

## YOUNG FOLKS.

### A Child's Fancies in Autumn.

The Maple is a dainty maid  
The pet of all the wood  
Who lights the dusky forest glad  
With scarlet cloak and hood

The Elm a lovely lady is,  
In skimming robes of gold,  
That catch the sunlight when she moves,  
And glisten, fold on fold.

The Sumach is a Gipsy Queen,  
Who flouts in crimson dress,  
And wild along the roadside runs,  
Red blossoms in her breast.

And towering high above the wood,  
All in his purple cloak,  
A Monarch in his splendor is  
The proud and princely Oak.

—[Youth's Companion]

### The Harm It Does.

I mean strong drink, children. And only a small part of the harm. I could not tell you all it I talked a whole week. It is the harm it does to the splendid body which God has given to us. You know what our bodies are—flesh, white skin, sound, firm flesh on good, strong bones, with little purple rivers of arteries and veins running through it, bright eyes, steady feet, and strong hands—why, ought not folks to be ashamed to do anything to spoil such a perfect piece of the Creator's work?

"Yes! yes, indeed!" you all say.

Now you look at a person who drinks—do you find any of these things? Red nose, red eyes, dark wrinkled skin, shaky hands, feet that won't walk straight, mind that can't remember—nothing at all that you can see as God made it. Why, boys and girls, and women, too, are afraid of a drunken man, because they know he isn't himself at all, but given up to a bad spirit; and there's no telling what he will do.

You know that no man would take a dose of arsenic or strychnine unless he wanted to kill himself—every child has learned that they are deadly poisons. Yet the man or boy who drinks liquor, takes them both, and other things just as deadly. The awful poison will kill him just as surely, and more painfully, more slowly, than if he had taken the dose of pure poison.

You all know what it means to be paralyzed—not to have any motion or power in the part affected. That is just how alcohol affects the body, a short time after it is taken into the stomach. All the little tissues and nerves yield to it, and it goes to the brain, turning into something resembling the white of a hard-boiled egg. Do you think such leathery stuff could do much thinking? Do you wonder that the drunkard, with his stiffened nerves and white-of-egg brain, tumbles over and lies like a log in the gutter?—[Anon.]

### A Concert.

"The Home for Aged Ladies" stood opposite a house filled with gay boys and girls, cousins, brothers and sisters, and bright with pictures, luxurious furniture and costly "bric a brac." Roses climbed over the walls without, and happy children's faces filled it within. All day long it resounded with busy voices, music and laughter.

The "Home" was a small institution with about thirty inmates. Its walls were speckled and bare; the carpetless floors were scoured to a spotless whiteness; they never echoed to a child's step; the slow feet of the sad, withered inmates fell upon them noiseless as ghosts.

They were a silent, melancholy folk, knowing that they were near the grave and that they had not a friend to hold them by the hand in the last hour. For they all had long ago parted with their families and with all who knew them. Charity, not affection, gave them food and shelter.

Their lives were monotonous as clock-work. They rose, set their rooms in order, ate breakfast, kilted until noon, then gathered feebly around the table again, knitted until sunset, drank their cups of weak tea silently, and so crept to bed. There was a strange hush as of decay and death in the old corridors.

"Let us give them something outside of their knitting and thoughts of the grave," said one of the young girls one day.

"A concert!" cried another.

The idea was received with applause. Placards announcing the concert were sent over to the Home, and the girls began practicing on piano and guitar.

The poor old women clustered around the handbills and went, trembling with excitement, to their rooms.

"A concert!" "What shall I wear?" "I played the piano once." "And I sang." How their feeble hearts beat and the sluggish blood began to throb in their veins!

A week passed. The day came; the piano and guitars were carried to the Home, the seats placed. The inmates assembled an hour before the time, each with some bit of ancient finery to honor the occasion.

It was a simple concert after all. Two or three familiar melodies, some hymns, "Auld Lang Syne," "The Last Rose of Summer," and other old ditties.

The old women sat very silent, now and then suddenly laughing aloud or wiping a tear away furtively. Some of the music was familiar and dear to them. It brought back their homes and their dear again. But it did more. They were alive again themselves; they were once more a part of their generation. Somebody had taken thought for them to give them pleasure.

