

YOUNG FOLKS.

The Tone of Voice. It is not so much what you say, as the manner in which you say it...

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.

Boys and girls should be taught from their earliest infancy to respect the rights of animals. They should be taught to watch the grace and beauty of the growing life around them.

Mothers who are very careful about the religious training of their children and inculcate precept upon precept for their guidance are often careless themselves about the example set.

Useful Hints for Youthful Gardeners. Nothing is so delightful for our young people, especially our girls, than home gardening. It is a healthful recreation and a perpetual aid to the understanding of nature's wonders.

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Now with your hand draw over the seeds the earth that was displaced in making the furrow; it will give them just the right depth of covering—about twice their diameter. That is the rule for planting almost all seeds.

No Career for Him. Nice Little Boy—"I wish you would teach me to black boots."

Water the bed lightly every night at sunset—unless it should rain. If the soft May showers descend, every drop is precious—there is nothing so good as the sweet rain of heaven for our gardens.

Cyclopedic. A fellow came out here to-day 'n' showed me a book to me; One he'd surely oughter have—twelve parts, 'n' one was free.

It seemed a purty fine old book—a reg'lar sort of book. On it I ask him questions, when I seen he'd told me lies.

Old Times, Old Friends, Old Love. There are no days like the good old days—The days, when we were youthful.

The Gift of the Strand. The dead child lay in the shroud, And the widow watched beside, And her mother slept and the channel swept.

Then came a cry from the sea, But the sea-ribe blinded the glass, And 'Heard ye nothing, mother?' she said.

And the nodding mother sighed, 'This sorrow makes ye dull, Have ye not seen the wind-blown gull?' she said.

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The Mathematics of War. TWELVE HUNDRED MILLION BEINGS HAVE BEEN KILLED.

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.

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.

Commencing with the Trojan war, the case has been the same in all ages of history. Certain remarkable battles, fought hand to hand with knife or club, have had the memorable honor of leaving as many as two hundred thousand men dead on the field.

The nations of the extreme Orient (the Chinese and their neighbors) form a second human consolidation, and shed about the same quantity of blood, Genghis Khan and Tamerlane marked their routes with pyramids of severed heads.

General statistics prove that, since the Trojan war 3,000 years ago, not a single year has elapsed in which some war has not killed its proportionate number.

Twelve hundred millions! It is day, and the sun sheds its light and heat upon the whole world. The country is green, the cities full of life, and the villages surrounded with laborers.

But behold the sun, gone to rest! Behold, black night and melancholy silence! Funereal Death descends from sombre heights, holding in his hand a scythe of steel.

Extends his hand to the four cardinal points, traverses shadowy space and disappears in the depths; this gesture has arrested humanity in its course; this passage of the neophyte has sent all human beings to their last sleep; to-morrow morning none of us will waken; the sun will shine upon a land of the dead.

The sword is ceaselessly drawing blood from human veins. Eighteen million cubic meters have been shed.

In summer at Paris the Seine delivers to two parts of the bridge Pont-Neuf about a hundred cubic meters of water every second, moving with force of 3,500 horse power.

That quantity of blood weighs 18,900,000 kilograms. It is an unending stream which every hour since history began has unceasingly poured 680 litres of blood to dye the royal purple worn by the occupants of imperial thrones.

If the 1,200,000,000 skeletons should rise and climb one upon another the ladder thus formed would reach to the moon, coil about that body and, continuing onward, would mount infinite space four times as far again; that is, 5,007,000 leagues in height.

War is not only an unnecessary scourge, but is more injurious than all others, for it never comes alone; sickness, ruin, and famine always follow in its path.

HER CHILDREN'S BLOOD; DOGS' FLESH A RUMA.

At France spends four hundred thousand dollars every day. The war in America did not cost less than sixteen billion dollars.

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.

That may answer as advice to future ministers of war when men, having finally reached the age of reason, shall refuse to fight. But for centuries Ministers and Generals can rest upon their laurels.

Thoughts of Brides. "For instance, what were you all thinking of when you were being married?" Every one laughed and said in a breath, "Why, being married, of course!"

"Nonsense," said the newspaper woman, "that idea was in your mind, no doubt, but it was the undercurrent of thought. You were thinking really of something else. Confess, now."

"Well," said one of the listeners, thoughtfully, "perhaps that is true. Now that I stop to consider it, I was thinking of something else. You see, I was married at home and in the evening. Just as the minister commenced the service a lamp-shade on a small table near me cracked."

"I turned involuntarily to my sister, who was standing near me, and was about to whisper her to turn the lamp down, when it suddenly occurred to me that that was the cynosure of all eyes—that it was really my own wedding. Of course I refrained from speech, but it was with difficulty that I refrained from laughter at the blunder I came so near making."

"Well, I remember distinctly what I was thinking about," said the intellectual man on the sofa. "I had a new pair of eyeglasses on, and the springing of my nose. I was wishing the minister would hurry up so I could go up stairs and change them."

"And I," put in the third, "was congratulating myself all through the ceremony on my wonderful composure. I knew that he was frightened to death, and I was thinking what larks it would be to tease him about it all the rest of his life, when suddenly, as I held out my hand for the ring, it happened to glance at it and found that it was trembling like a leaf."

"That night 'phased' me so that all else is a blank, save my own desire to hide my hands. I had a mad impulse to conceal them in the folds of my veil, but I don't think I did."

"At least, no one ever told me so. I myself would hate to take my oath that I did not."

"It was a sermon of Sam Small's that was diverting my mind at my wedding," said the woman in the corner. "I don't know that anything could have been more incongruous at such a time than one of Sam Small's sermons, but I had heard him preach a month or so before, and just as I was coming down stairs something, I shall never know what, put me in mind of one of his grotesque illustrations."

"He compared the gospel to a spring board. Just where he found the resemblance I can't remember. That was what troubled me then. I couldn't remember, and I was trying to figure it out all through the service. I nearly missed one of the responses, I was so intent upon the idea."

"Everybody accounted for," said the newspaper woman, "save myself, who am not married, and Mrs. Blank. What were you thinking of, Mrs. B.?"

"The little woman blushed furiously, hesitated, and finally said: 'If you promise never to tell, I'll tell you. You see, I was married in the days when people were enormous talls. Well, in the confusion and hurly-burly of dressing, my bustle got lost, and couldn't be found. It was growing late, and what was to be done? No one knew. I could not wear my dress without it, for it looked dreadfully...'

Thus Science Moves On. Patent Medicine Manufacturer—"Doctor, don't you think you could discover a new disease?"

Doctor—"Discover a new disease! What on earth should I do that for?" P. M. M.—"Because I have a new patent medicine which is the very thing for it."

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A Considerate Husband. Husband—"I never rebuke my wife except in two cases—What are they?"

Friend—"What are they?" Husband—"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 potatoes without salt.

Old Memories. Old memories with hallowed glees, You echo in your melodies, Your songs are of olden years.

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

We should miss a great deal that is valuable in human nature if we confined our attention exclusively to important personages—Hamerton.

Terrible Disaster on the Caspian Sea. Particulars have only just reached St. Petersburg of a terrible disaster, involving great loss of life, which occurred on the Caspian Sea at the end of March.

A Robbers' Cave. According to a German paper, a robbers' cave has just been discovered by a police officer in one of the most picturesque parts of Grunewald.

The French Executioner. The executioner is still regarded in France with much of the abhorrence which has always been felt for him, but although he is an outcast from the circle of world, admission to the marshes, commanderies, and public places generally is not to-day, as it once was, denied to him.