

YOUNG FOLKS.

Lady Nature's Wedding Party.

It was spring-time: the earth was carpeted with flowers, the trees clothed with tender green, the air sweet with the scent of blossoms, and the birds were practicing their choral effects.

"The sunshiny morning a man and his son were walking along a lovely shaded path, and from very fullness of joy the lad said, 'Father, why is everything so beautiful just now?'"

"I suppose," replied the father, because it is spring-time."

"But why is everything so beautiful then? Why are the trees so different to what they were in winter?"

"Because they've leaves, of course," said the father.

"But why have they leaves just now?"

"Oh," said the father, getting a little impatient, "because the sap in the trees is now moving upwards. But if you'd go and work out some of those bills of exchange in the world than you will have if you know about in these woods asking why things are beautiful. Beautiful indeed! Why don't you want to know what beauty was, and look at what I am to-day?"

The father walked angrily away and the boy followed him, but he heard what he said, and spoke to the boy.

"So you wish to know why everything is beautiful, my lad? I will tell you what I know, but probably you can teach me far more than I can tell you. Come with me."

The poet led the boy to a velvety lawn, and showed him the fruit-trees covered with blossoms. Some of the blossoms had fallen, and the grass was spangled with flowers.

"There, then," said the boy eagerly, "why are the flowers there now?"

"That I cannot tell," said the poet simply; "but I can show you something that may interest you. Lie down on the grass and look at that hole."

The lad did as he was told. For some time he could see nothing, for the hole was dark; but soon he said, "Oh, the whole hole is lighted up with tiny lamps, and there comes a funny little rabbit. Oh, what is going to happen?"

"There is to be a wedding party there," said the poet, "and that is the best man."

The lad was very still, and the poet looked beside him, and together they saw the whole affair. The bridegroom rabbit was in a great state of fluster (his tiny white coat could be seen moving up and down on the day of the wedding).

The bridegroom became more and more excited until the bride appeared—in a wondrous wedding gown made of skeleton leaves intricately tucked together, each joining being covered with tiny flowers—with six rabbits as her bridesmaids. The wedding party was said by all to be one of the most charming that had ever been seen. The ceremony was very short (for in Rabbit lands time is always done quickly), and then the whole of the guests came out to the open air. A little mood had been raised for the bride and bridegroom, and the guests sat about them. The bride's mother seemed to be sad, but she brightened up as soon as the wedding began. The singers were hidden among the branches of the trees; but the bandmaster (Herr Lark) hovered overhead, gave the key-note, and beat time with his wings. The music, the sunshine, the flowers—everything seemed to rejoice in the happiness of the newly wedded pair.

The little bride felt it so much that she shed tears; but one knowing old thrush spoke to a sparrow that she only wished to have an excuse for the bridegroom to kiss her for he did so at once.

As soon as the chorus was finished the bride shook a number of blossoms off the trees on the lawn. They then flew down, and the bride and bridegroom, put their heads into the flowers and drank their health to all. In reply to this, Mr. Rabbit stood up and rubbed their heads with their tiny paws. They then spoke to all the guests, and then walked to their home. In another moment they were gone.

The lad rubbed his eyes, and wondered if there all a dream; but the poet was still beside him, and the lawn still covered with blossoms. "Now I understand it," he said, "all these lovely flowers are Nature's decorations for the wedding-time of the rabbits."

"Perhaps you are right," said the poet. "The lad went home and tried to explain what he had seen to his father, but he only said, 'Stuff and nonsense! If you'd think of how you are to get better to your health, and less of your everlasting beauty, you'd make a better figure in the world.'"

The poet knew this was not so, for to the beauty of this world more than the bread and butter is to prove oneself one of Nature's richly gifted favourites.

The African Fever.

Two or three we heard the snorts of hippopotamus around our boat when we moored at night. As we slept, each wrapped in a blanket, lying athwartship on bales of boxes, it was not pleasant to be waked in the night by these unaccustomed sounds, and to hear the wash of the water along the gunwale, caused by these monsters.

