OUR JUVENILES.

A Song to Bring Sleep.

Two little eyes,
Two little lips,
Two little hands,
Two little feet;
What shall we ask for them all?

Two little eyes,
Blue, blue,
Blue as the azure deep of the skies—
Now so roguish, now wondrous wise—
Solemn and funny, all in a twink,
What shall we ask for these little eyes?

Open them, Lord,
To see Thy word;
Wondrous things!
Light them with love,
And shade them above
With angels' wings.

Two little lips,
Red, red,
Red as the flowing coral tips,
Sweet as the rose the wild bee sips,
Singing and prattling all day long,
And lisping and coaxing with witchery strong,
What shall we ask for these lips?

From Thine altar, Lord above,
Touch those lips with fire of love;
Pure, pure let them be,
Speaking holy melodies
Out of a holy heart, that rise
Warm, bright up to Thee!

Two little hands!
Busy, busy,
Busy as a bird and busy as a bee,
Gathering "funny things" for me,
Weaving webs and "building a house
Just the size for a wee, wee mouse."
What shall we ask for these little hands?

Lord, with wisdom filled,
Teach these hands to build
Thine own temple;
Let them skillful be,
Coming to work for Thee,
By Thine example.

Two little feet!
Nimble, nimble,
Trot-foot and light-foot, Oh! what a pair;
Now here, now there, now everywhere;
Running on errands, dancing in glee,
Skipping and dancing merrily!
What shall we ask for these little feet?

Lead them a blessed pilgrimage,
From childhood through to saint's age,
Hold them a light in the dim, dark night,
And out of the narrow path of the right,
Ne'er let them stray!

Two little eyes—closed!
Two little lips—shut!
Two little hands—clasped!
Two little feet—still!
God give my darling pleasant dreams!

The Boy and His Crusts.

One night at supper Peter ate the soft part of his slice, but put the crust, the upper crust, under the rim of his plate. Then he bent low and whispered to his knife and fork:

"Now don't tell!"

Next he tucked the bottom crust under the other side of his plate, and bent low again and whispered to his spoon and napkin-ring:

"Now don't tell!"

And that night he dreamed of seeing his plate on the chamber floor, and that the two long crusts crept out toward him like two long caterpillars. And they every moment grew longer and longer.

"What two funny things you are!" cried Peter.

Then the two things turned and crept slowly on toward the door. And there they stretched out and stood up on end and looked at Peter and spoke. And the sound of their voices was dry and coarse, like the grating of crusts between sharp teeth. And they said:

"Oh, you dainty boy! So you would eat only the soft! Come now and be punished."

"I won't do so again," said Peter.

"How do we know that?" said the two things. "Come quick! Do as we do! Do as we do!"

Then the two things crept down stairs, and along the entry, and through the front yard, and up the street, and across the gutter, while Peter, in his red-flannel nightgown, went creeping behind. But when they crept up a high board fence, Peter said:

"Oh, I can never do that!—never, never!"

At that moment a pepper-box in uniform called out:

"Stand! You are my prisoner! Follow me! Now! Forward! March!"

Then Peter stood up straight and marched behind.

"So you wou'dn't eat the crusts, dainty boy!" cried the pepper-box in uniform, turning around with a fierce look. It shook its head sternly at Peter, and at every shake the pepper flew into his eyes causing the tears to run, run, run, like two rivers.

"Oh! oh! I wonder who told!" cried Peter. "I wonder who told! My tears! My tears! Sweet, good mamma, come wipe my tears!"

"They will do to soak your crusts in!" said some fine, silvery voices near.

Peter looked behind to see where so many voices came from, and behold all the napkin rings rolling, hopping, skipping along, one after another, and all making fun of him. And the head one was his own!

"Telltale! Telltale!" cried out Peter.

"Order in the ranks!" shouted the pepper-box in uniform. "Quick! Forward! To prison! Make way there! Disperse the crowd!"

"What crowd?" asked Peter.

"Look and see!" cried the pepper-box in uniform.

