OUR YOUNG ⌗ ⌗ ⌗ PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.

Nora C. Trench Wins the First Prize for April—Sue M. Garland, Cumberland Courthouse, the Second.

The Town of Babyville.

It's the dearest town, the fairest town,
the prettiest town to me,
Of all the towns in all the lands, this side
or 'cross the sea;
It's sunshine there, and moonshine there
and starshine all the time,
And it's never cold, and none get old, in
its lovely summer clime;
There's never a ghost or a goblin there,
and sin was never known,
And no one ever had a pain, or heard a
neighbor groan,
And the birds sing always, night and day,
in fact they're never still,
In this airy, fairy, darling place, the
Town of Babyville.

The stores are full of sweetmeats, and
they're sold for just a song,
The hobby-horses in the streets are free
the whole day long;
The band plays every afternoon, there's
fireworks every night,
And all the babies toddle out to see the
glorious sight.
You kiss them as you meet them, and
they kiss you when you go,
And clap their hands, and laugh with
glee, to see you at their show;
The doctor died last summer, and is
resting o'er the hill,
For none get sick, they haven't time, in
the Town of Babyville.

The houses are of gingerbread, the fences
are of cake;
The river's full of lemonade, and a big
panada lake;
You eat whenever hungry, and you drink
whenever dry,
And pay your board in kisses—that sure-
ly isn't high;
But if you want to live there you have
to pay a toll.
Some pay it very readily, some can't, to
save their soul;
It's not in gold or silver, nor yet a paper
bill,
It's just to bring a baby to the Town of
Babyville.

You can live with us forever, if a baby
comes along.
We want another sunny face, another
voice in song,
For we all sing in our village, from the
book of Mother Goose,
And it takes a babe to teach you how to
let your voice out loose;
So if you think of coming, just send your
name along,
And tell us when the baby came, and if
it's well and strong,
And tell us when to meet you, we'll be
waiting by the mill,
And the band will play you welcome to
the Town of Babyville.

Here's News, Boys and Girls.

THAT SURE SHOT DETECTIVE CAMERA—AN APPARATUS FOR MAKING SMALL PICTURES, WITH DEVELOPING AND PRINTING OUTFIT GOES TO MISS NONA C. FRENCH, STATION B, RICHMOND. THREE CHEERS FOR SUE! HER ANSWERS TO THE PUZZLES WERE AS CLEVER AS THEY COULD BE, AND AS NEATLY PREPARED.

"SAMANTHA AT SARATOGA," THE BOOK WITH THE MANY PICTURES AND IN THE HANDSOME BINDING, GOES TO MISS SUE M. GARLAND, CUMBERLAND COURT HOUSE, SHE HAVING WRITTEN THE BEST LETTER. VERY NICE LETTERS WERE ALSO RECEIVED FROM MISS AGNES L. BECKHAM, BOX 117, GORDONSVILLE, AND MISS KATE T. VAUGHAN, OVERLY, PRINCE EDWARD COUNTY. WE PUBLISH ALL THREE TO-DAY, FOR YOUR BENEFIT. MISS SUE M. TODD WRITES US A NICE NOTE TO SAY THAT SHE IS SO DELIGHTED WITH HER LAST MONTH'S PRIZE THAT HER LITTLE SISTER WANTS TO TRY FOR ONE THIS MONTH, AND DUDLEY R. JOHNSTON ACKNOWLEDGES HIS AIR RIFLE WITH MANY THANKS. EVER SO GLAD THEY ARE PLEASED; SO ARE WE.

THE OTHERS WHO SENT ANSWERS TO THE PUZZLES AND DID NOT FORGET TO SIGN THEIR NAMES WERE: ANNIE W. MARTIN, WAVERLY, VA.; BERNARD GATES, 2007 EAST BROAD; AGNES L. BECKHAM, GORDONSVILLE; JOHN C. SCOTT, MARMADUKE ATKINSON, SUE M. TODD, CITY.

Now, Look Here.

THE FIRST PRIZE FOR THIS MONTH IS—NOW WHAT DO YOU THINK? WHY—A VICTOR STEAM ENGINE—A NEAT LITTLE MODEL ENGINE—WITH BOILER, LAMP, AND INSTRUCTIONS FOR RUNNING. THIS IS THE PUZZLE PRIZE, AND IS A BEAUTY!

THE SECOND PRIZE WILL BE WOOD'S NATURAL HISTORY WITH 800 PAGES AND 500 ILLUSTRATIONS—A TREASURE FOR SOME CLEVER CHILD. TO WIN IT YOU MUST SEND IN THE GREATEST NUMBER OF CORRECT ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN HISTORY OR GEOGRAPHY, WHICH, BEGINNING NEXT SUNDAY, WILL BE PUBLISHED EACH WEEK. NOW EVERYBODY WILL HAVE A CHANCE!

The Broken Dresden Tray.

BY MRS. NANNIE SUTTON PURDY.

In vain Sister Katharine had protested with well-meant advice as to foolish pride. Lucia had decided that she could not go to Mildred's birthday-party, and she felt very miserable. Katharine could not understand, she thought; it was not as though Mildred had lived in the same town with them and known them before papa failed. She and Lucia had met last winter at Aunt Margaret's, where, everything was lovely; when, thanks to Cousin Eleanor's cast offs—rearranged by mamma's and Katharine's cunning fingers—Lucia had had pretty frocks and things.

Aunt Margaret herself did not know how it was at Lucia's home, and the girls Lucia met naturally thought her one of themselves. They could not know that Aunt Margaret never let her niece spend a cent while going around with them, but paid Lucia's share of all their treats, saying that it was her right, since she was not young enough to go around with Lucia herself.

