YOUNG FOLKS.

Two New Suits.

"Ting-a-ling-ling!" went Grandpa Mayo's door-bell. Grandma heard it, and because Bridget was having a day out and there was no one else in the house but grandpa, she opened the door herself. There stood a little boy, who was just standing on tiptoe to ring the bell a second time,—a very little boy in new knickerbockers, new jacket and new fur cap, who looked for all the world as though he had just come out of a band-box.

"Dear me!" said grandma, taking off her spectacles and wiping them and putting them on again. "How do you do, little boy? Won't you come in?"

The little boy didn't answer a word. Indeed, you might have thought he acted very strangely, for he put one hand tight over his mouth and made a queer little gurgling noise. But he followed grandma in through the hall to the study.

Grandpa was in the study reading the latest paper, but he laid it down and took off his spectacles as his small visitor entered.

"It is some one to see you, I think," said grandma, sitting down and taking her knitting-work.

Grandpa put on his spectacles again, and his eyes fairly twinkled behind them, though there wasn't the first hint of a smile on his face.

"Well my young friend," he said, just as he had said a good many times to a good many little boys, "what can I do for you?"

Then this little boy did another funny thing. He jumped up and down and clapped his hands.

"Why, gram'pa!" he cried, "why, gram'pa, don't you know me? I'm Teddy!"

Oh, how surprised grandpa did look! And grandma dropped the little red mitten she was so astonished.

"Why, I can't believe it," said she. Teddy had curls and wore skirts the very last time I saw him, and that was only yesterday."

"Teddy—our Teddy—doesn't wear pants and jacket like—like a grown-up boy," said grandpa.

"Oh, but yes I do, now!" Teddy made haste to explain. "'Cause I'm not a baby any more, gran'pa; I'm six—I mean, I'll be seven years old my next birthday after this old. And papa cut off my hair this morning, and mamma sent gram'ma a curl, though I don't think it 'mounts to much!"

Grandma thought it did, by the loving way she opened the tiny tissue paper parcel which Teddy gave her; and Teddy was almost sure he saw a tear drop upon the yellow curl within it, though he couldn't see for his part what there was to cry about. He didn't feel one bit like crying, himself.

"And this is my new suit," said he, proudly. "My very first pants I ever had."

"Well, well," said grandpa, after turning Teddy around, to view him on every side, "I declare if it doesn't make me think of the first really new suit I ever had."

"O gram'pa, tell about it!" cried Teddy, eagerly. "Was it like mine?"

"No, not exactly," grandpa answered, with a funny smile; "if I remember, the pants were longer, and so was the jacket. And there was a waistcoat, too."

"What's a waistcoat?" demanded Teddy, so much interested that he forgot to be polite. He remembered in a minute. "If you please, gram'-pa," he added.

"That's right," said grandpa approvingly. "A waistcoat is a vest, Teddy, very much like those men wear nowadays. I was older than you are when I got my new suit. I think I must have been as much as ten years old, because I cut all the wood mother needed to burn in the brick oven that winter."

"What's a brick oven, if you please, gram'pa?" Then granpa laughed. I do believe this is Teddy," said he, as if there had been a doubt of it in his mind all along. A brick oven, my boy, is a large oven built in the house just as the chimney is, of brick or stone and the fire to heat it is made in the oven itself. Ours was built of stone, though we always called it the 'brick oven.' Mother used to heat it two or three times a week, and I had to work pretty hard, sometimes, to furnish wood for it.

"But when sheep-shearing time came, in the spring, I had my reward. One day I heard mother say to father:

"'I want you to save out one of the finest fleeces for Joseph's new suit. He's been a real good boy, and—'

"I didn't wait to hear any more. You never saw a boy so pleased as I was. I went to the barn first thing, and turned a summersault off the big mow down into the bay, by way of rejoicing.

"Well, I saw my new suit taken off the sheep's back, Teddy, and I helped mother wash the wool, and watched Mr. Hammond card it into rolls. And then mother spun the rolls into yarn, and wove the yarn into cloth, and colored the cloth, butter-brown, and fulled it and pressed it, and sent it to miss Abby Hart, the tailoress, to be made, and me with it to be measured.

"'You can have your suit next Saturday night,' said Miss Abby, smiling. And though I felt sure the time would never come, it did, and I went down across the pasture lot to Mr. Hart's, and took the bundle Miss Abby gave me and flew home again as though my bare feet were winged.

