

Our Young People.

At Dinner.

"What's for dessert, I wonder?"
Then out to the kitchen he ran.
"I know," said he, with a gleam in his eye,
"It begins with apple and ends with pie—
Now guess it, dear, if you can!"
—Youth's Companion.

A Little Fiddler.

"Guess what I have in my hand,"
said Lucy, and she held her fat little
first close to Minnie's ear.
"Hear it!" she cried; and Minnie
listened intently.
"Isn't that pretty?"
"Oh, very," said Minnie. "What can
it be?"

"Guess!" cried Lucy again, laughing
heartily.
"It was no use. Minnie guessed and
guessed, and listened over and over
again to the sweet, fine little song that
went higher and lower as Lucy slightly
clapped and unclapped her hand."

It was such a queer, merry little
tune, like nothing she had ever heard
before.

"I give it up," said Minnie. Do tell
me what it is!
Lucy opened her hand and showed
Minnie a long, narrow, scarlet insect
with black spots.

"It is a fiddler," she said, "and you
only find them on milkweed plants;
one fiddler plays very well, but two do
better, let us get some more."

So the little girls ran away to some
milkweed plants near by, and were
soon enjoying fine concerts from their
odd little fiddlers.

They were very careful not to
squeeze the little players too tightly or
hurt them in any way, and after a few
tunes would let them fly away, getting
fresh fiddlers when they wanted more
music. —[Elizabeth Robinson, Youth's
Companion.

Accounted For.

I am not feeling well today,
But why I cannot see.
I had some ice cream 'cross the way,
And pancakes home for tea;

I also had some caramels,
And sugared almonds too;
And when I met with Tommy Wells
A stick of fine tolu.

But I was careful with each one—
Too much of none I ate.
It cannot be that penny bun,
And yet the pain is great.

I had six cookies, but I've had
Six cookies left before;
They've never left me feeling bad,
Nor pickles—three or more.

The soda water couldn't make
Me ill—'twas Billie's treat.
I sort of think this fearful ache
Comes wholly from the heat.

—Harper's Young People.

"Freshman"

(By Jeanie Brooks.)

She was a little bit of a gray cat, with
five brothers and sisters, named respec-
tively "Sophomore," "Junior,"
"Senior," "Elizabeth Eliza," and "Sol-
omon John." "By these presents" you
will know that they were all born in a
classic old college town. Their lineage
was distinguished, bearing it in the
names of eminent theologians, his-
torians, writers of fiction, and the far-
famed family of the "Peterkins," of
which witness is this generation "Eliz-
abeth Eliza" and "Solomon John."
The mother of this little family was
named Miss Crowe, after a certain wise
principal in a school—well, we won't
say where.

However, when Miss Crowe found
thrust upon her the above-mentioned
clashes, though only one pupil in each,
she was promptly dubbed "Mrs
Teazle," as more compatible with her
dignity. While her kittens were very
young, Mrs. Teazle gave them fairly
good care; but when they tumbled out
of the basket where they had been
snuggly cuddled for weeks, and came, a
lot of fluffy gray balls, staggering over
the grass at her heels, the little mamma
was simply frightened out of all reason.

Lifting first one foot and then another,
stepping over and around them, she
basked to a tree, where she sur-
veyed with indifference the dismay
of the kittens. Following the fashion
of Mrs. Teazle, each little cat
proudly and invariably carried
her bit of a tail aloft triumphantly,
conscious of high birth and the bluest
of blue blood, and by this sign Mrs.
"T." and all Mrs. "T.'s" family were
known through the length of the land.
Not until four of Mrs. Teazle's chil-
dren had been given away could she be
persuaded to resume the care of any
of them; but, after that, "Freshman"
and "Solomon John" received her
motherly attention and love, with only
an occasional brief vacation of a few
days. "Solomon John" was of a
melancholy disposition, and when
"Freshman" pranced after grasshoppers
and make-believe mice he merely
looked on dismally, as though nothing
was worth while; and finally he con-
cluded that even breathing was too
much force expended for too little
gain, and, bidding good-bye to "Fresh-

man," he departed to another (cat)
country.