But now there was not a dress left fit to wear, and the girls at the party would all be robed like young princesses. No! she could not go, and she could not send a remembrance, even, that she was not ashamed of. But, having written to Mildred, she must now mail the letter and look about in the shops for something to send her—something cheap enough for her purse.

As she was slipping down stairs Katharine opened her door.

"Lucia, I have half a dollar," she began sympathetically, "and perhaps, with what you have—"

"Oh, no!" Lucia turned and hurried down; but Katharine saw that her sister's eyes were brimming.

"Poor little soul!" she murmured, softly.

Lucia drew a little sigh as she turned into the main shopping-street; what in the world could she buy with a single dollar for one who had everything a girl could wish? And just then, as if in mockery of her strait, the beautiful windows of "Stevenson & Co., importers," shone out before her, with their exquisite display of statuary, bronzes, carved ivory, delicate wares of infinite variety, the beauty of which had made the firm famous.

"They are the sort of things that people give Mildred!" said Lucia, inwardly. "They're the only kind that rich girls expect to receive."

She had stopped, and her gaze searched among the smaller articles, scattered on rich-tinted cushions.

"Maybe they have something that I could get, and it would be sure to be dainty, and have their name on the box!"

Brightening under this consoling thought, she entered the store. A kindly faced old man laid on the counter the prettiest, it seemed to Lucia, of all those pretty gimcracks, with their horrible prices attached. She would not limit him just at first, she thought—"a dollar" sounded so poverty-stricken!—and how could he know that she had only one in her pocket? He saw only her admiring young eyes, and sought to gratify them.

"These pretty goods," said he, laying out several dainty comb-and-brush-trays, "were just received."

"Oh!" cried Lucia rapturously, and drew one to her. "Dresden!—what a beauty!"

She turned it about lovingly; every posy-petal on it appealed to her. This was what she wanted to give Mildred!

"Twelve dollars," observed the old gentleman, blandly reading the price-mark, while Lucia's heart sunk. "Yes, that is a favorite ware with the ladies, but fragile. This now," he drew a box from the back shelf and opened it, "was broken in coming to us, perhaps the prettiest of the lot."

Lucia gave a little gasp—of pleasure and regret. The tray was indeed of a rarely beautiful design.

"Might it not be mended?" she ventured, with a half-covetous little tug at her heart. What would she not give to send one like this had been to Mildred! And here it lay, useless.

"Possibly," said the old gentleman, "it was with that notion that one of the clerks set it aside; but it is broken in three pieces, you see—it would be a delicate job."

An idea flashed on Lucia. The perplexity of her emotions had by this time wrought such confusion in her mind that she caught, for relief, at straws, without noticing the danger of her ground.

"Would you sell it?" she almost whispered, "broken as it is?"

"Why," answered the old gentleman, smiling, "I don't know. We gave it to one of the clerks." He called to a youth at a rear desk: "Arthur! What will you take for this broken Dresden tray? A young lady wishes to buy it!"

"Oh," said the young man, good-naturedly, without looking up, "she is quite welcome to it, Mr. Stevenson, if she thinks she can mend it!"

Lucia hastily unclasped her purse; she was anxious to have it over and done with.

"Would a dollar"—she faltered, nervously.

"Pardon me," said the old gentleman, as he wrapped the box, "it is probably useless; I'm sure you are welcome!" and having tied the package he laid it in her hand, motioned back the money, and politely bowed her out.

Her cheeks burned as she faced the crowd of the street; not for having accepted what had been kindly pressed upon her, but through shame at her first step in a course from which all her better nature revolted. Yet anything that did no actual harm to anyone, she weakly told herself, was better than the humiliation of disclosing her penury to those girls, who, from birth, had known nothing but wealth; who had taken her to heart as one of themselves, and whose pleasing delusion regarding her would be forever dispelled at a sign of shabbiness. Their criticisms, their wondering comments—she could not bear the mortification of them; she, who, with only the means, would be so generous! She hurried down to the express office. It was mean; she knew it; she felt that the clerk read the cause of her flaming cheeks, and eyed her queerly as he handed her a pen; but she addressed the box to Mildred, hesitated, wrote in the corner "Handle with care" and paid the expressage.

Of course Mildred would think that it had been broken in transit, and between a hysterical sense of satisfaction and terror at her deed, she went home to her room, and found Katharine there, waiting for her.

"Mamma and I have a plan by which you can go to the party, Lucia!" announced her sister, cheerily. "We couldn't let you miss it, after Aunt Margaret had sent your car-ticket, too; so we cudgeled our wits, and mamma is ripping her white brocade skirt—"

"Her wedding-skirt!" exclaimed Lucia. "Oh, I couldn't let her cut that up, after her keeping it so carefully packed all these years! She loves it, and it would be ruined!"

"Never mind," Katharine bobbed her head emphatically, "we talked it over; it was only the sentiment, anyway, and it's better to have some good out of it; she wants you to have it. I'll fix my pink crepe scarf in an Antoinette fichu for you, and you can clean your slippers and your gloves. You'll dress at Aunt Margaret's, and her maid will see to you. And I'll write to Mildred at once."

There was nothing left for Lucia but to lend herself to the disposal of her mother and sister, and to keep her feelings as much as possible to herself. After Katharine's sympathetic inquiry—"I hope you found something to send, Lu?"—her two sympathizers, attributing Lucia's evasive reply and her disturbed look to the unavoidable insignificance of her gift, made no further mention of it.

After industrious preparation, Katharine saw her off on the next afternoon's train. Aunt Margaret had driven down to meet her.

"You dear child!" she cried, tucking the rugs around them. "I was in such a state when Mildred came to me with your letter this morning; I felt so sure of your coming that I had fixed a pretty surprise for you! Just wait and see!"

