

YOUNG FOLKS CORNER.

Don't let Mother do it.

It's not mother do it, I
I don't let her do it, I tell
her, "Mother, don't do it."

Taking your soft hands to tell,
Don't you see the heavy burden?

Daily she is worn to bear,
Bring the lines upon her forehead—

Sprinkling silver in her hair!

Daughter, don't let mother do it!

She has cared for you so long,

In the cold, weak and feeble,

She has given you all she can,

Waken from your birdless bower!

Seek her side to cheer and bless;

And your gift will be less bitter

When the gods above her weep.

Mother, don't let mother do it!

You will never, never know

What were home without a mother

Till the mother lies low—

Low beneath the budding brier,

Free from earthly care or pain

To the home so sad without her,

Never return again.

"Tis Not My Business."

A wealthy man in St. Louis was asked to

aid in a series of temperance meetings, but

he scowledly refused. After being further

prodded he said: "Gentlemen, 'tis not

business!"

A few days after, his wife and two daugh-

ters were coming home on the lightning ex-

press. In his grand carriage, with liveried

attendants, he rode to the depot, thinking

of his grand business and planning for

the future. "Hark! I did some one say

"accident?" There are twenty-five rail-

roads centering in St. Louis; if there has

been an accident it is not likely it has

happened on the — and Mississippi

railroad. Yet it troubled him: "tis his

business now." The horses are stopped at

the instant, and upon inquiry he finds it has

occurred twenty-five miles distant on the

— and Mississippi. He telegraphs to

the superintendent: "I will give you five

hundred dollars for an extra engine." The

answer flashed back: "No!"

"I will give you one thousand dollars for

an engine."

"A train with surgeons and nurses has

already gone forward; we have no other."

With white face and anxious brow that

had passed the station to and fro.

"tis his business now.—In a half hour,

perhaps, which seemed to him a century,

the train arrived. He hurried towards it,

and in the tender found the mangled and

lifeless forms of his wife and one of his

daughters. In the car following lay his other

daughter with her dainty clothes creased in, and

her precious life going slowly away.

A quart of whisky, which had drunk

forty miles away by a railroad employee, was

the cause of the catastrophe.

"We dare say this tremendous question

"tis not my business!"

Prudence and Cowardice.

Boys and girls, as well as men and women,

are apt sometimes to mistake prudence for

cowardice, and yet no two qualifications can

be more unlike.

"Pooh!" said a rough boy to his more

gentle cousin, "do tell me, John, you're

afraid to go past that horse, just because he

isn't dead."

"There is no need of my going near him,

Stephen," was the reply; "and there is

danger of his kicking any one who teases him."

"Ha! ha!" shouted Stephen, "you're a

bravey now, isn't you! The idea of being

afraid of a horse!" and with a tantalizing

look at John, the foolish boy walked up to

the graying animal, and poked him with a

stick. The horse gave an uneasy start, but

continued yelling at the grass.

"See here!" exclaimed Stephen, growing

bolder, "if you'll promise not to faint, I'll

present you with a look of his tail in a

minute."

John didn't faint but Stephen did; for as

he steadily approached the horse in the

rear, the animal bounded away, performing

a somersault with his hoof that sent his tor-

mentous cousin in the dust. John tried to

restore Stephen to consciousness. He loosed

his clothing, rubbed his hands and feet, and

brought water in his cap from the pool near by, dashed it on the boy's white

face. John felt that not a moment was to

be lost. When, after a long illness, Stephen

recovered, he was a wiser boy.

The Patient Little Ones.

A little fellow of five years going along

the street with a dinner pail, stopped by

a kind-hearted gentleman, who says:

"Where are you going, my little man?"

"To school."

"And what do you do at school? You

learn to read?"

"No!"

"To write!"

"No!"

"To count!"

"No!"

"What do you do?"

"I wait for school to let out."

To conceal a fault by a lie, has been

said to be substituting a hole for a

stain.

Out of debt, every sixpence you get

ahead is your own; you may look on

it with unalloyed satisfaction of right to

have it or spend it; to turn it in any

fashion is equal to. But in debt,

your "money" is not your own. It

belongs to him to whom it is due, to

him who patiently toiled for it—earned

it.

One of the chief clerks of a joint

stock bank waited on an Irish gentle-

man recently, and informed him that

he had overdrawn his account to the

sum of a hundred pounds. "Well, I

know that," replied the veteran, "so

what's the necessity of boring me about it?"

"Why, not treat me as I do you?"

"I don't go to you when I have that

amount in your institution and short!"

"Mr. Manager, you hold a hundred

pounds of mine!" Such statements are

absurdous either way. Good morn-

ing!"

Too Many Girls.

"Them girls'll be the death of me,"

said Mr. Plug, one morning, as he came

up street. "Why, I thought they

were very nice girls," said a sympathizing

friend. "So they are nice enough,

but there's too many of 'em, and they're

too attractive," said the disconsolate

patrick. "Then three daughters of

mine were enough in all conscience,

but now my niece is up from Boston,

and it seems as if the old scratch had

got into 'em. I don't object to young

folks having a good time, and girls

having fun, and all that, but when it

comes to having quirkin' going on

all over the place, it's too bad," said

Mr. Plug unconsciously quoting Plautus.

"Last night Sue had a fellin'

out at the front gate, and Julie had

a chup' in the parlor, and when I

got ready to go to bed, blew me

out of Andrievsnecks (that's my niece from

Boston), didn't have young Start

spooning on the front stairs. She says

that's Newport style. Guess such no

sense! I couldn't get up stairs to go

to bed without climbing over them. I

thought I'd go out and sleep on the

bay, but fell over Milly and young Start

smoosh' "tether settlin'" in the barn

door. This thing has got to stop be-

fore the cold weather, for I can't afford

wood and kerrywood for any such amou-

ntage when it's too cold for outdoor

skipping."

Disinfectants.

As the warm weather appears, dis-

infectants will be needed. Lime,

plaster, charcoal, dry earth, and sifted

ashes have their value, chiefly to be