

YOUNG FOLKS.

Bess and Bell in a Garden.

Up and down the garden walk,
 Thro' a summer morning's hours,
 Bess and Bell, with merry talk,
 Called upon their friends, the flowers.

"All the Pansy children laugh
 When they look at us," they said,
 "Lily, you are pale to-day,
 And you droop your pretty head."

"Hollyhock, how tall you are!
 Do you always grow like this?
 Pinks and Poppies, you are just
 Tall enough for us to kiss."

"Dear Red Rose," said little Bell,
 "You are sweeter than them all;
 But I wish you'd put away
 All your needles when I call."

"Morning glory! Honeysuckle!
 Climbing up the trellis stair,
 Do you here us say 'good morning'?
 Can you see us—way up there?"

"See!—they smile and whisper low,
 And they say," said little Bess,
 "That those little girls are very,
 Very, very nice, I guess."

"Good bye, dears—we're going now!"
 And the little maids were gone,
 And the gossips of the garden
 Nodded, smiled, and gossiped on.

[Mary A. Lathbury.]

What Bob Forgot.

Little Bob sat very still at the breakfast table. He was so busy thinking that he only ate one saucerful of the big, red raspberries fresh from grandpa's garden, and covered with golden cream from grandma's milk-pans.

Bob was spending his vacation at grandpa's farm, and there were so many pleasant things going on that the little fellow hardly knew what to do first.

"Now if I ride to the mill I can't go fishing with Sam," he thought, shaking his little puzzled head. "Sam says the fishes in the creek are big's grandpa's turkeys, and they bite quicker'n 'squitos. Guess I'll go with him."

But just at that minute he saw grandpa and the hired men in the empty hay-wagon; they must be going to the meadow for a load of hay.

What fun it would be to ride home on the soft, sweet hay, away up among the tree tops! It was nicer than riding on the elephant in the park, Bobby thought.

So his little heels made quick time along the path to the barn, and he clambered into the big wagon, over the wheel, and cared nothing more for Sam's wonderful fish.

"Wait a minute, dear!" called grandma from the kitchen door.

"Do you know any little boy who wants to climb up into this tree and get some cherries for grandma's pies?"

"No-o grandma," said little Bob with a very long face. "I don't know any such boy, honestly. Aren't you 'fraid he might tumble out of the tree and break his arms and legs?"

"Oh, ho, Bob!" laughed grandpa. "That's the first time you ever were afraid to climb a tree!"

Lazy Bob hung his head, but he did not give up his point.

"Sides, I don't think cherry pies are very good," he argued. "Kind o' sour and pucky."

"You'll eat 'em fast enough when dinner time comes," said grandpa.

"Well, never mind, Bobby, boy," said gentle grandma, seeing how sober the little fellow looked. "I'll get along without the cherries. Go and have a nice ride, deary; you can't be a little boy but once."

So the long wagon went jolting and rattling away so fast that Bob had to catch hold of the high rack to keep from tumbling over.

The meadow looked so pretty with the green hay-cocks dotted evenly over it, like wigwags in an Indian village, Bobby fancied.

The hired men jumped out of the wagon and pitched in one cock after another with their long pitchforks.

Grandpa arranged the hay in the wagon so that the load would balance well, and little Bob's seat rose higher and higher as the wagon was filled.

Put somehow Bobby was not having a very good time. He could not help thinking that grandma was always ready to leave her work and hunt for his missing balls and whistles, or to give him a doughnut when he was hungry—which, to tell the truth, was most of the time from breakfast to dinner, and from dinner to tea.

He remembered, too, how yesterday he had poked a hole in a hornets' nest, just to see what it was made of, and how grandma cured them with soda and told him stories till he forgot the pain.

"Say, grandpa, let me out," said Bobby. "I want to go to the house. I forgot something."

"Forgot what? Your knife? Here, take mine," said grandpa, fumbling in his pocket.

"No, thank you, grandpa," said Bob. "Something else."

"Something to eat I'll warrant!" said grandpa, pulling out a paper bag. "Grandma said you'd be hungry, so she put you up a lunch."

Bob looked into the bag and saw it was full of grandma's nice, sugary cookies in the shape of little rings and hearts. He felt more ashamed than ever, and he could not have eaten one of those cookies if he had been starving.

"Oh 'tisn't—that, grandpa!" he said, with a little shake in his voice. "I forgot what lots of things grandma does for me."

"Hey! Well, I guess you did," said grandpa. "Those cherries must be tired of waiting for you."

So with grandpa's help Bob slid down to the ground and ran home like a squirrel.

In a very short time grandma was surprised to see a small boy coming in at the wood-shed door, with a big pail of ripe, red cherries.

"And, grandma," said Bob, "I won't forget again, you'll see."

Never tell long stories of which you yourself are the hero.

CHINA KEEPS HER EYES OPEN.

The Government is Attentive to European Forms and Theories of Civilization.

The popular impression that China is a somnolent nation, conservative of tradition to the neglect of all progressive opportunities and to the contempt of modern ideas, is erroneous. Though the people at large are difficult to convert to new ideas, the government has for many years been attentive to European forms and theories of civilization and has adopted whatever seemed advantageous to the political prestige of the Empire. If there has been less earnestness, less positiveness in this respect than Japan has evinced, the advancement made in the past ten or fifteen years has, nevertheless, been very remarkable as an indication of the vitality of the oldest empire of the earth. In 1887 a resident in Peking said: "There can be no two opinions as to the main objects of contemporary Chinese politics. China is determined to maintain her autonomous position and her prestige by the untold riches of her mine^s and the inexhaustible reserve of men who can be trained to fight. She cannot stop the foreign trade, and she would not if she could, because the money it yields increases her revenues. She will not part with the useful funds which help her to strengthen her ports and to drill her forces. Her hope is now in foreign drill, in railways, in mines to be worked in foreign ways; in science to be studied with the help of foreign professors. She is in fact entering upon the adoption of a foreign regime in these respects, just as certainly as Japan, but she takes a longer time to make the change."

