

## Our Young People

### Dot's Adventure.

Uncle Ned was really to blame for it, though he had not the least thought of such a thing when he said to Dot, as she came up with her round music-box under her arm:

"Hello, little Dago! Where's your monkey?"

Now Dot lives in the city winters, and knows all about the organ men and their queer little beasts. She comes with mamma in summer to the bigish country town in which mamma herself was a little girl. She had always thought it would be a fine thing to have an organ and go about the streets gathering pennies. As Uncle Ned sauntered off she grew very thoughtful; then her face brightened; she ran down the garden calling excitedly to her little sister:

"Mab, Mab! I want you! Aunt Sarah said yesterday you were one perfect monkey."

Dot was just turned 5 and Mab 3, but the two were almost of a size, since Dot was a mere mite and Mab deliciously chubby. When lunch-time came without bringing them, Grandmother Allen began to fidget and wonder what had become of those precious little dears. At first Dot's mamma only laughed, saying:

"They will be here in a little while, right as a new penny."

But when 3 o'clock saw them still away, she too grew uneasy, and went to search for them.

So did Uncle Ned, but he chose another way. Somehow he remembered Dot's face as he saw it last. "It would be just like her; she is the most original little morsel!" he muttered, as he took his way along the shady streets to a big hotel much frequented by summer visitors.

About the same time Dot was saying, a little tearfully, "It's your fault, Mab; you're too big; nobody won't believe you're my monkey when I tell them so. And you don't hold your cap out right; you drop it just as soon as they don't put things in it; you ought to keep holding it till they were sorry and gave you something."

"My arm gets tired; I'm hungry; I want to go home; we have got two cents Cousin Anna gave us when she met us as we started," Mab whined disconsolately, tugging at the string that bound her to Dot's arm.

"Bah! old cry-face!" Dot said, with dignity. "I want to get enough pennies so we can have ice-cream soda and some pop'nuts. Come! we'll try this place—it looks nice and big—with heaps of people on the porch."

"I want mamma," Mab said, disconsolately, but followed Dot up the piazza steps obediently, holding out her red fez, while Dot turned the crank of her music-box so vigorously that no sound of any sort came from it. People began to stare at them; one young woman bent and kissed Mab's hot cheek, saying, "Your poor little angel! Have you got nobody belonging to you?"

Mab did not answer—her eyes were fast on some one coming up the steps. With one bound she broke from Dot's hold and flung herself tempestuously into Uncle Ned's arms, crying out:

"Uncle Ned! I want to go home—I won't ever be Dot's monkey any more."

"No—you shall be mine," Uncle Ned said, swinging her upon his shoulder and walking away in triumph.

—[The Outlook.]

### Finding Fault.

The winds refused to blow, "No use," said they, "to try From North, or South, or East, or West."

These folks to satisfy, The North Wind 'is too cold!' The West Wind, 'bold and rough,' The East is 'chilly,' they complain; The South, 'not cold enough!'

And so the windmills stopped, The ships lay idly by, The sun beat down from morn till night.

Because no clouds could fly, The people sighed for wind, "Blow hot or cold," said they, "From North, or South, or East, or West."

'Twill be the wisest way! —Youths' Companion.

### A Tame Crow's Booty.

He boldly pillaged the neighbors round. A woman who lived near once caught him pecking at a pot-cheese she had made, and put him to flight. He returned and stole a downy little chicken, one of a brood that belonged to her. He flew home with it and laid it upon the ground, but alive and unharmed. There were plenty of young chickens running about at home, but Sim never touched one of these.

Anything bright and shining pleased his fancy very much. He had no scruples about taking what did not belong to him. Like a miser, he had a hiding place for his treasures, and he was very careful not to go to it when he was watched. One day it was discovered in the barn quite by accident. Among other articles that he had secreted were found nails, screws, beads, bits of broken glass, and, best of all, a pair of earrings—and this strange collection was the grand result of months of patient thievery.

It was very difficult to keep a lead

pencil in his vicinity. When he stole one he would hold it in his claw and peck at it until the cedar wood was split in twain, after which he would remove the lead. If some one endeavored to take the pencil from him he would dodge about, making desperate but ineffectual efforts to swallow his booty whole.

### A Dog With a Memory.

A paper from Portland, tells this story: "A dog became lame; he was a great favorite with the family, and all who visited the house knew Jack. When the family physician saw that Jack was lame, he said he would try to cure him if the dog was brought to his office. And he did. Not long ago the dog was run over by an electric car. He dragged himself to the doctor's office and waited at the door for the doctor to come home."