"I tried them on,—the trousers and waistcoat and jacket,—and strutted about feeling very big and grand, indeed. Then I took them off. Then I put them on again, to make sure the jacket sleeves were exactly of a length, and finally mother said:

"'You'd better go to bed now, Joseph, and to-morrow you can go to meeting and wear your new clothes.'

"So I took them off once more, and hung them up on the big loom, just over the wash-bench. And then I went to bed to dream that a great big sheep was trying to get them away from me, and the first thing I really knew, it was broad daylight, and mother was sitting on the edge of my bed, looking as if she wanted to cry. My heart jumped up in my throat and choked me so I couldn't say a word, but I knew something dreadful had happened. Mother didn't say a word either, though she looked sorry enough.

When she saw that I was awake, she held up the jacket and there—there was a hole as big as our two hands, Teddy, burned right through the back!" "O-o h!" said Teddy.

"I knew what had happened," went on grandpa. "Somebody had set a candle on the bench, under where I hung my clothes, and the flame had burned the jacket. I didn't want to cry before mother, who was almost crying herself, and as soon as I could dress myself I hurried out to the barn, and hid in the old pung, and there I cried and cried as if my heart must break."

"O-oh!" said Teddy, scowling a little in the endeavor to imagine Grandpa Mayo doing such a thing. "Did you truly, gram'pa?"

"Truly, I did," laughed grandpa. "And I was crying still, when mother came out a little while afterwards to hunt me up and comfort me.

"'Don't cry any more,' said she. 'I've got some pieces like your suit, and I'll take them down to Mr Hart's with your jacket early in the morning, and tell Miss Abby it, and I'll warrant she'll fix it up as good as new.'

"And the next night I had my jacket again, whole as ever, with a patch set in between the shoulders so nicely that it never would be noticed across the room. That was what Miss Abby said."—[Youth's Companion.

RUSSIA'S VESTALS.

Enforced Celibacy of Female Telegraph Operators in the Czar's Dominions.

The St. Petersburg public has been much amused lately by a demand of the modern vestals. So young girls are called who serve as telegraph operators in Russia. They would like to put an end to their present situation, which they characterize as tragic. The management of the telegraphic service prohibits them from marrying. On entering the service the young girls are made to sign a contract that they will not marry any one who is not a telegraph operator, and then only on condition that, in case the husband falls sick, the wife will replace him and do double service. It is evident that the administration, in obliging these young ladies to consign themselves to celibacy or else choose one of their colleagues for a husband, behaves in a very cruel fashion.

For it is impossible to control one's heart and it is not every male telegraph operator who can pretend to inspire a mad passion in a young girl's breast. This law dates from 1864. Like many others of the same sort its amendment has been neglected.

As an illustration of the tendency of Russian women to enter new occupations, the fact may be cited that fifteen young girls have just applied for admission to enter the pharmacies in order to learn the business. They perform these functions already in the charity hospitals.

All women are not angels, even among the Russians. There exists among them especially a race of women who are inveterate gamblers and are to be seen only in European gambling houses. In many cases the reception rooms of the Russian aristocracy, where one would expect to find only conversation, music or flirtation, are converted into temples of silence, peopled with gamblers of both sexes and all ages, to whom life is nothing but a game of cards. And outside of these reception rooms there are clubs to which women are admitted—or, among others, the Assembly of Nobility. There one may see ladies losing all that they have, and even a good deal that they have not. For they, as well as the men, gamble on credit.

Training a Guest.

Owing to the sudden resignation of the only indoor man-servant at the house of an Epsom bachelor, the Irish coachman was last week promoted for the evening to the rank of butler—several guests being expected to dinner. The host was pleased to find that an old dress suit fitted Micky and he was delighted with the whole thing. A few minutes' technical instruction and the coachman declared that he grasped the "intoire situation." One point impressed upon the servitor was that he was on no account to ask a diner if he would have a second helping of soup. The guests were "on time," and all went well till Micky observed a gentleman push his plate from him after taking a few mouthfuls of soup. He immediately leant over and drew back the plate. The guest pushed it from him again. This displeased the coachman, it seemed to him a breach of decorum.

"Ate yer soup, sorr," he exclaimed in trumpet tones, "yez'll get no more."

Wasn't Ready to Die.

