

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

BUSY SPRING.

Such a flurry, such a scurry,
Such a whirring and a stirring,
Birds as brisk as busy bees;
Nests are building, 'tis important,
If you please!

Such a tripping, such a skipping,
Such a slipping o'er the stones;
Such a flashing and a dashing,
Such a melody of tones;
Brooks are hastening to the ocean,
Where it moans.

So much learning, so much earning,
So much tracing metes and bound;
So much telling, counting, spelling,
Till the dizzy head turns round;
Patience, child, it is important,
So is knowledge found.

EASTER EGGS.

"O Maggie, I am so glad you have come to see me to-day!" said Lulu, as she ran to meet her little friend who rode over with her papa on aloof of hay which he was taking to town. Maggie had on her new, red frock and white apron with a ruffle all around and carried her doll "Clarissa Belle," close in her arms.

"See," said Maggie, "I have brought Clarissa Belle; won't we have lots of fun?"

"Let's not play with dolls to-day, because I have something better. You know to-morrow is Easter. Yesterday mamma got me a whole box of paints and she says I can have half a dozen eggs to paint for Easter because I went to the dentist and had that horrid old 'double tooth pulled that was so full of aches and pains."

Lulu ran and got her paint box and the little girls went down to the kitchen together. Mamma spread a newspaper on the table and told Lulu to get two of her old long leaved aprons, one for herself and one for Maggie. The little girls were soon ready for work and mamma placed a little basket of eggs on the table and left them to amuse themselves.

"What a lot of eggs," said Maggie. "Let's see how many there are; one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, O, how splendid!"

"Here are two paint brushes," exclaimed Lulu. "They must have known two little girls would want to paint at the same time. What color are you going to paint yours?"

"Let's paint one two colors." "All right, I'll paint mine red and blue."

"I'll paint mine just like yours," said Maggie.

The young artists soon executed their designs in red and blue, and each received a great deal of praise from the other. Four more eggs were painted and all set aside to dry. Only two remained in the basket.

"How shall we paint these?" asked Maggie. "The last ones must be the prettiest of all."

"I'll tell you what we will do," said Lulu. "Mrs. Jones has company, a lady and a little girl, and I expect the little girl will not have any Easter eggs at all, because you know Mrs. Jones is poor. Now let's paint these two eggs just as pretty as ever we can and give them to that little girl."

This plan was readily agreed to. It took some time to decide what color should be used. But the eggs were finally finished to their satisfaction.

"Which is the prettiest?" asked Maggie.

"I don't know; they are both so pretty," answered Lulu, looking first at one and then at the other. "I think one is just as pretty as the other." And I think you would have said so, too, for one was red and blue and yellow, and the other was yellow and blue and red.

Lulu went to get her mother's permission to take them over to the little stranger. But Mrs. Gray, thinking the little girls would be occupied all the afternoon, had gone out to see a sick neighbor.

Lulu came back and said, "I can't find mamma, but I know she would let us go. We must hurry for your papa will come for you pretty soon, and you will have to go home." So, without even stopping to take off their aprons, they put on their bonnets and went "across lots" towards Mrs. Jones' humble cottage. Queer looking objects they were with their hands and faces as well as their aprons marked with every color in the paint box.

Mrs. Jones was trying to entertain her sister, Mrs. Evans and Mabel, who had come from the city to make her a visit. But she found it difficult to amuse the child who had been accustomed to every luxury heart could wish. Mabel stood by the window and saw our little girls coming across the meadow. "Who are they, auntie?" she asked.

"One of them must be Deacon Gray's little girl. Perhaps they are coming to see you. Lulu Gray is a nice little girl, and you will like to play with her."

Mabel went with her auntie to the door. She could hardly help laughing at the little gypsies. But her good breeding saved her from being rude.

Lulu, when she saw the little girl dressed in silk, forgot what she meant to say and looked at Maggie; but Maggie was even less prepared than Lulu to make a speech. So Lulu stammered out: "We brought some Easter eggs that we painted, but we must go right back 'cause mamma don't know we came."

Mabel took the eggs and thanked the girls very politely, but they would not go into the house.

"What do you suppose she thought of our eggs?" asked Lulu, as soon as they were out of hearing.

"I don't know. Oh, there is a lot of paint on your face!"

"There is on yours too. Just look at these horrid old aprons. Oh, dear!" and they ran toward home as fast as they could.