The "surprise" spread on the bed in Lucia's room when she entered; white drifts of organdie over silk, with shimmering loops and knots; and beside it, a gauzy fan, with white slippers and gloves, and a long pasteboard box, deliciously fragrant. Maggie, the maid, delightedly raised the top.

"It's whole hun'eds of violets for thim ribbin-bows, mem! I'm to pin thim afther dressin' ye, mem!"

Almost Lucia forgot the present that she had sent to Mildred, until later, when she alighted at her friend's home. The old pangs of conscience smote her as she stepped within. How could she look Mildred in the face? Mildred, so high-minded and true!

But somehow she did not feel so bad when Mildred, catching sight of her in the hall, came out and slipped with her up to her own room.

"Oh, Lucia!" she cried, "I'm so glad you came—and how sweet you look! The girls are asking for you—and your lovely gift—let me kiss you for it—came this morning—and—don't worry about it, dear! —your thought was what I cared for most, but, such a pity!—it got broken in coming—"

"Ah!" murmured Lucia, almost inaudibly, as she bent over the fastening of her glove.

"I've been so afraid it would spoil your evening," continued Mildred; "it was such an exquisite thing, that I hated to tell you; but I knew you wouldn't understand if it wasn't with the other things—they're all downstairs—and to find it there broken, without being prepared, would be too bad! Let me button that for you, dear! Mamma says she'll try to mend it, and I do hope she can, for I prize it ever so much."

• • •

Some of Lucia's friends of last winter took possession of her, until Mildred came up later.

"Excuse me, girls, but, Lucia, you must come and be introduced to the dearest little woman in the world, grandmother, over there!"

She led her friend off to where sat a serene old lady, like some miniature empress, in black velvet gown, plastroned with old lace, and a white satin ribbon coronet with one tiny cluster of heart's-ease over her smooth white hair.

"I am glad you have come to me, my dear," she told Lucia, when Mildred had left them together; "I've been wishing to have a look at the pretty things in yonder, but the rooms are so full that I preferred not to push through alone; would you mind having a peep at them now?"

So they passed into the library, where several young persons were examining the gifts covering the table.

"Dear, dear," exclaimed Mildred's grandmother, "what would the girls of my time have said to these things! Why, we never dreamed that some of them could exist! When we had saved up our pennies, we were overjoyed to present our little keepsake of a package of working-silks, or a box of color-crayons, or a hem-stitched sewing-apron—or a handkerchief, or a book-mark, that we had embroidered ourselves. And indeed, my dear," she added, nodding towards the table, "I doubt if this be the wiser, better way; there are always some who cannot afford to make expensive gifts, and why should such an occasion be the means of making a friend uncomfortable? Now"—dropping her voice—"you see the cards are removed from these," —and she smiled; "Milly is a sensible, kind girl; there were certain friends of hers in reduced circumstances, who seemed worried that they could not offer her some little token to-day, and Milly thought it might spare them some embarrassment if there were no cards displayed. Ah, we find out, some day, that the spirit of love is everything!"

With the swim of music and the chatter around, she had not noticed Lucia's silence. The girl had been furtively eyeing an open box at the end of the table; but now, lifting her clear eyes to Lucia's Mildred's grandmother followed their gaze.

"Tt—tt!—that is too bad!" said she, stepping nearer. "How could it have been broken? So many moving around must have jostled it, someway. Now there, my dear, is another point of the case; that bit of Dresden must have cost a good deal, enough to have bought several pretty souvenirs, and yet a touch, some little accident, and it is wasted. How will the giver feel, I wonder, to see it in this condition?"

To Lucia's relief, her companion here saw something that interested her across the table, and went around to it, just as Mildred came in, in high spirits, with some friends, and began pointing out her gifts to them, and then smiling brightly over at Lucia.

"Another of my granddaughters, my dear," whispered the miniature empress to Lucia, under cover of the music, and motioning towards a slim, high-bred looking girl by Mildred—"a charming, intelligent creature—that is her brother just back of her; he's—"

She stopped, the music becoming soft and the voices distinct.

"And just look at this, Artie," Mildred was saying, regretfully, "one of my very prettiest, from your firm, too; and all shattered, coming by express!" She took up the box that Lucia had sent.

"What!" exclaimed the young man to whom she handed it—"This—broken—by express." (What was it that Lucia recognized as familiar—the voice?—the figure? As they moved a little the figure was borne back, half-muffled with the strains of violins; something seemed to catch at her heart; and she held her breath.) "Do you mean to say"—he lowered his voice, but Lucia heard; and then he laughed irresistibly. "Excuse me, but this is a joke; who's been giving you, Midget? Why, it came to us exactly as it"—

She heard no more; the table seemed to reel before her, to the time of music; for an instant she was conscious only of this same voice, saying once in her hearing: "Oh! she is quite welcome to it, Mr. Stevenson, if she thinks she can mend it!" She forced herself to speak to the little lady beside her.

"Excuse me a moment, please; I am not well!" and without raising her eyes, looking neither to right nor left, she slipped past the group in front of her, and out of the rooms.

In Mildred's room, which she somehow reached in spite of a wild desire to fly out into the night—anywhere that no one could find her, she sunk down by Mildred's bed and buried her face upon it; all her pretty finery in a sad little heap. The clock on the mantel ticked as usual, hurrying none of the moments in which she was left alone with her deceit. It seemed a dreary while before the door opened softly and she felt Mildred's arms around her.

"I have brought you an ice, Lucia dear! I'm so sorry you are ill, but this will make you feel better."