They were not a little thankful that they could defend themselves to grunts of defiance and fore-ward actual attack,—for by this time we were all suffering from African fever, and a fever that was small and overpowered, and we were all good-sized fellows on board; so, when the fever was on us, it required considerable ingenuity and much crossing and crossing of legs before spaces could be found in which to lie down at all, in the narrow sheets of our craft.

Mr. Milne, a strong, stout-built man, had suffered more than any of us; and by the time we reached Manyanga the fever had become so strong a hold of him that his face became hopeless. We did all we could

for him, but our small knowledge was of little avail. We hoped that he would rally when we got ashore again, but five days after we had landed he succumbed after a few hours of delirium. This was indeed a great difference in our ages, Milne and I had been fast friends on the voyage out. He had been very good to me in many ways, instead of ridiculing my experience, and on several occasions had helped me out of difficulties into which I had been led through ignorance. He never lost an opportunity of giving me such information as he thought would be of use to me when I should be away in the interior and alone. It was Milne who first showed me how to handle a rifle, how to use a sail-needle, and even more important, how to cook the few dishes that have for years figured with such monotonous repetition in my simple bills of fare.

In return, I would amuse him and the others on the way by drawing rough portraits which they sent home to their friends; or, at night, I would sing a few comic songs to the accompaniment of my banjo. And here at the commencement of our new career, the man who to all appearance was the strongest of our party was snatched away by death, while I, a not particularly robust lad, was left to wonder who would be the next victim to the dreadful fever that was burrowing in every vein and racking every bone.

I felt then that it was necessary for me to "brace up," keep a stiff upper lip, and fight every advance of the enemy. To my surprise I found myself, day by day growing stronger, while my companions weakened and failed; at last, one day I was able to announce myself as prepared to continue the march.—("Six Years in the Wilds of Central Africa," in St. Nicholas.

On the Fisheries Question.

Osborne, Isle of Wight, is Queen Victoria's seaside residence. Many years ago, when the Prince of Wales was a lad, he was one day playing on the beach when he spied a basket of fish. Thirsting for fun, he overturned the basket and sent the fish sprawling into the water.

The young owner, a boy about the prince's age, soon returned, and enraged at the loss of the day's toil, attacked the perpetrator, giving him a vigorous beating; whereupon his Royal Highness flew angrily to the castle.

"Know ye, lad, who ye've been laying hands on?" asked a fisherman, approaching the boy; "it's a name other than the prince, the heir to the throne."

Consternation filled the mind of the boy and all his family, still more when in the evening a summons came from the queen to that youth to present himself at Osborne Castle.

The little fellow started and trembled, thinking over all the fireside tales that his child-ears had heard, of chains and dungeon locks, tortures and the axe, cheerful musings to accompany his slow, reluctant steps up the avenue to the castle. His agitated little brain was trying to frame a speech in defence, but when he was ushered into the royal presence every word deserted his lips, and he could not lift his eyes from the floor.

"Are you the boy that dared whip my son, the Prince of Wales?" asked the queen sternly.

"I be, your majesty," he replied, trembling in every limb, "and I—I beg your pardon, your majesty."

"You don't even try to evade the truth," said the queen; "what provoked you to do so?"

"They—they—the boy hesitated, still trembling, "they was my father's fish, your majesty. Didn't know 'twas his royal highness."

"Ah, I begin to understand." Then the queen turned to the prince and asked, "What did you do to his fish?"

"Wanted to see if they'd swim; so I tipped the basket a little," said the heir apparent, examining the figures on the carpet.

The queen turned to the fisher-boy and said, "You are a brave lad for defending your father's possessions. Of such mettle may my army be made! Here is a guinea for your fish; and next time the prince in his eagerness for knowledge overturns your basket, give him another whipping and you shall have two guineas for his own purse."

A lighter-hearted boy never went out of the castle gates; and a light-hearted father was ever after loyal to England's justice-loving queen.

In Praise of Vulcan.

When the wild men from Pentland's shaggy side Stared at the Fifeshire woodlands, did they dream This fiery dragon with its lungs of steam Would make the heaven its pathway, and would glide With cloud and sound above the wandering tide?

