

YOUNG FOLKS CORNER.

Bertie's Philosophy.

Small boy Bertie,  
Drawing on the gauze,  
Looking at the chickens,  
Draped with the rain.  
Little philosopher,  
Watches his bow,  
Says "I wonder—  
I don't see how."  
Where do chickens come from,  
Mamma, please to tell?"  
You know they come from eggs,  
Know that very well.  
Curse the old hen hatched 'em,  
I know that, but then—  
Won't you tell me truly,  
Where they got the hen?  
Stan's you were my boy,  
All the one I had,  
And big folks wouldn't tell you  
things.  
Shouldn't you feel bad?  
Every single thing you say  
I knew years ago.  
Where the kitten came from,  
Is what I want to know.

The Brave Guide.

A party of four young men were traveling in Northern New England, intent upon making the most of limited vacations from business and study. They rode or walked, as circumstances dictated, turning aside from the usual thoroughfares whenever there was promise of pleasure. They had heard of a newly-discovered waterfall in the depths of the forest, and looked about for a guide who would lead them there. "Guess Forrest Graves'll go along with you," said an old farmer of whom they made some inquiries. "Come to think on it, 'twas him that set the fall fast of anybody. You go right up the road a quarter of a mile or so, and then turn off into a lane and keep on until you come to a house. There's where Miss Graves lives, and if you can find her to home hell tell you more 'bout out-door things than anybody else around here. Strange that youngsters want to go tramping 'round that fashion," muttered the speaker as the company walked on in the way he had indicated.

The pleasant house, and yet everything bespoke the refinement and taste of its occupants. Vines draped over the small windows, clustering over the moss-grown roof. A plot of ground devoted to flowers bore witness to its arrangement and breeding of taste, to a true artist's hand. "We are looking for a guide to the water-fall," said the young man who had knocked at the door, removing his hat in the presence of one whom at first glance he recognized as a lady.

"My son has guided a few parties," was her reply; "I will call him."

A single bright-note was answered with a shout, and directly the boy came in view. "Tis throughbred" was the comment made by one, and never was this term used more fitfully.

Forrest Graves' services were engaged, and the party, being already provided with food for the day, set out at once the guide walking in advance with a quick, elastic step, which was the envy of his companions. He did not intrude upon them. He was simply acting as their guide, and spoke only when addressed, or when necessary, to give some direction. He led them to the desired point, where he withdrew to a short distance, yet standing where he could see the gleam of the water.

He looked up and around to note the position of the sun, and said, "In about ten minutes a rainbow will span the fall." They waited expectant. Gradually, the arch grew to perfection, before their gaze, and then as gradually disappeared.

"Anything to be seen upstairs?"

"Nothing to be compared to this," replied Forrest. "You'll find it hard climbing, but you'll need no one to show you the way. I'll wait for you here, and keep guard over your treasures."

They were not long gone—returning half-finished, as they protested, and glad to find that tables and plates had been improvised for the occasion.

"Can I be of any assistance?" asked the guide.

"You can assist in finally disposing of our provisions," was the hearty response.

"Thank you, I have my own lunch," and again the boy went away by himself.

Later, when full justice had been done to their repast, and a flask of brandy had fortified each with a stimulating draught, Forrest Graves was called.

"You must drink with us, if you will not eat with us," now said the owner of the flask, and the most reckless of the party.

"No, sir; thank you," was the boy's courteous response.

"But I shall insist upon it."

"You can do as you please and I shall do as I please!"

The young man sprang to his feet, and with a bound stood beside the boy, too much absorbed in his own purpose to heed the quivering lips and flashing eyes of another.

"Now you are bound to try my brandy, always rule!"

"You cannot rule me." These words were scarcely uttered when the flask was seized and hurled into the stream, where the clinking of glass betrayed its utter destruction. Then a clear defiant tone rang out: "I did it in self-defense. You had no right to tempt me. My father was once a rich and honorable man, but he died miserably drunkard, and my mother came here to live to keep me away from liquor till I was old enough to take care of myself. I have promised her a hundred times I wouldn't taste it, and I did it before I'd break my promise!"

"Bravely said. Forgive me, and let us shake hands. My mother would be a happy woman if I were as brave a man as you. I wouldn't tempt you to do wrong. I shall never forget you, Forrest Graves, nor the lesson you have taught me."

The most reckles was the most generous, and seeing his error, apologized frankly.

How many boys need to be kept from strong drink; and, alas, how many men and women! Who dares attempt them? Let it not be you and I."

When the affectionate father of five grown daughters calls at the hardware store for an extra stout pair of gate hinges, it means that the spring campaign has opened.

PROVERBS.

A good maxim is never out of season;  
A bitter feast is the poison of friend  
Business is the salt of life,  
Content is the true philosopher's stone,  
Constant occupation prevents temptation,  
Debt is the worst kind of poverty,  
Desire not on fortune, but conduct,  
Experience is the mother of science,  
Every art is best taught by example,  
Felicities are commonly unfortunate,  
False friends are wiser than open enemies,  
Goodness always enriches the possessor,  
Good manners are sure to produce respect,  
He who acts greatly, is truly great,  
He who says though heads differ,  
Industry is never unfruitful,  
Idleness is the sepulture of a living man,  
Joy surfeited turns to sorrow,  
Slander often provokes serious injuries,  
Kindness is lost upon an ungrateful world,  
Keep not, nor covet, which is not your own,  
Little brooks make great rivers,  
Little things attract great minds,  
Modesty has more charms than beauty,  
Misfortune is the touchstone of friendship,  
No hopes should influence us to do evil,  
No fears should deter us from doing good,  
Obedience is better than sacrifice,  
Presence of mind is necessary at all times,  
Quench all immoderate desire,  
Retribution belongs to God,  
Sometimes words wound more than words,  
To say little and perform much, is noble,  
Use time as though you knew its value,

Vanity renders beauty contemptible,  
Wit catches fire, as fire of fire,  
Youth is the season for improvement,  
Zealously endeavor to maintain good principles.

It Wasn't The Toothache.

In the ladies' waiting room at the Central depot the other day were a newly married couple from Grass Lake. They had been visiting in the city two or three days, and were then ready to go home. They sat side by side, of course, his arm around her waist, and she leaning on his shoulder. A long-waited stranger from the East, having sore eyes and a big heart, walked in, saw them thus seated, and in about a minute he asked of the husband:

"Has the woman there got the toothache?"

The husband looked up in surprise, but made no answer. After two or three minutes, the long-waited man remarked:

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The husband rolled his big eyes around and the husband looked somewhat embarrassed. The man from down East unlocked his pocket, fumbled among shirts and collars, and brought up four ounces of peppermint essence. He uncorked it, touched the contents of the bottle against his big red tongue and handed it to the husband feelingly said:

"Just have her sop some on a rag and rub her gums with it. We've used it in our family for—"

The bride's eyes threw out sparks as she lifted her head from his loving position, and striking at the bottle said snarl out:

"Toothache, you fool! If you don't know the difference 'twixt love and toothache you'd better pick grass with the geese!"

"My gracious!" gasped the man, and hurried out with his pocket full of peppermint essence. He uncorked it, touched the contents of the bottle against his big red tongue and handing it to the husband feelingly said:

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