When they got back Lulu's mamma had returned and inquired where they had been. Lulu told her all about it. Mrs. Gray tried to look sober but smiled in spite of herself, as she told them they had better not do good deeds without permission.

Mrs. Gray knew that Mrs. Evans was rich and proud and thought she ought to send an explanation, but wisely concluded that the matter would explain itself.

Easter morning Lulu Gray and Maggie Dean each received a large, square envelope containing a beautiful silk fringed Easter card, accompanied by an invitation from Mabel Evans to visit her whenever they came to the city.

A Fish Story.

The pickerel weighing five pounds six ounces, caught by Alfred Johnson at Smithville Flats, Chenango county, was sent by Thomas Kelly, esq., to his brother supervisor, Edward Nash, of Norwich. This fish has quite a record. About the 1st of September last Eph. Loomis, while picking cranberries about the pond, lost a silver watch and a pocket piece. Upon dressing the pickerel the watch was found imbedded in its throat, running, and the time correct. The watch was a stem winder, and the pressure on the stem when the fish swallowed food has wound it up daily. The dollar pocket piece was found in the stomach, together with accrued interest to January 1, 1895.

A Millionaire Anarchist.

There was a millionaire among the anarchists recently expelled by the federal council of Switzerland. He was an Italian named Borghetti, and a temporary resident at Lugano, the great anarchist center in Europe. Borghetti is only twenty-five years old. He dressed very simply, but kept open house for his fellow revolutionists, who frequently had recourse also to his purse. Borghetti's father, who did not share the anti-patriotic and anarchistic ideas of his son, used to hoist the Italian flag on national occasions, but young Borghetti promptly replaced it with the red banner of the revolutionists.

Fish Tended Like Sheep.

A New Yorker setting on the edge of a small Adirondack lake was attracted by a school of tiny fish that seemed to move in remarkable union. Watching for a long time he discovered that the infant fish were guarded by their parents, for whenever the young began to stray they were driven back into the school by a large fish on one side or the other, and whenever a strange fish approached one of the guardians rushed at him and drove him off. The watcher noted the movements of several small schools for two hours, and rows that the little creatures were tended like a drove of sheep.

A New William Penn Elm.

The site of the great elm tree that marked the place where William Penn signed his famous treaty with the Indians has been marked by another elm, practically a part of the original tree. When the old elm fell in 1810, the owner of the ground took one of the offshoots that grew from its trunk and transplanted it to Fort Hamilton, N. Y. From Fort Hamilton it was removed bodily to Wilkesbarre, where it is still flourishing. An offshoot of this tree has been taken to Philadelphia and planted in the park that marks the former location of the treaty tree.

An Accomplished Deaf Man.

In showing how one sense is sharpened to supply the loss of another, Dr. S. Millington Miller writes that Alexander Hunter, of the Land Office at Washington, though entirely deaf spelled without mistake 150 words read to him from the dictionary. He has become able to read the motion of the lips of those addressing him. This faculty is not rare among the deaf, and by means of it some of them, like Mitchell, the chemist of the United States Patent Office, have been able to understand the lectures necessary for their graduation at college.

How Spurs Are Won.

The way in which a man "wins his spurs" (to employ a phrase in use in army posts on the frontier) never lacks fascination to me. Except in the case of meteoric youngsters, the road of progress has no mile mark nor any guiding sign. A man plods steadily along, sometimes until very nearly middle life, without special recognition, and then he wakes up one morning to find himself a noted citizen. Just how it happened no one can tell.

What Culture Means.

There is a mistaken idea that "culture" means to paint a little, to sing a little, to dance a little and to quote passages from late popular books. As a matter of fact, culture means nothing of the kind. Culture means mastery over self—politeness, charity, fairness, good temper, good conduct. Culture is not a thing to make a display of. It is something to use so modestly that people do not discover all at once that you have it.

Providence, R. I., is to spend \$400,000 in new school buildings.

PRINCE HOHENLOHE.

Peculiarities of the Chancellor of the German Empire.

