

Mother's Work.

Dear patient woman o'er your children bending
To leave a good-night kiss on rosy lips,
Or list the simple prayers to God ascending
Ere slumber veil them in its soft eclipse,
Wonder, do you dream that seraph love you,
And sometimes smooth the pathway for your
feet;
That of their silvery pinion float above you,
When life is tangled and its cross-roads meet?

So wan and tired, the whole long day so busy,
To laugh or weep, at times you hardly know,
So many trifles make the poor brain dizzy,
So many errands call you to and fro,
Small garments stitching, weaving fairy stories,
And binding wounds, and bearing little cares,
Your hours pass, unheeded all the glories
Of that great world beyond the nursery
stairs.

One schoolmate's pen has written words of
beauty,
Her poems sing themselves into the heart;
Another's brush has magic; you have duty;
No time to spare for poetry or art,
But only for training little fingers,
And teaching youthful spirits to be true;
You know not with what tamine woman
lingers,
With art alone to fill her, watching you.

And yet, I think you'd rather keep the babies,
Albeit their heads grow heavy on your arm,
Than have the poet's fair, enchanted may-bes,
The artist's visions, rich with dazzling hues,
Sweet are the troubles of the happy hours,
For even in weariness your soul is blest,
And rich contentment all your being dowers
That yours is not a hushed and empty nest.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

TYRAWLEY.

A large party is assembled to celebrate the feast of St. Partridge at Ravelstoke Hall, an old country house about two miles distant from the northwest corner of Devon. The various branches of English society are very fairly represented by its component parts. There are two peers, three members of the lower house, some guardsmen, some undergraduates, a clergyman, and a lieutenant in the navy. But our hero is not a representative man; yet he belongs to a class which, called into existence by the accumulated wealth of the nineteenth century, is ever on the increase.

Frederick Tyrawley has fought in more than one state of South America, and has wandered for more than two years from isle to isle of the Pacific. A mysterious reputation hovers round him. He is supposed to have done many things, but no one is very clear what they are; and it is not likely that much information on the point will be obtained from him, for he seldom talks much, and never speaks of himself. His present mission appears to be to kill partridges, play cricket, and dress himself.

Such as he is, however, he is an object of interest to the feminine portion of the party at Ravelstoke Hall; for he is rich and handsome, as well as mysterious, and cannot be more than two-and-thirty.

There are blondes and brunettes, and pretty, brown-haired, brown-eyed girls, who hover between the two orders, and combine the most dangerous characteristics of both, who can wear both blue and pink, and who look prettier in the one color than they do in the other; but who always command your suffrage in favor of that they are wearing when you look at them.

And there is Constance Baynton, with gray eyes and black hair. And the nicest critic of feminine appearance might be defied to state what she had worn, half an hour after; for no one can ever look at anything except her face.

Yet Constance is three-and-twenty, and still unmarried. Alas, what cowards men are. The fact is that Constance is very clever; but as Mrs. Mellish (the widow) says, "not clever enough to hide it."

In Mr. Tyrawley she affected to disbelieve. She stated her opinion to her friends, that she didn't believe he ever had done or ever would do anything worth doing; but that he plumed himself on a cheap reputation, which, as all were ignorant of its foundation, no one could possibly impugn.

There is reason to believe that in this instance Miss Constance was not as conscientious as usual, but that she really entertained a higher opinion of the gentleman than she chose to confess. He certainly was not afraid of her, and had even dared to contradict her favorite theory of the general worthlessness of English gentlemen of the nineteenth century.

The day lingered on, after the usual fashion of wet days in September in full country-houses. There was a little dancing after dinner; but all retired early in hopes of a finer day on the morrow.

Tyrawley had some letters to write, so that it was past two before he thought of going to bed. He always slept with his window open, and as he threw up the sash, a fierce gust of wind blew out his candles, and blew down the looking-glass.

"Pleasant, by Jove!" he soliloquized. "I wonder whether it's smashed—unlucky to break a looking-glass—I'm hanged if I know where the matches are; never mind; I can find my way to bed in the dark. What a night! as a flash of lightning illuminated the room for a moment, and he bent out of the window. "The wind must be about nor-or-west. Cheerful for anything coming up to Bristol from the southward. I wonder what a storm is like on this coast. I have a great mind to go and see. I shall never be able to get that hall door open without waking them up! what a nuisance! Stay, capital idea! I'll go by the window."

