

YOUNG FOLKS.

The Land of Nod.

There's a beautiful land that the children know,
Where it's Summer the whole year round;
Where chocolate drops, and balls and tops,
Lie thick on the grassy ground;
Where the trees grow tarts and Banbury hearts,
And bull's-eyes pop from the pod,
And you never do wrong the whole day long—
They call it the Land of Nod!

When the clock strikes eight, and each curly pate
Lies low on the pillow white;
When the small mouse squeaks and the wain-
scot creaks,
And the shadows dance in the moonlight-
streaks,
And the star-lamps jewel the night;

When the soft lids close on the ripe cheek's
rose,
And the tiny feet that trod
The nursery floor are heard no more—
Hurrah for the Land of Nod!

There they play in the puddles and steal
from the stores,
They juggle with matches and knives;
And they poke such jokes at the grown-up
folks,

Who daren't say "Don't" for their lives!
All the persons who teach are deprived of
speech,
And whipped with a pickled rod,
And fed upon dates, through dark dungeon-
grates,
In the beautiful Land of Nod!

When the clock strikes eight, and each curly
pate
Lies low in the darkened room;
When the small mouse squeaks and the wain-
scot creaks,
And the shadows dance in the moonlight-
streaks,

And the cricket chirps through the gloom;
When the soft lids close on the ripe cheek's
rose,
And the tiny feet that trod
The nursery floor are heard no more—
Hurrah for the Land of Nod!

All the dear old dollies are mended there
That were broken in days that have
flown;
All the kittens that died in their early pride
To beautiful cats have grown;
All the pleasures upset by the wind and the
wet

Smile out in the sunshine broad;
And the meaning of "disee" not a youngster
knows,
In the wonderful Land of Nod!

When the clock strikes eight, and each curly
pate
Lies low on the dainty bed;
When the shadows dance in the moonlight-
streaks,
And the dull fire's core glows red;
When the soft lids close on the ripe cheek's
rose

And the tiny feet that trod
The nursery floor are heard no more—
Hurrah for the land of Nod!

And it's Oh! for the dreams of the old, old
days
That have fled for ever and aye!
For I watch and weep, as the dull dawns
creep

Up the cold gray cliffs of the sky.
Could mine eyelids close on that bleat
repose,
Would the hearts that lie under the sod
Rise to greet the glad sound by my feet and
beat

On my heart—in the Land of Nod?

When the clock strikes eight, and each curly
pate
Lies low in the curtain's shade;
When the small mouse squeaks and the
wainscot creaks,
And the shadows dance in the moonlight-
streaks,

And the hearth-sparks glimmer and fade;
When the soft lids close on the ripe cheek's
rose,
And the tiny feet that trod
The nursery floor are heard no more—
Hurrah for the land of Nod!

[Illustrated London News]

TOMMY'S ADVENTURE.

BY DESSIE CLARE.

Tommy was not always a bad little boy, but sometimes a spirit of naughtiness would prevail, and he would be sure to get into trouble. Just now he was in disgrace, for he had quarrelled with his little sister and had taken her prettiest doll and thrown it into the fire, and before it could be rescued it had burned to ashes. As soon as it was done the little boy was sorry, but it could not be helped nor would it reconcile Susie to the loss of her favorite doll. His mother had given him a severe talking to, and he had run out and thrown himself on the grass, wishing so much that he was some place where little boys were not always being scolded. He looked up at the blue sky and watched the soft, white clouds floating lazily by, and was thinking how nice it would be if he might be a fairy—he was sure fairies had no troubles. Just then he heard a voice close by, and turning his head he beheld a little man about four inches high standing on a flat rock beside him. He was dressed in brown and green, and was altogether a comical-looking little chap.

"So," said he, "you think we fairies have as easy a time of it, do you? Suppose you just come with me and see what we do; then, maybe you will not be so anxious to exchange places."

Tommy was startled at first, but by the time the little man had finished he had determined to see what he could of fairyland. The little man touched him and he found himself growing smaller and smaller, until he was the same size as his companion.

