OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

The Birds' Party. The birds gave a party oue bright summer's day. Twas held in a meadow of howly-mown hay, Close by an old orchard, where apples of Jane Kept the throats of the choristers sweetly in tun

A bedge of wild roses this meadow concealed From the farmers at work in a neighboring field; While the hum of the bees and the murmurin brook

Made a paradise quite of this sweet little nook.

The first to avrive was the Carrier-dove, Who brought the regrets of her friends in the

glove,

The pouters and nuns, who had serious reason To give for thus slighting the ball of the season They came the Cock Robin with sweet Jenny Wren The Blackbirds, a family party of ten, The Thrushes is brown, and the Jaybird in blue-With wild Bob-o-linkum who makes such ado.

The King-bird and sult next arrived, I am told, With the Oriole dreased all in velvet and gold; While the Cardinal through it no shame to be seen In humble attendance upon the gay queen.

The sweet Meadow Lark was the hostess that day, of manners so centic and tempor so gay; Though 'tis whispered discretly, half earnest, half fon. That her graces were learned at the court of the sun.

In strutted the Peacock, a vain, gaudy bird, And rendered himself by his size quite absurd. But the Daws in a co her just whispered together And moon the poor creature had scarcely a feather

In a bower of ivy acceneed off from the day, The Owl and the flat dozed the morning away; While the Woodpecker's tap and the Cat bird's wild

Falled to rouse the dull souls from their indolent dram.

Neath a wide-spreading locust the banquet was upread. Whose clustering blossom a rich odor shed, Whiste sectod on couches by Nature designed, On the sweetest of berries they merrily dined.

(But alas for the plans of the children of clay farmer that moment remembered his hay.

The dessert had been placed, and in bumpers of

Many toasis had been given, when over there flew A pert little Sparrow whom honody knew.

"Farmet Seedwell," he cried; " ladies, fly for your lives!" The lives!" The birds rave a flutter, and off they all flow Without even bidding their hostess "Adieu !" Launa S. Haonen, Children Under the Snow.

Far away up in the north, on the shores of that great frozen ocean lying beyond Europe and Asia, you may sometimes catch sight (as I did once) of a huge, gray, pointed thing, standing all alone in the midst of the snowy plain, just like an immense pear with the stalk upward. I should have been puzzled had I not seen a thin curl creeping from the top of it; but that let me into the secret. This queer-looking thing was a Samolede tent!

The tent of a Samoiede is almost as simple an affair as that of an Arab. All you have to do is to plant a dozen long poles in the ground, slanted so as to let their tops meet; cover this framework with reindeer skins, leaving a hole at the top to let out the smoke; pile the snow high up around the lower part to keep off the wind-the "house" is complete.

But, outlandish as it looks, this little burrow is worth something in a red Russian frost, which freezes the very breath on one's mustache; so I go right up to the door (which is simply a thick | lodging was requested, and the tired skin hanging over a hole in the side),

lift it, and step in. The inside is certainly warm enough -rather too warm, in fact, being almost | and she saw them cast many glances at as hot and choky as a bake-house. There is a fire burning in the middle, the smoke going anywhere to everywhere; and beside it sat three thingsone can hardly call them human figures -one a deal larger than the other two.

There being no light but the glare of the fire, it is not easy for me to see ing manner. A cock just then strutted where I am going; and the first thing I up to her, plucked her dress with his do is to stumble over something which beens into a sam bag, anusually full. But it is not—it is a child, wrapped or rather tied up in a huge cloak of deer-

log.

