

LOTTIE AND COTTIE.

A FAIRY TALE.

BY MAUDE L. RADFORD.

Lottie and Cottie were two little girls. They were twins and looked exactly alike. Both had red cheeks and lips, great, grey eyes, and a braid of brown hair hanging down their backs, generally tied with blue ribbon.

They were good little girls, too, but of course, like every one else they had their faults. Their greatest fault was that of wishing unreasonable things. Sometimes, of course, they wished for things which would be of benefit to themselves and others, but generally they wished foolishly.

One day, they were looking out of the window watching the fleecy clouds roll across the blue sky. Presently they saw a flock of birds fly by.

"Oh!" said Lottie, "I wish I were a bird."

"So do I," answered her sister. "What kind of a bird would you like to be?"

"I should like to have a yellow body, green wings, pink feet, red beak and blue tail."

"Oh!" said Cottie, "I should like the same as you, only I had rather have a blue beak and red tail."

"How splendid it would be!" exclaimed Lottie.

Now it happened that a good fairy lived near these little girls, and, as she took an interest in all children, and especially in good ones, she often used to observe how Lottie and Cottie acted.

She did not know much, however, of that very bad habit of theirs—wishing. Now, she determined to grant them each a wish, but, as she could not go herself to give it, she sent her waiting maid, Rose-bud-blooming.

Now Rose-bud-blooming, being a rather lazy young fairy, delayed somewhat on the way to the house of her children.

Ah! Rose-bud-blooming, why did you not arrive a little sooner, and when Lottie was wishing to be happy, clever and rich, grant her those wishes? But Miss Rose-bud-blooming flew into the room just after that desire had been uttered, and sat her lazy little self down upon a cushion and waited for the utterance of the next wish. It was that one regarding the birds, and the young fairy flew towards the little girls, touched them on their heads with her wand, and flew away again.

The next moment two little girls felt themselves grow smaller and smaller and smaller, and then their arms grew into wings, and they found themselves turned into two little birds, one with a blue beak and red tail and the other with a red beak and blue tail.

"My goodness!" exclaimed Lottie.

"Is that you Lottie?" asked her sister.

"Yes," answered Lottie, "is it not jolly? We are little birdies now." "I should think we were. Let us fly out of the window."

So two little birds singing loudly flew up, up towards the clouds. They passed a great many people they knew. School-mates, who cried out, at the sight of their brilliant plumage, and their own brother, who tried to catch them, intending to bring them home to themselves.

But they eluded his grasp, and flew on, on, on past hills and valleys and rivers, and then they flew towards home again.

They perched themselves on a bough to rest.

"My goodness!" said Lottie, "it's getting late."

"Yes," responded Cottie, a little dolefully, "it must be confessed, 'I'm a little hungry."

"Oh! I am terribly hungry."

"We are birds and don't know how to get any food. What shall we do?"

"Go home," sobbed Cottie.

"We can't. They won't know it's us."

"Oh, dear me!"

"If once I got home I would never wish a foolish wish again. Never! Never!"

"Neither would I," responded Cottie.

Then the poor little things began to sob again. Oh! Rose-bud-blooming, if you could have seen them!

Now it happened that this was the day on which the good fairy reviewed her animals, and as she was returning home, she heard some one sobbing, and saw the two birds.

She listened to their conversation, and immediately knew that they were the children to whom she had granted the wish.

"Ah!" she said, "I think that this lesson will cure them."

"Now, birds," she said to the children, "now, birds, will you ever wish a foolish wish again?"

"Never! Never!"

"Well, then, become two children again," answered the fairy, touching them with her wand.

Immediately the birds vanished, and Lottie and Cottie stood by each other.

"Remember your promise!" sang the fairy, as she flew away.

"Thank you, we will!"

And the children kissed each other, and, let me add, kept their promise to the fairy.

The Bride Race in a Canoe.

The dame, in Singapore, is given a canoe and a double-bladed paddle, and allowed a start of some distance. The suitor, similarly equipped, starts off in chase. If he succeeds in overtaking her she becomes his wife; if not, the match is broken off.

