FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

The Reward of Virtue.

His dear little eyes were full of tears, But his dear little mouth was smiling With his dear little fists in his dear little eye He was really quite beguiling

He wanted a dear little candy dog Which belonged to his dear little sister, And his father called him a dear little pig, Till he gave up teasing and kissed her

He couldn't help crying a little still, But he felt like a dear little hero; Then his sister promised to give him a tas And called him a dear little dear O. -V. Q. Smith in St. Nicholas.

We extract the following legend from a story entitled "The Apples of Iduna," printed in St. Nicholas.

The scene of the story is laid in Iceland, late in the winter of the year 1150. Olaf is seated, holding his son Thorold and little Thurida on his knees. A great wood-fire crackles and blazes before them, and the children listen as Olaf speaks:

"Once," said he, "a long time ago, before the Christians came to Iceland, the god Odin, with Hænir and the wicked Loki, went on a journey. The ancient gods surely differed little fronf mortals, for, like us, they often were hungry and thirsty and tired. When these three had traveled far, they came to a beautiful thirsty and tired. When these three had traveled far, they came to a beautiful valley where a herd of oxen were grazing. Being very hungry, these gods—not even the best of whom was really good—did not scruple to steal and kill one of the oxen for their supper. They cut the ox into quarters, which they put into their big kettle to boil. But boil the beef would not. In vain the three travelers piled on the fuel; in vain the water in the kettle bubbled and boiled. Every time that the lid of the kettle was removed the meat was found to be as raw as at first. While wondering what the reason for this could be, the perplexed travelers, hearing a voice, looked up, and beheld an enormous eagle, perched on the stoutest branch of a very large oak tree.

a very large oak tree.
"'If ye are willing,' said the voice,

"'If ye are willing, said the voice, 'to let me have my share of the flesh, it shall soon be boiled.'
"Of course the lungry gods said 'Yes,' when instantly flew down the loud-flapping eagle, and with his great beak snatched up three-quarters of the heef!

beak snatched up three-quarters of the beef!

"'Stop! stop!' exclaimed Loki, 'one quarter only is thy share" and with that he struck a fierce blow with his traveling staff upon the eagle's back. So much the worse was this for Loki, for while one end of the unlucky staff stuck fast to the back of the eagle, Loki found himself unable to loosen his hold from the other end, which he the more desired to do because he now found, to his dismay, that the supposed eagle was no other than the renowned Frost-Giant Thjassi, who, with his great eagle wings, went flying over rocks and forest tops, dragging after him the unhappy Loki till he was torn almost in pieces.

"For a long time the giant took no notice of Loki's piteous entreaties, but, at last, Thjassi deigned to tell him that he should be released when he had bound himself by a solemn oath to bring Iduna and her apples out from her safe retreat behind the bright walls of Asgard, the city of the gods.

"Loki, who was selfish enough to do anything, willingly took the oath, and, all tatters and wounds as he was, soon

anything, willingly took the oath, and, all tatters and wounds as he was, soon rejoined his companions. But he told them nothing of his oath.

"My father," interrupted Thurdia, 'what are applies?"

"'My father,' interrupted Thurdia,
what are apples?"
"They are round things that grow on trees, as I've been told,' said Olaf,
but I never saw an,.'
"Now, these apples of Iduna were very
different from all other fruits, for it was
by eating them that the gods kept themselves always young and handsome and
strong. So Loki did not dare to tell of
the oath he had taken.

"On the return of the three travelers
to bright Asgard, the crafty and cruel
Loki told the beautiful and kind Iduna
that in a foresta short distance off he had
found apples which he thought were of a
much better quality than her own, and
that at all events it was worth while to
make a comparison between them.

"Iduna, deceived by his words, took
her apples and went with him into the
forest; but no sooner had they entered

ner appies and went with him into the forest; but no sooner had they entered it than Thiassi, clad in his eagle plumage, flew rapidly toward them, and catching up Iduna, regardless of her tears, carried her and her treasures with him to gloomy Jotunheim, the dreary city of the Frost-Giants.

