YOUNG FOLKS.

The Early Owl.

An owl once lived in a hollow tree. And he was as wise as wise could be. The branch of learning he didn't know Coald scarce on the tree of knowledge grow rie knew the tree from branch to root, And an owl like that can afford to hoot.

And he hooted—until, alas! one day He chanced to hear, in a casual way, And insignificant little bird Make use of a term he had never heard. He was flying to bed in the dawning light When he heard her singing with all her

"Hurray! hurray for the early worm!" "Dear me!" said the owl, what a singular

I would look it up if it weren't so late; I must rise at dusk to investigate. Early to bed and early to rise. Makes an owl healthy and stealthy and

wise!' So he slept like an honest owl all day, And rose in the early twilight gray, And went to work in the dusky light To look for the early worm all night.

He searched the country for miles around. But the early worm was not to be found. So he went to bed in the dawing light. And looked for the "worm" again next

And again and again, and again and again. He sought and he sought, but all in vain. Till he must have looked for a year and a day For the early worm in the twilight gray.

At last in despair he gave up the search. And was heard to remark, as he sat on his

By the side of his nest in the hollow tree, The thing is as plain as night to me-Nothing can shake my conviction firm, There's no such thing as the early worm." -Oliver Herford, in St. Nicholas.

The Smiling Muscles.

only to young people, but to many of the able, little girl's elders, who have fallen into her bad habit of frowning. Though she had boy heard him. He got up, crept downthe advantage of beginning early to train stairs, and met Mr. Jones in the kitchen. the right muscles, much can be done in later years, by continual and conscientious I thought I'd come and tell you before you effort, to remove those traces of worry and saw it in the morning.' irritability which so disfigure the face. Here is the latter half of the story :-

her to the mirror. "Look in there, my child. What do you

"First, dry your eyes. Now look at careful." yourself. That is not an ugly face, even | Mr. Jones looked at the boy from head to full of sweet temper. The laughing mus- heartily : cles are strong and flexible-you see they | "Sam, give me your hand; shake hands. is quite a new one, too, Nanny, not settled in you. Go to bed." and hopeless. . Here," pointing between the brows, "is the trouble. You better friends after taat than Sam and he. use these muscles too much. You will soon Sam thinks justice had not been done Mr. have a mark there that will stay, I'm Jones. If the boys had treated him honafraid."

first cold morning." We can make our faces, like our manners, only know that Sam Fisher finds in Mr. largely what we like; as we can be rude Jones a kind master and a faithful friend. and abrupt, or gentle and considerate, so we can be dark and forbidding in countenance, or open, fair and sweet. Keep the right face muscles in training, and the mood will be pretty certain to follow their action."

Nan laughed merrily. "What do I know about muscles, mamma? You are so scien-

"What you do not know you can learn. A docile spirit need never show a sour

"Please tell me how. Often when Don and Rick call me cross, I don't feel so. may be only thinking.'

"Sit down. It has seemed to me that if you would think to a little better purpose, you might avoid being found so much fault with-as you call it.'

"But, isn't thinking of one's self van-

" Not if you think with the hope of making yourself more loveable to those about you. To study to be pleasing is not van-

"But when I haven't thought of feeling hateful, why do I look so?"

"Because you are not on your guard. have myself often got an unconscious look at myself in the glass and have seen looks of worry when I wasn't ill. Ah, these muscles you know so little about, Nanny-they are very ready tale-tellers."

"They are story-tellers, you mean. They tell what isn't so.'

"They get into bad ways. And if you do not want them to make mistakes, you must educate them."

"But I might study physiology a whole gear and yet look cross all the time." "So you might if you didn't take the trouble to rule your face from within." Nanny discerned her meaning.

"I should be like an idiot if I always

laughed," she said. "Don't be perverse, daughter. You know very well what I mean. Try this rule for a week, and see what the result will be. Whenever you feel irritable, even in a alight degree, go to the glass and straighten every drawn line into repose. You need not laugh, nor smile, but relax the tension of the worry and see to it that there is not one visible trace of it left. By that time your fret will have vanished."

but with general result of good. While she did it she never had reason to complain that

people called her cross. In later years Nanny Falconer had a famous face. "You never have any trouble," some one said to her, even when she was passing through bitter waters, "you always look

glad. An old negro describing her called her, "The lady with the glory-to-God face." And everywhere she went the sunshine of happy looks was shed broadcast about her.

