

YOUNG FOLKS.

Robin Sprung.

A robin sat upon a limb,
And pined a merry roundelay
Across the frozen lake's rim,
Beyond the shadows of the J.

A bluebird shivered in the cold,
And cried, "Now wherefore came we
here?
The winter hath not yet grown old,
It is not yet the spring of year."

The robin laughed with might and main,
And sang a new with clarion voice:
"Who cares for snow? who cares for rain?
All hail the spring! Come, friend, re-
joice."

"The winter blast is rude and chill,"
The bluebird said: "it chains my wing.
The ice is on the willowed rill;
The earth is dead. It is not spring."

The robin laughed, began to dance,
And louder still he strove to sing;
The bluebird looked at him askance
As forth he carolled, "I am spring."

"Behrew thee for an arrant fool,"
The bluebird said: "I tell thee nay.
But since thou speakest without rule,
Stay here and freeze. I'll go and pray."

The robin laughed. "Thy tongue is tart;
But now thou shalt this true thing hear;
Who hath a spring-tide in his heart
Shall find no winter all the year."

—[Harper's Young People.

HUMMINGBIRD CASTLE.

A Fairy Story.

Hummingbird Castle was the most interesting landmark in the whole country, because it was the most mysterious and people knew less about it than any other place in the entire neighborhood. How long the magnificent building, with its hundred turrets, its many arched windows, its large portal and magnificent hall, had been standing on Hummingbird Hill, nobody knew. Some of the oldest people said they remembered when it was not on the hill, but when they were asked who had built it they shook their gray heads and said they did not know. Neither knew anybody who lived in the castle, or who had ever lived in there. Even the most imaginative of the country's story-tellers was not bold enough to state that he knew all about it because he had been there. So it was that Hummingbird Castle was, and it seemed to remain, a mystery.

This castle was a beautiful structure. It stood on the summit of the hill from which the building derived its name among the people, and the fact that no one knows how it had originated was enough to make the castle the subject of many romantic stories. Many a young man had ventured up the steep ascent of the hill to get to the summit and explore the immediate vicinity of the castle. But it was in vain. Very few got as far as the inclosing walls before they turned back and, retracing their steps into the valley, One thing, however, was well known, and that was this:

Every man who had ever attempted to find out the mysteries of Hummingbird Castle had died before he had been able to give an account of his investigation. Often the people found the dead body of a man at the foot of the hill, and all knew—at least they thought they knew—that he had been killed by the master of the castle.

From all these mysterious signs, however, which clearly tended to prove that it was best for everybody to remain away from the castle, the people became more and more anxious to know. They were not deterred by the fates of so many people who had ventured before them. They did not care, it seemed, that death was staring them straight in the face. Their sense of curiosity was aroused; they became inquisitive to know what was going on in the castle, and hence they defied everything to gratify their desire of inquisitiveness.

There are a good many people like that in this world, who want to know everybody's business, although it does not concern them in the least. So it was with the people of the country around the Hummingbird Castle. It was not essential that they should know what was going on in the castle, or who lived there. If they had minded their own business it would have been much more to their benefit and to their quiet of life. But no! They were filled with idle curiosity and they must know.

In this manner time had gone on. The people around the Hummingbird Hill continued to look with curious wonder up toward the castle, and every one sighed and said, "I wish I knew what was in there."

The father would always include in his prayer at the dinner-table the sentence: "Pray, dear Lord, let us find out who lives in Hummingbird Castle." The schoolmaster and teacher in their school said to their pupils that they must try and find out the mysteries of the castle; and, even the preacher in the church never closed his sermon on the Sunday morning before he invoked the people not to forget and let him know what was in the castle if anybody happened to get there and back without being killed.

In the last few years so many people had died in the attempt to climb to the top of the hill that it looked as if the population of the country would soon be swallowed up by this craving of curiosity. But even that did not make the people hesitate. And although there were funerals going on all day to bury the broken bones that were scattered around at the foot of the hill the people did not get any the wiser.

