

## Our Young People.

### A True Fairy Tale.

Do you know of the house  
Where ginger-snaps grow?  
Where tarts for us children  
March out in a row?  
Where wishing is having,  
Where— isn't it grand!  
Just up in the garret  
Is real Fairy-land?  
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.  
—Youths' Companion.

### Saved by a Goose.

"Mamma says these are God's flowers, but he has so many flowers I know he won't care if I pick some," said little Mary Ellis, darting up the hill in her red frock, her hands full of golden dandelions, and her auburn hair blowing in the wind.

"How bright and gay you look, you dear! Don't run away from me," said I, stopping to catch the child.

"Well, then," said she, coolly, "I won't if you'll put me on that rock."

I lifted and placed her on the rock.

"Oh, pretty, pretty!" she cried, drawing a breath of delight. "I can see all the folks in the world, and all the houses! I can see your house, auntie."

"My house was the dear old brown house that we loved, tucked into a hollow between high elm trees, and we had come away and left nobody in it but grandma and the cat."

Well you may sit here awhile, and look at the houses and curl dandelion stems," said I, "but I cannot talk to you, for I am going to write."

"Well, then, write about me, please, auntie, tell 'em I came from Boston. Tell 'em my papa's mamma came, too; but they've gone a-riding, and Fanny's gone a-riding."

"Little Mary," said I, "I'm in a great hurry about my story; and you are such a dear, good, happy little girl that I know you will be willing to let me go and sit under that big tree and write it. You won't talk, will you?"

"No, I won't talk. Kiss me 'fore you go. Oh, what queer little ticks you've got in your eyelids!" she said, smoothing out my tired wrinkles with her soft hand, and gazing admiring at my old face.

"Good-by, darling," said I, hurrying to a large oak tree with my writing pad and paper and pencil. But little Mary kept on chattering to herself all the same. Her voice had a cooing, pleasant sound, like the twitter of a bird on a bough; and I was not at all disturbed till she began to ask questions again.

"When will I be go, auntie?"

"Oh, not for a long time!"

"Am I so now, auntie?"

"No, you are only 3. But please be quiet, dear!"

She obeyed nearly a minute, and then called out again in her clear, little voice: "Will tomorrow be Sunday?"

"No."

"Oh! it won't be Sunday again till Thursday, will it?"

Sweet little torment! Dearly as I loved her, I did wish somebody else had charge of her that morning. Why need her sister Fanny have gone to ride when she knew I was so very busy?

I rose and went back to the rock. "Let me take you down, little Mary! Don't you want to go home?"

"Oh, no! Oh, no!" said she, clinging to the rock with both hands, and spilling half her dandelions.

"Well, then, I must go to another tree farther away; for you talk too much. But how will you get down when I am gone?"

"I'll ring a bell," laughed she, gayly; and I laughed, too, just for thinking what a little goose she was. I told her she was a goose, turned away, and left her still talking.

"Little chatterbox!" thought I; "she would talk to the very flies and mosquitoes."

"Funny fire, funny fire," I heard her say; and I did not move my head; had already wasted much precious time in listening to her prattle. Little red fire! Auntie, aun-tee! See that funny fire! What made 'em make it top of your house?"

Then I turned, you may be sure. I felt my heart stop beating. I turned, and looked down the hill where our house stood. And, indeed, there was a fire 'top of it'—a red flame shooting up from the roof!

How it came there I could not guess. I think now a spark must have blown over from the railway engine. But, oh, the horror of it!—our house burning, and the dear old mother all alone in it! I had left her in her chamber, peacefully making a cap, and that fire was blazing right over her head!

I tore down the hill, shouting "Fire! Fire! FIRE!"

I met a man, I met a boy. It was not two minutes—it seemed hours—before the bells were ringing and the fire engine clanging through the street.

I entered our yard just ahead of the

engine. The dear mother came to the door to meet me with an anxious face. "Is anybody's house on fire?" she cried.

