

Our Young Folks.

Our young friends have a chance to make some pocket money. The fall work is now pretty well over, and a few days spent will bring a handsome return. See our Clubbing and Premium List, page 121.

Answers to Puzzles in October 4th.

NO. 1.

1—Maple-leaf.

NO. 2.

1—Horse-shoe.

Answers to Words Transposed in October 4th.

1—Martha, 2—Alice, 3—Elgin, 4—Langton, 5—Simcoe, 6—Ontario, 7—Rabbit, 8—Tinkle.

THE MAN WHO WOULD SING.

Phil. tells a story because he cannot sing a song.

(The following is contributed to the Young Folks Column, by Squire Early.)

Not long since, at a convivial gathering, after the cloth had been removed and cigars lighted, the intellectual exercises came in order, and it was almost unanimously voted that they would tell a story and sing a song in regular order. The President was to begin and he told a story. Then the next man must sing, the next tell another story, then the next sing, and so on in alternate sequence. By and by it came to Phil Plympton, and he must sing, there could be no let off. But, said Phil, "let me tell you a bit of a story first, and after that I'll sing if you say so. There was no objection to that, so Phil. arose and told his story, said he: When I was fifteen years old, my folks sent me to a singing school. We had a good teacher, and plenty of pretty girls, and I rather enjoy'd it. I wanted to be a singer and I tried to learn, though the teacher, at the end of the first month, told me I was only wasting my time. But I was not to be put down in that fashion. Others learned to sing. Why should not I? Well, I stuck to it for a year, and during all that time I never once opened my mouth to sing a note in the house at home. Once, at the end of six months, I tried it in the barn, I took a good look to see that nobody was near, then I went out into the back part, where the tie up was, with the cows and oxen hitched up, and I opened on old Coronation:

All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall.

I'd got as far as there when I heard a rumour—the tie up, the Whittaker! such another set of frightened animals I never saw. They were glaring at me with eyes of fire. But I ripped away:

Bring forth the royal diadem
And crown Him—

At this point I had to stop. An old brindle cow broke her stanchion short off, and got clear and was making for the door. One of the oxen had driven his head through the side of the barn and was suffocating. Naturally enough, I suspended my singing and tried to quiet the animals, but I could not get near them. And yet I will just say here—it was night on two weeks before I could convince those cows and oxen that I was a safe man to be around. Well, I didn't practice singing any more in the barn; but about a month after that, I thought I had a chance for it up in our great garret. The town had gone away to an afternoon meeting on the other side of the river—it was on a Sunday—and I was in the garret, at a gable window, reading, when the thought struck me, now will be a grand time to try old Northfield. And at it I

went. That was one of my favorite tunes. It's got vim in it:

Lo! What a glorious light appears
To our believing eyes.

Excuse me for reciting the words, I don't exactly catch the tune now.

The earth and sea are passed away
And the old rolling skies.

I'd just got out the last of that first verse, when I heard a human voice at the foot of the stairs. It was my father. The folks had got home and I hadn't heard 'em. Yes, it was dad himself. Mercy! how he yelled at me. Philip! said he, what in the world are you doin' up there on a holy Sabbath day? And by that time he got into the garret and stood facing me. Oh! poor, wretched boy! he went on, sit to cry, feeling so badly. How have I labored to bring you up as a Christian boy! And now what do I find? No sooner am I out of the house and you think the coast clear, than you begin to raise Cain. Oh! what did you want to make such a unearthly howlin' for? Your poor mother is down in her room e'enmost skereed out of her wits. Philip, in the name of all that's wonderful, tell me what you are trying to do. Says I, as soon as I could muster up courage to speak: "Dad, what did you think it was when you first heard it?" "What did I think?" said he. "Why, I thought the never-endin' Jerusalem had broke loose; and that all the bars and horns in creation was havin' a set to in our garret, and the bars was gettin' the worst of it." Well, said I, after a little spell of thinking. "I'll tell you what it was, dad, I was trying my voice at singing. I was just trying to sing old Northfield." With that he looked at me, looked perhaps two minutes, then he put his hand on my shoulder, and with a sympathetic moisture in his kindly eyes, he said to me, and his voice was quivering as he spoke, said he: "My son, I have an affection for you in spite of your failings, and I don't want you to end badly, which you certainly will do if you keep on in that awful way. So, my boy, I want you to promise me here and now that you won't, never any more—never, never, never open that mouth of yours for the purpose of trying to sing. Will you promise me?" Well, gentlemen, I promised as he asked. And now, can you with clear conscience, ask me to break that promise. Phil. was unanimously excused.

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We will give \$20.00 in gold to the person telling us which verse in the New Testament Scriptures (not the New Version) contains the greatest number of words, by November 10th, 1882. Should two or more correct answers be received, the reward will be divided. The money will be forwarded to the winner November 15th, 1882. Persons trying for the reward must send 20 cents in silver (no postage stamps taken) with their answer, for which they will receive the December *Monthly*, in which the name and address of the winner of the reward and the correct answer will be published. This may be worth \$20.00 to you; cut it out. Address **RUTLEDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY, Easton, Penna.**

See our Premium List on page 121.

In religion, talk is brass, action is gold. The old darkey said, "Pears like I could say more in five minutes than I could live in five years."

