

With the Boys and Girls.

A Fight in School.

"Order! order!" cried the teacher; "But the naughty thing was done. Eddie rubbed out Tommy's lesson. And the fight had just begun. Little chubby hands were clinching. Jackets torn, and rumpled hair. They could never sit together. They were such a naughty pair."

So the teacher straightway stood them in the corner, with high cane. And two little outstretched palms. From her ruler got ten slaps. "Now, then, tell me all the trouble," said the teacher at recess. But they both talked loud together. Each one anxious to confess.

"Hush, now, children," said the teacher. "Let Eddie speak, one at a time." So Eddie answered, all defiance. "Tom said his ma uz prettier 'im mine."

True to His Reputation.

The Washington Post prints a story which, it says, is told of Martin Van Buren, who was noted for his diplomatic unwillingness or inability to answer a plain question in plain language. A party of politicians were talking about this characteristic on the deck of a Hudson River steamer. Van Buren himself being in the cabin.

"Oh, the matter has been greatly exaggerated," one man said. "Mr. Van Buren can talk as explicitly as anybody when there is no reason for doing otherwise."

"Well," said another, "I will wager a dinner for company that you may ask Van Buren the simplest question that can be thought of, and he will evade a direct answer. You may tell him why you ask it, and that a bet is depending on his reply."

The proposal was accepted, and one of the men, who knew Van Buren well, was deputed to go down and try the experiment.

"Mr. Van Buren," he began, "some gentlemen on the upper deck have been accusing you of being chronically non-committal, and one of them has laid a wager that you will not give a plain answer to the simplest question. Now, then, allow me to ask you: 'Where does the sun rise?'"

Mr. Van Buren looked thoughtful, hesitated a moment, and then said: "The terms east and west are conventional, but I don't know."

"That will do," interrupted the questioner. "We have lost the bet."

A True Fairy Tale.

Do you know of the house Where ginger-snaps grow? Where the tarts for our children March out in a row?

Where wishing is having, Where—'n't it grand? Just up in the garret Is real fairyland?

Where youngsters can caper And romp and halloo, For they always do right, Whatever they do?

You don't know the house? Then, oh deary me, I'm sorry for you! Why, it's grandma's you see.

Nettie's Marshmallows.

She hid her marshmallows in her basket when she heard a step on the stairs. Yes, she hid them, so that Grace should not see them.

If Grace had come sooner they might have toasted them together at the fire, but now they were alone, and the few that were left would be nice for Nettie herself, when evening came and Grace had gone to the lecture.

She hid them in her basket and sat down at the table with her history. It was well the book happened to be right side up, for there was no time to turn it before Grace stood in the room.

"How hot you look!" she exclaimed; "just as if you had been sitting over the fire."

"It is rather warm here," said Nettie, wondering whether the long knitting-needle she had used was so light. But a glance down at her pocket showed that it was not.

Grace began to study her own lessons diligently, and in trying to finish an exercise was late at the supper table. Then when she had only half-eaten her supper the friends called who were to take her to the lecture, and she could not delay them, so she hastily put a few crackers in a paper bag and thrust it into her pocket.

"Just to have by me in case I faint by the way," she said, laughing, as she went.

Aunt Robina, thinking Nettie would be lonely, took her sewing after supper and went upstairs to keep the child company. So Nettie postponed toasting the rest of the marshmallows and left them in the basket. When Grace came home Aunt Robina went down, and then it was bedtime.

"I am so hungry!" said Grace; "and I hadn't a chance to touch my crackers."

So she took a couple from the paper, ate them hastily, tossed the rest on the table, and was soon in bed.

But Nettie sat up late to sew a new elastic into her hat. To find the elastic she had to take everything out of her basket, and being sleepy, she afterward went to bed, leaving her basket open, and her marshmallows in a paper bag not far from Grace's cracker bag.

light streamed in through the window on the chair. Opening the basket, she gathered the upper end of the cracker bag in her fingers and lifted it out, unable to repress a little nervous shudder as she felt there was something round and heavy in the bag that should not be there.

"Now," said Grace, "put the bag out on the sill, and shut the window down on the end you are holding so it will keep it fast, and then come back to bed. We can see what to do with the mouse in the morning."

Nettie obeyed orders, closed her basket and crept into bed. They lay awake a long time talking over the lecture, and were surprised that they could hear the mouse rustle about, but it was soon still, and they decided that it had either gone to sleep or gnawed a hole through the paper and dropped to the ground.

In the morning the mouse was gone, but a little rent in the bag showed a way of escape, but the girls did not care as long as it was out-of-doors, and not in their room.