It is seldom that objection is offered at the last moment, and the race is generally a short one. The maiden's arms are strong, but her heart is soft and her nature is warm, and she soon becomes a willing captive. If the marriage takes place where no stream is near, a round circle of a certain size is formed, the dame is stripped of all but a waistband, and given half the circle's start, and if she succeeds in running three times round before her suitor come up with her she is entitled to remain a virgin; if not, she must consent to the bonds of matrimony. As in the other cases, but few outstrip their lovers.

What Edith Thought of It.

Alonso: "Dearest Edith, candour compels me, on the eve of our wedding, to confess that I am a——" Edith, in consternation: "Not a married man?" Alonso: "No; but a woman-buist." Edith more calmly: "And is that all, dearest? That should not separate us or give us concern. Why, papa was brought up an old-fashioned Methodist, and mamma has always been a close-union Baptist, and they've got along very well together!"

Slavery in Brazil.

Brazil has the unenviable distinction of being the only Christian nation in which slavery now exists, though it is to be hoped that the recent measures taken for its abolition will, in no very long time, remove the stain from her escutcheon.

At first, the Indians were enslaved by the Portuguese settlers, under the flimsy pretext of desiring to Christianize them. Their captors used to call the expeditions against them, "going into the forests to rescue Indians."

When this practice was finally prohibited, the planters supplied the places of the natives by negroes from the west coast of Africa. These slaves were brought over in great numbers without opposition, until Portugal acknowledged the independence of Brazil in 1825. Then, to the lasting honor of the new State, one of the first acts of its ruler was to sign a treaty with England for the suppression of the slave trade.

The Government, however, had not the means to carry the treaty into effect, and the importation of blacks accordingly continued, notwithstanding the urgent and oft-repeated protests of England, and the efforts of her cruisers. The disgrace to his country from this persistent violation of the treaty was keenly felt by Dom Pedro II., when he began to reign.

But the remonstrances of the boy Emperor—he was only a lad of fifteen at this time—had little effect. The slave trade continued to flourish for more than ten years longer, when the extreme vigilance of the English men-of-war, who pursued slavers into Brazilian harbors, and cut them out from under the guns of their forts, together with the outbreak of the yellow fever, attributed by the terrified people to a freshly landed cargo of slaves, at last put an end to the traffic.

By one of the provisions of the treaty, all negroes brought over after a certain year were to be free, and the English Minister at Rio de Janeiro was now instructed to demand the release of those who were illegally held in bondage. All his efforts were in vain, although the Emperor again exerted his influence on the side of right and humanity. Still, they were not wholly without effect, since the agitation of this question aroused an opposition to slavery in Brazil, which was greatly strengthened by various circumstances.

The chief of these circumstances were the Emancipation Proclamation of President Lincoln, and the necessities of the Paraguayan War, which led to the freeing of all slaves who joined the army. At this time, the Emperor gave his personal slaves their liberty, and many of his subjects followed his example.

These acts awakened the wildest hopes in the slaves, and to every remotest plantation the glad tidings of coming freedom penetrated. Whenever on a holiday the Emperor appeared, the roads were lined with grateful negroes, who falling upon their knees, imploring blessings from heaven upon their redeemer as he passed. Whittier caught the enthusiasm and sang with prophetic fire of the noble-minded ruler:

"Crowned doubly by man's blessing and God's grace,
Thy future is secure;
Who frees a people makes his statue's place
In Time's Valhalla sure."

At length, in 1871, the long-looked-for emancipation bill was passed; but bitter was the disappointment of the slaves and their friends to find that it only declared that the children of slaves born after this time should be free at twenty-one, and established a fund for the purchase of the freedom of slaves.

Accordingly agitation was begun for a more radical measure, especially in the northern provinces, where the slaves are comparatively few in number, with such success that by 1883 emancipation had become the one absorbing national issue. Both parties were agreed in their desire to put an end to it, but were divided as to the means by which this should be brought about.

