HIS FIRST LESSON. ET ALICE BAMI: TON BICH. Swing, swing, swing,
O mother years and fair!
The cradle of your babe,
With loving tender care;
The boy you love most dear,
Unconscious lies in sleep,
And in his future holds

A glory you may reap;— Your futu e weal or woe, Is in your baby's keep. Is in your baby's keep.
What re the songs you sing,
To charm his baby ear,
To hush him when he cries.
When struck with sudden fear?
The blessed hymn our fathers loved
"My Country 'tis of Thee."
Or "Marching down thro' Georgia,
Atlanta to the Sea."
Or, "Battle Cry of Freedom?"
Or, "Starry Banner Fre,"
Or, "Home Sweet Home?" a lullaby
Of sweetest melody!

His playthings what are they, True leading strings of thought, By which the busy br in. Some new idea has caught? What shall the lesson be.
You wish him first to learn?
What movive be the one.
Wer on his life may turn?
What passion good or ill,
Within his soul to burn? Country and God! twin born!

Country and God! twin born!
As tendril boughs ent wine.
Until as one the two has grown,
A strong and fullful vine:
Let this be first the lesson learned,
In his own mo her tongue,
And studied o'er and o'er again,
When life is fresh and young.
If need be traced in lines of blood,
From veins and arteries wrung. Is this a lesson you may teach A baby? Yes begin
In babyhood then on through youth
If you the man would win;
Give him the flag, he'll love it first
Because so bright and new;
And later on because he knows,
It is so loved by you;
In manhood for his country's sake

Its flag, red, white, and blue! Then lift your babe and bear him out Where stars are shining clear! With love of God within your soul, And country scarce les d'ear;—
Teach the dear babe that God is where
The lights of Heaven gleam through!
With flag in hand, and Heaven in sight
Kept thus before his view,
Unto his God, and native land
he will be ever true!
Really now

Really now, my better-self whispers. "William means to be pleasant and kind,
He works f r me and the children,
Has truly our wellfare in mind;
It is only to a he,—as his sex is,—
To woman's work partially blind!"

WHERE IS MY BOY?

"Where is my wandering boy to-night,

So sang Mrs. Trueman in a clear, sweet voice, as she went che rily about her work, dusting a corner here, and setting back a chair there, until her critical eye surveyed the room with an expression of satisfaction. Then she sat down to her sewing, still singing her favorite song. Judging from her bright expression, no one would have thought that she had any spe ial trouble in regard to her boy. An hour later the boy himself appeared on the scene with his handsome face and rollicking laugh, and rushed through the house like a cyclone. When he was gone, Mrs. Trueman breathed a sigh of relief, but her song was hushed, and as she plied her needle, her thoughts took on a serious turn. "Charlie is getting so tall, and yet he is so rude. What shall I do with him?"

She thought of his sister Mand, still younger, with her gentle, lady-like ways, and almost wished Charlie had been born a girl, too. A boy was one of the perplexing things of life to Mrs. Trueman. She couldn't understand why Charlie was not quiet and manly at fifteen. She couldn't understand why he preferred a game of ball with other boys of his age to a quiet game with his sister at home. She couldn't understand why he so often teased and sometimes actually slipped away, to spend the evening down town, instead of reading in his own room.

When she thought of this, her heart gave a sudden bound. Oh. what if the time should come, when she, in reality, should clasp her hands in anguish and cry out for her boy! For a moment, fancy took wings. There come a vision of a dimly lighted room, and a There come a lonely watcher. A woman with furrowed cheeks and anxious brow, bowed down with her burden of grief, grown old before her time, waiting, listening for foot-steps that come not, weeping and pleading for grace and strength. Ever and anon she peers out into the murky blackness of the night, while from her white lips, parted with a gasp of pain, tremble and fall the words of despair, "My boy! Oh! where is my boy to-night?"

Mts. Trueman came back to real life wi'h a shudder. "It cannot be-it must not be!" she exclaimed. She was convinced, however, that something was wring, and began to look about her to see what must be done.

After a time of fruitless study, she went up-stairs to inspect the children's Mrs. Trueman was a very orderly little woman, and was anxious that the children should follow her example, in this respect; so she gave to each the task of keep ng things to right. She went into Maud's room and was pleased with its appearance. Her books were tastily arranged on her ta le and shelves, her cushions and tidies were in proper place, her pictures and other adornments were rightly cared for.

