

### The Echo Boy.

A little boy once went home to his mother and said: "Mother, sister and I went out into the garden, and we were calling about, and there was some boy mocking us."

"How do you mean, Johnny?" said his mother.

"Why," said the child, "I was calling out 'Ho!' and the boy said, 'Ho!' So I said to him, 'Who are you?' and he answered, 'Who are you?' I said, 'What is your name?' He said, 'What is your name?' And I said to him, 'Why don't you show yourself?' He said, 'Show yourself!' And I jumped over the ditch, and went into the woods, and I could not find him, and I came back and said, 'If you don't come out I will punch your head!' And he said 'I will punch your head!'"

So his mother said: "Ah! Johnny, if you had said, 'I love you,' he would have said, 'I love you.' If you had said 'Your voice is sweet,' he would have said, 'Your voice is sweet.' Whatever you said to him he would have said back to you." And the mother said: "Now, Johnny, when you grow and get to be a man, whatever you say to others they will, by and by, say back to you." And his mother took him to that old text in the Scripture: "With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again."

### Take Your Sunshine Home.

If your wife is sensitive, do not ignore the fact. Refrain from jesting with her on a subject in which there is danger of wounding her feelings. Remember that she treasures every word you utter. Do not speak of some virtues in another man's wife to remind your own of a fault. Do not reproach your wife with personal defects, for, if she has sensibility, you inflict a wound difficult to heal. Do not treat your wife with inattention in company; it touches her pride, and she will not respect you more, or love you better for it. Do not upbraid your wife in the presence of a third person; the sense of your disregard for her feelings will prevent her acknowledging her fault. Do not entertain your wife by praising the beauty and accomplishments of other women. If you would have a pleasant home and a cheerful wife, pass your evenings under your own roof. Do not be stern and silent in your own house and remarkable for sociability elsewhere. Take your sunshine home with you.

### Alarm Caused By Balloons.

Many are the stories told of the alarm caused by the descent of balloons. "Dinna ye think the world will soon be at an end?" was the remark of an old Scotchman, when one descended near Glasgow in the year 1755. "Eh, missus, but he's come at last, and no mistake!" was the observation of an old countryman one night, when Coxwell descended near Croydon. "Who's come at last?" cried his better half, running out with another light. "Look ye, Sally," said he, pointing to the dim, dark outline of the mysterious visitor "that's the old gemman himself, or else I'm a Dutchman." Coxwell tells another story of descending near a village late at night, and being absolutely denied shelter or refreshment at several houses, two of them inns. He had to sleep in the car, with ballast-bags for pillows and curtain-silk curtains, —formed by the folds of the balloon, in the middle of a field. Next morning some workmen approached, and he lay still purposely, to see how they would behave. "On jumping up, like Jack-in-box, the worthies looked perfectly bewildered, two ran off and the rest were powerless as to speech. "Why

lass, it's a balloon,' said I; 'dont be frightened.' 'And what be you?' inquired the bravest of the lot. 'Why, the aeronaut, to be sure; the party who goes up.' 'Ah,' said he, 'I thought you wa'nt a mortal man.' 'But I am, though; feel me,' said I. 'No, I shall not come any closer;' and immediately a side movement was made for the gate." The landlords who had denied him the night before apologized, but one of them said, "Lord love ye, sir a man coming out of the clouds, what could he expect on this here wicked earth?" Looking at the matter in this light, one can understand the alarm of a young girl, tending sheep, who, from no apparent source, once saw a deal chair descending from the skies! Arago tell us that Gay-Lussac, when he had reached twenty-two thousand and odd feet, wished still to ascend, and the chair being readily available, over it went. Its workmanship was sufficient to prove that it was not of celestial origin. —*Frederick Whymper in Good Words.*

### A Possibility of the Future.

On more than one occasion during the last 3,000 years the barbaric hordes of the East have overflowed their boundaries and have swept westward, overwhelming the young civilization of Europe and obliterating nearly all the landmarks of western art and progress, and at the present time, if we may credit the Pekin correspondent of one of the Calcutta papers, there is in China a powerful and rapidly growing party that advocates the making of yet another gigantic excursion toward the land of the setting sun. The Celestial Empire is, no doubt, immensely over-populated, and will probably ere long seek some new outlet for her surplus citizens; but it is difficult to believe that she will attempt, save by peaceful means, to attain the desired result. The great unknown country has been quiescent for so long that it is impossible for a European to contemplate that the sleeping myriads should ever again put forth their herculean strength. Yet, if China were to wake; if she were to look westward with covetous glance, and were once more to burst her bounds, in response to that mysterious impulse which in the East occasionally seizes upon a whole people, how could she be resisted? According to the last edition of the *Bevolkerung der Erde* she has a population of 434,000,000; and, supposing that estimate—for it is only an estimate—to be even approximately correct, China could put into the field more soldiers than there are souls in Germany, and, if she so willed, with a host of 86,000,000, trample all the civilization of Europe beneath her feet.

### Borrowed Books and the Parcel Post.

An excellent but terrible suggestion is made by a correspondent in one of the morning papers. Will not people generally, he asks, "while the joy of the new Parcel Post is fully on them, turn out their cupboards and examine their bookshelves for volumes long borrowed and never returned, and thus set in motion for the time being the largest circulating library in the world?" What a day of judgment that would be for many of us! How many forgotten offences would rise to reproach us from the dust with which they had long been covered! But wholesome as such a general ransacking of neglected corners, and the consequent searchings of heart, might be, it is hardly advisable that the whole English people should set about it at the same time. If they did the national rejoicing over the birth of the Parcel Post might speedily be followed by national lamentation over its sudden and complete collapse.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*