

YOUNG FOLKS.

The Sunbeams.

"Now what shall I send to the Earth to-day?"
Said the great round golden Sun.
"Oh! let us go down there to work and play,"
Said the sunbeams, every one.
So down to the Earth in a shining crowd,
Went the merry, busy crew;
They rained with splendor each flaring cloud
And the sky as they passed through.
"Shine on, little stars, if you like," they cried,
"We will weave a golden screen
That soon all your twinkling and light shall hide,
Though the moon may peep between."
The Sunbeams then in through the windows crept
To the children in their beds—
They poked at the eyelids of those who slept,
Gilded all the little heads.
"Wake up, little children!" they cried in glee,
"And from Dreamland come away!
We've brought you a present, wake up and see!
We have brought a sunny day!"
EMILIE POULSSON.

The Three Aunts.

Once on a time there was a poor man who lived in a hut far away in a wood and got his living by shooting. He had an only daughter who was very pretty, and as she had lost her mother when she was a child and was now half grown up she said she would go into the world and earn her bread.
"Well, lassie," said the father, "true enough you have learnt nothing here but how to pluck birds and roast them, but still you may as well try to earn your bread." So the girl went off to seek a place, and when she had gone a little while she came to a palace. There she stayed and got a place, and the Queen liked her so well that all the other maids got envious of her. So they made up their minds to tell the Queen how the lassie said she was good to spin a pound of flax in four and twenty hours, for you know the Queen was a great housewife and thought much of good work. "Have you said this? Then you shall do it," said the Queen; "but you may have a little longer time if you choose. Now, the poor lassie dared not say she had never spun in all her life, but she only begged for a room to herself. That she got, and the wheel and the flax were brought up to her. There she sat and weeping, and knew not how to help herself. She pulled the wheel this way and that and twisted and turned it about, but she made a poor hand of it, for she had never even seen spinning-wheel in all her life. But all at once as she sat there in came an old woman to her. "What ails you, child?" she said. "Ah!" said the lassie, with a deep sigh, "it's no good to tell you, for you'll never be able to help me." "Who knows?" said the old wife. "Maybe I know how to help you after all." Well, thought the lassie to herself, I may as well tell her; and so she told her how her fellow-servants had given out that she was good to spin a pound of flax in four and twenty hours. "And here I am, wretch that I am, shut up to spin all that heap in a day and a night, when I have never even seen a spinning wheel in all my born days." "Well, never mind, child," said the old woman; "if you'll call me aunt on the happiest day of your life I'll spin this flax for you, and so you may just go away and lie down to sleep." Yes, the lassie was willing enough, and off she went and lay down to sleep. Next morning when she awoke there lay all the flax spun on the table, and that so clean and fine no one had ever seen such even and pretty yarn. The Queen was very glad to see such nice yarn, and she set greater store by the lassie than ever. But the rest were still more envious, and agreed to tell the Queen how the lassie had said she was good to weave the yarn she had spun in four-and-twenty hours. So the Queen said again, as she had said it she must do it; but if she couldn't quite finish in four-and-twenty hours, she wouldn't be too hard upon her; she might have a little more time. This time, too, the lassie dared not say No, but begged for a room to herself, and there she would try. There she sat again sobbing and crying and not knowing which way to turn when another old woman came in and asked, "What ails you, child?" At first the lassie wouldn't say, but at last she told her the whole story of her grief. "Well, well!" said the old wife, "never mind. If you'll call me aunt on the happiest day of your life I'll weave this yarn for you, and you may just go off and lie down to sleep." Yes, the lassie was willing enough; so she went away and lay down to sleep. When she awoke there lay the piece of linen on the table, woven so neat and close no wool could be better. So the lassie took the piece and ran down to the Queen, who was very glad to get such beautiful linen, and set greater store than ever by the lassie. But as for the others, they grew still more bitter against her and thought of nothing but how to find out something to tell about her. At last they told the Queen the lassie had said she was good to make up the piece of linen into shirts in four and twenty hours. Well, all happened as before; the lassie dared not say she couldn't sew, so she was shut up again in a room by herself, and there she sat in tears and grief. But then another old wife came who said she would sew the shirts for her if she would call her aunt on the happiest day of her life. The lassie was only too glad to do this, and then she did as the old wife told her and went and lay down to sleep. Next morning when she awoke she found the piece of linen made up into shirts, which lay on the table—and such beautiful work no one ever set eyes on; and more than that, the shirts were all marked and ready for wear. So when the Queen saw the work she was so glad at the way in which it was sewed that she clasped her hands and said: "Such sewing I never had nor even saw in all my born days!" so after that she was as fond of the lassie as of her own children, and she said to her: "Now, if you like to have the Prince for your husband you shall have him; for you will never need to hire workwomen. You can sew and spin, and weave all yourself." So as the lassie was pretty, and the Prince was glad to have her, the wedding soon came on. But just as the Prince was going to sit down with the bride to the bridal feast in came an ugly old hag with a