The best thing to take before singing—breath.

A VERY MEAN TRICK.

On Monday morning last an E. & T. H. passenger train was shooting along at a rattling pace between Haubstadt and Fort Branch, the metallic clinkety click of the wheels echoing adown the lonesome gullies and reverberating weirdly amid the fleecy-fest corners of the humble mansion of the rural pig. In one of the seats, half sitting and half lying, reposed an Evansville roadster perusing a morning paper in a happy, dreamy manner, and wearing upon his handsome face a look of four sixes that-lets-me-out contented. Shortly after he had entered the car at the depot, a stylish, handsomely dressed lady took possession of the seat behind him, but so absorbed was he in the contents of the paper that he did not notice her. She regarded him, however, with the deepest interest, and the lookers-on would have sworn from the indications that the handsome tourist had made a most marked impression upon the lady—in short, that she had almost fallen in love with his careless posture and graceful form. Several times she leaned forward as though she would speak to him, and as often drew timidly back. At last her courage overcame her fears, and placing her mouth as close to his ear as she could without attracting attention, she said in a low, musical voice:

"Oh! sir, do not turn around and look back or we will be observed by the other passengers, and oh! I do beg you to pardon my unmaidenly boldness. The female heart is sometimes too susceptible, and I must confess that something draws me toward you. In short, I am smitten with your charms of person—so deeply smitten that I cannot resist the impulse to know you that so persistently urges me on!"

A look of surprise crept over his face when she began to speak, but as she proceeded it gave place to an expression of calm indifference—a boss-order gratification. Throwing his mouth around in a lopsided attitude and speaking through one side of it, replied:

"Ah! yes, Miss, I assure you I feel highly flattered at your very complimentary words. I cannot censure you my friend—for I know that there are times when extraordinary influences seize upon the heart despite the most earnest efforts of the possessor to resist those influences. Been there myself, often. Pardon me, but may I ask your age?"

"I am just nineteen, sir, and I live at Vincennes. Oh! it seems so unmaidenly to thus acknowledge a passion for a stranger, but my swelling heart would have burst had I not spoken to you. I hope, sir, you are not a married man."

"Married? Ha! Ha! Ha! No indeed. If I were I should at once repel your advance and go and seek safety in the baggage car. My heart is yet free and unscarred from Cupid's darts. It yet flops in my buzzum as free and careless as flops the merry tail of the innocent rural calf."

"Oh! sir, you are so delightfully funny! Your pure and keen humor is as refreshing to my smitten heart as is the rippling waters of a living spring to the weary, thirsty traveller. Do you ever stop at Vincennes?"

"Do I? One of my best towns. You see I am a commercial traveller and work the towns on this road. Now wouldn't it be nice if we could meet there on my regular trips and enjoy each other's society? I'll be there tomorrow—got to go up to Terre Haute to fix up some business and then I'll jump the first train and come back."

"Oh! that will be just splendid. It seems awful, but I cannot help loving you! You would capture the heart of any woman."

"Thanks. And do you know, Miss, that although I have not seen your lovely face—for I know it is lovely—

I feel my whole heart going out to you. Where can I find you in Vincennes?"

"Let me see, What house do you stop at?"

"The Union Depot Hotel."

"I'll tell you, then. To-morrow evening at seven o'clock I'll walk by there, and you can come out and join me. We'll have a delightful walk, and get better acquainted."

The conversation run on in this strain until the train drew near the covered bridge over White river. As they approached.

"My da-darling—may I use that term?—we will soon cross White river and it is real dark in the bridge. Will you not give me one sweet kiss as we pass through it?"

"Oh, dear! Do you think that would be right?"

"Of course. What could be wrong in two persons who love each other indulging in this intoxicating delight? Promise me."

She hesitated, but finally said she would comply. When the train drew into the bridge he threw his arms about her neck, and glued his lips to hers in a maddening kiss. He heeded not the flight of time in his heavenly bliss, but kept his lips to hers while the fires of love darted from his eyes, and his whole being trembled with rapture, before he was aware of it the train shot out into the glad sunlight and he sat gazing into the eyes of his darling.

It was his wife.

She had suspected him of these little indiscretions and had followed him from home to verify her suspicions. It was a mean trick, and the woman cannot be too harshly condemned for her tricky action.

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That which is bitter to be endured may be sweet to be remembered.

It is better to make penitents by gentleness than hypocrites by severity.

It is only a difference of one letter between nobby and snobby young men.

The reward of doing one duty is the power to perform another.—Ben Azai.

Next to an effeminate man there is nothing so disagreeable as a mannish woman.

If you would not have an affliction visit you twice, listen at once to what it teaches.

Nature has sometimes made a fool, but a coxcomb is always a man's own making.

These are odd examples of incongruity of the "imperfection of the dreaming memory," which is most strongly illustrated when we dream of those who are dead. We believe them still to be living, simply because we have forgotten that they are dead. A friend of Dr. Symonds dreamed that he was dead and that he carried his own body in a coach to bury it. When he reached the place of burial, a stranger said, "I would not advise you, sir, to bury your body in this place, for they are about to build so near it, that I have no doubt the body will be disturbed by the builders." "That," replied the dreamer, "is very true. I thank you for the information, and will bury it in another place." Upon which he awoke.