Freshman was lonely after this sad
event, for though Solomon John cer-
tainly had been discouraging to live
with, still he was at least an audience
and some one to cling to when Mrs.
Teazle was on her travels; and so, one
sunny afternoon when the children to
whom she belonged were taking their
nap, Freshman decided to enlarge her
acquaintance and her ideas of the
world in general and perhaps—
who knows?—find a trace of
her errant mamma. She picked her
way daintily through the long grass,
crept fearfully down the terrace and
across the country road, turning into a
green lane, where she walked
on and on, occasionally frolicking
with the yellow butterflies that were
tilting on the dandelions, or giving the
grasshoppers a playful pat, until she
reached the bars of a gate where the
lane ended. Climbing carefully over
the lowest one, Freshman found herself
in a desolate spot, for the house in this
yard was empty, with the weeds and
grass rioting everywhere. She mewed
unhappily a while, and then curled her-
self up on the long porch run-
ning along the back of the house,
to rest and wonder what she would do
next. She was just dropping away
into a cat-nap, when around the house
came a most curious object—a some-
thing big and gray and fluffy, and this
something also had a tail—a tail held
straight up in the air! It was, it
surely must be, her mother! In little
quick springs kitty reached the side of
this object. "How big she looks,"
thought kitty, "and what's the matter
with her mouth?" In place of nice
long whiskers and a soft pink nose,
there was a sharp beak from which
issued angry and outraged "cluck-
clucks," as if she was trying to
say, "What do you mean by this? I'm
an old respectable hen, and haven't
any time to fool around with saucy
creatures like you!" But Freshman
walked round and round her, purring
delightedly, feeling sure some curious
and unaccountable change had taken
place, for though her face was different
and her manner not courteous, not
even civil, still she was gray, and soft
and downy, just like her own mamma,
and the way she carried her tail iden-
tified her anyway; so kitty decided that
it was all part of a play, and frisked
gayly around the astonished hen, giv-
ing her delighted pats from which
Madam Hen dodged vainly. Where
she went kitty followed, rearing herself
on her hind paws to fall gleefully on
the head of the unhappy hen as she
stooped for a morsel to eat. Then
with a rush the hen essayed to jump on
Freshman literally, who danced side-
wise and grabbed at the tail of the hen
as she went cackling past. To say
the old hen didn't like it one bit was to
put it mildly. She wasn't used to cats,
or even kittens, and "she didn't like
'em, anyway," and though kitty fol-
lowed her around all the afternoon, as
she stalked about in high dudgeon, she
never dreamed she was being taken for
her mamma.

When the shadows were long on the
grass, the hen started for home, kitty
trotting by her side. Down the lane
again still farther away from home,
and over a high fence (kitty crept
under); and when the hen came to
the ground inside the barnyard, her
devoted little friend awaited her, which
was more than the harassed fowl
could bear, and with screeches of rage
and fear she scuttled over the ground,
with Freshman in mad pursuit, and
the men who were milking cheering on
the race with shouts of laughter. Then
one of them grabbed up Miss Kitty,
saying, "Why, this is Sydney's kitten,
and she belongs to Mrs. Teazle, who
lives at the T—'s. Look at her
tail!" And so Sydney's kitten was
carried home, to find her real mother
returned from her travels, and ready
with a gentle cuff for truant kittens.
But to this day little Miss Freshman
looks with wondering eyes at her
mamma, momentarily expecting her to
be transformed into the marvelous
creature she had such a glorious time
with on that eventful afternoon. —[The
Outlook.

Are there not women who inspire us
with courtesy, who unloose our tongues,
and we speak; who anoint our eyes, and
we see? We say things we never thought
to have said. For once, our walls of
habitual reserve vanished and left us at
large; we were children playing with
children in a wide field of flowers. Sleep
us, we cried, in these influences for days,
for weeks, and we shall be sunny poets, and
write out in many-colored words the
romance that you are.—[Emerson.

In Love With His Mother.

Of all the love affairs in the world
none can surpass the true love of a big
boy for his mother. It is pure and
noble, honorable to the highest degree
in both. I do not mean merely a
dutiful affection. I mean a love that
makes a boy gallant and courteous to
his mother, saying to everybody plainly
that he is fairly in love with her. Next
to the love of a husband, nothing so
crowns a woman's life with honor as
this second love, this devotion of a
son to her. I never yet knew a boy
to turn out bad who began by falling in
love with his mother. Any man may
fall in love with a fresh-faced girl, and
the man who is gallant with the girl
may cruelly neglect his worn and
weary wife, but the boy who is a lover
of his mother in her middle age is a
true knight, who will love his wife as
much in her serene autumn as he did
in the daisied springtime.

