# Boys and Girls.

My Bed Is a Boat.

My bed is like a little boat: Nurse helps me in when I embark; She girds me in my sailor's coat And starts me in the dark.

At night I go on board and say Good-night to all my friends shore; I shut my eyes and sail away. And see and hear no more.

And sometimes things to bed I take, As prudent sailors have to do-Perhaps a slice of wedding cake, Perhaps a toy or two.

All night across the dark we steer: But when the day returns at last, Safe in my room, beside the pier,

I find my vessel fast.

—"A Child's Garden of Verse."

Leonard Bradley and the Wolves. I have learned a little more about dead generations from the attic than from the many-branched Family Tree might come.' hanging in the wide hall, under the

original grant of land signed by Cecil Calvert, Lord Baltimore. The last time I undertook the attic I was armed with a bunch of keys (wardens to the more valuable heirlooms) and accompanied by grandmamma. For grand-side, hanging over the heads of the mamma delights in talking "old howling wolves. "The door is giving!" times" to one who loves to listen. he called back. 'You both have fam-Therefore, when grandmamma was seated upon a little, low chair, with corner, I proceeded to look at the con-

tents of a brown hair trunk. What an extraordinary garment!" I said, holding up to view a coat with the tails torn or chewed directly off. "It looks as if it went with a powdered queue and knee-breeches and buckles, and all that sort of thing. But

why are there no coat-tails?" That coat belonged to your greatgreat-uncle, Leonard Bradley, on your mother's side. The Bradley things are in the trunks, and the Herberts in the

"But the coat-tails?" I said, closing the trunk and spreading the garment upon it. I settled myself beside it, and grandmamma smiled at me. 'It'll not take long to tell, for it didn't take long to happen. I am very proud of those lost coat-tails. It hap-diers do not always fight with a sword,

ened this way—and I've heard, my and all the heroes are not written ather tell about it so often that I can down in history."—The Outlook. father tell about it so often that I can close my eyes and see it. Your great, great-uncle, Leonard Bradley, was a famous huntsman in his day, and used to make excursions into the heart of the mountains near which he lived, and bring back game, and plenty of pelts besides. That part of the country was so wild and lonely then, and the little settlement so near the foot a story, as a child, of the creatures When I want which inhabited those mountains and ma t' say "no." never showed themselves by light of

was quite a young man, returned, at t' get on the roof 'thout a ladder. dusk, with two of his friends from a hunting expedition in the mountains. 'town meeting' had been called for that evening, and was to be held in the school house. The school house stood some distance from the group of have parents. Parents consist of Pas houses which formed the settlement, and Mas. Pas talk a good deal about it having ben built near the foot of what they are going to do, but mostly seemed to be growing in that direction. It was a bitterly cold evening, and the ground was covered The huntsmen, who had not brought back much game, determined to stop at the school house and await of the principal men of the village. One of Leonard Bradley's friends had to the door of the school house. ,The master, who, having a duplicate key

the meeting to be held later. sat around it, getting warm

man voice. It will be bitterly cold to aren't what they're cracked up to be. 'Harken!' said Leonard Bradley, suddenly. Then they sat silent for a failings, of course, like all of us, but moment, and in that moment the on the whole I approve of 'em." Once

fedrful sound swept down the moun- lowance cut down one-half. round with a terrible nearness. track. There must have been blood dropped from the game!" 'An instant of listening showed that The wind-like sound was right. that, at a distance, seemed to come from one throat, broke suddenly from a multitude, and in a moment later

a frenzied pack of wolves hurled itself, dashing and leaping, upon the door of the little school house. The mark of the cub's blood,' said Leonard Bradley, briefly. 'How many

charges have you?' 'One,' said the other, looking at 'None,' said Leonard Bradley, 'None,' snapping his flintlock, 'and the door

is not over strong.' Between the chinks of a shutter they could see the howling forms black against the snow, making vain dashes upon the door sill, over which the body of the cub had been drawn. door shook ominously as they

hurled themselves against it. We cannot shoot from here,' one of the men. Then Leonard Bradley leaped up a low flight of steps to a little landing, where hung the bell-Pope, the long end of which lay coiled upon the floor. On this landing was also a window, and to this window the

three men pressed. "Far off they could see a gleam of light here and there from the houses in the settlement. The moon had risen, and all around them was a world of snow, with the darkness of mountain in the background, and beneath was a panting, ravenous pack of wolves—how many they did not dare conjecture. The tracks of blood in the snow had fairly frenzied the to give forth sounds resembling the beasts. They were howling like mad, words, "Beware of Han." Like the Syand leaping upon the door of the

