## YOUNG FOLKS.

The Tone of Voice t is not so much what you say, As the manner in which you say it; It is not so much the language you use As the tones in which you convey it.

"Come here?" I sharply said,
And the haby cowered and wept;
Come here! "I cooed, and he is
smilled,
And straight to my lap he crept.

The words may be mild and fair,
And the tones may pierce like a dart;
The words may be soft as the summer air,
And the tones may break the heart. For words but come from the mind.
And grow by study and art;
But the knose leap forth from the inner self,
And reveal the state of the heart.

Whether you know it or not— Whether you mean or care— Gentleness, kindness, love and hate, Envy and anger are there.

Then would you quarrels avoid, And in peace and love rejoice, Keep anger not only out of your words, But keep it out of your woice.

### One of the First Principles.

It is exceedingly distressing to a humane person to see the indifference toward the comfort and life of dumb animals by little children. This is not the fault of the child as it is the fault of the mother, who allows the little one in early childhood to tease the kitten, pester the patient house-dog and otherwise show their human supremacy over the dumb world. This is the beginning of a training in cruelty of more iming of a training in cruelty of more im-

consider and life of dumb animals by little children. This is not the fault of the mother, who allows the little one in early childhood to tease the hitten, pester the patient house-dog and otherwise show their human supremacy over the dumb world. This is the beginning of a training in cruelty of more into a straining of the relation of the hardened character which men of good family sometimes subibit in after life.

Boy and girls should be taught from the carliest infancy to respect the rights of animal the most household in the most better tarps, even for wild game. It is an equally bad training to allow boys twinces, as they often and, the total case of the saughter-house. When animal life must be taken, it should be done out of the must be taken, it should be done out of the religious training of their children and in culeste precept upon precept for their guid acquaints and the most be taken, it should be moulcased at home.

Mothers who are very careful about the religious training of their children and in culeste precept upon precept for their guid acquaints and the most household, the batt of very norm. The prevention of the section of the corrected in early childhood by interesting it in the habits of the animal, its beautiful fir, its soft tread and agile movement. A little story of the history of its race told in him responsible for the care of them, and the not be thrown aside. Life was a gift to man to be respected and cared for and not as a plaything to be petted for an moment and then to be thrown aside. Life was a gift to man to be respected and cared for and not as a plaything to be petted for an moment and then to be thrown aside. Life was a gift to man to be respected and cared for and not as a plaything to be petted for an moment and then to be thrown aside. Life was a gift to man to be respected and cared for and not as a plaything to be petted for an moment and then to be thrown aside. Life was a gift to man to be respected and cared for and not as a plaything to be petted for a moment and

adening. It is a healthful recreation and a perpetual aid to the understanding of nature's wonders.

Let me suggest the Drumm and phlox fardens will be interesting all summer. They repay any care with a wondustul readiness and wealth of loveliness. Now on May 24th, say, you have your seeds and your tools, your beds all forked, manured, hoed, raked and ready for planting. One thing more you need—a piece of board about two feet long and seen inches you stand by your little plot of brown beauty and delight, that you stand by your little plot of brown beauty and delight, that you great the pageant from the silent, passive soil. It leems a very simple thing, the planting of a teed, but I never do it without a feeling of a teed, but I never do it without a feeling of a teed, but I never do it without a feeling of a mat or a piece of folded carpet to kneel little plot—if the ground is damp bring a mat or a piece of folded carpet to kneel on, for you don't wish to take a cold as the first step in your gardening.

You lear one arm on it to hold it firm, and with a little stick draw a furrow an inch deep in the earth along its edge, straight and equal as you can in depth all the way. Into this begin to drop your seeds as evenly as may be—they are so large you can see them distinctly. When you have sown that furrow make another on the opposite edge of the board and fill that. Then lift the obeard and lay it down carefully on the other side of the last furrow and again make a groove along the edge and plant, and so on to the end of the bed. The width of the board gives you just the right distance between the rows and saves a deal of trouble board and lay it down carefully on the other side of the last furrow and again make a groove along the edge and plant, and so on to the end of the bed. The width of the board gives you just the right distance between the rows and saves a deal of trouble in measuring.

Now with your hand diaw over the seed the earth that that way the planting and the planting and the planting and the pla

sprinkle too long in oas place or you will wash out your seeds; go round and round the bed, holding the watering-pot high as you can to make the shower as gentle as possible. You need only just to make the

possible. You need only just to make the surface damp.