Anybody's house! She understood it all in a moment. The engine hurried up the gravel path, and the water from the hose began to play upon the roof like a heavy rain storm. That red flame, which had been growing and growing, was beaten down and drowned out before it had done any serious harm, and our home was saved.

Yes, and it was little Mary who saved it. It was a restless, bright-eyed, chattering baby. Not another soul in town had seen the fire when Mary spied it, bless her heart!

"It was a goose that saved Rome, you know," said I to Mary's mamma, when she got back from her drive. We were all so happy that we laughed at every little thing, and made ice cream for Mary, and let her give some to the cat in the best China bowl; and, when the bowl broke, we only laughed again.

Little Mary did not know why I held her so close that night, and cried over her, declaring she was "no goose after all." She did not know why I gave her a silver cup lined with gold, on the day she went home to Boston. "But you will know sometime," said I.

"Will I know when I'm 90?" she asked, joyfully flourishing the cup over my nose.

"But, oh, auntie! who did build that funny little fire top o' your house?"—[Congregationalist.

### How It Happened.

"Dear me!" said the Summer, While packing her grip And cleaning her house

For a long southern trip, "Here's a pot of red paint I've just found left over

(I mixed it with white To color the clover.) I can't bear to leave it,

It seems such a waste, And I can't take it with me, I'm in too great haste,

Just then, as quickly She lifted her eye, A bush with red berries

She saw standing by. She caught up her brush As quick as a wink,

And said, with a laugh, "I'll use it, I think." So she laid on the paint

With a regular splash, And made a red berry At every dash.

And that's how it happened, In my autumn walks, I found that red bush

With its fiery stalks. Now, I've told you this tale, How it all came about,

I'm sure you'll believe it, Without any doubt. —The Outlook.

### From Jaffa to Jerusalem.

The railway from Jaffa to Jerusalem has witnessed a year of its operation, and the results are most encouraging. The line, which is a single one, is 54 1/2 miles in length, and its course rises from a little over sea level at Jaffa to 2,500 feet above the level of the sea before it reaches Jerusalem. The travel has constantly increased. It may interest our readers to see the actual time table, which is as follows:

Jaffa.....leave.....2:20 Jerusalem.....leave.....7:15  
Lydda.....arr.....2:56 Bittir.....arr.....7:44  
Ramleh.....arr.....3:03 Beer-Sheva.....arr.....8:01  
Sajed.....arr.....3:30 Sajed.....arr.....8:28  
Beer-Sheva.....arr.....4:07 Ramleh.....arr.....8:53  
Bittir.....arr.....4:24 Lydda.....arr.....9:12  
Jerusalem.....arr.....5:35 Jaffa.....arr.....10:59

The fare is \$3 for a single ticket and \$4 for a return ticket first-class, and \$1 either way second-class. Besides the two passenger trains, there are also two freight trains which run each way, starting at night from Jerusalem and Jaffa respectively. The road at Rehaim travels right through the Valley of the Giants—the very heart of Old Testament history and heroism. For it was in this Valley of the Giants that David fought his great battles with the Philistines, and here occurred some of the noblest incidents in Bible history.

What a change time has made among these sacred hills of Palestine! To the sleepy inhabitants of Jerusalem and to the Jews lamenting by the great stones of the ruined temple, the first shriek of the steam-whistle must have come with startling effect; the noise and hurry of our modern methods of working being in such strange contrast to the proceedings of the ancient Jews when that great temple rose in all its original splendor and magnificence, growing silently as a tree grows, for there was "neither hammer nor axe nor any tool of iron heard in the house while it was building." But it is the destiny of man to move forward, leaving old things behind and inventing new; and even the Holy Land is not to be free from the modern spirit and its aggressive enterprise. And better so. In this way the past takes on the garb of romance, but more than that, the railway is no mean helper to the missionary, no inefficient promoter of that force which it is declared will certainly win the whole world for Christ.—[The Interior.