It so happened, however, that there was a man living in the country who was full of wisdom. His house stood at the outskirts of a small village, where he resided all by himself. No one went ever near his house, because it was rumored around among the people that the old man was a wizard. He had no relatives in all the world, it seemed, except a young man about 20 years of age, whose name was Goldenhair, on account of the mass of beautiful yellow curls that hung from his head down upon his shoulders. Goldenhair and the wizard were often sitting in their little room in the small house together, where the old man would teach his young friend the wisdom that was contained in the many books that were stacked on the large shelves around the wall.

One day—it was just after Goldenhair had finished his very difficult lesson—he said to the old wizard, whom he always addressed as "Professor," "Professor," he said, "I

am very sorry for the people of our land, and I wonder whether nothing can be done to help them?"

"What is the matter, my dear boy, what do these people have to do with you?"

"Well, I am sorry for them. Of course you know all about Hummingbird Castle and the fact that no one can get into it. Now the people around here are just crazy to get inside of that building. Ever so many have climbed up the hill and attempted to get over the wall, but so far none of them have succeeded; in fact, all of them have died. Their bones have invariably been found at the base of the hill, smashed against a rock or a tree. Now, what I would like to do is to convince them that the whole thing is foolish, and that there is nothing in the castle worth seeing so much as that any one should venture his life to get to it."

"But, my dear boy, how do you know that?"

"Well, of course I am not sure, but it seems to me that a man's life should be worth more than all the secrets of all the mysterious castles in the entire world."

"That is right, my boy. I like to hear you talk that way, and if the inhabitants of Hummingbird Castle had been as wise as you, Hummingbird Castle would not be in existence now."

Goldenhair looked at the wizard in amazement. "You seem to know all about the castle, Professor."

"Yes, I do, and I now will also tell you I built that castle myself for the King of Colorado. This King had a daughter who was the most beautiful child in the world, but she was also the most inquisitive. Even when she was quite a little girl she would poke her little nose in everybody's business. If the Lords of the Kingdom of Colorado sat in council, and put their wise heads together to expound upon the benefits of the country, this little inquisitive Princess would run straight among them and ask them the most curious questions. Of course, this made the Lords mad, and they at last resolved that the Princess should be killed. They went to the King and demanded his child's death of him."

The chief mover in this frightful plot, however, was an old lord with a bald head and one eye, who was incensed against the child because she had once asked him why he had only one eye and why he did not have any hair on his head. However, the king, when he was told that he would have to kill his child, because very grieved. You see he loved the child with all her faults. Just like any other father would you, know. He did not know what to do, because the Lords were inexorable in their demand. In this perplexity I came to the king's rescue. I went to him and told him that I would take charge of his child and cure her of her bad habit. I went before the lords of Colorado and told them I would take the child away from the country. They were satisfied with this, because they said they did not care what became of the princess so long as she was not there to insult them. So I took her to this castle, which I built some hundreds of years ago for my own pleasure and amusement. Of course, you know that I am a spirit and not a man, that I am an immortal wizard and not a being of clay and dust, you know that I can do that."

"But now, to return to these people in this land. I am going to give them a good lesson. They have worried themselves so much to find out the mysteries of Hummingbird Castle. Now I will give them a chance to do so. But how I will punish them you shall find out later on. You have been the only one worthy of being my friend, because you did not stoop to waste your life by troubling about the inside of a house that did not belong to you, and you shall get your reward. Now, go into the market place and tell all the people to assemble there and wait until I come, because I will show them the way into the Hummingbird Castle."

Goldenhair went and did as he had been bidden by the wizard.

The people hailed him with delight when they heard what he had to tell them, and there was a procession going toward the market place in a very short time that was truly astonishing. Old men and gray-haired women, and people of all ages, were in the train, rushing and pushing with an eagerness and anxiety as if they were engaged in the race for eternal life and salvation. At last the wizard appeared.

He went to Goldenhair and whispered a few words into his ear, then turning around to the multitude he shouted:

"Do you still persist in your wish to see the inside of Hummingbird Castle?"

"Yes," all of them said in one voice, apparently.

"All right, then," replied the wizard; "mind you, there is not much to see there, and you are taking a great risk! Do you still persist in going?"

"Yes!" they all shouted again.

"But supposing you all get killed?"

"It makes no difference to us," they cried.