They were almost ready for school, when Nettie went to get her gloves out of her basket. Grace, who was just going down-stairs, turned back on hearing a wild shriek of terror, and saw Nettie standing on a chair, shaking her dress and pulling off her jacket.

"It's on me!" "It's on me!" she cried, frantically. "No, there it goes!" exclaimed Grace, as a sleek, brown mouse darted almost in front of her, and then disappeared down a little hole by the bureau.

The basket had fallen to the floor, and Grace now helped Nettie to pick up her gloves, her purse, her pencils and the torn paper bag, from which marshmallows were dropping.

"I was toasting some yesterday," confessed Nettie, going straight to what she felt to be the sensitive point, "and then there weren't enough left to do any good, and, like a greedy thing, I hid them."

"Never mind," said Grace, "I didn't lay it up against you, though I knew it the minute I came into the room and saw the bit of white dust on your chin."

"There, it just shows there is no use in being mean," exclaimed Nettie, "and it stings me right in my heart because I was selfish."

MARY L. B. BRANCH.

In Mischievous.

My work-box! my work-box! Oh what shall I do? You mischievous kitten, I'm angry with you! You've tangled my knitting and broken my thread, And rolled up my silk for a soft little bed. This world may be all but a playground for you, But please to remember, I've something to do.

—Youth's Companion.

Johnny's Stilts.

"Just look at that boy!" exclaimed Grandma Peters, with a contemptuous sniff, dropping her knitting in her lap and peering out of the window at Johnny, who was painfully stalking about the yard on stilts.

"What's the sense of walking on them things, when it would be a sight easier to walk on the ground? It's perfectly ridiculous," and her knitting-needles flew faster than before to make up for lost time.

Mamma looked out of the window, too, and laughed good-naturedly. "It does look rather queer, doesn't it, grandma? But I guess boys always have a time of walking on stilts, and it's very innocent sort of fun if they don't get hurt."

Johnny gave another little sniff. "Boys are queer," she said. Johnny kept on practicing every day, till in a short time he could go quite fast, while grandma would look out now and then and say how foolish it was.

One day it rained and rained from morning till night, and Johnny had to stay in the house because his everyday shoes leaked so badly, and mamma said it was too cold to go out.

Just before supper time mamma discovered that the tea-paddy was quite empty; and what was to be done, for how could grandma get along without her cup of tea?

"I'll go after it, mamma," said Johnny. "But you'll get your feet so wet," said mamma.

"No, I won't get my feet wet," Johnny cried, and running out into the shed he got his stilts on and was soon stalking off in the wet grass.

So grandma had her cup of tea the same as ever, and after that she didn't say anything more about the stilts.

Sorry for the Minister.

Many things look queer the first time we see them. Five-year-old Freddy was showing the young minister about the place. His eyes frequently glanced up at the kind face, and then looked down at the troubled inquiry on the pointed toes of the Picaudilly boots.

Finally he blurted out his anxiety in the question, "Ain't you got but one toe?"—Babyhood.

Conundrums.

Why is language like violent prayers? Because it is the phrase (frays) of men.

What bands of singers have no voices? Quire (choirs) of paper.

Why is doubt like the generous action of a young lady? Because it is a mis(g)iving.

Why is getting up before daylight apt to make one cross? Because it is surly (s) early rising—Youth's Companion.

THREE ENGLISH GHOSTS.

The Lady in Cream, an Ugly Female Black Dwarf, and a Man With a Beard in the Earl of Onslow's Castle.

jewels. Sometimes she covers the cream-colored silk with a black cloak, and occasionally she carries a dagger or a tumbler in her hand. All the domestics say they have seen her many times, and the under footman stoutly maintains that he once saw the "lady in cream" take a book from the library shelves, and, after glancing through its pages, carefully replace it.

The second specter is more terrifying, for it appears in the form of a very ugly female black dwarf with a glittering ring in her nose, and whose dress indicates a condition of servitude. She always bears in her hand a rough-looking man makes up this phantom trio, and he has a great beard that is evidently the pride and joy of his ghostly existence. He is not so often seen as the lady in cream, and his hideous companion and has the bearing of one oppressed by a great sorrow. A lady spiritualist has had the hardihood to visit the house and convey to the lady in cream a letter of invitation, who, it is reported, related to her as a story as ghost has ever told. In her time she had sinned, she said, and her husband found her out. He accordingly killed her. The Black Dwarf, his wife's attendant, to kill her mistress, which she did, and she has ever since been going about with a lighted lantern looking for forgiveness.

The appearance of these ghosts has caused great excitement in the quiet country neighborhood, and many people besides the domestics claim to have seen all three.

