden wakes up to the humiliating discovery that husbands do not grow like blackberries. The second class is, I am sorry to say, more numerous. They are not particular enough in this sense; they seem somewhat too anxious to be married, and without the slightest immodesty or want of decorum make themselves too cheap, to put it bluntly. Among a very extensive acquaintance in a large town, where pretty, refined and accomplished girls abounded I have observed the same thing over and over again. A girl nice enough to be any man's wife will meet some tolerable young fellow in the ordinary course of society. He will be attracted, as is the way with young fellows, and begin to pay her some attention. Instead of behaving as if she had a proper sense of her own value, she will make no attempt to conceal her pleasure at being thus singled out, but will be plainly all gratitude for the young man's favours when he chooses to bestow them, and all humility when he chooses to withhold them. In short, she will make far too much of him; and the young fellow, as is the way with young fellows, finding he can play fast and loose, will at once proceed to do so, always ending with the loss. It is a sad pity. Several young ladies have sorrowfully admitted that it is their own fault. Perhaps the mothers are to blame if, under the stress of competition, they urge upon their daughters somewhat too warmly the desirability of matrimony to the neglect of a proper degree of self-respect. It may be hard to steer a middle course between holding men too cheap and too dear, but it can be done by a due mixture of self-respect and respect for others. If a mere man may offer a hint in so delicate a matter I would say to some girls: Do not despise a man because he is a man and not a young Greek god. If you only knew it, the one essential thing about a husband is that he shall be kind. And to some others I would say: Do not forget that a good girl is good enough for any man; and, if the men forget it, take care to remind them.

Hints to Housekeepers.

Celery for family use may be stored in boxes or baskets by taking care that the roots are closely packed in moist earth and kept so.

If steamed meat is left in the liquor to cool off, it will be found to have absorbed back much of the goodness of the soup and will be so much the more nutritious as food.

The simplest and cheapest way to cool a room when the hot weather is full upon us is to wet a cloth of any size, the larger the better, and suspend it in the place you want cool. Let the room be well ventilated, and the temperature will sink from ten to twelve degrees in less than an hour.

To clean the heads of children take half an ounce of honey, half an ounce of flowers of sulphur, an ounce of vinegar, and two ounces sweet oil. Make the whole into a liniment and rub a little of it on the head repeatedly. Give nourishing food to the children, and keep them scrupulously clean.

In preparing barley water for invalids put a quart of cold water into a saucepan, throw into it a tencupful of pearl barley; let it come slowly to a boil, and then boil it gently for ten minutes. Pour it, barley and all, into a jug. When cold it is fit for use. Leave the barley in the water until it is all drunk. Barley water may be flavoured according to taste.

"Wherever you find petroleum you won't find mosquitoes," said an oil country man. "The insects can't stand the smell of the grease, and wherever oil wells are plenty there is no call for mosquito bars. Over and over again I've seen mosquitoes leave a new oil field as soon as a well flows. Whether petroleum applied to the face and hands will drive off mosquitoes I don't know. But one of the few compensations of the driller is that he is seldom troubled by mosquitoes."