"One of the men fired from the windew, and a huge wolf sprang upward and dropped back dead. A second shot entered the pack and infuriated the animals all the more. The third miss-

"That is all, and the door will not hold much longer; said Leonard Brad

ley, at a sound from below. He seized the bell-rope and commenced to ring

with all his might. 'This may stir them in the village and show that something is wrong!"
""Twill soon be too late, said one of the men, leaning from the window, 'they smell the blood yet!'

"Throw out the game and keep them off the door!" cried Leonard Bradley. So, while he pulled the bell-rope, his friends carried upward the game, which they had piled within the door, and cast it out of the window, piece by piece, into the pack below. There were but four pieces in all, and these were fallen upon and ravenously devoured. But the portion of the hungry wolves which had gotten none tore upon the school house door in a fury, evidently scenting the blood

which had crossed its threshold. "Then there came a sudden sound of cracking timbers. The two men fell upon their knees, and Leonard Bradley dropped the vell-rope.

'The door is giving way!' he said. 'If there was a little more time help

"'If there were but more game to throw out!' cried one of the men. "And again there was the sound of cracking timber. Then, suddenly, Bradley seized the coil of bell-rope and sprang upon the window ledge. In a twinkling, before his friends dreamed of his intention, he was outilles. Maybe I can keep them off--" "Then there was a howl. Two black

a very high back, belonging, no doubt, forms leaped into the air, and there to a spinning-wheel and a chimney-was a sharp cry from Leonard Bradley and a pistol shot. The foremost wolf fell back dead, and a volley of shot poured into the pack, scattering them right and left. They dashed backward in a panic towards the mountain, followed by a rain of bullets and shot. "The bell had rung the alarmed neighbors thither, and the first shot had caught the wolf which leaped up-

ward after Leonard Bradley. "They picked Leonard Bradley up, unconscious but really unhurt. It was found, however, that his coat-tails had been seized and torn off by the

fangs of the wolf. "And this is the coat," said Grandmamma, stroking the garment which lay on the trunk. "Leonard Bradley's mother kept it, and afterwards his wife, for it means that, after all, sol-

Pickings From the Intellect of Little Plato Smith.

Boys has measles, and men has politics I'd rather take a bath than wear a new pair of pants t' school. Pa says laziness is a crime, but ma

when our chimney burnt | out he One evening Leonard Bradley, who scraped a lot o' skin ox his legs tryin' ination it would be most unphilosophi-

Bobby's Composition on Parents.

Parents are things which boys have to look after them. Most girls also what they are going to do, but mostly mountain, because the village it's Mas that make you mind. Some times it is different, though. Once there was a boy came home from colwith lege on vacation. His parents lived on a farm. There was work to be done on the farm. Work on a farm always has to be done early in the morning. several townsmen, who, with This boy didn't get up. His sister goes themselves, would form the meeting to the stairway and calls: "Willie, 'tis a beautiful morning. Rise and list to The boy didn't say anythe lark." shot a bear's cub shortly before dusk. thing. Then his Ma calls: "William, it and, returning, had grown tired, and is time to get up. Your breakfast is dragged it after him over the snow getting cold." The boy kept right on not saying anything. Then his Pa third man of the party was the school- puts his head in the stairway and says "Coming, sir!" of the door, let them in, and they pro- boy. I know a boy that hasn't got ceeded to build a fire preparatory to any parents. He goes in swimming whenever he pleases. But I am going to stick to my parents. However, I don't and chatting, and by and by one said:

"The wind is rising. Hear it coming down the mountain!"

"Yes,' said another, "tis like a hu
"Parents are a nuisance; they along without them. Says this boy to me: "Parents are a nuisance; they Says I to him: "Just the same, I find 'em handy to have. Parents have their wind's voice took a strange and terrible a man says to me: "Bobby, do you love ble note. Nearer and more loud it came. Nearer and more terrible." a man says to me: "Bobby, do you love your parents?" "Well," says I, "I'm not a-quarreling with 'em." Once a The men sprang to their feet with boy at boarding school went to calling blanched faces. Then a prolonged and his Pa the Governor, and got his altain through the night, and wrapped said he ought to have waited till he was going to college. Much more Wolves! said Leonard Bradley, might be written about parents, show-They are starved out and have fol-ing their habits and so forth, but I will leave the task to abler pens .-Harper's Round Table.