She herself told me this story, of how she came to realize that a pleasant countenance is largely a matter of will, and that worried looks, and cross and sad looks, are things of habit which can be educated away.

He Dared to Tell the Truth:

accounted a hard master. He never kept enormous circulation of 1,250,000. It is was not very hard, opening and sweeping sumes in a twelvemonth 120,000 fir trees, that the people are cowed, suspicious, ugly Monaco and sailed south the very next day. ing itself up hand over hand, as sailors out the shop, chopping wood, going errands, each having an estimated height of 66 feet, and stupid. and helping round. At last Sam Fisher | equal to the annual clearing of a forest went to live with him.

"Sam's a good boy," said his mother. "I should like to see a bog nowadays that | es the "Petit Journal" in sale.

had a spark of goodness in him," growled

the new master. It is always bad to begin with a man that has no confidence in you, because, do your best, you are likely to have little credit for it. However, Sam thought he would try. The wages were good and his mother wanted him to go. Sam had been there but three days before, in sawing a cruss-grained stick of wood, he broke the saw. He was a little frightened. He knew he was careful, and he knew he was a pretty good sawyer, too, for a boy of his age; nevertheless, the saw broke in his hands.

"Mr. Jones will thrash you for it," said another boy who was in the woodhouse with

"Why, of course, I didn't mean it, and accidents will happen to the best of folks," said Sam, looking with a very sorrowful air on the broken saw.

"Mr. Jones never makes allowances," only he jumped into a hen's nest and broke her eggs. He daren't tell of it; but Mr. Jones kept suspecting and suspecting, and laid everything out of the way to Bill, whether Bill was to blame or not, till Bill

couldn't stand it, and wouldn't." "Did he tell Mr. Jones about the eggs?"

asked Sam. "No," said the boy, "he was afraid, Mr.

Jones has got such a temper." "I think he'd have better owned up at once," said Sam.

"I suspect you'll find it better to preach than to practice," said the boy. "I'd run away before I'd tell him." And he soon turned on his heel and left poor Sam alone with his broken saw.

The boy did not feel very comfortable or happy. He shut up the workhouse, walked The story of Nanny Falconer's experi- out in the garden, and went to his little ences, as told by Mrs. Clara Doty Bates in | chamber under the eaves. He wished he Wide Awake, is an instructive lesson not | could tell Mrs. Jones, but she wasn't soci-

When Mr. Jones came into the house the "Sir," said Sam, "I broke your saw, and

"What did you get up to tell me for ?" asked Mr. Jones. "I should think morn-Her mother took Nanny's hand and led | ing would be time enough to tell of yourcarelessness."

"Because," said Sam, "I was afraid if I put it off I might be tempted to lie about "I see your levely face," sobbed Nanny. it. I am sorry I broke it but I tried to be

when it is wet with tears. Those lines are | foot, then, stretching out his hand, he said

make dimples," as Nanny half smiled. I'll trust you, Sam. That's right, that's "They like smiling best of anything. The right. Go to bed, boy. Never fear. I'm shadow of crossness is all a bad habit. It glad the saw broke; it shows the mettle's

Mr. Jones was fairly won. Never were estly and "above board," he would have "Yes, Don says it will surely freeze the been a good man to deal with. It was their conduct which soured and made him sus-"Don't listen to the boys. Listen to me. picious. I do not know how that is. I

Will They Bridge the Sea.

It is now understood that the scheme to tunnel the Straits of Dover has been indefinitely abandoned. As soon as this announcement was made, M. Hardque, the French engineer, and William H. North- write. Think of it! Eighty per cent. dwelcote, the great English bridge builder, put ling in absolute darkness! In America, their heads together for the purpose of de- notwithstanding all our imported illitvising "ways and means" for throwing a bridge across the channel almost exactly over the line the tunnel would have followed, viz: From Folkestone, on the English side, to Cape Grisnez, France, via. Varne and Calbart, the two reefs so much dreaded by navigators. The bridge, when finished, will be about twenty-one and one-half miles in length. The Varne, the largest

have not been decided upon.