"Oh, Mildred!" cried Lucia, raising a miserable, piteous face, "I can never feel any better until I tell you all about that dreadful, dreadful tray! I can't think that I could ever do so wicked, so disgraceful a thing; but—I was so worried that I did it almost without thinking, and I haven't had a happy minute since!"

And the tremblingly related the whole matter of her present, and why she had chosen a Dresden tray. She could never have thought, for herself, of half the comforting things that Mildred found to say.

"Forget it, Lucia! It is all between us," she said, kissing her. "Arthur has no idea whose gift it was, and mamma had already promised me not to mention who sent anything—and—why, Lucia, two of my best friends are the poorest girls I know, and do embroidery for a living!"

As Lucia was driven home to Aunt Margaret's an hour later the lesson that had been so sorrowfully impressed on her set its seal on her soul; and gazing from the carriage-window out into the star-light, the words of Mildred's grandmother came back to her:

"The spirit of love is everything!" And she remembered that, somewhere, she had read that Love is Truth.

Answer to Last Week's Puzzles.

61.—Apple butter.

62.—Up, down, lose, through, in, over, to, on.

63.—Author's answers: A, a-ble, al-ter, al-ter-a-tion, a-men, con, con-don-a-ble, den, den-tal, den-ti-tion, don, don-a-tion, in, in-den-tion, in-tent, in-ter, man, men-tion, par, par-a-ble, par-don, par-i-ty, par-son, par-ti-tion, per, per-son, re-al-i-ty, sa-ble, sa-ti-a-tion, sen-sa-tion.

64.—Met-a-physician.

More Prize Puzzles.

ABOVE YOU HAVE SEEN, IN THE EDITOR'S LETTER TO YOU, WHAT THE PRIZES THIS MONTH WILL BE, AND THAT THE FIRST WILL BE GIVEN TO THAT ONE OF YOU WHO SENDS THE LARGEST NUMBER OF CORRECT ANSWERS TO THE PUZZLES. AS YOU KNOW, EACH SUNDAY ANSWERS ARE PUBLISHED TO THE PUZZLES PUBLISHED THE WEEK BEFORE, SO YOU SEE AT ONCE, DO YOU NOT, WHY IT IS THAT WE HAVE TO ASK YOU TO SEND IN YOUR ANSWERS NOT LATER THAN EACH SATURDAY; WE CANNOT RECEIVE THEM AFTER THE CORRECT ANSWERS HAVE BEEN PUBLISHED.

70.—CHARADE.

Small WHOLE was dining out (she's only ten)—
A "really grown up" dinner, with the gleam
Of costly plate and damask; now and then
ONE TWO of fragrant roses brought THREE dream
Of spring—"what Jack would call 'uncommon tony.'"
She thought, then turned round nastily to hear
Her kind host: "Will you have some macaroni,
And salad next, or vice versa, dear?"

She thought a moment: macaroni?—oh, ONE TWO THREE splendid appetite inspired,
And said, too, was good!—but here the glow
Of very daring resolution fired
Her small, round face with pretty animation,
While doubts fled fast before their stern dispenser;
"Please, sir," said she, in soft anticipation,
"I b'lieve I'll have a little vice versa!"

MABEL P.

71.—A GENEALOGICAL ...

An Irish workman, who had gained among his fellows a reputation for considerable shrewdness as well as wit, applied to his employer for a larger house, on the ground of insufficient room to accommodate his family comfortably.

"Of how many members does your family consist?" asked the manager.

"Why, let me see, sir," replied Pat slowly; "there are two grandfathers, three fathers, one mother, two sons, one daughter-in-law, one son-in-law, ter, one daughter-in-law, two brothers, two uncles, a niece, a nephew, two cousins, and one grand-child! And there's only three of us—and two who are able to earn anything for our support!" he added with a deep sigh.

"Poor fellow," said the employer, with a look of commiseration, and forthwith permission was given for the desired removal. Naturally the commiserator was very much incensed when he came to learn, some months later, that the Irishman's family consisted of only three persons, and the black frown on his brow boded ill for the culprit, who was summoned before him. But, when the keen witted fellow actually convinced the employer that he had spoken the truth, indeed, that he could prove his veracity, but he forgave him, and permitted him to remain in the coveted abode. Can the solver explain the contradiction?

MABEL P.

72.—NUMERICAL.

The sailor loves the boundless deep,
And smiles to see the wild waves leap,
Like children sporting merrily,
He welcomes every passing sail,
And watches for salute or hail,
4-5-6 out at 1-2-3.

2-4-6-5, with pure delight,
He sees the stars shine out at night—
Lone ships in heaven's immensity,
While the horizon's 5 to 9
Grows smaller, as they brighter shine,
4-5-6 out at 1-2-3.

Oh! Nature, all thy works are grand!
And toilers, both on waves and land,
May feast admiring eyes on thee;
But 1 to 9 men but behold
Thy grandeur, as their course they hold
4-5-6 out at 1-2-3.

E. E. C.

What Miss Sallie Thinks.

Cumberland C. H., Va.,

To the Editor of the Children's Department:

I am one of the many who enjoy your interesting page, and I thought I would try for the unknown prize that you offer for the best letter. Living in the country, I have not, perhaps, as much news to communicate as some of your other competitors, but I am always interested in the contents of the Children's Page, and am very anxious to be successful.

Easter here, was very quiet, but I have no doubt that there was much gayety in the city. We had a lovely day, notwithstanding the predictions to the contrary, so that no lady was disappointed in wearing her Easter bonnet and gown. I think that the country is more interesting at this season of the year than at any other time.