Then Peter saw that all the knives and forks were standing about, whispering privately together—all but the carving-knife; that had laid down to rest. The whispering went on:

"Who is this!"

"Peter."

"Where is he going?"

"To prison."

"What for?"

"To learn."

"Learn what?"

"To eat."

"Eat what?"

"His crusts."

Then there was a loud tittering and laughing.

"O, dear!" cried Peter, "I begged them not to tell! I beat my head low and begged them not to. But oh! they went and told! Mean! Mean!"

"Order in the ranks!" cried pepper-box, in uniform.

They kept marching on, and soon came to three bright, smiling, shining rows, one above another. In the first row were the grandmothers. These were the big spoons. In the second row were their daughters. These were the teaspoons. In the third row were their granddaughters. These were the salt and mustard spoons.

They spoke not a word, but only smiled coldly on him as he passed, as much as to say:

"Yes, we know; we know all about it."

And among them Peter saw his own, marked "Pertie." Then he groaned and said:

"O, how could you? How could you go and tell?"

His own spoke not a word, but only smiled that same cold smile.

And just then the baker came along.

"O, I am so hungry!" cried Peter.

"Well, here is a loaf!" said the baker.

Peter took it gladly. It smelled nice, and was of a beautiful color. But upon taking a bite he found it was crust all the way through.

"That or none!" called out the baker from the back end of his cart.

"It's very hard!" cried Peter, with the tears in his eyes, and he felt for his jack-knife. But his nightgown had no pocket in it.

"His teeth want sharpening, that they do!" cried a voice nearby.

Peter looked up, and saw standing there a tall man dressed in yellow. He had on a cap like a long-necked squash, with a neck hanging down behind.

"His teeth want sharpening!" cried Squash Cap. "But who'll turn the grind-stone?"

"I will!" cried a short, fat man in a white apron.

"And who are you?" said Squash Cap

"I'm the French cook," said the white-aproned man. "I make good pies; and I turn the grindstone."

"But who'll pour on the water?" cried Squash Cap.

"I know his tricks; I'll pour on the water!" cried a little barefooted boy.

"And who are you?" cried Squash Cap. "Who are you, running about in your shirt sleeves, with your too-short breeches and your peaked paper cap?"

"I'm the jolly baker's boy!" said he.

"I know his tricks; and I'll pour on the water!"

Then Squash Cap held poor Peter over, while the fat French cook turned the handle and the jolly baker's boy turned on the water.

And all the while those three bright rows, the unfeeling grandmothers and daughters and granddaughters, merely looked on and smiled.

"Release the prisoner!" the pepper-box in uniform shouted out suddenly.

Then Peter was dropped: for whatever is in uniform must be obeyed.

"Forward! March! Stand! The prison! Enter!"

"Bang! Clang! Whang!" went the iron doors, and Peter sat down in prison, all alone. But down the well near him came creeping the two things.

"I am very glad to see you," said Peter. "This is a dismal place. I am lonely. Very. How did you get here?"

"By creeping along," they said. "Creeping, creeping, over and under, over and under. These walls are made of crusts. You will have to eat your way out. Good-bye. We are going."

Then Peter sat down and cried, "O dear! O dear! O dear! O dear!" as loud as he could.

"Do you like pies?" Peter wiped his eyes with his nightgown sleeve, and then turned to see who asked him the question. And there stood the fat French cook with a rolling pin in his hand.

"Do you like pies?" he asked sternly.

"Very much," answered Peter.

"Which part do you like best, the outside part or the middle part?"

"The middle part," said Peter very quickly.

"Well, then come with me into the kitchen," said the French cook with a grim smile.

In the kitchen great fires were burning, and the ovens were well heated. The French cook took his rolling pin and rolled out pie crust enough to line a very large platter. He then laid Peter in, right side up with care, and covered him over with the upper crust.

"Now you have the middle part!" cried the French cook. "This dough is made of the crusts you left at the table, done over!"

