

Silverhair's Quest

Down in the meadow-land, far and fair, I met this morning, sweet Silverhair. "What do you here?" I asked the small rover, "Oh, I am seeking a four-leaved clover!"

"What will that do for you, little one?" "Give me all good things under the sun,-- Not me, only, but Mother, moreover; That's why I look for a four-leaved clover!"

"Would not your service, these morning hours, Do her more good than a field of flowers?" Ah, she but murmured over and over: "No, I must find her a four-leaved clover!"

All about us the larks were singing, Roses their sweet warm breath were flinging; Heedless of duty, and pleasure, moreover, Silverhair looked for a four-leaved clover.

Ah, older seekers, the broad land over, Are looking, to-day, for a four-leaved clover! --RUTH HALL, in St. Nicholas for June.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

The Correction Box.

Yesterday morning a missionary man came to our Sunday-school, and told us all about the little heathen. They don't have to be dressed up, nor learn the catechism, nor sew patchwork, nor behave, nor do anything disagreeable. And they don't know the value of money; they'd a great deal rather have a bright button than a gold dollar.

In the afternoon, when we were ready for church, mother gave me a five-cent piece, "That's to put in the correction box," says she. "The missionary is going to preach, and your father and I want you to give him something for the heathen."

On the way to church, Johnny said: "It isn't the least use to send five cents to the heathen. They'd rather have a bright button than a gold dollar, and of course they wouldn't care for five cents. And there's no candy in heathenland, so what do they want of money, anyhow?"

Then I said: "If I only had my button-string, we could give a button, and so we'd be pleased all round." Johnny said that was a good idea; and "there's a button loose on my jacket this minute; and if I can twist off another before the correction box comes 'round, I'll give it to you, Kiddy."

I thought it was a lovely plan, for Johnny's buttons are just beauties. I heard mother tell sister Em that they cost two dollars a dozen. They look like gold. But when we got to church, they made me go into the pew first, and father put Johnny beside him next the door, so we couldn't talk.

The missionary talked a long time, and then they sang "Greenland's Ice Mountains," and then they went 'round with the correction boxes. Father takes one of them, and they're on long sticks like a corn-popper, and deep, so 'tother folks can't see what you put in. I had to drop in my five cents, and then mother and Em put in their money, and last of all Johnny put in his button. He held his hand close to the box when he did it, and then he looked at me behind the others, and nodded, so I'd know he had his five cents all safe.

This morning we bought five lovely squares of taffy. We didn't have time to eat it before school, and when we were going home, Johnny said: "Let us wait till after dinner, and then give everybody a piece; and then I'll tell father what the missionary said, and I maybe after this he'll give buttons, and it'll save him a great deal of money."

After dinner, and after taffy, just as we took out the candy to divide it, father pulled something bright out of his pocket, and rolled it across the table to mother. She thought it was money, and said, "Just what I wanted!" But it wasn't money; it was a brass button.

"How did you come by this?" said she. "I found it in the correction box, yesterday afternoon," said father. "Some little rascal put it in, I suppose, and spent his money for candy, and whoever he is, he ought to have a wholesome lesson. If he was my son--"

And then mother said, "Why, it is just pike Johnny's buttons!" And sister Em said, "Well, there's one gone off his Sunday jacket. I noticed it this morning, and meant to speak about it."

Everybody looked at us. Father asked what we had in that paper, and "John, is that your button?" And what could we say but yes? They called us unhappy children, and sent us up stairs.

We've both had a wholesome lesson. I had one 'cause they said I put it into Johnny's head. For two weeks, father is going to put our pennies away for the heathen, to make us remember.

Johnny says he wishes he was a heathen. --St. Nicholas for June.

They Were Stopped.

The burglar, being the natural enemy of his kind, any adverse fate which befalls him will excite approval. The other night two of them entered a house in Erie, Pennsylvania, whose residents had gone out for the evening. A passer-by, detecting them, called out the neighbors, who surrounded the house. After loading themselves with plunder, one of them happened to look out of the window, saw that the house was surrounded and determined to break through the line. He rushed into the street, and was met by a man with a scythe. With an oath the burglar bid him stand out of the way and threatened to draw his pistol. Before he could do so the scythe fell upon his neck inflicting a horrible gash from which the blood spurting. He fell, but in spite of his wounds rose to his feet and began to fight for his liberty. He was secured, as was the other man, who had hid between two bed-ticks in the house, and both were taken to the station. Had the scythe had full swing, it would probably have beheaded him. It is to be regretted that it did not have full swing.

The Philadelphia Record wants to see the public cat less beef and more fish, and thus cut down their doctor's bills. It has all long known that beef was unhealthy, but has kept still for fear of hurting some butcher's feelings.

A Virginia negro found a loaded Parrot-shell and wanted to see how it looked inside. His wife found the ax, but her husband is mysteriously missing.