Prince Hohenlohe, the chancellor of the German empire, is cast in a different physical mold from his two stalwart predecessors. He is far from being so impressive in appearance as Bismarck or Caprivi. He looks more like the headmaster of a school in a middle-sized town than like a statesman. Although of a more noble lineage than either of the ex-chancellors, he looks much less like the traditional aristocrat. His early life was, however, passed amid comparatively humble surroundings, and his birth helped him little. He practiced law until 1846, and, pitted against young men of the middle classes, never distinguished himself. In the year mentioned he succeeded to the dignity of Schillingsturm, and took his place as hereditary legislator in the Bavarian reichsrath. The prince is remarkably active for a man of his age. His excellent health he attributes to the fact that he spends as much time as possible in the open air—especially in the hunting field—and cooks his own coffee. Coffee he considers the principal cause of a meal, although he likes good things to eat, and employs one of the best cooks in Germany. When in his palace at Strasburg he always prepared his own coffee. Even when he travels he carries the coffee machine with him, and uses it to make his favorite beverage at least three times a day. In the course of years he has become an expert, and few cooks can equal his brew. His guests flatter him on his art, as a matter of course, and there is no better way to reach his heart than by eulogy of his coffee. Like many other men who have accomplished considerable in this life and love praise of their hobbies, he would rather hear praise for his "drink which comforteth head and heart"—to use the language of Bacon—than for his political wisdom. The prince is immensely wealthy. He inherited through his wife vast estates in Russia, but being subject to the law forbidding foreigners to hold landed possessions in the dominions of the czar, he was ordered to sell the property within a certain time. When that period had expired he had succeeded in selling only about one-third of the land. For this he received about 10,000,000 rubles, nearly \$5,000,000. The czar then extended the time. If the estates are not disposed of, however, at the time specified, he will forfeit them. The land might have been retained in the family had the prince's heir consented to swear allegiance to the Russian ruler. But this he declined to do, preferring to lose money and remain true to the land of his birth.

Causes of Cuban Discontent.

"I was in Havana just a few days prior to the recent Cuban disturbances," said O. M. Zane, a prominent citizen of Philadelphia, at the Shoreham. "I don't blame the people for wishing to rebel against the Spanish government, but it's doubtful if they'd be a whit better off under home rule. The Spanish officials sent there on small salaries go home in a few years enormously rich. There is more stealing and rascality on the island of Cuba than any spot of the globe. The merchants have to pay such high duties that fully one-half of the goods imported are smuggled in, yet with all the speculation and holding out the island paid into the revenues of Spain last year the sum of \$26,000,000.

"The business is altogether in the hands of the Spaniards, and the native Cubans are their servants. The latter, as a rule, are on a very low plane of civilization, and I think it is a good thing that this government never carried out the scheme of Cuban annexation that was so popular in some parts of the country before the war."

Death From Electricity.

Here are some odd opinions concerning the force of the electric current, given by Dr. C. F. Chandler before the Columbian School of Mines: "A very interesting misapprehension which exists in the minds of many people is one concerning the vital dangers which lurk in the pressure of, say, 1,000 volts. The newspapers often tell of a man who has been killed from such a pressure, whereas, in fact, such a pressure alone could not kill a humming bird. I have frequently caught in my hand sparks possessing an electro motive power of 100,000 volts without feeling anything more than a very slight burn. The danger arises only when the volts are re-enforced by a good many amperes or currents. In such a case the force of the current suddenly decomposes all the fluids in the body. The salt in the blood instantly turns to chlorine gas, and the person who has his veins charged with such a deadly poison cannot be expected to live many seconds."

Author of 'Mary Had a Little Lamb.'

Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, the famous editor, cook and patriot, to whom we owe our national Thanksgiving day, is the author of "Mary Had a Little Lamb." She wrote the poem in 1829. Dr. Lowell Mosan composed the music, and the poem was published by Marsh, Capen & Lyon, of Boston, in 1830. There was no real Mary. Mrs. Hale had a pet lamb when a child, which followed her to school, and she used the incident in the famous poem. A few years ago it was said that Mary Tyler, of Summerville, Mass., was the Mary of the poem, which was written in 1817 by John Rollstone, but Mrs. Hale proved her claim to the authorship.

ETHICAL CULTURE SOCIETY.

Something of the New Cult Which is Gaining Prominence.

The movement of ethical culture now so prominent in all sections of the United States, and portions of Europe had its origin in New York city, where the first ethical society was founded in 1876. The attitude of the New York society has been from the first neither irreligious nor anti-religious.

In the opening address which Prof. Felix Adler delivered on May 15, 1876, the watchword which he suggested for the new movement was "Diversity in the creed, unanimity in the deed." He also emphasized in those remarks that belief in any of the received doctrines of religion should not hinder any one from joining the new organization. Neither



FELIX ADLER.

should a negative attitude toward the current religious teachings be a hindrance.