Things have such a lively, wide-awake air, as if they would make up for the cold and dreariness of winter. It is also a very busy season for the farmer, for he must plow and sow and garden, besides doing all the other jobs that must be done on a farm. I am very fond of my country home, but sometimes I wish that I could change places with a city child for a while. Nearly everyone prefers the city to the country, and it has many more advantages, but if all of our farmers should leave the country the city would be sadly at a loss, for there would be no food for the inhabitants, and, in fact, it could not exist at all.

We enjoy one privilege here, which you city people do not possess; and that is, free admission, on every summer night, to the concert of the frogs. Bass voices predominate, but good music is guaranteed, nevertheless. If I should ever live in the city, I would sadly miss this music, and none of your "sky scraping" could take its place, in fact. I think our advantages are about equal to yours. If my city friends do not believe it, let them come and see for themselves. I will close with kind regards, and hopes of success.

Your little friend,

SALLIE M. GARLAND.

Somebody Else's Opinion.

Gordonsville, Va.

My Uncle takes the Weekly Times, and I always take much pleasure in reading the Children's Department. It reaches me on Sunday, and although I am obliged to wait until Monday to read it, yet I cannot help looking at it Sunday evenings. I think the whole reading matter is interesting, and my Uncle tells me that if I observe closely that I shall gain much useful knowledge. I like to try to solve puzzles, and I have gained one puzzle Prize; but there are so many more smart girls and boys to excel me that my chances are few. I wish much success to The Times, and would like to give my regards to the other girls that solve puzzles for The Times. With much love,

Truly yours,

AGNES L. BECKHAM.

Overly P. O., Va.

Editor Times:

I am a little girl who never could solve even the simplest puzzle but I am sometimes bold enough to attempt to write letters for publication, so I will try to win the prize for writing you the best letter. I live in the country on a large farm, which is full of picturesque nooks and rustic curiosities, and I will give you a brief sketch of them might interest your readers. There are five mineral springs in a place not over ten feet square, and one of them has very strong iron water, which cures toothache. Maybe you think that is not much, but some of the old negroes who live on this farm have used it for that purpose and say it relieved the ailment. There is a natural bridge in our neighborhood. It is a very picturesque miniature of our renowned Natural Bridge. In another part of our farm are immense rocks covered with moss and lichens, and between these huge boulders there once ran a road (in the good old times, 'fo de war), which was of solid rock and walled in on each side with the same. We have a delightful time in summer bathing in a hole in the creek just below the rocks or "Fern Hollow," as we call it, because of the quantity of ferns which grow there, and in the winter we sit on the banks and fish for "big fish," and feel amply rewarded if a minnow about three inches long swallows our tempting bait. We do not spend all of our time fishing though, as there is a great deal of beautiful quartz on our place which is in the form of beautiful crystals, massed together, and is of a rich amethyst color, indeed you can scarcely tell it from amethyst, and we search for them, as our friends want them to place in their cabinet of curiosities. There are a great many pretty springs on our farm, and one of them which has filled up a great deal now, used to be so large that on warm days father put watermelon in it to cool so that we might revel in them in the afternoon, he had to take a pole ten or twelve feet long to hook them out. I hope you will sometime come to Prince Edward county and when you do, I want you to visit "Belvidere Farm."

From your little friend,

KATE T. VAUGHAN.

An Involuntary X-Ray Godiva.

In a recent discussion on improvements in the X-ray apparatus, one of the speakers mentioned that he possessed a fluorescent screen measuring 6 feet by 1 1-2 feet.

It is intended to show the full length figure all at one view, and on an occasion when the apparatus was being inspected by a number of persons it was the means of creating an embarrassment which surpassed the powers of words to describe.

A lady having incautiously passed in the line of rays was displayed on the large screen, and as dress materials are very transparent to the rays her comfort, of course, did not appear so much in the picture.—The Lancet.

Hypnotism a Fad in Iowa.

A dispatch from Sioux City, Ia., to the Chicago Times-Herald says: Amateur exhibitions, according to local physicians, are growing too common in Sioux City.

The practice is a fad here, and is often practiced at social gatherings almost every evening at various places in the city.

School children have taken it up, and boys and girls yet in knee breeches and short skirts amuse themselves by throwing each other into the hypnotic trance.

Doctors say this is most injurious to the subjects, and may be expected to result in cases of serious illness or possible deaths.

They want the City Council to prohibit the practice except by licensed physicians.

The Greatest Diving Feat.

The greatest diving feat ever attempted was that of the raising of treasure that sunk with a steamer near Seal Rocks, New South Wales. News has been received here that every box of sovereigns that went to the bottom has been saved by the men who worked under the sea at a depth of twenty-seven fathoms.

The names of the divers are Briggs and May. At times they were subjected to a pressure of seventy to seventy-five pounds to the square inch, causing them great suffering. The Catterthun was wrecked in August, 1895, with on the voyage from Sydney to Hong Kong.

Fifty-four of her crew and passengers lost their lives, including brave Capt. Shannon. The vessel's cargo consisted of produce and £40,000 in sovereigns.—San Francisco Examiner.

Knocked Out by a Rabbit.

An odd accident occurred Friday at the stone quarry of Thomas Johnston, near Falls Creek, Pa.

The men at the upper edge of the pit drove a rabbit out of its lair, and the frightened animal leaped over the edge into the pit, falling sixty feet and striking John Hanson, a laborer, on the neck. Hanson was knocked down and so badly hurt that he had to be carried home. The rabbit was killed.

The Meaning Of It.

The nomination of Harold M. Sewall is sufficient evidence to those who understand the significance of things that the annexation of the Hawaiian Republic is on the programme of the present administration.—Chicago Record.

SOME NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

BRIEF COMMENT UPON CURRENT PUBLICATIONS—LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

I.

SKETCHES AWHEEL IN MODERN IBERIA: By Fanny Bullock Workman and William Hunter Workman: G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, London.