#### Cultivate Repose.

If there is anything girls should cultivate, it is repose. Simply do not allow your feet to swing and your brows to pucker, but compel face and feet to mind your will, and will to be calm and tranquil on the outside, if not beneath the surface. A result of this will be that the looking quiet, and moving "Two,' said one man, examining his gently, and holding yourself in control will bring about a restful condi-tion of mind. You will feel better and be less nervous if you put down the expression of nervousness.-Harper's Round Table.

> Army Saved by a Musical Kite. Kites like the American boy uses are never seen in China, although Chinese boys are wonderful kite-makers. The designers there prefer to make their kites in the shape of flowers and birds and fish, or anything else that can be found in or under the earth. Many of them are extremely beautiful, a credit to the artistic tastes of the people. On some of them musical strings are so arranged that they give out sounds of melody as they fly aloft. The first ones so constructed are said to have been instrumental in saving an army when in dire distress. The general commanding this unfortunate force being hemmed in by the enemy, resorted to the stratagem of flying in the dead of night a number of kites with musical strings, so arranged as rians at the noise of the chariot wheels, the enemy took flight at the sound and were destroyed-horse, foot and dragoons.

TOO TRUE Reporter-What do you find to be the easiest thing to run in? Tights?

Age in the Ministry.

Age is at a premium in all pro-fessions except the clerical. In the sick chamber and the courtroom ex-perience counts for something; in the pulpit it counts for nothing. Yet if anywhere it is needed it is there. To treat sin-sick souls requires more skill than to treat diseased bodies, and skill is the ripe fruit of experience. Draw the "dead line" where you will, at 40, 45 or 50, it can undoubtedly be demonstrated that where ministers have been favored with the opportunity by the grace of the churches, the most of them have accomplished their best work and achieved the grandest results after the extremest "dead line" limit has been passed.—Christian In-

# Are Dreams Prophetic?

Some Weird, Unauthoriticated Narratives in Evidence.

How Dream Stories Change When Retold Even After a Few Hours Lapse.

A curious and interesting article on the subject of dreams appears in the Freeman, of London. The writer discusses dreams from a scientific, a sentimental, and a speculative point of view. An attempt is made to describe For the notes were hoarse with the doomed and drowned, the process of dreaming in the following words:

"Imagine an organ, which it was essential should keep playing continually, so that when the organist ceased touching the keys they would be autematically moved at random. You would find therein a correct illustration of the human brain. From such an instrument, if listened to when the master was absent, there would be a succession of tones, perhaps at times giving forth a weird music, occasionally issuing chords rarely heard, and possibly now and then a charming air. So in sleep. Or take another musical illustration. The difference between thinking and dreaming is similar to that of playing a violin with a bow or using it as an Aeolian harp.

It is contended that the phenomena of dreams afford no evidence of the supposed dual nature of human existence. Neither, it is said, is there any-thing supernatural about it. Aside from the recorded instances in the Scriptures where God made use of dreams to convey His messages to certain men, there is no authentic record of dreams being used as agencies for communication from the unseen world, this notwithstanding many alleged happenings of this kind. On this point the writer says:

"In passing we may note some of the eird unauthenticated narratives weird which have somehow gained currency. Such stories are those of Lord Lyttleton forecasting his death at Pitt Place by a dream. Or Maria Martin, in which a dream is said to have aided in the discovery of a murder at the Red Barn. Or the strange tale of Mr. John William, of Redruth, and the assassination of Mr. Percival in the of the mountain, that for years the sheep-pens were not safe at night from a howling bear or wolf. I heard many a story, as a child, of the creatures when I want pa t' say "yes," I get the says is at this, but the kitchen fire.