long nose—I'm sure it was three ells long. So up got the bride and made a courtesy and said, "Good day, auntie." "That auntie to my bride!" said the Prince. "Yes, she was." "Well, then, she'd better sit down with us to the feast," said the Prince; but to tell you the truth, both he and the rest thought she was a loathsome woman to have next you. But just then in came another ugly old hag. She had a back so humped and broad that she had hard work to get through the door. Up jumped the bride in a trice and greeted her with, "Good day, auntie!" And the Prince asked again if that were his bride's aunt. They both said yes, so the Prince said if that were to the feast. But they had scarce taken their seats before another ugly old hag came in, with eyes as large as saucers and so red and bleared 'twas gruesome to look at her. But up jumped the bride again with her "Good day, Auntie!" and her, too, the Prince asked to sit down; but I can't say he was very glad, for he thought to himself, "Heaven shield me from such aunties as my bride has." So when he had sat awhile, he could not keep his thoughts to himself any longer, but asked, "How in all the world can my bride, who is such a lovely lassie, have such loathsome, mishapen aunts?" "I'll soon tell you how it is," said the first. "I was just as good looking when I was her age, but the reason why I have got this long nose is because I was always kept sitting and poking and nodding over my spinning, and so my nose got as long as you now see it." "And I," said the second, "ever since I was young I have sat and scuttled backward and forward over my loom, and that's how my back has got so broad and humped, as you now see it." "And I," said the third, "ever since I was little I have sat and stared and sewed and sewed and stared night and day, and that's why my eyes have got so ugly and red and now there's no help for them." "So, so," said the Prince, "twas lucky I came to know this, for if folk can get so ugly and loathsome by all this, then my bride shall neither spin nor weave nor sew all her life long."

Over the Soup.

Mrs. De Snobsbye—I have an uncle, you know, who can talk French and German, and Latin and Greek—and why, all these modern foreign languages just as well as he can English, don't you know?
Young De S. (giving it away)—Why not? He's deaf and dumb.

Wanted by His Mother.

Tommy—Come out'n' play, Johnny.
Johnny—Can't.
Tommy—Whatyer gorter stay home for?
Johnny—The stove-lid is broke and ma wants me to sit on the stove and keep the smoke in.

A Slight Difference.

Donsby (a candidate)—Well, Jonaby, I am in the hands of my friends.
Jonaby (a bankrupt)—I am slightly different, Donsby; I am in the hands of my creditors.

A Work of Supererogation.

Proof-Reader—In writing your biography I see you do not chronicle your failures.
Public Man—No; there are plenty of other people to do that.

A Chicago Industry.

Clergyman—It's very odd, but I have actually had three cases of matrimony on hand this week where I have married a couple who have been divorced and have made up again.
Bingley—You ought to make that a specialty.
Clergyman—I believe I will.

Bingley—Then you can hang out the sign bearing the legend: "Repairing done with promptness and dispatch."

He Knew.

Teacher (to class in arithmetic)—John goes marketing. He buys two and a quarter pounds of sugar at 11 cents a pound, two dozen eggs at 16 cents a dozen, and a gallon and a half of milk at 20 cents a gallon. What does it all make?
Smallest Boy (hugging himself ecstatically)—Custard.

Not All Together Bootless.

Mutual Friend—Did you ask her father's consent last night?
Young Felinlove (gloomily)—Yes, I did.
M. F.—Well, your quest was not altogether bootless, was it?
Y. F. (who was assisted down the steps by the stern parent)—Well, no; not altogether.