"Rustrum," the elephant presented to the Berlin Zoological Gardens in 1881 by the Prince of Wales, became so treacherous that lately it was decided to strangle him. A three-quarter inch steel wire was procured and, while the animal was exercising in the open air, a noose was made and slipped over his head. Forty-two men, at a given signal, began pulling on the cable, but as soon as "Rustrum" felt the pressure on his neck he gave his head a sudden jerk, snapping the rope. No further attempt to end the beast's existence was made.—[Philadelphia Ledger.

Indications.

Anxious Mother—"That young man comes to see our daughter pretty regularly, but they don't seem to be engaged. Do you think he is in earnest?"

Wise Father—"Oh, no doubt of it. All the presents he gives her are things that will keep."

He Loved His Kind.

Mrs Tabbaye—"That cat used to be quite morose, but since we got another to keep him company he's grown quite playful."

"Yes, dear, I suppose a fellow 'feline' makes him wondrous kind."

Misunderstood.

Traveler (from Kentucky)—"Madam, can I get a drink here?"

Lady of the house—"Certainly, there's the well."

Traveler (with a courtly gesture)—"Madam, you misunderstand me. I don't wish to wash my hands; I want a drink"—[Life.

How, Indeed.

Visitor—"The boys do be tellin' me that Dinnis Dinnis is sick abed. Is he any better, I dunno?" Lady of House—"I can't say just yit. Yez see he thried to froighten me by hidin' under my bed pretendin' to be a burglar an' he's lyin' up stairs wid a broken leg an two doctors atryin' to take four bullets out o' his body. But how was I to know him in the dark?"

Mr. Blaine told the delegates to the Pan-American Conference that they represented nations having a territorial extent of nearly 12,000,000 miles—more than three times the area of Europe, and little less than one-fourth part of the globe. We beg to remind him that there is an American country not represented at the Conference whose area is 3,470,392 miles, not very much less than all Europe.

THE FOLLY OF WORRY.

Grasp the World by the Hand and Grow Old Gracefully.

It is not the work that kills, but worry, truthfully observes the Albany, (N. Y.) "Journal." It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but the friction. Work is good for the soul, good for the body, and good for the mind. If you want a good appetite, don't worry. If you want a healthy body, do not worry. If you want to stand well with yourself and the world, and want things to go right in your home and your business, do not worry. If you want to sleep up to one hundred cents on the dollar do not worry.

The faculty of looking on the bright side of life, and making the best of things, is a fortune to any one. Fretting only deranges one's temper, excites unpleasant feelings toward everybody, and confuses the mind. If things go wrong one day there will be opportunities to right them on the days coming; and it is a good plan to just let things take their course and not get discouraged.

Women have a sea of trouble over their housekeeping, and they allow the merest trifles to harass them into ill-temper and nervousness, which is the bane of the American woman. Dirt and disorder in the household are the cause of the most nervousness. The home wife hates dirt, and begins a new campaign against it every morning and hunts it down wherever it hides itself. This would be healthy exercise if she would not worry, but worry is worse than dirt and disorder. The had better live ankle deep in dirt, take things as they come and be contented than live in grandeur and worry.

This life is just what one makes it. If we worry through the world it stings us. If we grasp it by the hand and get hold of some of the sunshine that brightens it, it will be the best friend one can have. Do not worry. Do not get discouraged. The world is full of human sympathy. If you lose your way or fall down, a large portion of the human family will be ready to pick you up and show you the way if they know of your need. Cultivate a spirit of patience. Cultivate a habit of getting all the enjoyment that your circumstances will permit. Cultivate a cheery disposition that will dispel worry as the sun dispels the dew. Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you, and you will find that life is worth living and that this world is not so bad a place after all.

"Behind the cloud the starlight lurks;
Through shadows the sunbeams fall;
For God, who loveth all his works,
Hath left a hope with all."

HOW FORTUNE CAME.

The Manner in Which Some People Have Become Suddenly Rich.