"Now the gods, left in lofty Asgard without the society of the beautiful Iduna, and without any of her youthgiving apples to eat, soon became wrinkled and bent and gray. Old age was creeping fast upon them, and their mourning for Iduna was loud and sin-cere. It was long before they discovered that Loki was the author of the mischief. When they did so, he could only save himself from their wrath by promising to bring safely back the beloved Iduna and her youth-giving apples.

when they did so, he could only save himself from their wrath by promising to bring safely back the beloved Iduna and her youth-giving apples.

"To do this, Loki borrowed from the goddess Frigga the falcon plumage which she sometimes wore, and, disguised in it, flew to Jotunheim.

"In spite of his disguise, it was not without fear that Loki approached the grim and terrible walls of the city of the Frost-Giants. Cautiously and silently he flew about it until he discovered that Thjassi was on an ice-floc, far out at sea, spearing fish for his dinner. Then, with a joyful cry, Loki few into the city, and lost no time in changing Iduna into a sparrow and flying off with her safely clasped in his talons.

"But before they were far on their way the Frost-Giant returned to his gloomy city, there to learn of the escape of Iduna. Into his eagle plumage husted Thjassi, and, screaming with rage, flew in pursuit of the trembling sparrow and swiftly-flying falcon.

"Upon the bright walls of Asgard, eagerly watching the uncertain race, stood the impatient gods. Rapidly approached the pursued, but close behind them followed the terrible pursuer. The gods trembled with terror lest Iduna should again fall into his cruel hands, and as fast as their now aged limbs would let them they began to gather upon the walls bundles of dry chips, while the good Baldur waited with a fireband in his hand.

"Over the bright walls flew Loki and Iduna. Close after them came the loud-flapping Thjassi; but Balder had been too quick for him, and had already set fire to the ready chips. The rapid flame caught the borrowed plumage of Thiassi, and he thus fell into the power of the gods, who slew him within the walls of the sacred city. Then great and loud was large mansion. But there is no accounting for the taste of been damic evergrees in the ready and large mansion. But there is no accounting for the taste of been damic evergrees in the read a large mansion. But there is no accounting for the taste of been damic evergrees in the reads of beat proma

the rejoicing, while the gods hastened

the rejoicing, while the gods hastened to make themselves young and handsome and strong again, by eating freely of the apples of Iduna."

"My father," said Thorold, "the good priest tells us that all those ancient fables about the gods have a meaning that is not a fable. Canst thou not tell me and Thurdia what this one means?"

"I do not know how it is of myself," said Olaf, "but I have heard the good priest say that Iduna means the beautiful spring, whi! Thjassi means the desolating winter. Henze, when the short days and iong nights begin to come, we say that Thjassi is carying off Iduna. And, when the days grow longer and the nights shorter, we say that Iduna with her apples is returning to us. The firekindled by the gods upon the walls of bright Asgard is the sun, before whose heat winter dissolves; while all nature, partaking of the fruits of spring, grows young again."

"My father," murmured sleepy little Thyrid with with the same to get a part of the part of the part of the price of the part o

partaking of the fruits of spring, grows young again."

"My father," murmured sleepy little Thurida, "I will wake up to eat some of the apples."

Olaf laughed, and, kissing his little daughter, laid her tenderly in one of the bed-boxes filled with elastic seaweed, and spread over her a sack of seafowl feat'ers, saying:

"It is not for many a long and bitter night yet, my Thurdia, that the beautiful Iduna shall reach our cold land.

"Yet," he continued, patting Thorold on the head, "when Iduna is with us, Iceland's the best land the sun shines on!"

Basely Deceived.

Hiram Oldham lives at Lockport when home, but if he doesn't appear there this summer his friends may rest assured that what is his loss is their gain, and the biggest kind o' gain. He wandered this way because he heard that daylaborefs in Detroit were paid six dollars per day and had free tickets to the opera house every night. He thought he would come here and earn a few thousand dollars this summer and return to Lockport in the fall and buy him a residence with come here and earn a few thousand doilars this summer and return to Lockport
in the fall and buy him a residence with
walnut trees in the front yard. He
arrived here on the trucks of a freight
car, and after sleeping one night in a
coal-shed he was open to engagements.
He didn't find any jobs at six dollars
per day, and when he went around to
the opera house the man at the door
shook a club at him and cried out:

"Yes, I'll give you a kingdom for a
horse—oh, yes!"

