

YOUNG FOLKS.

Questions. Can you put the spider's web back in place That once has been swept away?

THE INFLUENCE OF OF A KIND ACT.

BY NELLIE HELM.

"What a dreadful day!" "I'm fairly blown to pieces."

"I'm thankful we caught this car, if we did have to run for it," and the three rosy, breathless girls sank into the seat as the car moved on.

After they had arranged their hair and ribbons and dress with which the boisterous wind had taken most daring liberties, they commenced to talk again.

The car gradually filled up, and although their tongues were so busy, their eyes were free to scan every new-comer.

"There's Gertrude Eastman," said Maud Haven, one of the trio.

"How awfully proud and stuck-up she is!" said Clara Denton.

"I reckon I'd be proud, too," replied May Travis, looking admiringly at the trim little figure.

"What a lovely dress she has on," said Maud.

All this time the subject of their remarks sat quietly looking out of the window, unconscious of the interest she was creating in the minds of the three girls in the corner of the car.

How the wind did blow! It seemed to rise higher and blow more fiercely every moment.

The wind had handled her very roughly. Her shawl was twisted, her thin gray hair was scattered loosely over her pale forehead, and her bonnet was all awry.

"Thank you, my dear," replied the old lady, looking up into Gertrude's fresh young face as she sank into the seat.

ful sight better. Do you know you put me in mind of my little grand-daughter who died only a few weeks ago.

"Well, I do declare, if she ain't an angel right from heaven, I never saw one," exclaimed the old lady.

"I think she is perfectly lovely," said May Travis, enthusiastically.

"She just did it to show off," said Clara Denton spitefully.

"Girls," she said, "I'll tell you what I think. I believe it wasn't so much because Gertrude Eastman is a born lady that she did that, as because she is trying to be a Christian."

"Well," said May soberly and thoughtfully, "if it's that that makes her so lovely, I wish I was one, too."

"So do I," answered Maud softly; and Clara said nothing as they rose and left the car.

Gertrude Eastman went on her way, little dreaming of the seed she had sown by the wayside that afternoon.

When the regiment was first ordered into action, he left her in charge of a sick comrade.

"Yes, my good fellow," was the surgeon's answer, "thanks to your little cat. If she had not used her tongue so intelligently, you would have died from loss of blood."

Contrary to all regulations, pussy was allowed to accompany the young soldier to the hospital, where she was regaled with the choicest morsels from his plate.

FUNNY LITTLE STORIES

What a Zodiac Is.

A friend of ours has two little boys, Charlie and Robbie, the latter of whom took occasion one day at dinner to inform the family that he had at least a slight acquaintance with geography.

"I bet you don't know what a zodiac is," said Charlie (a year or two older), to try him.

"Yes, I do." "Well, what is it?" "Humph!" said the little fellow, "a zodiac is the science of numbers joined to a noun."

His Little Joke.

Johannie was going through the market with his mother, and they came across some very large gooseberries.

Her Little Prayer.

Little Minnie was being put to bed, and had knelt down to say her usual prayer.

"Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep." These two lines went all right, but then the treacherous memory slipped and Minnie was puzzled, but only for a moment.

"Eenie, meenie, meenie, moe, catch a nigger by the toe." And would have continued had not her shocked mamma quickly placed her again on the right track.

PUZZLEDOM.

(A.) Who is that maid, whose solemn look Spreads peace upon the soul; And yet whose presence makes the bad Spurn at the law's control?

(B.) We burn not, though oft full of fire, Soulless, we can souls inspire; Silent, without tongues we speak, Heartless, often hearts we break.

(C.) Born of the sun— Though black as night My course is run In brilliant light. Sometimes the passing hours I mark; But I am useless in the dark.

Sense of Smell in Dogs.

Mr. George J. Romanes has communicated to the Linnean Society the results of a series of experiments, made by him, to test the strength and acuteness of the sense of smell in dogs.

The master's scent was most overlaid, that of the game-keeper was freshest. When they had gone two hundred yards the master turned to the right, followed by five of the men, the other six turned to the left, keeping their usual order.

When the master and stranger to the dog exchanged boots and then went different ways. The setter followed its master's boots and found the stranger.

When he walked in new shooting boots the setter would not follow.

Walking in new cotton socks no trail that the setter could follow; in woolen socks that had been worn a day, the trail was followed, but not eagerly.

The master walked fifty yards in his shooting boots, then kicked them off and carried them with him, while he walked in stockings three hundred yards, then he took off his socks and walked another three hundred yards barefoot.

Accompanied by a stranger to the dog, the master rode out along a carriage way, several hundred yards from the house; then he alighted and walked in his shooting-boots fifty yards beside the carriage.

The moon hung glorious in the sky. As heart in heart, and eye in eye, Unheeding all the hours flew by That last, last night.

The trees were brilliant red and gold; How passing sweet the story told— Ah! never long and never old— That last, last night.

We pledged each other to attain To Pisgah's heights of heart and brain, And each to each should true remain, That last, last night.

Your hand electric to my own, Your lips, more precious than a throne, Were mine, ah, joy! and mine alone, That last, last night.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

BABY GONE TO SCHOOL.

The baby has gone to school; ah, me! What will the mother do, With never a call to button or pin, Or tie a little shoe?