A few years ago, a pleasant, genial old gentleman called at one of the city banks and requested an introduction to one of the junior clerks. The clerk, who had noticed the stranger and seen him enter the manager's room, was startled by a summons to go inside. Once inside the manager's room the clerk found himself face to face with the stranger. The visitor immediately broke the ice by saying he had the pleasure to announce that by the death of an uncle, and in consequence of the death of several other relatives this young gentleman was heir to a baronetcy. Hardly believing his ears, the clerk summoned up enough presence of mind to ask if it was an empty title. The visitor immediately and blandly informed him that his income was at least £10,000 a year, with £50,000 at bank upon current account. It has since been ascertained that the income is not less than £16,000 a year.—The owner of a valuable pair of trousers was lately advertised for in the French papers by the honest finder of the same, who allowed the individual from whom they belonged fifteen days in which to come forward. After this delay he stated he could consider himself justified in profiting by this strange windfall, which as he was in poor circumstances and about to be married would be very serviceable to him. On the place de la Concorde he stated that he saw one evening a dark object on the ground which he first took to be a sleeping dog. On a closer inspection, however, he discovered a mistake, and picked up the garment then in his possession. He took the trousers with him on board a boat which he owned, and on passing them in review noticed that the buttons seemed different from ordinary ones. Prompted by curiosity, he undid the cloth that covered them, and found, instead of wooden molds, gold pieces. Casting his investigations further, he came across some bank notes stitched into the waistband, with other papers of value.—Stories of extraordinary windfalls are so frequently due to an effort of the imagination that we may be excused for receiving them with a considerable amount of reserve. Elizabeth Scott was found by the police in 1875 lying on the floor of her back kitchen. She had been dead, apparently, for about a week, portions of her hands having been eaten by rats. It was stated that although the deceased—who was seventy-two years of age, and lived in London—was in possession of upward of £10,000 in bonds, producing an income of £400 a year, she never associated with any one; and a search through the house resulted in sums of £32 in gold and £47 in silver being found concreted in little bags between the mattress of the bed. For many years she had been leading a miserly existence. It was stated that she had left no will, and had only cousins living in Scotland.

Some Consolation.

Jacob Stein, Jr.—Fader, von of de vork-men fell into von of de vats, and ve didn't get him put his pones.

Jacob Stein, Sr. (soap manufacturer)—Vich ones it?

Jacob Stein, Jr.—Villiam Chonson.

Jacob Stein, Sr.—Vell, vell, dot was too bad. Still it might haf been vorse. Chonson vas the best man in the vorks.—[Terre Haute Ex.

A Sudden Rise.

English—"Men rise suddenly in this country, I have been told, especially out West."

American—"They do that, you bet."

E.—"S[illegible] get to the top of the tree."

A.—"Sure. I know a man who got to the top of the tree out there so quick that he had not time to say a prayer. He stayed there too, until they cut him down and buried him. Great country this, sir."—[Boston Post.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Mr. Preece, chief electrician in the British Post Office Department, says that distance is a matter of no consequence in telephonic communication, and that people on this planet could talk with the inhabitants of the moon, provided they had the wires and there were people in the moon to talk to. Pending the arrival of this triumph of electric science, we shall perhaps be satisfied with telephonic communication between New York and Paris, or London and Melbourne.

At the British Association meeting lately papers were read denouncing high heels, tight stays and other "errors in women's dress." In the course of a discussion several ladies defended stays and pooh-poohed the warnings of medical men present who pronounced them dangerous to health. A much more potent enemy than even the scientists is at work. Fashion appears, according to a trade journal, to have decreed that high heels shall go, and the manufacturers are turning out low heeled shoes. Probably the corsets will survive till fashion also banishes them.

The United States Navy Department does some queer things. For instance, it has just appointed to the command of the European squadron an officer who has seen only one year and ten months' service at sea in the last twenty three years. The command is the most important in the service, for the squadron will consist of the first fleet of modern steel cruisers sent by the United States to European waters. The newly-appointed admiral may be a capable man, but his seamanship must be a little rusty, and his selection for the position in question does not seem altogether wise.—[Ex.

Already an improved form of phonograph has made its appearance, the object being to provide a fuller tone to Edison's patent. In the latter barely 30 per cent. of the original volume of sound is returned to the ear, while the new invention will, it is said, reproduce 60 per cent. of the sound waves. The inventor is a wealthy Italian living in New York, who has secured a patent, and the instrument can, it is claimed, be applied also to the telephone, greatly magnifying the sound now received through this instrument. Edison having laid the foundation, it is not surprising that busy brains are framing improvements upon his invention for the benefit of all mankind.