Why will you allow a cough to lacerate your throat or lungs and run the risk of filling a consumptive's grave, when, by the timely use of Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup the pain can be allayed and the danger avoided. This Syrup is pleasant to the taste, and unsurpassed for relieving, healing, and curing all affections of the throat and lungs, coughs, colds, bronchitis, etc.

## With the Poets.

### What Endures?

What do you think endures?  
Do you think the great city endures?  
Or a teeming manufacturing state, or a prepared constitution, or the best built steamships,  
Or hotels of granite and iron, or any chef-d'oeuvre of engineering, forts, armaments?

Away! these are not to be cherished for themselves;  
They fill their hour; the dancers dance; the musicians play for them;  
The show passes; all does well enough of course;  
All does very well till one flash of defiance.

The great city is that which has the greatest man or woman;  
If it be a few ragged huts, it is still the greatest city in the whole world.  
—Walt Whitman.

### Love and Faith.

On white leaves of the lily with fiery blood of rose  
I write to thee a letter, a love-song I compose.

As airy and as fragrant as spring in lane and field,  
The zephyr gently folds it, with dew-drops it is sealed.

The honey-bee will bring it to thee in moonlight fair;  
Its sting is sharp and poisonous: dear little love, take care.

For hast thou me forgotten, and art thou not more mine?  
It painfully is piercing deep in the heart of thine.

But if, in faith unbroken, in love thy heart was stout,  
It will with honey sprinkle thy little rosy mouth.

Then I myself will hasten forever to thy side,  
To strew thee with sweet manna, with kisses and delight.

—Hungarian song, translated by Henry Faust.

### Selected From "Lake Island of Inisfree."

I will arise and go now, and go to Inisfree,  
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made.

Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee,  
And live alone in the bee-land glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,  
Dropping from the veils of morning to where the cricket sings;

There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,  
And evening full of the linns wings.

I will rise and go now, for all night and day,  
I hear lake-water lapping with low sounds by the shore;

While I stand on the roadway or on the pavement gray,  
I hear it in the deep heart's core.  
—W. B. Yeats.

### Yellow.

A northern sun tinged with sorrow light,  
A sea that swoons on leagues of citron sand;

While in the dreamy background grimly stand  
Groves of weird willows sere by autumn's blight.

The sky in straw strips is covered quite  
By indolent clouds which, nonchalantly fanned

By drowsier winds, blend on the aureate land  
With stacks of wheat, ungarnered, dry and bright.

A golden dusk serenely falls and fades  
As if it shrank to love the sere earth more;

Sky, clouds and leaves fuse in one color rare,  
While by the sad waves, flecked with fluctuant shades

A blond girl watches the mad sea-gulls soar,  
With scraps of sunlight in her wind-loved hair.

—Francis Saltus.

### An Old Lady's Boast.

Those who have charge of charitable institutions for the aged poor will tell you that no topic is more pleasing to some poor old women than the discussion of their "better days," when they were the fortunate possessors of "everything heart could wish for," as they are apt to express it.

One old lady never tires of describing the finery she had when she was a bride; another boasts of having once owned a "gold-band chany tea set" and six "solid silver teaspoons;" while a third dwells at great length on the elegance of a flowered silk gown and a satin parasol with fringe fifteen inches long that she once owned.

One poor old woman never says anything until the others are done boasting. Then she calmly remarks: "Well, I never had no chany tea things, nor no silk gowns nor embroidered petticoats, nor openwork stockings, nor gold ear-drops, nor nothing of that sort; but I have had four husbands, an' I'd like to know if any of you can beat THAT!"

### The Jews' Creed.

In the eleventh century, Moses Maimonides compiled a summary of the religious views of the Jews, and it has since been the confession of the orthodox Hebrews. Maimonides holds a most exalted position among the Jews. In the thirteenth century they said: "From Moses (the lawgiver) to Moses (Maimonides) there is none like Moses (Maimonides)."