Then the fairy said, "Come with me," opening a tiny door on the very rock he was standing on. Tommy followed, feeling very queer and saying to himself, "What if I never get out of here again!"

They went along a narrow path cut out of the earth for quite a distance, and finally came to a large room, where he saw many little fairies who all seemed to be doing something which he could not make out.

"This," said his companion, "is one of our work rooms. We have a great many of them, and we make all the pretty toys you see in the stores."

He took Tommy into many other rooms

and showed him how they lived, at last bringing him to a room where dolls were made.

"I don't mind telling you now that I am not a fairy, but a gnome. Fairies do have nice times, as you thought they had; but gnomes don't, and you are a gnome now. My business is to punish little boys who spoil pretty toys, especially if they belong to other people."

"Now, you will have to work on wax dolls for spoiling that beautiful one this morning. You will have to stay here forever, may be; for very few become so good that we allow them to go back."

Poor Tommy! what could he do? A stranger in a strange land, and not even a gnome for a friend!

Someone rudely tapped him on the shoulder and said: "To work with you; we can have no laggards here." Then taking him by the arm, he put him in front of a table and told him he was to put eyes in the doll faces lying there.

One little gnome, kinder than the rest, told him how to do it; and to have great care, as the master was coming on the morrow, and woe be to the one who had anything wrong.

Tommy went to work and succeeded better than he expected to; but a good deal of his time was spent in watching his strange companions, and seeing how neatly and tastefully they did their work.

On the morrow Tommy worked hard to make up for the day before. About midday he master came to inspect each one's work. When he reached Tommy's table he turned each face over and looked at it carefully.

"Here, what does this mean?" he asked, as he picked up the last face, holding it so that all might see. A loud laugh followed from every one the room, and no wonder. Tommy in his hurry had put in one dark brown eye and one blue eye.

"What shall be done with him?" said the master.

Many were the methods of punishment proposed, but none seemed to be severe enough.

"I know," said one at the last; "make him swallow one of those wax dolls that spoiled in the making."

"Yes, yes," said they all; "that is just the thing."

"Get the largest one you can find," said the overseer.

Soon they brought it—a doll twice as large as Tommy. In vain he protested against it, and said he would not do it. They held him; forced his mouth open, and—Tommy in some unaccountable manner, found himself back on the grass right where he had started from.

The first thing he did was to feel his throat, to see if he had really swallowed the doll; but concluded that he had not. Then he found he was his natural size. He got up and turned over the rock where he had seen the gnome, but unearthed nothing but a big black cricket.

By this time he was fairly awake—for he thought he must have been asleep, though it was a wonderfully vivid dream," as he told his mother afterwards. He went to the house, hoping all the morning's work had been a dream. But he knew by Susie's looks that her lost doll had come to life, and being thoroughly sorry by this time, ran up stairs where he kept his pennies, took them out and went to a store and bought the biggest doll that could be had for the money.

Tommy was a changed boy after his visit to Gnomeland, and though it was only a dream, he was careful of Susie's playthings, lest he might have another trip there.

Beautiful Swiss Custom.

As soon as the sun has disappeared in the valleys, and its last rays are just glimmering on the snowy summits of the mountains, the herdman who dwells on the loftiest peak takes his horn and trumpets forth, "Praise God, the Lord!" All the herdsmen in the neighborhood take their horns and repeat the words. This often continues a quarter of an hour, while on all sides the mountains echo the name of God. Solemn stillness follows; every shepherd on bended knees with uncovered head, offers his secret prayer. By this time it is quite dark. "Good night!" trumpets forth the herdman on the loftiest summit. "Good night!" is repeated on all the mountains from the horns of the herdsmen and the clefts of the rocks.

A Woeful Building.

Two gentlemen walking together came by a stately new building.

"What a magnificent structure!" said one.

"Yes," replied the other, "but I cannot bear to look at it, often as I pass it."

"That is strange. Why not?"