The police finally gathered the Lockporter in. They have a way of linking
arms with a stranger who doesn't seem
loaded down with good clothes and cash.
The prisoner's face wore a blank look as
he stood before the bar. He seemed to
feel that he was booked for a wateringplace.

place.
"You see, it doesn't look exactly right for a full-grown man to be free-lunching around and sleeping in dry-goods boxes," observed the court, as he wiped

boxes," observed the court, as he wiped off his pen.

"I want to light right out of this town," replied the prisoner.

"You would only light down on some other. This is the headquarters here, and you can be sent up far cheaper than from the interior. I permitted a prisoner to start for the interior a few days ago, and yesterday he came to the House of Correction from one of the western counties at a cost of \$30. I shall book you for sixty days"

"Can I send my poor mother a check on the bank before I go up?" asked the man.

man.
"You can, sir. Bijah will furnish you

"You can, sir. Bijah will furnish you all kinds of blank checks and pen and ink. Write your name plainly."

The prisoner finally concluded not to forward a check at all. He sent a boy out to find him four good lawyers who would carry his case to the Supreme Court, but the boy was gone so long that the police wagon backed up and removed the tourist to another and more useful sphere.—Detroit Free Press.

Bees on the Wing.

When a swarm leaves for the woods they are off before you fairly know it. They drift away from the hive in a wide-They drift away from the hive in a widespread and apparently aimless concourse,
then suddenly gather up their skirts,
draw together their forces, and away
they go, a humming, flying vortex of
bees, the queen apparently in the center
and the mass revolving about her as a
pivot, over orchards and mendows,
across creeks and swamps, or woods and
deep valleys, straight for the appointed
tree, slow at first, so that you can keep
up with them, but presently with a
speed that would tire a fox-hound. In
this flight the individual bees do not
move in right lines, or straight forward
like a flock of birds, butround and round
like chaff in a whirlwind; unitedly they
form a whirling, revolving, nebulous form a whirling, revolving, nebulous mass fifteen or twenty feet across, that goes as straight as a projectile to its mark. They are not partial as to the kind of tree—pine, hemlock, elm, birch, maple, hickory—any tree with a good cavity high up or low down. A swarm of mine ran away from the new patent hive I gave them and took up their of mine ran away from the new patent hive I gave them, and took up their quarters in the hollow trunk of an old apple tree across an adjoining field. The entrance was a mouse hole near the ground. Another swarm in the neighborhood deserted their keeper and went into the cornice of an out-house that stood amid evergreens in the rear of a large mansion. But there is no accounting for the taste of bees, as Samson found when he discovered the swarm in the carcass (or more probably the skeleton) of the lion he had slain.—John Burroughs, in Scribber.

The Battle at Rorke's Drift.

The Battle at Rorke's Drift.

On the same day as the fatal battle and disaster at Isandlana, in South Africa, a Zulu army numbering at least 3,000 men attacked with great bravery and persistency the post of Rorke's Drift, at which 130 men—thirty-five of them patients in hospital—were stationed. A graphic account of the fight is given by a Pall Mall Gazette correspondent, who says:

The advance guard of the Zulus appeared at first at four P. M. It came round the south corner of the hill in a body of from 500 to 600 strong, led by a chief on horseback. They halted a moment, and then advanced quietly but quickly, at a run, taking advantage of every bit of cover. It seemed as if they had expected to surprise the camp. Our men opened fire at 500 yards. The first man to fall was the chief. He was shot by Private Dunbar and fell off his horse headlong. Numbers of the enemy fell at once. They hesitated, broke, and the greater number scattered to their left, occupied the garden and orchard, where there was plenty of cover. A few got up close to the houses and lay behind the field oven and kitchens that there were built. Scarcely any of these men had guns or rifles. Others came on in a continuous stream, occupied the lill above, and gradually encircled the two houses. All the men who had guns were stationed on the hill, and kept up a continuous and rapid fire on the yard. It caught our men in their backs as they were guarding the garden side, and five men were thus shot dead.