ALL SORTS.

A writ of attachment--A love letter.

Women's temper and the stock market are very uncertain.

It is easy enough for a vocalist to sing a waltz; to waltz a sing is another thing.

Sensible to the last, the dying cobbler folded his hands and murmured: "It's awl up! I'm pegging out!"

A kiss is called tetemenequiltli in Mexico. Good long kiss, that. --New Haven Register.

But thrilling as peaches and cream.

Arabi Bey's temper is truly awful. Egypt has seen no such display of unseemly passion since Mrs. Potiphar tore off Joseph's coat-tail.

An exchange has an article headed, "Get Hold of a Boy's Heart." Bah! "The place to get hold of a boy is the scuff of the neck."

"Ananias Jr." How can you learn to be a first-class liar? Get engaged to two girls and the faculty will sort o' come to you.

The most sensible people of the country live at Lansing, Mich. A butcher-shop in that place bears the sign, "Closed till meat gets cheaper."

Saratoga trunks are way off now. No young lady can possibly visit a summer resort and be fashionable without a Jumbo trunk. That is the latest size.

Feeling waiters is now regarded by good society as the height of vulgarity. The waiters themselves consider it the highest evidence of good breeding.

"I make my living by walking and talking," said the book canvasser. "If that is so," said the victim, "please do your walking now and your talking to some other fellow."

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Partington the other day, "young girls nowadays are not what their mothers used to be. Half of them are sufferers from nervous perspirations!"

An Ohio man unpinned a tidy from a chair and wiped his nose upon it. It takes an Ohio man to solve mysteries. Now we know what in thunder a tidy is for.

Some scientist now observes that even the fly has parasites. He would have observed as much before if he had ever noticed the crowd around a free chowder.

Proprietors of seashore resorts are growling at the backwardness of the season. They like weather that will enable them to charge a man \$1.50 for a fifteen-cent meal.

"Father! When a hen sets on an egg three weeks and it don't hatch, is the egg spoiled?"

"As an article of diet the egg is therefore a failure; but as a species of testimonial it is strikingly aromatic and expressive."

It is all very well for health journals to tell people who are restless and unable to sleep at night to place the head of their bed toward the north, but it does no good unless you take the baby to the other end of the house and place its head against the south.

"What are your amusements this spring?" asked a country cousin of her city cousin whom she had come up to visit for a few days. "Showing my house to idle people who pretend they want to buy it," replied the city cousin, sweetly.

The Measure of her Love.

"Myrtle, dear?"

"Yes, George, what is it?" replied the girl, glancing shyly upward.

The radiant glory of a summer moon shone down upon the earth this June night, lathing in all its mellow splendor the leafy branches of the sturdy old oaks that had for centuries shaded the entrance to Castle McMurty and laughed defiance to the fierce gales that every winter came howling down in all their cruel force and fury from the moorlands lying to the westward of the castle.

On the edge of the broad demense that stretched away to the south stood a large brindle cow, and as the moonlight flecked with silvery lustre her starboard ribs she seemed to Myrtle a perfect picture of sweet content and almost holy calm.

"Is it not a beautiful night, dearest?" murmured the girl. "See how the moonbeams flutter down through the trees, making strange lights and shadows that fit among the shrubs and flowers in such a weird, ghost-like fashion. The dell is indeed clothed with loveliness to-night, sweet-heart."

"Yes," said George W. Simpson, "this is the boss;" and then, looking down at the pure, innocent face that was lifted to his, he took in his own broad, third-base palm the little hand that erstwhile held up Myrtle's poisonous. As they stood there silently in the bosky glade George passed his arm silently but firmly around Myrtle's waist.

The noble girl did not shy.

"Do you love me, sweetheart?" he asked in accents that were tremulous with tenderness.

Myrtle's head was drooping now, and the rosy blushes of Calumet avenue innocence were chasing each other across her peachy cheeks.

George drew her more closely to him. If a mosquito had tried to pass between them it would have been bad--for the mosquito.

"Can you doubt me, darling?" he whispered. "You surely must know that I love you with a wild, passionate, whoa-Emma love that can never die. Do you not love me a little in return?"

For an instant the girl did not speak. George heard the whispering of the brindle cow's tail break in rudely upon the solemn stillness of the night, and ever and anon came the dull thud of the bullfrog as he jumped into a neighboring pond. Presently Myrtle placed her arms about his neck, and, with a wistful, baby's-got-the-crampl look in her sweet face, she said to him: "I love you, George, with a deathless devotion that will eventually keep you broke."

And with these fateful words she adjusted her rumpled bang and fearlessly led the way to an ice-cream parlor.

Young ladies with artificially clear complexions should not permit the young men to kiss them on the cheek if they would become married. To go off quickly, they should keep their powder dry.

Interesting Traits in Monkeys.

