

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Here are five words of advice for boys and girls that deserve to be written in letters of gold: Do nothing you would not like God to see; say nothing you would not like God to hear; write nothing you would not like God to read; read nothing which you would not like God to say; "Show it to me; go no place where you would not like God to find you."

The Song of the Skipping Rope.

Winter time has fled away
Spring has had her gentle sway,
Summer surely must be near
When the skipping ropes appear:
With a skip, skip,
And a trip, trip,
As we rise and fall;
To yard and street,
The little feet
Are coming to the call!

Oh, so many tricks to do
That our mothers also know—
"In the Front Door," "Baking Bread,"
"Chase the Fox" and "Needle Thread,"
With a skip, skip,
And a trip, trip,
For so the leader saith—
With a hop, jump,
And a thump, thump,
Until you are out of breath.

Here the counting, sure and slow;
To a hundred they must go.
Not a hand or arm should swerve,
While the rope describes its curve;
With a skip, skip,
And a trip, trip,
Until the task is done;
With cheeks so red,
And ruffled head,
Bravo, my little one!

Boys may leap and vault so high,
But none was ever known to try
To master this oft, little spring
That is so intricate a thing!
With a skip, skip,
And a trip, trip,
Oh, may I always hear
That pit-pat pit
That seems to fit
This blossom time of year!
—Anna B. Patten in St. Nicholas.

A Legend of Charlemagne.

The Fatherland is the land of legendary tradition. Among several legends of the Rhine compiled by A. A. Guerber is one of the Emperor Charlemagne and his Empress Hildegard.

Ten long years had passed since the Emperor had ridden out of his favorite city at the head of his army to go and fight the heathen, and now instead of the welcome tidings of his return, dark rumors of defeat and death spread throughout the whole country. Convinced of the truth of these reports the lords of the empire assembled to discuss what had better be done, and after much deliberation sent an embassy to the Empress Hildegard. They bade her for her subjects' sake choose another husband to rule the nation instead of Charlemagne, who would never be seen again.

Hildegard at first indignantly refused to consider this proposal, but finally seeing the justice of their wishes, she consented for the good of the country to marry any man they recommended—supplicating, however, that she should be allowed to spend three more days in strict solitude, mourning for the beloved husband whom she would never behold again.

Well pleased with this answer the lords withdrew and began making preparations for the coming marriage, while Hildegard wept for Charlemagne, who, by the way, was not at all dead, but very busy fighting the heathen, whom he had almost entirely subdued.

During the night, while poor Hildegard wept, an angel of the Lord suddenly appeared to Charlemagne and bade him return in haste to Aix-la-Chapelle, if he would not lose both wife and sceptre at once. This warned the heavenly messenger had brought and sped over mountain and valley with marvelous rapidity, arriving at Aix-la-Chapelle just as the third and last night of Hildegard's respite was drawing to a close.

Instead of entering his palace, however, the Emperor dismounted and passed into the silent cathedral, where he seated himself in his great golden chair, with his sword across his knees, as was his wont when dispensing justice. There he waited until the sacristan came to prepare the church for the wedding, which was to take place soon after sunrise.

This man, startled by the sight of the imposing figure seated upon the imperial throne and thinking it an apparition, staggered and would have fallen had he not steadied himself by the rope of the great bell, which, thus suddenly set in motion, sent peal after peal through the awakening city.

The people of Aix-la-Chapelle, startled by the untimely and frantic ringing, rushed out of their houses to see what had occurred, and as they entered the church they uttered loud cries of joy, for there at Charlemagne in all his wonted state.

These cries soon reached the ears of the unhappy Hildegard, who, still dissolved in tears and deeming they were intended to welcome her unknown bridegroom, shrank back in fear; but her sorrow was changed to boundless joy when she saw her beloved husband once more and heard how Providence had miraculously interfered to save her from a hated second marriage.

Little Tommy Edison.