She has so developed in these years that she is not to be regarded lightly as a modern force. She would now be a formidable enemy to a European power, for her millions of armed men have not only been well drilled according to European tactics, but they are no longer limited to primitive weapons, but are largely equipped with the best firearms of European manufacture, and are by no means so much behind in the matter of artillery as they were in their last wars. Her military system is based upon a vast scheme of colonization, the population of provinces being as well trained to military as to agricultural service. The word army in China comprehends myriads, a swarm that would pale into insignificance the hordes of Xerxes. If, then, it be a question of numbers, Japan might be trampled like dust under the insurging hosts of the Emperor.

Touching the point of difference between these two powers, the words of M. Arinori, the Japanese Minister to Great Britain in 1884, are not without a sort of prophetic value. He declared it to be one of the fictions of Chinese foreign policy that States which are in reality independent are nevertheless in some mysterious way dependent upon China. "Tonquin, the Loo Choo Islands, Corea, and Siam form the outermost circle of so-called dependencies. In these four Chinese suzerainty is purely nominal. In the Loo Choo Islands Japan ignored the claims of China, and although China was very sore she did not go to war on that account. Neither did she go to war about Tonquin. In the case of Corea the Chinese have allowed the Koreans to negotiate treaties with foreign powers, thereby virtually waiving the claims upon which they formerly insisted."

Ignoring these claims in the case of Corea has involved Japan in the present difficulty, of which she is preparing to make the best. Until 1890 Japan was an absolute monarchy, but in that year there were modifications which gave the form of a representative government, though it was not established in fact because the Cabinet Ministers were responsible only to the Emperor and not to the people, but now the representative conditions are recognized. The army of Japan is not at all comparable in size to that of China, being about 200,000, including officers, but it is better disciplined and better equipped, it is believed, and its navy is organized after the model of Great Britain's and is of great power. The total personnel of the navy is 15,585, according to latest reports; the proportion of conscripts per 1,000 inhabitants is 16.94. Japan will therefore be able to present to China a war footing of rather formidable character.

Hard on the Anarchists.

The future French Anarchist who commits a capital crime will be taken to a dungeon as soon as he has been arrested and confined there until the hour of his death, except during the short time of his appearance in the trial room. He will be designated by a number instead of a name. No visitor will be permitted to see him, his photograph will not be sold, no newspaper in France will publish a report of his trial, or allude to him in any way under penalty of a heavy fine and imprisonment of the owner of the paper and the Anarchist will, in the end, be buried in an unknown grave. No reporters will witness his death, and, worst of all, he will be condemned, not by a jury of his peers, who might have anarchistic sympathies, or who could be frightened by threats into giving a merciful verdict, but by Judges who have the good of the State at heart. No delegation of flower-bearing women, speech-making men, photograph fends or sympathizers will make the Anarchist's family celebrated or his grave famous. Even the most radical Red in Paris, as he looks the matter over seriously, will wonder what there is in the Anarchist scheme after all. Under the present programme the Anarchist, from the moment of his arrest, will be dead to the world, and will be carried to a swift and secret annihilation, in which there is no possible element of fame or publicity. The effect of such treatment upon the Chicago Anarchists, seven of whom are now conducting large and prosperous saloons as a result of the fame aroused by their bomb throwing, would be beneficial to the citizens of Chicago.

"Are you going away for the summer, Snaggs?" asked Snipkins. "Don't need to," replied Snaggs. "The summer's still here."

NIGH TO DEATH'S DOOR.

A Young Lady Was Cured of a Terrible Malady When Near the Brink of the Grave.

The large, pretentious brick residence at 6 Miami avenue, in this city, is the home of the heroine of this interesting story. She is Miss Margaret Stenbaugh, and her interesting experiences during the past four years are published here for the first time.

"Four years ago," she said, "I was a sufferer in all that the term implies, and never thought of being as healthy as I am to-day. Why at that time, I was such a scrawny, puny little midger, pale and emaciated by an ailment peculiar to us women, that my father and mother gave me up to die. The local practitioner (I was at that time living at Scotland, Brant Co., Ont.) said it was only a matter of days when I would be laid away in the church yard, and as I was such a sufferer I cared not whether I lived or died; in fact, I think I would have preferred the latter. I could not walk, and regularly every night my father used to carry me upstairs to my room. I remember my telling him that he wouldn't have to carry me much longer, and how he said with tears in his eyes that he would be willing to do it always, if he could only have me with him. It was evidently fore-ordained that I should not die at that particular time, as a miraculous transformation in my condition was the talk of the neighborhood. I read of the wonderful cures that were being wrought by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and my father went to Brantford, where he purchased a couple of boxes from Jas. A. Wallace. I commenced taking them, and I thought for a time they did me no good, as they made me sick at first, but very shortly I noticed a great change. They began to act on my trouble, and in the space of six months I was able to walk. I continued taking the pills, and in six months I was in the condition you see me now. I fully believe that they alone saved me from the grave, and you will always find myself and balance of our family ready to talk about the good Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did for me."

Sworn and subscribed to before me this 15th day of December, 1893.

D. A. DELANEY, Notary Public, Wayne Co., Michigan.

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Hood's Sarsaparilla

for seven months; and since that time, 2 years, I have worn no bandages whatever and my legs and arms are sound and well." S. G. DERRY, 46 Bradford St., Providence, R. I.

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The root beer can be obtained in all drug and grocery stores in 10 and 25 cent bottles to make two and five gallons.

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