Could they have hoped hot Haste would drive its team Straight for the gulf, and leap yon ocean stream, High o'er Inchgarvie's isle, with double stride?

Nay, but the heart of iron was in the land, The soul of fire, the strength of lifted arm: The breath of wind was theirs; one thing alone they knew not—this—how God himself had planned

Mortals should conquer earth, and bind in one Our broken world, with commerce for a charm.

II.—THE EIFFEL TOWER.

The men who builded Babel day by day Saw the great city less, the plains more wide, Till God sent down confusion for their pride, And tower and trench sank back to common clay.

Nor better fared the men who far away Beheld their harbor giant o'er the tide. For lo! earth trembled and the people cried, And Rhodes' Colossus crashed into the bay. But this transcendent tower of magic birth, That tames the lightning flash and mocks the thunder,

Has set a star in heaven—with upturned eyes Behold the nations meet, and pass in marvel under. And humbled, in the silence of surprise They find a long-lost language of the earth.

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

Ostentation is the signal flag of hypocrisy. Be quick. You can't use a minute but once—make the most of it.

Life is a long course of mutual education which ends but with the grave.

You just bring a couple of little quarrels into your family and they'll breed like sparrows.

There is no beautifier of complexions or form of behavior like the wish to scatter joy and not pain around us.

The happiest man is he who, being above the trouble which money brings, has hands the fullest of work.

There may be times when silence is gold, and speech silver; but there are times, also, when silence is death and speech life.

I have always found that the honest truth of our own mind has a certain attraction for every other mind that loves truth honestly.

Never look back. You can't help the mistakes you have made. Don't make any more. Don't think of what you have achieved, but of what you may accomplish.

Nature loves truth so well that it hardly ever admits of flourishing. Conceit is to nature what paint is to beauty—it is not only needless, but impairs what it would improve.

A bad habit broken away from is a good day's work. The earlier a habit is formed the stronger the hold it has. Private personal habits are more difficult to get rid of and have a more demoralizing effect than public ones.

One of the best means of saving power is to rest just before getting tired. A human being may work up to the point of fatigue without injury; but the moment exhaustion supervenes, that moment a debilitated state sets in which cannot be recovered from readily.

Nature is the true idealist. When she serves us best, when, on rare days, she speaks to the imagination, we feel that the huge heaven and earth are but a web drawn around us, that the light, skies, and mountains are but the painted vicissitudes of the soul.

Good taste is a true economist. It may be practical on small means, and sweeten the lot of labor as well as of ease. It is all the more enjoyed indeed when associated with industry and the performance of duty. Even the lot of poverty is elevated by taste. It exhibits itself in the economies of the household; it gives brightness and grace to the humblest dwelling; it produces refinement, it engenders good will, and creates an atmosphere of cheerfulness. Thus good taste, associated with kindness, sympathy, and intelligence, may elevate and adorn even the lowest lot.

Men should influence one another in their business and their homes, in the intercourse of chance acquaintance and the close ties of friendship. This it is that keeps them from growing narrow and bigoted in their own opinions, and draws them together in love, in friendship, in a common patriotism and a human brotherhood. But this constant influence needs to be balanced, by a firm individuality, a manly self-respect, and a steady adherence to the principles that appeal to each one's sense of right. Therefore, unless there are times when the man retires voluntarily from all human sight, where no public or private pressure can sway him, and where his own thoughts, his own feelings, his own conscience, may assert themselves, unrebuked and unassisted, he can never preserve that personality which is or should be the core of his being.

In the Matrimonial Market.

More personal charms are not what man seeks in a wife, if he be wise in his generation. The best husbands in the land want wives who are intelligent, practical and affectionate; who take pride in their homes, feel an interest in the success of their husbands, and are ready to share either fortune or misfortune. Such a woman is brave, generous and independent, and will command the respect of any honest, courteous man in the land. It will not be asked of her whether she speaks French or plays high-class music on the piano. A man wants a wife of whom he is proud, either at home or abroad. He wants her to be neat and well-mannered. It is not really necessary that she be pretty, but she must be agreeable, of kindly disposition, loving and affectionate. The woman who is fitting herself for the position of wife should be careful not to bank very heavily on her beauty. The saddest sight in all the world is a woman who has built everything on good looks, when the charms begin to vanish. Oh, how they try to cover the wrinkles and hide the ravages of time! When Time, with iron-shod feet, steps on a face the hoof-marks remain and you cannot hide them. It is silly to try to hide them! Why be ashamed of age, when it is, in itself an evidence that you have lived tolerably well, or you would not have lived so long?