The next year a government emancipation bill having been defeated by a very small majority in the Chamber of Deputies, it was determined to appeal to the people, if such a term has any meaning in a country where, out of a population of about thirteen millions, the voters number only about a quarter of a million.

As soon as the elections were over, the Emperor called together both houses for the purpose of acting on this matter. Another emancipation bill was introduced and, after some debate, passed, becoming a law September 28, 1885.

By its principal provisions all slaves over sixty-five years are unconditionally freed; the emancipation fund is largely increased; and a valuation of slaves according to ages is made, these values to diminish annually six per cent.

The advocates of this measure assert that, by its action, slavery will cease in Brazil in 1892. Other careful observers, however, are not so hopeful, though none doubt the final triumph of freedom. It is certain to be ardently desired that the day, when it does come, may find still on the throne the enlightened ruler who, when a boy, struck the first blow which loosened the shackles of his subjects.

Questions.

What is life? Go, ask the tramp,
Who begs from day to day;
And he will tell you 'tis a cramp,
That squeezes breath away.

What is life? Inquire of clown,
Who laughs within the ring;
And he will lay the maxim down,
It is a serious thing.

What is life? The miser ask,
And he will answer, 'tis
A golden sun 'neath which to bask,
Grasping the horde that's his.

What is life? Go, ask the bard,
Who sings the song to men;
And he will tell you 'tis most hard,
As dark as sin's own den!

What is life? Ask the Divine,
Whose strength is spent in preaching;
And he will answer that its twine,
Is 'e'en beyond His reaching.

Thus life's a book we all must read,
But who can criticise it?
'Tis full of puzzles, problems, greed,
And tricky underlies it.

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FARM.

The practice of condensing and canning milk, instead of manufacturing it into butter, is stated to be spreading extensively in Ireland.

An Ohio farmer says that last year he raised 300,000 cabbages, and kept the flea beetles away at a cost of a single dollar. His method is to pour a gallon of spirits of turpentine into a barrel of land plaster, and when the plaster is dampened all through, as it will be in a few days, spread it broadcast over the field. It is better than lime or ashes, and may be applied when the plants are not wet with rain or dew.

For the present condition of depression in British agriculture, leading statesmen like Gladstone, and leading agriculturists like Reed and Pell, are earnestly urging the people to turn their attention in a greater degree to the rearing and marketing of poultry, believing it will be more remunerative than wheat farming, etc., while a full supply raised at home will keep in the country the millions of money now paid to foreigners for eggs.

The first pound, or the first 100 pounds, of beef, mutton or pork is the most costly. The greater the weight an animal can be made to attain in the shortest period of time the smaller the cost per pound proportionately. It requires no more labor to feed a steer weighing 2000 pounds than it does to feed a steer weighing 1000 pounds. The cost of production does not depend solely upon the amount of food consumed, but upon the food, shelter and labor.

A NEW TAX.—The Russian Minister of Finance has hit upon a novel expedient for raising additional revenue. He proposes to tax hen's eggs, the amount fixed being a quarter-kopek on each egg laid, or about a third of a penny. Only the first twenty eggs laid by each hen, however, are to be liable to the tax. As there are said to be 100,000,000 hens in Russia, a quarter-kopek on each of the twenty eggs laid by each hen will, it is estimated, produce a revenue of 5,000,000 roubles—a very substantial sum. Ducks are to count the same as hens, but turkeys lay such large eggs that the Minister is in doubt whether the tax upon them should not be heavier. The subject is receiving his "serious consideration."

THE FARMER'S CASE.—A writer in the Quarterly Review takes the ground that the English farmer has really nothing to fear from the competition of the wheat-growers in the United States, Russia, Australia or Canada; that his only formidable competitor is the Indian peasant. This proposition, which at first glance appears somewhat startling, is supported with a mass of facts and figures, which we at least are wholly unable to controvert. The reviewer's thesis is that of late wheat has been grown at a loss in all the exporting countries with the single exception of India. The average value of the English wheat crop of late has been about £8, average yield in England is nearly 29 bushels per acre, against 12.3 in the States—so that if the game of beggary-neighbour is to go on, the English farmer is sure in the end to outlast his American rival.