Before starting on this expedition, he changed the remainder of his evening dress (for he had been writing in his dressing-gown) for a flannel shirt and trousers, whilst a short pea-jacket and glazed hat completed his array. His room was on the first floor, and he had intended to drop from the window-sill; but the branch of an elm came so near that he found it unnecessary; as, springing to it, he was on the ground, like a cat, in an instant. He soon found his way across the country, like a bird, to the edge of the cliff. The sea for miles seemed one sheet of foam.

But a flash of lightning discovered a group of figures about a quarter of a mile distant; and he distinguished shouts in the intervals of the storm.

He was soon amongst them, and he found that all eyes were turned on a vessel which had struck on a rock within two hundred yards of the cliff. It was evident that she would go to pieces under their very eyes.

"Is there no way of opening communication with her?" he asked of an old coastguard man.

"Why, ye see, sir, we have sent to Bilford for Manby's rockets, but she must break up before they come."

"How far is it to Bilford?"

"Better than seven miles, your honor."

"If we could get a rope to them, we might save the crew."

"Every one of them, your honor; but it ain't possible."

"I think a man might swim out."

"The first wave would dash him to pieces against the cliff."

"What depth of water below?"

"The cliff goes down like a wall, forty fathom, at least."

"The deeper the better. What distance to the water?"

"Good fifty feet."

"Well, I have dived off the main yard of the Chesapeake. Now listen to me. Have you got some light, strong rope?"

"As much as you like."

"Well, take a double coil round my chest, and do you take care to pay it out fast enough as I draw upon it."

"You won't draw much after the first plunge; it will be the same thing as suicide, every bit."

"Well, we shall see. There's no time to lose; lend me a knife."

And in an instant he whipped off his hat, boots and pea-jacket; then with the knife he cut off his sleeves and passed the rope through them, that it might chafe him less.

The eyes of the old boatman brightened. There was evidently a method in his madness. "You are a very good swimmer, I suppose, sir?"

"I have dived through the surf at Nukuheva a few times."

"I never knew a white man that could do that."

Tyrawley smiled. "But whatever you do," he said, "mind and let me have plenty of rope. Now out of the way, my friends, and let me have a clean start."

He walked slowly to the edge of the cliff, looked over to see how much the rock shelved outward; then returned, looked to see that there was plenty of rope for him to carry out, then took a short run, and leaped as if from the spring-board of a plunging-bath. He touched the water full five-and-twenty feet from the edge of the cliff. Down into its dark depth he went, like a plummet, but soon to rise again. As he reached the surface he saw the crest of a mighty wave a few yards in front of him—the wave that he has been told was to dash him lifeless against the cliff. But now his old experience of the Pacific stands him in good stead. For two moments he draws breath, then, ere it reaches him he dives below its center. The water dashes against the cliffs, but the swimmer rises far beyond it. A faint cheer rises from the shore as they feel him draw upon the rope. The waves follow in succession, and he dives again and again, rising like an otter to take breath, making very steadily onward, though more below the water than above it.

We must now turn to the ship. The waves have made a clean breach over her bows. The crew are crowded upon the stern. They hold on to the bulwarks and await the end, for no boat can live in such a sea. Suddenly she is lifted up the rope he had brought from the shore. Then for the first time the object of his mission flashed upon their minds, and a desperate cheer broke forth from all hands, instantly re-echoed from the shore. Then a strong cable is attached to the small rope and drawn on board; then a second, and the communication is complete. But no time is to be lost, for the stern shows signs of breaking up, and there is a lady passenger. While the captain is planning a sort of chair in which she might be moved, Tyrawley lifts her upon his left arm, steadies himself with the right by the upper rope, and walks along the lower as if he had been a dancer. He is the first on shore, for no sailor would less than the lady was safe. But they soon follow, and in five minutes the ship is clear; five minutes more and no trace of her is left.

Ravelstoke Hall has been aroused by the news of the wreck, and Mr. Ravelstoke has just arrived with blankets. Him Tyrawley avoids; and, thinking he can be of no further use, he betakes himself across the country once more, and by the aid of the friendly elm regains his chamber without observation.

The lady whom Tyrawley had deposited in a cottage, with a strong recommendation that she should go to sleep immediately, was soon carried off in triumph by Mr. Ravelstoke to the Hall, and welcomed by Lady Grace at half-past three in the morning. There were very few of the guests who slept undisturbed that night. The unusual noise in the house aroused everybody, and many excursions were made in unfinished costume to endeavor to ascertain what was going on.