Police Attack Dacoits.

For some time past a band of dacoits under a notorious leader named Jhunda have been the terror of Meerut and the surrounding districts. Last Monday a police force under the District Superintendent came upon them when they were about to plunder a village. The dacoits got possession of a small fort, where they provisioned themselves and refused to surrender. The police thereupon attacked them. A sharp fight ensued, and it is said that over one hundred rifle shots were fired by the dacoits. After some time the dacoits tried to escape, but were captured. Jhunda and another man were killed. The police escaped unhurt. Two Martini-Henry rifles were found with the band.

A Dream Strangely Fulfilled.

In 1862 I lived in the Shenandoah Valley, and was betrothed to a lieutenant in the southern army, writes the correspondent of a New York paper. On the 2nd of July I expected him home, but owing to the irregularity of our modes of travel, did not know at what time he would arrive. I waited until 12 o'clock, and as he did not come I extinguished the light and threw myself upon a lounge. I fell asleep, but awoke with a start, and found the room dimly lighted and the lieutenant standing beside me, looking ghastly pale and his uniform stained with blood. I jumped up and exclaimed: "Oh, Tom, what is the matter?" He answered: "I am dead. Go tell my mother and hurry to the field. I was mortally wounded, and knew you would grieve less if you could find my body." So I crawled up on the hill, under a pine tree, to die. Then all was dark. My mother and I went to the battlefield, and under an old pine tree we found my dead, his uniform stained with blood, just as I had seen it the night before.

Divided Duties.

Daughter—"Ma, the new girl has got mad and gone, and we'll have to get another right off."

Mrs. De Style—"Well, telephone to your pa to send a boy to some employment office for one. I need some zephyr to match this silk, too; but I suppose I will have to go for that myself."

The Young Man Bowled.

"You are like Joshua," remarked Mrs. Snodgrass to her daughter, as young Dolley uncovered and remained standing while she passed.

"Why, mamma?"

"The son stands still for you."

There is a steady increase of the popularity of English novels in Germany.

When it takes a fellow eighteen minutes to assist a girl to don her sashkin escape the natural inference is that he hopes to be more than a brother to her.

Mrs. B.—"Here's an account of a man who loses his fortune and then his wife." Mr. B.—"Yes, there's a silver lining to almost every cloud."

A BOY'S BATTLE WITH EAGLES.

Attacked and Nearly Disabled While Clinging to a Lefly Crag.

Lee Hemingway, an orphan boy of 16 years of age, of New Braunfels, Tex., had an adventure a few days ago with two American eagles, in which he barely escaped with his life. Prof. McInery, the well-known naturalist, who has been located in this neighborhood for the last few weeks in the interest of his ornithological collection, offered Lee \$500 for a nest with living eaglets or eggs in it. Although rather early for these birds to hatch their young, Lee was soon able, by watching the movements of a pair, to find where a nest had been made. But as it was on the summit of the Big Injun, an almost unsurmountable bowlder rising nearly 125 feet in the valley of the Guadalupe there was no way of securing it except by scaling the sides of the rock, which, however, had in the course of time become coated by several feet of earth, and are covered with a tangle of vines, &c.

It was a daring feat, but young Hemingway is a plucky lad of a stalwart build, and who, dependent on his own exertions for a livelihood, found the money offered a big consideration, and agreed

TO ATTEMPT THE FEAT

on condition that the Professor would keep watch with a gun for the return of the parent birds. With a basket furnished with a lid slung to his back in which to secure the eggs or young eagles, he managed, by climbing, scrambling, and pulling himself up hand over hand, to reach the top of the Big Injun, where he found the nest, as he had expected, with young birds a day or two old. Wearing out with his exertions, he rested for some little time, then placing the nest with its contents in his basket and strapping it to him, he began to descend.