Not Long a Policeman.

Policeman—"Give me a pint of peanuts, aunty, and there's five cents for you."
Aunty—"Hiven bliss ye, sorr! I see ye are a new man on the force."

Query.

A young lady dreamed the other evening that she was out riding, and that the horse was running away. She jumped and fell from the bed to the floor, bruising her shoulder. Might this, so to speak, be called a case of being thrown from a nightmare?

The Schoolmaster at Home.

Schoolmaster: "Well, Bobby, my little fellow, what is your eye for?" Bobby: "Seem' w'." Schoolmaster: "And your ear?" Bobby: "Hearin' w'." Schoolmaster: "And your nose, Bobby?" Bobby, after a pause: "For takin' the cold w'."

"Don't Marry Him"

"He is such a fickle, inconstant fellow, you will never be happy with him," said Esther's friends when they learned of her engagement to a young man who bore the reputation of being a sad flirt. Esther, however, knew that her lover had good qualities, and she was willing to take the risk. In nine cases out of ten it would have proved a mistake; but Esther was an uncommon girl and to every one's surprise Fred made a model husband. How was it? Well, Esther had a cheerful, sunny temper and a great deal of tact. Then she enjoyed perfect health and was always so sweet, neat and wholesome that Fred found his own home most pleasant, and his own wife more agreeable than any other being. As the year passed and he saw other women of Esther's age grow sickly, faded and querulous, he realized more and more that he had "a jewel of a wife." Good health was half the secret of Esther's success. She retained her vitality and good looks, because she ward off feminine weaknesses and ailments by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

Big hats are rarely beautiful this season.

The Old Silver Spoon.

How fresh in my mind are the days of my sickness,
When I tossed me in pain, all fevered and sore;
The burning, the nausea, the sinking and weakness,
And even the old spoon that my medicine bore.
The old silver spoon, the family spoon,
The sick-chamber spoon that my medicine bore.

How loth were my fever-parched lips to receive it,
How nauseous the stuff that it bore to my tongue,
And the pain at my inwards, oh, naught could relieve it,
Though tears of disgust from my eyeballs it wrung,
The old silver spoon, the medicine spoon,
How awful the stuff that it left on my tongue.

Such is the effect of nauseous, gripping medicines which make the sick-room a memory of horror. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, on the contrary, are small, sugar-coated, easy to take, purely vegetable and perfectly effective. 25 cents a vial.

There is an immense competition among corset manufacturers at the moment in their efforts to supply a corset that meets the requirements of the tailor-cut costume.

Don't hawk, hawk, and blow, blow, disgusting everybody, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

