

YOUNG FOLKS.

How Rosie Helped.

Her name was Rosie; but she was such a little creature that it seemed more natural to call her Rosie.

Besides she was always among the roses. On this morning while her father talked with Dick, she hovered between the study and the flower garden, now gathering her flowers, now peeping her head into the study to see if papa was not almost through and ready to talk to her. She was shy of Dick; he was a new boy, had only been with them a few days, and papa more than suspected was not a good boy; so Rosie had strict orders not to visit him in the stable, or have any talk with him unless papa or some one else was within hearing. Only this morning papa had heard Dick use language which made him feel afraid that he ought not to keep him in his employ. Yet how sorry he was for poor orphan Dick, that nobody seemed to care for!

He tried to make him feel that he was his friend; tried to rouse him to want to be a man and to overcome his grave faults. "You are just the age of my boy Harris," Rosie heard her father say, "and he is just about your size. Harris is a grand boy; he never gave his mother an hour of anxiety, and I can trust him anywhere. I have such faith in his word that when he says a thing, I do not have to inquire into it, I know it is true. Isn't it worth while for a boy to have such a character as that? Don't you think you would enjoy hearing people say: 'That thing is so, you may depend on it, for Dick Saunders told me, and he is to be trusted, you know.'"

Dick shifted uneasily from one foot to the other, and his face seemed to be growing red over some feeling, Rosie's papa was not sure what. At last he said, "It is all very well for a boy like yours to be honest, and all that; why shouldn't he be? Look what chances he has had; and then look what chances I've had! Kicked and cuffed about the world all my life; nobody cares what becomes of me. I heard you pray for Harris this morning, and I thought of it then. There never was a person in this world who cared enough for me to make a prayer about me!"

What a strange boy Dick was! For a moment, Rosie's father did not know what to say. Just then Rosie, her head framed in the window, where she had been standing for a few minutes, her hands full of flowers, her face sweetly grave, spoke her troubled thought: "Didn't Jesus pray for you when he lived here? That time when he said 'New I pray for all who shall believe on me?'"

Dick started so suddenly as to nearly overturn the little table on which he leaned, turned to the window, and looking steadily at Rosie, said harshly: "What do you mean?"

"Why, that time, don't you know? When he prayed for his disciples; then he said, 'neither pray I for these alone,' and after that he prayed for everybody who should ever live, who would love him and mind him. If you mean to mind him, he prayed for you, too, mamma told me. Don't you mean to mind him? Because it isn't nice to leave yourself out of his prayer."

Wise little Rosie! Papa said not another word. He thought Dick had gotten his sermon, text and all. Neither did Rosie say any more; she did not know she had preached a sermon.

She went away, humming,

I am so glad that our Father in heaven
Tells of his love in the book he has given.

Years and years after that, when Rosie was nineteen, one day she went to church in a city five hundred miles away from her childhood home, and she heard a man preach on these words: "Neither pray I for these alone, but for all them which shall believe on me through their words." It was a grand sermon; Rosie's father thought she had never heard one more wonderful. At the close of service the minister came straight to her seat, held out his hand and said: "It was a blessed text, Miss Pierson; I never forgot the sermon you preached from it. I knew now that the Lord Jesus prayed for me that day. And I know that I believe on him through your words."

"Why!" said Rosie, in astonishment, "I don't understand, this surely cannot be!"

"Yes," said the minister, "I am Dick."

THE EARTHQUAKE IN GEORGIA.

It is reported in Griffin that a leading counselor in the prohibition contest rushed from his house into the middle of the road in a single nether garment and yelled to his wife to come out, as the whirly men were blowing the house up with dynamite.

The jury in the Gilbert Davis case, in Eastman, were in their room at the court house, unable to agree, and, it is said, there was no probability of their arriving at a verdict. After the earthquake was over they agreed in about three minutes.