"Because it reminds me that the owner built it out of the blood, the aches and groans of his fellow-men, out of the grief of crying children, the woe of wailing women."

"Gracious! What is the owner? A money-lender or a pawn broker, or something of the kind?"

"Oh, no; he is a dentist." [Wasp.]

She Was Forgetful.

"Well, Mary," said the boarder to the faithful old chambermaid during a cold snap, "somebody must have left the door of the North Pole open this morning."

"Well, maybe it was me, I'm so forgetful," replied Mary.

Why He Wanted Twins.

A small 7-year-old was one day informed of the advent of a new brother, the seventh son. Much to his mother's dismay the next night a supplement to his evening prayer was, "Oh, Lord, please send us twins next time. You know it takes nine to play base ball and we've only seven."

His Hatred of St. John.

A Sunday school was opened just four years ago in a Western town where the boys knew rather more about politics than the Bible. It was after the presidential election of 1884.

The Sunday-school teacher gave each of the boys a few verses from the Bible to learn by heart during the week. One Sunday she told one of the boys to take a certain chapter of St. John.

"I won't do it," said the youth, angrily.

"Why not?" asked the surprised teacher.

"That's the feller that beat Blaine. I won't have anything to do with him," retorted the lad, who was a good R-publican.

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT AT SCHOOL.

A Woman Editor Thinks that Bad Girls Should be Birched.

The question as to the proper mode of inflicting corporal punishment is one that has been strongly debated. There is no doubt that it should never be placed in the power of pupils or assistant teachers; the head master or mistress should alone have the power to punish. The question that has been raised as to whether girls should be exempt from it, to say the least, childish. Those who know anything of the working of ordinary schools are well acquainted with the fact that, when girls are prone to be troublesome, they are infinitely more difficult to manage than boys, and that there are always in every large school some few who are amenable to no other discipline. They must either be dismissed, to their inevitable ruin, or they must be allowed to remain and practice their willful disobedience to the destruction of the discipline of the school and the corruption of the other pupils.

To say that such girls should not be subjected to the only treatment that can avail for their reformation is simply part and parcel of the maudlin innate sympathy with the wrong-doer that is characteristic of a small section of people at the present time.

Much outcry has been made against the degrading effect of corporal punishment. As often inflamed, the outcry is not without cause; but that a boy or girl can be degraded or injured by being caned across the shoulders is a fiction. All impulsive punitive acts should be interdicted. Boxing the ears is a most injurious mode of punishment; it often causes severe and permanent injury to the brain. Striking the hands with a cane, much more with a hard wooden pointer, is objectionable, as being liable to injure severely the tendinous tissues and numerous joints of the wrist and hand, but birching across the shoulders where the broad, flat bones and ribs are good bulwarks protecting the vital parts, is a power that should be entrusted to every head teacher in every school, a power to be most rarely used, but always to be held as a Nemesis that is ready to overtake the evildoers. It may be said that such sentiments are unnatural and not in accord with the highest philosophy, but to take example from nature, pain is to be regarded as an institution ordered by a higher than human intelligence that prevents us from injuring our own bodies and so tends to our preservation. There is no law, human or divine, that prevents our utilizing it for the benefit of our children.—[The London Queen.]

Bounced.

A friend of mine is the mother of two fine boys, aged respectively three and one-half and one and one-half years. The elder, a fair specimen of the *enfant terrible* type, had just been forcibly suppressed by his mother in the midst of a circus performance, and having been calmed down sufficiently to assume the role of host, was reviewing his recent acquisitions for my entertainment. He was intently engaged in explaining some pictures in a new book of which he was very careful, when his baby brother toddled up and began patting his little fat hands over the page. Quick as thought Junie caught up the intruder and with an inimitable little nod and "scuse me a moment, please," tugged the unresisting offender off through an intervening room to his mother, who had been called out to superintend some household matter, and thrusting his burden (almost as big as himself) upon her, with "here, take the baby, mamma, please," rushed back to my entertainment with an inexpressible air of relief.—[N. Y. World.]

Pansy Points the Way.