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be transformed into the marvelous
creature she had such a glorious time
with on that eventful afternoon. —[The
Outlook.

Follow Me 'Ome."

There was no one like 'im 'Orse or
Foot,
Nor any o' the Guns I knew;
An' because it was so, why o' course 'e
went an' died,
Which is just what the best men do.

So it's knock out your pipes an' follow
me!
An' it's finish up your swipes an' follow
me!

O, 'ark to the big drum callin'—
Follow me—follow me 'ome!

'Is mare she neighs the 'ole day long—
She paws the 'ole night through,
An' she won't take 'er feed cause o'
waiting for 's step,
Which is just what a beast would do.

'Is girl she goes with a bombardier
Before 'er month is through;
An' the banners are up in church, for
she's got the beggar hooked,
Which is just what a girl would do.

We fought 'bout a dog—last week it
were—
No more than a round or two;
But I struck 'm cruel 'ard, an' I wish I
'adn't now,
Which is just what a man can't do.

'E was all that I 'ad in the way of a
friend,
An' I've 'ad to find one new;
But I'd give my pay an' stripe for to
get the beggar back,
Which is just too late to do.

So it's knock out your pipes an' follow
me,
An' it's finish off your swipes an' follow
me—
Oh, 'ark to the fife a crawlin'!
Follow me—follow me 'ome!

Take 'im away! 'E's gone where the
best men go.
Take 'im away! An' the gun-wheels
turnin' slow!
Take 'im away! There's more from
the place 'e come.
Take 'im away, with the limber an' the
drum.

For it's "Three rounds blank" an' fol-
low me;
An' it's a "Thirteen rank" an' follow
me;
Oh, passin' the love o' women,
Follow me—follow me 'ome!

—Rudyard Kipling in the Pall Mall
Magazine.

Youth and Time.

Move not so lightly, Time, away,
Grant us a breathing space of tender
ruth;
Deal not so harshly with the flying
day,
Leave us the charm of spring, the
touch of youth.

You offer us largess of power,
You offer fame, we ask not these in
sooth,
These comfort age upon his failing
hour,
But oh, the charm of spring, the
touch of youth!

—Duncan Campbell Scott.

George Eliot.

Madame Beloc, who knew George
Eliot well, says that she was "the liv-
ing incarnation of English dissent."
She had "chapel" written in every line
of the thoughtful, somewhat severe
face—not the flourishing dissent of
Spurgeon or Parker, or the florid kind-
liness of Henry Ward Beecher, or the
culture of Stopford Brooke, but the
dissent of Jonathan Edwards, of Philip
Henry, of John Wesley, as he was ul-
timately forced to be. Her horror of a
lie, her unflinching industry and sedu-
lous use of all her talents, her extraordi-

With the Poets.

A Madrigal.

Who is she that you love?
Oh, I adore her!
How do you worship her?
I bow before her.

What is she that you love?
Her ways are honor!
Who worships her?
Whoever looks upon her.

And is she fair, thy love?
As skies a-clearing!
And stately is she?
As stars appearing!

And is she true, thy love?
There is none truer!
And is she good, thy love?
Go thou and view her!

And did she tell her love?
She did dissemble.
How knew you that she loved?
I saw her tremble.

And when she trembled—then?
I knelt beside her.
And then? Why, then—why, then,
Sweet joy betide her!

—Mitchell.

After School.

When all my lessons have been
learned,
And the last year at school is done,
I shall put up my books and games:
"Good-by, my fellows, every one!"

The dusty road will not seem long,
Nor twilight lonely, nor forlorn
The everlasting whippoorwills
That lead me back where I was born.

And there beside the open door,
In a large country dim and cool,
Her waiting smile shall hear at last,
"Mother, I am come home from
school."

—Bliss Carmen in Harper's Bazar.

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timately forced to be. Her horror of a
lie, her unflinching industry and sedu-
lous use of all her talents, her extraordi-

nary courage, even her dress, which,
spend as she might and ultimately did,
could never be lifted into fashion, and
retained a certain solemnity of art and
gesture, like an eighteenth century edi-
tion applied to clothes—everything
about her, to me, suggested Bunyan in
his Bedford prison, or Mary Bosanquet
watched by Fletcher of Madeley, as
she bore the pelting of stones in the
streets of Northampton.