The earthquake came near breaking up an inquest on Hutchinson's island. Capt. Dixon had crossed over to the island to investigate the death of Cyrus Campbell, an old negro, who was found dead in a cabin there at noon. The death was sudden, and no one was present, so the coroner concluded to summon a jury. After swearing them they were all told to take seats in the cabin. David Mere, a dandy, was the only witness. He began giving his evidence, and had got about down to the time when Campbell was last seen, when the cabin commenced to rattle. "There she goes again," the witness said. His eyes grew double the ordinary size and he started for the door, leaving his evidence half finished. The juror nearest the door waited about half a second, and he gave a leap out. The other jurors gave one glance at the corpse and they saw it move. That was enough for them, and they went out in a bunch, leaving the coroner and the corpse to finish the inquest.

Dickens says: "No man hates himself." And it may be added that he doesn't need to. He will always find people—particularly those to whom he has extended favors—ready to take that job off his hands.

Templestone dealer (to widow)—"Would you like the cause of your husband's death explained on the stone, madam?" Widow—"Well—or—perhaps it might be appropriate to engrave a couple of cucumbers on it, if you will."

GIRL WORKERS IN COAL PITS.

A Picture of Underground Life in the Realm of King Leopold.

A young unmarried girl of 17 said in reply to questions: "My work in the coalpits begins at 5 o'clock in the morning and ends between 9 and 11 at night. I lead from sixty to seventy cars every day, and I earn 2 francs (20d.) a day. I went regularly to school from my eighth to my twelfth year. I could read once, but I have forgotten it all now. Pit work ought to be prohibited for girls."

Upon being pressed more closely by the President she said it ruined the morals of every good-looking girl. "The overseers bribe the prettiest girls by giving them the best paid work."

A married woman said: "The week before last my husband earned 13 francs (11s.). He had never earned a larger sum in a week. It is impossible for us to live on such a wage. When I have bought our food and firing the whole wage is spent; it is not enough to cover rent and clothing."

The mother of a family replied: "I scarcely know the taste of meat."

Another young girl said that her working day in the pits began at 4 1/2 or 5 A. M., and closed at 11 P. M., for which she received 1 franc 80 centimes to 2 francs. A younger sister left off work at 6 P. M., but she only earned 1 franc 50 centimes (1s. 3d.). Nearly all the girls volunteered, in almost the same words, the emphatic statement, "Girls ought not to be allowed to work in the pits;" and they were unanimous in their complaint of the temptations put in their way by the overseers.

The President asked each of them, "What nourishment do you have? Do you often take meat?"

One girl replied: "Three months ago we had some meat on our table; I have never tasted any since." Another said: "I take a bottle of water with the fruit every morning; I cannot afford coffee."

The President asked an old workman who had spent his life in pits why no effort had been made by them to bring their condition before the notice of the public. "I would gladly have given evidence," said he, "but I knew that I should be dismissed if I told any story about the works. My comrades have urged me to speak for them, as I have had so long an experience. But I was afraid to do it."

His present wages are 2 francs a day (1s. 8d.) when he was younger and stronger he used to earn the sum 2 francs 50 centimes a day.

The President inquired if the workers found regular wages or piecework more profitable.

"The day wages is miserable," said the old man, "but piece work is no better, for if the overseers find that a man earns more by piece work, the terms are at once lowered."

One of the working-class leaders, who was examined at great length by the President and Commissioners, denied that the work folk were Socialist revolutionaries. They will follow any leader in their despair, but their own actual demands are very simple. The President asked him to formulate as shortly as possible the real programme desired by the workmen and women in the pits.

Speaking of the employment of children, he said: "We want the work day for children limited to eight hours, and their wages fixed as follows: Children of 12 to 13 years, 1 franc 20 centimes a day of eight hours; from 13 to 15 years, 1 franc 60 centimes; 15 to 17 years, 2 francs."

The President—Then you would not abolish child labor?

"We would not abolish families. My family consists of nine persons, only three of us earning anything. We have to keep six who are not earners. The united yearly income of the three of us who are workers is 1,500 francs."

The President asked if they would not like their children to go to school after the twelfth year.

"No," replied the workman; "It is not possible for the parents to wait until a long school term is ended, as the family needs the wages of the older children. We have not only to keep our young children, but also our old people. After his fiftieth year a man can earn little in the pits, and is usually dismissed."