Three-year-old Pansy asks her mother to read a story. Mother replies: "My eyes ache. I cannot read to-day." Pansy: "Don't read wif your eyes; read wif your mouf."

Angel Cake.

Little Dot—"Mamma, what's this cake called angel cake for?" Mamma (meaningly)—"Because little girl's who eat too much of it become angels." "Don't angels get this kind of cake to eat?" "No; angels never get anything to eat." "Well, dese I don't want to be an angel until I get old and lose my appetite."

An Insane Corpse.

Some years ago as a lot of fishermen on the New Jersey shore, just below Delanco, hauled in their gill net they were surprised to find it contain the body of a drowned man. The coroner was notified and a jury empaneled who actually brought in the verdict, "That the deceased came to his death by being drowned and when discovered was found insane." They meant to say the body was found in the seine.

She Wasn't an Oyster.

Mr. Graspoll—"There is a dandy girl up at the church fair. She lets you kiss her for a quarter." Cynical Friend—"I suppose she finds you a good customer?" Mr. Graspoll—"I don't think so. I tried to get two kisses instead of one last night and she tossed her pretty head and said: 'You would like to take my mouth home in a box for a quarter, wouldn't you?'"

The Postage Stamps.

Old Man—"If that idiot in the parlor ain't got sense enough to make shorter calls, he might as well be of some use. Ask him if he can spare me a postage stamp." Daughter (after a trip to the parlor)—"He says he's very sorry, but he called at the post-office to-day to renew his supply of postage stamps, but he hadn't anything smaller than a five hundred dollar bill in his vest-pocket, and they couldn't change that."

"Rh! By Jinks! Well you nunny, go back to the parlor. Don't you know better than to leave your company alone like that?"

Please Do It Again.

A gentleman in jumping off a street-car the other day fell and rolled into the gutter. While brushing the dirt from his clothes a little girl ran up to him and said: "Mister, please do it again. Mamma didn't see you that time!"

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

The Cossack Expedition—The French Situation—Prince Rudolph's Companions.

It is not a little unfortunate for the French dreams of an alliance with Russia that Col. Atchinson's Cossack expedition to Abyssinia should at the outset run afoul of the French authorities and draw upon itself the fire of the French Red Sea fleet. Of course, official Russia disclaims all responsibility for Atchinson, and said so in response to French inquiries before the bombardment, but the bond between the two countries is one of popular feeling rather than of Governmental sympathy, and an occurrence of this sort is likely to do a good deal to cool the ardor of the Pan Slavists for a French alliance.

Save for the uncertainty of the French situation the state of Europe continues to be profoundly peaceful on the surface. Underneath there is still a strong undertow of reconciliation between Russia and England, to the beginning of which I called attention last year; but this is purely diplomatic, and no incident is foreseen which can be counted on to lay bare these subtle concealed thifts which are at work upon the foundations of the tripartite alliance.

The Czar is newly reported to be engaged in drafting schemes for internal reform, and to have said recently that the Bulgarian matter would not be ripe for interference for a long time to come.

From a private and reliable source I learn that the King of Belgium has returned quite broken down and ill, with his hair much whiter than when he left his palace to make the sad journey. As far as it is possible, the subject of family trouble is never mentioned in his presence in Vienna; also every means has been taken to forget the story. Brattfish, the coachman, has been sent to Russia to buy horses, and the animals may reach Austria, but their discoverer will tread his native heath no more. All the royal companions of Prince Rudolph have been given foreign missions, and the Emperor never wishes to look upon their countenances again.

Bad news comes, too, from King Otho. His hair has become entirely white during the past month. He is so weak that he can hardly drag out his daily forced walk. Two valets have to prop him up, and sometimes fairly carry him. A near climax is expected.

EDITH'S FIRST ERRAND.

BY ALICE MAY NICHOLS.

"I wonder where Walter is," said Mrs. Dacre. "It is almost supper time, and I want him to go to the dairy for some cream." "O mamma! let me go," cried Edith.