Then she went into Charlie's room, and here her brow darkened. Papers and books were thrown about in confusion, the bed was tumbled and trunk left open, while various articles of apparel were carelessly thrown over chairs. Again, the perplexing problem confronted her. She began to look about the room, and for the first time it oc mrred to her that there was a difference between the two rooms, aside from the manner in which they were kept. When they were furnished, money was not very plentiful, and she thought that it didn't matter so much for a boy whether his room loosed pretty or not, if it were comfortable, for a boy spent so little time in his room anyhow. And then, Charlie never seeme i to care. She reflected, however, that he never invited other boys to his room, and seldom had company at home. She remembered, too, that while she had often invited Maud's friends to little tea parties, she had never thought that Charlie would appreciate this. And so, Mrs. Trueman last stir in the yolks, which must e went on thinking and repenting, until the object of her thoughts came bounding up the stairs and into the room. Or meringues. They are sometimes He stopped suddenly at sight of his beaten stiff and stirred in at the last; mother's serious tace, and began to but the cream is better when made with apologize for the topsy-turvy state of only the yolks,

"Never mind, Charlie," his room. said his mother, "sit down here and let's have a little talk." Charlie obeyed, with the hope that the forthcoming lecture would be brief. But this time Mrs. Trueman felt that she was the offender, and Charlie was surprised and embarrassed at her confession. "My boy," she began gently, while the tears gl stened in her eyes, "I fear I have wronged you very much. I never seemed to know until to-day, how little I have done for you.'

"Why mainma," exclaimed the generous boy "I'm sure you are always doing a great deal for me."

"But I was thinking of your room, dear, and how poorly it is furnished. I'm sure I don't love your sister more

than I do you, but I seem to have done more for her comfort." Mother and son had a long, confidential talk, and Mrs. Trueman felt that this was the beginning of a new life for Charlie. Another room was fitted up as nearly like his sister's as possible, and it was surprising how much Charlie delighted in it. Strange that a boy should e re for such things! Then the little mother took care that her son's room, but in her parior. She d d no: stop here. She wanted the boy to have some employment for his spare hours at home, instead spending the time on the streets. Charlie had long wished for a little printing press, but his mother would not consent for him to have it. Now she thought that would be a capital idea. A small press was purchase i for a few deliars, and Charlie soon earned enough Frinting cards for his friends to purchase a larger one. After a year or two a large job press was purchase, and Cha lie got all the work he could do in spare hours, pr nting bills catalogues, etc. In this way he raid his own expenses and his sister's tuition in college, while they boarded at home. By the time he was through school, he had mastered the art of printing, and was ready to embark as editor and publisher.

And wh tabout his home training? Little by little his rudeness disappeared, as he developed a love for home and its surroundings. He cared less for the street and more for his books, and withal grew up so courteous and manly, that Charlie Trueman was pointed out by every one as a model for younger boys. Mrs. Trueman often looks back to that eventiul day when her eyes were opened to the truth, and r joices that the knowledge was not withheld from her until it was too late.

MANNETTE D. PIPER. A CULINARY CURIOSITY-BAKED ICES.

Some of our readers who are fond of trying new recipes, may like to surpr se their friends with the novelty of ice-creams served in smoking hot puff

MARY J. SAFFORD.

"What nonsense!" says somebody, just as though the ice-cream wouldn't melt!" Ah! but it doesn't. And, like all other mysteries, the secret is a very sim le one-after it has been fount

Yet the e same baked ices were the talk of Paris during the visit of the Chinese embassy to France, and the French chefs vainly racked their brai s to solve the puzzle, until, at a benquet given to them by the cooks belonging to the ambassador's train, the riddle was explained.

Since then baked ices have been served in America-first, it is said, at a dinner party given by Mr. Childs; but they have not yet become so common as to lose the charm of novelty. The secret, of course, lies in the fact that the pastry is a non-conductor.

but, to insure success, the following directions must be carefully observed: Roll the puff paste very thin, and be sure that there is no break in it. Have the ice-cream frozen very hard, in the shape of balls like dumplings, not too small, close the coverings perfectly by wetting the edges of the p stry and pinching them together as firmly as possible. Bake in a very quick oven; serve in-tantly, and enjoy the fun afforded by the surprise .- Home Maga-

One quart of flour, two eggs, one pint of milk, two teaspoonsful of sugar, a piece of butter the size of two largesized eggs, one half teaspoonful of salt, two tesspoonsful of cream of tartar and one teaspoonful of sods. Beat butter and sugar together; add the eggs, well beaten, mix the soda with the milk, and the cream of tartar with the flour. A BREAD OMELETTE.