Boys get most o' their sicknesses for this, but the says is at this says is at thi ing been shown to be all but destitute Pa says t' never get excited; but of truth. Could any of these narratives bear the test of thorough examcal to found a theory on the coinci-dence of a chance. It is an evidence of the widespread prevalence of good sense that we have not a hundred times as many tales of dreams coming true as have found acceptance among a certain class, and are related by cer

tain authors." Coming to the interesting question whether dreams have any prophetic power, the writer says: "Some very serious stories are un-

doubtedly told on very good authority of what is called fulfillment of dreams How can it be otherwise? The famous professor, Herr Teufelsdrock, when he looked out of his garret window in Weisnitchwo, down upon the town, at the midnight hour, reflected upon the fact that upward of five hundred thousand two-legged animals without feathers were lying round about in horizontal positions, their heads all in nightcaps and full of the foolishest dreams. It would indeed be a miracle if no event happened the next day that would correspond to one of the dreams in those five hundred thousand brains you dream but three dreams a night you have had one thousand every year you have lived, and as most of these relate to ordinary life many must by chance have, what is called, come true. Consider this, There are, say, fifteen hundred millions of persons in the world. Each of these has dreams, some one, some a score or more, each of the 265 nights in the year. Five hundred thousand million dreams every year at least! On the doctrine of probabilities many thousands must truly represent coming events. Every person has at least ten thousand nights every 30 years. Suppose an individual in good health, waking only once each morning, formed the habit of remembering his last sleeping presentation. Say the chances are a thousand to one against the waking dream coming true. Then the chances are that he will have ten remarkable dreams in thirty years. Consider the probabilities as less, and add the experience of acquaintances, then each one might know of many coincidences of dreams and subsequent events. So that the fact that out of the countless number of dreamed, now and then one strangely and even vividly forecasts an event, need be no mystery. The less so when the power of the imagination over the memory is taken into account.

"Representation with many persons is a growing thing; the plain green soon develops into a fine plant with abundance of flowers unseen before. Skillfully draw out a dreamteller. Get him to relate his vision on meeting him in the morning. Have the story retold later on in the day. Note carefully the difference between the narrative at breakfast and at dinner time. You will find it budding into new forms and colors. Now introduce into conversation some circumstances you have just heard of-say, a death in the family, or some murder told in the newspaper, or some singular discovery which might in a faint way correspond with the visit how the remembrance alters even while you talk. By tea time dream has lost the feature which did not coincide with the fact to which about to be united as a very remarkable forecast, and has gained some additions which improve the resemblance. By supper time it has developed into a very satisfactory vision, and the dreamer, with perfect declares that henceforth no one shall ever persuade him that there is no truth in dreams, and grows proud with the consciousness that he is the subject of functions which do not belong to ordinary mortals, and is the true successor of the patriarch Joseph and the prophet Daniel—a veri-table Zaphnath Paanaeh. We are all pleased to feel ourselves in some small point a little superior to our fellows, especially in supernatural revelation."

Song of the Sea.

The song of the sea was an ancient In the days when the earth was The waves were gossiping loud and

long Ere mortals had found a tongue; The heart of the waves with wrath was wrung Or soothed to a siren strain, As they tossed the primitive isless

among Or slept in the open main. Such was the song of its changes free, Such was the song of the sea.

The song of the sea took a human In the days of the coming of man; mournfuller meaning swelled her

moan. And fiercer her riots ran; Because that her stately voice began To speak of our human woes; With music mighty to grasp and span Life's tale and its passion-throes. Such was the song as it grew to be, Such was the song of the sea.

The song of the sea was a hungry sound As the human years unrolled;

Or choked with a shipwreck's gold; Till it seemed no dirge above the mould So sorry a story said As the midnight cry of the waters old

Calling above their dead. Such is the song and its threnody, Such is the song of the sea. The song of the sea is a wondrous lay, For it mirrors human life;

It is grave and great as the judgment It is torn with the thought of strife; Yet under the stars it is smooth and

With love-light everywhere, When the sky has taken the deep to wife And their wedding day is fair-Such is the ocean's mystery

Such is the song of the sea. -Richard Burton.

Stow and Eura.

In forty years of steady work, so Eastern travelers say, Chinese make a porcelain cup of

Oriental clay-In Bagdad they form easily a hundred in a day; But princes seek and prize the onethe other's thrown away. The chicken walks from out its shell and goes its food to find. While helpless lies for months and

years the child of human kind, Which yet by gradual growth o'ertops all else in strength and mind. slow of thought! remember this-be thankful and resigned.

