

Day Dreams.

While the slighted grammar unopened lay
The little maid dreamed of a fairy clue.
A magic thread that led far and away
The deep, tangled maze of the forest
through:—

"Oh! I wish there were things to do to-day,
Queer riddles to solve, great prizes to gain,
Enchantments to break, magicians to slay,
And that I, a queen, on a throne might
reign!

"But the puzzles are lost, the queens are
dead,
And there's nothing to do," she sighed and
said.

A little lad leaned on his hoe in the morn,
And longed for a horse and a burnished
shield,
To ride away from the pumpkins and corn,
To the tounny's lists on the tented field:—

"Oh! I wish there were things to do to-day,
Great dragons to kill and battles to fight;
I would break a lance in the fiercest fray,
I would fling a glove at the proudest
knight.

"But honour is lost, and glory has fled,
And there's nothing to do," he sighed and
said.

And the poor little maiden never knew
That knowledge was ready to crown her
queen,

And the clue that led this labyrinth through
Lay hidden the leaves of her book between.

And the little lad never even guessed
That the dragon Sloth conquered him that
day,

While he lightly dreamed of some idle quest,
And his unused hoe in the young corn lay.

But honour and fame passed the dreamers by,
And crowned brave Toil, who found no time
to sigh.

How Shall We Divide?

It is a rather difficult problem to divide one orange among three people. I am inclined to think that the little girl will get the largest share. I want to call attention to the admirable quality of the engravings that are being given in our Sabbath-school papers. How well the dark eyes and rounded cheeks, and the very texture of the large white sleeves of these Italian dresses are given!

A Russian Railway Station.

The following description of a railway station in the Ural Mountains, is taken from George Kennan's illustrated account of his trip across the Russian frontier, in the *May Century*. It will be read with surprise and peculiar interest by many in America, the railway country:—

"We were greatly surprised to find in this wild mining country of the Ural, and on the very remotest frontier of European Russia, a railroad so well built, perfectly equipped, and luxuriously appointed, as the road over which we were travelling from Perm to Ekaterineburg. The stations were the very best we had seen in Russia; the road-bed was solid, and well ballasted; the rolling-stock would not have suffered in comparison with that of the best lines in the empire; and the whole railroad property seemed to be in the most perfect possible order.

"Unusual attention evidently had been paid to the ornamentation of the grounds lying adjacent to the stations and the track. Even the versts-posts were set in neatly-fitted mosaics, three or four feet in diameter, of coloured Ural stones.

"The station of Nizhni Tagil, on the Asiatic slope of the mountains, where we stopped half-an-hour for dinner, would have been in the highest degree creditable to the best railroad in the United States. The substantial station-building, which was a hundred feet or more in length, with a covered platform, twenty feet wide, extending along the whole front, was tastefully painted in shades of brown, and had a red sheet-iron roof. It stood in the middle of a large, artistically planned park or garden, whose smooth, velvety green sward was broken by beds of blossoming flowers, and shaded by the feathery foliage of graceful white-stemmed birches; whose winding walks were bordered by neatly trimmed hedges; and whose air was filled with the perfume of wild roses and the murmuring plash of falling water from the slender jet of a sparkling fountain.

"The dining-room of the station had a floor of polished oak inlaid in geometrical patterns, a high dado of dark carved wood, walls covered with oak-grain paper, and a stucco cornice in relief. Down the centre of the room ran a long dining-table, beautifully set with tasteful china, snowy napkins, high glass epergnes, and crystal candelabra, and ornamented with potted plants, little cedar-trees in green tubs, bouquets of cut flowers, artistic pyramids of polished wine, bottles, druggists' jars of coloured water, and an aquarium full of fish-plants, and artificial rockwork.

"The chairs around the table were of dark hard wood, elaborately turned and carved. At one end of the room was a costly clock, as large as an American jeweller's "regulator," and at the other end stood a huge bronzed oven, by which the apartment was warmed in winter.

"The waiters were all in evening dress, with low-cut waistcoats, spotless shirt fronts, and white ties; and the cooks, who filled the waiters' orders as in an English grill-room, were dressed from head to foot in white linen, and wore square white caps.

"It is not an exaggeration to say that this was one of the neatest, most tastefully furnished, and most attractive public dining-rooms that I ever entered in any part of the world; and as I sat there, eating a well-cooked and well-served dinner of four courses, I found it utterly impossible to realize that I was in the unheard-of-mining settlement of Nizhni Tagil, on the Asiatic side of the mountains of the Ural. This, however, was our last glimpse of civilized luxury for many long, weary months, and after that day we did not see a railway station for almost a year."