"Oh, now I am punished! Now I am punished!" cried Peter. "But O Mister French Cook, pie-covers have always holes pricked in them to breathe through!"

"Very true," said the French cook. "And I will now prick the holes."

So he took the toasting fork, and at every prick Peter squirmed and jumped, which made the upper crust look very bunchy.

"Quiet inside there!" shouted the French cook. "Do you prefer a quick oven, or a slow oven? Put your mouth to the holes and answer."

So Peter put his mouth to the holes and called out, "A slow oven!"

"You shall be gratified," said the French cook. "Here, you boy!—you barefooted, short-trousered, peaked-paper-capped jolly baker's boy, help me here with this big pie. 'Tis a new sort of pie. 'Tis called a Peter-pie!"

But Peter found the slow oven to be much too hot for his feelings. He turned and rolled, and rolled and turned, and at last he rolled out of the platter.

He dreamed that he rolled out of the platter, but in reality he rolled out of his bed in his chamber, and came down bang! upon the floor.

Then all the people came running up stairs.

"What's the matter? What's the matter? What's the matter?"

"I—don't—want—to—be—baked!" said Peter, crying.

"Baked, indeed!" cried his mother. And she stripped off three quilts and a blanket.

"Where did you bump you?" cried Tom.

"Have—you—seen—the—caterpillars?" answered Peter, sobbing.

Then everybody laughed.

The next morning at breakfast, it was wonderful to see the way Peter ate the brown crusts.

"Have you had your teeth sharpened in the night?" asked his mother, laughing.

"Yes, ma'am," said the little boy, soberly.

"But how did she know?" he whispered to himself. Then he looked toward the big spoons, who were there bright and smiling with their daughters and their granddaughters about them.

But not one of them spoke a word.
—*Mrs. Diaz' Story Book.*

THE HOG BOUNCER.

The above is the name of a simple device invented by the cattle-yard men at West Albany, N. Y., to induce hogs to move from the cars in which they were transported into the yard. Pigs, as a rule, are not of accommodating dispositions; and when it comes to prevailing upon a car load of them to move along upon a narrow gangway, the first ones that start upon the plank are apt to decline to proceed further, and so block the egress of the rest. This necessitates an astonishing amount of patience and beating, besides unlimited strong language, and of course often delays a cattle train for some time. The new invention for persuading the animal to pass on is the hog bouncer, made by bringing one end of the gangway plank to a firm support; then under the other end two double car springs are placed. A powerful lever and a spring catch complete the device. Before the car door is opened, the platform is carried down so as to compress the springs by the lever and the catch is hooked. The hogs are then allowed to pass along the platform, and so long as they move along properly the plank is undisturbed; but as soon as a crowd congregates and vociferously objects to going further, the catch is sprung. One end of the platform flies about three feet upward, and the result is a shower of living porkers, shot over the heads and upon the soft bodies of the drove. They are seldom injured, but vastly astonished; and it is needless to add that the blockade is at once dispelled.—*Scientific American.*

IVORY.

To furnish the ivory which is imported into England alone, 50,000 elephants have to be killed every year. The best ivory comes from Zanzibar, the product of the African elephant; it is opaque, soft, easy to work, and free from cracks and other defects. That from Ambriz, the Gaboon river, and south of the equator is called "silver gray;" it remains white, and never becomes yellow, as is the case with the Asiatic; it is, therefore, the most valuable of any ivory in the market. The tusks from Siam are translucent, and, being soft-grained, are preferred for ornamental work. The fossil tusks of the mammoths found in the Arctic regions and Siberia form a not inconsiderable amount of the ivory trade; some of these tusks are in as fine a condition for working as the very best of modern ivory, which is very remarkable, as some of these elephants or mammoths have been preserved in an ice crust, and have remained imbedded for unknown ages, probably since the glacial period—some 150,000 years ago. If this is so, it goes to show that the change of temperature took place rapidly in a then tropical climate, where these animals previously flourished, and overtaking them suddenly and covering them with an ice crust were the causes of their perfect preservation.