This is the Jews' creed, as given in the Danskeren, Copenhagen:

"I believe, with a true and perfect faith, that God is the Creator, Governor and Maker of all things; and that He hath wrought all things; worketh now and will work forever.

"I believe, with a true and perfect faith, that the Creator is One, and that such a unity as is in Him can be found in no other, and that He alone hath been our God, is, and forever shall be.

"I believe, with perfect faith, that the Creator is not corporeal, not to be comprehended with any bodily faculties, and that there is no bodily essence that can be likened unto Him.

"I believe, with a perfect faith, the Creator to be the First and the Last; that nothing was before him and that nothing which now is shall last forever.

"I believe, with a perfect faith, that the Creator alone—whose name be blessed—is to be worshipped and none else beside Him.

"I believe, with a perfect faith, that the words of the prophets are true.

"I believe, with a perfect faith, that the prophecies of Moses, our Master—may he rest in peace—are true; and that he was the father and chief of all wise men that lived before him or ever shall live.

"I believe, with a perfect faith, that all the law which we now possess was delivered by God Himself to Moses, our Master.

"I believe, with a perfect faith, that that law will never be changed nor substituted by another from God.

"I believe, with a perfect faith, that God understandeth all the works and thoughts of men, as it is written in the prophets. He fashioned our hearts and understandeth our works.

"I believe, with a perfect faith, that God will recompense all that do good and keep his commandments, and that he will punish those that transgress them.

"I believe, with a perfect faith, that the Messiah is to come. Though He retard His coming, I will wait till He come.

"I believe, with perfect faith, that the dead shall be restored to life when it shall seem good for the Creator, our God, to do so."—[Translated for the Literary Digest.

Man does not move in cycles, though nature does. Man's course is like that of an arrow; for the portion of the great cometary ellipse which he occupies is no more than a needle's length to a mile.—[Coleridge.

### A Time to Laugh.

You know how it grates on your finer sensibilities to be laughed at to your face, especially when the laugh is of the harsh, unpolished type. And you know one or more persons who are possessed of such a laugh and such a disposition to use it. Well, there is such a person in this town. He is a very well educated man, too, and is especially good in the languages. Not long ago he was talking to a mild-mannered little woman who had asked him a question about a French sentence. He asked her to repeat it. She did so.

"Ha, ha!" he laughed. "Ha, ha! Haw, haw, haw!" And the little woman blushed.

"What is it?" she asked, very much embarrassed.

"Haw, haw—I—haw, haw—was laughing—haw, haw—at your very bad—haw, haw—pronunciation—haw, haw—"

"Haw, haw, haw!" she interrupted suddenly. "Haw, haw!" ha, ha, ha, ha!" And she kept it up as loud as she could, until he began to get red in the face and feel embarrassed himself.

"What is it?" he exclaimed, when she gave him the chance.

"Haw, haw!" she responded, uproariously. "I was—haw, haw—laughing—haw, haw—at your—haw, haw—very bad—haw, haw—manners—haw, haw! Good-morning." And she turned her back on him and hasn't spoken to him since.—[Detroit Free Press.

A DINNER PILL—Many persons suffer excruciating agony after partaking of a hearty dinner. The food partaken of is like a ball of lead upon the stomach, and instead of being a healthy nutriment it becomes a poison to the system. Dr. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are wonderful correctives of such troubles. They correct acidity, open the secretions and convert the food partaken of into healthy nutriment. They are just the medicine to take if troubled with Indigestion or Dyspepsia.

What did the callers say when you told them I was out?"

Maid—Just smiled and said Friday's not always an unlucky day.

No article takes hold of blood diseases like Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. It works like magic. Miss C—, Toronto, writes: "I have to thank you for what Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery has done for me. I had a sore on my knee as large as the palm of my hand, and could get nothing to do any good until I used the Discovery. Four bottles completely cured it."

## A Smile and a Laugh

Borrow—Could you let me have \$5 if I bring it to you tomorrow?"