In 1856, when there was a good deal of excitement about the discovery of islands containing deposits of guano, the United States Congress enacted a law which provided that when any citizen of the United State discovered a deposit of guano on any island, rock, or sea, "not within the lawful jurisdiction of the Government," and not occupied by the citizens of any other Government, and took peaceable possession thereof, that island might be regarded at the discretion of the President as appertaining to the United States. This extraordinary measure throws light upon the Behring sea question. Perhaps, after all, the United States Congress has a right to legislate for seas, islands, and countries beyond its jurisdiction.

A review of the British debt for the last fifty years, which has just been published, shows that there has been a decrease since 1836 of about $765,000,000, and about $105,000,000 in the last thirteen years. This is a better financial showing than can be made by any other great power of Europe, but it forms a striking contrast with the record of the United States. The interest-bearing debt of that country has been reduced about $1,500,000,000 in the last twenty four years, or twice as much as the decrease in the debt of Great Britain in fifty years. In the thirteen years during which the British debt has been whittled down $105,000,000 the reduction of the interest-bearing debt of the United States has been $830,000,000, or about eight times as much as the British debt reduction. The decrease in the total debt of the United States, less cash in the Treasury, has been much greater, both for twenty-four years and for thirteen years, than the reduction of the interest-bearing debt.

Market gardening in the environs of a large city exhibits many interesting features It might be expected that the uncertainty of the weather and other influences affecting plant life would prevent the specializing of effort which is noted in most industries. But, while few market gardeners care to place their dependence on any one crop, there are sometimes peculiarities of soil, etc., which render the almost exclusive cultivation of a single product advisable. It is this very largely that seems to explain the extraordinary size of the cabbage gardens near Greenbush, one of the suburbs of New York. The cabbage area here extends almost unbrokenly along the shore for three and a half miles. About a million head of cabbage in all are raised here, and one of the growers, who bears the somewhat appropriate name of Mark Moul, grows about 175,000. The soil is moist and mellow, and easily admits of the thorough working necessary as a preparation for a cabbage crop. Profits vary greatly, of course, with the varying relations of supply and demand; but the sauerkraut manufacture of New York tends to steady the market by absorbing the surplus from day to day not saleable for immediate consumption.

Our esteemed contemporary the "Canadian American" comments upon the great invasion of British gold that is going on in America. It says: "The Englishman's gold seems to be ready to point its guns at anything worth capturing. It is on the warpath in earnest and so far has bagged such game as the Bemis and McAvoy breweries of Chicago; the Wacker and Birk breweries, Chicago; the Albany Brewery, Albany, N. Y.; the Jones Brewery, Detroit, Mich.; the Hauck Brewery, Newark, N. J.; the Trefz Brewery, Jersey City; the United States breweries, New York; a portion of the Schoenhuff Brewery, of Chicago; the Star elevators, of Minneapolis, 76 in number; the G. W. Vandusen system of elevators, of Rochester, Minn., 90 in number; the Cargill elevator system of Minnesota and Dakota; the Baltimore breweries, Baltimore; Brazatada Hancock iron mines, Hancock, Mich.; the Rochester breweries, Rochester, N. Y.; the F. J. Dewes brewery, of Chicago; the Robt. Davies brewery, Toronto; Gooderham and Worts great distillery, Toronto; the Pillsbury flour mills, and the Washburn flour mills, Minneapolis, and the Syracuse brewery, Syracuse, N. Y. The British capitalist keeps his powder dry and his eye open. His aim is good and his judgment of game based on his wide experience as a man of the world."

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SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Arrangement Against The English.

Our old enemies and nominal vassals in South Africa, the Boers, have viewed with the greatest indignation the projected arrangement for the construction of a railway under British auspices through Swaziland to the Transvaal. To reach the coast by way of the Swazi and Amatonga territories is shorter and easier than to make for Delagoa Bay; and in consequence of the conduct of the Portuguese Government in ejecting the English Company which had nearly finished the construction of the Delagoa Bay Railway, English influence has been brought to bear with a view to checkmating the Portuguese by the construction of a direct line to the Transvaal, which would, if completed, be certain to divert the Gold Fields traffic from the longer Delagoa Bay route. The Pretoria Government has, therefore, concluded an arrangement with the Portuguese against the English, and has, furthermore, secured control of the entire coast line by an arrangement with the Portuguese and the Queen of Amatongaland. In this way the Boers hope to prevent the construction of the direct line which English influence has been at work to obtain.

The new hats are large, but the bonnets are low and small.