Water the bed lightly every night at sunaet—unless it should an in. If the soft May showers descend, every drop is precious—there is nothing so good as the sweet rain of heaven for our gardens. If the weather is warm and your watering is faithfully done, you should see in a week, or ten days at most, faint grees shoots along the straight lines you planted.

And now I will show you the advantages of planting so carefully in straight lines. Deleve the phlox itself appears you will see green shoots coming up all over the bed

donbtiess. These are the weeds that you will have to watch and fight with all your might, for they are stronger and more determined than I can find any words to tell you. While they are yet young pull up every one. You know where your precious dowers are—they are safe in their orderly processions of straight lines and them pass your little handfork like a comb to and fro in the soil to remove roots and disturb new sprouts, but be very careful not to go too near your phlox plants, except to pull with careful finger and thumb the little weeds that have sprouted very near. This you will have to repeat again and again—new weeds keep coming in succession.

In the second or third week in May you may transplant your sweet peas from the house boxes to the open-air garden. People do not generally know that sweet peas are most easily and successfully transplanted. I discovered it for myself accidentally—in fact, I was driven to it by my little friend, the song-sparrow, at the Isles of Shoals. The place is possessed by these dear, friendly little birds whose song is sweeter than words can express, but they will hardly let me plant at all out of doors, scratching up and eating the seeds as fast as I can put them in. They are so tame, they sit on the fence of my little inclosure and eye me askance if they see me at work putting up and eating the seeds as fast as I can put them in. They are so tame, they sit on the fence of my carefully planted furrows and take every seed, leaving only the empty hollow groove freshly dug out by their little feet.

It is trying, and when I do plant out of doors I am obliged to have a cover of woven

No Career for Him-

"Tells ev'rything !" says I. "That's good - it fac', sir, that's the best
Kind of a book I ever seed, but think I d like test ore I buy her. Lemme see! What do you me say

volt me say.
About the prospects of the comin' year for oats
'n' hay?'
I thought he'd flop for laughin' when I ast the
feller that.
'N' when I ast him "What's the joke?' he looked almighty flat.

"It don't prognosticate," says he. "That ain't the p'int!" says L. "What I'm a astin' you is will the blame thing "What I'm a-astin' you is will the blame thing prophesy?"
'N' then he turned the pages quick, 'n' showed me lets o' stuff About Egyptians, and a squib about an Earl named Duff.
But when I ast him if it told a cure for tater

He said it didn't, but it had a history of rugs! He said it didn't, but it had a history of rugs!

'Nd: I'll, be derned: if that there book he said
would tell so much
Had anything on any page I'd ever care to
'touch;'

N' them—haw! Haw!—I chucked that pert
young swindler from the place
So quick he hadn't time to take his smile down
off his face;
'Nd after him I throw his bag 'n' twelve-part
Cyclopee—
My great-grandfather's almanac's still good
enough for me!

[John Kendrick Bangs, in Harper's Magazine.

# Old Times, Old Friends, Old Love

There are no days like the good old days— The days, when we were youthful! When humankind were pure of mind, And speech and deeds were truthful? Before a love of sordid gold Became man's ruling passion, And before each maid and dame became Slave to the tyrant Fashion!

There are no girls like the good old girls—
Against the world I'd stake 'em!
As buxom and smart and as clean of heart
As the Lord knew how to make 'em!
They were rich in spirit and common sense,
And piety all supportin';
They would bake and brew, and had taught
school, too,
And they made the likeliest courtin'!

And they made the likeliest courth?
There are no boys like the good old boys—
When we were boys together?
When the grass was sweet to the brown bat
feet
That dimpled the laughing heather;
When the pewee sang to the Summer dawn
Of the bee in the billow clover,
Or down by the mill the whippoorwill
Echoed his night song over.

There is no love like the good old love—
The love that mother gave us!
We are old, old men, yet we pine again
For that precious grace—God save us!
So we dream and dream of the good old times,
And our hearts grow tenders, fonder,
As those dear old dreams bring soothing

As those documents of gleams gleams of heaven away off yonder.

EUGENE FIELD.

# The Gift of the Sea

The dead child lay in the shroud, And the widow watched beside, And her mother slept and the cha The gale in the teeth of the tide

But the mother laughed at all,
"I have lost my man in the sea,
And the child is dead. Be still," she said,
"What more can ye do to me?"