Another basket to fill with lunch, Another "good-by" to say, And the mother stands at the door to see Her baby march away;

She thinks of a possible future morn, When the children one by one, Will go from their home out into the world, To battle with life alone,

It is possible in France to insure the life of a child one day old.

Ice was artificially manufactured by the use of chemical mixtures as early as 1783.

It is stated that 70,000,000 codfish are caught annually off the Newfoundland coast.

It is stated that "Prince Bismarck has gone back to tobacco." Also, how sad to witness a great man's great resolution end in nothing but smoke!

Mr. Harriet Beecher Stowe has made the most remarkable recovery her physicians have ever witnessed.

Horace Smith, of Philadelphia, is said to possess the largest collection of newspaper clippings in the world.

One of the most successful ministers of Boston has inaugurated the following practice in taking the benevolent collections:

When a father dies in Corea the sons must dress themselves in a suit of sackcloth, with a rope girdle about the waist.

The most plausible view among many doctors was that baldness was especially liable to follow the wearing of a tight-fitting hat, the blood vessels being constricted and the scalp deprived of the necessary supply of blood.

"Mrs. Squeezem," said one of the boarders the other morning at the breakfast table, "the casters on my bed squeak terribly. Can't I have 'em greased or something?"

"Yes, Sir," replied the landlady, "of the price of castor oil hasn't ris."

A Good Thing for Sore Throat.

They were returning from the theatre. "I am troubled with a slight sore throat, Miss Clara," he said, "and I think it would be wise if I should button my coat tightly around my neck."

"I would, indeed, Mr. Simpson," replied the girl with some concern. "At this season of the year a sore throat is apt to develop into something serious. Are you doing anything for it?"

"Not so far," he replied. "I hardly know what to do."

"I have often heard papa say," shyly suggested the girl, "that raw oysters have a very soothing and beneficial effect upon such a trouble."

Accommodating Garments.

Small Clerk—"Fader, a shentleman in de store wants to know if dot all-wool, non-shrinkable shirt vill shrink."

Proprietor—"Does it fit him?" "No, id is too big." "Yah, it vill shrink."

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

BY MRS. BOWSER.

Ever since our marriage Mr. Bowser has been looking after a house dog, and a good share of our troubles has arisen over him.

"What do we want of a dog? Did you ever see a family which amounted to anything which didn't keep a dog? Nature gave us the dog to protect us—to be a sort of terror to a dog's heart by one look, but I Heaven!"

"Can't you protect us, Mr. Bowser?" "Certainly I can and do, but suppose I am off my guard some night and a burglar enters our house?"

"And burglars the dog?" "That's it. Sneer at the poor dumb brute because Nature made him a dog! Under the circumstances I have stated, you should probably owe our lives to the faithful guardian."

He brought home a dog. It was a dog with a cerifficate of character from his last owner. He was guaranteed to be vigilant, trusting, tidy, kind, and to have a special hankering after the life-blood of householders.

He carried his head to the left as if trying to see his left hind foot, and there was a suspicious squint in his eyes. He had been badly knocked about from all appearances, but the boys who brought him explained that this was the result of lack of an elephant and coming of second best. The beast growled at me and snarled at the baby as Mr. Bowser brought him in, and when I protested against the invasion I was answered with:

"No wonder he growls! A dog knows an enemy on sight. He feels that you'd like to murder him, and he properly resents it. Come here, Rimbo."

That night the dog had the run of the lower part of the house. We had no sooner got to bed than he began to howl. Mr. Bowser threatened him from the head of the stairs, and then he barked at intervals of five minutes for an hour. Mr. Bowser silenced him after awhile, and I was just getting to sleep when I heard the beast growling and growling and worrying something. I wanted Mr. Bowser to go down stairs, but he utterly refused, saying:

"He has probably got hold of a burglar, and I don't want to be appealed to to call him off. Just go to sleep and let Rimbo alone. We haven't been as safe for years."

Next morning the beast bit the cook in the leg as she went down, and the minute the door opened he lit out for parts unknown. We soon discovered what he had been worrying. It was Mr. Bowser's new winter overcoat, and it was reduced to a roll of string and tatters.

"You brought him home," I exclaimed as I pointed to the ruin. "I did, eh?" replied Mr. Bowser, as he surveyed the heap. "And you lay right there and knew what he was at and never said a word!"

"Then I was talking in my sleep, and you knew it! Mrs. Bowser, you don't get a new dud for a year!"

"The next dog was a hound. The owner told Mr. Bowser that he was a good deer dog, and \$10 changed hands on this account.

"But what good is a deer dog?" I asked, when Mr. Bowser explained this fact. "To run deer, of course."

"But where are the deer?" "That's just like you! You expect to look out of one back door and see a dozen! I propose to go where the deer are. Did you ever see a kinder face on a dog?"

"He looks very simple-minded." "Does he! Well, don't you fool yourself. You may owe your life to him yet. He's better than forty burglar-alarms."

The canine deserved credit for one thing. He slept soundly on the parlor sofa all night. On the second afternoon he got out, and a little terrier weighing eleven ounces ran him three times around the house and finally drove him into a barrel partly filled with plaster.

"Did I buy him for a fighter?" I shouted. Mr. Bowser, as I related the occurrence. "He ran, of course. I bought him for a runner."

Mrs General Harrison

Mrs. Harrison, who will be Washington society, is just ab her husband, the president of her 54 years, and they have been 45 school days.

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