

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE GRASSHOPPER OF THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

What are grasshoppers good for? Child, come listen to me, And I'll tell you about a grasshopper...

You have not a single Londoner! The wonderful sights and grandeur— His Castle, Abbey, and great St. Paul's— Tower and Royal Exchange.

W.O., on the tower platform Of the Exchange opposite A monster grasshopper watercock That has hopped these hundred years.

A woman once left a baby In a summer field to die, With a sunny grasshopper chirping near With its noisy cry.

A happy-hearted schoolboy, Lamented as he slipped by, And, reaching to catch the grasshopper, He found the baby cry.

Oh, 'twas a royal moment For the surprising stranger there; The boy, the little one carried home To his mother's loving care.

The baby grew up to manhood, A hundred stories he told, He was a true and noble knight In the service of his lord.

And when the royal building Was founded in his name, He fitted it with grasshopper To its princely fame.

There, through the long, long centuries, By lovers of transient days, He told, "God bless the child of the land By his name be forever praised."

The Wild Bell-Ringer and a Brave Boy.

Agnes is such an out-of-the-way town that no doubt many of the children never have heard of it before. It is in the State of Maryland, and stands on a little hill near the mouth of Patuxent River. In the summer time no girl or boy of Aquasco need go to the schoolhouse, for salt water flows at their feet and the same salt waves that sweep their feet...

So it was that when in the middle of the night of the 25th of last June, Cyrus Wallace, an Aquasco boy, heard a low knock on the door of his room. He sprang out of bed and ran into the street. As he reached the gate he saw men running by at the top of their speed.

"What's the matter?" shouted Cyrus, to one of the flying figures. "A fire, Cyrus," said the man. "Fire, fire, fire!" shrieked Cyrus, as he ran after the others, and in a few minutes the whole town was in flames.

"No, no," replied Mr. Westcott, the sexton of the church. "I was up there in the afternoon, and there wasn't a spark in the town. It's a spirit of a girl, that's what it is!" said Mr. Westcott, who had been told that there was no such thing as a ghost or creature of the dark of any kind.

"Give me the keys," said a man to the sexton. "I'll go up and stop the ringing." The sexton handed him the keys, and only to find that he had left the keys at home, a half mile away.

"I'll bring down the bell before Mr. Westcott gets back," thought Cyrus, and the people could see him by the dim straight as he put his head through the window and disappeared.

"Cyrus found himself in a queer place. It was so dark in the bell-chamber that he couldn't see where to move. He groped from one step to another, going up the bell-chamber stairs slowly, while the sound from the bell above seemed to crash down from above with ten-fold clangor.

He reached the crank which the sexton turned when ringing the bell. No one was there.

"Hello! Ho, there, ho!" shouted Cyrus directly into the bell's throat. But the bell's roar drowned his words. He climbed still higher, and soon sat among the rafters above the bell. He reached down and felt the air around the bell. His hand struck something. "Oh!" thought Cyrus. He felt the something and found that it was the limb of a tree.

Following the limb with his hand, he found that the limb had thrust itself through a big hole in the lattice-work. Every time the tall tree on the outside rocked, this limb moved quickly forward and withdrew again. Cyrus laughed.

He had found the ghost, for he knew that the end of the limb had caught the clapper of the bell, and so that every time the tree was rocked by the wind the clapper struck. He caught the limb with both hands and gave it a hard, staccato pull. The limb bent and the bell stopped ringing.

In the mean time the people were waiting anxiously below. As soon as the bell stopped Cyrus put his mouth to the hole in the lattice, and called out that it was all right. The sexton arrived with the keys, and finding a limb sticking through a big hole in the lattice, Cyrus chopped the bothersome limb. The people of Aquasco went to bed, and many laughed at the sexton's ghost. On

PITH AND POINT.

FAB-FETCHED—Oolong tea. A BAD HABIT—A seely coat. A FOOT-SICK man with a mustard-plaster on his head: "If I should eat a loaf of bread I'd be a live sandwich."

HOWEVER DIRTY a man may be, says the *Elmira Advertiser*, it is possible for him to lead a clean conscience. It was on account of his being turned out to grass that he was called Nip-and-tizzer.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

A LEADING actor declined an invitation to fight a duel on the ground that he didn't believe he would make a hit. "There's a man in Aurora so thin that he had a row of buttons put on his umbrella cover and wants it for an ulcer."—*Burlington Hawk-Eye*.

"Are you lost, my little fellow?" asked a gentleman of a 4-year-old, in a dog-house. "No," he sobbed in reply, "but my mother is."

JOHN BRANSON has found one thing that money cannot buy, and that is the wag of a dog's tail. It is an honest expression of opinion on the part of the dog.

