

YOUNG FOLKS.

A Child's Fancies in Autumn. The Maple is a dainty maid. The plot of all the wood. Who lights the daisy forest glad. With scarlet cloak and hood.

The Harm It Does. I mean strong drink, children. And only a small part of the harm. I could not tell you all if I talked a whole week.

"Yes I see, indeed!" you all say. Now you look at a person who drinks—do you find any of these things? Red nose, red eyes, dark wrinkled skin, shaky hands, feet that won't walk straight, mind that can't remember—nothing at all that you can see as God made it.

You know that no man would take a dose of arsenic or strychnine unless he wanted to kill himself—every child has learned that they are deadly poisons. Yet the man or boy who drinks liquor, takes them both, and other things just as deadly.

You all know what it means to be paralyzed—not to have any motion or power in the part affected. That is just how alcohol affects the body, a short time after it is taken into the stomach.

The Home for Aged Ladies stood opposite a house filled with gay boys and girls, cousins, brothers and sisters, and bright with pictures, luxurious furniture and costly "bric a brac."

The idea was received with applause. Piacards announcing the concert were sent over to the Home, and the girls began practicing on piano and guitar.

The old women sat very silent, now and then suddenly laughing aloud or wiping a tear away furtively. Some of the music was familiar and dear to them. It brought back their homes and their dear again. But it did more. They were alive again themselves; they were once more a part of their generation.

The concert was over, and soon forgotten by the performers. But the audience never forgot it. It was the one era of their life in the Home. They dated all events as "before" or "after the concert." They hummed the airs for years in their cracked old voices.

It was a trifling thing to do, yet it had brought a great warmth and happiness into those faded lives. Is there no little thing, which will bring happiness to some neglected creature, waiting for us to do?

A Mean Man. Wife—"I believe that more women than men go to heaven." Husband—"You do? What makes you think so?"

Under His Bed.

Lieutenant Colonel Van Someren of the British Army sends an account of a night adventure in India. It was at the very height of the hot season, and after passing the evening at a military station, he had ridden through the woods to his bungalow, where he arrived shortly before midnight.

I had not been asleep long, when I became conscious of something uncanny under my bed. It was apparently a large and powerful creature, for I distinctly felt my head moved, and then my shoulders and back were gently, but steadily, lifted as the thing, whatever it might be, slipped slowly and cautiously along under the tape on which I was lying.

A slight movement of mine caused it to stop still but I distinctly felt its back pressed against mine. For a moment I lay motionless, horribly frightened, and with the knowledge that my gun was in the next room. However, it was useless to lie there. It was better to face the brute at once; so I sprang up, seized a slipper, flung it under the bed, and shouted loudly.

There was a plunge, a lurch of the cot, and a great gray, hairy mass dashed out from under the bedstead with a growl, and bolted through the open door, across the back veranda, and down a ravine behind the bungalow. It was a large hyena, and I congratulated myself that the brute had not snapped at my leg as he went off.

I heard two or three animals move off in a hurry, and the shots naturally brought out my servants. I told them to keep about for a little while; the sound of voices would, perhaps, discourage the hyena, and cause him to sink away for good. Shutting the doors and windows was out of the question; the heat was too great.

I saw my opportunity, and fired, giving her a wire cartridge in her neck. She lurched forward into the veranda, with an angry growl, and got upon her feet, but was evidently dazed, for she stood still in the moonlight, brooding to me, and I gave her the second barrel, also in the neck.

"At such close quarters the shot cartridges inflicted terrible wounds!" She fell over dying, and after a gasp or two and a long quivering throes, lay still. The puppy was not dead, but so much hurt that it had to be killed the next day.

The wheat proved to be a full grown and very handsome young female. My night's rest had been disturbed, but I was repaid a hundred fold by a trophy so valuable in itself, and at the same time so interesting for the unusual and exciting circumstances of its capture.

Nobody knows as yet within 20,000,000 or 30,000,000 bushels what the wheat yield of America has been in 1889, and nobody knows within many times that quantity what the yield of the world has been.

The Boarder's Fear. "I am sorry," said the hungry-looking boarder as he set the pitcher down, "that I have said so many unkind things about the milk."

Johnnie Knew it All. Wife—"John, here is something in this baseball report that I do not understand. I wish you would explain it to me."

carried over from last year, or how large the new crop is, and contradictory statements on both points are wide apart. But the cold facts are that Russia exports in August nearly 3,000,000 cwts. to Great Britain, against about 2,000,000 cwts. in the same month last year, and an increase of one-half in exports does not indicate much scarcity in Russia.