The widow watched the dead, And the candle guttered low, And she tried to sing the Passing Song That bids the poor soul go.

And "Mary take you now," she sang,
"That lay against my heart,"
And "Mary smooth your crib to-night,"
But she could not say "Depart."

Then came a cry from the sea, But the sea rime blinded the glass, And "Heard ye nothing, mother?" she said, "'Tis the child that waits to pass.

And the nodding mother sighed,
"'Tis a lambling owe in the whin,
For why should the christened soul cry out
That never knew of sin?"

"O, feet I have held in my hand, O, hands at my heart to catch; How should they know the road to go, And how should they lift the latch?"

They laid a sheet to the door,
With the little quilt atop.
That it might not hurt from the
dirt.
But the crying would not stop. The widow lifted the latch
And strained her eyes to see,
And opened the door on the bitter shore
To let the soul go free."

There was neither glimmer nor ghost, There was neither spirit nor spark, And "Heard ye nothing, mother?" she said, "Tis crying for me in the dark."

And the nodding mother sighed,
"'Tis sorrow makes ye dull;
Have ve yet to learn the cry of the tern
of the wail of the wind-blown gull?"

"The terns are blown in and,
The gray gull follows the plough,
"Twas never a bird, the voice I heard,
Oh, mother, I hear it now!"

"Lie still, dear lamb, lie still; The child is passed from harm. Tis the ache in your breast that broke And the feel of an empty arm."

She put her mother aside,
"In Mary's name let be!
For the peace of my soul I must go," she said,
And she went to the calling sea.

In the heel of the wind bit pier, Where the twisted weed was plied, She came to the life she had missed by an h For she came to a little child.

She laid it into her breast, And back to her mother she came, But it would not feed and it would not heed, Though she gave it her own child's name.

And the dead child dripped on her breast, And her own in the shoud lay stark; And "God forgive us, mother," she said, "We let it die in the dark!"

RUDYARD KIPLING

Adule with pistols, which has had a tragic ending, was fought here on Wednesday morning between two notable members of Hungarian society. The quarrel arose unter the following circumstances: On the 5th of June the Emperor is to visit Budapest for the pupose of celebrating the julic lee of his coronation as King of Hungary. In his State entry into the city His Majesty is to be accompanied by a brilliant escort of Hungarian nobles on horseback, in the magnificent native costumes of Magyar magnates. There has been greatrivalry amongst the young nobles to take part in this cavalcade, and among others M. Karsaf, a great all andowner, put forward a claim to be included in the list. M. Karsaf, who is a Jew, was, however, excluded. Taking great umbarge at this, for which he held Baron Aczel, a prominent member of the Diet, primarily responsible, he sent his seconds to this gentleman, and a meeting took place this morning. M. Karsaf was seriously wounded, his adversary's bullet striking him in the breast. He was at once attended to by the doctors present on the ground, and as soon as possible removed to a neighbouring house, but no hope is entertained of his recovery.

# THE MATHEMATICS OF WAR.

TWELVE HUNDRED MILLION BE 1MGS HAVE BEEN KILLED.

Now.

Can human, folly, regarded from some special point of view, be considered a subject for scientific observation? We do not hesitate to answer in the affirmative, although up to the present time it has never been classified, and although it forms a whole too vast and too complex to belong to any special genus or determined category. Its magnitude and universality have doubtless kept it outside of positive atudies, properly so called. Even now we do not pretend to treat the immense subject in its full extent, but simply wish to examine one of its most interesting and serious phases, the millitary system of the fourteen hundred million human beings who people this planet.

million human beings who people this planet.

How many men are destroyed by war in a century? Official reports and documents enable us to calculate the number of soldiers who have been killed or have died during modern wars. We know that during the unaccountable Franco-German war of 1870-71, 250,000 men were slain on the two sides; that during the useless Crimean war of 1854-55, 785, 100 were slain; that during the short Italian war of 1859, 63,000 men fell on the field of battle or died in hospitals; that the game of chess between Prussia and Austria in 1866 deprived 46,000 individuals of life; that in the United States the strife between the North and South caused the death of 450,000 men in 1860-64; we know also that the wars of

THE FIRST EMPIRE
poured out the blood of five million Europeans, and that France has taken up arms twenty times since 1815. On adding the number of victims of war during the last century a total of 19,840,900 is reached in the civilized countries of Europe and in the United States.