Those who aspire to become good men should be welcomed to the new fellowship, no matter what their opinions might be on questions of theology or philosophy. Prof. Adler stated at that time. All that was expected was a sincere interest in the moral improvement of the individual and of society, and a willingness to waive points of difference and to come into fundamental agreement with others animated by the same desire.

These views had been known by a number of Prof. Adler's friends for some years prior to the organization of the society. Prof. Adler was at that time professor of Oriental literature at the Cornell university, and when a number of friends of the cause of ethical culture were prepared to form a society he resigned from the faculty of the university and entered the field in which he had long been desirous to labor. It was a labor of love for him from the beginning and still is such.

At first the new society was the target for much hostile criticism and even bitter persecution. Like all new movements it required time to be correctly appreciated, and in the beginning it was misinterpreted.

The fact that the Ethical society did not affirm any religious belief was regarded as positive proof that its members and its leaders were at heart hostile to religion. But this was a mistake, and as time went on it was perceived to be such. The prejudice which the society at first excited has abated from year to year.

Some of those who were its most pronounced antagonists have become its well wishers and supporters. The change of attitude against the society is shown by the fact that the legislature of the State of New York has conferred upon Prof. Adler legal authority to perform the marriage ceremony.

A Smuggling Scientist.

A Berlin periodical has the following: In 1895 Humboldt and Guy Lussac met in Paris to pursue their investigations as to the compression of air. The two men of science found it necessary to obtain a large number of glass tubes. These were very dear in France at the time, and the enormously high duty forbade their introduction from abroad. But Humboldt was nothing daunted. He ordered the tubes from a German glass works, and instructed the manufacturer to close them up at both ends and affix to each a label with these words, "Deutsche Luft" (German air). The air of Germany was an article which did not appear in the tariff, and the custom house officials allowed the tubes to pass, and they were thus delivered free of duty into the hands of the two men of science.

A Cruel Wrong Inflicted on Sailors.

A sailor on a troopship informs me of a curious grievance from which he and his mates suffer. "The ship's company is limited," he writes, "to two parrots for each mess of about twelve men, and if these are not in uniform cages they are thrown overboard." Tastes, of course, differ, but I should myself have thought an allowance of one parrot to every six men on board a troopship was not an unreasonably small one. "A. B." evidently thinks otherwise, however, and this is not strange, perhaps, when it is remembered on the authority of Mr. F. C. Burnand's once popular lyric, that Jack's "heart is true to his Poll."

Ant Nests in Trees.

The ants of Malacca make their nests in trees, joining the leaves together by a thin thread of silk at the ends. The first step in making the nest is for several ants to bend the leaves together and hold on with their hind legs, when one of them after some time runs up with a larva and, irritating it with its antennae, makes it produce a thread with which the leaves are joined. When one larva is exhausted, a second is brought and the process is repeated.

Hypnotism and Crime.

It is possible that special legislation will have to be resorted to in the matter of the connection of hypnotism and crime. Two murder cases have brought a general belief in the necessity of importing medical experts or scientists into such questions. In Kansas recently a man, Gray, was convicted of murder for putting another man under hypnotic control to the extent of killing a neighbor. The verdict was set aside by the Supreme Court, but experts hold that it was sound. The Hayward-Ging case, at Minneapolis, is associated with the same sort of surroundings. In Bjornstrom, one of its most able men, Sweden has probably the best European authority on hypnotism. He says:

"But that persons can by positive suggestion be compelled to criminal actions is not all; by negative suggestions they can also be made to neglect their duties and to omit what they ought to do. Thus they can be prevented from writing their names and even be made to forget them, and to forget their duties; fears have even been expressed that marriage could in this way be prevented, if, for instance, by suggestion a rival compelled a bride to say 'nay' at the altar. It has been sufficiently proved that it is possible by hypnotism and suggestion to use others as willing tools for the execution of criminal actions of almost every kind. The danger of this is greatly increased, partly by the fact that the somnambulist upon awaking does not remember the contents of the suggestion nor who gave it, while at the same time it is irresistibly and faithfully performed at the appointed hour; and partly that there are persons, but fortunately those who have been hypnotized many times, who, even in an apparently entirely wakeful state, are susceptible to hypnotism."

