

YOUNG FOLKS.

Lilacs.

I've seen the pussy-willows
With dainty furry faces;
I've found the pretty violets
Abloom in shady places;
The juncos and the crocuses
Have told me of the spring,
And in the orchard up and down
Has glanced the bluebird's wing.

But here's the purple lilac
That lifts its fragrant plumes,
And sends a waft of sweetness
Through homely cottage rooms,
Its hardy branches tapping
Against the farm-house eaves,
The flowers it gives us growing
In generous waving sheaves.

I'm sure the mother robin
Is very glad to see
The lilac's screen about her
Wee nest and fledglings three,
And father wren is singing
In pure delight to day
That spring is near already
And summer on the way.

And I am glad our Father
Whose love is over all,
Who counts the stars by number,
And sees a sparrow fall,
Has sent again the lilacs
To make the garden fair,
And waft their honeyed-sweetness
Upon the wandering air.

—Harper's Young People.

SHE SLAMMED THE DOOR.

BY REV. EDWARD A. BOND.

B-b-b bang!
"What was that?" nervously asked Aunt Prudence, who had come to visit her brother, Mr. Mildmay, and suddenly in the midst of a conversation, when he was inquiring about her husband, children and neighbors, came this violent slam. "What was it?" Aunt Prudence again asked.

Mr. Mildmay's face was clouded. He was biting his lip. It came again, "Bang-g-g!" Aunt Prudence rose from her chair. "Why, Thomas," she exclaimed, addressing her brother, "that must be a heavy wind that has got into the house somehow, and is doing mischief. Don't you want me to go and see what it is? Your wife has a headache and I wouldn't trouble her."

"I will attend to it, sister," he said nervously. He sprang up, and left the room. Then Aunt Prudence heard him mounting the hall-stairs. Then she heard his deep voice echoing out an order: "Nellie, you must not do that again. If you don't like what your brother Tom is doing, come to me, but don't show your displeasure that way." Then Aunt Prudence heard the peevish muttering of a child's voice. Finally, Mr. Mildmay came downstairs, and resumed his seat in the parlor by the side of his sister.

"Oh!" thought Aunt Prudence, "I see now who it was. That was my niece, Nellie, and she was angry with her brother Tom and slammed the door."

Aunt Prudence was correct in this conclusion. Nellie was a girl lovely in feature, but lacking in good temper. To put it another way, she did not try to rein in her bad temper.

The next day, Aunt Prudence witnessed another exhibition of Nellie's peevishness. "I say, Nellie," remarked Tom, pleasantly, "it is hot here in the sitting-room. Let us go out into the hall; it is not so hot there. Walk up and down with me for five minutes. Come, that's a good girl! I am going." "Five minutes, four minutes, three—", "five minutes!" she said pettishly, yet leaving the sitting-room for the hall. On her way there her foot caught in a rug and she almost fell. "There, Tom, just like you!" she cried, Tom impudently began to laugh. Nellie's face darkened.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said Tom, humbly. "Too bad, Nell!" He saw the gathering storm and like a would-be judicious mariner at sea, shifted his rubber and went on a different course.

Too late. The storm broke. Nellie bounced into the dining-room, and then—bang-g-g-g! The dining-room door closed with such a sharp report that it sounded like a pistol vigorously going off.

And Tom, did he stay in the hall five minutes, or a less time? No, he quickly returned to the sitting-room as if determined that there should not be two fools in the same house. He sat down at the table near which Aunt Prudence was reading.

"Too bad!" reflected Aunt Prudence. "Nellie is spoiling her temper, if it is not spoiled already, and she is hurting Tom's good nature, and, oh, dear! she does not know she is getting into a habit that will hold her like iron. What can I do?"

That was a difficult question to answer. Mrs. Mildmay, the mother, saw Nellie's fault but neglected to cure it, making only some trivial suggestions of improvement to the girl, and she did not want Aunt Prudence or any one else to manage her children for her. She did not say exactly this to Aunt Prudence, but its equivalent. A cure, though, was started.

Perhaps, you may say, Nellie's own good sense broke up the habit; that she herself saw how unkindly it was to fire off her temper as if it were a cannon-cracker, a temper exploding in those door slams. No, the cure began in another way. Nellie and Tom had an Uncle George. He was at sea, commanding a ship, but while Aunt Prudence was visiting her brother Thomas, George was expected. Nellie had never seen this Uncle George.