Will Education Yield Subsistence? An education, yes; but what sort of an education? A bricklayer's education, Two large cities full of people are as-onished at the statement that a wealthy and intelligent Brooklyn girl has left her home and old associations with the intention of earning her own living by hard work. This astonishment is so unan artisan's, a farmer's, would, indeed, help him to earn a living. A college education would give him a social advantage, but it would not, in itself, increase his chance of earning a living; it would rather diminish it. For, as was pointed out in an interesting paper lately published in this magazine, our colleges do not, like the French and German minarities instruct a mana complimentary to the spirit of young la-dies in general that the particular lady in question may be regarded as a prac-tical defender of her sex. Why a rich lady, more than a rich man, should de-German universities, instruct a young vote life to doing nothing is more than any one can explain. Thousands of ladies man in the bread-winning pursuits ; the American colleges are, on the contrary, already are devoting their time and institutions for general culture. I do not take up the question here of the amount and value of the culture they supply. The point for us to note is that the educated young American who has not a special education as a bread-win-merican who has means to worthy enterprises merely for the sake of having something definite to do, and if one of the sex chooses to adopt downright hard work and to live on the proceeds of her industry, it is nobody's business but her own. If more women who need fear no wolf at the door were to do likewise they would be the wiser for it and the world be better. A great ner is worse off, as to his money prospects, than the young American who has no college education at all. Dig he candeal of the unnecessary injustice and suffering in the world comes of the ignorance of the well-to-do classes about the lives of those who are socially not, and to beg he is ashamed. Two of the professions at least are fatally over-crowded. The United States, with a population not greatly larger than that of the German empire, graduates every of the German empire, graduates every year five times as many physicians; for the German empire limits the number beneath them. The merchant, even he of well-trained muscles, who spends an hour or two in rolling barrels, or moving of its doctors, and we do not limit that of heavy packages, learns exactly how it is ours. Very many of our physicians not only wait years for practice, but never get into practice at all. It is much the that his men do not sometimes move as lively as he would like to have them do; he may even learn why the same men sometimes slip around the corner and invest a part of their small earnings in same with the profession of law. In both professions there are prizes for a few, and failures, more or less comwhisky. If the Brooklyn girl referred plete, for the many. The engineer-ing, mining, and other scientific professions offer a somewhat better chance, and public life, almost neglected to goes into shop, factory or domestic service, and with her earnings makes ends meet, she will never afterward make unnecessary trouble when shopas a profession, will attract a better class ping ; she will not wonder why girls look pale and dress badly; and she will be unlikely to have trouble with servants when she has a household of her own to of young men from year to year. But upon none of these, save in favored and exceptional cases, as where a son succeeds to his father's practice, can a young man depend for a fortune, or even manage. After she has tired of her experiment, and returns to the enjoyment for immediate support. They, too, offer of her own or her father's bank-book, her money will go twice as far as before, and whatever it buys will be thorough-ly enjoyed. If, later, she marries, she will not be likely to complain if her husa certain social dignity. But as a rule it is the laborer, artisan, or tradesman that has the better chance of supporting himself; it is the educated man that has, more frequently, to wait before he can pay his way. If, therefore, we edu-cate our sons, it is all the better reason why we should provide, not indeed for their independence, but some aid during band does not earn as much as she may desire to spend, and she will not run the lightest risk of ruining the said husband by extravagance. Not even for the sake of learning so much, to devote mouths the years which they are likely to spend er years to common, steady labor; so in waiting before they can achieve their the world has no immediate prospect o position. being regenerated by woman's knowl-It is to be remembered, too, that edge of how her sisters live,-New York Herald.

these years of waiting may become, with such aid, years of scholarly or scientific accomplishment, if not of moneymaking ; years of strengthened prepara-Yes, it is true, as you remark, that Mr. Carlyle has been a diligent smoker of tion; years that might introduce and brighten a career, instead of wasted years that cloud or spoil it. -T. M. Coan, in Harper's Magazine.

The Warning.