part of them will consist of immense stone foundations, too large and strong to be displaced by the ebb and flow of the tides, gent lawyer cannot carry all the legal enactwithin a few fathoms of the surface. Northcote is confident that the bridge can be completed and ready for travel within two years from the time when actual work is begun. The estimated cost is \$60,000,000

Tapping the Ground to Purpose.

in the near future to devote more and more attention to the artesian well. The two most famous borings within the metropolitan area are that which supplies the fountains of Trafalgar Square and that which Nanny tried the rule, with varying success, lies in the back yard of Meux's Brewery. black daub of printer's ink. The difficulty to be overcome has been the comparatively high cost in consequence of the great width of rock to be traversed before the deep lying water is reached. A few years ago a gentleman forsook the uncertain paths of journalism in order to improve the world in another way by keeping | It will be an interesting souvenir for me to its linen clean. He established a steam | show to my American audiences, for the laundry in the West-End of London, imported special machinery from the United States, sank his own well, and now washes for more members of the aristocratic world | fiction, this kind of thing is what that leads than anyone else in town. His speciality is to. pure water, and the whiteness of his linea

having an area of 25,000 acres. "Tit Bits"

EXPERIENCES IN RUSSIA.

A Traveller Gives His Impression of Men and Things in the Czar's Domains.

The Rev. Dr. Dowling, an American travelling in Russia, in a letter to a New York paper says :-

When I first entered St. Petersburg I was scared. I was in the land of the knout, and the Czar and Siberian exile. Mr. Biglow, a contributor to Harper's Magazine, had been given twenty-four hours to get out of the country, because he had chanced to remark of a certain Russian official that "he was an old wooden head. Mr. Pennell, representing the Illustrated London News, having been discovered taking pictures on the frontier, had been given no time at all, but summarily ejected. Who could tell what awful things might happen before I should again see home? True, I was under said the other boy. "I never saw anything the protection of the American flag. But like him. That Bill might have stayed, Russian time dates exactly twelve days behind that of the rest of Europe. When it is the 1st of August here, it is the 13th across the border. So at any moment, by sending me out of the country they had it in their power to knock me into the middle of next week. And as yet I was hardly prepared to go.

It is not much of an exaggeration to say that when I first walked the streets of that great city of stucco and plaster, the capital of all the Russias, Peter the Great's "window by which he might see into Europe," it was with head erect, eyes front, the middle finger of each hand against the seam in the trouser's leg, and my whole countenance swathed in a meek and smiling expression of amiable imbecility (amiability natural, imbecility assumed). Like Laurence Sterne's donkey, I seemed to say: "Don't kick me ; but if you will, you may. It's perfectly safe."

The first stage, however, has passed away and I have reached the second, in which I seem to correspond with the majority of Russian faces about me. I am ugly. If Johnston "like la go d hater," I am sure he would fraternize with me at the present moment.

The general type of countenance among the common people here is by no means one of blank stupidity, but a stupidity suspicious and vicious, a kind of cross between Tillie Slowboy and Bill Sykes.

have not seen, for in summer they invariably speed them out of town. I am told that they are exceptionally intelligent and socially charming, especially the Czar.

No nation can be judged, however, by the condition of its aristocracy, but by that of its bourgeoisie and its poor. As Becky Sharp says: "Anybody can be honest on ten thousand a year." The chief difference between the aristocracy of one country and another is simply in the way they put on or rather evening, that I named it. On the from office, and the reformer, Sverdrup, betheir clothes. With the common people, occasion of the visit of the Royal party to came Prime Minister. however, it is different.

Mr. Stead is doubtless right in saying that the worst thing which could happen to Russia would be that it should become a republic. You might as well put a threeyear-old baby astride Bucephalus and tell him to ride. Two hundred years is not long enough to bring a ration out of barbarism into a capability of self-government; and it is less than that since Peter the Great "knouted Russia into civilization." We cannot expect Russia to do in two centuries what the rest of us have been doing in ten. Out of sixty millions of its inhabitants, forty-eight millions can neither read nor eracy, the ignorant classes represent only ed me and said she would be ready to go

fifteen per cent. of the population, and in Germany, which I believe to be moving with south wind, and, towards afternoon, rapidly toward a republic, only five percent. Everywhere in these Russian cities the signs are painted with pictures—the baker is ready. I took the stern of the boat, turn- a Republic; and this may be the outcome kneading bread, the butcher killing beefbecause these are the only symbols which | will, as she requested me to sit down. I the great mass can understand. With this dense ignorance, therefore, I do | self. We soon got up to the ground, about