One cup of fine bread crumbs moistened with half a cup of mik, three eggs, white and yolk beaten separately adding the whites last to the crumbs. Season with salt and pepper. Put in the sk liet or omelette pan a good bit of butter, and when it begins to "s zzle" pour in the omelette. Shake the pan all the time, and turn in the frothing and browning edges over into the middle constantly. Fold one-half over, put a hot plate upon the pan, turn this over; and your omelette is

These will be found very good for pienie or travelling lunch. Remove the shells from eggs that have been boiled hard, cut them lengthwise, take out the yolks, rub them fine with a little dry mustard, pepper and salt. and add a a few drops of metted butter for each egg. Then put the stuffing back in the white of the eggs, and put the halves together. The yorks should be removed very carefully, so that the traces will not be left on the white

SPANISH CREAM.

One quart of milk, one cup of sugar, one package of gelatine, half a tea-spoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of vanilla, yolks of four eggs. Sook the gelatine ten minutes in half a cup of cold water. Boil the milk and add the gelatine and other ingredients. At the

BANDIT LUN-KY.

A Tonquin Desperado and His Band of Cutthroats.

Captured Frenchmen Pay a Big Ransom for Their Liberty.

Lun-Ky is a desperado who leads a bandit horde in the mountain fastnesses near Dong-trien, in Tonquin. He is hardly more than 20 years of age, is of commanding stature and singular ferocity, and has operated so actively during the last two years as to have become an object of terror throughout that part of the country. , It is believed that unrequited love impelled the youth to adopt this lawless life, for two years ago he was a reputable lad, apprenticed to a saddler, and assiduous in his attentions to the daughter of one friends were welcomed not only in his | of the local magistrates. This girl, however, suddenly wedded with an old and rich neighbor, and in a few days Lun-Ky disappeared from Dongtrien and presently blazed into notorfety as the boldest bandit chief in Tonquin. It is, perhaps; the ambition of the misguided youth to acquire so great possessions as to occasion his old and fickle inamorata severe heart-

> At all events, the riches which Lun-Ky has amassed in two years are said to exceed the bounds of credulity; Somewhat of a dandy in his tastes, he weard gorgeous silks and feathers, and covers his bosom with a network of gold; his weapons are of the finest quality and include in their category jeweled scimeters, ebony-stock carbines, and ivory-hilted poniards. Two months ago the brothers Roque and M. Costa, three Frenchmen temporarily residing in Tonquin, were captured by Lun-Ky's band. At the same ti ne a companion, one Sing-Yi, a native tradesman fell into the hands

of the brigands. As soon as M. Briffand, the French consul (or "resident" at Dong-trien), heard of this outrage, he applied himself indestriously to securing the release of the captives, but the brigands, with whom intercourse was flually opened up, demanded an exorbitant ransom, nor would they accede to any compromise. One day, therefore, the consul, accompanied by the village priest and attended by an escort of French marines, repaired to the mountains, bearing the required ransom. Having reached a lonely spot supposed to have been about five miles from the baudit camp, this little company was halted before a bamboo post upon which was hung an inscription saying that the troops must not go farther without parley.

About this time Lun-Ky himself appeared in the distance, and announced that the consul and the priest should proceed together, leaving the marines behind. It was another Hobson's choice. So the troops remained, and the consul and the priest went forward with the beasts bearing the ransom. Reaching the assigned place, perhaps two miles distant, the ransom was carefully inspected and counted. It consisted of 100 pieces of silk, 12 watches, and \$50,000 in coin. Lun-Ky objected to the silk, because it was not, as he complained, of the best quality.