In the summer of 1798, when society been generally a happy man? Do his in Ulster was completely disorganized, a poor woman, too weary to go fur-ther, was set down with her baby and a large trunk at the inn door. A night's traveler placed herself by the fireside while supper was being prepared. Evil-looking men moved about the room, from being gay or jocund. His last not-able utterance, entitled "Niagara and After," sounded to me like the cry of dethe trunk, which was unusually large for spair, and as to his comments upon the a poor woman to possess. A good deal of whispering in Irish took place, late war of secession, was there anything ever written by a great man more perwhich she, being a Derry woman, could verse? not understand; but the host, as he sharpened knives upon the board, I have the honor myself of eating 365 of them per annum, and leap years 366. I believe in a generously nourished and seemed to nod toward her in a threatentime I have never been with a tratted beak and crowed loudly "Wring his neck, the villain!" said the host to the conception. It is the coming man who servant girl. The bird flew up to the rafters out of harm's way, but as soon skin, and rolling about the floor like a as the commotion was over he came know. down again, and once more crowed and plucked the traveler's gown. Much alarmed, the poor woman road to look about me. Please take care o' my trunk, an' I'll be back before the supper's ready." No one attempting to detain her, she left the inn with her child. Walking quietly until out of sight of the black lake and gaunt firs, she began to run wildly along the road toward the gap. A party of yeomanry met her when she was almost exhausted, and to them she told her story. It was a time when all houses were liable to be entered and examined. The inn was thoroughly searched ; papers were found implicating the host in the rebellion. and human remains, as well as clothing, silver and other valuables, discovered on the premises, showed that travelers had been made away with there. The woman was conducted to her destination by the yeomanry, and did not return to Derry until the troublous times were over. She lived to tell her greatgrandchildren how the cock had saved her life.-Belgravia. TELEGRAPHIC DISEASE .- Shoemakers who work in narrow and over-heated rooms and in bent and constrained positions are subject to consumption; the students having too much brain-work and too little out-door exercise, tends to dyspepsia; the farmer's wife, with farm cares added to her family cares, tends-more than any other class of persons-to insanity; the clergyman even has given his ministerial name to a throat-ail, a disease that is caused by bad clocution, undue exposure after speaking, and especially to spiritual, parochial and personal anxieties. These are among the old-fashioned diseases. New employments bring new ailments, and among these is "the telegraphic disease." Of course, it is only a small percentage of persons that show the morbid tendency of any employment. High health, based on a vigorous constitution, will, with a modicum of care, stand a very great amount of impradence and exposure. The teleraphic disease comes mainly to females of a nervous organization-the very class that is most apt in telegraphy. The cause of the disease is close, unvarying attention. There is no room for automatic work. This acts steadily on a single part of the brain, affects it injuriously, and causes palpitations, vertigo, wakefulness, weakness of sight, and, later, depression, loss of memory, etc. There are two courses open to persons employed at telegraphy who find them-selves thus affected. The first is to abandon the business. No present advantage can compensate for nervous disease. The second is to use their leisure hours so as to give complete rest to the exhausted portion of the brain. Company, amusement and entertaining books are specially healthful in this disease. The patient should also retire early, so as, if possible, to secure an abundance of sleep. As an aid against wakefulness, divert the blood from the head to the feet, by heating the feet in hot water just before retiring. Good, nourishing, easily-digested food is also necessary, with oat-meal and unbolted wheat-meal as part of the daily diet. Strong tea or coffee should not be used.

Goethe drank freely of the light wines

A TERRIBLE CRIME. Earning Her Own Living.

> Tragedy Which Possesses All the Elements but None of the Mystery of the Charley Ross Case.

[From the London Times.] Particulars of an atrocious crime, committed a short time ago, and published in the English papers, has especial interest to those who made the Charley Ross case a study, as the confession of the murderer shows that in this, as in the American case, the object of the criminals was to obtain a large amount of money as ransom.

William Marianus DeJongh, clerk to the Minister of Colonies at The Hague, confesses to murdering a schoolboy, Marius Bogaarat, son of a former Secretary General, now living a retired life. The murderer laid his plans cunningly, and, before securing the boy, had written a letter to the father, asking for 75,000 guilders, or \$30,000, for the surrender of his son, but how and where the ransom

was to be paid was not clear, thoughit is supposed DeJongh had accomplices. The confession of how the murder was committed was told by the prisoner to his sister, to whom he was devotedly attached. DeJongh wept bitterly while giving an account of his motives and the circumstances under which the murder took place.

On Sept. 23, before he committed the crime, and before he had even possesforme, and before he had even posses-sion of the boy, he wrote the letter re-ferred to, demanding the ransom on a certain date. The letter was written in the Cafe St. Hubert, from where he

went to Williams Park, where Mr. Bo-gaarat resided. It was 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and Mrs. Bogaarat had just left her house and driven to Schevingen. DeJongh went to the Rheinish railway station, and, having directed the letter, he put it into the postoffice letter-box at the station. He left and took a cab, but, as the cabman was asleep when DeJongh entered the vehicle, he did not notice his face. DeJengh drove to the school, and asked for young Marcus Bogaarat, a fine-looking boy, 13 years of age.

