

## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

### AN APRIL GIEZ.

The girl that is born on an April day  
Has a right to be merry, lightome, gay;  
And that is the reason I dance and play  
And frisk like a mote in a sunny ray.—  
Wouldn't you  
Do it, too,  
If you had been born on an April day!

The girl that is born on an April day  
Has also a right to cry, they say;  
And so I sometimes do give way  
When things get crooked or all astray.—  
Wouldn't you  
Do it, too,  
If you had been born on an April day!

The girls of March love noise and fray;  
And sweet as blossoms are girls of May;  
But I belong to the time mid-way,—  
And so I rejoice in a sunny spray  
Of smiles and tears and happy days.—  
Wouldn't you  
Do it, too,  
If you had been born on April day!

Heigho! and hurrah! for an April day,  
Its cloud, its sparkle, its slip and stay;  
I mean to be happy whenever I may,  
And cry when I must; for that's my way.  
Wouldn't you  
Do it, too,  
If you had been born on an April day!

### "The Thank-You Game."

"What in the world is that?" asked the young folk of Don and Dorry, and their host and hostess candidly admitted that they hadn't the slightest idea what it was. They never had heard of it before.

"Well, then, how can we play it?" insisted the little spokespeople.

"I don't know," answered Dorry, looking in a puzzled way at the door.

"All join hands and form a circle!" cried a voice.

Every one arose, and soon the circle stood expectant.

"Your dear great-great fairy godmother is coming to see you," continued the voice.

"She is slightly deaf, but you must not mind that."

"Oh, no, no!" cried the laughing circle, "not in the least."

"She brings her white gnome with her," said the invisible speaker, "and don't let him know your names or he will get you into trouble."

"No, no, no!" cried the circle wildly.

A slight stirring was heard in the hall, the doors opened, and in walked the fairy godmother and her white gnome.

She was a tall, much bent old woman, in a ruffled cap, a peaked hat, and a long red cloak. He, the gnome, wore red trousers and red sleeves. The rest of his body was dressed in a white pillow-case with arm-holes cut in it. It was gathered at his belt; gathered also by a red ribbon tied around the throat; the corners of the pillow-case tied with narrow ribbon formed his ears, and there was a white bandage over his eyes, and a round opening for his mouth. The godmother dragged in a large sack, and the gnome bore a stick with bells at the end.

"Let me into the ring, dears," squeaked the fairy godmother.

"Let me into the ring, dears," growled the white gnome.

The circle obeyed.

"Now, my dears," squeaked the fairy godmother, "I've brought you a bagful of lovely things, but you must know, I am under an enchantment. All I can do is to let you each take out a gift when your turn comes, but when you send me a 'Thank-you,' don't let my white gnome know who it is, for if he guesses your name you must put the gift back without opening the paper. But if he guesses the wrong name then you may keep the gift. So now begin, one at a time. Keep the magic circle moving until my gnome knocks three times."

Around went the circle, eager with fun and expectation. Suddenly the blind gnome pounded three times with his stick, and then pointed it straight in front of him, jingling the little bells. Tommy had the happy youth pointed at.

"Help yourself, my dear," squeaked the fairy godmother as she held the sack toward him. He plunged his arm into the opening and brought out a neat paper parcel.

"Hey! What did you say, dear?" she squeaked. "Take hold of the stick."

Tommy seized the end of the stick, and said, in a hoarse tone:—

"Thank you, ma'am."

"That's John Stevens," growled the gnome. "Put it back! Put it back!"

But it wasn't John Stevens, and so Tommy kept the parcel.

The circle moved again. The gnome knocked three times, and this time the stick pointed to Dorry. She tried to be polite, and direct her neighbor's hand to it, but the godmother would not hear of that.

"Help yourself, child," she squeaked, and Dorry did. The paper parcel which she drew from the sack was so tempting and pretty, all tied with ribbon, that she really tried very hard to disguise her "Thank you," but the gnome was too sharp for her.

"No, no!" he growled. "That's Dorothy Reed. Put it back! Put it back!"

And poor Dorry dropped the pretty parcel into the bag again.