It now became dusk. The Zulus crept up nearer and nearer. Under cover of the bushes and long grass they were able to get within five miles of the hospital without being seen. From this point, in parties of fifteen to twenty, they repeatedly attacked the end room of the hospital. They made these attasks in the most deliberate manner, advancing after the manner of their dancing, with a prancing step and a high action. They cared nothing for slaughter, but endeavored, in the most persistent manner, to

after the manner of their dancing, with; a prancing step and a high action. They cared nothing for slaughter, but endeavored, in the most persistent manner, to get over the barricade and into the hospital. Many times, seven or eight at least, Lieut. Bromhead, collecting a few men together, had to drive them off with a bayonet charge. Then they would retire, and all of them in chorus shout and strike their shields. Our men cheered in answer, and let them have it. There was plenty of ammunition. After the first half hour there was no waste.

How deliberate and telling the fire was may be gathered from the following incidents. Private Joseph Williams, a young Welshman, under two years' service, had a small window in the hospital to shoot from. Next morning fourteen dead warriors were counted outside his window, and several more down his line of fire. As soon as his ammunition was all exhausted he and the other men

window, and several more down his line of fire. As soon as his ammunition was all exhausted, he and the other men with him defended the door of the room till the enemy, by sheer weight of numbers, forced it open. Poor fellow! he was seized by the hands and arms, dragged out, and assegaied and mutilated before the eyes of his comrades. Another instance: Private Dunbar, the same man who shot the chief on horse-back, was posted to watch the hill. As the Kaflirs streamed down from their right, this man (also a Weishman, and of less service than the above mentioned) shot eight of the enemy in as many consecutive shots. Lieut. Chard was standing by him as he did it, and the bodies were found heaped one on the other next morning.

norning. The enemy at last effected a lodgment The enemy at last effected a lodgment in the hospital. Thirry of the patients were got out in time. Most of them were got out in time. Most of them were pushed and pulled through a window which opened on the yard. Sergt. Maxfield, a fine young soldier, was very ill with fever and delirious. He could not be moved, and he was killed in his bed. They now set fire to the hospital. The roof was thatch, and it quickly blazed. By its light our men were enabled to see their foes better, and many fell before they retreated to better cover. After a pause, encouraged by a chief who abied to see their foes better, and many fell before they retreated to better cover. After a pause, encouraged by a chief who from time to time shouted his orders from the hillside, they came on again. The fighting in places became hand to hand over the mealie sacks. The assailants used only their assegais. These they did not throw, but used only as stabbing weapons. Directly a soldier showed his head over the parapet to get a shot, he was thrust at. Once or twice the Kafrirs actually seized the bayonets and tried to wrench them off the rifles. One of our men loaded while a Zulu was stugging at his bayonet. He pulled the trigger and blew the plucky fellow to atoms. They next tried to set fire to the thatched roof of the store. In face of a hot fire they got up to the house, *and one fine savage had his brains blown out as he was holding a brand against the caves.

out as he was holding a brain the eaves.

And so the fight continued till after midnight, from which time till four A. M. they gradually withdrew, only every now and then making a charge. They carried with them all their dead and wounded that they could. The last of them left just before dawn. They left wounded that they could. The fast of them left just before dawn. They left 370 dead on the field. These were counted and buried in heaps. Many of them were recognized by their shields as belonging to one of the crack royal regiments. The majority were of a certain age, in poor condition, and of small stature. Our loss, counting five of the patients, was thirteen killed and ten wounded. Three of the latter have since died of their wounds. died of their wounds.

Russia's Plight.

A New York paper says: No country in all civilization seems to be in so pitiable a plight at present as Russia. In addition to her immense foreign debt and her general financial derangement, her political afflictions continually cropping out in defiance of law, and mysterious assassination, and her losses of every kind from the late war, she is threatened with famine. Last year she suffered exceedingly from drought; nearly one-third of her crops were destroyed by beetles and marmots so that the seed has been deficient, and field-labor is inadequate in consequence of the excess of holidays—about 100 a year—and the widespread drunkenness of many of the people, involving great wastefulness. Grain, which is the chief article of export, which furnishes the means of paying taxes and of getting all suplies, now seems insufficient to home consumption. Her domestic debt is very oppressive. Most of the land of the empire is mortgaged to bankers, and its owners are scarcely able to pay their interest, much less the principal, their arrears being from twenty-five to thirty per cent. Russia is a vast country of vast resources; but she has drawn on them very heavily of late, and all indications are that she is approaching a crisis in her fortunes which will require the fullest wisdom of her statesmen to meet. She appears to be socially, politically, financially and morally disorganized, or very near it, and she cannot go on much onger in her present condition.