Breakfast that morning was a desultory meal. People finished and talked about the wreck, and began again. It seemed quite impossible to obtain anything like an accurate account of what had taken place. At last the captain appeared, and although almost overwhelmed by the multiplicity of questions, nevertheless, between the intervals of broiled ham and coffee, he managed to elucidate matters a little.

Then came the question: "Who is it who swam to the vessel?" Tyrawley had only been at Ravelstoke a few days, and was a stranger in the neighborhood. None of the servants had reached the coast till it was all over, so there had been no one to recognize him.

"I scarcely saw him," said the captain, "but he was a dark, tallish man, with a great deal of beard."

"Was he a gentleman?" asked Miss Constance Baynton, who had been taking a deep interest in the whole affair.

"Well, I've seen him, I can't exactly say, for he hadn't much on; but if he isn't, he'd make a good one—that I'll go bail for. He's the coolest hand I ever saw. Stay! now I think of it, I shouldn't wonder if he was a naval man, for he pulled his forelock, half-laughing like, and said 'Come on board, sir,' to me, when we pulled him up."

At this moment—half-past ten a. m.—Mr. Tyrawley walked into the breakfast room.

"Now here's a gentleman, captain, Mr. Tyrawley, who has been all over the

world, and met with some strange adventures. I'll be bound he never saw anything to equal the affair last night."

"You're a nearish thing of it, captain!" inquired Tyrawley, speaking very slowly. His manner and appearance quite disarmed any suspicion the captain might have had of his identity.

"Five minutes more, sir, and Davy Jones' locker would have held us all. Begging your pardon, miss," apologizing to Constance.

The captain had already repeated the story a reasonable number of times, and was anxious to finish his breakfast. So Miss Constance gave it all for the benefit of Mr. Tyrawley, dressed in her own glowing periods.

Tyrawley made no observation upon her recital, but took a third egg.

"Well, Mr. Tyrawley," said she at last, "what do you think of the man who swam out to the wreck?"

"Why, I think, Miss Baynton—I think," said he hesitatingly, "that he must have got very wet. And I sincerely hope he won't catch cold."

There was a general laugh at this, in which the captain joined; but it is to be feared that Miss Constance stamped her pretty little foot under the table, and Tyrawley turned, and began to talk to Miss Mellish, who was sitting on his right.

As he was speaking, the door on his left opened, and Lady Grace Ravelstoke entered with the lady passenger. The lady heard him speak—and there are some voices which a woman never forgets—and the dangerous journey over the rope had not passed in silence.

She laid her hand upon his arm, and said, "Oh, sir, how can I thank you?"

Tyrawley rose, as in duty bound, saying, "Do not speak of it. I did not know, when I came off, that I was to have the pleasure of assisting you."

But the astonishment of the captain was beautiful to behold.

"Why, you don't mean to say,—Well, Inever; dash my wig,—well I'm—Here, shake hands, sir, will you?" And he stretched across the table a brawny hand, not much smaller than a shoulder of mutton.

The grip with which Tyrawley met his seemed to do more to convince him of his identity than the lady's recognition of his preserver.

The day was as wet as the preceding. Half an hour after breakfast, Mr. Tyrawley lounged into the back drawing-room. There sat Miss Constance Baynton, and by the singular coincidence which favors lovers or historians, she sat alone.

Now Constance had decided that she would compliment Mr. Tyrawley on his gallant conduct.

She had, in fact, arranged a neat, quiet, cold, formal, appropriate form of words, in which she would give her views expression. And how do you think she delivered them? She got up, said, "Oh, Mr. Tyrawley!" and burst into tears.

If a woman's pride is a shield to thee, oh man, as well as to her, against the arrows of love, remember that if ever she throws it away—after she has compelled you to acknowledge its value—you are both left utterly defenceless.

Frederick Tyrawley capitulated at once. They are to be married this month. And if Mr. Tyrawley does not, at some future time, achieve a reputation which no mystery can cloud, it will not be Mrs. Tyrawley's fault.

A Fight With a Bear.

We make the following extract from a hunting story entitled "The Big Bear of Wannetola," printed in *St. Nicholas*. The incident took place in the back country of Arkansas, in the year 1860, and the hunters were Harvey Richardson and the narrator, Dr. J. E. Nagle. They were after a big bear, whose depredations had made him the chief topic of conversation; and they started out with their dogs early one November morning.

