

Young Folks' Department.

Why He Cried.

They were such frightful, frightful screams, mingled with piteous shrieks; could it be Ted? Yes, there he stood, Tears rolling down his cheeks.

Grandma and grandpa, cousins, aunts, Quickly we all rushed out, Trembling and pale; some dreadful thing Had happened now, no doubt.

"What is it, Ted, dear?" we cried, Our hearts with fear a-bound.

"The little cake Cook baked for me Is square; I wait it round!"

THE BREMEN TOWN MUSICIANS.

There was a man who owned a donkey, which he carried his sacks to the mill industriously for many years, but whose strength had come to an end, so that the poor beast grew more and more unfit for work. The master determined to stop his food, but the donkey discovering that there was no good intended to him, ran away and took the road to Bremen. "There," thought he, "I can turn Town Musician."

When he had gone a little way he found a hound lying on the road panting like one who was tired with running. "Hello! what are you panting so for, worthy Seize'em?" asked the donkey.

"Oh!" said the dog, "just because I am old, and get weaker every day, and cannot go out hunting, my master wanted to kill me, so I have taken leave of him; but how shall I gain my living now?"

"I'll tell you what," said the donkey. "I am going to Bremen to be town musician; come with me and take to music, too, I will play the flute and you shall beat the drum."

The dog liked the idea, and they traveled on. It was not long before they saw a cat sitting by the road, making a face like three rainy days.

"Now, then, what has gone wrong with you, old Whisker," said the donkey.

"Who can be merry when his neck is in danger?" answered the cat. "Because I am advanced in years, and my teeth are blunt, and I like sitting before the fire and purring better than chasing the mice about, my mistress wanted to drown me. I have managed to escape, but good advice is scarce; tell me where I shall go."

"Come with us two to Bremen; you understand serenading; you also can become a Town Musician."

The cat thought it a capital idea, and went with them. Soon after the three runaways came to a farmyard, and there sat a cock on the gate, rowing with might and main.

"You crow loud enough to deafen one," said the donkey; "what is the matter with you?"

"I prophesied fair weather," said the cock, "because it is our good mistress's washing day, and she wants to dry the clothes; but because to-morrow is Sunday, and company is coming, the mistress has no pity on me, and has told the cook to put me into the soup to-morrow, and I must have my head cut off to-night; so now I am crowing with all my might as long as I can."

"O you old redhead," said the donkey, "you had better come with us; we are going to Bremen, where you will certainly find something better than having your head cut off; you have a good voice, and if we all make music together it will be something striking."

The cock liked the proposal and they went on, all four together.

But they could not reach the city of Bremen in one day and they came in the evening to a wood, where they agreed to spend the night. The donkey and the dog laid themselves down under a great tree, but the cat and the cock went higher—the cock flying up to the topmost branch, where he was safest. Before he went to sleep he looked round toward all the four points of the compass and he thought he saw a spark shining in the distance. He called to his companions that there must be a house not far off, for he could see a light. The donkey said: "Then we must rise and go to it, for the lodgings here are very bad;" and the dog said, "Yes, a few bones with a little flesh on them would do me good." So they took the road in the direction where the light was, and soon saw it shine brighter, and it got larger and larger till they came to a brilliantly illuminated robber's house. The donkey being the biggest, got up at the window and looked in.

"What do you see, Greybeard?" said the cock.

"What do I see?" answered the donkey, "a table covered with beautiful food and drink, and robbers are sitting round it and enjoying themselves."

"That would do nicely for us," said the cock.

"Yes, indeed, if we were only there," replied the donkey.

The animals then consulted together how they should manage to drive out the robbers till at last they settled on a plan. The donkey was to place himself with his forefeet on the window-sill, the dog to climb on the donkey's back and the cat on the dog's and at last the cock was to fly up and perch himself on the cat's head. When that was done at a signal they began their music all together—the donkey brayed the dog barked, the cat mewled and the cock crowed; then, with one great smash, they dashed through the window into the room, so the glass clattered down. The robbers jumped up at this dreadful noise, thinking that nothing less than a ghost was coming in and ran away into the wood in a great fright. The four companions then sat down at the table, quite content with what was left there, and ate as if they were expecting to fast for a month to come.

