

## Young Folks' Department.

## Ned's Choice.

She has not rosy cheeks,  
Nor eyes that brightly shine;  
Nor golden curls, nor teeth like pearls,  
This valentine of mine!  
But, oh, she's just the dearest,  
The truest and the best;  
And one more kind you will not find  
In many a long day's quest.

Her cheeks are faded now;  
Her dear old eyes are dim;  
Her hair's like snow, her steps are slow  
Her figure isn't trim;  
But oh! and oh! I love her!  
This grandmamma of mine;  
I wish that she for years may be  
My dear old valentine.

## Moppet's Valentine.

"Oh! oh!" said Moppet, with a soft little sigh. "I wish I'd have one. I never had one 'long's I've lived—not an honest-true one, you know."

"Yes, I know," said mamma, smiling. She had been reading Moppet a nice little valentine story from one of Moppet's own papers, which somebody was kind enough to send her—a story of a lovely valentine that one little girl sent another little girl to make up friends again.

"I shouldn't think she could have been mad any more, should you, mamma?" asked Moppet, eagerly. "Cause 'twas so pretty—all posies and everything! Don't you s'pose 'twas orle pretty, mamma?"

"I wouldn't wonder, dear," mamma answered, putting down the paper and taking up her work. But Moppet wasn't through yet.

"Did you ever see one, mamma?"

"Yes, dear, a long time ago; but it wasn't like that, I guess."

Moppet looked sober.

"I didn't ever see one, only what you made, mamma," she said. "I didn't even see a bought one."

That was very so, because in the little out-of-the-way town where Moppet had lived ever since she was a baby, people never thought of such a thing as sending a valentine. I don't believe, if you had shown one to Mr. Prime, who kept the village store, he would have known what it was, even.

So there were none to buy. If there had been, Moppet's mother would have bought one—one that didn't cost too much. And it was quite too late to send for one now.

"I guess you'll get one next year," said she.

But next year was a long time off, and the thought of what might possibly happen then wasn't much of a comfort to Moppet.

"I wish I could to-morrow," she said, soberly.

Mamma didn't believe she could, but you wouldn't have caught her saying so. She smiled, and began counting the stitches on the heel of Moppet's little red stocking.

Just then Mr. Frazer took his pipe out of his mouth. Mr. Frazer was a tin-peddler man, who often stopped for dinner, and sometimes for an after dinner smoke. He was a very pleasant looking man, Moppet thought, and he almost always brought her an apple or a piece of candy when he came.

"So you never had a valentine, eh?" he asked.

"No, sir," said Moppet, bashfully.

"And never saw one? Well! well! now that's a dreadful pity!"

Mr. Frazer's eyes twinkled. Was he laughing at her? Moppet wondered. But before she could quite settle the matter in her own mind, she heard a little tap at the window.

"Oh, it's Dovey Diamond!" she cried, forgetting for the moment everything but her pretty drab and white pet outside. "And he's come after his dinner."

So Moppet opened the window, and got a handful of crumbs, and fed the dove half of them, and left the other on the table.

And nobody but Betty, the cat, saw Mr. Frazer put those crumbs into his great-coat pocket when he was ready to start. And Betty didn't tell; though maybe she wondered what he meant to do with them.

"Good-by," he sang out to Moppet, after he had harnessed his gray horse into his red pump. "Look out for the valentine, now."

And then Moppet felt very sure he was laughing at her, and she hated dreadfully to be laughed at.

Next morning she had something else to think about. Dovey Diamond didn't come to his breakfast.

He didn't come to his dinner, either.

"Where do you s'pose he is, mamma?" asked Moppet, the tears just ready to fall. "He's always come before every day this winter. O mamma! do you s'pose somebody's caught him, and baked him in a pie?"

"No, no, dear; I guess not."

"Then where is he, mamma?"

"I don't know, my child."

Then Moppet curled herself up on the lounge and had just begun to cry in good earnest, when "Tap! tap! tap!" came a sharp little beak against the window. She sprang up, almost wild with joy.

"Oh, it's Dovey!" she cried, flying to the window. "O mamma, come quick! What is that he's got on, mamma? Oh, look!"

Mamma didn't need to look—she knew without looking.

"I guess," said she, smiling, "I guess it's an honest-true valentine, dear."

That is just what it proved to be.

Mamma let Dovey Diamond in, and untied a silken string which held the large white envelope under his wing. Then Moppet opened it, trembling with eagerness.

"Oh! oh! oh! oh!" she cried, too full of joy to do anything besides scream. "See the flowers, mamma! o-oh! and that little girl with a wreath on! Where did it come from? I never saw anything half so pretty! O mamma! mamma!"