"We want to see the castle, and that settles it. We don't care for our lives, but we want to know."

"Then all the blame falls on your own heads!" replied the wizard. "Now, if you follow Goldenhair he will lead you into the castle, but I must say good-by, for I have other business to attend to."

Then he vanished, and Goldenhair turning around led the whole procession towards the hill. When he arrived there he walked around the hill three times. After the third time he touched the ground with his stick and behold! it opened up like a big cavern. He entered this opening and he beckoned everybody to follow him. When all were inside he walked along until they got into the center of the hill. Arrived here, Goldenhair took a whistle from his pocket and blew it. Immediately after the ground on which Goldenhair and all the inquisitive people stood was raised up like an elevator. This ascension lasted for about three minutes, when suddenly everything stopped.

Goldenhair and the people looked around, and they found themselves in a large, beautiful marble hall. In the very center stood a massive altar, on which they could recognize the shape of a beautiful young girl, dressed in a long milky-white garment. At the head of this marble altar stood the wizard. He beckoned Goldenhair and the people to come forward and stand around the marble altar. When all was quiet, the wizard said:

"Do you see this girl? She was at one time as inquisitive and curious as all you foolish people are, and she has undergone a punishment that has made her wise. Now you are in Hummingbird Castle, you see what there is here. Is it worth the climb up the steep hill and standing the chance of being killed? No! you all shake your heads, for you know that I am right."

Then he told them all the story of the inquisitive princess, and when he arrived at the end he said: "Now are you satisfied?"

"Yes!" all answered.

"Then go out of this door."

A large door went open and the people walked out. But no sooner had they stepped into the grounds when they were all changed into monkeys. They ran around and climbed the trees, and acted just like the animals whose shape they bore.

The wizard and Goldenhair were standing in the large hall of the castle and looking at them, and Goldenhair became frightened.

"Do not be afraid, my boy," said the wizard, "you were the only one who knew how to mind his own business and curb the feeling of curiosity. Come here, this young lady has suffered long enough. We will take her back to her father in the kingdom of Colorado, and you shall be her husband."

The wizard had no more than spoken these words when he went up to the marble altar. Taking the young lady by the hand he assisted her on to the ground. Then all three returned to the kingdom of Colorado, where all were received with great rejoicing. The lords forgave the princess, when she promised them that she would not be too inquisitive.

The Care of the Hair.

On this ever-interesting subject, one of the "Sutherland sisters" writes:

People are too rough in their treatment of the hair, especially those who have long hair. Care should be taken to avoid breaking the hair. It should be combed gently with a very coarse rubber or tortoise shell comb; the latter is the best. Never use a brush of any kind. They only irritate the scalp needlessly. Keeping the scalp perfectly clean is the most important thing. Shampoo the head once a week. Produce a strong lather and clean the whole scalp thoroughly. Then rinse with clean water—soft water preferred. Now press the water from the hair with a dry towel, taking care not to rub and break the hair, and fan it until it is dry. Wait until the hair is perfectly dry before combing it, and then handle it as gently as possible. At night I braid my hair and twist it into a knot; then I put a light silk cap over it to prevent lint from getting into the hair and to avoid mussing and breaking it. People with hair that is continually falling out, or even those that are completely bald, can get a good growth of hair by attending to it properly. Wearing the hair done up in a tight coil is injurious and wearing false hair of any kind interferes with the growth of the hair. At times a stimulant is needed to soften the skin and nourish and strengthen the roots of the hair, but powders and hair oil should never be used, as they clog the hair with grease, render it sticky and musty and obstruct the pores of the scalp. All kinds of hair dyes and chemicals for cleaning the hair are injurious. They destroy the vitality of the hair, give it a dead look and cause it to fall out early.

Where Woman Exceels.

When a woman has a hen to drive into the coop, she takes hold of her skirts with both hands, shakes them quickly at the delinquent and says, "Shoo, there!" The hen takes one look at the object to assure herself that it is a woman, and then stalks majestically into the coop. A man doesn't do that way. He goes outdoors, saying, "If a singular nobody can drive a hen but me!" and, picking up a stick of wood, hurls it at the offending bird and yells, "Get in there, you thief!" The hen immediately loses her reason and dashes to the other end of the yard. The man plunges after her. She comes back with her head down, her wings out and followed by a miscellaneous assortment of stovewood, fruit cans, clinkers and a very mad man in the rear.