So the merry game went on some escaped detection and saved their gifts; some were detected and lost them; but the godmother would not suffer those who had parcels to try again, and therefore, in the course of the game, those who failed at first to succeed ed after a while. When all had parcels, and the bag was nearly empty, what did that old fairy do but straighten up, throw off her hat, cap, and false face, and if it wasn't uncle George himself, very red in the face, and very glad to be out of his prison. Instantly one and all discovered that they had known all along that it was Mr. Reed.

"Ha! ha!" they laughed; "and now," starting in pursuit—"let's see who the white gnome is!"

"They caught him at the foot of the stairs and were not very much astonished when Ed Tyler came to light.

"That is a splendid game!" declared some. "Grand!" cried others. "Fine," "first-rate," "glorious," "capital," "as good as Christmas!" said the rest. Then they opened their parcels, and there was great rejoicing.

GOING TO CHINA.—Mr. Arthur Nicol, who has for some four years past held a responsible position in the Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph, has been engaged to go to China to superintend the establishment of a large sheep ranch for Tong King Sing, a high mandarin.

## RATHER LAUGHABLE.

Necessity is the mother of invention. Necessity has very many useless children.

"Young man," said the landlord, "I always eat the cheese rind." And the new boarder replied: "Just so, I am leaving this for you."

A while ago a party of lynchers, down south, postponed the hanging five minutes to allow the victim time to finish smoking a cigar. This proves that the use of tobacco prolongs life.

A telegraph man went to a concert. The violinist played very nicely, holding his audience spell-bound, until suddenly a string snapped. The telegraph man shouted, "Wires down, by George!"

OLD GENT—"Well, my good man, I could never buy a horse with legs like that!" Gypsy Dealer—"Wot! Leggs! W'y, I thought yer wanted a fast one, and you'll never see 'is legs when 'e gits a-trottin'!"

Let a southern negro dream for three successive nights that a pot of gold is buried in certain ground, and all the politicians, preachers, and circus in the land can't make him unhappy until his back gives out.

William Sindram, a New York murderer, who is to be hanged this month, is at work in his cell inventing a fire-escape. He is such a hardened criminal that it is safe to say that all the fire-escapes ever invented will avail him nothing, even if he could take them along.

The Court (austerely): "Prisoner, how did you have the audacity to break into this man's house at midnight and rob him?" Prisoner (piteously): "But your honor, last time I was before you you wanted to know how I could have the audacity to rob a man on the highway at high noon. When do you want me to get in my work?"

A man called on the dramatist, L'Arronge, and complained that he was subject to much annoyance and teasing because his name was identical with that of a certain comic figure in L'Arronge's comedy, "The Partner."

"Indeed!" said L'Arronge. "Well, the matter can be easily remedied. All you have to do is to simply change your name."

A musical composer who had no rival in his own affections favors the company with a little bit of his own composition. So soon as the guests have recovered their hearing, he is warmly thanked and complimented.

"Do not thank me," he says, modestly, "but rather thank heaven which inspires us poor mortals—a few of us poor mortals, that is—with genius."

Louise said: "If a man is not handsome at twenty, strong at thirty, learned at forty, and rich at fifty, he will never be handsome strong, learned, or rich in this world."

Lather no doubt struck the bull's-eye as far as beauty, strength, and learning are concerned, but he died before an office-holder had acquired the art of saving \$25,000 a year out of a salary of \$3,000; hence his remark about riches does not fit now.

"Dad, were you ever a fish?" The individual thus addressed lowered his chin and gazed over his spectacles at the boy in speechless astonishment. "Oh, don't get mad at me, dad, for asking you," continued his inquisitive offspring. "Mrs. Cooly came in after you had gone, yesterday, and asked me what she would do if you were dead, and ma laughed and said that she guessed there was just as good salmon in the sea as you are."

A few evenings ago a little boy was busily engaged at his lessons. His father, one of the leading citizens of Austin, had gone to the lodge, and his mother was busy sewing. The little boy looked up and asked: "Mamma, what does the word 'pretext' mean?" "When your father says he has to go to the lodge two or three times a week, that is a pretext to get away from his family." The boy did not say anything, but next day when he read out to the whole school his definition of pretext, he created a sensation.

MEN of genius are hedged about by privileges to which the coarser clay of humanity pays an involuntary respect and homage. Mr. L. was a man of genius. One day a friend called to see him and was informed by the girl who answered the door bell that her master was not receiving visitors.