The various electrical appliances have become so familiar through common use that they have ceased to excite our wonder; and we talk with a friend over the long distance telephone, are carried through the streets at breakneck speed by the electric car, or listen to music that has been shut up in the phonograph, as if these things were the simplest inventions ever heard of. But, like everything else which seems so easy after fulfillment, these marvels were the result of years of thought and labor.

To Thomas Edison, perhaps, more than to any living man, do we owe praise for making of the subtle fluid which, for want of a better name, we

call electricity, a servant instead of a master.

When he was twelve years old he began his career as train-boy, selling papers on the cars. Being even then an ambitious boy, he soon started a paper of his own, calling it the Grand Trunk Herald, and filling it with items of interest to the rail-road people who bought it no doubt as much out of love for bright-eyed little Tommy as for the news it contained. Mr. Storey, an editor in Detroit, supplied him with type.

In due time came the turning-point in his career. It was during the darkest days of the war; and Thomas heard, through a friend in the newspaper office in Detroit, that a great battle had been fought at Pittsburg Landing, and that the morning paper was going to tell about it. Here was a chance to make a bold move. He went to the telegraph office and told the operator that if he would "wire" to the station agents along the line of the railroad to chalk on the bulletin boards that there had been a big battle, and that the Free Press would tell all about it, he would furnish him with several periodicals for six months. The operator said he would; and Thomas then rushed to the newspaper office and asked for one thousand papers on credit—a request which was promptly refused. In wise daunted, he went to the editor, Mr. Storey, making his demand larger—begging for one thousand five hundred copies. The great editor looked at him for a moment, and then wrote the order.

Now came the result. People were frantic for news from the seat of war, and the operator had done his work well. At each station little Edison was almost mobbed, so eager were the buyers. And so he, like a clever merchant, raised his price; finding himself, however, in spite of that, quite out of papers before his journey was done. That is why he came to admire the telegraph, and soon began his career as an electrician.—Francesca in Ave Maria.

Little Carmel's Inspiring Sentiment.

Quite recently six little girls were tying up bouquets and discussing a notice in a morning paper, which said, in addition to the usual bunch of flowers, the directors of the Flower Mission requested each donor to write an inspiring sentiment upon a card and fasten it securely to the bouquet. An experiment was to be made. It was thought that the minds and hearts of the sick in the hospitals and the poor toilers in the factories could be benefited at the same time that their aesthetic sensibilities were cultivated. Along with the pleasure, it was the desire of the directors to do a little good.

"What under the sun is an 'inspiring sentiment' anyway?" asked practical Jenny.

"Why, one that awakens emotions," answered Ellen. "And as it is near vacation, I shall choose 'Backward,' turn backward. O Time, in your flight! If that isn't inspiring, I don't know what is."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Jenny. "People wish something that will do for any time. Now, 'Early to bed and early to rise,'—that's good sentiment and they couldn't help profiting by it."

"But it strikes me," said Bess, "that working folks get up early anyway, and many invalids can't get up at all. Now, I shall take, 'Be good, and you will be happy.' Who has any objection to that?"

"It is certainly harmless," replied Margaret; "though don't you think it sounds like a copy-book? Improve people's minds, I say. Culture is what they need. Now, there's Dante. A quotation from him ought to be inspiring; but I can't think of one this moment except this: 'All hope abandon ye who enter here.'"

There was a general protest at this, the girls thinking it entirely too discouraging; so Margaret took instead, "Plain living and high thinking."

"I don't think that people who live plainly just because they can't help it, find it very inspiring," remarked Clara.

But Margaret could think of nothing better, and would not change it.

As for Clara, she took this, "Beyond the Alps lies Italy," simply because she had always thought it such a nice topic for a graduating essay; she knew seven girls who had used it.

Little Carmel had been silent all this time, but now the rest begged her to tell what words she would put on the bunch of roses she was tying up.