God keeps His choicest cordials for the time of our deepest fainting. —Mrs. Stowe.

### We Must Eat More Oats.

If the horse is to suffer gradual displacement by the advent of the trolley car and the bicycle, what is to become of the oats crop, which has always formed a considerable source of profit for the farmer? The trolley car chews up human beings, but it eats no oats, and while the young man who rides a wheel doubtless "feels his oats" his consumption of this very nutritious cereal is generally confined to a dish of oatmeal for his morning meal. According to statistics recently gathered a conservative estimate places the number of horses supplanted by electricity at 80,000.

The number displaced by the bicycle is a matter of speculation, but it is admittedly very large, judging from the reports of horse dealers and liverymen. It is claimed that the 80,000 animals alone consume 14,000,000 bushels of grain annually. As the oats crop in this country amounts to about 650,000,000 bushels annually, the decreased demand occasioned by the trolley car does not as yet have any appreciable effect upon the cash market, but it must ultimately cause a decline in prices.

The period in declension is an opportune time to press the need and desirability of a more general consumption of this excellent and highly nourishing food product by the human family. It is one of the notable dietetic eccentricities of the American people that they consume such large quantities of wheat flour. We have failed to note the fact that some of the most rugged and robust nations of Europe eat very little pure wheat flour bread. The flour of rye, oats and corn constitutes an important factor in the culinary products of many European nations. It has been proved many times by the highest hygienic authorities that wheat flour, when separated entirely from the nutritious hull, is not an ideal food product. Indeed, it is maintained by many that in point of digestibility and nourishing properties it does not compare favorably with cornmeal or oatmeal.

The human animal must eat more corn and more oats.—Chicago Times-Herald.

### A Philadelphia Paper on Canada.

It may sometimes be interesting to read what an outside paper says of Canada. Here are some comments from the Philadelphia Record:

"Premier Macdonald was no more a native-born Canadian than the present Prime Minister, Sir Mackenzie Bowell. The former was born at Glasgow; the latter at Rickingham, a hamlet in Suffolk. It is too bad that Canada should have been so much under the influence of foreign-born politicians, for their entire effort has been to alienate Canada's sympathy as far as possible from her American cousin, Uncle Sam. To Sir John Macdonald is due the fact that the Dominion is today so distinctly opposed to the United States in fundamental constitutional principle. He strove for as strongly centralized a consolidation of the British North American provinces as possible. When he was compelled to compromise upon a Federal union he reserved for the central authority all powers not expressly conferred upon the constituent provinces. This principle is diametrically opposed to that of the United States, each of whom conserves State's rights as a fundamental dogma. The extreme paternalism of the Republican party has been rebuked by the citizens of the Republic, and is opposed to the true spirit of our Constitution.

"Canada today is governed by 81 Senators, elected for life tenure, and a Commons, to which the representatives of the people are elected for terms of five years. It is a queer commentary upon the backwardness of Canadian political consciousness that they are still bearing the yoke of a mimic House of Lords at a time when the Englishman at home is striving his utmost to tilt the peers from their hereditary saddle on Westminster legislation. 'Hands off, Manitoba!' cry out the Orangemen of the Dominion to the Parliamentary Minister. With the American Constitution there would be no need for all this row. Manitoba would have home rule, undisturbed by the bigoted quarreling of Protestant Ontario and Roman Catholic Quebec.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator does not require the help of any purgative medicine to complete the cure. Give it a trial and be convinced.

## With The Poets.

### A Failure.

He cast his net at morn where fishers toiled, At eve he drew it empty to the shore; He took the diver's plunge into the sea, But thence within his hand no pearl he bore.

He ran a race, but never reached his goal; He sped an arrow, but he missed his aim; And slept at last beneath a simple stone, With no achievements carved about his name.

Men called it failure; but for my own part I dare not use that word, for what if Heaven

Shall question ere its judgment shall be read, Not "Hast thou won?" but only "Hast thou striven?"

—Kate T. Goode in Sunday School Times.

### Sonnet.

I think the immortal servants of mankind Who, from their graves, watch by how slow degrees The Word-Soul greates with the centuries, Mourn most Man's barren levity of mind;

The ear to no grave harmonies inclined, The witless thirst for false wit's worthless lees, The laugh mistimed in tragic presences,

The eye to all majestic meanings blind. O prophets, martyrs, saviors, ye were great, All truth being great to you; ye deemed Man more

Than a dull jest, God's ennui to amuse; The world, for you, held purport; Life ye wore

Proudly, as Kings their solemn robes of State; And humbly, as the mightiest monarchs use, —William Watson in his new volume "Odes and Other Poems."