GRAIN AT THE WORLD'S FAIR. Facts from the Report of One of the Com

missioners to Paris.

The report upon agriculture by J. J. Woodman, of Michigan, Assistant-Commissioner to the Paris Exposition, contains an interesting account of the exhibit of grains. It says the finest exhibit of agricultural products from the United States was that of the Oregon State Commission. Of the other great agricultural and cereal producing States of the Union, some were not represented at all and some only partially.

The report contains a comparative statement of the present condition of agricultural interests in the principal countries of Europe, noting especially the points in which they differ from the same industries in our own country. In France the average size of farms is sixteen and a half acres of productive land, making 3,977,781 farms. Of these, 2,826,388, or seventy-one per cent., are cultivated by the owners: \$31,943 co. physical servers. making 3,977,781 farms. Of these, 2,826,388, or seventy-one per cent., are cultivated by the owners; 831,943, or only twenty-one per cent., are rented at a fixed price; and eight per cent. are worked on shares. The free use of fertilizers is mentioned as the reason for the heavy crops realized from small areas. The advantage of rotation has also been fully demonstrated in France. In the English exhibit samples of Molds' new varieties of wheat were shown in the straw and attracted much attention. It was claimed that this wheat could be sown one month earlier and would resown one month earlier and would re-It was claimed that this wheat could be sown one month earlier and would require only one half the quantity of the old varieties, and would produce 105 grains from a single stalk, and 112 bushels from a single acre. The report shows that the average production o England per acre is greater than in any other country in Europe, if not in the world. In Austria and Hungary, 924 per cent. of the whole territory is productive, and the soil is highly favorable for agriculture. The farmers generally own the soil they cultivate. The average yield of wheat is fifteen bushels to the acre.

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An elaborate and comprehensive table giving the average amount of the cereal production of the European countries which furnish a surplus for commerce, and also those which are obliged to import breadstuffs, shows that the average annual production of cereals in Europe amounts to 5,147,796,000 bushels, of which Russia produces 1,655,021,000 bushels, or nearly one-third; the whole of Germany, 765,000,000 bushels; France, 710,130,000 bushels, and Hungary, 300,330, on 000. On the basis of an average of 15 78-1000 bushels of cereals for each person for home consumption, Roumania, Denmark, Russia, Prussia, France, Hungary, Bavaria and Sweden alone raise sufficient for home consumption. A comparison of the production of cereals per capita for the whole population of Europe with that for the United States gives the former about seventeen bushels and the latter about forty bushels.

The report says that many of the countries of Europe, especially Great Britain and France, are largely deficient in meat products, and that they are now turning their attention to the United States for supplies. The report says that English stock raisers, who have become alarmed at the success which has attended the importation of American beef, have recently discovered that American cattle can be imported and fed upon American grain at present prices with considerable profit to the English importer.

English importer.

Riding Over Their Prostrate Bodies.

Riding Over Their Prostrate Bodies.

A correspondent of the Columbus (O.)
State Journal, writing from Cairo, Egypt,
of the Mohammedan festival which
closes the ten days of rejoicing that follows the return of the Mecca pilgrims,
says: "At twelve o'clock all the recently returned Mecca pilgrims gather
at one of the mosques, and then march,
thousands of them, men and boys (no
women), with their pilgrimage banners
and their rags. Thousands of them,
some well dressed and quiet, others half
naked and wild with excitement, waving their arms, or banners, or naked
swords in the air; some praying loudly,
some apparently beside themselves with
religious excitement (or that horrid
strong drink, racea(, were foaming at some apparently beside themselves with religious excitement (or that horrid strong drink, raccaí, were foaming at the mouth, held up and dragged along by their companions. Then a lot wilder than the others appeared, and riding behind them the Sheikh of their sect, who was to perform the crowning feat of the day. At a certain point on the road this sect, two or three hundred of them, prostrated themselves on the ground, and the Sheikh, seemingly half unconscious, and supported by two attendants, rode over them, that is on heir prostrate bodies. The horse, a dainty Arab, milk white, did not seem to like the animated pavement over which he was forced to tread, but champed his bits, seemed nervous and excited, and walked rapidly. Can you imagine anything more horrible! The Mohammedans, pretend that the faithful are never injured, or rather that the horse does not touch them at all. Some of the men and boys were in spasms, or swooned through injury and excitement. swooned through injury and excitement. These are immediately 'carried out of sight and no report is ever made of acci-dent or physical damage."