"I'm just going to write, 'Holy Mary, pray for me,'" she said. "That will mean everything."

"Girls," spoke up Bess, "Carmel's is the only inspiring sentiment in the whole lot. It makes mine seem very silly."

"And mine!" "And mine!" cried the others.

Then a conference was held, that resulted in six bouquets instead of one carrying little Carmel's sweet petition. One went to a factory girl, who pinned the bit of paper where her eyes might fall upon it as she lifted them from the loom; one to a poor soul whose life ebbed away with those words on her pale lips. The others did their blessed errand quite as well; and the message which little Carmel's own hands had written found its way to a wretched prisoner, whose heart was turned to the God he had long forgotten by those words addressed to His Blessed Mother.

A Publisher's Statement.

We have used Hood's Sarsaparilla in our family as a spring medicine, tonic and blood purifier, and Hood's Pills for biliousness, and have found both very effective remedies. We believe for impure blood Hood's Sarsaparilla is a good medicine." R. S. Pelton, Publisher of the Bee, Atwood, Ontario.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

The Power of Transmuting Life.

It is of great importance for man to reverence this great function of propagating life—to pass on himself to future generations. This is a most wonderful thing God has given us.

Too Much Cannot be Done for Them.

The remark is often heard, "Too much is done for young men now; when I was a boy, we had no Young Men's Catholic Club, with evening classes, gymnasiums, and all these things." We wonder at a man who, looking backward on his own life and on the records made by his boyhood friends, can say, "Let the young man fight it out alone." It makes one shudder to think of the temptations and snares that one has met and been entangled in, and it seems strange, very strange, that a man cares little to save the young man who, in the rashness of his youth, dares to "rush in where angels fear to tread."

The Nursery of Character.

The home is the crystal of society, the nucleus of national character; and from that source, be it pure or tainted, issue the habits, principles and maxims which govern public as well as private life; the nation comes from the nursery; public opinion itself is, for the most part, the outgrowth of the home; and the best philanthropy comes from the fireside.—Samuel Smiles.

For Worldly Ambition or Thankless Repining.

For a fit of vain ambition, go into the cemetery and read the inscriptions upon the gravestones. They will tell you the end of that sort of ambition. The grave will soon be your chamber bed, the earth your pillow, corruption your master, and a coffin and a shroud your only possession.

For a fit of repining, look about you for the halt and the blind, and visit the bedridden and afflicted and dangled, and they will make you ashamed of your lighter afflictions.

"About This Time."

Suggestions of what may be done in young men's societies at about this time. To be well considered before taken:

Give special attention to the wheeling members.

Arrange a table for all the bicycle papers, catalogues, etc., for wheelmen. Give double attention to the literary exercises.

Let nothing "peter out;" do a thing well or stop it.

Have flowers on the tables and speaker's desk.

Set the chairs in the meeting room farther apart.

Prepare for outdoor sports and athletic.

Pray for the coming conventions. Plan well for the summer services. Why not organize a boat club? A hare and hound club is timely. Handball will be as popular as tennis; provide for it.

Keep after the amusement and recreation committees.

Don't let the bills get behind.

In the Net of the World.

All honest toil is honorable. But is the making of a livelihood, a competence or a fortune, the consummation of life's purpose? Alas for a man whose soul is imprisoned in secular life! Alas for the lawyer who never gets above his briefs, the physician who knows no more than "laudamy and calamy," the carpenter who is satisfied with the shoving of his saw and plane, the housewife whose soul is absorbed in her needlework! We are made in God's likeness. Shall the eagle be tethered to a stake? Shall a lion be harnessed to a cart? Up with your heart, O son of the living God! Make your secular business as honorable as you please; yet your life will be a failure if it exhausts itself upon that.—David James Burrell, D. D.

The Folly of Being Fast.