"I dare say, children," observed Aunt Prudence to Tom and Nellie, "that Uncle George will give you some presents."

stepping briskly forward and accidentally hitting a light stand on which was a hardy pot-plant, tipped stand and pot over. "Oh, too bad!" said the stranger. "I'll repair damages."

"Oh, no damage done!" pleasantly and promptly said Mr. Mildmay. "Pot is not broken, no dirt spilled, and plant looks all right. No harm done!"

"Bang-g-g!" went a door up-stairs. Mr. Mildmay looked vexed. He understood it. He knew what that sound telegraph meant. Slam went another door. "You go up stairs, turn to the right, and take the first door. I'll make you comfortable," said Mr. Mildmay.

The guest reached the guest-room and was about to enter, when the door mysteriously began to shut as if a whirlwind were impelling it. Unfortunately he had thrust out his hand and was grasping the side of the door, and then came a vigorous exclamation from the stranger, for his hand was pinched in the door-crack.

"Oh, Uncle George!" said Tom, rushing up stairs, for Tom here made his appearance. "The door hit you?"

"Yes," said Uncle George, "but a girl is in there! I saw her in a looking glass inside." Then Uncle George said something else.

Unhappy Nellie! Trying to get out of the way, she had run into the wrong room, and fired the door at Uncle George.

And rich Uncle George—he gave what, in the suggested list of presents? Piano? No. Books? No. Dress? No.

A piece of his mind, as Nellie had imagined? Yes, and only that. It was unfortunately all round. However, after that, Nellie began resolutely to discipline her troublesome temper.

"Ask God to help you," suggested that good friend, Conscience. And she sought and found help.

St. Bernard Dogs.

Geoffrey Williston Christine in a very interesting article on Our Canine Friends, published in the Chicago Journal, speaks of the noble St. Bernard dogs as follows:

I am often asked what kind of dogs are most easily trained. To answer that question it must first be observed that dogs are divided into two classes—the long and the short haired—of the long-haired, St. Bernards and Newfoundlanders are the most intelligent, and therefore the easiest to train. Indeed, the St. Bernard is the king of all dogs, towering as far above all others intellectually as in stature and in price he commands—more than \$5000 having been paid for a fine St. Bernard. These dogs are also of two kinds—the long and the short coat St. Bernard—though they both belong to the class of long-haired dogs. Of the two, I think the long coat deserves the preference. The St. Bernard has a natural fondness for snow, just as the Newfoundland has an innate love for the water, and he may be called a snow dog with as much propriety as the Newfoundland is styled a water dog. On being taken where there is snow he will lie down and roll in it, fill his mouth with it, toss it up with his paws, and in every way possible evince the keenest delight at the coming in contact with it. It is this characteristic, together with his great size and strength, which so peculiarly fits him for the noble work of rescuing the travelers to which he has so long been devoted in the Alps. Some years ago I visited some of the monasteries of the monks of St. Bernard for the purpose of seeing the manner in which these dogs are trained to their life work.

There I realized for the first time what a grand, noble thing the education of even a dog may be when it has a high and lofty aim. The monks begin to teach their dogs in the early stages of puppyhood, and not only is physical and mental training included in this teaching, but spiritual culture is by no means neglected. At meal time the dogs all sit in a row, each with a tin dish before him containing his repast. Grace is said by one of the monks, the dogs sitting motionless meanwhile with reverentially bowed heads. Not one of them stirs until "amen" is spoken. If some young novice should venture to taste the contents of his dish ere the arrival of the proper time some of the older dogs forthwith cause him to desist by deep admonitory growls and sharp pulling of the ear. The intelligence displayed by those animals in rescuing travelers is simply marvelous, though perhaps you will say it is only memory that they show, for all that they do has been most carefully taught them by the monks. After a severe snow storm or an avalanche two dogs are sent out from the monastery alone. Around the neck of one is fastened a flask of cordial and to the back of the other is bound a heavy blanket. If a traveler lies buried in the snow their keen scent soon brings them to him. Then they search for the place where the snow is softest, for they know that it is the warmth of the traveler's breath that has made it so, and that beneath that spot must lie his head. They scratch away the snow, and when the unfortunate's head and breast are exposed, they devote all their efforts to arousing him from that lethargic slumber into which he has fallen—the sure precursor of that terrible end—freezing to death. With their powerful paws they smite him on the chest and face. With their mouths close to his ear they give vent to loud barks and cries. Meanwhile two other dogs, accompanied by the monks, have left the monastery a short time after the former ones, whose trail they follow, the result being that the almost frozen traveler soon finds himself well housed and fed and restored to warmth and life. Few people have any idea of the immense number of lives that have been saved in this manner by these dogs. In the British Museum there is the stuffed skin of "B rry," the most famous of all St. Bernard dogs, who enjoyed a well-verified record of having saved forty lives. Of short-haired dogs the most easily trained is the pointer. A dog that is very susceptible to training and one that is not very generally known is the Chesapeake Bay water dog, which is of a liver color and bears a close resemblance to an Irish setter.