"I am afraid you are too small to go alone and carry the picher," said mamma, stroking the yellow curls.

"No mamma; I've been with Walter lots of times, and I'll be ever so careful, and not spill a drop."

The dairy was only at the other end of the block, and it was not yet six o'clock; so mamma decided to let her go, and Edith started off bravely, with the money chinking in the picher, while mamma stood on the steps and watched the bright little head until she saw it safely in at the dairy door.

"Why, this is Dr. Dacre's little girl!" said the man. "Where's your brother?" "He's gone. Mamma wants a pint of cream, and I'm going to take it to her."

"Well, that's nice. Won't you have a drink of milk before you start back?" "Oh, no I can't. It's almost supper-time, and I told mamma I'd come right back."

The dairyman came to the door, and waited until she was down the steps and on the pavement before he gave her the picher. It was not heavy, but it was so large that the cream would not spill if it should splash a little. Edith carried it very carefully with both hands, and walked slowly. Mamma looked a long way off standing on the steps, and she felt very serious as she made her way along; but the other people must have known what an important errand she was on, for they took care not to run against her.

She was almost home, only four doors away, and was thinking that perhaps mamma would let her go every night if she did not spill any, when something brushed against her so suddenly and so hard that she almost dropped the picher.

It was only a collie dog who wanted a drink. He was too polite to push over a little girl; so, when she backed up against the lamp post, he sat down in front of her, wagging his tail with all its might, and looking straight into her face, as much as to say, "You know what I want. Please hand it over, and we won't have any trouble."

Now Edith was more afraid of a dog than anything else in the world, but she was not going to lose the cream. She looked at the home steps, but mamma had been called in for a minute, and there was nobody passing just then. "Go'way," she said to the dog; but he began such a big wag at the end of his tail that it went all through him, and came out in a whine. And he put his head down and opened his mouth very wide. He looked like the wolf in "Red Riding Hood." Maybe he would eat her up, cream and all. And she held the picher harder than ever.

Just then a boy came along.

"Don't be afraid!" he said. "That's my dog, and he won't hurt you. He only wants the milk. Trick, you bad dog, come away!" Trick looked at his little master; than he winked.

"I'll take you home," said the boy; and he offered to carry the cream, but Edith would not let that go out of her hands. But she was glad to have him walk with her, and keep the dog on the other side of him, until they came to her house.

"And I never spilled a drop, mamma," she said as she gave up the picher.

"That's a nice little girl, Trick," said the boy, as he walked off. "Don't you ever frighten her again." And Trick looked at him very hard, and then he winked. Trick knew that Edith was a girl who could be trusted.

Mr. Haggart has not given us two cents postage, but he has given us the privilege of sending a letter weighing an ounce for three cents. This will be a considerable saving to business men whose correspondence is large, but to most people it will present itself more strongly as a convenience than as a saving. For the great bulk of private correspondence it will put an end to the necessity of weighing, as very few private letters weigh as much as an ounce.

Jewelry as a Necessity.

At the first annual dinner of the Birmingham Jewellers' and Silversmiths' Association, held on the 28th ult., Mr. Chamberlain proposed the toast of prosperity to the association. In concluding his speech he said that judging from the faces about him the manufacturers engaged in the trade were evidently not dispirited. "I do not think you have any reason to be," he said, "because after all the love of personal adornment is inherent in human nature, and you will not find any nation, either in modern or in ancient times, or any tribe, however savage, who could do without it. Consequently, when people talk about jewellery being a luxury they are talking of what they know nothing whatever about. It is perfectly evident that it is a necessity of human nature. The fact is, all experience teaches us that men and women, and especially women, can do without houses, they can do without food for a long time, they can do without drink, and there are some of them, I have been told, that can do without tobacco—(laughter)—they can do without clothes, but they cannot do without ornament. Accordingly, you will find that the most naked tribes of Central Africa, although they can do without everything that we have come to regard as necessities of life, cannot do without either their nose-rings or their lip-rings or their ear-rings or some other articles of personal adornment which ministers to their self-satisfaction, and which even causes envy and jealousy to everybody else. I say then that, under the circumstances, carrying on as you do a trade of this description, you may be perfectly certain it cannot and will not permanently languish. Therefore, in drinking the toast I have been asked to propose, I drink also with the greatest hope and the most confident satisfaction to the continued and extended prosperity of the trade which your association represents." (Loud cheers)

About Wrinkles.