The concert was over, and soon forgotten by the performers. But the audience never forgot it. It was the one era of their life in the Home. They dated all events as "before" or "after the concert." They hummed the airs for years in their cracked old voices.

It was a trifling thing to do, yet it had brought a great warmth and happiness into these faded lives. Is there no little thing, which will bring happiness to some neglected creature, waiting for us to do?

### A Mean Nan.

Wife—"I believe that more women than men go to heaven."  
Husband—"You do? What makes you think so?"  
Wife—"Women live better lives than men."  
H.—"I grant it, Mary, but there is one thing that leads me to think there are very few women on the other side."  
H.—"What is that?"  
H.—"It is spoken of as the silent shore."

### Under His Bed.

Lieutenant Colonel Van Someren of the British Army sends an account of a night adventure in India. It was at the very height of the hot season, and after passing the evening at a military station, he had ridden through the woods to his bungalow, where he arrived shortly before midnight. His man led away the pony, and another servant lighted a candle in the bedroom, opened all the windows and doors, and left Colonel Van Someren to himself.

I blew out the candle, and threw myself into an easy chair in the veranda to catch what faint airs might be stirring. A little dachshund pup was lying under the cot in the bedroom, the cot being a mere framework of wood with a broad web of cotton tape plaited across it.

The puppy whined frequently, but I paid no particular attention to it, and after lounging two or three times up and down the veranda, I threw myself on the cot, and dropped into an uneasy slumber, disturbed now and again by the pup's whimperings.

I had not been asleep long, when I became conscious of something uncanny under my bed. It was apparently a large and powerful creature, for I distinctly felt my head moved, and then my shoulders and back were gently, but steadily, lifted as the thing, whatever it might be, slipped slowly and cautiously along under the tape on which I was lying. Presently I became aware of an unmistakable odor; some beast of prey was under my bed!

A slight movement of mine caused it to stop still, but I distinctly felt its back pressed against mine. For a moment I lay motionless, horribly frightened, and with the knowledge that my gun was in the next room. However, it was useless to lie there. It was better to face the brute at once; so I sprang up, seized a slipper, flung it under the bed, and shouted loudly.

There was a plunge, a lurch of the cot, and a great gray, hairy mass dashed out from under the bedstead with a growl, and booted through the open door, across the back veranda, and down a ravine behind the bungalow. It was a large hyena, and I congratulated myself that the brute had not snapped at my leg as he went off.

The puppy I found half dead with fright, lying in the corner of the room between the wall and the leg of the cot.

So far, things had not turned out badly, but I felt sure the hyena would come back again after so dainty a morsel as a well-fed little dog. So I got my gun, and, going outside fired a couple of cartridges down the ravine.

I heard two or three animals move off in a hurry, and the shots naturally brought out my servants. I told them to keep about for a little while; the sound of voices would, perhaps, discourage the hyena, and cause him to sink away for good. Shutting the doors and windows was out of the question; the heat was too great.

I loaded my gun and sat down in the veranda and, after a while began dozing. The puppy whimpered. I got up cautiously and slipped into the bedroom, where I backed into the corner whence I could command each of the three doors.

Five minutes passed in silence; then the puppy again began crying, and I heard a light footfall on the bamboo matting in the veranda. Another minute or so passed, and I saw a head cautiously advanced inside the doorway, and again withdrawn. But it was not a hyena; it was the head of a panther.

The moon was now half-way down the western sky, and her light, pouring in through the veranda, projected the shadow of anything outside into the room.

All was silent, when suddenly, almost as if a light cloud had swept across the moon and thrown a shadow for an instant, the panther was in the room, under the cot, and had seized the pup. The poor little thing yelled loudly; the panther turned, saw me, and, with the dog in her mouth, stood for a moment in the doorway about six feet from me.

I saw my opportunity, and fired, giving her a wire cartridge in her neck. She lurched forward into the veranda with an angry growl, and got upon her feet, but was evidently dead, for she stood still in the moonlight, broadside to me, and I gave her the second barrel, also in the neck.

At such close quarters the shot cartridges inflicted terrible wounds! She fell over dying, and after a gasp or two and a long, quivering thrice, lay still. The puppy was not dead, but so much hurt that it had to be killed the next day.