The new photograph of the heavens, which is being prepared by London, Berlin and Parisian astronomers, shows \$6,000,000 stars.

The nearest approach to the north pole was on May 13, 1892, when Lieut. Lockwood stood within 396 miles of that spot.

Taking the world over there is an average of one death and one and a quarter births per second. Only one half of all who are born into the world live to the age of 17 years.

In London—unlike other cities, especially New York—no house is permitted to exceed in height the width of the street in front, and the number of the inhabitants is limited by law.

A Swiss scientist has been testing the presence of bacteria in mountain air, and finds that not a single microbe exists beyond a distance of 2,000 feet above the level of the sea.

A red-poll cow at Whittingham, England, has yielded milk continuously since she ceased calving, five years ago, her record being 13,734 quarts of milk of fine quality. No other case like this is known.

The smallest place in the world is the miniature place known as Steward City, Alaska, United States. Its three inhabitants are respectively mayor, chairman of the board of aldermen, and president of the common council.

It is said that land crabs of the West Indies once overtook and ate their native home in multitudes, and in regular order march down to the sea, passing over and not around, and any every obstacle that may come in the way.

Medical authorities assert that crying is the chief and best exercise for young children, and one hospital superintendent says that a healthy baby should cry three or four times a day at least, and from ten to fifteen minutes at a time.

There is not much doubt that the water which rises in the artesian wells near Calis, France, was originally rain falling on the hills of the south of France, and under a layer of clay runs from Kent and Sussex beneath the channel to Calis.

It is not generally known that, size for size, a thread of spider silk is stronger than the strongest steel. An ordinary thread will bear a weight of three grains. This is just about 50 per cent stronger than a steel thread of the same thickness.

Every soldier knows that a horse will not step on a man intentionally. It is a standing order in the British cavalry if a trooper becomes dismounted he must lie still, and if he is killed the whole squadron is likely to pass over him without doing him injury.

A graphic idea of the immense size of Siberia may be gleaned from the following comparisons: All the states, kingdoms, principalities, empires, etc., of Europe, except Russia, and all of the United States, including Alaska, could be placed side by side in Siberia, and yet but little more than cover that immense country.

The wettest place in this country is Neah Bay in Washington; over 123 inches of rain fell there last year. The driest place in the United States, at any point where regular observations are taken, is Fort Garland, Col., less than six inches of rain fall there during the year.

This new deepest depression in the earth's crust lies exactly south of the Tonga, or Friendly Isles, and almost on the Tropic of Capricorn.

If there be, as some suppose, a sixth sense, by which animals, birds and insects know in which direction to move toward a given spot, how many strange things it explains! The late Prof. Riley once watched some Japanese all-anthus silkworms in Chicago. He confined a female moth in a small cage; he carried a male of the same species to another part of the city, a mile and a half away, and released it, having first attached a thread to its abdomen. In the morning the male moth was hovering around the cage of his imprisoned sister.

An excellent bullet-proof shield can be made by wearing a coat of silk floss underneath the uniform. A correspondent writing from Yokohama when both sides were engaged in the cold, wore a quantity of this material under their clothes, with the result that in many cases it acted as a bullet-proof vest. Many men have remarked and wondered how it was that, although the fights in Manchuria were said to have been so severe, the Japanese losses were invariably very small. Here the secret was, of course, the heavy. Much of the disparity in the losses of the two combatants was due to bad marksmanship on the part of the Chinese, but a great part of the immunity of the Japanese had its origin in the other, for they both use a word which in its literal sense back-

With the Poets.

The Mystery of a Year.

A little while, a year ago, I knew her for a romping child. A dimpled face and curly hair. With little mischief when she smiled.

Today she passed me in the press, And turning with a quick surprise, I wondered at her staidness, I wondered at her altered eyes.

To me the street was just the same, The people and the city's stir, But life had kindled into flame, And all the world was changed for her.

I watched her in the crowded ways, I saw her, the quickly head, When with the woman in her gaze, The conscious woman in her tread.

—Archibald Lampman, in Youth's Companion.

A Vagabond Song.

There is something in the autumn that is alive in the leaves of the trees, Touch of manner, hint of mood; And my heart is like a rhyme, With the yellow and the purple and the crimson keeping time.

The scarlet of the maples can shake me like a cry Of bugles going by, And my lonely spirit thrills To see the frosty asters like smoke upon the hills.

There is something in October sets the gipsy blood astir; We must rise and follow her, When from every hill she comes, She calls and calls each vagabond by name.

—Bliss Caman.

The Gray Ten Thousand.

Fall in there, Johnnies, You whose gray is rusted just a Bit too long, Fall in! Fall in! You will not march as when you marched.