"Do you know me?" he asked of the boy. "To be sure," the latter replied ; "I

have often met you in the park." "Now, your mamma wishes me to tetch you from school," said DeJongh. "Did she not, then, go to Schevin-

gen?" inquired the lad. "Yes," replied DeJongh, seeing that the boy knew his mother's intentions, "but she told me she would, on her return, wait for us at a peasant's house on the Downs near the town."

The boy then fetched his school articles, asked permission to leave school, clay pipes for sixty years, and has done, and accompanied DeJongh in a cab. notwithstanding a vast amount of ex-cellent work. It would ill become me to speak of him or his writings, except When they arrived on the Downs, the murderer sought a quiet place, with profound respect. But, my dear editor, is he a cheerful man? Has he where he threw the boy on the ground, and bound his hands and feet with a

cord bought that morning. "Remain here," he said to Marcus, "till I return with the money I have deater works show a better hope, a more buoyant spirit, greater faith in man and manded from your father. Stop your crying if you do not want to be killed." in his destiny, than those of his early manhood? His triends tell us that he He covered the youth with his coat, has been a prey to indigestion all his days, and that he is the farthest possible and intended to go, but the boy cried so loudly that he returned, fancying he

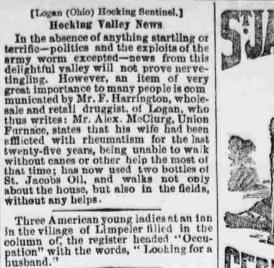
heard footsteps. DeJongh took his sword out of his walking-stick, and killed the child, stabbing him seven times in the breast. In a very agitated state of mind, the human field field to Schevingen, washed

his hands at the sea shore, and returned to the Hague, after having thrown away the sword-stick in a little channel by the roadside. De Jongh was arrested on the Downs, whither he returned early the following morning, but, after being confronted with the coachman totally unstimulated life. At the same and other witnesses, was liberated. He was arrested afterward on his own conwill not drink wine. I am not he, as you fession, and, after the avowal of the crime, his sister asked what motives he

had for the horrible deed. "I saw our

for money. Nobody ass time or at the murder."

excitement in Holland.



[Saginaw Daily News.] Mr. George Schick informed our re-porter that he had been suffering with rheumatism in his feet so badly that for weeks at a time he would be unable to leave his bed. He tried various reme-dies without relief, and concluded to use St. Jacobs Oil. It acted like magic; in two days he was entirely cured. The micrometer caliper, now coming into use, determines the thickness of paper or anything else to the 10,000th part of an inch. Anothing its Headers, An slarm of fice at midnight is a startling thing, but not call so startling to many who hear it as would be the sudden knowledge of Directions in Eleven Languages.

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W12 # 1.0.

French emigrants are beginning to

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THE MARKETS.





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come to America in numbers.

GREAT HORSE MEDICINE.

In these out-of-the-way places, where a man may go for days without seeing a human face except his own, people call upon each other without waiting to be could: "I'll go a wee piece along the introduced, and my sudden entrance does not seem to disturb my new friends in the least. They greet me cordially enough, and bid me welcome in Russian, which most of the Samoiedes speak a little; and, seating myself on a chest, I look about me. As my eyes get used to the half-light,

I see that the group by the fire consists of a woman and two little girls, mufiled in skins from head to foot. Papa is away somewhere with his sledge and his reindeer, leaving mamma to mind the house and take care of the children. Funny little things they are, with great round heads, and dark-brown skins, and small, restless black eyes, and faces as if somebody had sat down upon them; but, queer as they look, they have learned to make themselves useful already, for they are hard at work stitching their own clothes. They are not a bit shy, and in another minute I have them scrambling up into my lap, and wondering at the ticking of my watch, which I take out to show them, while they clap their hands and shout, "Pai, pai !" which is their word for "good."