Then she skims under the barn and over a fence or two and around the house back to the coop again, all the while talking as only an excited hen can talk, and all the while followed by things convenient for throwing, and by a man whose coat is on the sawbuck, whose hat is on the ground, and whose perspiration is limitless. By this time the other hens have come out to take a hand in the debate and help dodge missiles. The man vows that every hen on the place shall be sold at once, puts on his hat and coat and goes down town. The woman comes out, goes right to work and has every one of those hens housed and counted inside of two minutes.—Mobile Register.

Peanuts.

The consumption of peanuts is 3,200,000 bushels a season, and the highest production is but 700,000 bushels more. All these peanuts are raised in Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee, but the Tennessee production is comparatively small. During the peanut harvest the people, the picannies, the dogs, pigs, and nearly everything that eats get fat in the land of the peanut. Peanuts are planted at corn planting time; each kernel produces a running vine like crab grass, and each root develops about 20 pods. When ripe the plough is run through the loamy soil, on a dry day, just before frost. The nuts are dried and stacked up like corn to keep dry before housing. When marketed they go to a cleaner, where they are put through steam power machines and polished, after which they are graded according to size and variety.—Ex.

Two Luxurious Bathrooms.

The society woman depends greatly on luxurious bathing to renew her strength. The Turkish bath must be taken outside the home, but the bathrooms in some of the wealthy houses give evidence of their ostentatious and beauty of the part they play in the daily economy. Mrs. Henry Clew's bathroom is a grove of onyx, walls, floor, ceiling, basin, tub, all being of the sculptured stone. Distilled and perfumed waters flow at the touch, it is like a cool cave where Undines sport, and no Monte Christo could project a thing more fanciful and costly. That of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt is very beautiful. The walls are of mirrors, over which run painted vines of morning glory and passion flowers, forming an arbor suggestive of the bower where Venus bathed, and the reflections doubtless furnish Titianesque hints of attending nymphs.—N. Y. Letter.

Man can be afflicted with 1,145 different ailments known to medical science, and on top of that his dog may die, his wife run away and his home burn down without insurance.

Fashion Notes.

Fringes of every length, colour and device have again been taken into universal favour. The fashion was restored by foreign women of rank early last winter, but the wearing of long wraps and close-fitting jackets interfered with the general adoption of these dangling accessories. They appear this season on garments of nearly every description.

Most of the new green shades combine tastefully with white, beige, or dove-grey cloth. A red green Chuddah gown has both sides of the skirt in green silk challi, on which are wide bands of wide silk gimp, while on the fronts are fast sash ends of the Chuddah, finished with white silk fringe, with a rich gimp heading to match. The high Empire waist has a girlish, shoulder ornaments, and collar of the galleon.

Milliners are displaying a great deal of the yellowish green which is known as "spring willow" and "chartreuse," and this is a favourite tone, but there is endless variety to select from. The palest water-green and the darkest moss and myrtle, with every intermediate shade known, are all represented, the color of foliage, grasses, vines and ferns being wonderfully imitated, tulle, gauze, velvet, silk and wool, repeating each and all severally.

Graceful and pretty home dresses are made of hunters' green or old-rose cashmere, the backs in princess breadth and the fronts out off at the waist line with an Empire or fullgathered vest of surah or China silk, finished with a soft wash of the same edged with deep silk fringes and knotted at the left side. The underskirt of silk is accordion-pleated, or else laid in longwise tucks, brief-stitched about half a yard deep. The skirt falls from thence in natural folds which flare considerably, but are held in place by the tucks above. Four or five rows of ribbon are frequently laid across the foot of the skirt. The sleeves are tucked to correspond, or the mutton leg or bishop sleeve is substituted, with ribbon rows around the deep cuffs.