To a Black Eye.

Cimmerian optician—How thou hast possessed Thy little world's attent. Where thou wert fair And like thy fellow, void of vicious air, None with thy character seemed much impressed; Now, in thy purple and fine linen dressed, E'en modest maidens, passing, at thee stare, Although they never met thee elsewhere. In former days unstained, wert thou so blest! Ah! Victim's even course runs on for aye And no one marks it. Good is reckoned nil.
So runs the world. Said any yesterday, "Thy dexter optic! Lo! How free from dim!" Yet now, methinks, the very asses bray And o'er thy blackened woe see how their fill.

Business Principle.

Miss Penelope Peachblow: You do not really believe that marriage is a failure?
Mr. Jonathan Trump: I do, if you have a preferred creditor, and she returns your love.

A Proverb Well Indorsed.

"Remember, my boy, time is money, and you must use it to the best advantage," said old Parrot to his nephew, at the conclusion of an hour's harangue.
"I will try to," replied the neophyte.
And as he looked at the end of the fifty-dollar check in the hallway, he murmured: "Eighty-three cents a minute; that's hours' lease well employed!"

WEEN ROCKED HIM TO SLEEP.

Pathetic Story of a Little 7-Year-Old Boy's Innocence.

A few years ago a Swedish family named Olson left the fatherland and sought a home and fortune in Canada, the promised land. They were poor, but their hearts were stout, and they had health and strength. From the confusion and strangeness of the Emigrant Sheds in Toronto, they set their faces to the West—the golden Northwest. Others might stay and starve in the crowded cities, could claim a bit of land as their own and could find health and happiness. The broad prairies of Manitoba beckoned them onward, and at last they rested on unbroken soil near Long Lake. The Olsons were amazed at the wealth of the land that spread out before them, with the virgin soil waiting for the touch of the husbandman, and they set to work with a will. A year or two passed away. The Olsons had not become rich, but they had a home that, however humble, was theirs, and they were happy.
Harvest time came. The golden grain stood ripe and heavy in the fields. The mother and the eldest children went to help the father with the harvest lest the rain might come and catch them napping. So it happened one morning little Ween, aged 7, was left all alone to care for his little brother, who was just able to toddle about the house. For an hour or two they amused themselves with their toys, and then the little one in childish play, ran about the room "playing horse." The floor was built of rough, undried boards, and in some places had become "sprung." Careless of danger, little Ole ran about until he stepped into a crack and fell. The merciless boards closed fast about his foot and held him prisoner. Striking with pain he called to his brother for help. Ween tugged away at the boards, but they refused to release their prey. Little Ole's appeals became more and more frantic. Ween went to the door and shouted for help, but no one heard him. At last, frantic with fear, he seized a dull ax that stood in the shed and rushed to the little sufferer. Still he could not pry up the boards. There was but one way now; he must cut off the little one's foot! So he raised the dull ax and brought it down. A ragged gash was made and the shrieks grew louder. "Don't cry, Ole; I will soon have you free." And down came the cruel ax again. Again and again it fell, until at last the prisoner was free. The blood frightened Ween, and he took the little one in his arms and sought to soothe it with a song he had heard his mother sing.
Rock-a-by, rock-a-by, baby, to sleep.

Little Ole's cries became fainter and fainter. His head fell lower on his brother's arm and his eyes closed. Ween thought the baby was very white, but still he sat there crooning the cradle song and waiting for the return of his father and mother. High noon came and the mother returned to prepare the frugal noonday meal. No little voices came to greet her with shouts of joy, and her mother's heart stood still with a nameless terror. Into the house she rushed. "Sh! sh!" whispered Ween. "Ole got hurt, but I rocked him to sleep."
Yes, Ole was asleep. His eyes would never open again upon earthly scenes. And little Ween rocked to and fro, singing softly:
Rock-a-by, rock-a-by, baby, to sleep.

Confession of a Famous Freebooter.