HOW TO COURT THE DROWSY GOD.

Many ways have been proposed whereby sleep may be induced to visit the pillow of night during this intolerably warm weather. To rub the feet together with great vehemence may be a fairly-good hypnoptic in winter, when exertion is not suffering, but can hardly be of use now. To fix the mind on some vast thing like the sky or the ocean, or your bill at the grocer's or tailor's may be of advantage, as also to do the usually-recommended counting till you can count no longer, but perhaps the best way is to make yourself believe you are sleepy and trying to keep awake. Do not throw somersaults or exercise with dumb-bells or try how far you can walk on your hands—it is seldom that such procedures will bring tired nature's sweet restorer. A cold bath immediately before retiring is sometimes useful, but disagreeable, as it reduces the body's temperature below the dew-point and makes it gather moisture from the air like a pitcher of ice-water. Keep a good conscience, and if you cannot sleep don't worry about it, but sit at the window, look at the moon, and smoke your pipe quietly.

IN THE LION'S JAWS.

At Lyons, France, not long since, a little girl having been allowed by her nurse to approach too close to the lion's den, the beast put forth his fore arm, thrust his prehensile claws into the child's head, and drew it within the bars of his cage, before the horrified spectators, who commenced a struggle for the prey. They succeeded in drawing her from his clutch, but not until he had torn away the poor child's scalp. She lingered in great agony for a few hours and then died.

THE population of Westchester, Pa., by a recent census, is found to be 6,650, a gain of 1,000 since 1870. There are two females to every male in the venerable town.

A DUNKARD LOVE FEAST.

Twenty-Five Hundred People Eating Soup Out of 800 Bowls—The Dunkards' Church and Hotel Combined.

At the Dunkards' "love feast," at Rehrersburg, the large concourse preceded to the Swatara creek, about a mile from the church, where seven persons were ready to be baptized. Rev. Pionts prepared the whole party on the land, then proceeded with each one into the water very near up to their necks, the water being about four and a half feet deep at that place. Then, after invoking a blessing from above, he gave each of them three dips into the water, putting the whole person under the surface.

The party consisted of five men and two women, all married except one man. Over 1,500 persons were present when the baptizing was done. In the evening it was estimated that a least 2,500 persons were present. A feast was given to all who desired to partake. Meat soup was the principal dish served. The brothers and sisters were seated three and three together, eating out of one bowl, each having a shining spoon. No hucksters were allowed on the premises.

Ministers from Ohio, Maryland and Pennsylvania were present. As a general thing the Dunkards are all well off in worldly goods, and generally intermarry with each other, and the denomination is very strong. Each brother is privileged to get up and make some remark. They all talk the Pennsylvania German plain, but very slow. At least a dozen brothers addressed the large audience in one forenoon.

Each one asked a blessing upon the former brother's address before he spoke. They wear the plainest kind of clothing. Many young ladies still in their teens were noticed wearing the neat but plain white mull cap, covering the whole head, even the ears. The women, young and old, dress alike—no curls or fancy head-dress is to be seen. The dresses of the women are made mostly of calico, in the plainest possible manner, no tucks, no pull-backs, no Grecian bend, no flounces, no ruffles, no ribbons, nothing but plain, neat, but clean.

They generally wear a small cape of the same material the dress is made of, with a pure white handkerchief tied around the neck. The men generally wear home-spun clothing of the plainest goods, with no buttons—they use hooks and eyes. The men all wear long hair, parted in the middle and combed back of the ears. The basement of the church is fitted up for the congregation to take their meals in.

Three large tables ninety feet long were filled again and again. The second story is fitted up as a sleeping apartment, where a great many slept during the night. After the services were over all the brothers and sisters bade each other an affectionate farewell, the brothers kissing each other, and the sisters doing likewise.

On Friday a meeting of the same denomination commenced near Bernville, where a great many of the same participated. One of the ministers warned the congregation earnestly, hoping none of the members would visit the Centennial, giving his reason that the Centennial was nothing but worldly, and their duty on earth was to prepare for spiritual and not for worldly things.—*Reading (Pa.) Eagle.*

CREMATION.