The desire to rise above law and rule and be individual is noticeable not only in dress and its accessories but in the matter of the coiffure. As a result there is a pleasing medley of styles in hairdressing, no one fashion seeming to lead. The emigrant twist is popular with many, especially with women who like the princess bonnet. There are high coiffures in Cleveland, Josephine, and Pompadour styles, and low coiffures in Russian fashion accompanying the short full bang over the forehead; in Greek style, with classic fillets of gold or silver over the front of the coiffure; in Catgán fashion, with shining braids loped low on the neck; and in other styles, curled and caught with jeweled pins at the back, or arranged in many varieties of the aesthetic English order.

The new summer dress fabrics have such an air of delicious daintiness, and are in such perfect accord with ribbons and laces, that each year they seem to offer new possibilities for artistic gowning. No garniture seems too fine for them, and the deft intermingling of colour they suggest are the delight of the modiste. The beautiful soft-tinted silks show most attractive designs, and figure conspicuously among the bewildering exhibit of new textiles. A pretty costume has directoire bodice and draperies of China silk, showing clusters of English hedge roses on a shimmering silvery ground of golden olive. An elaborate effect is obtained by using India silk for the accordion-pleated skirt, with panels and straight coat-tails in the back of the broad silk lined with velvet rose. A rich vest in this colour laid in soft easy folds shows above and below the three large enamelled buttons that close the directoire bodice below the chest. The full sleeves open over a small puffed inner sleeve of vieux rose crepe, shirred upon a band of pale olive ribbon.

Projecting brims springing out from low square or shell-shaped crowns are features of the latest round hats for early summer wear. Most of the brims of dress hats are capriciously shaped, some protruding in front, others much wider on one side, others again turned up in a deep Chinese point just over the waves of hair above the forehead. Besides the very popular toque shapes, are stylish turbans with low round English crowns, and elegant and graceful English walking hats made of Milan braid with insertions of lace, straw, or rushwork in basket patterns. Superb sprays of French roses and other lovely blossoms and leaves, velvet, tulle, net, and ribbons in endless variety, are all used for handsome bonnets and hats, lace in black, white, and mode tints being reserved for headwear of the richest description. In colours the wonderful and varied tints of green amounts to a rage. There are also very beautiful shades in tea-rose, creamy old rose, pale yellow, magnolia, English violet, and strawberry. Orange and costly reds, in brilliant dyes, are set forth in costly millinery designed for fashionable wear at the watering-places.—[N. Y. Post.

Her Unfortunate Husband.

"You are Mr. Quesen, the husband of the celebrated lecturer on cookery, are you not?"—"Yes, sir," replied the dejected, hollow-eyed man, "I am the man she tries her new dishes on."

A Qualification Sure to Inspire Love.

"Yes, James, I admire your frankness in thus telling me all of your bad habits before proposing for my hand, but ere I accept you must say something in your favor."

For a moment the poor man paused; he wasn't very good at beat, and now he was asked by her whom he loved dearer than life to name some of his good qualities. Finally with an effort, he chokingly said: "May, I ain't got any good qualities to speak of, but there is one thing that I do pride myself on, and that is the fact that I never yet owned an overcoat with fur collar and cuffs."

With a low cry of joy the girl flung herself into his arms, and she was his'n.—[Peck's Sun.

The Difference Between Them.

Several Irishmen were disputing one day about the invincibility of their respective powers when one of them remarked: "Faith, I'm a brick." "And I'm a bricklayer," said another, giving the first speaker a blow that brought him to the ground.

Where was the Widower.

So you are going to keep a school?" said a young lady to her old aunt. "Well, for my part, sooner than do that I would marry a widower with nine children." "I should prefer that myself," was the reply; "but where is the widower?"

A Dog Who Kept His Word.

A solemn man entered the restaurant followed by his dog. His assid himself asked for the bill of fare. It was given him.

"What would you like to have, sir?" asked the waiter flipping the table with his napkin. The dog meanwhile had climbed upon the chair on the other side of the table and was gravely regarding his master.

"Well," said the solemn man reflectively, "you can give me a fried sole nicely browned."

"Give me the same," said the dog.

"Then you can give me a steak, underdone, fried potatoes."

"Give me the same," said the dog.

The waiter gazed at the animal with amazement mingled with horror. The solemn man continued:

"Cap of coffee, plenty of milk."