The tent is not a very large one, but every inch of its space has certainly been made the most of. The floor is carpeted with thick sheets of gray felt, and littered with chests, sacks, baskets, bark shoes, and bits of harness; while hanging from the tent poles, or thrust into the folds of the skins that cover them, are a perfect museum of things of every sort-caps, pouches, fishspears, knives, hatchets, whips-and last, but certainly not least, the face of a baby, which has been thrust into a kind of pocket in the skin, like a knife into the sheath. I stoop to stroke the little brown face, while the round eves stare wonderingly at me out of the folds of the skin.

Meanwhile the lady of the house (or rather tent), hospitable like all Samoiedes, hastens to set before me some black bread mixed with bark, and a lump of terrifically strong cheese, made of reindeer milk.

The reindeer supplies the Samoiedes with plenty of other things beside chease; indeed, almost everything that they have got comes from it in some form or other. They eat reindeer meat, they drink reindeer milk; their fish-spears are tipped reindeer horn; their clothes, and the very tents in which they live, are made of reindeer skin; the needles wherewith they stitch them are of reindeer bone, and the thread of reindeer sinew; and when they wish to move from place to place, it is the reindeer that draws them along -the Samoiede would be as badly off without his reindeer, as the Arab with-out his camel.-- Wide Awake.

About midnig t. just after an accident in the Consolidated Imperial mine, Nevada, the wife of Matthew Wi nie was found on her way to the works. She said she had been awakened just before by her husband, who came all mangled to her and told her he had been killed in the mine. She got up, dressed herself and started to ascertain the truth of what she was only too well convinced was true. There had in reality been a fearful accident; Mr. Winnie was indeed killed, and the trembling woman want back to her children and her deao-

of his country, as all the Germans do. but he was free from the taint of tobacco. He had a particular dislike of it. Voltaire, temperate in all else (except work), was a snuff taker, and had one of the prettiest snuff boxes in Europe, Both of them, I think, would have been better and happier if they had managed their bodily affairs a little better. Allow me, then, still to advise students, jour-nalists, and all who labor with the brain, to throw away their dirty old pipes, put their cigars into the stove, never buy any more, become absolute teetotalers (or as near as they can), take a good dinner in the middle of the day, and rest as many days in seven as they can afford, but always one.-James Par-ton's letter to the Boston Herald.

I am glad you approve of good dinners.

Dirty Old Pipes.

John Guy and Gen. Cass.

In years gone by there dwelt in Washington John Guy, a character in his way, in connection with whom Col. Forney tells the following anecdote: Guy kept the National Hotel in Washington, and among his guests was Gen. Cass, then Senator from Michigan. Guy dressed like Cass, and, though not as portly, his face, including the wart, was strangely similar. One day a Western friend of the house came in after a long ride, dusty and tired, and, walking up to the office, encountered

Gen. Cass, who was quietly standing there. Mistaking him for Guy, he slapped him on the shoulder, and exclaimed, "Well, old fellow, here I am! The last time I hung my hat up in your shanty one of your clerks sent me to the fourth story; but, now that I have got hold of you, I insist upon a lower room."

The General, a dignified personage, taken aback by this startling salute, coolly replied : "You have committed a mistake, sir; I am not Mr. Guy; I am Gen. Cass, of Michigan," and angrily turned away. The Western man was shocked at the unconscious outrage he had committed; but before he had recovered from his mortification Gen. Cass, who had passed around the office, confronted him again, when, a second time mistaking him for Guy, he faced him and said: "Here you are at last! I have just made a devil of a mistake; I met old Cass, and took him for you, and I'm afraid the Michigander has gone off mad." What Gen. Cass would have said may well be imagined, if the real Guy had not approached and rescued the innocent offender from the twice-assailed and twice-angered statesman.

The Eagle and Cat.

It is well known that eagles sometimes carry off hares; they are also said to be exceedingly partial to the fiesh of dogs, and occasionally they pounce upon poor grimalkin. One in the North of Scotland suddenly came down upon a cat, and bore it away to her nest. The injuries inflicted by the clutch of the eagle, and the unusual mode of traveling, so confounded poor puss that she exhibited no signs of life, and was accordingly left for dead by the eagle with her young ones. But soon after the eagle had left the nest the cat revived, and, having killed the eaglets, made a hearty meal of one of them. She then made a hurried re-treat, and effected her escape without further injury.