A Poor Girl's Hair.

A young and poorly-clad girl entered a barber-shop in Vienna, and told the proprietor that he must "buy her head.', The friscur examined her long, glossy chestnut locks, and began to bargain. He could give eight florins, and no more. Hair was plentiful this year; the price had fallen, there was less demand, and other phases of the kind. The little maiden's eyes filled with tears, and she hesitated a moment while threading her fingers through her chestnut locks; she finally threw herselt in a chair, and said:

"Then take it quickly."
The barber, satisfied with his bargain, was about to clinch it with his shears, when a gentleman who sat half shaved, looking on, told him to stop.
"My child," said he, "why do you sell your beautiful hair?"
"My mother has been nearly five months ill. I cannot work enough to support us; everything has been sold or pawned, and there is not a penny in the house."
"No, no, my child; if that is the case.

No, no, my child; if that is the case

"No, no, my child; if that is the case I will buy your hair, and give you one hundred florins for it."

He gave the poor girl the note, the sight of which dried her tears, and he took up the barber's shears. Taking the locks in his hand he took the longest hair, cut it off, and put it carefully in his pocketbook, thus paying one hundred florins for a single hair. He took the poor girl's address in case he should want to buy anoths at the same rate. He is only designated as the chief of a great industrial enterprise within the city.

" Playing Ball" as it Used to Be.

S. "Playing Ball" as it Used to Be.

Now we have the season of smushed fingers, slashed noses and mashed 6.)
The time for "Red Stockings," "Champion Nines," "Leather Overalls," "Bruizers," "Carmine Probosceses," "Blue Racers," "Ginger Snappers," "Ruby Rangers," and other euphoniously-named base ball clubs, has come. There was a time when base ball was fun. That time has long since passed away. There are probably remote portions of the country where there is still some amusement in a game of base ball—where the inhabitants have not yet learned how awfully scientific the game has become. There, when the striker hits the ball a good, reliable whack he runs for all he is worth. When the other fellow gets the ball he doesn't place it quictly on the awfully scientific the game has become. There, when the striker hits the ball a good, reliable whack he runs for all he is worth. When the other fellow gets the ball he doesn't place it quietly on the base, but he hurls it with unerring precision at the runner and knocks two dollars' worth of breath out of his body. The runner is then out. He generally goes and lies down on the grass to think over matters and rub the spot where the ball hit. But balls in those days were not the globular bricks they are now. Any boy with a little ingenuity and an old stocking could make a ball. A piece of cork or a bit of rubber to make it "bounce." did to start on. Then the old stocking was raveled and the yarn wound on this rubber basis until the ball reached proper proportions, when it was covered with leather. The boy who owned a nice, soft, covered ball, was a king among his kind. Next to him came the boy with a good bat. The principal official in the old style of base ball was the fellow who sat on the top rail of the fence and kept tally. He cut the notches for one party on one edge of a shingle, and for the other party on the other edge. Sometimes a good tallier would do more for his favorite side than its batsman. There were no umpires in those days for both captains to quarrel with. When these two captains were ready to choose sides one tossed a ball-club to the other and they went hand over hand to the top; the last hand that held the club had the first choice of players. Sometimes a boy would insist that his hand was last, while it projected over the end of the bat. This was settled by another boy striking with another bat the end of the choosing bat. If the last hand could stand the strokes it was all right, but if the hand projected a little too high it was generally withdrawn after the first blow. Those were the days when base ball was not composed of four parts of science and one of fun.—Free Press.

A Child's Heart.