"There," said a charming lady, with a naive expression that made her face radiant, pointing to an ebony case of chin-wax, "that is my brick-bat cabinet."

"What papers off my writing-desk are you burning there?" cried an author to the servant-girl. "Oh, only the paper what's all written over, sir. I haven't touched it clean."

A MAN gets into trouble by marrying two wives. If he marries only one, he may have trouble; and some men have come to sure tribulation by simply promising to marry one. Trouble any-how.

TWO COQUETTES met a gentleman in the street. "What?" said one, "you passed him without loving?" "You certainly were in love with him yesterday."

"Yes, for about an hour. I fancied that he resembled somebody with whom I was in love for a week last year."

AS IRISH AGENTS, having been instructed to raise rates, called a meeting of the young men who, listening to the preaching of the apostle Paul, fell asleep, and, falling down, was taken up dead. "What," he said, "do we learn from this solemn event?"

"That," said the speaker, "is the result of a man who is not a good sleeper. He was not a good sleeper, and he was not a good sleeper, and he was not a good sleeper."

A MINISTER was questioning his Sunday-school concerning the story of the blind men touching an elephant. "What," said the minister, "do you think of this?"

"We think," said the children, "that you are a very good man, and that you are a very good man, and that you are a very good man."

They were walking in the fields, and Mary hesitated to pass through a lane that contained a pug-nosed-looking goat. "What," said the minister, "do you think of this?"

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Spelling Women's Names.

Many, if not a majority, of the names of 800 or 900 girls from the public schools examined for admission to the normal college gives us the impression that they belong to more household pets rather than to young women who are approaching matrimony, and who are engaged in serious work.

These girls apparently prefer the nicknames by which they are known in the family circle and to intimate friends, and therefore take pains to adopt them in their signatures. In so doing, the public-school girls are not exceptional among our young women, for it is quite the fashion now-a-days for them to grow so enamored of their own appellations that they cling to them as their fixed and proper names.

They may even be offended when they are addressed by their correct names, which they imagine less pretty than these pet diminutives; and some grave, grown-up women will put Hattie or Gussie, Mammie or Sallie on their cards as if they were in pinafores still.

The fashion is American, but our petrifaction may make us grow fond of it. The nicknames which appear in so large a share of these public-school girls' signatures would do very well for pet names in a dog-show. When they are used to express the affectionate regard of near friends and relatives, they also may be pretty and appropriate, but they look very silly in a formal signature, and surely do not bolt the dignity of womanhood.

We find, for instance, among these 800 names scores of Minnie or Maudie, and only here and there a Mary, a much more euphonious and dignified name. Jane is transformed usually into Jenny, Caroline into Currie, Ellen to Ella, Elizabeth into Lizzie and Bessie, Katharine into Katie, Martha into Mattie, Margaret into Maggie, Anne and Anna into Annie, and Harriet into Hattie.

Such alterations of names appear quite frequently: Chattie, Lillie, Millie, Tillie, Kattie, Bessie, Nettie, Bibbie, Aggie and Maggie.

The great aim seems to be to manufacture a name which ends in e, and in accomplishing it the finest appellations for women who have names renowned in poetry and history, and of a sweet and melodious sound, are chopped up into childish diminutives. This conveys an idea of pettiness, and does not bring to girls of dignity and character—girls like those who are going to the normal college, so many of whom will have their living to earn. And yet those girls think it is pretty to be known by such pet names, and so discard, as ugly and old-fashioned, the names by which they are christened.

What would they think to see a college register which gives the young men's names as Jimmie, Bibbie, Tommie, Charlie, Sammie and Dickie.

This fashion is extending among women, and girls are even named with nicknames only, as if they were always to be nothing more than nursery pets. And yet this is a period when women are asserting their higher consideration as rational beings, and when the range of their occupations outside of the domestic circle is constantly widening and growing in importance.—*N. Y. Sun*.

"Solid Comfort." A lady in this city noticed her colored "help" chewing pins and needles. The lady, thinking the amusement was a dangerous one, recommended that she desist.

"No, chile," she said. (The mistress was much younger than the servant.) "I was always fond of pins and needles, and I thought I might as well try 'em now as never. I can't do no more work, but I can't do no more work, but I can't do no more work."

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Tiger Hunting.