A very beautiful and youthful-looking society woman of New York, the preservation of whose skin is remarked upon by her acquaintances, says that whenever she is going out in the evening she prepares her toilet with the exception of her dress, wrings a wash cloth out of as hot water as she can bear, smooths it out over her face so it will touch every part of it, and lies with it on her face for half an hour. When she removes it every wrinkle and line has disappeared. An English lady over 60 asserts that her lack of wrinkles is due to the fact of her having used very hot water all her life, which tightens the skin and smooths out the lines. Another celebrated beauty attributes her preservation to having never used a wash cloth or towel on her face, but having always washed it gently with her hand, rinsing it off with a soft sponge, drying it with a soft cloth, and then rubbing it briskly with a flesh brush. She used castile soap and very warm water every night, with cold water in the morning, and if she were awake late at night she always slept as many hours in the day as she expected to be awake at night. Another student of the toilet asserts that she prevents and obliterates wrinkles by rubbing the face toward the nose when bathing it, and Ella Wheeler Wilcox asserts that she can eradicate a permanent wrinkle by the use of almond water and friction.—[New York Sun.]

Various Uses for Glycerine.

"Few people realize," says the "Scientific American," "the importance of the uses of pure emmercial glycerine, and how it can be used and made available for purposes where no substitute is found that will take its place. As a dressing for ladies' shoes, nothing equals it, making the leather soft and pliable without soiling the garments in contact. As a face lotion, oatmeal made in paste, with glycerine two parts, water one part, and applied to the face at night, with a mask worn over, will give in a short time, if faithfully pursued, a youthful appearance to the skin. As a dressing in the bath, two quarts of water with two ounces of glycerine, scented with rose, which will impart a fine freshness and delicacy to the skin. In severe paroxysms in coughing, either in coughs, colds, or consumption, one or two tablespoonfuls of pure glycerine, in pure whiskey or hot rich cream, will afford almost immediate relief; and to the consumptive, a panacea is found by daily use of glycerine internally, with proportion of one part of powdered willow charcoal and two parts of pure glycerine. For diseased and inflamed gums, two parts of golden seal, one part of powdered burnt alum and two parts of glycerine, made in a paste and rubbed on the gums and around the teeth at night, provided no tartar is present to cause the disease, which must be removed first before applying.

Woman Mine Inspector.

Miss Cronwell, whose remarkable success in the development of mining in various parts of Australia, has won for her the sobriquet of the "Princess Midas," is now in Queensland, making a tour of inspection of the mines. The lady was born in England, but in her babyhood she was brought over to Australia. Five years ago she began to take an active interest in mining matters. She has ever since personally inspected and examined the underground workings of mines. She obtained her singular proficiency and insight by listening to the views of theoretical men, and by getting practical men to teach her, by going over the mines with her, and illustrating the various ways of working them before her. By putting together the theories of one set of teachers, and the theories of the others, she formed her own judgments. She has, by vigilant observation, developed such a power of guessing the properties of mines, that the people ascribe to her a gift of second sight.

They Were in the Way.

"I don't think much of the scenery of this part of the country," said a Yankee on a Highland railway bound north. "Give me prairie every time." "What's the matter with the scenery in this part of the country?" asked a fellow-passenger. "Waal, you can't see any. Them hills and mountains are in the way!"

Mr. C. M. Bartlett, a Chicago engineer and contractor, is trying to get the consent of the New York Legislature to a scheme for utilizing the water power of the Falls of Niagara. The water, conveyed through iron pipes, is to drive turbine wheels, and these are to drive electric dynamos, which are expected to transmit the power over a radius of fifty miles.