mentioned, will be used for the center pier. not believe that any cataclyism in our day 250 yards above the fall of the Hero Rapid. The waters between the Varne and Folk- will deliver Russia. It will require cen- After anchoring, the Princess handed me stone eight miles away, average about turies, and will come, not by revolution, twenty-seven fathoms in depth. The Varne but by evolution. At least, if it shall seem east end of the reef and the French shore remains that the people here are in an awful One thing is settled, however, the main ally civilized countries, whatever is not prohibited is permitted, here, whatever is not permitted is prohibited. The most intelliwhich is the only disturbing elements up to ments in his head. What possible hope can there be, then, for these ignorant ex-serfs?

Soon after my arrival I picked up, in the report of the condition of cholera in Russia. The very lives of those who were with me, whom I loved, might depend upon that report, by its leading me to go on or to re-London industrial enterprises are likely treat. What was my chagrin to discover that by the Government Censors that very column had been blotted out! I went into an English bookstore and found a volume with four leaves in the middle torn away, and another transformed into one great

"Who does this?" I asked.

"The Censors do it." "Do you get any remuneration?" "Not a penny. We always have to

stand the loss.' Of course I bought the book on the spot. benefit of such of my fellow citizens as,

yearning for "peternalism" in government,

But while an American is startled at such but a limited class. There are others which

read it. That is never expected. But when them .- [Thoreau.

you even show him the picture, which a wise traveller here always carries with him, he is frequently too stupid to understand. I told "Boots" one night to waken me at eight the next morning. He obeyed promptly at the appointed hour. I answered; but as the night had been wakeful, I concluded to sleep. Fifteen minutes later, just as I had fallen into a doze, I was awakened again by some one pounding at my door. "Boots" had spied my gaiters outside of my room, and thereby discovered that I had not arisen when he had first called me. had told him that I wanted to rise at eight, and, concluding that I was a man of my word, he determined not to leave his duty

. Four times that fellow came to my room and pounded at my door. Four times I said "Yes! Yes!" with increasing emphasis, and turned over and went to sleep. The fifth time I could stand it no longer. Flying to the door, I flung it open and glared at him. There he was, bowing like Jack-in-abox, with his graceless a...s hanging down like a couple of shoestrings. For the first and only time I wanted to speak Russian; I yearned to tell him in a language which he could understand, that he was a blooming idiot. This piece of information, however, with my limited linguistic resources, it was impossible to convey. So I bawled at him with all my might : "Get out o' that ! Stop hammering every fifteen minutes at my door !" He smiled and thought I was calling him pet names. It occurred to me that some American colloquialisms might sound Russian, so I shouted: "Mosey! Scoot! Get out!" and emphatically closed the door.

At last, when I was dressed and on my way down to breakfast, I met him in the hallway. There he stood, still bowing, evidently filled with a sense of satisfaction at having done his duty, and looking forward with happy anticipation to the date of my departure, when I should enable him to " put in his thumb, and pull out a plum, and say 'What a good boy am I !"

No; the Russians will not be ready for a republic for five hundred years.

Princess Louise as a Salmon Angler.

"FEW COULD HANDLE A FISH WITH HER !" The Fishing Gazette publishes the following letter from Mr. John Mowat, a Scotch-It is true the better class of Russians I man in his seventy-second year, who for fifty-five years has been familiar with the Canadian salmon rivers, and for about a formers, of whom the chief was Johan score of years a fishing officer of the Dominion. It describes how Princess Louise killed salmon on the Restigouche river in Can-

> the fishing grounds, the lessees, Messrs. not yet tired of fishing, please stop the boat where you think we can have some sport." I did so at the mouth of Chain Rock Brook, half a mile or so below the pool. Lord Lorne, the Duke of Argyle, and his daughters and canoes, leaving the Princess, Lady Macwhen I thought it time. The day was warm, clouds began to rise. About four o'clock I called the Indians, and the Princess was ing out one of the men, rather against her of Norway's perplexities. told her I wanted to manage the canoe my-

at eight o'clock. We could have killed another but the midges were pretty plenty,

and concluded to quit. On our way to the barge the Princess said to me :- "If you had been with me all the score (about thirty), and if ever I come Princess Louise Pool, and so it was named. I must say that few anglers could handle a fish with Her Highness. She used a heavy any time. English 18-foot rod, and her strong right arm (after the fish had got his second run over) would lift his head clear of the water.