When the four musicians had finished, they put out the light, and each one looked for a suitable and comfortable sleeping place. The donkey lay down on the dunghill, the dog behind the door, the cat on the hearth near the warm ashes, and the cock set himself on the hen-roost; and, as they were all tired with their long journey they soon went to sleep. Soon after midnight, as the robbers in the distance could see that no more lights were burning in the house, and as all seemed quiet, the captain said: "We ought not to have let ourselves be scared so easily," and sent one of them to examine the house. The messenger found everything quite, went into the kitchen to light a candle, and, thinking the cat's shiny fiery eyes were live coals, he held a match to them to light it. But the cat did not understand the joke, flew in his face, spat at him and scratched. He was dreadfully frightened, ran away, and was going out of the back door when the dog, who was lying there, jumped up and bit him in the leg.

As he ran through the yard, past the dunghill, the donkey gave him a good kick with his hind foot, and the cock, being awakened and made quite lively by the noise, called out from the hen-roost, "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

The robber ran as fast as he could back to the captain and said: "Oh, dear! in the house sits a horrid old witch, who flew at me and scratched my face with her long fingers, and by the door stands a man with a knife, who stabbed me in the leg, and in the yard lies a black monster who hit me with a club, and up on the roof there sits the judge, who called out: 'Bring the rascal up here.' So I made the best of my way off."

From that time the robbers never trusted themselves again in the house, but the four musicians liked it so well that they could not make up their minds to leave it, and spent there the remainder of their days, and the last person who told the story is ready to vouch for a fact.—[From Miss Mulock's Fairy Tales.]

The Strongest of Women.

The strongest woman on earth has not been long in making her appearance at the music halls, and according to accounts, if she had visited the Aquarium some few weeks ago she might almost have entered the lists with Cyclops, for she seems to think nothing of lifting 250 pounds. If such a Dallah had been found for Samson, strategy would scarcely have been necessary to sneer his locks. She might have gained her object by main force. Mme. Victorine, as I believe this muscular lady is called, is a Swiss, and for many years was ignorant of her extraordinary strength, or, at any rate, of its marketable value. It was only by chance she discovered it. One day when out walking, she saw two men vainly endeavoring to lift a huge fender from a cart. Smiling at their unsuccessful efforts she volunteered her aid, and, to their extreme surprise, accomplished the feat unassisted. The story reaching the ears of an eager exhibitor, overtures for introducing her to an admiring public were instantly made, and after a few weeks of severe training she made her first appearance. She is indeed a prodigy, for in addition to her really marvellous strength she is not, like so many wonders, unpleasant to look upon. But is extremely fair of form and face. This makes the third exhibition of unusual muscle in London, for Samson still has a number of admirers and sympathizers, while Sandow is drawing crowds at the Alhambra.

A Trillion Kisses.

The case of the Plymouth man who had his love-letters produced and read in court, should teach other lovers moderation in the making of osculatory contracts, says London Tit Bits. In a single postscript the Plymouth man undertook to deliver to the lady of his choice no fewer than 1,000,000,000,000 kisses, and as such contracts are not infrequently made in love-letters, it may be well to give a thought to the magnitude of the undertaking.

Whoever will take the trouble to figure it out will find that even if this amorous man should give the lady 15,000 kisses a minute (and we affirm that no person could hope to do more than that), and even if he could keep up this rate of osculation twenty-four hours a day, never pausing to sleep, eat, or take breath, working 365 days every year, it would take him more than 100 years to complete the contract, and by that time, it would be painful to reflect, the ardour of his love may have cooled.

Even at the end of 100 years, counting 15,000 kisses a minute, there would remain an undelivered balance of 200,000,000,000, a number which in itself might appal the most industrious. We therefore feel constrained to advise writers of love-letters not to undertake contracts of such magnitude.

He Took It Philosophically.