Poet and Musician.

One of the most beautiful and inter-
esting things to be remembered con-
cerning Sidney Lanier, the poet whose
life was full of promise and who nobly
fulfilled it so far as time and disease
would let him, is his love of music. A
recent writer in the Independent
quotes the words of another, saying:

"I have never cared for the flute, but
to me Lanier did not 'play the flute'; I
only heard a voice breathing unutter-
able longings and messages of joy and
sorrow."

His playing did not seem to present
the bare melody. It was a creator of
broken chords and of unexpected
cadenzas, like those of a bird. The
effect of this was illustrated during the
winter of 1873, when he was called
upon to play a solo at the meeting of a
choral society in San Antonio. When
he had finished the old German leader
ran over to him, seized his hand and
exclaimed:

"I haf never heird de flude accom-
pany itself before!"

In his youth Lanier was always im-
provising, and when a friend once
asked him how he could invariably
respond when asked to play, he replied
that he was forever hearing a flow of
melody and needed only to utter it in
tone. His great difficulty was to keep
from listening to it when outside mat-
ters demanded his attention.

"When he played before Dr. Dam-
rosch in New York, he confided to him
his wish to pursue the study of music.
"Do you know what that means?"
asked Damrosch. "It means a great
deal of work, a thousand sacrifices. It
is very hazardous."

"I know all that," said Lanier. "It
is not a matter of mere preference. I
must be a musician. It is a spiritual
necessity."

But ill health fettered him, and the
necessity of earning a living kept him
too busy even to devote himself to his
beloved poetry. He died young, but
never to be forgotten.

Silver-Mine Rats.

Rats are believed to have been
brought to the Comstock towns from
California in freight wagons, probably
in big "prairie schooners," among
boxes and crates of goods. Once
there, they multiplied at a prodigious
rate, especially after they discovered
the mines. Underground there were
no cats to trouble them; and man,
who was their enemy on the surface,
was here their friend and protector.

He shared his meal with them, says
the Engineering Journal, and they
scampered about him with perfect im-
punity.

The warmth, too, was very con-
genial to the rats, both old and young.
Cold was a thing unknown. As it
were, they had been furnished with
immense hot-houses in which to breed.

Any temperature they wished, from
60 degrees to 130, was at their
service.

Rats are useful as mine scavengers.
They devour all the scraps of meat
and other food thrown upon the
ground by the men, and eat even the
hardest bones. As the decay of the
smallest thing becomes unendurable
in a mine, the miners never intention-
ally kill a rat.

The men have a high opinion of the
rats' sagacity. From them they often
receive the first intimation of coming
danger. When a big cavein is about
to occur the rats swarm out of the
drifts and scamper about the floors of
a level at unwonted times. The setting
of the waste rock probably pinches the
rats in their dens, and causes them to
seek new and less dangerous quarters.

At times, when a mine has been shut
down for a few weeks, the rats become
ravenously hungry. Then they do not
scruple to devour the young, old and
weak of their own kind. When work
is resumed the almost famished crea-
tures are astonishingly bold. They
jump upon the underground engines,
even when they are in rapid motion,
and drink the oil out of the oil-cups,
quite regardless of the presence of the
engineers.

A fire in a mine slaughters the rats
by the wholesale. Few escape, as the
gases penetrate every cranny, often so
suddenly as to asphyxiate the rats be-
fore they can make their way out.

To Build Up.

both the flesh and the strength of pale,
puny, scrofulous children, get Dr.
Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.
It's the best thing known for a wasted
body and a weakened system. It
thoroughly purifies the blood, enriches
it, and makes effective every natural
means of cleansing, repairing and
nourishing the system. In recovering
from "La Grippe," pneumonia, fevers
or other debilitating diseases, nothing
can equal it as an appetizing, restora-
tive tonic to bring back health and
vigor. Cures nervous and general
debility.

All diseases of lower bowel, includ-
ing rupture and pile tumors, radically
cured. Book of particulars free.
World's Dispensary Medical Associa-
tion, 663 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Just for Fun.