Some European Nations have already passed laws restricting the practice of hypnotizing to medical men, and rigidly defining the conditions under which even they shall use it. M. Bjornstrom is of opinion that hypnotism is as dangerous as a deadly poison, and that the public should be guarded against its general use.—St. Louis Star-Sayings.

Johnny in a Decline.

Little Ethel—Papa, I think you ought to have the doctor come and see Johnny. I'm 'fraid he's sick.

Papa—Sick! He's out in the street playing and yelling like a wild Indian.

Little Ethel—Yes, but when he's well he yells like two wild Indians.

A Tribute to the Sex.

The professor—There is evidence to show that one of the most famous edifices of antiquity was constructed principally by women.

His wife—Which one?

The professor—The Tower of Babel!

The only European country which has suffered depopulation in the present century is Ireland.

Queer Craze for Crime Mementos.

Since the assassination of M. Carnot the cutter at Cete who sold the dagger to the murderer has, it is said, been inundated with orders for weapons of similar pattern and size to that used on the fatal night at Lyons. The orders come from France and from abroad, somebody in Brussels having asked for three hundred daggers. During the month following the assassination the cutter despatched over one thousand of these articles to various places, and he is on the road to realize a small fortune out of the extraordinary craze manifested by his customers, French and foreign. Some of these people intend to exhibit the blades in their shops or taverns, while others are collectors of curiosities, who want to possess some memento of a terrible crime.—Tit-Bits.

A Pre-glacial Elephant.

The naturalists of the Academy of Sciences rejoice in the possession of the lower jaw of a primitive Arctic elephant—a species that roamed over Siberia in great herds, but has been extinct since the glacial period. The jaw once belonged to a monstrous animal, much larger than the theoretical pre-glacial elephant constructed at the Academy and on exhibition. It contains two teeth, each over half a foot in length and very well preserved.

The fossil was found by one of Captain Knowles' steam whaling vessels at Point Barrow, and was presented to the academy by Captain Knowles. It is on exhibition in the library of the academy and is attracting considerable attention.—San Francisco Examiner.

Adobe is Unbrant Brick.

Adobe is unbrant brick made from earth of a loamy character, containing about two-thirds fine sand, mixed thoroughly with clay. The loamy substance under the action of the sun becomes a hard, compact mass, without a crack, and is not washed or worn away by the action of rain. It is said that the houses built with these bricks are warmer in winter and cooler in summer than those constructed of the ordinary kind, and their durability is extraordinary, as evidenced by ancient ruins found in Arizona, New Mexico. In Santa Fe there are hundreds of houses built of this material.

Jones—"How's Wheeler getting along since he bought a bicycle?" Brown—"On crutches, I believe."—Life.

Gentle Annie.

Gentle Annie was the girl who went forth when the spring-time came to gather wild flowers,—daisies along the hillside, and forget her rubbers. She came back with wet feet, followed by the worst case of neuralgia she ever had. Fortunately she was told and had long known that for any kind of neuralgia St. Jacobs Oil is the most remarkable remedy ever used. All the year round any one subject to such attacks should not fail to have it in the house. For all aches and pains which at all times beset us there is nothing to equal it. Nerve pains especially are brought on by sudden changes of temperature, but the great remedy, applied promptly, will surely cure.

A man doesn't look as pretty at a piano as a girl; but, as a rule, he sounds prettier.

That Tired Feeling

Is a certain indication of impure and impoverished blood. If your blood could always be rich and pure, full of the red corpuscles upon which its vitality depends, you would never be weak, or Nervous! Boils, pimples, scrofula, salt rheum, would never trouble you. But our mode of living, shut in all winter in poorly ventilated homes and shops, depletes the blood and there is loss of appetite and weakness. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the standard remedy for this condition. It purifies, vitalizes and enriches the blood, overcomes that tired feeling, builds up the nerves and gives perfect health. Read this: "Our daughter, Blanche, when four years of age had a humor break out on her hands and face, which our physician pronounced eczema. If the cold air reached her face or hands they would swell up, look almost purple, and headed blisters would form and break.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the Only True Blood Purifier

Prominently in the Public Eye Today.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.
KENNEDY'S Medical Discovery.

DONALD KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MASS.

Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squamous feelings at first. No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.



My heart is very sad to-night, Caret is in the air, I cannot tell just what it is, Dyspepsia or despair.

It is dyspepsia, and

A • Ripans • Tabule

will dispel it.