By this time the whole camp was astir, the men coming up eagerly to see what had happened. We pulled the panther out of the veranda into the shadow of a large tree, with two men to keep the jackals from harrying the skin during the night.

The beast proved to be a full grown and very handsome young female. My night's rest had been disturbed, but I was repaid a hundred fold by a trophy so valuable in itself, and at the same time so interesting for the unusual and exciting circumstances of its capture.

### The Wheat Yield.

Nobody knows as yet within 20 000 000 or 30 000 000 bushels what the wheat yield of America has been in 1899 and nobody knows within many times that quantity what the yield of the world has been. Neither are there trustworthy statistics of stocks brought over from last year in other lands; authorities differ millions of bushels about the stock of Russia alone. Who ever pleases can make up a statement showing a great surplus in the world, by taking one set of estimates of yield and stocks, and another showing a great deficit, by taking another set of estimates of equal value. But actual movements of grain give evidence which cannot well be disputed or twisted. British imports of wheat in July and August were 90,000 cwt., smaller this year than last, with imports of flour about the same. That indicates no recognized prospect of want in the country having need to import more wheat than any other. The exports from America to all countries from all ports for July, from all the principal ports for August, and from the chief Atlantic ports for three weeks of September, were 22 300 000 bushels wheat, flour included, against 25 600 000 for the same times and places last year. A decrease of 3 300 000 bushels in the quantity demanded from the country which exports more wheat than any other does not indicate any apprehension of scarcity abroad. The foreign price tells the same story. British wheat averaged for the second week in September 30s. 2d., against 38s. 1d. for the same week last year. A fall of more than 20 per cent in price does not foreshadow world-wide famine. No one knows how large a stock of wheat Russia has

carried over from last year, or how large the new crop is, and contradictory statements on both points are wide apart. But the old facts are that Russia exported in August nearly 3 000 000 cwt. to Great Britain, against about 2 000 000 cwt. in the same month last year, and an increase of one half in exports does not indicate much scarcity in Russia. The exports for eight months ending with August were 14 347 653 cwt. to Great Britain, against only 11 516 034 for the previous year, and no such freedom of shipments at present low prices would be likely to occur if Russian supplies were actually scanty.

### His Love Worth Even More.

"Clara," he exclaimed, laying his hand upon his cardiac region, "I have long looked forward to this opportunity to tell you that I love you with all the ardor of a nature free from guile and duplicity. Ssy the little word, Clara, which shall make me the happiest of men. O! if your maiden modesty seals your ruby lips, give me some little keepsake which shall mutely say that my love is returned, and which shall be a constant reminder of this, my hour of happiness. Ssy! Let it be one of your golden tresses, just one little lock of your fragrant hair."

Clara blushed, and seeing that George took up the scissors from the table, she murmured: "Nay, George, never mind the scissors; here it is (and she removed an elegant switch); take it. It cost me \$10, but such love as yours is worth far more than that."—[Boston Transcript.]

### Identifying Mr. Johnson.

"Is there a Mr. Johnson in this car?" called the conductor, as he entered a coach on a Lehigh Valley train and held up a telegram to view.

"There is?" replied three men in chorus, as they rose up.

"But this despatch is for John Johnson."

"That's me!" replied two of the men, while the third looked relieved and sat down.

"Which of you is married?" continued the conductor.

"I am!" both answered.

"Well, I think this despatch relates to the birth of twins at home, and is congratulatory."

"That lets me out, thank Heaven!" exclaimed one Johnson as he sat down to wipe his brow, while the other flushed red and white for a moment, and then received the despatch.

### Aunt Janet's Surprise.

Aunt Janet: "What do you call that?"  
Nephew from the city: "It's a trousers-stretcher."  
Aunt Janet: "A trousers-stretcher! Why don't you get your trousers big enough, so's you don't have to stretch 'em?"

### A Healthy Town.

"Healthy in our town? I should think so! We have had only one funeral for ten years, and that was the doctor, who literally starved to death."

### Would Ruin Business.

Beggar: "A thousand thanks, my good sir, for the splendid coat you have given me, but I can not wear it. It would ruin my business—so: a soul would give me a farthing!"