Stumpup—Certainly. Bring me \$5 tomorrow and I'll let you have it.

Tommy—What is right, stuffin' or dressin'?

Jimmy—It's dressin' when it's on your plate, and stuffin' after you have swallowed it!

"I don't know whether to accept Willie Hinkins or not," said the young woman. "He's so wonderfully well satisfied with himself."

"Well, he'd surely be easy to get along with," replied the confidante.

"What makes you think so?"

"He must be easily pleased."

"Let me tell you, Mrs. Thomas," said a happy parent to a neighbor, "my son Ernest has got a first prize."

"O! I quite understand your feelings, marm," said Mr. Thomas. "I felt just the same when our young pig carried off a medal at the agricultural show."

A good old lady said to her nephew, a poor preacher:

"James, why did you enter the ministry?"

"Because I was called," he answered.

"James," said the old lady, anxiously, as she looked up from wiping her spectacles, "are you sure it wasn't some other noise you heard?"

Lord Cockburn, after a long stroll, sat down on a hillside beside a shepherd and observed that the shepherd selected the coldest situation for lying down.

"Mac," said he, "I think, if I were a sheep I should certainly have preferred the outer side of that hill."

The shepherd answered: "Ay, my lord; but if you had been a sheep, ye would have mair sense."

And Lord Cockburn was never tired of relating the story and turning the laugh on himself.

PRaise FOR THE ACTOR.—A dignified little mamma, who sometimes indulges in acrobatic feats in the privacy of her bedroom for the entertainment of her six-year-old daughter, took the child to an amateur circus where the society people were acting for the benefit of a fresh-air fund. One of the performances consisted of a double somersault, which elicited great applause, and when the applause had died away, the voice of the child could be heard distinctly over half the tent:

"Mamma, that man does that 'most as well as you do it."

James Payn tells an amusing story concerning a well-known club in Pall Mall:

A member lost his umbrella there, and caused the following notice to be put up in the entrance hall:

"A nobleman who took away an umbrella not his own on such a date is requested to return it."

The house committee took umbrage at this statement, and summoned the member who had composed it before them.

"Why, sir," they said, "should you have supposed that a nobleman had taken your umbrella?"

"Well," he replied, "the first article in the club rules says that this club is composed of noblemen and gentlemen; and, since the person who stole my umbrella could not have been a gentleman, he must have been a nobleman."

FROM NANTUCKET.—Last fall a man was tried for petty larceny, and sentenced by the judge to three months in jail. A few days after the trial the judge, accompanied by the sheriff, was on his way to the Boston boat, when they passed a man sawing wood. The sawyer stopped his work, touched his hat, and said, "Good morning, judge." The judge looked at him a moment, passed on a short distance, then turned to glance backward, with the question:

"Why, sheriff, isn't that the man I sentenced to three months in jail?"

"Yes," replied the sheriff, hesitatingly; "yes, that's the man. But you—see, judge, we—we haven't any one in jail now, and we thought (it a useless expense to hire somebody to keep the jail for three months just for this one man; so I gave him the jail key, and told him that if he'd sleep there nights it would be all right."

A Pretty Face

is the result of a healthy physical condition. "Beauty is but skin deep" yet it greatly depends on a clear complexion, free from wrinkles and hollow cheeks.

Health always brings wealth of beauty. A healthy state of the system comes with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It's a medicine prepared for woman's ailments—it cures those derangements and weaknesses which make woman's life miserable.

A woman who neglects to take proper exercise is particularly prone to excessive congestion, debility and a sluggish circulation. This is the time we advise the "Prescription." In all derangements and displacements of the special organs which result in "signs of inflammation," in catarrhal discharges from the lining membranes, and in distressing irregularities—this medicine is guaranteed to cure, or the money will be returned.

### What Motherhood Means.

Kate Field says: There is no more hopeful sign of the times than that women are soaring less after the infinite, and are buckling down to the duty of all duties, the duty of motherhood when it comes to them.