Make Your Daughters Independent.

From an "Open Letter," in *The Century*, for May, we quote as follows:—"Would it not be wiser far to induce young girls in thousands of happy, prosperous homes, to make ample provision for any and all emergencies that the future may have in store for them? Could a better use be found for some of the years that intervene between the time a girl leaves school and the time she may reasonably hope to marry?"

"The field for woman's work has been opened up of late years in so many different directions, that a vocation can easily be found, outside the profession of teaching, that will be quite as congenial to refined tastes, and considerably more lucrative. Book-keeping, type-writing, telegraphy, stenography, engraving, dentistry, medicine, nursing, and a dozen other occupations might be mentioned.

"Then, too, industrial schools might be established, where the daughters of wealthy parents could be trained in the practical details of any particular industry for which they displayed a special aptitude. If it is not beneath the sons and daughters of a monarch to learn a trade, it ought not to be beneath the sons and daughters of republican America to emulate their good example, provided they possess the requisite ability to do so.

"Two years will suffice to make any bright, quick girl conversant with all the mysteries of the art of house-keeping, especially if she be wise enough to study the art practically as well as theoretically. The management of servants, and the care of the sick and children, will be incidentally learned in most homes, and can be supplemented by a more extended study of physiology, hygiene, etc., than was possible at school. Sewing need not be neglected either; while leisure will readily be found for reading, or any other recreation that may suit individual tastes. Another year, or longer, may be added to the time devoted to these pursuits, if desired. But, above all, let two or three years be conscientiously set apart for the express purpose of acquiring a thorough experimental knowledge of some art or vocation which would render its possessor self-supporting, and, consequently, independent.

"If the tide of public opinion favoring such a course would but set in, many a one would be spared untold suffering and misery in after-life. Let the rich set the example in this matter. They can afford to do whatever pleases them, and, therefore, have it in their power to mould public opinion. Be not afraid, girls, that you will find your self-imposed task irksome. Remember that occupation is necessary to happiness, and that there is no reason why you should not dream while you work.

"The cry will be raised that there

is danger that such a plan as the one advocated here will tend to give girls a distaste for the quiet retirement of home, but there is little cause for fear. Not one girl in twenty will voluntarily choose a business life in preference to domestic happiness. Indeed, it is absolutely certain that happy marriages would be promoted by this very independence among women. Not being at leisure to nurse every passing fancy, girls would elect to wait patiently until the light of true love came into their lives."

Fishing for an Alligator.

An alligator usually avoids human beings, but if it happens to get a taste of human flesh it becomes a man-eater. One evening an English official, while sitting in his tent near an East Indian village, was saluted by an old native, with dust upon his head and his clothing rent.

"Protector of the poor," he cried, prostrating himself at the official's feet, "help thy wretched slave! An evil-minded alligator has this day devoured my little daughter. She went down to the river to fill her earthen jar with water, and the evil one dragged her into the stream, and devoured her. Alas! she had on her gold bangles. Great is my misfortune!"

Dismissing the suppliant, the Englishman began thinking out a plan for catching the cunning saurian. He decided upon a floating bait, and ordered the village blacksmith to make him two strong fish-hooks.

Early the next morning the Englishman, followed by the villagers, stole down to the bank of the river. A live fat duck, with a fish-hook fastened under each wing, was the floating bait. Each hook was attached by a strong cord to a stout line, buoyed at regular distances by net floats.

The struggling duck was carefully put in the river, and went sailing down the current, flapping and quacking, until it floated near the hole in which the alligator lurked.

Suddenly the long waves parted in the dark current before a snouted head. There was a splash and a swirl. The duck disappeared, and the line began to run out swiftly. Its shore end had been fastened to a tree-stump, and, amid yells and execrations, the villagers tugged at the rope—now paying out and then pulling in.

At last he was drawn into shallow water, where he lashed and circled with his mighty tail, until shot in the head. On cutting him open the gold bangles were found in his stomach, and their recovery afforded consolation to the bereaved parents.

A FIVE-YEAR-OLD returned from his first day at school disgusted with the ignorance of his teacher: "Why," he said, with tremendous indignation, "she kept asking me questions all the time. She even asked how much two and two were!"