### A Hard Tug.

Husband (at 1:30 a. m.): "Don't say a word! I know it's awful late, but I've had a hard tug of it."  
Wife: "Yes, you look as if you'd had a hard tug. How many schoolers did you tow in to-night?"

### A Change of Faces.

"I don't understand how you can stay so continually in the house this summer. I feel as if I must get away if only to see some new faces."  
"Oh, I don't need to go for that. My wife has a new servant every day."

### Johnny's Rash Speech.

Mr. Goodcatch (calling on the eldest sister): "Why, Johnny, how you are growing! You'll be a man before your sister if you keep on." Johnny: "You bet I will. Sister'll never be a man if she keeps on being 20 like she has for the last five years." Then there was trouble in the household.

### He Could Jump a Ten-Foot Fence.

"Are you interested in athletics?" asked Miss Johnson of a young travelling man who had been paying her some attention.

"I don't care much about those matters until yesterday."

"But you are exercising now?"

"I should say so. I can jump a ten-foot fence at one bound, and outrun any bow-legged dog that ever infested a barn-yard."

"And to think," she murmured fondly, "that it is to my father that we owe all this!"—[Merchant Traveler.]

### The Boarder's Fear.

"I am sorry," said the hungry-looking boarder as he set the pitcher down, "that I have said so many unkind things about the milk."  
"Why?" inquired the landlady, suspiciously. "Because I fear that it has soured or me."

### Grounds for a Horrible Suspicion.

He—"And are you sure that I am the first and only man that ever kissed you?"  
She—"Of course I am sure. You do not doubt my word, do you?"  
He—"Of course I do not doubt you, my darling. I love you too much, too devotedly for that. But why, oh, why did you reach for the reins the very instant I ventured to put my arms around you if you had never been there before?"

### Johnnie Knew It All.

Wife—"John, here is something in this baseball report that I do not understand. I wish you would explain it to me."  
Husband—"Read it, my dear."  
Wife (reading)—"With one to tie and one out, he reached first in the eighth inning and ran to third Piff's hit to right. He should have scored on Tiernan's wild throw, but became rattled and held his base."  
What does that mean?"  
Husband (who knows nothing of the game)—"Be'ssd if I know."  
Wife (with a sigh)—"I'll have to wait until Johnnie (six years old) comes in."

## ANSWERING BY KNOOKS.

### A Peculiar Ghost Story from Greenwich.

A remarkable "ghost" story comes from Greenwich. It appears that Mr. Bothwick, in the employ of the South Metropolitan Gas Company, had resided for three years with his family at 14, Horseferry Road, Greenwich, a four-roomed house. Mrs. Bothwick had been troubled by hearing inexplicable noises, which her husband tried to explain away. The previous tenant, who occupied the house for twenty-nine years, states that he never heard any noise, but his wife often complained to him that she had heard sounds like children falling out of bed. About two years ago the Bothwicks were away from home, and a neighbour states that during their absence he heard loud rapping in the house. Twelve months later, in July 1888, Mr. Bothwick was in the country for a holiday, and on the 25th there were in the house Mrs. Bothwick, Mrs. Stedman, and Mrs. Lloyd. At ten minutes to eleven these three were in the back sitting-room, which is divided from the passage by a wooden partition running from the top of the house, when they

### HEARD THREE HARD BLOWS

as of a man's fist on the cellar door. Much alarmed, they rushed off to bed, and heard no more that night. On Mr. Bothwick's return he put a new floor to the cellar, making it even with the passage. All went well until July the 25th of the present year, the anniversary of the former manifestation. At twenty minutes to ten at night there were in the house Mrs. Bothwick and Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd, while a Mrs. Parkinson was in the next house, adjoining the passage. The three persons first named heard loud raps on the partition, and Mr. Lloyd went out, but saw no one, and searched the cellar with similar result. The rapping continued, sometimes appearing to be on the partition and sometimes under the stairs. It turned out that Mrs. Parkinson was not the person rapping, and on Mr. Lloyd giving a rap on the wall he was startled by hearing at the cellar door, close to his elbow, three knocks which shook the partition, and were almost sufficient to knock the cellar door down. He opened the door on the instant, and searched the cellar, but found nothing. He knocked again, and in reply there came