Tantia Bheel, the Bold Robin Hood of the Central Provinces, India, has made a full confession. Fifteen years ago he left his village and took up the occupation of cultivation of land. He committed some minor police offence and was sentenced to a year's imprisonment in the Nagpore Gaol. He was subsequently imprisoned in Jubbulpore Gaol, and on his release settled in Holkar's territory, but was forced to take refuge in the jungle to escape arrest consequent on a false charge of robbery. He carried on petty depredations for a year, and was arrested and imprisoned in Khudwa Gaol, whence he managed to escape. He then formed a dacoity band and commenced robberies on an extensive scale. His first dacoity was accompanied by murder and his men next pillaged and burnt a village. In one of his raids a policeman's nose was cut off. Subsequently Tantia raided on Pokra, where he cut off the nose of a woman who had helped to betray him and he robbed her daughter-in-law of all her jewels. At a robbery in the Bahut district he again cut off a policeman's nose. For the last two years, being much harassed by both the Central Province and Holkar's police, he got tired of his jungle wanderings; he was growing old, and his eyesight was failing. On a first commencing his career he could travel 60 miles at a stretch, but now not more than 20. The greater portion of his time was spent in Holkar's territory. He had never killed anybody himself, but had robbed the rich to help the poor. Last year he distributed Rs. 6,000 among the poor on the banks of the Nerbudda. He had frequently purchased bullocks for poor people. He was eventually arrested through the treachery of Gumpoot Rajpoot, to whom he had frequently given large sums of money, with which the latter had promised to purchase a pardon. He had latterly suffered severely from want of food and malaria through sleeping without shelter in the rain. He stated that other bands are now committing extensive robberies in his name. Rajaram, a native native magistrate, accused of participating in Tantia's robberies, has been convicted by the Sessions Judge and sentenced to seven years' rigorous imprisonment and fined Rs. 5,000.

Going Back to Their own Styles.

The *Ostasiatische Lloyd* says that the Empress and members of the aristocracy of Japan have given up the idea of adopting the Western styles of dress for women. The Parisian models did not please the people in general, and the historical costumes will again be worn exclusively. The great "Lady tailoring establishment" in Tokio, which has been under the charge of a Parisian, has closed its doors for lack of work to do. The *Lloyd* greets the failure of the pretended reform, declaring that a more complete orientation was never seen than a Japanese woman in a bonnet and dress of the boulevards.

Why It Ranz.

Miss Giddy—Why does the bell on your typewriter ring? Operator—It rings when people ask me silly questions. It's going to ring now.

A Famous Actress as a Beggar.

One of the late Sir Francis Doyle's sweetest and most touching poems was a ballad (which, I believe, he never published) having for its subject a tale told to him by a fair descendant of Mrs. Jordan, the famous actress, whose equal Macrae used to say that he had never seen on the stage. This tale related that one winter day Mrs. Jordan passed in her carriage a poor woman singing with feeble voice in the street, whose stony look of hopeless misery touched the successful actress' tender heart. Stopping her carriage, Mrs. Jordan told her footman to invite the poor woman to call at her address in a street close at hand.

The two women were soon alone together, and the poor street singer told her sympathizing interlocutor that she was a widow and had just been turned out by her landlord, together with her starving children, into the frost-bitten street. Mrs. Jordan quickly borrowed the wretched woman's shawl and bonnet and the shirt of her worn dress, and putting them on, told her to wait by the fire until she herself returned. In a few moments the silence of the street was broken by a heavenly voice issuing clear and sweet from the throat of the most exquisite ballad singer ever heard on the English boards.

From beneath a tattered bonnet, from within a greasy shawl, That unobscured tide of music filled with life the souls of all: And the touch as of a spirit to their fluttered pulses clung, With a strange enchanting rapture, as that ragged woman sang.

Arrested by a voice the like of which they had never heard, the workmen paused on their homeward journey to thrust pennies into the singer's hand. Presently the windows of the houses that she passed opened spontaneously, and a stream of silver fell at her feet. For three-quarters of an hour she continued to gather in the money harvest, which included several gold pieces contributed by carriage folk. Then she hurried to the starving widow's side, restored to her the bonnet, shawl, and gown, and poured a flood of money into her lap. The ballad ends:—

Not in vain from out her bosom had that music torrent leapt, For beyond her earth-born hearers star-crowned angels smiled and wept; And a solemn utterance floated from our Father's place of rest, Lovens of their fellow-creatures are the beings I love best.

She Has a Little List.