"What's the matter with him?" he asked. "He's got an attack of the liver complaint." "Is that all? Then I guess he'll see me." "I guess not," said the girl, quickly, but firmly, "when his bile ain't a workin' right he wants particler to be let alone, as he always writes poetry."

A gentleman who had no umbrella and who had just come into town on a local train, perceived before him as he stepped into the street a person whom he took to be an acquaintance and who had a fine new umbrella hoisted over his head. Running up to him, therefore, he clapped him on the shoulder, saying, as he did so, by way of a joke: "I'll take that umbrella, if you please."

The individual thus addressed looked around and disclosed a perfect stranger, but before the other could apologize he said, hurriedly: "Oh, it's yours, is it? Well, I didn't know that. Here, you can have it," and broke away, leaving the utensil in the hands of the first party to the conversation.

### Touring Royalty.

Another season of compliments, visits, and projected visits has begun among the European monarchs. The Czar congratulates Kaiser Wilhelm on his eighty-fifth birthday, and the German Emperor returns his thanks to the Russian. Grand Duke Vladimir and Grand Duchess Marie have arrived in Vienna as guests of the Emperor and Empress. Francis Joseph of Austria contemplates a visit to King Humbert of Italy, provided he can do it without offending the Pope. Queen Victoria's visit to the Continent is one of the current events, and during the summer the King of Portugal and his wife will visit Madrid. The marriage of Prince Leopold is expected to occur at the end of April, and altogether there is a general air in royal and imperial circles.

APPLES IN ENGLAND.—A lot of "Russets" from the Annapolis Valley were sold in London lately at an average of twenty-eight shillings a barrel, giving the shipper five dollars and a half clear of all charges. The highest sale was some "Rosbury Russets" at thirty-eight shillings.

## THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

"What I am longing arter," said Brother Gardner as Trustee Pullback ceased coughing and Samuel Shin finally got a rest for his feet—"what I am longin' arter am a sight of a good, old-fashioned man and woman—such as we could find in ebery house thirty y'ars ago, but such as cannot be found now in a week's hunt. It makes me lonesome when I realize dat our old-fashioned men an' wimin am no mo'. In de days gone by if I fell sick one woman would run in wid catnip, anoder with horseradish leaves, anoder wid a bowl o' gruel, an' tears would be shed, an' kind words spoken, an' one couldn't stay sick to save him. In dose good ole days do kaliker dress an' white apron abounded. An honest woman wasn't afeared to wash her face on account of de powder. Ebery woman wore her own ha'r, an' she wore it to please herself instead of fashun. 'Tlick shoes kept de feet dry, thick clothes kept de body warm, an' dar was no wiuikin' an' wobbilin' an' talkin' frow de teef."

"Dar" was goodness in de land in dem good ole days. Dar was prayin' to God, an' de hearts meant it. De woman who wore a No. 6 shoe was as good as the woman wid a foot all punched out of shape an' kivered wid co'na. You didn't ha'r much 'bout breach o' promise cases an' odder deviltiry. De man who parts his ha'r in de middle an' believes he mashes his victims by de score wasn't bo'n den. People didn't let deir nayburs' de under deir noses without eben knowin' dat sickness had come to de family. Men worked hard an' put in full time, an' women foun' suttim' to do besides gaddin' de streets to show off a small foot or a new bonnet.

"De world calls it progress. We must shet our hearts against our naybur, sacrifice all fur fashun, conceal our limbs an' pains, appear what we am not, an' when we go to de grave fur rest we am forgotten in a week. Whar' one woman looks to Heaben a dozen look to fashun. Whar' one man helps de poo' from kindness of heart a dozen chip in because de list of names will be published in de paper. When I sot down of an evenin' an' tink dese fings ober it makes me sad. I doan' know jist how wicked Sodom was, nor whar deviltiry dey was up to in Gomorrah, but if either town had mo' wanty, wickedness, frivolity an' deceit dan Detroit, Chicago, Buffalo or any odder city in dis kentry, rents mus' have been awful high."

### ELECTION.

The following new members were added to the list: Elder Davis, Rev. Medwall, Col. Jackson, Prof. White, Uncle Barlow, Abe Scott and Judge Madison.