You old veterans, who are home folks now, And we are glad to welcome you. Fall in there, Graybacks, Who's valor no man E'er forgets, Fall in! Fall in! You will not march as when you marched.

Where burning homes lit up the way, But you will march amid the homes Where we are glad you've come to stay. Fall in there, Rebels, By the gods, You fought against Tremendous odds, Fall in! Fall in! You will not march as when you marched.

To glory and to just defeat, But you will march as brothers whom Your brothers here are glad to meet. Fall in there, Johnnies, Let the band Fall in! Fall in! You will not march as when you marched.

To bloody graves, We have today One country, and its skies are blue, And only what is past is gray. Fall in there, Graybacks, Let your yell Fall in! Fall in! You will not march as when you marched.

To nobler, better Story tell; Fall in! Fall in! You will not march as when you marched.

Footsore and weary, all in vain; For you are with us, of us, and, Together now, we march again. Fall in there, Rebels, Bless your hearts! This country isn't One of parts; Fall in! Fall in! You will not march as when you marched.

Beneath the former Stars and Bars, But you will march, thank God for Stars. Fall in there, Patriots, To the stars, Unkindled Freedom's Altar fires; Fall in! Fall in! You will not march as when you marched.

Against that flag you see unfurled Above you now; but you will march Beneath its folds against the world. —New York Sun.

SOME COMMON WORDS.

They Have Come Into General Use in Curious Ways.

One need not search far in the dictionary to find curious words. Most words have an interesting history as to development and change of sense, and the regular processes of formation by compounding different elements into one new vocable are very interesting as a study.

Just opposite to this peculiar change from nadder to adder is that which gives us the name of newt for what used to be ewt.

A common saying is that a surprised person is taken aback. This is said to have originated from the same expression used nautically, as in saying that sails are taken aback against the mast. Probably it would be hard to find the origin of the saying had its origin in the other, for they both use a word which in its literal sense back-

ward. Aback and similar words disclose a curious fact in their etymology, namely, that the first syllable is merely a letter that stands for the original Anglo-Saxon word on, which meant not only what our present "on" means, but also at, to, into, or almost anything of that kind, according to circumstances.

Accord, concord and discord come from what seems to be a queer thing to suggest such words for the sense in which they have always been used. In each the second syllable is from the Latin word for heart. Accord in its elements means "to the heart." Real agreement or harmony must have been considered so sweet and so rare that the only fitting name for it must contain that of the heart as the seat of human affection.

Caprice and capricious seem to arise from the fact that people could find no better comparisons for certain actions than the capering of a goat. The etymology of these words that connects them with the Latin word for goat is questioned by the Century Dictionary, but there is no doubt that caper is from that Latin word.

Pilgrims were so called for a very queer reason, and the word was made in a queer way. They walked through the land, and as this was their prominent characteristic, it suggested the name for them, which is made from the Latin words, per, meaning through, and ager, meaning land.—Philadelphia Times.

"So tired; yet I would work For Thee. Lord, hast Thou work Even for me? Small things which others, hurrying on In thy blessed service, swift and strong, Might never see."

NO UNDERGROUND LAKES. Some Other Explanations of Freak Wells and Rivers Must Be Sought.

"Stories about a great subterranean lake or sea beneath Nebraska, Kansas and a part of Indian Territory are going in the rounds of the press," said Robt. T. Hill, of the United States Geological Survey. "They are accompanied by details relating to the bottomless ponds occupying areas where patches of land have sunk and disappeared. Other reported phenomena supposed to be in the same connection are roaring wells in which water ebbs and flows."

"Such tales become current periodically. So far as the wells are concerned they are based on fact. I myself have seen a number of wells in which the water rose and fell at intervals. This is not an unusual phenomenon in parts of the west. It has a relation to changes of the barometer. When the barometer is high, the pressure of the atmosphere being greater, the water in such wells and springs stands at a low level. On the other hand, when the mercury in the glass is low, the diminished pressure permits the water to rise. The surface level varies from day to night for the same reason."

There are many phenomena connected with western wells and springs which are calculated to excite the attention of the observer from the east. They are puzzling sometimes even to a scientific student. I have never seen a well that roared, but I know of no reason why such a thing may not happen. There are wells from which currents of air come up. Stories are told of magnetic wells in the neighborhood of which the needle of the compass is affected. I never saw one, and no facts appear to support this peculiar yarn. Water is the most common substance in the world, and there is nothing about which so much humbug exists.