To bring children into the world is but the beginning of an awful responsibility, and, as usual, the women of Chicago are first to drop the study of Browning for the study of child nature under the auspices of the Chicago Kindergarten College. The following report from a valued correspondent interests me vastly; I'm sure it will be equally welcome to many of my readers:

In preparing for the meetings, the promoters provided for 200 or 300 people. Instead, there were all the way from 1,000 to 1,500. Another hall was opened and still the meetings were crowded. The women sat for about six or seven hours a day, packed like sandwiches, in a room close and hot to a degree, and never budged. I must say the lectures seemed to me interesting enough and important enough to warrant the effort. The whole being of the child was studied, physical and mental. Dr. Jaggard, a specialist in obstetrics, gave a lecture on pre-natal influences, stating that the pre-natal connection between mother and child is merely physical, the mother merely affecting the child through the circulatory systems of each. Whatever tends to impair the quality of the blood of the mother injures the child, but science today utterly scouts birth-marks, and mental conditions, and frights, as affecting the child.

"Elizabeth Harrison fairly surpassed herself in eloquence, speaking on the conscious development of the intellectual and moral in children.

"Margaret Moiley, author of 'The Song of Life,' spoke on reproduction as the central fact in nature. 'Sexuality is not sensuality,' she said. 'The little child with the mother can begin to observe the beginning of life in seeds and all vegetable and plant life. Then in the lower forms of animal life, from fishes and frogs and birds to the domestic animals, until realizing the common principle running through all the knowledge of the human baby and where it comes from is reached without a shock, without any feeling of mock modesty, simply as an interesting scientific fact, full of beauty and mystery. The average mother, you know, is much too modest and lady-like to discuss these matters with her children, preferring to let vulgar older children with minds full of prurient curiosity give them the information on the sly.' The last lecture was given by Prof. Denny, of Denny's Psychology on the need of parents being psychologists. Such meetings and such interest as this do not look much as if womankind in her new-found freedom intends to eliminate motherhood."

I should think not. It is an insult to the Creator to assume that equality of the sexes will destroy the noblest instinct of one-half of his creatures.

The True Philosophy of Life.

You know how the human character is formed and how the faults and vices which degrade it, and which afflict the world, are generated. Pity their unhappy victims, treat them with mercy, pour, if it be possible, the light of knowledge on their minds, and in-fuse, by obliging them to witness its excellence in your own disposition, the love of goodness into their hearts.

In the family and in the world be what your views of philosophy and religion ought to make you—forbearing, generous, just, the intrepid defender of others' rights, the uniform observer of your own duties, the master of yourself and the servant of all. Endeavor at all seasons and by all means to diffuse the blessings of knowledge, deem no labor too protracted or too severe which may terminate in the removal of error. Let no calumny or invective excite in you a spirit of resentment or force from your lips a harsh expression. May those you strive to enlighten feel that you wish them to embrace your views only that they may be inspired with the same cheerful, amiable and benignant spirit of which your heart is full, rejoice in the good that is, live but to labor to increase it, believe that every great event is so arranged by infinite wisdom as to perform its necessary measure in securing its ultimate and universal triumph. This is the true philosophy; this is the genuine Christianity; this is the way to live happiest, to die happiest, and to prepare best for glory, honor and immortality.—[Dr. S. Smith.

Circumstances Alter Cases.

Steal a chicken, and you are a thief. Steal \$1,000 from your employer, and you are an embezzler. Steal \$5,000 from the government, and you are a defaulter. Rob your competitor on the Stock Exchange of \$10,000, and you are a financier. Rob him of \$100,000 to \$500,000, and you are a wizard or a Napoleon of finance. Wreck a railroad and gather it in, and you are a "magnate." Wreck a great railroad system, and you are a "king." Conduct a negotiation of a strong nation plunders a nation of thousands upon thousands of miles of territory and you are a diplomat. You are out of joint.

Catarrh—Use

positive cure.

healing.