And would you believe that that foolish little Moppet began to cry again with her arms tight round her mother's neck!

"I s'pose it's 'cause I'm so glad I don't know what to do," she said, beginning to laugh next minute. "O mamma, who do you s'pose sent it?"

Mamma knows, or think she does, which is quite as well. She thinks Mr. Frazer could tell more about it than any one else.

And Betty knows, too,—she knows what Mr. Frazer meant to do with those crumbs. But Moppet hasn't begun to guess yet.

## A Warning.

It is apt to be too late to save a drunkard when his habits have driven him to mania—a-potu, but a New York paper tells of a shoemaker in Angelica, of that State, who minded the warning in time to escape. Going to his barn one day, he "saw snakes." One was a crooked stick, and the other a whiplash—but they moved. He tells the rest of the story as follows: The cold sweat of fear came out on my forehead. I wiped it off with my handkerchief, and sat down on the lower round of the hay-mow ladder, for I felt faint. Then I stared straight ahead at a corn stalk. It soon began slowly to wriggle and curve! With bursting eyeballs and all the strength of mind I possessed, I forced that corn-stalk back from the animal to the vegetable kingdom, and then I staggered feebly out into the open air. I leaned against a fence, and for fear I should see more of those horrible twisting things, I clung to a post and closed my eyes.

"Time is called, Jim," I said to myself. "Whiskey and you part company to-day!" and soberer than I had been for many months, though with no more strength than a baby, I managed to get back to the house.

There was a fight, though! I didn't tell my wife, for I had made a good many promises that hadn't been kept, and I thought I'd go on alone for a while. I got up in the morning, after a terrible night, with the thirst of a chased fox upon me. Water wouldn't quench it, and I tried milk. I crept into the milk-room, alighted a straw into the edge of a cream covered pan, and sucked out the milk until only the cream was left, lowered smooth and unbroken to the bottom. Then I tried another, and another, until the fierce craving was somewhat dulled. It was a household mystery what became of the milk. No cat could lap it, my wife said, and leave the sides and cream untouched, and where did it go?

I let them talk, for the struggle was too sore and fearful to be spoken of, and I went on drinking the milk.

The road from my house to my shop lay by the greggery. When I left my gate in the morning, I took the road, and on a dead run, as if pursued, I made the distance. I ran hard all the way home to dinner, and back after that meal, never, in fact, trusting myself to walk or even take to the side-walk for months. The cure was slow. I keep all the brakes hard set yet. A single glass of hard cider would undo the work of all these years, but that glass doesn't touch my lips while the memory of those little crawling black reptiles stays with me!

"And did your wife finally learn what became of the milk?" he was asked.

"Yes," and his voice broke. "I told her on her deathbed."

"Jim, dear," she said, when I had finished, with her hand clasped in mine, "Jim, dear, I knew it all the time."

The struggle ended in victory, but who would be willing to enter upon a course that would impose upon life an experience like this?

## The Dawn of Worship.

The "dawn of worship" is to be found in the flint hatchets and other rude implements deposited with the dead, as by modern savages, testifying to some sort of belief in spirits and in a future existence. This clearly prevailed in the Neolithic and possibly in the immensely older Paleolithic period, though the evidence for the latter is at present very weak, and the first object which can be affirmed with any certainty to be an idol or attempt to represent a deity dates only from the Neolithic period, as do the cannibal feasts, which can be proved to have not infrequently accompanied the interment of important chiefs. For anything beyond this we have to descend to the historical period, and turn to early monuments, myths, and sacred books. The earliest records by far are those of the Egyptian tombs of the first four dynasties, and they tell us little more than this, that with a highly developed civilization the idea of a future life was very much that of a continuance of the present life in a tomb which was made to resemble the deceased's actual house, and with surroundings which repeated his actual belongings, while the whole complicated Egyptian mythology of symbolized gods and deified animals was of later origin. If we turn to the earliest mythologies of the Aryan and of the mixed Semitic and races of Western Asia we find them plainly originating, to a great extent, in the personification of natural forces, mainly of the sun, on which are grafted ideas of family, tribal, and national gods and of deified heroes. Sometimes, as the original meaning of the names and attributes of these gods came to be forgotten, the mythologies branched out into innumerable fables; at other times, among more simple and severe races, or with more philosophic minds in the inner circle of a hereditary priesthood, the fables of polytheism were rejected, and the idea prevailed, either of a unity of nature implying a single author, or of such a preponderance of the national god over all others as led by a different path to the same result of monotheism. The real merit of the Jewish race and of the Hebrew Scriptures is to have conceived this idea earlier, and retained it more firmly, than any of the less philosophical and more immoral religions of the ancient world; and this is a merit of which they can never be deprived, however much the literal accuracy, and consequently the inspiration and miraculous attributes, of these venerable books may be disproved and disappear.