A Toronto little boy declared a philosophic independence and accepted the consequences in so matter-of-fact a way last week that it may make a story, even if it is not so very funny. His mother dressed him up in a new flannel shirt and sent him to school. The shirt irritated his cuticle, or, in other words, he itched. When he came home that night he was cross, and very cross for so small a boy, and he declared he and the shirt had parted company forever. The next morning, as his mother prepared to dress him for school, the boy drew the line at the shirt. "No," said he, "I don't want to wear that shirt." A brief debate ensued, in which the boy appeared to have formed his opinion and to have decided to stick to it. The question when put to the house was carried by the boy, who would not don the shirt.

"If you will not wear it," said his mother, "I shall send you back to bed."

Back to bed he went. He got no dinner. Afternoon came. A neighbor went to see him, his mother telling her that she had a bad boy up stairs. The boy lay there in bed wide awake, his little cheeks flushed with the situation, but showing no signs of change of heart.

"Don't you want to go to school?" asked the neighbor.

"School?" was the reply. "I shall never go to school again."

"Don't you want to go?"

"Yes, but I can't, I've got to stay here."

"All your life?"

"Yes," was the reply; "all my life. I shan't ever get up again, prob'ly."

What could a mother's heart do against so philosophic an acceptance of the termination of a career as this? What but kiss him at tea and go and buy the little branch of pluck some downy undershirts that should never tickle him.

A Lesson in Grammar.

Tramp—"Will you please give me some breakfast?"

Billious—"Do you see that wood?"

Tramp—"Yes, I see that wood."

Billious—"Well, you'll say I saw that wood before you get anything to eat here."

Downing a Lie.

Editor's Wife—"Pretty condition for you to come home in—staggering through the streets in broad daylight."

Dilapidated Spouse—"Couldn't help it, my dear; been accused of (sic) bribery."

"Bribery?"

"Yes, my dear; people said I was (hic) bribed to oppose prohibition. Had to show folks I posed prohibition m'own accord."—[New York Weekly.]

"BUT I AIN'T GO' NO HOME!"

A Pathetic Incident of Life in a Great City—Think Twice Before Denying Help One.

The incident here related is an actual occurrence which happened only a few days ago in the outskirts of a city not five hundred miles from "Toronto the Good." The names of the persons figuring in the story are withheld because their publication could be of no possible service.

It was that wet, dismal day which succeeded by a night of chilling frost. The straggling houses along the muddy street looked hardly less bleak and forbidding than did the patches of open prairie between. But within many of the houses there were signs of the approach of a holiday where plenty is present and mirth overflows. Toward one of these houses a boy made his way along the path diagonally across the vacant lot next to it. The boy's feet were thrust into shoes which were much too big and much too old for him. His clothing was tattered and insufficient. His face was ashy pale and his eyes had the half-startled look of one who has had a glance at the path which leads to another world. The poor little hands were thrust into pockets which had sides but no bottoms. His drawn and dirty face was partly protected by the unkempt locks of hair which might have been curly and pretty if properly cared for, and by a hat with a hole burned into the crown, which was pulled down over his brow. A poor, insignificant, sht filling, almost disreputable-looking object the boy was as he plowed through the mud and made his way up to the door, bedraggled and forlorn.

In answer to his knock a well-preserved woman, whose appearance denoted comfortable circumstances, and three children, whose chubby faces and laughing eyes did not belie their mother's looks, appeared at the door.

"Please, ma'am, give me something to eat?"

"Why should I give you your vittuals? Why don't you go home and get your meals?"

"I can't get no home, ma'am."

"That's what you all say. Who taught you that?"

"Please, ma'am, nobody."

The little fellow glanced longingly into the bright interior, where heaps of goodies on a table were in preparation for the Christmas feast. Then, with a clutching of his little fists and a choking of his throat, he turned to go down the steps and off again into the cold and wet.

"Wait a minute!" cried the woman after him. "Flossie, get the boy some bread and butter."

"An' one of 'o' tookies, mamma," pleaded the smallest one of the group in the door.

"Yes, and one of the cookies, Flossie."