Just at daybreak, we came to a cross in the woods. Here we felt sure the bear must pass on the way to his den. Harvey placed me, the dogs and himself, a fallen tree was in my front, and through its interlaced roots I could see in every direction. Hardly had we completed our ambush when a quick movement of one of the dogs startled me. But, in a moment, noticing that his looks were directed toward the crossing, I, too, looked thither and heard the sound of a heavy animal sauntering slowly over the sodden ground and approaching my lair. In an instant a pair of yellow eyes glared at me, and with a wild look of surprise as there was in mine. Recovering myself I fired at the monster, which appeared like a huge, animated black cloud as he rose up before me. The brute disappeared with the smoke of my gun, but in a moment I was startled by the report and shock of a second discharge. The other load of my gun had been accidentally exploded. Looking in the direction the bear had taken, I saw he had run along the other side of the fallen tree and met at the further end the two dogs, when he turned about and came toward me at his most rapid speed and in savage humor. Then there was a fearful crash and rush. The black mass came on, with eyes gleaming, and bewildering me with the reflection of his glare in the sunlight. I was conscious that my gun was useless, and so instinctively grasped my pistol, but found it hopelessly entangled in my belt. For a second, despair came upon me, but a sudden revulsion aroused every sense and prompted me to defence for life. Quickly drawing my knife, it was presented at a thrust as the dark mass sprang at me.

At this moment, one of the huge dogs leaped at him so fiercely as to divert the monster's attention from myself and make him miss his bite. He reared, and as he again came down on his fore feet and was in the act of going over the bank, I plunged my knife to the hilt into his body, in the region of his heart. He turned and made a terrible snap at my legs, but at that moment I fell backward over a bush, and so we all went into the bayou together, floundering in the water and mud.

I scrambled to the edge of the slough, and watched with intense anxiety the result of the battle. In another moment, and when the bear had nearly reached the further side of the pool, desperately fighting with the dogs every inch of the way, I heard a rushing sound and the whirling flight of more of the pack as they sprang over me. In the same instant a flash shot out from the brown forest, and Harvey's rifle, and the bear rolled over, though he still feebly fought the pack, and kept on fighting to the last moment of his existence. To my mortification, an examination of the huge carcass showed that my shot had not made any visible mark on the animal, and that my knife had not quite reached his heart. Harvey's shot had killed him. The weight of the savage animal was over five hundred pounds.

TIMELY TOPICS.

Miss Virginia French, a young lady of New Orleans, wrote some time ago a poem for the *Picayune* some time ago that a young man who lives with it and who is known in New Orleans, pleased her. He went to New Orleans, pleased her. He went to New Orleans, pleased her. He went to New Orleans, pleased her.

The telephone is beginning to misbehave itself. A telephone wire in Chicago, the other day, began a flirtation with a streak of lightning, and the offices at each end of the wire were entered by the lightning and the furniture destroyed. If a person were to get a streak of lightning emptied in his ear while listening at the telephone, it would be very apt to embarrass him.

Cornell University has just established an experimental station, which is prepared to analyze different kinds of commercial fertilizers in the laboratory and to test them in the field; to examine seeds that are suspected to be adulterated, and to identify and name grasses, weeds, and other plants. The board of control is formed of several professors of the university and of the chief officers of several agricultural societies of the State.

The so-called "Horse Communities" of Russia flourish in all cities where there are universities. Most of the poorer students, who are free from prejudices, live upon horse-flesh, which can be procured at one-fifth the price of beef. It is the custom of such students to board in parties of from five to twenty, and hence the name of "Horse Communities." So many Nihilists have been found in these communities that the horse-meat eaters are liable to prosecution by the government.

The Mormons have planted a colony of 150 believers on Little Colorado, Arizona. They are provided with machinery for a complete woolen mill, now being erected. The have sawmills to build their houses and improvements, flour mills and sugar mills, also a tannery, flocks of sheep, seeds and farming implements, with food to last till harvest, and with no lack of capital to attest an assured success no failure. With consummate judgment these disciples of their modern prophet have selected the most desirable lands of northern Arizona, where water abounds for power and for irrigation—where the climate is delicious and the soil productive.