In 1833, in the month of April, when encamped at Sirpur, the villagers gave Outram information of a tiger that had been marked down in the thorny jungle to the north of the village. This part of the country was plain, and there was no hill or ravine near. Outram started on foot, spear in hand, a follower carrying a rifle, and some six others bows and arrows. The tiger broke ground on their approach. Outram followed him on foot three miles, and eventually speared him to death. This act, it is affirmed, has never been equaled before or since in the East. On another occasion he stood spear in hand, like a gladiator in the arena of a Roman amphitheater ready for the throwing open of the wild beast's cage. The bushes were set on fire to, and the tiger, by no means blowing like a smoke, came puffing and blowing like a porpoise, every five or six seconds, to get a little fresh air, but, according to the tiger-hunters, he was not to retreat on foot. This sort of work went on for some time, and bush after bush blazed away without producing the desired effect. I could not have stood the suspense when life was at stake. At last there was a low, angry growl, and a scuffling rustle in the passage. The tiger sprang out, and down descended the long lance into his neck, just behind the dexter ear. With one stroke of his powerful paw he had seized the spear close to the hilt. There was a pretty business. Mr. Tiger one step below, with the steel sticking in his neck, which by no means improved his temper, had gathered his huge hindquarters below him for a desperate spring, and my friend, armed after the fashion of the South Sea Islanders, standing on a little mound, breathing defiance and brandishing his bamboo on his hand. Evenually the tiger was shot by one of the party. Outram had some horseback, the animal charged, seized Outram, and rolled down the hill with him. Being released from the claws of the ferocious beast for a moment, Outram, with great presence of mind, drew a pistol he had with him, and shot the tiger dead. The tiger, on seeing that he had been injured, were one and all had been injured, were one and all had been injured, were one and all had been injured.

Another result of over-exertion is irritability of the heart, similarly due to exhaustion of nerve-force. The heart may become dilated, so that valves—one or more—close fully to close the openings, or the valves become thickened and incapable of ready and complete action. The elastic tissues of the great arteries leading out of the heart may be weakened by over-distension, and the walls may, during some strong effort, so far give way as to form a pouch, or even to stretch out into a fatal aneurism.

This irritability of heart gives rise to palpitation, cardiac pain, and rapid pulse. It is estimated that 38 per cent. of cases of this affection among our soldiers during the late civil war were due to long and rapid marches, or other forms of over-exertion. Professional pedestrians are proverbially short-lived. Mountain-climbers, and persons who carry gymnastic or athletic exercises to excess, and, especially, laborers whose work is severe, and who also suffer from intemperance, food and improper diet, are peculiarly liable to heart disease.

Long-continued exertion, without proper intervals of rest, is followed by a peculiar sensation of fatigue, and often by tremor or cramp. Fatigue is due, in part, to the failure of contractile material, and an accumulation of waste-products in the muscles, but, in the main, to the exhaustion of the nervous center that supply stimulus to contraction. Both tremor and cramp are probably caused by excessive muscular irritability, the former being due to short, irregular explosions of muscular force, the latter being a prolonged contraction of the muscle.

When over-exertion is confined to a small group of muscles, these, instead of becoming enlarged and strengthened, as is the case when exertion and rest are equally interchanged, suffer chronic ex-actly interchanged, which shows itself in a species of paralysis—as in palsy, or cramp, especially peculiar to writers, telegraphers, typesetters, violinists, pianists, tailors, milkers, and men of various trades whose work is mainly with the hammer.

It is computed that the pen-blade forger, if industrious and disposed to do full work, delivers nearly 25,000 accurate strokes a day, and in ten years over 85,000,000, each stroke involving expenditure of nerve force, both in the nerves of the brain which calculate the distance and amount of force necessary, and the nerves of the muscles engaged in the act.

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This irritability of heart gives rise to palpitation, cardiac pain, and rapid pulse. It is estimated that 38 per cent. of cases of this affection among our soldiers during the late civil war were due to long and rapid marches, or other forms of over-exertion. Professional pedestrians are proverbially short-lived. Mountain-climbers, and persons who carry gymnastic or athletic exercises to excess, and, especially, laborers whose work is severe, and who also suffer from intemperance, food and improper diet, are peculiarly liable to heart disease.

Long-continued exertion, without proper intervals of rest, is followed by a peculiar sensation of fatigue, and often by tremor or cramp. Fatigue is due, in part, to the failure of contractile material, and an accumulation of waste-products in the muscles, but, in the main, to the exhaustion of the nervous center that supply stimulus to contraction. Both tremor and cramp are probably caused by excessive muscular irritability, the former being due to short, irregular explosions of muscular force, the latter being a prolonged contraction of the muscle.

When over-exertion is confined to a small group of muscles, these, instead of becoming enlarged and strengthened, as is the case when exertion and rest are equally interchanged, suffer chronic ex-actly interchanged, which shows itself in a species of paralysis—as in palsy, or cramp, especially peculiar to writers, telegraphers, typesetters, violinists, pianists, tailors, milkers, and men of various trades whose work is mainly with the hammer.

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