She—I rode down in the same horse
car with you yesterday.
He—Strange I didn't see you.
She—Not at all. You were sitting
down.

+++
"Are you going away for the sum-
mer, Snaggs?" asked Snipkins. "Don't
need to," replied Snaggs. The sum-
mer is still here."

+++
Mr. Whitewings—Say, I hear you've
been callin' me a fool.
Uncle Pete—I didn't call yer a fool.
I aint no sech a fool as ter say every-
thing I thinks.

+++
THE FOREIGN IDEA.—American girl
—Oh, yes. My home was in California,
but I went to school in Boston.
Interested Foreigner—Ach, so. Did
you go home at nights?

+++
Banks—What do you think of the
story about Jonah being three days in-
side of the whale?
Tanks—It's a good thing; I've given
my wife worse excuses than that.

+++
TIME BY THE FORELOCK.—Alder-
man McShwin—Of want ye 'tlay boi
an office fer me brother.
Mayor Grantall—I did not know
you had any brothers in this country.
Alderman McShwin—Of ave 'not,
but wan av thim is comin'.

+++
Some visitors were strolling through
an art gallery, and had paused between
the long rows of statuary.
"This," said the leader, with a wave
of his hand toward a creation in plas-
ter, "this is Apollo, and that one over
there is his wife—Apolinaris."

+++
A young gentleman was passing an
examination on physics. He was
asked "What planets were known to
the ancients?"
"Well sir," he responded, "there was
Venus and Jupiter, and"—after a pause
—"I think the Earth; but I am not
quite certain."

+++
In one of the more fashionable quar-
ters of Chicago, according to the
Times, there lives a jovial, elderly
Irishman who has made a fortune as a
contractor. With all his wealth and
his fashionable surroundings, he has
never forgotten the friends of his
youth, and likes to have them about
him, especially one Casey, a boss
mason, who still lives in the Goose
Island district.

Casey does not feel exactly at home
in the big house, but out of regard for
his old friend often spends an evening
there with him. The two commonly
retire to the contractor's den, where
they chat and smoke to their hearts'
content.

On a recent occasion of this sort a
heavy rain set in just as it came time
for the visitor to take his leave.
"Look here, Mike," said the con-
tractor, as they reached the door,
"there's no need of your goin' home in
this flood. I have a spare room up-
stairs. Stay over night wid me."

"All right, Tim," replied Casey, "O!
will. The old woman won't worry."
The contractor summoned a servant
and had Casey shown to the "spare
room." Then he returned to his den
to look over the plans of a new block
he had on hand. The work kept him
absorbed till nearly midnight, when he
was startled by a sharp ring at the
door-bell. Everyone else had retired,
and he answered the bell in person.
When he opened the front door there
stood Casey, dripping wet, with a smile
on his face.

"How's this, Mike!" exclaimed the
contractor. "I thought ye was to stay
all night here."
"So I am, me boy!" replied the
smiling Casey. "That's why I went
home for me pipe."

Liquor and Poverty.

Commissioner of Labor Carroll D.
Wright, has just forwarded to the pre-
sident the results of his investigations,
ordered by Congress, of the slum dis-
tricts of New York, Philadelphia, Bal-
timore and Chicago. Two points
have a most important relation. In
the first he shows where saloons thrive:

In the city of New York there was,
at the time of the investigation, one
liquor saloon to every 200 persons,
but in the slum district canvassed
there was one saloon to every 120 per-
sons. In Philadelphia, in the city at
large, there was one saloon to every
870 persons, but in the slum district
canvassed there was one such saloon
to every 502 persons. In Baltimore,
in the city at large, there was one
saloon to every 228 persons, but in the
slum district canvassed there was one
saloon to every 105 persons. In Chi-
cago, in the city at large, there was
one saloon to every 212 persons, while
in the district canvassed there was one
saloon to every 127 persons. In these
calculations fractions have been
dropped.

Farther along he says of "earnings":
The earnings of the people living
in the slum districts canvassed are
quite above the average of the people
generally and at large, but as there are
no data with which to make compar-
isons of average earnings the results of
this investigation must practically
stand alone; yet from all that can be
learned from various sources the state-
ment made is believed to be correct.

From which the inference is plain,
abolish the saloon and the poverty of
the slum will disappear.

Adopted Names.