At a State street jeweller's:—"Here I've been for two mortal hours trying to buy a wedding present for Gertrude T— with \$25, and positively the only things I can find that I really like are a \$10 fan and a \$500 miniature!"

"No, but haven't you seen her list?"
"Oa, what list?"
"You have evidently not been to call on her lately. Why she's adopted a brand new English fashion, and has a list of all the things she wants given her displayed on a small table in the drawing room, so that all her visitors can examine it for themselves and mark off the articles they prefer to give. It is a strip of satin paper about two yards long, and a gold pencil lies beside it."

"Are all the articles mentioned expensive?"
"Oh, dear, no! Some of them are, but others are mere trifles. It's like this:—A gold thimble, a Stelway baby grand piano, a writing case, a pair of sleeve links, a glove buttoner, a pearl necklace, a lace handkerchief, silver folks and spoons, a gold pen, silver tea service, and so on. Gertrude told me she's nearly sure her father intends to give her the piano, and she examines the list first thing every morning, hoping to see a cross against the 'baby grand,' but it's not there yet."

"There's always a fashion in wedding presents. Last year was a lamp year. No bride of '88 will ever need to buy a lamp if she lives to be a hundred."

"And this year. Why, this year it's candlesticks. There is a flood of candlesticks of all kinds and sizes and values. 'Louis XIV.,' 'Renaissance,' 'Wedgewood,' 'Leeds' and 'Sevree,' they just pour in on the brides, at least on those who don't follow the new fashion, and there are lots of girls who won't. They say it seems too much like asking for things. And it's true one can't help having a little feeling of that sort. But it's foolish."—[Chicago News.]

I's Great Advantages.

Miss Gabbe (to Mrs. Mackintire, who has put on glasses for the first time)—"I should think you'd hate to wear them; they're not a bit becoming." Mrs. Mackintire—"They may not improve my looks, but then I have this satisfaction: They enable me to see other people's imperfections, you know. You can't begin to think how plainly I can see other people's crowfeet and wrinkles, Miss Gabbe—indeed you can't."

The Burden of His Thoughts.

An estimable physician, who is dabbling in real estate, recently forgot to give the necessary instructions along with the prescription. On being aroused from his sleep to tell the family how the medicine was to be administered, he replied, "One half down, and the balance in one and two years."

Where He Drew It.

A lawyer gave a dinner party, after which the gentlemen retired to smoke and chat. All at once he got up, took down a sword which formed part of a trophy, and brandishing it in the air, exclaimed: "Ah! gentlemen, I shall never forget the day when I drew this blade for the first time!" "Pray, where did you draw it?" said an enquiring guest. "At a rifle," was the lawyer's simple rejoinder.

Distributing His Favors.

Young Mr. Green—"Henry, dear, do you think so much bread and molasses is good for Harry?"
Young Mr. Green—"Certainly it's good for him. Don't you know 'bread is the staff of life'?"
Young Mrs. Green—"Ye-e-e-s—but so much molasses, you know!"
Young Mr. Green—"Well, what of it? He doesn't eat the molasses; he leaves that on the door knob."

An Empress Who Cooks.

The Empress of Austria is the best royal housekeeper in Europe. She is as thoroughly acquainted with the details of the Imperial Austrian kitchen as her husband is with the details of the Imperial Austrian Government. She superintends the household affairs of the big palace at the Austrian capital with the greatest care. She receives personally, reads and acts upon reports from cooks, butlers, keepers of the plate, and keepers of the linen. Cooking devices which have become inconvenient or antiquated are abolished only at her command. New methods of preparing or serving food are adopted only at her suggestion. Changes in the personnel of the establishment are made for the most part only in obedience to her orders. Consequently a person can eat, drink, sleep and be served better in her house than in any other in Europe.

The kitchen in which the food for the bluest blood of Austria is cooked is a huge room with all the arrangements at each end for preparing fish fowl and beast for the table. Fifty chickens can be cooked at once on one of the big whirling spits. Against the side walls from floor to ceiling stand scores upon scores of chafing dishes. In these dishes, all of which are self-warming, the meats are carried to the carving room, where they are returned to the kitchen ready to be served. The boiling and laking and frying and carrying and cutting occupy a small regiment of servants. Twenty-five male cooks, in white clothes, dress, spit, season and stuff the meats. As many female cooks prepare the vegetables, the puddings and the salads. A dozen or more boys hurry the birds, fish and joints from the kitchen to the carving room, where long lines of carvers slice and joint everything laid before them.