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Be kind to the little ones. You can't develop children as you do corns—with a boot.

Mormonism in the United States.

The activity of the Mormons in disseminating their opinions in the United States and obtaining large accessions to their numbers is a curious commentary upon the loose system of enforcing law in the republic. Persistent efforts have been made by Congress to break up the Mormon communities. Anti-polygamy laws have been passed, and to a certain extent put into operation, and the number of prosecutions in Utah being taken as a sign that Mormon rule was being broken up. But the constant addition made to the ranks through the labors of missionaries in nonpolygamous States points to an evasion of the national policy on this subject which could not be effected in a country where the central authority was able to enforce its laws satisfactorily in every part. The work of proselytizing is not one to be winked at with safety as a minor evil. In the South Mormonism is securing many converts. Recently fifteen Mormon disciples under the command of two elders arrived in Atlanta, Georgia, to begin missionary labors, and it is recorded that the day of their arrival saw the departure of 150 persons for Salt Lake City converted by missionaries previously on the ground. In Alabama a similar state of affairs is said to exist, and the white population emigrates in large numbers to Utah.

Longfellow's Maiden,
who is—
"Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood meet,"

is a type of thousands of young girls who are emerging from the chrysalis stage of their existence, as they enter upon their "teens." Nervous, excitable, irritable, stirred by strange, unknowable forces within them, each a mystery unto herself, our girls need the tenderest care, the most loving, patient oversight, and the aid of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, to safely carry them through this critical period, during which, in too many lives, alas, are sown the seeds of distressing forms of disease peculiar to the female sex. But this boon to womanhood will prevent all such disease, or cure them if they have already seized a victim. Woman owes it to herself, to her family, and to her social station, to be well and strong. Let her then not neglect the sure means of cure. "Favorite Prescription" is a legitimate medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skillfully physician and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system.

Scotland was once called Pictland, but the land worth having was picked long ago.

Whereas, We are a free and enlightened people, and in duty bound to take the greatest care of the health of the community in general and of ourselves in particular. Therefore, be it

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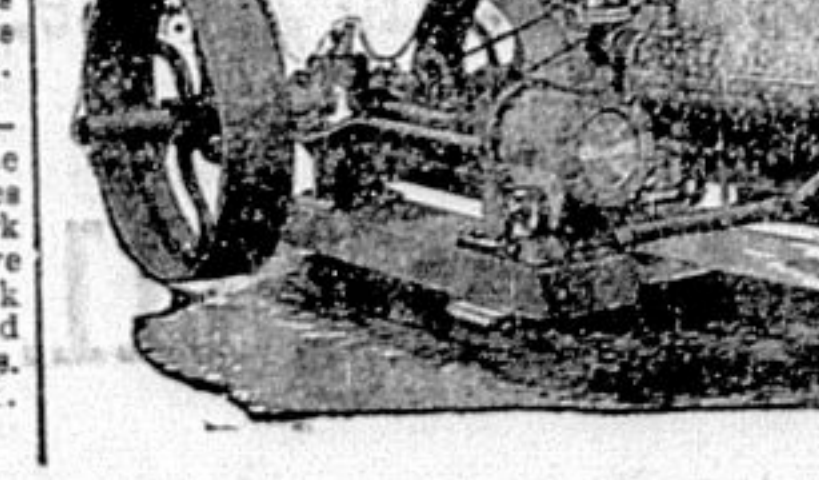


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