They gave him a chair just inside the door. His feet just barely touched the floor as he sat there munching upon the white bread and butter and the cookies which the little maiden brought to him. And when he had finished and washed down the repast with a cup of milk he reached down beside the chair for his old hat, which he had thrown to the floor as he came in. But it was hard for him to slip out of the chair. It seemed as if all his troubles might find an end in that cosy little room. Why was it that he had to go out into the rain and tramp on, always tramp on? And his head was so heavy, too.

"Please, ma'am, won't you let me go out in the barn and lie down? Please do, ma'am. Please give me something to cover me up with and let me go out there to sleep."

"Boy, it's getting near night. You must go home."

"But I ain't got no home."

"Well, we can't have you hanging around here. We have given you a square meal, and now you are warm, and I guess you better go."

The boy slid out of the chair and opened the door. He turned just before going out. In his eyes was a hunger which had not been satisfied. He looked up in the woman's face and in his dry, broken voice, more pitiful because the tears in it had long before been exhausted, said:

"Why is it that I can always get something to eat but never any place to sleep? Why do they always tell me to go on? And I am so tired—I am so sleepy. All I want is a place to lay down and rest."

Then he "moved on" out into the wet and gathering darkness, out into the cold. And next morning the policeman on that beat found his little body, cold and stiff, "resting" on a pile of leaves beside the fence in the vacant lot.

He Was Our King.

That the old Jacobite feeling still survives in the Highlands of Scotland is evidenced by the following incident which occurred while Queen Victoria was in Perthshire. Her Majesty had requested an old Highland laird to visit her, and when he did so, very graciously received him, thanked him for coming, and then explained why she wished to see him. "I should like to know," she said, "the exact spot where the Pretender landed, and —" She was allowed to proceed no further. Instantly the old chief answered, "He was no pretender, ma'am; he was our king." "I beg your pardon," said the Queen, kindly; "I ought not to have used that word, I should have said Prince Charles Edward." Then by way of honoring the gruff old Jacobite, she added, "You know that I, too, have Stuart blood in my veins." "Yes, I know it," was the reply, "and were it not for that you would not be where you are." This plain speaking, which rather startled her retinue, did not displease the Queen; on the contrary, she was amused at it, and seemed to like it, and it roused her interest in her uncourtly-mannered subject, and her way of taking it went to his heart, and unbent and softened his stern spirit. They talked long together, and they parted like old friends. On the Queen's return to the castle where she was staying, she said to her host, "I have just met one of the most honest men in my realm."

Better Than He Thought.

Patient—"That medicine you gave me for my cold, doctor, cured me entirely."

Doctor (in surprise)—"Did it? Well, blamed if I don't believe I'll try it myself. I can't get rid of mine."—[Times.]

THE COMING INFLUENZA.

Causes of the Disease and Some Hints for Its Treatment.

It is quite possible that the epidemic of influenza, now prevalent in certain parts of the Old World, will soon make its appearance in this country; although the approach of such a disease is not usually heralded by a few isolated cases, such as have been described as occurring within the past few days. As a rule, the epidemic, starting from a certain point—many epidemics have first appeared in Russia—travels, sometimes quite rapidly and sometimes very slowly, until it has traversed an immense area, and dies out at some point far distant from its apparent origin. If the epidemic should attack the city of New York, it is probable that great numbers of persons would be affected simultaneously; the disease would run its course in individual cases in from three to six or eight days, and the epidemic would probably continue from four to eight or ten weeks.

This, at least, is the course which the history of previous epidemics would lead us to expect; but the later epidemics have usually been much milder than those of former years. The exciting cause of the disease undoubtedly is atmospheric, but its exact nature has not been ascertained. There are evidences that the disease is slightly contagious; but contagion is a factor of little importance.

AS REGARDS ITS PROPAGATION.

If the micrococcus described by Seiffert, in 1884, be shown to be characteristic of influenza, this fact will have an important bearing upon the treatment of the disease. It is almost certain, however, that the disease is due to the presence of a microbe introduced through the air passages.

An attack of influenza is very like an ordinary bronchitis which has been preceded by a cold in the head. The main point of difference is that the fever, general sense of discomfort, and depression of the system, are much greater than is warranted by the local trouble. In point of fact, the characteristic symptoms of influenza are seldom if ever seen except during an epidemic. If the epidemic should prevail in any place, no one affected would find any difficulty in very speedily recognizing the fact.