-Saadi, translated by James Freeman

#### A Birthday.

My boy's first birthday in heaven, Ah! how do they count a year In that fair and blessed country So strange to me, yet so dear? Do the angels guess at my longing, And gather the heavenly flowers To mark with their fadeless beauty

Last year there were loving tokens, birthday wishes from all; Today thou hast what we wished thee. And so, whate'er may befall, Earth's sorrow and pain cannot harm thee.

And tears are for us alone; Remembering this in our grieving Our heart-ache less poignant has grown.

My boy's first birthday in heaven, And I cannot clasp him today: The bitter first time, since a baby In my close folded arms he lay. But, I will not yield to my grieving Though my heart is so lonely and

When my boy has a birthday in heaven Shall I not for his sake be glad? -G. P. Dubois, in the Interior.

#### A FLORAL WONDER.

#### The Holy Ghost Flower, Which Grows in

Panama. The Holy Ghost flower, or Flor del Espiritu Santo, is found in the region of the Isthmus of Panama It seems to thrive in low, marshy spots, and springs up from decayed logs or from crevices in the rocks. The larger and older bulbs frequently send up leaf stalks six or seven feet in height, and from these which are joined, broad lanceolated leaves are thrown out in pairs. The plant is an annual, and in June, July and August the flower stalks start up from the base of the bulbs, devoting all their energies to the formation of the buds. The buds are arranged on the stalk much like those of the hyacinth, the usual number for a well grown stalk to bear being from twelve to fifteen. The leaves are very pale green in color, as though in harmony with the delicate purity of the blossom. The blossom is of alabaster whiteness, muck like the oldstyle English pulpit. This, of itself, is strikingly curious, but it fades into significance when one looks into the center of that strange blossom, for there, nestling in its very heart, is the perfect image of a dove. No one could mistake it for anything else, for no human skill could fashion its shape more perfectly, no artist could adorn it with more elegant tints, and no perfumer could endow it with more delicate fragrance. Right in the cup of the blossom, with the snow-white canopy about it, rests this wondrous image, its delicately molded wings drooping, half-extended at its side, its gold tinted head bent slightly forward, its tiny, crimson-tipped bill almost touching its snowy breast. An observer who saw it in its native home says: "Just as the figure of the dove itself is there, beyond dispute, so does an expression pervade the image, an expression that even the most careless cannot fail to notice, the incarnation of humility and spiritual purity."

Anecdote of Matthew Arnold. The publication of the letters of Matthew Arnold has brought out many little aneodotes of his stay in this country, and one of the most amusing of these comes from Minnesota. While Mr. that State he was the guest of a Unitheir rooms in readiness for the honabout to retire the host ushered him for life. If the Darwinian theory

boots and take my bath and go to bed." Here was a dilemma. In that republican household there was no maid who would degrade herself by blacking a pair of boots. So the host lingered in the passage way until the cessation of splashing in the bath and a suitable period of subsections. a suitable period of subsequent quiet convinced him that his guest was safe in bed; and then, tiptoeing up in his stocking feet, he abstracted the boots, carried them to the lower regions gave them a vigorous polishing, and noise-lessly replaced them outside the Englishman's door. Of course, the latter never suspected the truth, but the story was too good to keep, and the clergyman tells it to this day with keen enjoyment.

## The Boer President.

A Man of Deep Piety, Strong Prejudices, and Temperate Habits.