This speaker—when the workers were particularly anxious to have examined, as he is in good repute both as a workman and an orator—told the Commissioners that the average weekly wages of the head of a household in full work is from twelve to fourteen francs. "I need not say that a family cannot live upon that; the wife must work when she can, the children as soon as they can."

A married woman, who had been a worker in the coal pit, said: "I am the mother of six children. We are very poor; but I would rather starve than that one of my girls should go to work in the pits. The overseers use all means in their power to ruin the girls. If nothing else succeeds, they will put a timid young girl to work in a solitary place until she is terrified."

When she was asked what wage her family earned, she replied that her husband had thirteen francs a week, and one of her sons eighty centimes a day.

To the question as to the food of the family, she said: "Every Sunday and Thursday I buy a pound of meat; on all other days we live on potatoes and bread."

"You are making yourself rather officious in this crowd," said a burly policeman to a notorious pickpocket. "I am only trying to dispense them," said the thief.

"That's what I call hush money," remarked the daddy when he planked down the cash for a bottle of paragonic to take home for use in the infantile portion of the family.

"Do you think I'm a simpleton, sir?" thundered a fiery Scotch laird to his new footman. "Ye see, sir," replied the canny Scot, "I'm no lang here, an' I dinna ken yet."

A old Mississippi pilot tells that the affections exhibited by Mark Twain and his venerable mother, now a resident of Keokuk, Iowa, is very refreshing. She always had firm faith in her son Samuel, and says of him: "He was always a good boy, Samuel was, though prone to be mischievous. He's always the same to me—the best son a mother ever had."

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

Early in the week each active member of the Lime-Kiln Club received a copy of the following notice:

"HIRE! POLICE! YUM!"

You are hereby notified that the Lime-Kiln Club, which has been on a vacation for the past two months, will resume business at Paradise Hall on Saturday evening at the regular hour. Every member who can walk is expected to be on hand at least five minutes before the triangle sounds. No dogs allowed in the hall, as usual. Owners of umbrellas will bring them at their own peril. The password at the second landing will be: "Assure Skies." Anyone having books belonging to the Library will please return them at this meeting.

BRO. GARDNER, Pres.
WAY-DOWN BEERS, Sec.

When the meeting opened 312 members answered to roll call, and Elder Teets delightedly remarked to Samuel Shin that it did him good to see the general abandon which seemed to have taken root in every breast. When the triangle sounded Brother Gardner arose and said:

"My friends, two months ago, at de almost inouchansh of a majority of de members of dis club, I decided to adjourn de meetin's frow de space of July an' August. I had grave doubts as to de propriety of sich a step, but yielded to de pressure. De result has bin what I anticipated. Dis kentry has almos' bin plunged into war, de fishery queshun an' still on ob'ject of nashunal disputes, an' storms an' disasters hev bin rampant all ober de United States. Business has bin grievously neglected. People who depended on dis club hev had der confidence sheeken. We mus' at once git back to reg'lar pursoeds, and purposed to grapple wid an' obercome de live troops of de hour."

"When dis club was organized we had our annual lekshun an' club picnic on de first Saturday de oblige de Concord Skule of Philosophy. Den we changed it agin to oblige de emanipeashun people of Michigan an' Canada, an' I has new determined to make a third change. Owing to de lack dat de turnip, carrot an' watermelon an' not at der best in dis climate until September, an' dat mustard an' pickles, which play sich important parts in our banquets, de not begin to develop der flavor until along about de anniversary of Perry's victory, it has been deemed best to set de time fur de picnic at one week from de-day. I has bin in correspondence wid many of our honorary members an' am assured of a large attendance. Canada will be represented by ober 100 delegates, an' every Staif in de Union will send its delegashun. De place of de banquet will be on Fighting Island, eight miles belew de city. We shall have de usual games, wid de usual prizes, an' I trust dat every local member will do his lubel best to inoculate a reprehensible time."

HE WAS THERE.