## Minerals up the C. P. R.

In the vicinity of Sudbury there have recently been great discoveries of ore of a high grade. The general character of the ore is very much like the lodes of Butte City, Montana, some in Colorado, New Mexico, and other well-defined mining regions. The "mineral belt" extends across the continent from Nova Scotia and Newfoundland to Vancouver Island, and the veins cross it diagonally, chiefly at points of change of geological formation. The Iron Island vein, of nearly pure specular iron, is at right angles to those bearing copper and other metals. The Sudbury vein has been located from lot 5, front of 64, to lot 3, front of Snider, a distance of nine miles, on which eight rich outcrops have already been opened; and on a side vein those of Murray, Falconer, and McConnell have been slightly tested, the latter at its southern extremity being very rich in native copper and peacock ore. It here turns south-east into the main lode, the most southerly point of which abounds in native copper, gray ore, and some specks of gold. The colored rotten quartz, abounding along the whole of the veins, will probably prove at least as rich as in Montana. The percentage of copper in my selected specimens ranged from 14 to 75 per cent. iron, 50 to 60 per cent. sulphate antimony, and some silver, with traces of arsenic and gold. No thorough tests have as yet been made.

Born to blush unseen—Colored ladies

## Auber.

Auber, the celebrated French composer, was one of the few people who seem able to perform a maximum amount of work, and yet to take a minimum quantity of sleep.

His public career was somewhat late in beginning; his first real success was attained when he was thirty-eight years old, but he had won that recognition by years of previous labor patiently bestowed. He rarely slept more than four hours, and once declared to a friend that he had practically done without sleep since his twentieth year.

It once happened that Sainton, a young violinist, was invited to play at the French Court, and that he consequently asked of Auber the privilege of rehearsing the music before him.

"Come at six o'clock," said the composer

"In the evening?" asked Sainton.

"No, at six in the morning."

The young man was punctual, but on arriving at Auber's house, he was surprised to find the composer already at work at his piano.

"Ah!" said the latter, calmly, when Sainton expressed his amazement at such industry; "I have been at work since five o'clock."

Indeed, it seems as if this man was incapable of fatigue. His physician once informed him that he must leave Paris for a fortnight, for rest and change of scene. He at once set out for the country, remained there five days, working from morning till night in his room, and then rushed back to the city, having thought of nothing during his absence but the score which was to follow the one he had just finished.

He lived to the age of eighty-nine, a young man to the very last, well deserving the title bestowed on him by a French critic, two years previously: "that adorable youth of eighty-seven." He never would admit that he was old. When some one showed him a white hair on his coat-collar,—"Oh," he said, "some old man must have passed me."

"Don't you think," a lady once asked him, "that it is very unpleasant to grow old?"

"Very," he said; "but until now it has always been thought the only way of living a long time."

He died during the siege of Paris, broken-hearted at being forced out of his habits and separated from his quiet ways of life.

## The Expulsion of the Poles.

By an order which went into effect recently, the alien Poles of Prussia were expelled from the kingdom. These people are natives of Russian and Austrian Poland, who settled in the neighboring Prussian territory without becoming German citizens. By the laws of the German Empire every subject capable of bearing arms is required to serve seven years in the standing army. This duty the Poles escaped by refusing to become naturalized, and the Prussian government decided that they should no longer enjoy the advantages of a citizenship whose burdens they would not share.

The expulsion of the Poles was accompanied by great loss and suffering. Many of them were old and poor, and had lived long in their adopted country; but the order was enforced against all alike. Whole families re-entered their native land homeless and penniless. Committees were formed in the cities of Russian Poland to relieve their distressed countrymen. In Austrian Poland the action of Prussia provoked an intense feeling of hostility to Germany. German shop-keepers were boycotted and German laborers dismissed. The Russian Czar issued a decree commanding all unnaturalized Prussians to leave his dominions at once.

Even in Germany the action of Prussia was considered harsh. No sooner had the Imperial Parliament assembled than this question of the treatment of the Poles came up. Thereupon Prince Bismarck, who is both Chancellor of the German Empire and Premier of the Kingdom of Prussia, bluntly informed the delegates that they had no right to interfere in a matter which concerned Prussia alone, and was not of national importance. The Poles themselves denounced the Prussian order as worthy of a place beside such cruelties as the persecution of the Huguenots and the expulsion of the Moors from Spain.

There is exported from Africa every year 1,875,000 pounds of ivory, requiring the destruction of 65,000 elephants.