### THREE TERRIFIC KNOCKS

on the cellar door, which Mr. Lloyd had just closed. He immediately opened it again, and nothing could be seen, although a lamp in the passage shone into the cellar. Shortly afterwards, Mr. Bothwick and Mr. Parkinson, who had been out together, returned home. The knocking continuing, they made a careful inspection of both houses, but found nothing unusual. Half an hour later two police officers arrived, and stayed some time. The knockings continued as before, at one time on the cellar door, at another on the stairs or at different parts of the partition. The people who were in the house also state that they distinctly heard footsteps on the floor above the passage, but on going up could see no one. The police considered the matter a practical joke, but could not suggest how it was done. Meanwhile, the knocking, which could be plainly heard on the other side of the road, had attracted a large crowd, and one of the men volunteered to communicate with the "spirit." A conversation somewhat to the following effect ensued—Are you a man? No answer. Are you English? Three raps, supposed to mean yes. Are you a woman? Three raps. Are you in great trouble? Three raps. Have the people in this house harmed you? No answer. You are troubling this house a deal? Three raps. Did your friends harm you? Three raps. Did they kill you? Three tremendous raps. Mrs. Bothwick here exclaimed, "For gracious sake let the man go away." He remained, however, at Mr. Bothwick's wish, and continued the questioning with the result that the interrogator pronounced that a woman was troubling the house.

### ON ACCOUNT OF SOME CRIME

committed many years ago. The "ghost" would not answer any frivolous questions, such as "Will you come out and have a drink with me?" About midnight the knocking began to subside, and the crowd dispersed, but the Bothwick family would not go to bed. Mrs. Bothwick lay on the bed for an hour or so with her clothes on, and Mr. Bothwick, who went to work at six next morning, and two young men stayed with him. The rapping gradually died away, and ceased altogether about one o'clock. The Bothwicks determined not to remain in the house, and on the following Tuesday removed to Haddo-street, sitting up nearly all the intervening days until midnight. Two ladies, who appeared to be interested in the subject of spiritualism, called before they removed, and said they should have liked to hear the rappings. One of them said she did not suppose the "spirit" would trouble anyone till next year, but it might, as it had been spoken to.

### A Convincing Argument.

Mrs. Skinniphint (doubtfully)—"Josiah, there's a peddler at the door with a rug worth \$10. He offers it for \$1. I would like to buy it, but I'm afraid it wouldn't be just exactly honest. He must have stolen it or he wouldn't offer it so cheap."  
Mr. Skinniphint (excitedly)—"What? A \$10 rug for \$1? Why, certainly he—But no. If he says he didn't steal it, and of course he'll say so, that will settle it as far as we are concerned. We can't prove, you know. I'll question him myself. (Goes to door and addresses peddler jealously.) How much did you say you wanted for this rug? O, a dollar, hey! m'm. It's worth perhaps half that. I'm afraid—ha! ha! I'm afraid you stole this rug somewhere, my friend."

Peddler (error-stricken)—"Yes, sir, I did! But don't give me away, for heaven's sake! I—"

Mr. Skinniphint (somewhat taken aback, but recovering himself and hastily exchanging a silver dollar for the rug)—"That's all right, Mary Jane. We don't know whether he's telling the truth or not. A man that'll steal will lie about it."—[Chicago Tribune.]

### Things Were Different.

Mr. Benedict—"You'd better put the baby to bed, if Mr. and Mrs. Sisay are coming in this evening."  
Mrs. Benedict—"Why, don't you remember how they admired it and how fond of it they used to be?"  
Mr. Benedict—"Yes, but they hadn't any of their own then."

## ABYSSINIA'S NEW KING

### The Son of a Beggar Becomes a Powerful Native Ruler in

King Menelek II., with a vast army, is advancing north to Adua, where the Kings of Abyssinia are crowned. Within a few weeks the ceremony of coronation will be performed. The new ruler of Abyssinia will be the most powerful ruler Abyssinia has had for generations, for his kingdom includes not only the domain of the late King John, but also Shoa, Menelek's own country, in the southern part of the Abyssinian highlands, where Menelek has long had an army of 100,000 men, about one-fourth of whom carry improved firearms.