"Give me the same," said the dog.

The waiter's face assumed the color of cold boiled veal.

"Chasse brandy," added the solemn man.

"Give me the same," said the dog.

The waiter shuddered and fled for the kitchen.

A man with a squint at an adjoining table had been an interested spectator of the scene. He had observed it closely and finally spoke to the solemn man:

"It must have been a fearful lot of work to teach that dog to talk, mister!"

"You bet," said the dog.

"What'd you take for him, now?" said the man with the squint.

"Wouldn't sell him," said the solemn man.

"You'd better not," said the dog.

The man with the squint was very much impressed. He began making wild offers, and when he reached \$50 the solemn man relented.

"Well," said he, "I can't refuse that. I hate to part with him, but you can have him."

"He'll be sorry for it," said the dog.

The man with the squint produced notes for the amount, which he gave to the solemn man. The latter was about to leave when the dog cried out:

"Never mind—I'll get even with him. I'll never speak again."

He never did.

The gentleman with the squint was the proprietor of an itinerant circus and variety show.

The solemn man was an amateur ventriloquist of the first water.

A Third Wife's Witty Comment.

Not a thousand miles from Boston dwells a man who has recently wed a third spouse. It was the somewhat eccentric whim of the second wife to have a picture painted where in she and the first wife were represented as standing together with their arms entwined about each other's waist. When the third wife came into power she was at first somewhat puzzled to know what to do with this extraordinary production of combined affection and art. With genuine woman's wit, however, she hit upon the idea of having the piece worked over, and with what result may be judged from a conversation in regard to the picture which took place between the bride and one of her wedding callers. The visitor inquired if the picture represented relatives of the family. "No, not relatives," the then wife replied. "I believe the originals were distant connections of my husband, but the picture represents 'Faith and Resignation.' It is thought that the figure of Faith resembles a former friend of Mr. Smith, but I cannot tell, as I never saw her."

A Tired Subscriber.

"Mr. Editor, I want to say to you that it's about time for me to quit. Once on a time I used to think your paper was gospel itself, but I see it ain't to be relied on."

"What do you mean, sir? Do you indominate that we don't tell truth?"

"That's what I say, an' I can prove it. It was in your own columns that I read these very words—in big type—"Money in Chickens." Well, soon as I see that, says I, 'if The Bassoon says there's money in chickens that settles it;' so I went for our coop, yanked hold of my biggest Brahmy and turned him inside out; not a dern cent. Then I took another and surgically inspected her gizzards—no coin thar either, and so on I went thro' the hull brood, killin' 'em an' inspectin' their interiors, but wary nicker ever have I found. Somethin' 'bout that 'nouncement, sir. There hain't no money in chickens."

Just in Time.

A butcher's lad went to deliver some meat at a certain house in Newcastle where a fierce dog is kept. The lad entered the backyard, and, as soon as the dog saw him, he plinned him against the wall. In a short time the mistress of the house ran out and drove the animal away.—"Has he bitten you?" she asked.—"No," said the lad; "As kept him off by giving him your suit, and ye just cam' in time to save the beef!"

Why She Was Offended.

Miss Trip: "Well, Sammie, how is ma to-day? I hope she is better than when I saw her last. Why, what are you looking at? Are you admiring my nice spring bonnet? How do you like the dear little bird at the side?"—Sammie: "Bird, is it? Why, ma said you had a bee in your bonnet, I thought it did not look like one; its too big, and—" But Miss Trip had tripped away highly offended.

Bridget's Mistake.

Mr. Poseyboy is taking tea at the Poplajay's. Bridget in the absence of the maid is waiting at table.—Mrs. Poplajay: "Bridget, you forgot to put spoons for the stewed pears."—Bridget: "Sure, mem. I thought yez wud plook them be the tails!"

After all her Care.

Young husband: "Isn't there something peculiar about the taste of these onions, my dear?"—Young Wife (anxiously): "Oh, I hope not, dear, I took such pains with them; I even sprinkled them with jockey Club bouquet before I put them to boil, to take away the unpleasant odour."

A spelling bee is an absolute necessity in Bogdale. A judge of the Municipal Court in describing a gun called it a "single barrel."