### The Gray Patrol.

Taut bridle, comrade, the ride is done, There is no debate—the Patrol has won! Slower we'll ride 'till we fairly brave The gap in our way which man calls the grave;

We'll leap it gallantly, then our dole From our life is paid to the Gray Patrol, What some call conscience, the Gray Patrol.

What a life were ours had we early crept And slain him surely the while he slept! We had stopped at nothing, you Soul and I!

We had lightly harried and galloped by, We had but devoured, we had no goal, But for this rider, the Gray Patrol!

We turned and fought him. How soon he fell? How we left him there, as we thought it well.

As we mounted again 'twas my mood to troll A jeering catch, But more than a match For Body and Soul Was the Gray Patrol!

As the huntsman hovers who guards the hounds, We saw him riding beside us there, A thing uncanny, from out the air, A force defining our metes and bounds, Riding his stallion, a swift thing's foal, The Gray Patrol.

We have fought or fled in the reckless ride, Through fields of yellow, through seeping tide, We have turned, as the Berserker turned at bay, We have hewed him down and have had our way;

And again he has ridden—as yesterday—Close beside us has leaped or stole—Close beside us, the Gray Patrol.

When days were ruddy, when days were dark, We have left him lying, face up and stark, We have left him, fully and fairly slain, But ever he leaps into life again

And ever he rides at our bridle rein! Ever he worries us, O, my Soul! Ever he rides with us, cheek by jowl, This clinging marshal, the Gray Patrol!

Taut bridle, comrade—the race is run, There is no debate—the Patrol has won! —Stanley Waterloo.

### The King of Faustus.

There is a tale of Faustus—that one day Lucretia the Venetian, then his love, Had, while he slept, the rashness to remove

His magic ring, when fair as a god he lay; And that a sudden, horrible decay

O'erspread his face; a hundred wrinkles wove Their network on his cheek; while she above His slumber crouched, and watched him shrivel away.

There is upon Life's hand a magic ring— The ring of Faith-in-Good, Life's gold of gold;

Remove it not, lest all Life's charms take wing; Remove it not, lest straightway you behold

Life's cheeks fall in, and every earthly thing Grow all at once unutterably old. —Eugene Lee-Hamilton.

### The Glimpse.

Just for a day you crossed my life's dull track, Put my ignobler dreams to sudden shame

Went your bright way, and left me to fall back On my own world of poorer deed and aim;

To fall back on my meaner world, and feel Like one who, dwelling 'mid some smoke-dimmed town,—

In a brief pause of labor's sullen wheel, 'Scaped from the street's dead dust and factory's frown,—

In stainless daylight saw the pure seas roll, Saw mountains pillaring the perfect sky;

Then journeyed home, to carry in his soul The torment of the difference till he die. —William Watson.

### A Remarkable Little Woman.

It is probable that among the 1,400,000,000 of people now living no one is more truly remarkable than little Helen Keller, of Alabama. When 18 months old she became blind and deaf and until within a few years was unable to utter articulate sounds. She is now 14 years of age. Miss Sullivan, of Boston, Mass., her instructor, has spoken the magical words that have released this gifted girl from the great silence in which she dwelt so long.

This earnest woman has devoted herself to Helen for seven years and has taught her to speak so that she can carry on conversation—her teacher telegraphing her, so to speak, by placing her fingers on the hand of the child and the child replying accurately.

Helen is a beautiful girl, her face glowing with every pure and noble sentiment. A great man who had gazed upon it with much emotion said, "That is the only face I have ever seen or probably ever shall see whose expression combined perfect innocence with the light of intellect and the flame of genius."

At the World's Fair this child selected by means of touch the statues that pleased her, distinguishing the antique from the modern and those that expressed lofty ideas from the commonplace.

Recently in New York city, when some of the most noted literary people came to see her she repeated extracts from their works, and when they left, although the group was large, she was able by a touch of their hands to call each one by name. She reads readily from the raised letters of print for the blind and is especially fond of Tennyson. When asked what poem she liked best she answered, "I am very fond of the 'Princess,' but I think, although it is very hard to say which I prefer, that the one I am most fond of is a very short one of only six lines," and lifting her face, filled with an exquisite purity, she repeated:

"Flower in the crannied wall, I pluck you out of the crannies; Hold you there, root and all, in my hand,

Little flower; but if I could understand What you are, root and all, and all in all, I should know what God and man is."

Mike as a Fireman.