Menelek's father, King Haelou, heard one day that a woman of striking beauty was seeking alms at the doors of the palace. He sent for her, and was so greatly impressed by her charms that he introduced her among the women of his establishment. When a little boy was born the king said he would not recognize him as his son unless in the course of years he showed a striking resemblance to his Majesty. As the boy grew up he came to look very much like his royal father, and the king named him as his heir, though he had other sons who thought they had better right to the throne. The most powerful native ruler in Africa to-day is, therefore, the son of a beggar woman, and his mother recently was still alive, enjoying high honor in Shoa.

Physically the King is not an impressive person. He is almost coal black, short, and dumpy. Unlike his uncle, Ras Darghe, and others among his chief advisors, he is very friendly to Europeans, and wants to introduce their arts into his country. He has a remarkable fondness for machinery and implements of all sorts, and his greatest delight is to examine their mechanism. Explorers say he ruined about a dozen watches and alarm clocks, taking them apart and trying to put them together again. He became at last, however, quite a proficient watch tinkerer.

Several years ago Mr. Chefnoux took the King as a present from the French Government a mitrailleuse. For convenience of carrying it had been taken to pieces and compactly packed. The weapon reached the King several days before the traveller did, and very much to Mr. Chefnoux's astonishment he found the weapon properly put together and mounted. The King had made a careful study of the mechanism of firearms, and with the aid of a picture of a mitrailleuse he had prepared this little surprise for the white man.

The King is gentle and amiable to those who have his friendship, but he has been guilty of acts of gross cruelty and injustice to conquered enemies. He has largely widened the boundaries of Shoa by conquering the fierce Galla tribes around him. He has some men of ability among his Generals and councillors, and so them much of his prestige is attributed. Personally he is not conspicuous as a warrior, and in most things he has shown himself easily influenced by his advisers. But he is distinguished above them all for his faith in the advantage of drawing useful lessons from civilized countries. He does not like missionaries, however. In 1885 he kept two Swedish missionaries practically prisoners in his chief town for ten months, and then sent them back to the coast. Since then he has expelled all the French Catholic and German missionaries from his country.

The King was very angry at the decision of the great powers to forbid the importation of firearms and gunpowder into the interior of Africa. He is, however, in a measure independent, as he makes his own gunpowder and has a great number of improved firearms.

When King John was killed a few months ago it was known to be his wish that his nephew should succeed him. Menelek, however, proclaimed himself King of Abyssinia, and all the provinces of the country except Tigré have recognized him as the new ruler. The Shoaans are of the same race and speak the same language as the Abyssinians. Their country is simply a part of Abyssinia whose chief became powerful enough to be practically independent of the ruler further north.

### A Trout in a Boulder.

Mr. William G. Dillingham, while fishing in Gordon Creek a few days since, discovered a beautiful fossil trout, fifteen inches in length, in a huge boulder. Every fin and scale of the fish was as plainly marked in the rock as if cut by a skilled artist. Many people wonder how trout get in streams above high falls. They were doubtless there before the falls were made, as from this fossil it is evident that there were trout in the streams of Oregon in prehistoric ages. Mr. Dillingham intends to go out some day and catch that fossil trout with a hammer and chisel.

### What She Wanted.

"Now," said the bridegroom to the bride, when they had returned from the honeymoon trip—"Let us have a clear understanding before we settle down to married life. Are you the president or vice president of this society?"  
"I want to be neither president or vice president of this," she answered. "I will be content with a subordinate position."  
"What is that?"  
"Treasurer."

### Only Her First.

Mrs. Slaughter (in her lawyer's office)—"I want to get a divorce from Mr. Slaughter; I can't stand him any longer."  
Lawyer—"All right, Mrs. Slaughter. Let me see (looking at the calendar) this is the fifth."  
"You're a liar, Mr. Lawyer; this is my first."

### A Postponement.

"Mister Moderator, in consequence of de fail attendus at dis meeting, I moob de meeting next Wednesday evening am postponed to dis Monday evening for de choice ob directors."

"The cricket on the hearth!" exclaims a tatty old fellow in The Boston Transcript. "Behave! One might with equal sense go into ecstasies over the fly on the head, the mosquito in the ear, or the flea between the shoulders." Most people will sympathize with this outburst. The cricket is a noisy little nuisance, and is only tolerable when described at second hand by some moon-struck poet.