While an epidemic may, in general terms, be called mild or severe, as the case may be, in all epidemics individual cases vary immensely as regards severity. Unless complicated with some inflammatory disease, influenza is seldom fatal; but relapses may occur during the same epidemic, and one attack does not secure immunity from the future. A mild case is usually preceded by a sense of languor and general discomfort, which may last for a day or two; there is then a tickling sensation in the nose and throat, soon followed by acute inflammation of the mucous membrane of the nose and in the form of a severe cold in the head. There is always more or less headache, which sometimes is intense, and some irregular fever. A general bronchitis is developed soon after the inflammation of the mucous membrane of the nose. In very mild cases the disease may run its course in three or four days, but the usual duration is seven or eight days. In this form the disease is attended with no danger, but there is very great discomfort, and those afflicted often are confined to the bed for several days. In nearly all cases there is

REMARKABLE NERVOUS DEPRESSION,

with low spirits and neuralgias, denoting considerable general disturbance of the system.

In severe cases the attack is usually sudden and may begin with a chill, followed by high fever, intense nervous depression, severe neuralgic pains, headache, and even delirium. Still, even these cases, when uncomplicated, are rarely fatal. The complication most likely to occur is bronchopneumonia, which may intervene early in the disease. Ordinary pneumonia, when it occurs, is observed in the later stages of the disease. Inflammation of the small bronchial tubes, or capillary bronchitis, a very serious complication, may occur. Oedema of the lungs is another occasional complication. Serious or fatal complications, however seldom occur, except in old or debilitated persons.

If a sudden epidemic of influenza should make its appearance, it is probable that a large number of persons would be simultaneously affected, many of whom might be able to secure early medical advice. It would be important for all to avoid excesses or other depressing influences, and to be careful to protect the body from cold. An ordinary "cold," at the time of an epidemic, would certainly predispose to the disease. Attention to the general health would in many instances secure exemption, and would certainly render the system better able to resist the disease should it occur. The first indication of a severe cold in the head, especially if preceded by languor, a sense of fatigue, headache, and symptoms of nervous depression, should be met by prompt and

VIGOROUS MEASURES OF TREATMENT.

No epidemic of influenza has occurred since physicians have fully recognized the importance of antiseptic remedies in cases of disease due to micro-organisms, so that experience as regards the use of such remedies is as yet imperfect. Safe measures of this kind, however, may be employed before a physician is consulted; and it is probable that such measures may suffice in many cases, and the disease may thus be rendered mild and even trivial in its character.

On the first appearance of the characteristic symptoms a full dose of quinine should be taken. In an adult without any constitutional peculiarity unfavorable to the action of quinine, the first dose should be twenty grains; after this ten grains may be taken three times a day, unless there should be intense ringing in the ears, with some impairment of hearing. An attempt should also be made to destroy the microbe by local applications. These may be made to the nose and throat. A snuff made of a drachm and a half of powdered sugar, a drachm and a half of roasted coffee finely powdered, and three grains of menthol, thoroughly mixed should be used. This should be

DRAWN INTO THE NOSTRILS,

if possible, as far back as the throat, every hour or half hour, or even oftener. This may be used as freely as desired. A gargle of one drachm of borax, one drachm of salicylic acid, one fluid ounce of glycerine, and seven ounces of rose-water should be used three or four times in the day. At night ten grains of Dover's powder, with

hot drinks and abundant bed-clothing, to promote perspiration, will be useful.

Influenza, or "la grippe," as it is called by the French, is by no means an agreeable visitor, but there are no known sanitary measures by which its advent can be prevented. Recent epidemics have been so mild that it is hardly probable that it would prostrate a community as it did in former years. In the epidemic of 1729-30 more than sixty thousand persons were ill with the disease in Vienna. The same influence has also extended to domestic animals, especially horses, in the form of an epizootic. Although the disease may attack a great many persons, and, of itself, is seldom fatal, it is nearly always the case during an epidemic that the general rate of mortality is largely increased.

