



THE BOYS AND GIRLS.

SONG OF EARLY SUMMER.

Shine and shower; shower and shine; Here come a humble bee ready to dine; Where do you come from, you golden-ringed rover? Now take your fill from the sweet white clover.

JANKO THE MUSICIAN.

FROM THE POLISH OF SIENKIEWICZ.

Weak and frail came he into this world. The neighbors assembled round the bedside, shook their heads over mother and child. The blacksmith's wife, the most experienced amongst them, began to comfort the sick woman after her fashion.

thought to himself that the whole village resounded with melody. His companions could only wonder at him; they heard none of these beautiful things. When he was able to work to some extent he fancied he heard the wind playing through the prongs of his pitchfork. The overseer, who saw him standing idly, his hair thrown back from his forehead, listening intently to the wind's music on the fork, seized a strap and gave the dreamer a few cuts to bring him to his senses, but it was of avail. The neighbors, at last, nicknamed him "Janko the Musician."

figure crept softly and cautiously nearer, and the nightingale sang "Go on—on—take it." The white blouse glimmered nearer the doorway. Soon it was no longer hidden by the dark creepsers. On the threshold one could hear the quick, panting breath of the delicate child. A moment more and the little white blouse had disappeared, only one tiny bare foot still stood upon the steps. In vain the friendly raven flew by once more, and cawed, "No, no."—Janko had already entered.

PERUVIAN PORTS.

SINGULAR SCENES IN SOUTH AMERICAN CITIES.

Gigantic Local Officials—Buying from Native Women—Aged Inhabitants—A Street Car with Sails.

Describing a trip along the coast of Peru, Fannie R. Ward says in the Washington Star: At every port an army of local officials comes on board, to improve the opportunity of a square meal and a drink of two at the expense of the steamship company. They wear gorgeous red breeches, bright swords and plenty of "brief authority" and there is usually one of them to about every half dozen packages of merchandise.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Many good sawlogs have knots on them. People like to travel in cheerful company. The only real giver is the cheerful giver. No wealth is real that can be taken from us. There is no virtue in doing what you have to do. No man can go straight ahead who looks backward.

HORSE NOTES.

Sunday racing has been inaugurated at St. Louis. Allerton's 2.13 is the fastest mile of the season to date. Montana's victory for the Lorillard stake netted Marcus Daly \$17,250.