The Cherokees, with a population of 19,000, support two seminaries, male and female respectively, an orphan asylum, a deaf and dumb asylum, and seventy-four common schools, having in all 3,000 pupils. They annually expend for purposes of education \$79,000. The seminaries and asylums are in brick buildings, with three stories and a basement, and are quite handsome and commodious. They were erected at a cost of \$40,000 each. The Creeks number 14,250, have twenty-eight public schools and two mission schools, with 1,200 pupils, costing \$23,000. The Choctaws, numbering 16,000, have fifty-five schools and one academy, costing \$29,000, with 1,200 pupils. The Chickasaws, numbering 5,800, have twelve public schools and one academy, costing \$21,000, with 400 pupils. The Seminoles have five schools, with an attendance of 180, for which they pay annually \$2,800.

The "Loyal Sons of America" is the title of an organization which was founded in 1871, and now lays claim to ten thousand members in different parts of the Union. The members are all American-born boys or young men between sixteen and twenty-six years of age, and their professed object is to join the American youths together "by the golden band of fidelity and love." To quote their constitution, "what we desire to do is to organize in every town and city in the country a lodge where the strict principles of justice, honor and noble deeds will be carried out, and prepare ourselves for any position of trust we shall be called upon to fill." They have a constitution and by-laws, and wigwags in New York, Brooklyn, Boston and other large cities. The first wigwag was established at Medusa, near Coxackie, and the association intends to hold a grand encampment the next 4th of July.

A case in which a romantic girl played an important part is narrated in the *Misourian* papers. She, with other ladies, were visiting the penitentiary at Jefferson City, when she was struck with the appearance of a youthful convict, and his story was told by the warden. When a boy just out of college he had become implicated in the embezzlement of trust funds, for which his family disowned him. Believing him innocent, the story kindled her enthusiasm, and an introduction was followed by promises to correspond. This she did in spite of the remonstrances of her family and friends, and before his term of imprisonment expired she had engaged to marry the convict. The day he was to be liberated she appeared in a carriage at the entrance, and both parties were ready for an entrancing and consummation of their fondest hopes, when a horrid old unromantic officer arrested the embezzler on another indictment.

The street railway system and the cars in use upon street railways in European cities seemed to have been generally borrowed from America. Those in use upon the tramways of Paris are admirably arranged, commodious and convenient. Upon some of the lines the cars are provided with a double row of seats upon the top, the passengers sitting on the top benches back to back, and they have conveniently designed stairways for ascending to the top. The cars on the principal lines seat twenty passengers on the top and twenty-two inside, and afford standing room for six persons on the platform. The guard never allows a larger number to get upon the cars. The lines are managed with great system, and run with commendable regularity, and a marked regard is shown for the convenience of passengers. The fare for any distance upon any line or to any point upon a connecting line with a transfer is six cents below; for any distance upon the same line the fare on top is three cents. In keeping with the observance of the class distinction so conspicuous everywhere in Europe, the top was designed originally for the peasant and laboring population of Paris. In good weather, however, the deck seats are considered the most desirable and are occupied by all classes of passengers.

Numerous attempts have been made lately to show that the variations in the number of spots the sun's face were the cause of excessive rains, poor wheat crops, commercial panics and other terrestrial occurrences. Now comes Mr. B. G. Jenkins, Fellow of the British Royal Astronomical Society, who says that cholera, the black death and other plagues are the effect of planetary influences, and particularly of those of the

four outer planets, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune. He goes back for hundreds of years, asserts that all the plagues which have swept over Europe during that period can be accounted for by the movements and positions of one or more of these planets, and concludes with this ominous prediction: "I would say that within the next seven years there will happen that which has not happened for hundreds of years—all the planets at or near their nearest point to the sun about the same time. It is true of the earth that its magnetic intensity is greater about the time when it is near the sun; the same is probably true of all the planets; therefore we may expect extraordinary magnetic phenomena during the next seven years, and great plagues, which will manifest themselves in all their intensity when Jupiter is about three years from his perihelion—that is, in 1883."

Faithful Unto Death.