The Rev. Penstock was on hand and in his usual seat, and the President had no sooner finished than he arose and inquired: "D'd I understand de cha'r to say dat we should inoculate a reprehensible time?" "Ye ou did, sah!" was the prompt reply "Will de cha'r please explain his meaning a little clearer?"

"Budder Penstock," said the President as he arose and vigorously rapped the desk with his mallet, "dis cha'r has nuffin to explain. If dar am any member present who haan't studied arithmetical long 'nuff to understand what de inoculashun of a reprehensible time means, den it would be fur better fur de rest of us if he would collegate to'rds implacable oblivion."

Penstock didn't collegate. He sat down and hugg'd a crushed strawberry to his aching bosom.

COMMITTEES.

The following committees were then appointed:

Reception of Delegates—Giveadam Jones, Pickles Smith and Trustee Pullback, with authority not to hire more than five mules and wagons.

On the Banquet—Sir Isaac Walpole, Whalobone Howker, Elder Caniff and Col. Cahoets, with instructions to canvass the city for provisions.

On Games—Shindig Watkins, Elder Teets, Hartshorn Davis and Old Man Scott. On Election—Ray. Penstock and Uncle Boggs.

INCIDENTAL.

The delegates will begin arriving about Thursday, and as fast as they come in they will be escorted to Paradise Hall, furnished with a lunch of iced tea, and then distributed among the cabins of local members. Any citizen having a barn not in use which can be secured for temporary lodgings will please address the Secretary of the club, stating the height between joists, condition of floors and roof, etc.

So far as is known there will be no opposition to Brother Gardner's seventh re-election, although some of the minor positions will be objects of contest.

The Building Committee has been busy during the summer in estimating improvements. The Library is to be enlarged to hold 10,000 mere almanacs, two bunches of shingles will be used on the roof of the hall, and it is designed to lay a new floor in the museum.

Such delegates as may arrive on foot by highway and not find members of the reception committee at the various toll-gates, will ask the nearest policeman to guide them to Paradise Hall. No delegates without credentials will be received.

Equal to Him.

Walter Girl (to commercial traveller)—"There's roast beef and roast duck." Commercial Traveller—"Canvas-back duck?"

Walter Girl—"Yes." Commercial Traveller (facetiously)—"Is it shirred down the front with lace cuffs turned back over the sleeves, Mary?" Walter Girl—"The same." Commercial Traveller—"I will try some of it, I guess."

Walter Girl—"Very well, sir. Will you have it with or without?" Commercial Traveller—"With or without what?"

Walter Girl—"Battens."

A frigid smile—Toed champagne.

HERE AND THERE.

An Andover hen recently laid an egg in which were four perfect soft-shell eggs.

An Episcopal Church in Minneapolis has since the opening of the exposition had these words in bold letters over the door: "Church open. Come in, rest and pray." It is noticed that a good many persons do go in every day.

Indian belles of Alaska wear a thick coating of oil and soot on their faces when not in full toilet. This is said to preserve the complexion, which, after a thorough scrubbing, looks as fair and smooth as a good article of soft soap.

A Dakota farmer, grumbling at the poor outlook for wheat in the early summer, offered to give his wife all the wheat he would have over 1,500 bushels. He has just threshed a trifle over 2,500 bushels, and the wife is going to have a new black silk dress.

A colporteur of the American Bible Society found in Riley, Wis., the other day the son of a clergyman who had no Bible in his house. He wouldn't buy one and wouldn't accept one as a gift, and when the colporteur intimated that he'd leave one any way the bad man became very angry and put the Bible m'n out of the house.

A South Norwalk woman who took gas the other while she had teeth drawn, instead of regaining consciousness after the operation remained insensible and began to bleed rapidly. Her face, body, and limbs swelled alarmingly; but when a doctor was called, who ripped off her tight clothing and re-lieved the pressure, she soon recovered. Dentists say the case is a very rare one.

Twelve years ago John Wendell went West, leaving his three-year-old boy with relatives in Milton, N. H. Nothing being heard of Wendell, the boy was finally sent to the almshouse until he was 12 years old, when he was bound out to a farmer. A few weeks ago a letter was sent from Lincoln, Ill., to Milton, saying that Wendell had died there, leaving \$25,000 to be divided between a daughter by a second marriage and his son in New Hampshire. The boy has started West to look after his legacy.