He had scarcely accomplished fifty feet of this when he heard the report of the Professor's gun and saw the two eagles returning. Unhurt, they paid no attention to the shot, but after alighting and finding the nest gone, made at the boy with outstretched wings and hoarse cries of fury. Ducking his head to keep their powerful beaks, and claws out of his eyes, Lee attempted to beat them off with one arm, while he clung to the vines with the other, but they struck at him repeatedly on the head with their beaks, each time bringing the blood, which flowed into the boy's eyes and nearly blinded him, while they buffeted him, unmercifully with their great wings.

Prof. McInery waited until one of the birds was far enough from Lee for him to take aim without danger of hitting him, then fired, and succeeded in killing the eagle. She—for, as was afterwards ascertained, he had shot the female—fell into a small tree, or what was scarcely more than a large sapling, which had sprouted from a good-sized crevice in the rock, about eight feet above where Lee hung, and seeing her suspended just above him gave the boy an idea to which he owes his life. With the strength of despair he drew himself up to the tree by the sense of touch alone, for his eyes were full of blood. Once there he braced himself with his feet, and wiping his face, bound his handkerchief about his brow, in order that it might absorb the blood. He then caught the dead bird by the feet, and, with this weapon, he turned on the living eagle, which had never ceased to beat and strike him. At the next sweep Lee struck it as hard as he could dare, not to endanger his position, and continued to meet its attacks in the same way until, rendered furious and incautious by its enemy's resistance, it

PLEW DIRECTLY IN HIS FACE,

with claws distended and beak striking right and left. The boy caught it with both hands about its throat, and with all his strength held it, in spite of the furious beating of its wings, until, choked to death by his grip, the great bird hung lifeless, when he dropped it at the Professor's feet.

This gentleman had watched the desperate struggle, unable to help the boy, except by random shots, hoping thus to frighten the bird away, which, however, as has been said, he failed to do. Young Hemingway hung in the slender branches of the little tree for nearly an hour, battling exhausted nature now with the same courage he had displayed toward the eagles.

Speaking of his adventure he says: "I felt as if I was going to faint, and I knew if I did I would be killed by the fall, and I hadn't fought those plagued birds so hard to give up to any such woman doings as that, so I just kept fighting against that awful sinking, and pretty soon I got over it, so when I was rested I climbed down."

But just as he reached the foot of the rock the strength born of desperation gave way and the brave boy fell senseless into the Professor's arms. He was fearfully torn in the head and face, but the former wounds are fortunately only skin deep, and, with the exception of one long, deep gash in the cheek, just beneath the eye, which is healing slowly, his face is nearly well. He is obliged, however, to keep his bed yet, so bruised and sore is he from the buffeting he received. Remarkable as it may seem, the young birds in Lee's basket were living and uninjured by the fearful journey they had made, and are now on exhibition together with the two parent birds, which were mounted by Prof. McInery, and are magnificent specimens. The Professor, in consideration of the danger he underwent, and for the two birds not bargained for, has presented Lee with \$100, and the boy is the hero of the hour.

Unfinished Still.

A baby's boot, and a skein of wool, Faded and soiled and soft; Odd things, you say, and I doubt you're right, Round a seaman's neck this stormy night, Up in the yards aloft.

Most like it's folly; but, mate, look here: When first I went to sea, A woman stood on yon far-off strand, With a wedding-ring on the small soft hand Which clung so close to me.

My wife—God bless her! The day before She sat beside my foot; And the sunlight kissed her yellow hair, And the dainty fingers, deft and fair, Knitted a baby's boot.

The voyage was over: I came ashore: What, think you, found I there? A grave the daisies had sprinkled white, A cottage empty and dark as night, And this beside the chair.

The little boot, 'twas unfinished still; The tangled skein lay near; But the knitter had gone away to rest, With the babe asleep on her quiet breast, Down in the churchyard drear.

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Do not do that a woman's rights spectacles and ce. eaded man in em straight. man suffrage

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000 harp for a regular piano. Then a violin, a mandolin, and a guitar. I purchased.

How

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