The other day a curious old woman, having a bundle in her hand and walking with painful effort, sat down on a curb-step up Woodward avenue to rest. She was curious because her garments were neat and clean, though threadbare, and curious because a smile crossed her wrinkled face as children passed her. It might have been this smile that atwrinkled face as children passed her. It might have been this smile that attracted a group of three little ones, the oldest about nine. They stood in a row in front of the old woman, saying never a word, but watching her face. The smile brightened, lingered and then suddenly faded away, and a corner of her old calico apron went up to wipe away, a tear. Then the eldest child stepped forward and asked:

"Are you sorry because you haven't got any children?"

"I—I had children once, but they are all d—dead," whispered the woman, a sob in her throat.

all d—dead," whispered the woman, a bob in her throat.

"I'm awful sorry," said the little girl, us her own chin quivered. "I'd give rou one of my little brothers here, but rou see I haven't got but two, and I lon't believe I'd like to spare one."

"God bless you, child—bless you for-ever!" sobbed the old woman, and for a ull minute her face was buried in her useron.

minute her lace was buried in her apron.

"But I'll tell you what I'll do," seriously continued the child. "You may kiss us all once, and if little Ben isn't afraid you may kiss him four times, for he's just as sweet as candy."

Pedestrians who saw three well-dressed children put their arms around that strange old woman's neck and kiss her were greatly puzzled. They didn't know the hearts of children, and they didn't hear the woman's words as she rose to go:

"Oh! children, I'm only a poor old woman, believing I'd nothing to live for, but you've given me a lighter heart than I've had for ten long years!"—Detroit

An Elopement Frustrated.

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An infallible indication of the warm season is the number of elopements which are chronicled in the local columns of the domestic exchanges. One of the most touching idyls of the season is told in limpid prose by the Dayton (Ohio) Democrat. He was poor; she was young; her parents were sensible. He was forbidden to enter the house and she to leave it. Her chamber was in the second story and underneath the window was a grape-arbor or rack. At the second story and underneath the window was a grape-arbor or rack. At the hour appointed for love's adventure he made the preconcerted signal from a shady corner of the street and she answered it. She had a change of clothing stowed away in a valise which she had borrowed from her brother without his knowledge. She opened the window and lowered the valise to the ground. Then crawling out of the window and straddling one of the rafters of the graperack, she crent valise to the ground. Then crawling out of the window and straddling one of the rafters of the grape-rack, she crept down to the post and thence, as it were, shinned it to the ground. Everything looked auspicious, and they were in great glee, when to her horror she happened to observe that she had on a pair of old rubbers instead of her shoes, which she had taken off in her room, and had forgotten to throw out upon the grass. This was a sadstate ofaffairs, as it would not look well for a young lady to go traveling among strangers with a pair of rubbers, and nothing else in the form of shoe leather; and besides, as it was damp and cold, her health would be endangered. Just what to do greatly distressed their ardent young hearts. A proposition that he should climb up to the room and get the shoes was not favorably entertained by the dashing young man; but while they were discussing it their pretty little scheme suddenly collapsed. The big brother turned up unexpectedly at the front gate? The girl sat down on the door-step and burst into tears, and her lover disappeared over the fence with uncommon agility. There was a domestic tableau in the parlor and the young lady was sent to bed.

An unique celebration is to take place

An unique celebration is to take place in Pompeii, Italy, in November next. Eighteen hundred years ago, or the 24th of November, the city was but ied from sight by an eruption of Vesuvius. On the 24th of November, 1879, there will be a banquet and illuminations on the historic spot. Several houses will be uncovered in honor of the anniversary of the event of A. D. 79.

Pans.

It is only of late years that fans and parasols have come into general use with all classes of society. Before 1830 their use was confined to the luxurious classes. To a stranger visiting our country in summer the universal use of fans still seems a national feature, and if he be a clerical dignitary invited to preach, he will find it embarrassing in the extreme to address the fluttering congregation before him. Of the cheap fans of China and Japan exported by millions, costing "little or nothing" to the consumer, but remunerating thousands on their way from the Oriental manufacturer to our own lands, we will not speak; our business at present is with fans of price and fashion. On these in France alone about 4,000 workmen are employed. In one department, not far from Paris, 1,500 persons earn their bread in cutting out, ornamenting and polishing the sticks of fans. These are made principally of ivory, bone, horn, mother-of-pearl, clony, olive wood, etc. Work of this kind is done entirely by hand in France with tiny saws made out of watch springs. The silk, paper, velum or linen part of the handsome fans is chiefly prepared in Paris, and many artists in these days of decorative art do not disdain to take their share, like Watteau, in ornamenting them. Yet, after all, our handsomes fans lack an indescribable artistic something which distinguished the fans of fans was probable in these sides of the seventeenth century. Fans.

teau. in ornamenting them. Yet, after all, our handsomest fans lack an indescribable artistic something which distinguished the fans of the seventeenth teentury.