But the consul, speaking through the priest as interpreter, represented that the silk was the very finest that could be obtained in Tonquin, and finally the chieftain was persuaded. Then the captives were delivered up, the bandits to the number of 400 kneeling all the while in a circle, with leveled rifles, ready to fire at the first signal. As soon as the consul, the priest and the released men disappeared down the hillside the bandits struck camp and made off with proper

The native tradesman, Sing-YI, who was taken into -captivity; with the Messrs. Costa and Roque, was not released with the others, and it is befieved that the bandits murdered him. He had, it seems, identified several of the bandits and had prepared a letter to a Canton mandarin giving certain important information and asking that the families of these bandits be beld amenable for the lawlessness of the bandits themselves. Discovering this letter and recognizing in Sing-Yi an enemy who knew too much, the bapdits put him into close confinement, and it is supposed that they subsequently beheaded him.

The ransomed Frenchmen report that during their captivity they were kept manacled and that the most shocking judignities were heaped upon them. They say that Lun-Ky is reverenced by his fellow-bandits as an inspired being, and that his authority as chieftain is practically an absolute inonarchy. Lun-Ky has thoughtfully given it out that as soon as the number

of his followers has reached 700 he will swoop down upon his nalive village, capture his old sweetheart, and strangle her venerable husband, first, however, cutting off the latter's ears and nose, that being a particularly humiliating offence in China. This announcement has, as you would suppose, occasioned a distinct feeling of uneasiness in certain quarters .-- [Chicago News

A Russian Superstition.

And old superstition, with specially Russian characteristics, has of late been manifested in Klisheva, a village in the government of Moscow. At the beginning of June two peasants dug up a spring of water in that place. An old woman dreamed that the newly discovered spring possessed curative properties and she told her dream to the laborers of a factory near by. Thereupon masses of people, mostly women and children, began flocking around the healing waters. As the spring did not yield enough water to satisfy them all a fence was built around it and a cross was erected on the spot. Several peasants of the village stand inside of the fence and deal out the water in-bottles to the applicants, each of whom deposits a coin at the foot of the cross.

The money is collected by the elder of the village every morning and kept "for communal purposes." At the foot of the cross there stands a bottle with two dead frogs in it, who had come to their untimely end in a peculiar manner. Before the concourse of sick persons around the spring was great, some of the peasants caught two perfectly healthy women, told them that they were dangerously ill, and, pinuing them to the ground, made them drink the bealing waters until they fainted.

When the poor women were picked up from the ground the two frogs were found in their garments, and were declared to be devils driven out by the virtue of the holy water. They are now exhibited in the bottle as a sign of the wondrous properties of the spring. The rush of people to that place is so great now that the authorities have great difficulty keepng them in order. An attempt on the part of the authorities to cover up the spring was met with loud protests by the villagers and the duped masses around the place, and had, therefore, to be abandoned .- [New York Sun.

a Clock Stopped By Sparrows,

The Sarnia town clock stopped at 1.30 one morning recently, and Mr. Williams, on going to ascertain the ause, found that the hands had been ecurely tied down by strands of twine and grass. The mischief had been done by a pair of Engish sparrows, who had selected the angle formed by the hands as a site for a nest. The movements of the hands interfered with their plans, and the birds put their wits to work to devise a remedy that would secure the stability of the nest. Their first scheme was to wind the shaft on which the hands are pivoted round and round with grass

That failing, they tied the hands to each other and to the framework in such a manner that it took considerable time and a great deal of labor on Mr. Williams' part to remove the obstructions. The engineering skill displayed by the birds in accomplishing their object showed that they possessed reasoning powers of no mean order, besides an amount of industry and perseverance in gathering the material within the few hours at their disposal that is almost incredible .- [Sarnia (Out.) Observer.

Pictures on Government Bonds. The United States bonds now outstanding are 4 1-2 per cents, 4's and 3's, although most of the 4 1-2's and

4's have been refunded into the 3's. The heads on the 4 1-2 per cent. bonds are: \$50, Oliver Wolcott; \$100, Thomas Jefferson; \$500, Do Witt Clinton; \$1000, Alexander Hamilton; \$5000, George M. Dallas; \$10,000, General George H. Thomas; \$20,000, Zachary Taylor, and \$50,000, Albert Gallatin. On the 4 per cent. bonds: \$50, Wm H. Seward; \$100, Daniel Webster; \$500, Andrew Jackson; \$5000, Andrew Johnson; \$10,-000, Thaddens Stevens; \$20,000, Salmon P. Chase, and \$50,000, George Washington. The 3 per cents, which are the current bonds, are only issued In denominations up to \$10,000 and contain the following portraits: \$50. William Pitt Fessenden; \$100. De Witt Clinton; \$500, Benjamin Franklin; \$1000. James A Garfield, and \$10,000. Alexander Hamilton .- [Detroit Free

Whenever a man dissuades you from doing well because perfection is Utopian, beware of that man.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Do not fret a customer. Make yourself agreeable. Never irritate a busy man. Motherhood is woman's throne. All human happiness is conservative.