For sale by George M. West.

The writers of this book are husband and wife, who decided upon the bicycle as a means of conveyance for the reason that it was best adapted to their purpose, enabling them in entire independence of the usual hindrances of the traveller, to pass through the country at leisure, stopping when and where they pleased. Its pages are not devoted to a tiresome record of tiresome experiences along mountain roads, but to the story of whatever the people on the wheels saw of Spanish life, and how it appeared from their standpoint. Of course the book makes no pretense to be an exhaustive treatise on the subjects touched upon. Mr. and Mrs. Workman have simply culled from the material at their disposal whatever seemed to them most likely to interest the general reader. "The general reader" is a long-suffering and abused person, whom the critics are accustomed to indirectly treat with disrespect on many occasions. But it is, nevertheless, the "general reader" who decides the fate of the great mass of literature. It is, then, for him that this story of a cycling tour through Iberia was written. It is a very simply written story, with no effort at beauty of literary style.

"Fine writing" is not its main object, and the facts are presented with a nonchalant and evident willingness to let them stand or fall on their own interest or lack of it. In our opinion, much more entertaining territory might have been selected, but interest, like beauty, is in the eye of the beholder, and doubtless many will agree with Mr. and Mrs. Workman.

Indeed, at this time, when the world is dividing its attention between Greece and Cuba, Spain and whatever pertains to it has an interest that not improbably decided the writers of this volume to publish it. Many of their observations have naturally to do with those monumental ruins, which memorialize a stirring and powerful past, and some of the most attractive pages of the book are those devoted to such descriptions. While fine writing is not the final purpose of the book, many telling touches are made in the bits of scene description—sunsets, picturesque local color, etc.

II.

RUTH FARMER: By Agnes Marchbank. The Cassell Publishing Company, 31 east Seventeenth street, New York.

For sale by J. W. Randolph Company.

PHYLLIS OF PHILISTIA: By Frank Frankfort Moore; Cassell Publishing Company, New York.

For sale by J. W. Randolph Company.

III.

Current Literature, May, 1897. Current Literature Publishing Company, Bryant Building, 55 Liberty street, New York, $3 per annum.

The improvement in this periodical has been steady and marked, until it is now regarded throughout the country as one of the most valuable and interesting literary periodicals published. Its claim to the title "Magazine of Contemporary Record," has been more admirably sustained during the years that it has been received at this office than in the May numebr. The selections have never in our memory been more discriminative or more admirably illustrative.

So excellent is the quoting, that it is impossible to discriminate in favor of any one department, the whole being as thorough a guide to current literature that is in any degree meritorious as the most critical might desire. In one department devoted to review of new books, Andrew Lang's "Work of Lord Byron," Thomas Hardy's "Well-Beloved," and Beatrice Harraden's latest novel—"Hilda Strafford"—all receive editorial attention.

IV.

A new book from the pen of Donald G. Mitchell, whose picture we publish today, is always welcome. The long-promised American Lands and Letters, similar to his English Kings and Letters, which preceded it, has just been published by Charles Scribner's Sons, who may always be relied upon for literary feasts. The book is a fair-sized 8 vo. of about 400 pages, well printed on plate paper, and containing about ninety portraits, illustrations, title pages, etc., some exceedingly rare. It covers American Literature from the days of Captain John Smith to those of William Cullen Bryant. The author has for many years made a special study of the fountain heads of American letters, and this wide and intimate scholarship, as Current Literature states, has combined with his personal knowledge of most of the great literary figures of half a century ago to create a peculiar understanding of, and comprehensive sympathy with, his subject. The scope of the book and its own individual quality is best indicated by a verbatim quotation of Mr. Mitchell:

"As I became interested in the subject matter of this volume, there grew upon me a fear," says Mr. Mitchell, "that it would run out into lengths—except some bounds were fixed; hence no writer is dwelt upon whose birth-date belongs in the present century. This limit shuts off a distinguished group of authors—born in the first decade of this century—whose names come to the thought of all intent upon American literary work. The criticals will say, with the justice always distinguishing them—the book should have been larger and covered more names; or, shorter and dealt with fewer writers; or more simple, or more abstruse; or more fair to this or that. Indeed, upon a reading of the proofs, I have unwittingly drifted into agreement with such possible damnatory phrases, and have, again and again, under the imagined critical guidance inclined to the confession that 'I have left undone those things which I ought to have done, and have done those things which I ought not to have done.'

"The reader will surely miss the nice particularity and fullness of Professor Tyler—a fulness and particularity which, however gratefully, grievously delays the conclusion of his valuable work. Nor is there here that dash and large embracement of far-away periods that characterizes the terse handling of Professor Beers, who has put two centuries of literary flow into a hundred pages. Again, the little mosaic of illustrative extracts in these pages must appear quite petty beside that voluminous and painstaking aggregation of American literature, which bears the names of Mr. Stedman and of Miss Hutchinson upon its forefront.

"But why, pray, should the minister to a quiet country parish stay his voice, though he cannot equal the sons of Zebedee or any Boanerges of the pulpit? He may still lead his own flock by cooling waters, and into the shadow of some great rock—by those unfrequented paths that some happy accident has discovered, rather than by the conventional highroads where signs are 'out,' and where crowds are travelling—because crowds are there.

"I have talked in these pages to those whose qualities or surroundings have invited the talk; sometimes a modest retiracy has piqued my mention; sometimes a caprice has been followed which I cannot explain, nor wholly justify: I have had my own sight clews, and have dwelt sometimes upon those whom the critics have relegated to back-benches; in short, I have tried to make this an own-book, and not one of the distinguished likes or dislikes of this or that expositor.