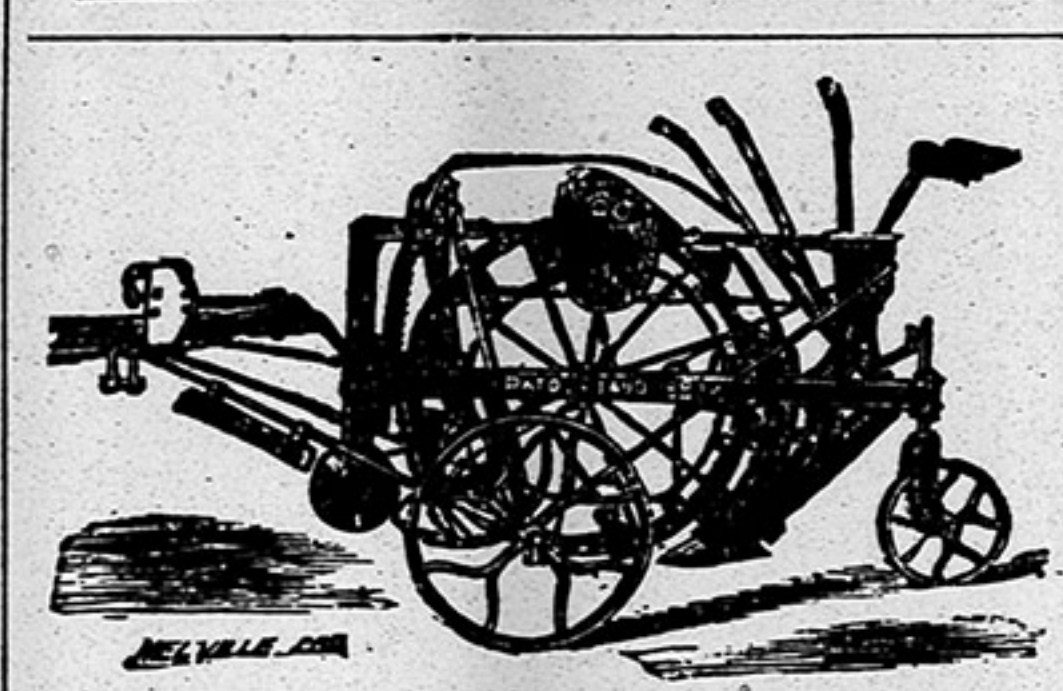
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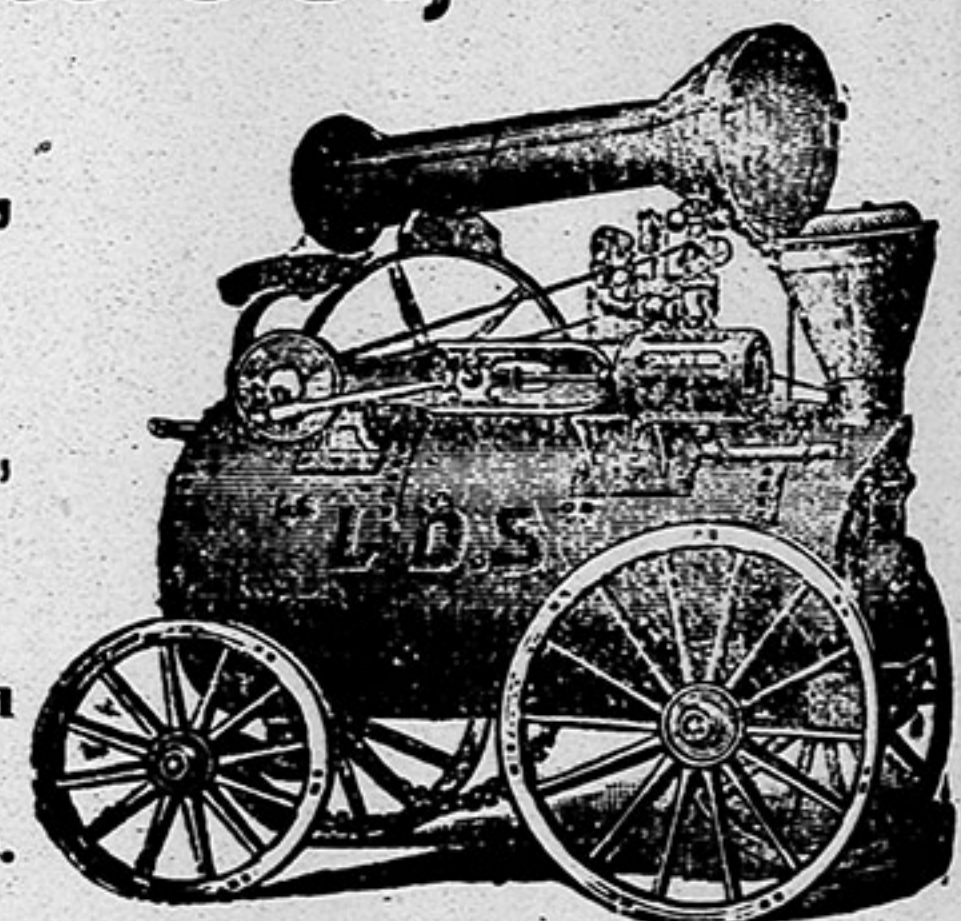
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