Mike O'Hagan had never been a success. He had been discharged from the service of a teaming company for allowing his cart to be smashed by a west end car, and from the service of the west end for bumping into a carriage.

Finally, however, he landed in the fire department, and all his friends expected that he was settled for life. He was not, however, for in less than a month he was again looking for a job.

"How did it happen, Tim?" said Mike's friend Pat to Mike's brother Tim.

"O'll yell ye, me bhoys," replied the latter. "Shure, there came a foire, and Moike he wint with his cartt. An' whin he got there there was a man on the top ov a blazin' buildin' schrammin' for help. 'What'll I do at all?' says he. 'Hould on,' says Moike, an' he trows him a rope. 'Tie it round yer neck,' says he."

"And what did Moike do then?" "He pulled him down." —[Boston Budget.]

THE BEST PILLS.—Mr. Wm. Vandervoort, Sydney Crossing, Ont., writes: "We have been using Parmelee's Pills, and find them by far the best pills we ever used." For delicate and debilitated constitutions these pills act like a charm. Taken in small doses the effect is both a tonic and a stimulant, mildly exciting the secretions of the body, giving tone and vigor.

## A Smile And a Laugh.

Editor—I'm going to offer \$1,000 in gold to any one who can guess how this story is coming out. Spacer—Pretty expensive, isn't it? Editor—Not very; the last chapter won't be written till after the answers are all in.

\*\*\*\* In Philadelphia—She was leaning with a perplexed air over the glove counter at Wannamaker's.

"I think, ma'am, these are the most lavenderest," observed the clerk. She went into a dead faint, for she was from Boston.

\*\*\*\* Irate female—See here! do you mane to tell me I have got such an ugly-looking nose as that?

Photographer—But my apparatus cannot lie, madam.

Irate female—Then, for goodness sake, go and get one that can.

\*\*\*\* Mrs. Browne (pleasantly), to her cook—Well, Jane, I am sorry you have decided to get married, but I suppose you naturally care more for Pat Moony than you do for me.

Jane (earnestly)—No, ma'am, not at all; but I kin bully him better nor I kin you, you see.

\*\*\*\* Miss Thirdly (to her fiance)—The de Tompkins-Whytes have sent their wedding present already. It is a lovely soup ladle.

Fiance (who has a good memory)—That gift has become second nature with them. They sent the same thing each time I was married before.

\*\*\*\* "That, sir, is a very superior quality of sugar," said the groceryman. "It is used mostly for making desserts."

"Why is it used mostly for making desserts?" asked the customer.

"On account of its superior quality, sir."

"Oh! that's it. I thought it might be used for making desserts on account of the large quantity of sand in it."

\*\*\*\* "Say, fellows, Miss Vandyke isn't a very observant girl."

"Why, I thought she was an extremely observant girl."

"Anyhow, she didn't notice last night that I had shaved off my moustache."

Smith, Jones, Brown, et al in concert: "Why, laws, Bromley, we didn't notice it either."

\*\*\*\* The difficulties of the English language are well illustrated in a story recently told of three French boys who were doing Shakespeare into English from their French versions. When they came to the line from "Hamlet,"

"To be, or not to be," the translations came out as follows: "To was or not to am," "To were or is to not," "To should or not to will."

\*\*\*\* A grouty old gentleman, after making his will, called his serving man, and remarked:

"Michael, I've left you in my will all the impudence I possess."

"Faith, I'm glad to see that by your generosity I inherit the greater part of your estate."

"Well, well, Michael, you've come into your inheritance remarkably soon."

\*\*\*\* SUITED TO HER COMPLEXION.—Missess—Bridget, I wish you would refill my ink-stand for me.

Bridget (upstairs girl)—Please, mum, ivery toime ov fills that ink-stand ov gits me hands that black they don't git clane fur a wake.

Missess—But you surely do not expect me to do it?

Bridget—No, mum; but ov wuz thinkin' yez might ax th' colored cook.

\*\*\*\* There are some things which even the poor may get more of than is necessary. The Indianapolis Journal tells that a weary and hungry man fell from sheer faintness by the wayside.

A crowd gathered at once, and an officious bystander hustled forward, shouting:

"Stand back! Give him air!" The fainting man rallied and sat up.

"Air!" he gasped. "Give me air? Why, gentlemen, I've had nothing but air for three days!"

\*\*\*\* Beware of a false start. Such is the simple but important lesson of a brief and unhappy dialogue reported by the Chicago Tribune:

"That's a portrait of your grandmother as she looked when she was a young lady, is it? How strongly it resembles you, Miss Benderby."