The earliest use of fans was probably in Egypt, where, indeed, they seem to have known everything about twenty benturies in advance of our own civilization. Fans of peacock feathers, mounted on long handles, may be seen on Egyptian sculptures, carried before priests and princes. In India, in Persia, and in Greece (where oriental luxury thither found its way) feather fans were used, especially those of peacocks' feathers. But the Romans mounted wooden ones, and Ovid speaks of them as a part of the toilette of young girls in his day. The earliest known Chinese fans do not shut or open. Their present form was given them in Europe in the effeminate and degraded court of Henry III., of France, who was contemporary with the earliest settlements of Virginia. Large peacock fans were then used to cool the brows of great ecclesiastical dignitaries, while the fan as we now use it was carried by the dandies of the court. "It is a little instrument," says an old French memoir writer of that period, which opens and shuts with a jerk of the hand." It rapidly replaced the large fan of gay feathers which hung to the side of a lady by a chain in Catherine de Medici's time. A century later, in 1673, the number of fan-makers in France became so great they formed themselves into a guild, and great artists did not disdain to devote themselves to what was so decorative and pretty. The most costly and beautiful were painted on vellum, with the delicacy of miniatures, and their mounting became very beautiful and luxurious, mother-of-pearl being largely employed for it. A coach painter named Martin discovered about this time a varnish which greatly augmented the beauty of mother-of-pearl being largely employed for it. A coach painter named Martin the history of gallantry. Poor Marie Antoinette's brother-in-law, afterward Louis XVIII. presented her in the early days of her marr

Money.

It heals lacerated honor, satisfies justice and buys a square meal. Everything resolves itself into cash, from a "corner" in corn to the building of churches. Children ask for pennies, youth aspires to dimes and quarters, manhood is swayed by the almighty dollar. The blacksmith swings the sledge, the lawyer pleads for his client, and the judge decides the question of life or death for money. Money makes the man; therefore man must make the money, if he would be respected. Our old neighbor, Ben Franklin, once said: "Knowledge is power." Fogy idea. Money is power. Money, with a little feeble help, shoves the world ahead and keeps business moving. Money buys Brussels carpets, lace curtains, Steinways and builds marble mansions. It drives us to church in a splendid "turnout;" it secures the best pews, and in some places it pays the parson. It buys a Paisley and rich satins for the madam, splendid silks, laces and kerchiefs for Matilda Jane Anna. It commands the respect of gaping crowds and secures the most obsequious attention.

Money is useful. It enables us to be kind and charitable, to send tracts and Bibles to the heathen in surrounding cities. It makes and straightens railroads and builds air-line railways. Money is a big thing on salt-wells. Money bids care banish. It is a soother in sickness. Its power stops short of nothing save the ugly mouth of the grim messenger, whose relentless hand sparces no one, but levels all earthly distinctions, and teaches poor humanity that it is but dust. At the brink of eternity money goes back on us. The beggar and the millionaire rest side by side beneath the sod, to raise in equality to respond to the final summons that awaits all.—Chicago Ledger.

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Words of Wisdom. Small leaks sink great ships.

Judge no man till you have stood in

The soul that is in earnest will not stop to count the cost.

It is in any one's power to be successful, if a man or woman is fit for work. To be popular is to be indorsed in the to-day and forgotten in the to-morrow.

The men who always say a kind word for their neighbors and turn a deafear to scandal are not only very blessed, but also very scarce.

When you doubt between words, use the plainest, the commonest, the most idiomatic. Eschew fine words as you would rouge, love simple ones as you would native roses on your cheek. Humor is a very important element in every man's life. Neither man nor plant thrives in the shade. It is necessary, however, to see that it is good humor rather than bad.

Some men advertise their lives and the public are generally disappointed because the advertisement promises too much; others let their lives advertise them, and the public always get more than is promised.