"The most remarkable well I have ever seen was on the old battlefield of Stone River, in Tennessee. A man digging for water struck an underground stream. He made the hole big enough to hold a water wheel. The stream ran the wheel and pumped water up to the owner's house. Underground streams, of course, are common enough. They are frequent in the limestone region of Texas, in the gypsum region of New Mexico, in the Appalachian region, and in the limestone region of Iowa and Missouri. The very fact that these streams are flowing shows that they are seeking a base level, and hence it is useless to try and tap them by artesian wells, because the water will not rise."

There is no such thing in the world as an underground lake or sea. Nevertheless, such lakes have been created frequently in the imagination of hopeful settlers in the west. The truth in this matter was established years ago by the Government engineers, who, under the direction of Col. Nettleton, journeyed across the great plains of Kansas and Nebraska. They sounded every well they could find, studying the underground water. Of well fact there was no underground sheet of water they made certain. The wells were like any other wells, the water coming from saturated rocks below the level of surface evaporation.—Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.

FORBIDDEN FRUIT. It May Possibly Be the Coco-Nut of the Seychelles Islands.

The steamer Caspian, which has arrived at Dunkirk, says a correspondent, from Saigon, on board of which was the "double coco-nut," of "coco de mer," a fruit which grows only on the Seychelles Islands.

The curious nut, so singular in shape, grows on a tree which attains the height of 80 or 100 feet and whose leaves average 8 to 20 feet in length and 10 to 12 in breadth. It may be remembered that Gen. Gordon entertained a strange belief concerning the "coco de mer" and the islands where it grows.

The hero of Khartoum believed the islands to be the long sought for Garden of Eden, and the "coco de mer" the "forbidden fruit" which caused the fall of Eve. The conviction had such a hold on the gallant soldier that he attempted to prove by the chart of the Seychelles corresponded with those mentioned in the Bible.

Prof. John Stuart Blackie's Message to Young Men.

The nobility of life is work. We live in a working world. The idle man does not count in the plan of campaign. "My Father worketh hitherto and I work." Let that text be enough. Let your daily wisdom of life be in making a good use of the opportunities which give you.

We live in a real and a solid and truthful world. In such a world only truth, in the long run, can hope to prosper. Therefore avoid lies, mere show and sham and hollow superficiality of all kinds, which is at best a painted lie. Let whatever you are, and whatever you do, grow out of a firm root of truth and a strong soil of reality.

Never forget Paul's sentence: "Love is the fulfilling of the law." That is the stream of the social machine. Do one thing well; "be a whole man," as Chancellor Thurston said: "do one thing at a time. Make clean work and leave no tags. Make no delays when you are at a thing. Do it and be done with it."

There goes a man that keeps his word. "He does?" "Yes, no one else will take it."

He—You can't impose upon me; there are no fools in my family. She—Sir, you forget yourself.

Goodfellow (to mendicant)—I told you on Saturday not to bother me for a week.

Harry Hank—Yasahr! but Saturday was last week, an' this Monday morning is the followin' week.

An old lady from New Bedford visited Boston recently, for the first time, and, while viewing the attractions of the Public Garden, was pointed out the bronze statue of Charles Sumner. "Well, I declare," the old lady remarked, "I never knew Sumner was a colored man before."

Twittlerly—to Snittlerly, reading novel!—And what becomes of the hero? Snittlerly—I don't know his final fate, but on page 205 it looks as if the heroine had him trussed up.

Twittlerly—Treed? Snittlerly—Yes, the author states that "at her glance he stood rooted to the spot."

Old Lady (who had been buying eggs)—Deed, Mr. McTeacale, butcher's meat's sea dear nowdays ah'm no able to buy it!

Grocer—You should turn a vegetable!

Old Lady—A vegetable? Na, na! Ah was born an' brought up 't the Free Kirk, an' no gaird change ma relegion 't m'uld days!

A Smile—A Laugh.

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Bobby—Tommy Jones is an awful bad boy; he called me "an other," and "an other" is a dreadful name.

Mamma—I don't think "an other" is such a dreadful name.

Bobby—Oh, you don't know! Why, "an other" means a nasty mean infun-giving stue-by his puns.

Mamma—How does my little boy know that? Bobby—Well, you see—Oh, just cos.

"Sure," said Patrick, rubbing his head with delight at the prospect of a present from his employer: "I always mane to do my duty." "I believe you," replied the employer, "and therefore I shall make you a present of all you have stolen from me during the year." "I thank your honor," replied Pat, "and may all your friends and acquaintances treat you as liberally."

It was an Englishman who, returning from a somewhat extensive exploration and study of this country, reported "his study of the impressions as to its boundaries as follows: The Republic of the United States is bounded on the east by the rising sun, on the south by the equator, on the north by the aurora borealis, and on the west by the day of judgment."