Suicide at the Side of a Princess.

The Fremdenblatt of Vienna learns from Nice of the following tragic incident :are "looking backward." Robbed of its Prince Albert and his wife returned on case over the performer's head. It remainboard the yacht Alice from a voyage to ed there for about a year, Mr. Leavitt says. England and France. They were received It was a musical little fellow, and when I is certainly unique in this smoke ridden a "paternal" supervision of what he shall with great enthusiasm by the inhabitants began to play it would spin down almost to realm, while his water rate is nothing at read, this form of tyranny affects, of course, and a great number of visitors, while can- a level with my left shoulder and gently nons boomed from the castle. In the midst | swing to and fro and listen. When I had are more far-reaching. Last week, at Nijni- of this festive scene a young man who was finished a piece it would draw itself up to The "Petit Journal," in Paris, according Novgorod, two men were overheard criti- standing close to the Princess fired a revol- its nest and when I began another down A boy went to live with a man who was to the latest report has reached the cising the sanitary measures of the Govern- ver at his head, and fell dead at her feet. it would come again and resume its position ment in its attempts to suppress the cholera. His pockets contained no money, no clue to as an interested listener. his boys-they ran away or gave notice printed on wood pulp paper, the raw They were at once fastened to a post, and his identity, and only an entrance ticket for they meant to quit; so he was half his time material—the fir—being brought from Nor- each of them received one hundred lashes the Casino. The Prince and Princess were air as a balance pole, two it handled the on his bare back. Surely it is no wonder so shocked by this incident that they left web with, and the third pair it used in pull-

marvelous. If you show a drosky driver work need not be lost; that is where they

Norwegian Aspirations.

There is another "Home Rule" crisis in Europe beside the Irish; and that is in the "Land of the Midnight Sun." In other words Norway, which has been connected with Sweden by somewhat slender ties for seventy-eight years, desires to sever those ties and to become a completely independent nation.

For many years the situation in Sweden and Norway has attracted as little attention out-side their own limits as that in any European nationality. By their geographical position they are, to a large degree, isolated from the jealousies and rivalries of the greater powers,

Russia has long since ceased to cast a covetous eye upon the long western coasts of Norway ; and the Dominions of the poet King Oscar have not been threatened by any foreign aggression.

Norway was attached to Sweden not only by the decree of the great powers, but also, in 1814, by military force. The same king has since reigned over both countries; but otherwise each has had its separate government. Norway as well as Sweden has had and has, its own executive ministry, its own Parliament, its own civil service, its own fiscal system, and its own system of public defence.

The only ties which still remain between the two kingdoms are that the same king rules over both, and that the foreign relations and business of both are conducted by the Swedish foreign office.

Norway has by no means always enjoyed those realities of self-government which she has to-day. It is only after a series of obstinate struggles with the royal power, some of which have reached the verge of physical revolt, that she has been able to retain them.

For many years after her union with Sweden, Norway was treated rather as a province of that country than as a co-equal kingdom. The king, French by birth or descent, was Swedish at heart. He chose to dwell amid the gaieties of Stockholm, the Swedish capital, rather than within the dull simplicity of Christiania, the smaller capital of Norway.

From the first he wielded his power over Norway with a high hand. He used his veto without stint to prevent the measures which the Norwegians wished from becoming law. He made appointments without

regard to the advice of ministers. By the persistent efforts of courageous re-Sverdrup, many changes for the better were effected in Norway. Trial by jury was secured; the suffrage was extended; cabinet ministers were admitted to seats in the Upon reading in Shooting and Fishing of | Parliament, and the royal veto was restrictthe 28th July of the capture of a salmon in ed. The re-actionary ministry of Selmer

the famous Princess Louise Pool in the was impeached nine years ago for restrict-Restigouche, I was reminded of the night, ing the popular demands, and was ejected