A touching story is narrated in connection with the execution of Walter Watson, Highland, Ind., for the murder of Ezra Compton. The parties had quarreled about the charge of twenty-five cents for some soap made by Compton, who was a storekeeper. The wife of Watson, to whom he had been but a year married, endeavored to restrain him from the quarrel, but her entreaties failed. A week before the execution Mrs. Watson visited the governor with her babe in her arms, and made a strong personal appeal for mercy, but that official declined to interfere because the sentence had been confirmed by the Supreme Court. The faithful wife was a daily visitor in her husband's cell, and joined him in fervent prayers for forgiveness. During the last night most of the time she sat on his knee, breathing words of love and encouragement, or at his feet, caressing his hands. He was truly a penitent and expressed himself as having made peace with God. As the time approached for the execution she was for a moment overcome and fell on her husband's neck in uncontrollable anguish, but suddenly she raised her flaxen head and assisted in arraying him for his doom. She had contributed a necktie and a pair of slippers and put them on him with a fierce determination that overmastered her agony. She combed his hair, and seeing all was ready, said she would go with him. All present remonstrated with her, in which the minister joined. Her reply was a rebuke that few women would have ventured. "I should not have expected this from a minister. When I was married I promised to cleave to my husband for better or for worse. I promised this to a minister, and I am going to keep my word as far as God will let me." On reaching the gallows the pair soonto be sundered mounted the steps hand in hand. They were seated side by side over the fatal trap. She again took his hand and sobbed with her little head resting upon his shoulder, while the minister made the closing prayer.

Meanwhile the culprit sat in his chair, unmoved. A heart-broken wife was sobbing on his bosom, strong men sobbed, but the man about to be hanged seemed an uninterested spectator of the absorbing scene of which he was the central figure. For fully five minutes he sat there without the least perceptible twitch of a muscle. There was no bravado in this composure; it was rather the calmness of resignation. At the close of the religious exercises the two stood up, and for the last time she embraced her husband, kissed him passionately, and with "good-bye, Walter," she stepped back and into the arms of the good Christian ladies who were there to receive her. The last words of the unhappy man were a fervent prayer for mercy and for heavenly aid to his poor wife. At the sheriff's house she saw the remains of her husband in his coffin, and, kissing his lips and arranging the hair, turned away with a look of woe and said: "I can cry no more; I have no more tears. God have mercy on me and my little baby!"

An hour later the coffin was in an East-bound train, accompanied by the wife. At Richmond, a bleak station seven miles from this point, it was deposited on the barren ground, and as the train moved on only one other person besides the widow was in charge. The poor, broken-hearted woman turned up to the occupants of the passing train, most of whom had seen the hanging, with haughty mien in their dreams.—*Baltimore American*.

Exercise.

A great deal depends upon the time chosen for needful exercise. When it is properly conducted, the effect on the digestive system is very marked. The appetite is increased, and more food is taken in order to supply force necessary for the maintenance of the mechanical force. This increase of appetite is especially noted when the exercise is taken in the open air. When exercise is undertaken, however, without due preparation, or the bodily powers are exhausted by fatigue, the power of being able to take food is diminished. This condition, if the exercise is continued and the power of taking food remains impaired, is one of considerable danger, and the health is often greatly affected, the force of the heart being much reduced. It is of great importance, moreover, when great fatigue has been undergone, to see that the bodily powers are thoroughly recruited by rest before an attempt is made to take food, otherwise there will be no inclination to take it, and if forced down it will not digest. An hour's rest, with a cup of warm tea, will do much toward restoring appetite in these cases. Indeed, it should be a rule in all cases that a period of rest should intervene between work and food.

The Health of Printers.

In the course of a lecture on "Effects of Occupations upon Health," recently delivered at Leipzig by Dr. Heubner, he drew attention to the frequency of lead-poisoning among typefounders, compositors and pressmen. In Leipzig itself, the great metropolis of the German book trade, seventy-seven per cent. of all who are thus affected belong to the trades enumerated. Typefounders are poisoned by inhaling the fumes of the metal, while compositors and pressmen inhale minute particles of the same material. Fought with still greater danger is, however, the frequent practice of compositors of bringing their type-set hands in contact with their lips or keeping eatables in composing-rooms, etc. The great preventives against all such chronic poisonings are cleanliness, both of person and in the work-room, and ample ventilation by the frequent opening of windows, etc. As regards lung diseases, too, printers compare favorably with most other trades, the proportion of deaths from this cause being exceptionally large. The one safeguard against this danger also is ventilation, which, as we all know, is sadly neglected in printing-offices generally by reason of the almost universal dread of draughts.

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

The Comical Crow.

"Caw! caw!" sang a crow on the edge of a wood.
The corn that you give us is wonderful good;
But why don't you lay it there all in a heap?
You scatter it round and you plant it so deep
Good farmer, it's tiresome to find it, you know."

Said this comical crow.