"You only say that to flatter me, Mr. Spoonamore. Grandma was quite a beauty, and everybody knows that I don't make any pretensions of that kind."

"Indeed, I am not trying to flatter you, Miss Benderby! The family resemblance is striking. I've often known cases of that kind. There were two sisters I was acquainted with when I was a boy. They looked wonderfully alike, just as that portrait looks like you, and yet one of them was as beautiful as a poet's dream, and the other was dreadfully—that is, I mean, she wasn't at all—or rather she was lacking in that—attractive quality, you know, that constitutes—that a lovely frame this portrait has, hasn't it?"

\*\*\*\* OUT OF SORTS.—Symptoms: Headache, loss of appetite, furred tongue and general indisposition. These symptoms, if neglected, develop into acute disease. It is a trite saying that an "ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and a little attention at this point may save months of sickness and large doctor's bills. For this complaint take from two to three of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills on going to bed, and one or two for three nights in succession, and a cure will be effected.

## The Paris Show.

Plans Have Been Finally Selected by the Commission.

Many of the Most Important Features of the Chicago Fair Have Been Appropriated for the French Fair.

Mr. Alfred Picard, the commissioner general, has just submitted to the commission his complete report, with plans, giving a general idea of the lines upon which the great Paris exposition of 1900 will be arranged. The Chicago World's Fair is in a great measure responsible for many of the ideas introduced in the new plan, and particularly the gate and court of honor and the perspective arrangement are certainly due to the immense success of these features at the American exhibition.

For the first time the grounds, available for exposition purposes, comprising the Champs-Elysees, the Esplanade des Invalides and the Champ-de-Mars joined to the Trocadero by the Bridge d'Jena, will be effectively united in one inclosure and of easy communication with each other.

The great attraction of the exposition will be an immense avenue almost 200 feet wide, beginning at the present entrance of the Palais de l'Industrie, on the Champs-Elysees, and crossing the Seine on a great steel bridge of one span, it will end on the Esplanade des Invalides. The facade of the Decorative Arts and Industries building will form the background of one of the most effective perspectives imaginable.

This idea necessitates the removal of the present Palais de l'Industrie, which will not be much regretted from an architectural point of view. This will bring the principal entrance gates of the exposition into Paris proper; the entrance mostly used by the public will be that of the Place de la Concorde; for all ceremonies an entrance of honor is established on the Champs-Elysees, which immediately upon entering will surprise the visitor by the grandeur and beauty of the picture before him.

The distribution of the buildings has been settled as follows: Champ Elysees: Entering from the Place de la Concorde there is to the right, first the Administration building, then the Education building. To the right of the entrance of honor the Fine Arts will receive a permanent edifice; at the left another permanent structure will be devoted to a retrospective exhibition of French Art. On the right bank of the Seine, in continuation of the Champs Elysees grounds toward the Trocadero will be the buildings of the city of Paris, Horticulture, Social Economy and a hall for the Congresses assembling during the Exposition.

The Esplanade des Invalides will be given over almost entirely to an immense building which will harbor the Decorative Arts and Industries. Between the Esplanade des Invalides and the Champ-de-Mars, on the left bank of the Seine will be located: From the Pont des Invalides to the Pont de l'Alma all the foreign nations, then the army, the navy and the merchant marine, forestry and hunting and the fisheries in the order given. On the Trocadero Algiers, Tunis and the colonies and protectorates of France will display their splendid and highly-colored exhibits. The main part of the exhibition will be found on the Champ-de-Mars, where an immense building will be erected to the rear of the Eiffel Tower. The center of this building will be occupied by the electric exhibits, and the grand avenue leading to the waterworks will be brilliantly illuminated every night. A large hall for festivities is provided to the rear of the electricity. The other departments receiving space in the large building are, agriculture, chemical industries, mines and metallurgy, mechanics, civil engineering, transportation, hygiene, textile industry, instruments of precision, alimentation and beverages.

Circulation in the interior will be made easy by many communications. Outside of the regular bridges, two passages over the Seine will be constructed for visitors on foot. Ferries, launches and gondolas will cross the stream at regular intervals; and round trips will become very popular. A circular electric road will connect the grounds on the left bank, while the Entrance of Honor and the Trocadero will be linked by two railroads, one a cable road, the other built on the tooth-track system.

The general arrangement of this plan leaves intact all the beautiful avenues with their rows of trees, and the handsomely laid-out grounds belonging to the city; it will not interfere in the least with the communication of the several districts of the city, and it is pronounced to be almost perfect from every standpoint imaginable.

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