In Mexico, monkeys are generally caught in box-traps. The Mexican farmer rarely kills a capuchin-monkey. Man can afford to bear with his poor relatives where nature has been so kind to him, and in some district of Oaxaca the *monitos* are as plentiful as the sacred apes of Benares. Still, it is possible that this Hindoo-like forbearance of our next neighbors has something to do with their indolence, for I suspect that north of the Rio Grande the propensities of the long-fingered four-handers would "severely strain our tolerance," as Mr. Everts said of the peculiar ethics of the Salt Lake Saints. Nor does the monkey-ridden rancho object to their extermination by proxy: wherever maize is cultivated in the neighborhood of the river-forests the trapper is generally welcome. The box-trap method can be successfully employed only where the haunts of the game are well known, for the capuchins won't go out of their way without very special inducements, and in a field where monkeys have been caught before, their relatives become as circumspect as pick-pockets in a metropolitan opera-house.

I once watched such a field for a whole afternoon before we caught one of the pilferers--probably an outsider who had strolled in on the chance of getting a free lunch. The trapper had taken us to the loft of a corn-bin, where we could survey the garden and a portion of the adjacent woodlands; but our visitors gave the *trampa* a wide berth, though their sidelong glances showed that they had not forgotten the place. They nosed about in the stubble, but the gleaners had been beforehand with them, and after an apparently aimless ramble among the furrows, one gray-headed old brigand happened to fetch up right in front of the box, perhaps much to his own surprise, though, by a strange coincidence, five of his relatives reached there at about the same time. The gray-head raised himself on his hind-legs, surveyed the field in every direction, and then began to *tack*--i. e., approached the box in a roundabout way, lowering his head with every step, till he reached the trap-hole, where he settled down on his haunches with one hand in position for a sudden back-spring. With the other he explored the sand for maize-kernels--in *trunque paralus*. His manœuvres seemed to have reacted on the imagination of his companions, for two youngsters took to their heels, but presently returned, and with a bravado-flourish of their tails, advanced to within a few inches of the *trampa*. Turning half round, to let the by-standers witness the proofs of his heroism, one of them stretched out his hand till it all but touched the suspicious apparatus, but then, as if struck with a sudden horror at the thought of possible consequences, they both fled more precipitately than before, and rushed into the arms of a motherly old capuchina, whose arresses at last composed their overwrought feelings.

Their comrades in the meantime encroached upon the old man's claim till he got up to reconnoitre the rear of the *trampa*. Not a crumb was in sight, but his sense of smell seemed to reveal the riches within, for, after a careful examination of the bottom-board, he raised his head with an impatient jerk and a glance in the direction of the farm-house: "A sad comment on modern hospitality and Christian civilization!"

The party at the other end crowded around the entrance and grinned at each other with excitement. The *trampa* had been baited with *meladas*--ripe corn-cobs woven in braid; the corn alone would have been enticing enough, but the syrup made it so nearly irresistible that every now and then one of the tempted capuchins had to ease his nerves by a rush to the rear or a spring against the picket-fence. The return of the satchel saved them from greater indiscretions, for some of them had already begun to measure the depth of the box with their outstretched arms. Before long, however, their impatience revived; the junior members of the conference seemed to advocate an attack *en masse*, but before matters came to a crisis a new-comer appeared on the stage--a lank and hungry-looking stranger, who seemed to have emerged from an elder-copple behind the fence. For a minute or two he watched the proceedings in silence, and then marched straight upon the box, evidently resolved to astonish the natives. He squeezed himself through the trap-hole with the success that often attends a bold enterprise, and easily obtained possession of ten select *meladas*--a monopoly, in fact, for in the next moment his pre-emption was ratified by the fall of the tail-board. The satchel turned round with a coughing grunt, "I told you so,"--then took to his heels, and, seized with a sudden panic, the whole troop fled, shrieking in the direction of the high timber.

Monkeys caught in steel-traps are wildly obstreperous and can hardly ever be tamed; their first experience of man's inhumanity to man seems to have left an indelible impression. Steel-traps make their captives ferocious. There is something in the arrangement and *modus operandi* of the treacherous implement that appears to aggravate the horrors of the result and excite the wrath of a naturally savage animal to the raging pitch; the struggles of a captured wild-cat sometimes liberate her at the cost of a limb, and, if the iron has not collared her at the very middle of the neck, she will tear herself out at the risk of leaving her scalp behind.

Pitfalls have the opposite effect: they ew their prisoners; the darkness and mystery of the predicament and the uncertainty of the result seem to paralyze their energies. In Abyssinia, where all our principal manager-men have an agent or two, sand-foxes, jackals, and even hyenas, are often caught in pits and taken alive by a very simple process: the hunter goes down, lariat his quailing captives, and, while his partner draws the rope tight, he ties their four legs, gags them with a thong of a raw-hide, and the dire "*ferre*" are dragged out like butcher-calves.