His Love Worth Even More. "Clara," he exclaimed, laying his hand upon his cardiac region, "I have long looked forward to this opportunity to tell you that I love you with all the ardor of a nature free from guile and duplicity."

Identifying Mr. Johnson. "Is there a Mr. Johnson in this car?" called the conductor, as he entered a coach on a Lehigh Valley train and held up a telegram to view.

Aunt Janet's Surprise. Aunt Janet: "What do you call that?" Nephew from the city: "It's a trousers-stretcher." Aunt Janet: "A trousers-stretcher! Why don't you get your trousers big enough, so's you don't have to stretch 'em?"

A Healthy Town. "Healthy in our town? I should think so! We have had only one funeral for ten years, and that was the doctor, who literally starved to death."

Would Ruin Business. Beggar: "A thousand thanks, my good sir, for the splendid coat you have given me, but I can not wear it. It would ruin my business—so a soul would give me a farthing!"

A Hard Tug. Husband (at 1:30 a. m.): "Don't say a word! I know it's awful late, but I've had a hard tug of it." Wife: "Yes, you look as if you'd had a hard tug. How many schooners did you tow in to-night?"

A Change of Faces. "I don't understand how you can stay so continually in the house this summer. I feel as if I must get away if only to see some new faces." "Oh, I don't need to go for that. My wife has a new servant every day."

Johnny's Rash Speech. Mr. Goodatch (calling on the eldest sister): "Why, Johnny, how you are growing! You'll be a man before your sister if you keep on." Johnny: "You bet I will. Sister'll never be a man if she keeps on being 20 like she has for the last five years."

He Could Jump a Ten-Foot Fence. "Are you interested in athletics?" asked Miss Johnson of a young travelling man who had been paying her some attention.

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ANSWERING BY KNOCKS.

A remarkable "ghost" story comes from Greenwich. It appears that Mr. Bothwick, in the employ of the South Metropolitan Gas Company, had resided for three years in his family at 14, Horseferry Road, Greenwich, a four-roomed house.

HEARD THREE HARD BLOWS as of a man's fist on the cellar door. Much alarmed, they rushed off to bed, and heard no more that night. On Mr. Bothwick's return he put a new floor to the cellar, making it even with the passage.

THREE TERRIFIC KNOCKS on the cellar door, which Mr. Lloyd had just closed. He immediately opened it again, and nothing could be seen, although a lamp in the passage shone into the cellar.

ON ACCOUNT OF SOME CRIME committed many years ago. The "ghost" would not answer any frivolous questions, such as "Will you come out and have a drink with me?"

A Convincing Argument. Mrs. Skinnphint (doubtfully)—"Josiah, there's a peddler at the door with a rug worth \$10. He offers it for \$1. I would like to buy it, but I'm afraid it wouldn't be just exactly honest. He must have stolen it or he wouldn't offer it so cheap."

Things Were Different. Mr. Benedict—"You'd better put the baby to bed, if Mr. and Mrs. Sissy are coming in this evening."

What She Wanted. "Now," said the bridegroom to the bride when they had returned from the honeymoon trip "Let us have a clear understanding before we settle down to married life. Are you the president or vice president of this society?"

Only Her First. Mrs. Slaughter (in her lawyer's office)—"I want to get a divorce from Mr. Slaughter. I can't stand him any longer."

A Postponement. "Mister Moderator, in consequence of the fall standus at dis meetin', I moob de meetin' in next Wenday ebenin' am postponed to dis Monday ebenin' for de choice ob dectore."

The Cricket on the hearth! "The cricket on the hearth!" exclaimed a teaty old fellow in The Boston Transcript.

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ABYSSINIA'S NEW KING.

King Menelik II., with a vast retinue, advancing north to Addis, where all the Kings of Abyssinia are crowned. Within a few weeks the ceremony of coronation will be performed. The new ruler of Abyssinia will be the most powerful ruler Abyssinia has had for generations.

Menelik's father, King Haseen, heard one day that a woman of striking beauty was seeking alms at the doors of the palace. He sent for her, and was so greatly impressed by her charms that he introduced her among the women of his establishment.

Physically the King is not an impressive person. He is almost coal black, short, and dumpy. Unlike his uncle, Ras Dargah, and others among his chief advisers, he is very friendly to Europeans, and wants to introduce their arts into his country.

The King is gentle and amiable to those who have his friendship, but he has been guilty of acts of gross cruelty and injustice to conquered enemies. He has largely widened the boundaries of Shoa by conquering the fierce Galla tribes around him.

When King John was killed a few months ago it was known to be his wish that his nephew should succeed him. Menelik, however, proclaimed himself King of Abyssinia, and all the provinces of the country except Tigra have recognized him as the new ruler.

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