Do not abuse or throw away your Sunday.

Giving to the poor lessens no man's

Anger is often evidence of conscious The truth is too old to be both true the stud.

No woman is really beautiful until she is old. Most woman are ambitious; they

want to be men. Nature is not conquered except by There is nobody so poor that he can-

not be kind. Dign ty and love were never yet boon

companiens. The Sunday which does not bring rest is a day just.

Our thoughts of to-day are our actions

My liveliest delight was in having Conquered myself. You must desire to improve your heart,

and so become good. De Foe says: "I bought all my experience before I

A conception of life must occur before a gift is possible.

The first and great end of life should be a desire to become good.

You must desire to improve your bead, and so bec me well informed

Nature protects the majority, or the earth would become depopulated.

Honesty is too simple to be included in the study of pol tical economy. He who reads and doesn't reflect is like the one who eats and doesn't exer-

The heart must be beaten and bruised and then the sweet scent will come out Success in life is very apt to make us forget the time when we were not much. The most utterly lost of all days is that on which we have not once laughed.

the child of vanity as of self-deprecia-All of us complain of the shortness of | trouble the big geiding is sound. life, yet we all waste more time than we

Diffidence is, perhaps, quite as often

If the power to do hard work is not talent it is tue best possible substitute for it.

Those who are right can afford to wat in calmness and patience for their

The man who is always anxious to assume a responsibility is either a fool

The majority of the world are like [R cine's 1.39] for one mile at Chicago rats-they live upon plunder, and for- la-t) at Morris Park recently, so the ake a s'nking ship.

What i defeat? Nothing but education; nothing but the first step to something better. Marrying for love may be a little risky,

but it is so bonest that G.d can't help but smile on it. The people who cannot keep good resolutions are the very people of all

others who keep making them. There is avall chance of truth at the goal where there is a calldlike hum lity

at the starting point. If we coull anly see ou selves as o'hers see us, the probability is that most of us would look the other way.

God save the fools! and don't le' them run out; for if it were not for them, wise men could not g t a living.

Wicked men should pay homage to virtue, for, though they do not honor her, she is th ir greatest safeguard. The devil h s found out that the easi-

est way for him to get some people is to let them have their own way for awhile. The soundest wisdom comes from experience, but there is a nearer road to it almost as sure -reading and reflect-

Every man has in himself a continent of undiscovered chara ter. Happy is he who acts the Columbus to his own

Every individual has a place to fill in the world, and is important in some respects, whether he chooses to be so or

We might as well attempt to bring pleasure out of pain, as to un te indu gence in sin with the enjoyment of happi-

which is unavailing. If we would be blo or Cassius, 115; Clarendon, 108; spaced its pains let us remember this in English Lady, 105; Major Demo, 104; time.

Nobody has faith enough in human integrity to believe that the man who guesses his conundrum has never heard it before. There are people who would a great

a steam engine than to be one of the criving wheels, Hope can make the point of a needle lock as big as a dinner plate, but when

we run against it we experience the sharpness of disappointment. Some people are fond of bragging about their ancestors, and their great descent; when, in fact, their great lescent is just what is the matter with

do so no more.

to much regulation may easily make them go wrong.

There is a difference between happi ness and wisdom, that he that bethinks himself the happiest man is realy so, but he that thinks h mself the wasest is generally the greatest fool

HURSE NOTES.

-Cricket, pacing record 2.10, has bad feet, and is not going well. -May Day, the dam of Margaret S., slipped her foal last spring. -There are more horses at St. Louis than there is stable room for.

-Five do'lar mutuals on Uno Grande at Morris Park paid \$304.