### THE ELDER WILL GO.

Brother Gardner announced the receipt of personal letter from the Secretary of the Inquisition Club, of Portsmouth, Va., asking him to deliver the annual address before the club on the 31st of March. As it would be impossible for him to leave Detroit at that time, he suggested that the Rev. Penstock seize the opportunity. The Reverend hopped up and seized it like a shark snapping at a fly, and it was settled that he should leave here on the 27th, walk to Toledo and take freight train from there to Portsmouth. He will reach his destination at noon on the 21st, and will expect to be met at the depot by a string band and escorted to a hotel fronting the sea. His address is entitled: "What is existence?" It is the same one he delivered at funerals, celebrations and dedications. He begins speaking promptly at 8 o'clock, and will finish sometime between 2 and 3 in the morning. The Reverend is a tall, thin man, rather dark, curly hair, important bearing, prominent mouth, and walks with his hands crossed under his coat-tails. He has a tin tobacco-box with his name engraved thereon, and the Portsmouth people need not welcome an impostor if they preserve this description. As a further means of identification it may be stated that the Rev. Penstock chews a brand of fine-cut commonly called "shoris," and in addressing an audience he stands with his right leg thrown well back and the left eye partly closed.

### SPRING DECORATIONS.

The Committee on Decorative Art announced their readiness to submit the regular monthly report, and leave being given the Chairman stated that the advent of spring would bring many new changes. All kitchen ceilings will be given a sky-blue cast, with faint streaks of old gold around the edges. The popular shade for walls and fences will be an aristocratic purple, toned down round the knot-holes with a rich pink. Outside blinds will be painted a dove color and trimmed with second mourning. Rag-carpets can be bordered with strips of blue horse-blanket where the family desire to combine a light atmosphere with a dreamy effect. Old hats have long been considered on regle for filling the place of broken window panes, but decorative genius has found something new. Cardboard cuts, printed in colors and made all sizes, are pinned to the sash so neatly that the passer-by is struck with admiration. Where six or eight panes are broken in the same window, and six or eight cuts are pinned to the sash, the general effect is decidedly picturesque.

### ANOTHER CLUB TAKEN IN.

Prof. Al. De Hazen, Secretary of the Lilac Scientific Club, of Jackson, Mich., forwarded a communication in which he stated the heart-felt desire of that organization to be absorbed by the Lime-Kiln Club. It had been organized to spread the doctrines of higher science among the colored people of the State, but has discovered that it was impossible to convince more than three colored men out of ten that the world was round, or that the moon was hung in the sky for any other object than to light up the back yards.

Pickles Smith objected to receiving the club. He said he knew some of them personally, and that any one of them used more perfume in a week than the whole Lime-Kiln Club did in a month. They carried red silk handkerchiefs, walked with canes, and parted their hair in the center.

Brother Gardner replied that no applicant of good moral character could be rejected because his hair wouldn't part over his left ear, and the following lilacs were then voted in: Prof. De Hazen, Dick Stafford, Bob Jarvis, Ben Jones, Lorenzo Thompson, Brother York and Deacon Webster.

## INVITED TO A BANQUET.

The Secretary announced a communication from the "Ann Arbor Balwarks of Liberty," inviting Brother Gardner to deliver an address before them on the occasion of their annual banquet, April 1. The invitation was signed by John Long, George Goff, Dr. James Simons, Harrison Johnson, Jeff Johnson, John Brown, Joe Henderson, Levi G. Davis, and Prof. Schreeract, all of whom are well-known in Michigan as defenders of the first principles of American liberty.

Brother Gardner stated in reply that he would endeavor to be on hand, having a personal acquaintance with several of the gentlemen named. He has prepared a patriotic address for such occasions which measures exactly fourteen feet in length and brings down any house not built on a brick wall. It is divided into several water-tight compartments, and can be delivered either end first. The main points considered are:

1. It is a blow at liberty to collect fare on the street cars.
2. The rich must repair their sidewalks as well as people who haven't any.
3. American liberty never contemplated so much bone in beefsteak.
4. It is tyranny to arrest a citizen unless he is a taxpayer.
5. One of the bulwarks of liberty is free speech. Tell the other fellow just what you think of him.

### THE CLOSURE.

The janitor reported a bill of seventeen cents for repairs to stools and benches, and the same was cut down to eleven cents and ordered paid. Also, a bill of forty-one cents for glass broken by designing persons during the week. The bill was laid on the table until the Secretary could consult the market quotations on the price of window panes.