The New Year's Baby.

"That's welcome, little bonnie bird. But shouldn't he come just when the old times are bad."—OLD ENGLISH BALLAD.

Hoot! ye little rascal! ye come in on me this way, Crowdin' yerself amonget us, this blusterin' winter's day, Knowin' that we already have three of ye an' seven, An' tryin' to make yourself out a New Year's present o' Heaven?

Ten of ye have we now, sir, for this world to abuse; An' Bobbie he have no waistcoat, an' Nellie she have no shoes, And Sammie he have no shirt, sir, (I tell it to his shame), An' the one that was just before ye we ain't had time to name!

An' all o' the banks be smashin', an' on us poor folk fall; An' boss he whittles the wages when work's to be had at all; An' Tom he have cut his foot off, an' lies in a woful plight, An' all of us wonders at mornin' as what we shall eat at night.

An' but for your father and Sandy a finding somewhat to do, An' but for the preacher's woman, who often helps us through, An' but for your poor dear mother a-doin' twice her part, Ye'd a seen us all in Heaven afore ye was ready to start!

An' now ye have come, ye rascal! so healthy an' fat an' sound, A-weighin' I'll wager a dollar, the fall of a dozen pound! With your mother's eyes a-flaashin'; yer father's flesh an' build, An' a good big mouth an' a stomach all ready to be filled!

No, no! don't cry, my baby! hush up, my pretty one! Don't get my chaff in yer eye boy—I only was just in fun. Ye'll like us when ye know us, though we're cur'st folks; But we don't get much vittual, an' half our livin' is jokes!

Why, boy, do you take me in earnest? Come, sit upon my knee; I'll tell ye a secret, youngster—I'll name ye after me. Ye shall have all your brothers an' sisters with ye to play, An' ye shall have yer carriage, and ride out every day!

Why, boy, do you think ye'll suffer? I'm getting a triffle old, But it'll be many years yet before I lose my hold; An' if I should fall on the road, boy, still them's yer brothers there, An' not a rogue of 'em ever would see ye harmed a hair!

Say! when ye come from Heaven, my little name-sake dear, Did ye see, 'monget the little there, a face like this one here? That was yer little sister—she died a year ago, An' all of us cried like babies when they laid her under the snow!

Hang it! if all the rich men I ever see or know Came here with all their traps, boy, and offered 'em for you, I'll show 'em to the door, sir, so quick they'd think it odd, Before I'd sell to another my New Year's gift from God!

A Child's Sympathy.

Not many days ago a gentleman had taken affectionate leave of his wife and daughter, for a three months' trip abroad. The child, a lovely little girl of two and a half years, stood by a chair with her thumb in her mouth—a favorite pastime, and to her, a panacea for all her childish ills. She watched her mother for a few moments, saw the tears filling the lovely eyes, and dropping one by one from her cheeks, then went to her side, and with a comforting tone, looking pityingly up into her face, said: "Mamma, suck 'oo fum!"

Illustrating an Old Adage.

Yeast: "Everything I drink goes right to my head." Crimbeek: "That only goes to prove the truth of the old saying, then." Yeast: "What's that?" Crimbeek: "There's plenty of room at the top."

The Russian government has issued a decree imposing additional limitations upon traffic on the German frontier, making the regulations governing commerce almost prohibitive. A general outcry has been raised against the new order on both sides of the border line, but it is unlikely that the protest will compel a modification of the edict.

Lsonide Apastoloff, a Cosack engineer, is at work on a new boat, which he says will make 80 knots an hour on the surface of the sea, and 120 knots at full speed under water. His idea is to use the motive power of the screw to the fullest extent. The boat is shaped like a spindle, and consists of an inner and an outer shell, the inner one revolving on journals fitted at each end of a horizontal shaft that runs through the axis of a spindle. Beginning at a point near the bow, and winding twice round the outer shell is a blade perpendicular to the axis of the spindle, very much like the thread of a screw. As the outer shell revolves, this screw thread will worm the craft through the water. The screw will be turned by an electric motor, with a storage system. We hope it will go, but we confess to some doubts about the 120 knots an hour.