V.

Amid surroundings which were curiously American, if not especially apt to nourish literary genius, Mark Twain, "a good-hearted boy," says his mother, but one who, although "a great boy for history," could never be persuaded to go to school, spent a boyhood which, it appears, was "a series of mischievous adventures." When he was 12 years old his father died, and the circumstances of his mother were such that he had to go to work as printer's apprentice in the office of the Hannibal "Weekly Courier." "I can see," he said once, at a printers' banquet in New York, "that printing-office of prehistoric times yet, with its horse bills on the walls, its 'd' boxes clogged with tallow, because we always stood the candle in the 'k' box nights; its towel, which was never considered soiled until it could stand alone." For three years he worked in this delectable establishment, and then, at the age of 15, ran away from home, apparently without a penny of money. Until he was 20 or thereabouts he seemed to have wandered through the Eastern half of the country as a tramp printer.

Then, suddenly changing his vocation he became a pilot on the Mississippi River. Five years later, the railroads and the civil war having made piloting an impossible occupation, he enlisted as a three-months' volunteer in the Confederate army, and was captured, but succeeded in escaping from the tobacco warehouse in St. Louis, where he was held prisoner. He fled to the West—the West of Bret Harte—swarming with adventurers, with whom the fashionable ornaments of the day were "an eight-inch revolver an Arkansas toothpick and jack boots." As miner, journalist and lecturer he led a rough and impecunious life in Nevada, and California, until, in 1867, he published his first book, "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras," and sailed by way of Panama to New York. A little later he found the opportunity to go to Europe and the Holy Land as a newspaper correspondent, and so obtained the material for his "Innocents Abroad." After many difficulties, and with much misgiving, the book was finally published. The next morning Mark Tawin, then 34 years old, awoke, like Byron, to find himself famous.—Charles Miner Thompson, in the April Atlantic.

VI.

I find says a contributor to the Critic, that Mr. W. A. Dresser, of Boston, feels somewhat aggrieved at my occasional references to literary agents. As a rule, I have advised the callow author to beware of the literary middleman; but my advice has been general, not specific. I have not had in mind the agent who is at the same time an editor—that is to say, one who helps the would-be author to get his work into such shape that it will receive from a publisher the consideration which is given to well-edited manuscripts, when those prepared in ignorance of the requirements of the case are likely to be neglected. From what I know of Mr. Dresser and his work, I should feel that the fledgling author might safely entrust to him his maiden manuscript, and rely largely upon his advice and assistance. Nothing was farther from my thoughts than an intention to deter anyone from entering into correspondence with this particular agent, who not only advises, criticises and revises, but disposes, when possible, of his client's wares. He is not a Napoleon among his kind, like the great and only Mr. Watt; but he has had the good fortune to get, and to deserve, the good will and backing of several well-known men and women of letters.

VII.

When Sir Richard Burton was consul at Damascus, he collected material for a work which has since been found among his papers. It is entitled "Human Sacrifice among the Sephardim, or Eastern Jews; or the Murder of Padre Tomaso." The manuscript was suppressed by the author, and also by his wife, but now that both are dead, it has been taken out of its hiding-place, and is about to be published both in London and in New York. It will be brought out in this country by The New Amsterdam Publishing Company. Poor Sir Richard Burton! He had a hard time of it when he was living, and it doesn't seem possible for his friends, or his enemies, to leave him alone even after he is dead. This book may have a certain value, but I do not know that it might not have been spared publication. From what I have heard about it, it will hardly be pleasant reading. It abounds in the horrible, and is likely to make a good deal of controversy.

VIII.

The late Archbishop Benson's book on Cyprian, about which there was a good deal of talk last year and this, will be issued shortly by D. Appleton and Company with an introduction by Bishop Potter. Dr. Benson's rare intervals of leisure were for many years devoted to the preparation of this work. His final revision was all done within a few weeks of his death. The book is to be entitled "Cyprian: His Life, his Times, his Work." It was not merely that the author was attracted by the "powerful and fascinating personality" of that Father of the Church. Cyprian interested him for reasons which will be appreciated by observers of the religious revolution now in silent progress over the Christian world, and by observers, whether or not they are Christians in the dogmatic sense, for Dr. Benson regarded Cyprian as the Fagan who had "done most to turn the pagan to the Christian temper in the world." Cyprian appeared to him to "have dealt masterfully with lasting problems in the Church, and to have left behind him a living theory—so living that the 'ecclesia principalis' has never ceased to fret over it and retouch it." This important work is to be in one volume. Several original documents will be printed in it, and also it will contain maps. It will be awaited with special interest, in view of the recent papal bull denying the validity of the Anglican clerical orders.

IX.

"Ouida" has already, another short novel in the press, although Le Selve has been out but a few weeks. The new story shows the difficulty of putting ideas of social equality into practice. The title is The Altruist.

Russia's celebrated historian, Prof. Alexander Buchner, is dead. He was sixty-two years of age, and was born in St. Petersburg. Prof. Buchner was a student of Heidelberg, and his German tendencies were continually proving an obstacle to his advancement in Russia. In spite of them he occupied the chair of Russian history in most of the large universities in Russia at different times. Most of his numerous contributions to Russian history were written in German, though a few were in his native language.

A number of unpublished letters by Mme. de Stael have been found which were addressed to the Czar Alexander I. Another discovery is a number of letters which were sent to Bossuet.

Mr. Benson, of Dodo fame, is writing a novel of Greek life—of Greece at the time of her struggle with the Turks seventy years ago. It is to be published as a serial before coming out in book form.

The Arena is now under the editorial charge of Dr. John Clark Ridpath and Miss Helen H. Gardner.

True to His Creed.