The keeper of the Museum reported that a glass eye supposed to belong to De Soto was missing from his department. He was ordered to offer a reward of fifty cents and ask no questions.

The Librarian reported the receipt of sixty-four almanacs and one work on the liver during the week, and the meeting was then closed according to Black stone.—*Detroit Free Press.*

### The Latest Automaton.

A recent news letter from Vienna says: Two months ago an automaton called King-Fu was exhibited in Vienna for the first time, and caused a great commotion. The automaton, as also the stool upon which he was seated, were too small to admit of the possibility of any person being concealed in them. Besides, the stool was of glass, and disclosed most complicated machinery, consisting of wheels of all kinds and dimensions, and springs and chains. The machine was wound up at the beginning of each performance, and was then able to answer any question in arithmetic put to it by the spectators. The exhibitor, Herr Rosen, was offered money by members of the aristocracy to disclose his secret, but he refused point-blank. When the whole town had gone to see King-Fu, the court's curiosity was aroused, and the Emperor had M. Rosen called to perform one evening before himself, the Empress, and little Princess Valerie. The automaton solved all the problems put to it, and when the performance was over, the Empress said to Rosen: "Now, you will not mind telling us the secret of your King-Fu?" But Rosen did mind. The next day he quarreled with his servant, who, being dismissed, betrayed his former master, and he told a dreadful story of a young man who was concealed within King-Fu, and who suffered horrible agonies during each performance. The police intervened, and found that there certainly was a boy (Rosen's own nephew) inside King-Fu, but that was all, all things considered, pretty comfortable, and certainly suffered no agony. The papers got wind of the affair; and Rosen announced his departure from Vienna. But justice, in the shape of the police, stopped him, and actually put him in prison on the charge that he had cheated the public out of 20,000 florins. After five days' detention M. Rosen was liberated, there being no real charge against him. The public although duped, was entirely on M. Rosen's side. Those who believed that a machine, once wound up, could answer multitudinous questions must have believed in a miracle; and those who did not see it must of course have tacitly acknowledged that they were being deceived in some manner. When M. Rosen complained of having spent a week in prison, he was answered that he certainly deserved some punishment for having cheated the "very highest court in Europe" in believing—what? He packed King-Fu up, and left Vienna with his 20,000 florins, his nephew, and his automaton.

### BRITISH COLUMBIA.

NEW STEAMER.—A new steamer is being built at Yale. It is intended to run the boat as far as Lillooet, and so afford the ranchers in that section an easy outlet to a good market.

READY TO WORK.—The Indians from the vicinity of Lillooet, the Fountain of the Lakes, are reported as ready to work on the railway this season. Three hundred are promised from Naas River, and a large number are expected, and will no doubt come from the Stikkeen and other points on the coast.

RAILWAY WORK.—The latest news from Yale says it is confidently expected that the railway grade will be finished up to tunnel No. 12, opposite the nineteen-mile post, within two months; the track is laid to the eight-mile hill, where a bridge that was washed away is being replaced with some difficulty. The timbers for Spuzzum bridge are already framed; from there to Suspension bridge there is one small gang working putting in trestling, and between the bridge and the big tunnel there is another small gang; tunnels No. 6 and 7 are finished; in No. 8 there is about twenty feet of bottom to take up; in No. 9 the heading is through; in No. 10 there is about fifteen feet of bottom to take up; in No. 11 about twenty-five feet to run; and in No. 12 and 13 about one hundred and fifty feet to run; these two last, it is thought, will be finished about the time of high water.

## SOME QUEER THINGS.

A poet sends us this modern prayer:—  
"Teach me to scan another's faults,  
To hide the good I see;  
To put upon some other's back  
The blame that's due to me."

A Troy man left an estate of \$9,000 to his wife, and other relatives contested and there is just \$500 to divide up among seven persons. The lawyers take the rest.

A Colorado miner had a piece of inch gas pipe driven through him and yet lived three days, or until the man who read the meters came along and was going to charge him up 900 feet.

A Nebraska woman missed her husband for three weeks before she raised any row about it, and she might not have said anything then if his boots had not been drawn up in the well back.

The New York Sun is agitating the guillotine question. It believes it better to chop a man's head off than to pull his neck out of joint, and as long as the victim doesn't complain what's the use of a change?