-Robin, winner of many races on the running turf, is dow pulling a bug--After her last race recently Senor-

ita went lame, and may be retired to -Jockey Overton will probably ride for Ed Corrigan during the balance of

the season. -William Lort, the well-known Engl sh judge of horses, cattle and dogs, is dead at the age of 67.

-Racine was beaten by G. W. Cook in the first race at Cheago Proctor Knott was behind Racine. -Recently La Tosca established a new roord at 51 furlongs, running the

distance in 1 044. -Now that the weather has turned warm, Maud S wil be sent to the farm at Tarrytown and bred to Ansel

-George W. Childs of the Phila. Public Ledger, is one of the nominators to the martford Nutmeg purse of

- reland Brothers have lost by death at the Latonia track the 2-year-o'd filly by Himyar, dam Slipaway, valued at

-It is probable that the Metropolitan Hand cap will be ran on Decoration day next year, and that the added money will be \$20 000.

-"Uncle B liy" Doble will celebrate his 75 h birthday by a party at the Belmont Avenue Hotel, Fairmount Park, on Friday, June 19.

-There had been at least two triple dead-heats prior to the one for second place in the Eclipse stakes at Morris l'ark last Saturday.

-Trainer William Walker who rode Ten Bro ck in his races against time, was married at Lex ngton, Ky., on June 9, to M'ss Hannah Estill.

-Firenzi struck herself and had to be let up in her preparation for the Subur an. She is by no means broken -Proctor Knott's recent defeats are

attributed to an ulcerated mouth and au inflamed throat. Oatside of this -The stallion Tom Rozers, record

2.10, burned near Cincinnati was 15 years old He was owned by Mrs Kate Buger, and was valued at \$20,000. -The Duchess of Montrose has purchased Tristan, to take the place of Iso-

nomy at the stud, and Janissary will also be put to service next year in the same establishment. -Kingston and Ambulance were the only entres for the race against t me

eveat fell through, -The Scoggan Brothers purchased of James Murphy during the week the 3-year-oli filiy Est-II by Himyar. The

reported price was \$.00 Sh cost Murphy over \$1.00 as a yearling. -The English horse Sa Song made a savage attack on Sabrina in t e royal stakes at Epsom, and the siewards have ordered that in future that the horse shall

be muzzied when running in public. -Labold Brothers claim to have a contract for second call on Jockey Fred Taral, w ich Taral does not acknowledge. Both have been cited to appear before the Board of Control at its next

-The American Derby will be run at Washington Park, Chi ago, next Saturday, on the opening day of the meeting. With Potomac, Strathmeath, Kingman, Michael, Balgowan, High Tariff, Chimes, Dickerson, Yale 91, and Poet Scout as like y starters the rate promises to be one of the best of the year. The added money is \$10,000.

-Tenny; Tea Tray and Tournament are likely to carry the bulk of the money in the suburban handicap to be run at sheepshead Bay. Russell. R ley and Judge Morrow have earned penalties.

-The Western Southern circuit, which includes Chicago, Kansas City, St. Louis, Rushville, Camuridge City, Richmond, Terre Hauts, Lexington and Nashville will hang up \$275,0 0 in prem.ums this year for trotting and pacing races.

-The following horses are the probable starters in the Suburban, the great event of Tuesday: Tenny 123; Tournament, 126; Race-

There is no remorse so deep as that 1:3; 1ea fray, 11st Demuth, 116; Diaand Fitz James, 100.

-There will be no racing at Monmouth Park th s year. The Monmouth Pack Racing Association has leaded Jerome Park for a term of five years, and this year's meeting will be held deal rather be the whistle or the bel on there and at Mooris Park. Cuton and Glove-ster can race, but Monmouth's in New Jersey.

-In the dead heat for second place between Heligate, Osric and Dagonet in the Eclipse Stakes at Morris Park recently the stewards ruled that in 1,2 ets the holder of a Hellgate, Osric or Dagonet t cket should receive one- hird of the aggregate amount called for by tickets on these horses, and that the holders of 1, 2, 3 tokets should receive Fruitless is sorrow, for having done two-thirds of the amount. Tammany, amiss if it issues not in a resolution to the winner, is by Iroquois, and was purchased as a yearlug by Marcus Families are a good deal like clocks- Daly, of Montana, for \$2200. Tammany is a half brother to Tuna Blackburn.

> Sweethearts and wives are entirely different women. Anger is like rain, it breaks itself