Mrs. Mackay's Parrot.

London is marvellously empty, but entertainments are still given at Mrs. Mackay's. It is true that the hostess herself is not yet at home, but a grand green parrot has sat at the open window since last Sunday, looking out to Buckingham gate, and attracting hundreds by its humorous conduct. I have seen and heard many parrots, but never one like this. I was returning from the park on Sunday when I first saw it. The pavement in front of the window was thronged and everybody was roaring with laughter, for the bird itself was laughing so heartily that its example was contagious. At last it said, with intense emphasis, "Well, I declare," and then burst into convulsions of laughter again in a manner really too ludicrous.

It exchanged remarks with the spectators, it halted passing hansom, and on being asked what o'clock it was, it replied: "Half-past four," which was, in fact, correct, incredible as it may seem, the bird, on Monday afternoon, was asked the same question, and replied, accurately: "A quarter to five." So great has been the attraction of this gay green bird that the police have had to keep moving the people on to prevent obstruction of the traffic. "Go on!" cried the bird.—[St. Stephen's Gazette.]

Cleaning Men's Clothing.

The process of cleaning men's and boys' clothing is perfectly simple, though laborious and unpleasant. Diagonal, cassimere and such materials will stand washing, and if a coat, vest or pair of trousers is very dirty or shiny this is the best way to clean and freshen it up. It is the way the professional scourers do it. First, make a strong soap-suds with clean warm water. Never wash cloth in water that has been used for other things, as it will make it linty. Soak the garment up and down in the suds and rub out all dirty places and grease spots. If very much soiled, it may go through a second suds; then rinse well through several waters as warm as the suds and hang up to dry. When almost dry roll it up for an hour or so; then press it. The secret of pressing without having the goods look shiny is to put a piece of old muslin between the goods and the iron and to take up the iron without fall before the steam stops rising from the cloth. If there are bad wrinkles or shiny places, put a wet cloth over them and press with a hot iron, not forgetting to lift off the iron when the full head of steam is rising, so that the nap of the cloth will be lifted.

An Earnest Request.

Harriet Beecher Stowe's son, the Rev. Charles E. Stowe, of Hartford, Conn., met with an experience recently, which completely nonplused him. One evening quite recently he dined with Mrs. J. W. Boardman, proprietress of the Hotel Woodruff. Visiting Mrs. Boardman is a cute, little niece about five years of age. She is a regular chatterbox, and makes many bright remarks during a day. Fearing lest the child would astonish the preacher by some outlandish saying, her aunt warned her to keep mum during the dinner.

The admonition was listened to with awe, and at the table the little one scarcely dared look at Mr. Stowe, not wishing to commit a supposed sin. While the servant was absent from the room, the little girl noticed there was no butter on her small pink dish.

She didn't mind holding her tongue, but to eat bread without butter—that would never do. She took a survey of the table, and lo and behold, the butter dish was directly in front of the preacher. Wistfully she gazed at both for a few seconds. Never in her brief existence did she appear so pensive. Then gathering all her courage and clearing her throat she said: "Dear pastor, won't you please, for Christ's sake, pass the butter?"

The Rev. Mr. Stowe never received such a shock. He leaned over in his chair to pick up his napkin, which, of course, had not fallen. Mrs. Boardman must at that moment arrange a window-curtain, and the other guests were suddenly troubled with a friendly cough.

Little Mabel, self-satisfied that she had done the proper caper, was the only one at the table who could positively prove that she was alive.

No Difference.

Doctor—"Not so well to-day, eh? Have you kept him quiet and given him his medicine regularly?" Mrs. Richard Bevinlin Buckner—"Dry ain't been nobody in de room wid him 'cept me an' de children, so he's been nice an' quiet; an' I give him de medicine like you tole me—three spoonfuls every hour." Doctor—"Great heavens, woman, it's a wonder he's alive! I said one spoonful every three hours." Mrs. Buckner—"Well, now, Doc, dey ain't no difference between one three an' dey ones. Count 'em fo' yo'-self an' see."—[Harper's Bazar.]