"Caw! caw! You have stretched, in a zig-zaggy way,
A string round your acres. I see it to-day.
They'll think it a snare," said you, chuckling outright.
Your cord is no use, sir, as I'm not a kite.
Sweet farmer, I'd have you continue to sow."

Said this comical crow.

"Caw! caw! You have set little boys on the fence.
They shout and amuse us—our joy is intense.
You give yourself plenty of trouble for us.
We're only plain folks. Prithce, don't make a fuss!
Kind farmer, we're not used to much of a show."

Said this comical crow.

Caw! caw! You have put an old coat on some sticks.
You want to delight us with all sorts of tricks.
Unmerited kindness we tenderly love;
But why don't you leave till we finish our meal?"

Dear farmer, you're not in a hurry to go,
Said this comical crow.

"Caw! caw! You have brought out a nest little gun.
You're going to shoot at the sparrows, for fun.
Oh, be! We shan't wait till you've loaded it up,
But hit us away to the next field and sup.
Bad farmer, sad farmer, your end will be woe."

Said this comical crow.

—George Cooper.

The May Flowers.

On a sunny hillside grew a little colony of May flowers. They had slept quietly through the long winter, tucked up, snug and warm, in their covering of snow; and now the bright sun looked down on them, and the wind stirred them, and the birds called to them, and they raised their strong, hoary leaves, and lifted up their stems of small buds, and rejoiced that spring was near. A little girl came out among them. She said to herself: "I am going away to-morrow. I can't stay to see the dear May flowers open, so I will take some of them with me, and keep them in water, and they will remind me of this beautiful place, and perhaps they will blossom."

"Oh," said the May flowers, "please don't take us!"

But the wind blew so that Mary, the little girl, did not hear them, and she pulled them stem after stem, till she had many as she could hold around her at the blue sky, and the branches of the trees against it, and the soft, dead leaves flying in the wind, and the patches of white snow in the hollows; and away in the distance the lighthouse and the blue water.

She said good-bye to it all, for she was afraid she might not see it again soon; and the little May flowers said good-bye to it, too.

The next day Mary tied the May flowers together, and wound a piece of wet spon around their stems, and they started on their journey.

The cars were crowded and hot, and Mary held the flowers very tight for fear of losing them, and the tall people rested their elbows on them, and the stout ones pushed against them, and they thought they would die.

But soon the paper was taken off, and the string was untied, and they were put into a vase of water.

The little May flowers drooped for a time, and could not hold up their heads.

Mary set them in the open window, and a gay bird in a cage sang to them; but they mourned for their pleasant home, and they did not like to stand with their feet in the water, and they said:

"Let us give up in despair!"

Then the bird sang, "Cheer up! cheer up! chirrup! chirrup!"

They did not listen to him at first, but by-and-by they said to him:

"Why do you say that to us? Do you know that we have been taken from our home and our friends on the hillside, where the sun shone, and the birds sang all around us? How can we live and be happy here, and with our feet in the water, too?"

But the bird said: "Cheer up! The sun is shining on you, and I am singing to you as well as I can, and how much better it will be for you to blossom and be beautiful, and make some one happy, than to do wither and wither and be thrown away. Do you think I like to be here, shut up in this cage, when I have wings to fly? No! If this cage door should be left open, you would see me fly up to that chimney in a second."

"Could you?" said the little flowers.

"Yes, indeed," said the bird.

"Would you?" said the flowers.

"Yes," said the bird, "and then into that tree, and then away to the woods somewhere. But while I am here, I think I may as well sing and be gay."

"Perhaps he is right," thought the flowers; so they lifted their heads and looked up.

Mary gave them fresh water every day, and loved them dearly, and talked to them of the beautiful hillside; and the cheerful bird sang to them, and at last the little buds began to grow and make the best of it.

One bright morning, just two weeks after they were gathered, the largest bud opened its petals, and blossomed into a full-grown May flower!

It was white, with a lovely tinge of pink, and oh, so fragrant! Mary almost cried with delight, and she kissed the dear flower, and carried it to every one in the house to be admired. The bird stood on tip-toe on his highest perch and flapped his wings, and sang his best song.

"Was I right?" said he. "Did I give you good advice?"

"Yes," said the flowers, "you were right. To blossom and be beautiful, and make some one happy, is better than to give up in despair and do nothing!"

—Annie Moore, in *St. Nicholas*.

Said a saloon-keeper to a reformed man whom he met on the street: "How drunk you have been in my place before now." "Yes," replied the other, "but remember how I have kept out of it!"—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.