Sir Charles Hall, being seized with paralysis, has resigned the office of Vice-Chancellor.

A New Yorker will make a dimple in your cheek for thirty cents and warrant it stand in any climate for six weeks.

All the legends connected with Southern blood hounds have to give way when tramp throws the animal over a fence as fast as they come up to him.

Just at the Wrong Time.

Mr. Robert Wilson, of the City Suceyor's office, and Street Commissioner of the Eastern Division for the Board of Public Works, Toronto, Ont., who is very fond of shooting, says: "To lose a duck hunt is a loss for which there is no adequate recompense. This misfortune lately overtook me. The boys got together recently and made arrangements for a good hunt. At the time the arrangements were entered into I was in good health generally; but, just as the shooting was to take place, my old enemy, the rheumatism, came back to stay with me awhile again, and I had to forego the pleasure. The rheumatism has been a source of great bother to me, and I have done a great deal of doctoring for it, without much good. When this last attack came on me and crippled my hands so that they were drawn up, a friend of mine recommended St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy. I tried it, I am happy to say, and the result is that I am now cured and as well as ever. St. Jacobs Oil succeeded where more than a score of other liniments and medicines had failed."

Prince Bismarck is somewhat better, but continues to suffer much from gout, a waning appetite and indigestion. Acute pain has of late kept him from sleeping. If he is able to do so he will stay a few weeks in Berlin, in order to be present at the second reading of the Tobacco Monopoly bill. If he cannot do this, he will immediately proceed to a watering place. In spite of his illness the Chancellor continues daily to work as much as possible with his second son, Count William.

All of the various intoxicating beverages are sold in the Maine drug stores under the generic name of nose paint, and thus the trace in pigments becomes an important item in the druggist's business.

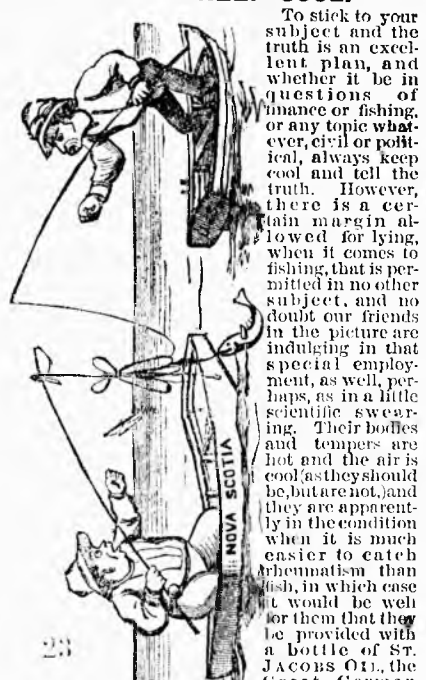
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THE GENERAL ELECTION.--The general election is now on the tapis. It may perhaps be a useful hint to intimate that an absolute lead at the polls may be obtained by the judicious distribution to the electors of PUTNAM'S CORN EXTRACTOR, the great remedy for corns. Every sufferer would be made happy, and would certainly vote for the person affording them relief. Safe, sure, painless. Beware of dangerous substitutes.

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ALWAYS KEEP COOL.



Remedy for this as well as other painful ailments. "HELL HATH ITS COLORS TO THE EAST." "Hello, Denny! what is the trouble?" "Oh, I'm all broke up," was the response to the inquiry of an old shipmate of William G. Dennison, one of Farragut's war-worn veterans, well known in the southern section of this city, who came bumping into the American office yesterday. "I thought I would go under the hatch this time," continued Dennison. "I never suffered so much in my life. I had the rheumatic gout so bad that I could not get off the bed or put my foot to the floor, and would have been there had it not been for St. Jacobs Oil. I tried it, and my faith was pinned to St. Jacob and his Oil after that. I freely say that if it had not been for St. Jacobs Oil, I should, in all probability, be still in bed. My foot pains me but little, and the swelling has entirely passed away. It beats anything of the kind I have ever heard of, and any person who doubts it send them to me at 124 South Third St. - Philadelphia Times."

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There are a variety of little circumstances in life which, like pins in a lady's dress, are necessary for keeping it together and giving it neatness and elegance.

Somebody's Child.

Somebody's child is dying--dying with the flush of hope on his young face, and somebody's mother thinking of the time when that dear face will be hidden where no ray of hope can brighten it--because there was no cure for consumption. Reader, if the child be your neighbor's take this comforting word to the mother's heart before it is too late. Tell her that consumption is curable; that men are living to-day whom the physicians pronounced incurable, because one lung had been almost destroyed by the disease. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" has cured hundreds; surpasses cod liver oil, hypophosphites, and other medicines in curing the disease. Sold by druggists.

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