The first time I met the President, says a correspondent, was when I was on a church union mission, which included the Transvaal. He was at the time engaged in the Volksraad, but, even have a pocket!" on receipt of my card, sent word that he would see me presently, and I was conducted to his private room. It was about? not long before he appeared, with a kind of a sash or decoration round his and kept them for himself. waist-some badge of office, I suppose. His secretary, Dr. Leyds, of recent scare-fame, interpreted, as I knew no Shoot! Dutch (or "Natal" as it is called out Amat there), while the President is supposed to know no English. I was positively amazed to find how thoroughly au fait Oom Paul was with the ecclesiastical affairs of Europe; he could even anticipate me on many matters which I had thought I would certainly have to explain. He was most courteous, and interested in the I had on hand, and we parted in a very friendly and informal way. Once I was outside I fixed my eyes as searchingly as I could on Dr. Leyds, who had accompanied me, and asked: "Does President Kruger really know no English?" With a meaning look he said, "If you are praising him or speaking well of the Transvalal, he knows no English; but if you are speaking ill of him, or saying anything against the Transvaal, he knows every word you say!" The President is a man of deep piety, of the hyper-Calvinistic mold, and so deeply engrained in him that not only does it lead to his 'tholding forth' in the little conventicle he attends, but even leads him into some curious actions. One of these has made no small stir in Johannesburg. The Jews there built handsome synagogue-I was that it cost \$250,000-and President Kruger was asked to open it. He did he recounted the whole history of the Chosen People, from the time they came out of Egypt, all of which was in the best taste, and very gratifying the large Hebrew audience. closing words, however, gave them the shivers. "And so I consecrate this building to the worship of the Triune God!" It has led to a serious split among the children of Abraham out there, for, while some have been sensible enough to say it was only slip, others maintain that the building has been desecrated, and they have built another synagogue close beside the first, having taken great-er precautions for a right stant with Kruger is the most abstemious man I have ever met. In all his life he has never tasted tea, coffee, wine, spirits, or even mild lager; his only liquid is milk; he says he has never been weaned! The vigor and astuteness of the old man should make this fact be of great market value to all temperance societies.-The New

Such as are thy habitual thoughts, such also will be the character of thy mind; for the soul is dyed by the thoughts. Dye it, then, with a continuous series of such thoughts as these: for instance, that where a man can live there he can also live well. But he must live in a palace; well, then, he can also live well in a palace .- Marcus Antoninus.

#### The Early Rising Precept.

Whatever may be your fad, it is certain sooner or later to receive the approval and support of the medical journals. From time to time they have discovered death in the milk jug, death in the teapot, death in the wine, beer, tobacco, cycling, cricket, footdemnation of the oyster was a heavy blow, and now we are asked to repudiate the principle of early rising. Speaking as one having authority and not as the scribes, the British medical Journal makes bold to say that the early rising theory is a mistake, that play until midday, and that the desire to get up with the larm, so far from being a sign of strength of character and vigor of body, denote advancing age.

Such a doctrine is nothing short of revolutionary. It not only throws cold water upon the claims of the early risers, but by a parity of reasoning it extols that numerous class, the lazy lie-abed, who, we are now given to understand, are the salt of the earth. Frankly speaking, while inclined to rejoice at the snub administered to the early risers. I am unable to agree with the British Medical Journal. wish I could, but all the scientific evidence seems to point to the early riser, or, let me say, the short sleeper, as the coming man.

Primitive man, like monkeys and have gone to bed at nightfall, to sleep until sunrise; there was nothing else for him to do. Down to the last century civilization exhibited little change in this respect, all modes of there was no inducement for anybody to turn night into day. The electric light, however, may conceivably enough make many independent of the light of day for the carrying on of business. In such an event the fittest type of man will surely be he who can keep awake longest, and get through the most work in 24 hours. I believe that the philosophy of "early to bed and early to rise" is a survival of the old conditions. "Work while yet it is day," says another authority, "for the night cometh when no man can That was a rash assertion. It could not have been enunciated at the end of the nineteenth century. A very great deal of the labor is done Arnold was lecturing in a large city in night and the practice is sure to extend. This being so, all the 24 hours tarian clergyman of large hospitality in fact, being now available for work, and small means. He and his wife put the man who wants a long sleep rather than a short one will assuredly ored guest, and when Mr. Arnold was be at a disadvantage in the struggle into a bedroom connecting with a dressing room and bathroom. The lecturer was delighted. "How very cosy!" he exclaimed. "I'll just put out my conditions.—Pall Mail Budget.

"I am no prize-fighter," said the laundryman, "but if anyone gives me cuffs I'll proceed to do 'em up.

New Girl-What does your papa like Little Mabel--He always likes most anything we hasn't got.

| | | Mrs. Shopper-Why, all these toys Shopkeeper-Yes, madam; but then you know most of the babies are new.