HER CHILDREN'S BLOOD;

de France's pends four hundred thousand follers every day. The war in America did not cost less than sixteen billion do Mars. From the Crimean war down to that of 1870-71, the civilized nations of Europe and America spent in destroying one another \$10,000,000,000, 000 of the ordinary budget and more than \$11,000,000,000 raised expressly for the purpose, making a total of \$21,000,000,000.

The wars of the last hundred years have cost \$140,000,000,000 without counting the sorrow, the loss of men, and other results. For a part only of this tabulous sum all the children might have been brought up and educated gratuitously; all lines of railways might have been brought up and educated gratuitously; all lines of railways might have been brought to realize aerial navigation; customs, town dues, and all obstacles to freedom of trade might have been suppressed; all destitution might have been removed except that caused by idleness and infirmity.

Can the armies of the world be abolished? It is impossible.

A mechanic has calculated the cost of making wooden soldiers of natural size and good condition. As, after all, the victims of to-day are only an affair of number, money, and stratagem, he has decided that all the armies could be reproduced for 6,000,000 francs, or \$1,200,000,000 a year (soldiers in fir, under officers in oak, officers in rosewood, captains in mahogany, colonels in cedar, and generals in ivory), and they could be drilled by steam power, the artillery being included in the calculation. The leaders of the two nations at war and their staff officers would conduct the strategy at their risk and peril. The victory would belong, as heretofore, to him who by his skill should succeed in checkmating his adversary and in destroying the greatest number of combatants. That improvement on ordinary armies would have the advantage of leaving the husbandman to his field, the workman in his factory, and the student to studies, and would promote public prosperity and happiness.

That may answer as advice to future mini

ew disease?"
Doctor—"Discover a new disease
what on earth should I do that for
P. M. M.—"Because I have a new pate
aedicine which is the very thing for it."

A Considerate Husband.

Husband-I never rebuke my wife except

in two cases.
Friend—What are they?
"In the first place, I am rude to her when she reproaches me."
"And under what other circumstances are you rude to her?"
"Well, when she doesn't reproach me.

Presidents without policy would be po-

DOGS' PLESH A BUMA'

A trial of more than usual interest was terminated at Lille, France, on Saturday. Prior to October last there lived at Roubain a certain Gustave Rasson and his wife, who had succeeded. Suiding up a highly prosperous butcher, Jusiness. The Rassons went in for specialities. Their venison was regarded with affection, and their satuages, which possessed a peculiarly savoury flavour, were talked of for miles. It may be imagined therefore, that when, on the 26th of last October, a warrant was issued for their arrest upona charge of yastematically dealing in dogs' flesh, and selling it for human food, the indignation of their numerous customers was intense. Gustave Rasson succeeded in escaping across the frontier into Belgium, but his wife and one of the shopmen were arrested, and on Saturday came up for their trial. Mr. Leclercq, the health inspector of the town of Roubaix, testified that on the 25th of October last he had seized four pounds of chops which he found in a basket in the possession of Madame Rasson. He arrested her, and found at the back of the butcher's shop a regular slaughter-house containing all the necessary instruments, thirteen dogs' carcases, about sixty dogs as kins pegged out and drying, and some living dogs awaiting their turn to be converted into provender. Mr. Roger, a veterinary surgeon, testified to having been called in to examine the chops seized by the health officers. He at once declared them to be dogs' flesh. Questioned by the president, the witness stated that dog's flesh was not dangerous to health providing the animal had no disease. Several of the regular customers of the establishment testified that they had patronised the Rassons because of the distinct and agreeable flavor of their sausage meat. It was also shown that the Rassons had been in the habit of slaughtering about a dozen dogs each week. The Court sentenced Gustave Rasson in default to six months' imprisonment, his wife to six months' imprisonment, his wife to six months' imprisonment, his wife to six months, with an

A like the darkey? We want to make having the content of the conte

Old memories with hallowed glees, You echo in your melodies, Your songs are of the other years, Of other joys and other cheers, In other chorus and harmonies.

Of children on the grassical leas, Of daisy blooms and humming bees, Of shadowed mounds bedowed with tears Old memories.

And through the gathered mysteries,
That hang like veiling mists of seas.
You bring us where the boundry nears
The world in which our dead appears,
But only touch the minor keys—
Old memories.

MARY F. B. HAUSEN

MARY F. B. HAUSEN. We should miss a great deal that is valuable in human nature if we confined our at tention exclusively to important personages -[Hamerton.