The most recent conflict between the Nor-Fleming & Brydges, gave up the river for wegians and their king has been over the the season. It was in good trim, fine water, question of separating the foreign relations fish plentiful, and no rods allowed. I was of Norway from those of Sweden. Early ordered to escort the party to and from the in 1891 a Storthing (Parliament) was elect-Indian House Pool, and fitted up Mr. ed, favorable to this change. The Tory Brydges' famous barge, "Great Cæsar's ministry of Stang, which had opposed it, Ghost." When on our way down the river, was dismissed from office; and Steen, and Her Royal Highness said to me :- "I am the leader of the Liberal reformers, and a statesman long obnoxious to King Oscar,

became Prime Minister. This Parliament passed a measure transferring her foreign relations to Norway's sole control. This measure was vetoed by the aides left us there, going down in their bark | king, and thereupon Steen and his colleagues resigned office. This of course, does not end Namara, Carpenter (detective), two Indians, the matter. By the present Norwegian law, myself, and boat's crew. The Princess call- the king's veto may be overcome by the votes of three successive Storthings; and this is the course which will now probably be puraued. Meanwhile, a formidable movement is on foot in Norway to set aside king and throne altogether, and to establish

Showers of Dust at ea

About the latitude of the Cape Verde Islands on the Atlantic it is frequently the the fly-book, saying, "You know best what experience of navigators to observe showers fly is most likely to kill." Not finding a of red dust and other paradoxical matter. Fairy, I put on one of my own, a middling. The material of these dust showers has often of it within eight miles of the English shore, olution, but simply a revelation of secret sized Brown. First fish broke hold before been examined microscopically, first by and the other within eight and a half miles processes previously unrecognized. What- anchor was raised; second fish the same be- Ehrenberg, who gave it as his opinion that of the French side, the waters between the ever may be the remedy, however, the fact fore it came to the gaff, and this seemed to small particles carried aloft from all counsun lowered the fish would take hold better, over the locality named and that atmosdepth. As the idea of bridging the straits night twenty-five men dropped dead in the and just then we had a slight shower with Thereic changes causes it to fall in the sosize of the piers to be used in the deep of them from drunkenness. This vice is all- six o'clock, and the Princess struck a fish lately been the subject of much study. mainlands of both England and France uge. The opportunity for tyrarny is half minutes, and weighed 24 lb. in that passed through the region in question boundless, because, while in all other nomin- weight. Next fish was foul booked behind during the years between 1854 and '71 and the gill-cover, and took twenty-two min- Professor Henkle, the books of 3000 ships utes. Whilst playing her fish she said to that have passed through the "dust belt" "Don't be afraid to tell me if I do since the last of the observations taken by not handle them properly. I should have Hellman. From data thus obtained the killed the last one quicker; he was only following facts have been elicited. Most 22 lb., and I feared he would go through of the dust falls occur in the zone of the the rapid." I said, "You hold very hard: Atlantic lying between 9 degrees and 16 deyour cast could bear no more." Our next grees North. South of 6 degrees north reading room of my hotel, a copy of the fish was a 26-pounder, and the fourth and they are extremely rare and the farthest London Times, and eagerly turned to the last a 27-pounder, which I gaffed out of the south noted was 2 degrees 56 minutes north, canoe when within fifteen yards of the rapid, 26 degrees west. The two farthest falls to the west were both in 38 degrees 5 minutes; about 300 miles from Cape Verde. Dust falls often occur simultaneously at very different points of the "Dunkle Meer" or "Dark Sea," as Ehrenberg calls it. In one time I would have made a much larger case simultaneous dust showers were only 150 miles apart. Sometimes they continue again you must promise to go with me." I for several days, as was the case in April, then told her that the pool had no name, 1859, when dust fell constantly for ten days and asked her permission to call it the and nights. Henkle says that there are 100,000 square miles of the Eastern Atlantic which may receive dense dust showers at

Music-Loving Spider.

Mr. W. J. D. Leavitt, writing of his ex periences in playing the great organ form erly in Music Hall, Boston, tells a pretty story of his most regular listener-a spider which had taken up its abode in the organ

It had six legs. Two it put out in the

This latter characteristic is something If you have built castles in the air, your I came at last to watch for the fellow, and it was always faithful, so that I was is the only English journal which approach- the name of your hotel, of course he cannot should be; now put foundation under sure of at least one attentive and appreciative hearer.