The New York Independent insists that it is true that a prominent trustee in one of the largest churches in New England successfully opposed the inauguration of revival meetings on the ground that such a meeting would destroy their new church carpets. "Besides," he is reported to have said: "What do we want with a revival? We are out of debt; our pews are all rented; our church is full, and a revival would only disturb the quiet and orderly development of the church."

A few weeks ago two young persons went rowing on White Bear Lake, Minn., and the young woman trilled her hand in the water and thus lost a ring. A week afterward the same couple were again out rowing and the gentleman saw the ring lying on the hard bottom of the lake covered with ten feet of clear water. He dropped his knife by the side of the ring to mark the spot, rowed the young woman to the shore, and while she hid in the bushes he rowed back, stripped, dived, and got both ring and knife.

Henry Blevins of Poplar Bluff, Mo., while squirrel hunting heard a pig squeal as if in great distress. He went toward the sound and saw a big bear just in the act of squeezing the last squeal out of poor pigg. Mr. Blevins's gun was not loaded for b'ar, but he found in his pocket a No. 1 buckshot. This he rolled in paper until the wad just fitted the gun, rammed it home on top of the squirrel shot, aimed at the bear's head and pulled the trigger. The aim was true, the buckshot did its work, and the bear fell dead.

They get along fast in Dakota, and to prove it a story is told of a recently elected Judge. He had been a sort of free lance in his profession, and had incurred the enmity of a certain lawyer. This lawyer came before the Judge the other day with an ordinary motion which should have been granted in due course of law. But it wasn't. "Motion denied," yelled the Judge. "But, your Honor—" "Motion denied, I say." "Your Honor, one word, if you please." "Not a word, sir." Your Honor seems to have a prejudice against me." "You're just right I have," said the Judge. "I've been laying for you for the past three years, and you don't get any motions in this court."

Twenty-two years ago Patrick Driscoll, just arrived from Ireland, found a pocket-book containing over \$150 in Salem, N. J. He told his employer, who advised him to keep it until the owner appeared. The other day Charles W. Dunn happened to speak in the presence of Mr. Driscoll, now a prosperous merchant, about his brother Samuel Dunn, now dead, losing a pocket-book years before. Mr. Driscoll at once took a book from his pocket and handed it to Mr. Dunn, who identified it as the one his brother had lost. He was asked to count the money. There was just \$151 78. Mr. Dunn tried to get Mr. Driscoll to keep the money, but he refused. He said it was a lead off his mind to get rid of that \$151 78.

An Understanding Wanted.

A merchant who was taking baking powder in bulk from a firm, called at headquarters the other day to say that there was something wrong with the goods.

"I don't think so," was the reply, "we make the best article sold."

"I think we ought to have a more perfect understanding," continued the dealer. "Now, you adulterate before you send to me, then I adulterate before I despatch, then the retailer adulterates before he sells and the consumer can't be blamed for growling. I wanted to see if we couldn't agree on some plan to be followed."

"Why, suppose you put in 10 percent of chalk, then I put in 20 percent of whitening, then the retailer put in 30 percent of flour; that gives the consumer 40 percent of baking powder, and unless he's a born hog, he'll be perfectly satisfied. You see if you adulterate 50 percent on the start, and I adulterate as much more, and the retailer adulterates as much as both together, it'll be mighty hard for the consumer to tell whether he is investing in baking powder or putty. We must give him something for his money, if it's only chalk."

HEALTH.

Milk for the Children.