It is only forty-four years since the first message was sent over the telegraph wire, to the unbounded astonishment of men who supposed the world had ceased revolving and that nothing new could be brought up by men.

A Methodist clergyman who had been assigned to a congregation that began to criticize his preaching, said that they only ridiculed themselves. "Because, beloved friends, if I could preach well do you think I would have been sent out here to minister to a lot of lunkheaded ignoramuses like you?"

A Louisville boy stole his mother's mocking bird and sold it to a man who had just lost one, taking the dead bird in exchange. The good lady was overwhelmed at the death of her pet, and gave him a tearful burial, at which her son, the money jingling in his pocket, assisted with great solemnity.

If people are deaf their eyesight is generally good; if they are blind their hearing is good, or their touch sensitive. Nature is very apt to compensate them for some evils by conferring upon them great benefits. Recently in Paris, the bride, bridegroom, best man, and the two bridesmaids were all deaf and dumb, and the marriage service was performed by signs only.

Twelve boxes of young monkeys arrived at New York last week. They were sick all the way over; howled and coughed like babies. Among them were two "holy monkeys," worshiped by certain African tribes. They—the monkeys, not the tribes—are covered with long, soft, white hair. The importer said there weren't monkeys enough in this country to supply the demand. They die of consumption at the rate of 500 annually.

### The New British Ironclad.

The Colossus, when completed, will be one of the most improved and most formidable ironclads in the British Navy. She has been in the process of construction for some eight years past, but the work on her has been seriously pressed since 1879. She is a twin-screw turret ship, with a central armored citadel, her principal dimensions being:—Total length between the perpendiculars, 325 feet, and extreme breadth, 65 feet, with a displacement of 9,146 tons. Considerable delay has been experienced with respect to the turrets, which cannot be proceeded with until the nature of their armament is determined. It is, however, probable that each turret will be armed with two of the new 46-ton B. L. R. guns. A novel feature in the armament of the ship will be the mounting of four 6-inch guns on the top of the after superstructure and a couple of guns on the forward superstructure, with a rifle-proof covering boards for the protection of the gunners. The vessel is to be fitted with a manganese bronze propeller, in place of the one of gun metal originally ordered. This decision was arrived at after a series of comparative experiments made with the two metals in the presence of Mr. Farquharson of the Admiralty, at the works of Messrs. Maudslays, Sons, & Field, the contractors for the engines. Bars of both metals, one inch square, were placed on supports twelve inches apart, and first subjected to a steady pressure applied in the middle of the bars, and afterwards to impact by a weight of fifty pounds fell from a height of five feet. With a steady pressure the gun metal bars slipped between the supports or broke with a strain of 28 cwt., while the manganese bronze bars required 54 cwt., to break them. Tested by impact, the gun metal bars broke with from seven to eight blows, while it took from thirteen to seventeen blows to break the manganese bronze bars. The ultimate bend of the latter was also in both cases more than that of the gun metal, thus showing fully double the strength with superior toughness. The advantages claimed for manganese bronze over gun metal are—first, a considerable saving of actual weight of machinery; and, second, that it enables a thinner and consequently a better blade to be made, offering less resistance to the water and equalling in strength the gun metal blade of greater dimensions.—*Ec.*

### She Was Not without Reproach.

Some little time ago Miss Frances Power Cobbe, who has so identified herself with the cause of anti-vivisection, called on a distinguished man of science in London to endeavor by persuasive speech and viva voce argument to gain him over to her cause. Three points were observable in Miss Cobbe's outward presentation, namely, she had an ostrich feather in her bonnet, and bird of paradise on her hair buff, and she carried an ivory-handled umbrella. Consequently the distinguished man of science replied as follows: "Madame, charity begins at home; when you have given up wearing ostrich feathers, which are plucked from the living bird, causing the most exquisite pain, and birds of paradise, which, in order to enhance their beauty and lustre, are skinned alive—when you have abjured the use of ivory, because you know that the tusks are cut out of the dying elephant's jaw—then, and then only, come and upbraid me with the cruelty of my operations. The difference between us is, madam, that I inflict pain in the pursuit of knowledge and for the ultimate benefit of my fellow creatures; you cause cruelty to be inflicted merely for your personal adornment."