The Rev. S. H. Pollard preached at the Mount Zion Baptist church, in this county, last night, says a Columbia, Mo., special, with his clothing so wet that little streams of water trickled from the pulpit.

He drove to the church in a buggy, and when he reached Clear Creek he found it a strong torrent. The Rev. Pollard rolled up his trousers and stood on the seat and drove in. At times the horse was out of sight, and the buggy was completely out of sight and the preacher stood in water up to his knees. When he reached the church he said that a Baptist should not fear water.

IN THE FAMILY AND HOME.

A Quiet Half Hour Spent in the Domestic Circle.

The Sylvian Singer.

A subtile sweetness she distilled
From common things of every day
Her cup at sunny springs she filled,
And in her heart 'twas always May.
So when I read her lines to-day,
It seemed a brook laughed far away.

Keeping Up Appearances.

How many women realize that it is really a sound business policy in every walk of life, to appear prosperous? The woman who begs in dirty, squalid rags receives a halfpenny, which you would be ashamed to offer to the comparatively well-dressed mendicant. The professional man whose wife and daughters are fashionably attired gets on better than the one whose family do not keep up appearances, for, whether the principle is right or wrong, the fact remains that people judge one another by the outward and visible signs. They argue that a clever man should be successful, and if successful he should be making money, and if he is making money he should be able to keep up appearance, and then, reasoning backwards, they say that if he does not keep up appearance it is because he is not clever.

An American's Gift to Princess.

Princess Marie of Denmark, the sister-in-law of the Princess of Wales, has been presented by an American gentleman, R. W. Campbell, with a saddle, said to be the finest ever made in the United States. The seating is of white buckskin and is beautifully embroidered in colors. The embroidery is a representation of the fleur de lis of France and the white rose of Denmark. More than forty hands were employed for three months in constructing the saddle. Princess Marie is the niece of the late Comte de Paris and is married to the youngest son of the King of Denmark.

That is All—Thanks!

A maid with a duster
Once made a great bluster
A-dusting a bust in the hall;
And when it was dusted
The bust it was busted,
And the bust now is dust.
That is all.

Two and To.

There was a young lady of Crewe
Who wanted to catch the 2:02;
Said the porter, "Don't hurry,
Or scurry, or flurry;
It's a minute or 2 2 2:02."

In May.

Grief was my master yesternight;
To-morrow I may grieve again;
But now along the windy plain
The clouds have taken flight.

The sowers in the furrows go;
The lusty river brimmeth on;
The curtains from the hills are gone;
The leaves are out; and lo,

The silvery distance of the day,
The light horizons, and between
The glory of the perfect green,
The tumult of the May.

THE BOY'S ROOM.

It Can Be as Artistic in Its Way as the One Occupied by the Girl.

A boy's room is often the dreariest of places, scantily furnished with the odds and ends of the household possessions, but at least one boy had an attractive kingdom. It was a hall bed room, but in this case a large one with two deep window seats. The walls were covered with red, gray and gold paper. The room being low-studded, there was no frieze, but what was far more effective, there was a frieze of unmounted photographs, 9x12 inches. These pictures included such subjects as the "Eiffel Tower," "Native Wrestlers of India," "Heidelberg Castle," "Windsor Castle," "Niagara Falls," "Giant Trees of California" and many other subjects made familiar in history and geography. Photographic reproductions suitable for frieze for school or home are specially prepared by two New York Art publishing companies at a very low sum. Sets of ten pictures the size mentioned above, can be had for sixty cents. This frieze at once lent originality to the boy's room. The single bedstead of iron, with brass trimmings, spread of red and white chintz exactly matching paper; window seat cushions of the same gray cotton stuff were used for the dressing table, and white muslin curtains. An oak chiffonier had been stained sealing wax and there was a quaint arm-chair in that same fashionable color. The bookcase, half cabinet and half shelves, was of bamboo and red muslin, the cabinet holding such curios and souvenirs as the boy had picked up on his summer vacation tours. An improvised wall rack held the boy's first gun and fishing tackle. A red and white Bokhara rug added warmth to the gray painted floor. The room was ideal and may suggest a scheme of decoration to some mother planning to fix up her own boy's room.

CHILDREN'S HOUR.

It Prevails in All of the Best English Country Houses.

"In English country homes," says a woman who has spent a considerable time in one of them, "there is a 'children's hour,' as it is always called, which, if it dates from Longfellow, is more carefully observed in a foreign land than in the poet's country. It is right after 5 o'clock tea in the drawing room and school room tea upstairs. In the day nursery, whither the mother of the family comes to meet her little flock. There are stories, perhaps, and a game, and finally a restful quarter of an hour, in which the tender confidences of childhood are whispered to a fond mother's ear—a blunder, a fit of loving sympathetic eyes, a wail of discouragement, or a paean of secret ambition. The beautiful system of an English household makes this happy and profitable time possible in every day's routine, and it is never interfered with."

The New Woman.

She warbled the soprano with dramatic sensitivity
And dallied with the organ when the organist was sick;
She got up for variety a brand-new church society
And spoke with great facility about the new church brick.

She shed great tears of sorrow for the heathen immorality,
And organized a system that would open up their eyes;
In culinary charity she won great popularity,
And showed her personality in lecturing on pies.

For real unvarnished culture she betrayed a great propensity;
Her Tuesday talks were famous and her Friday glimmers great;
She grasped at electricity with mental elasticity,
And lectured with intensity about the marriage state.

But with the calm assurance of her wonderful capacity,
She wouldn't wash the dishes, but she'd talk all day on rocks;
And while she dwelt on density, or space and its immensity,
With such refined audacity, her mother darned the socks!

—Spare Moments.