Keep the child's milk separate from the intended for the rest of the household, by being thoroughly washed and sterilized again in a solution of bicarbonate of soda to receive the milk. In hot weather the milk should be placed on the fire and the temperature be brought to a point just below boiling—do not let it boil. It should be placed in a cool place, or a refrigerator which does not contain vegetables. Should then be prepared as follows: One-half pint; pure water, one-half pint; powdered sugar of milk, one-half ounce; phosphate of lime, one grain. Shake the sugar and lime in water and add to the milk. This is the nearest approach to human milk that can be prepared. At this time: Until one month add two-thirds water; one-half water until three months; one-third water until the sixth month; until one year of age, when the child takes the milk clear, and often in combination with some of the infant food upon the market. The water should be boiled and allowed to cool before using, so that it will contain. Some will no doubt ask why the mercury ranges from 86 to 100 degrees there is rapid decomposition of milk. Casein is rapidly coagulated, and in this condition it exerts a peculiar action (which) upon the other solids of the milk, particularly upon the sugar, forming lumps, and the milk loses its alkaline reaction and comes sour, when it is not fit for infant use. The heating of the milk retards this process.

Dietetic Fallacies.

1 That there is any nutriment in food made from extracts. There is none there ever.

2 That gelatine is nutritious. It is not keep a cat alive. B-of tea and gelatine, however, possess a certain reparative power, we know not what.

3 That an egg is equal to a pound of meat, and that every sick person ought to eat many. Many, especially those of nervous bilious temperament, cannot eat them; and to such, eggs are injurious.

4 That because milk is an important article of food, it must be forced upon a patient. Food that a person cannot endure, will not cure.

5 That arrowroot is nutritious. It is simply starch and water, useful as a nutrient, quickly prepared.

6 That cheese is injurious in all cases. It is, as a rule, contra-indicated, being usually indigestible; but it is a concentrated nutriment, and a waste repairer, and should be craved.

7 That the cravings of a patient for whims and should be denied. The stomach often needs, craves for, and digests itself not laid down in any dietary. Such as, for example, fruit, pickles, jams, oaks, ham, or bacon with fat, cheese, butter and milk.

8 That an inflexible diet may be maintained, which shall apply to every case. Choice of a given list of articles allowable in a given case must be decided by the opinion of the stomach. The stomach is right, and theory wrong, and the judgment admits an appeal.

A diet which would keep a healthy man healthy, might kill a sick man; and a diet sufficient to sustain a sick man would keep a well man alive. Increased quantity of food, especially of liquor, does not mean increased nutriment; rather, decrease, since the digestion is over-taxed and weakened. Strive to give the food in as concentrated a form as possible. Consult the patient's stomach in preference to his craving; and if the stomach rejects a certain article, do not force it.

Prevention of Cancer.

The predisposing causes of cancer are in the habits of the patients themselves. Just as civilization is the cause of the strach that wrecks so many intellects, so it is also the cause of depressing the animal vitality of the individual, and brings in its train this dread disease. The main cause of this disease is "established wealth and a state of luxury. The appetite for eating meat and highly seasoned food is indulged, and is regularly and habitually indulged, with in a state of established civilization, with communities engaged in accumulating fortunes and vying with each other in sumptuous living." These conditions, together with habits of indolence and the waste of profits, cause an accumulation of the waste products in the system which predisposes to cancer. Then an accidental bruise, or reversal of fortune, with mental depression, or any other exciting cause, may develop this terrible disease.

The lesson is obvious. People should live more frugally and take plenty of exercise in the open air, and in short, follow hygienic modes of living, and the danger of cancer is much more remote. The cure may be difficult, but prevention seems to be in the power of the individual.

Outting a Fork out of a Stomach.

A novel and dangerous operation has just been performed in Paris by Dr. Polillon. The patient was a mountebank named Lechon, who, in the pursuit of his calling, swallowed a large fork, which struck fast in his stomach. It was in vain that he tried to get his fingers down to the tips of the fork, so he had to leave it there. In a few days that he harm would ensue. In a few days, however, he felt acute pain particularly when his stomach was without food. Dr. Polillon was unable to find the position of the fork by means of the ordinary sounding instrument, as he employed a catheter, with which he contrived to touch the prongs. He then made an incision in the man's abdomen and extracted the fork. In his report to the Academy on the subject, Dr. Polillon enumerates fourteen cases of a similar kind, in seven of which the fork only termed an abscess in the stomach.

"Her age is telling on her," remarked Quarle to Sanderson as an old-time schoolmate passed. "Yes, but she will never mind on her age," retorted Sanderson.