Spencer-Did you feel any pain at all when you went to that painless dentist's? Ferguson-Only when he presented

When the self-made and purse-proud Jones said, "I began life without a cent in my pocket," the impecunious Smith sighed and answered, "I didn't

Papa-Jack, what are you crying Jack-The conjurer at the circus today took five pigeons out of my bat,

Guide (as the birds start up)-Shoot! Amateur Sportsman (nervously)-Why-er-aw-there's so many birds they confuse me, and I don't know which one to shoot at.-Exchange.

Josiah-William said he'd send us a telegram as soon as he reached New Mandy-Land sakes! I reckon I'll

have to learn to talk through it, too. Do you ring the bell or say hello first? H H H Mr. Noopop-My baby cries all night. don't know what to do with it. Mr. Knowitt-I'll tell you what I did.

As soon as our baby commenced to cry, I used to turn on all the gas. That fooled him. He thought it was broad daylight and went to sleep. 11 11 11 What was the greatest difficulty you encountered in your journey to the Arctic regions?" asked a lady of an

the prompt reply.—Commercial Bullet-"Did not the sight of the boundless blue sea, bearing on its bosom whitewinged fleets of commerce, fill you with emotion?"

"Getting home again, madam," was

'Yes," replied the traveler, "at first so, with a kind of sermon, in which it did, but after a while it didn't fill me with anything; it sorter emptied

"How is your father coming on?" asked Col. Yerger of a darky he used to own before the war. "He am dead." 'He must have reached an advanced

"He did dat, for a fac'. He was libin' up to de berry day ob his deff."

The Judge tells how Mr. Doolin met Mr. Casey, and about the conversation they had.
"I heard ye were on a shtrike," said

Mr. Doolin. "I was that," answered Mr. Casey.
"A shtrike for what Casey?" "For shorter hours."

"An' did ye get 'em?" "Sure we did that! It's not wurrkin' am, now!"

Bobby is attending to his plano lessons very faithfully of late," said that youth's uncle 'Yes," returned his mother, "I don't have any trouble with him about that

now "How did you manage it?" "Some of the neighbors complained of the noise his exercises made, and I told him about it. Now he thinks it's fun to practice."

### Science Baffled.

Argon, the mysterious, inert con-

stituent separated from the atmosphere by Lord Rayleigh and Prof. Ramsay, still remains a puzzle to men of science. It is stubbornly mute to every question they address to it. The same attitude is maintained by the gas which was found in a rare earth by Ramsay about two months back. Both gases have been detected in various natural springs, as, for instance, the thermal waters of Bath, and ball, bathing, and what not. The com- Hellum is now found to exist in small quantities as a component of various minerals known to have a deep-seated origin in the crust of the earth. Lord Rayleigh recounted the latest about argon at the Royal Institution last week, but there was really very little news to tell. Both gases have been weighed and tested in every posthe vital forces do not come fully into sible fashion; they have been reduced to the liquid state and otherwise maltreated, but a baffling veil seems to spread itself before the page of na-ture's book on which the chemists seek to read the character and temperament of these inscrutible bodies. It is this very inertness that makes the quest doubly interesting. Nothing like it has ever been found before. Nitrogen the chief component of the atmosphere, is inert enough in one sense. It is absolutely without active properties when alone. But it forms a series of compounds among the most violent and characteristic in the whole range of chemistry. By analogy it is thought that if by some means argon could be frought into union with other elements inconceivable results might follow. Yet more likely both argon and helium are elements of such birds, having no artificial light, must a nature as to be incapable of combination under the physical conditions existing on the earth. Helium we know as a constituent of the sun's atmosphere long before it was found in the crust of this planet. This is artificial lighting being so poor that a fact which, taken in connection with the deep-seated origin of the minerals in which it is found, endows helium with a crowd of most fascinating problems. It seems rather to belong to the group of cosmic mys-teries that lie buried in the bowels of the earth than to the facts of everyday chemistry which present themselves on the surface. Could we but reach down to the heart of our planetary sphere and bring up a few samples of whatever may be there, be it molten mineral or fiery compressed rock, what a light might not be throw on the birth and death of worlds. Imaginative men of science have pictured even the "elements" themselves as products of that universal "evolution" which seems to have been the law of the universe from the beginning of things. May not the "struggle for existence" which this profound thought

implies have left us in our heliums

and argons gaseous "survivals" of a

past order of elementary existence,

bye-products, as it vere, of the cosmic process, just as it has left us survivale

and bye-products in animal and veg-

table life?—The New Age.