The Cremation Congress met at Dresden on the 6th and 7th of June, but there were not more than 500 persons present. All the German Governments, except that of Saxe-Gotha, are opposed to cremation, basing their opposition to it upon the fact that the law recognizes only interment and has no reference to burning. The Saxon Government has refused to accept large sums bequeathed to the charitable institutions of Dresden by Prof. Eberhard Richter, because he had attached to the legacy the condition that his body should be burned. Dr. Richter died about three weeks ago, and his body, which has been embalmed, will be sent to Milan to be burned. The Minister of the Interior, who has forbidden the cremation to take place in Saxony, is the same Herr Nostitz-Wallwitz who allowed Lady Dilke's body to be burned at Dresden two years ago. One reason why the Cremation Congress was not looked upon very favorably by the Saxon Government was that several of the German Republicans took the opportunity of speaking on political subjects.

DIDN'T WORK RIGHT.

* * * Blondy soon forked over 75 cents and departed, while the drug-clerk shoved into their resting-places a couple of drawers labelled "ipecac" and "magnesia." That night Blondy and his "weakness" ice-creamed together in a saloon on Fifteenth street, near Walnut. They sat by a window, and when Blondy jumped up and shouted, "Oh, look there!" while he pointed to the street and dexterously emptied two of the "love powders" in her cream, she thought his exclamation was only a little joke, and the cream was soon eaten. On the way home she said she felt sea-sick, and when the twain reached the paternal mansion Blondy attempted to take a kiss from the love-powdered lips, when the sick girl hit him over the nose with her parasol, and said she was sick enough already, and if he commenced any of his foolin' around her she'd put a head on him like a ripe cow pumpkin. Blondy is now laying for that prescriptionist.—*Philadelphia Sunday Sun.*

ON the calling of a case in a Dublin court, the first three names on the jurors' panel were each Michael Murphy, and when the name was called three persons simultaneously answered. It transpired that in a panel of 48 names there were 19 Murphys.

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Which Shall I Take?

This is often a serious question with the invalid. He finds the market flooded with proprietary medicines, scores of which are recommended as certain cures for his peculiar ailment. He reads the papers, circulars, and almanacs, and finds each sustained by plausible arguments setting forth its virtues and specific action. The recommendations are as strong for one as for another. The cures claimed to have been wrought by one are as wonderful as those claimed to have been wrought by another. In his perplexity and doubt, the sufferer is sometimes led to reject all. But it should be borne in mind that this condition of things is one that cannot be remedied. In a land where all are free, the good—the truly valuable—must come into competition with the vile and worthless, and must be brought to public notice by the same instrumentality, which is *advertising*. In such a case, perhaps the only absolute proof that a remedy is what it claims to be, is to try it. The "test of a pudding is the eating of it." "Prove all things, hold fast that which is good," is the apostolic injunction. There may, however, be stronger presumptive evidence in favor of one remedy than there is in favor of another, and this should be allowed its due weight. A due regard to this may save a vast amount of experimenting and a useless outlay of money. As presumptive evidence in favor of Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines, the proprietor desires to say that they are prepared by a new and scientific process by which the virtues of the crude plants and roots are extracted without the use of a particle of alcohol. Not a particle of this destroyer of our race enters into the composition of either his Golden Medical Discovery or Favorite Prescription. This consideration alone ought certainly to rank them high above the vile compounds saturated with alcohol, Jamaica rum, sour beer, or vinegar, which are everywhere offered for sale. Again, they are of uniform strength, and their virtues can never be impaired by age. They are also made from fresh herbs and roots, gathered in their appropriate season, when they are flush with medicinal properties. In support of these claims, the following testimony is offered:

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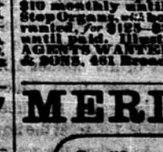

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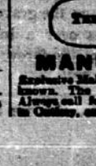

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