I was turning over some old letters not long ago, letters written to a relative of mine sixty or more years ago. I came across one missive detailing the course of a young man who was rapidly drifting to ruin. He was going the pace, as they say nowadays, and the writer of the letter was regretting that a young man of such fine abilities and brilliant promise should wreck mind and body in the haunts of dissipation. Well, he went to the bad, as the correspondent suggested that he would, and he never came back. Like the Prodigal Son, to his father's home. He died on the isthmus of Panama many years before we had an overland railroad route to the Pacific Ocean—a broken down, prematurely-aged man. He had an excellent position, for which he was well adapted by nature, when he began his downward career, and where he showed qualities as a vocalist that in these times of superior musical training might have placed him in the front rank of concert singers. Perhaps his popularity contributed to his downfall. He was flattered and caressed, and was not strong-minded or religious enough to resist the temptations that came in his way. Sometimes it is a young fellow's curse to be an especial favorite, especially if he is so in a fast set. One should always remember that popularity of any kind is a very fleeting thing. The world admires to day the man that it condemns to-morrow. While a young fellow has plenty of money in his pocket and spends it freely he will not lack for admirers. When it is gone and he is hard-up they will ignore him and forget his former butterfly existence.

For one prodigal son who repents there are thousands of wayward youths

who never renounce their evil habits. Their gradual degradation is well illustrated in Hogarth's series of pictures entitled "The Rake's Progress." When the artist referred to, lived, the manners may have been a little different from what they are now, but the world, the flesh and the devil are just as busy to day as they were then in destroying the earthly and heavenly prospects of young men.

Of what avail the midnight orgie if you wake up in the morning with a headache which prevents you from doing properly the work you are called upon to do? The few hours of so-called pleasure in which you have been in an unreal condition of mind do not compensate for the misery that you have to endure through this illicit indulgence. You are in a condition that will induce you to return to the stimulants of the night before, and this often leads to the prolonged spree by which you lose reputation, position, and everything else that respectable people esteem. And with regard to alcoholic stimulants it may be said that they are not needed by young people at all. Their spirits are high enough without being inflamed by intoxicating liquor. They do not require any spur to increase their enjoyment. It is thought that old, debilitated or sick people sometimes require brandy or whisky or wine, as medicine, though some eminent authorities do not even agree with this, but assuredly no healthy young man is in want of anything of the kind.

I know that there are certain classes of young fellows who glory in being fast, and they look with disdain upon their more sober associates, but after a few years they see that they have made a sad mistake in the courses they have pursued, for the men they despised are prosperous, while they are miserable creatures, often full of foul diseases. Don't aspire to be a fast young man. It is a pitiful ambition that leads only to misery. Be virtuous and you will be happy, and you will have a better time than the rake, notwithstanding the popular saying to the contrary.—Benedict Bell, in Sacred Heart Review.

FRIGHTFUL AGONY

ENDURED BY VICTIMS OF STONE IN THE BLADDER.

No Hope of Escape Except by Using Dodd's Kidney Pills—They Remove the Stone Quickly, Easily and Permanently.

Montreal, P. Q., March 27.—No agony that falls to the lot of suffering humanity is greater, more terrible, nor harder to bear than is that caused by the formation of a stone in the bladder.

The complaint is so common, and so frequently spoken of that the terrible significance of the name itself is lost. If we were to speak of a "stone in the brain," or "a stone in the heart," the terrible nature of the disease would be apparent at once, because we are not used to the expression, and its meaning forces itself upon us instantly.

Now, "a stone in the brain" would not be more out of place than "a stone in the bladder." Nor would it cause near so much suffering, as the nerve centres would become paralyzed and feeling would die.

But stone in the bladder is alarmingly common. Thousands suffer the most horrible tortures from it. Thousands die from it.

And yet it is very easily cured. There is a remedy—Dodd's Kidney Pills—that cures it quickly, easily and painlessly.

In proof of this statement, it is necessary only to quote the following letter written by Madame Campagne, of 167 St. Urbain street:

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