

BYE-LO-LAND.

Baby is going to Bye-lo-land,
Going to see the sights so grand;
Out of the sky the wee stars peep,
Watching to see her fast asleep.

Swing so,
Bye-lo!
Over the hills to Bye-lo-land!

O, the bright dreams in Bye-lo-land,
All by the loving angels planned!
Soft little lashes downward close,
Just like the petals of a rose.

Swing so,
Bye-lo!
Frettest eyes in Bye-lo-land!

Sweet is the way to Bye-lo-land,
Guided by mother's gentle hand.
Little lambs now are in the fold,
Little birds nestle from the cold.

Swing so,
Bye-lo!
Baby is safe in Bye-lo-land.

PERNICIOUS NEWSPAPERS.

Sunday Afternoon, an American magazine of great value, sharply arraigns the newspapers which are prone to minister to groveling tastes by publishing very reprehensible literature. It says: Not only do our newspapers offend by the publication of the vile details of great crimes, but also by picking up and spreading abroad little scandals, little unpleasantness in society, little bits of gossip that no sensible or honorable person wishes to know or would suffer himself to repeat. Much of the space of many weekly papers and of not a few dailies is devoted to matters of this description. The tittle-tattle of the neighborhood that is not only silly but poisonous in the extreme is gathered and served up in as appetizing a manner as possible for the entertainment of the whole community. If a woman behaves indiscreetly, the fact, more or less embellished and sufficiently disguised to whet the appetites of the gossips, is likely to appear in print the next day. If a man commits an error of which he is pretty sure to be ashamed, and concerning which he would be glad of the indulgent silence of his neighbors, there is no mercy for him; he will have a chance to read the record, a good deal magnified, in the local column. Domestic infelicities with which the public has no business at all afford material for spicy items; business complications are worse complicated by unauthorized reports concerning them; little troubles in the churches which those who have the care of their interests are doing their best to compose are fanned into grave dissensions by references to them in the newspapers. Sometimes, when the details of these small scandals are not given, there are little hints and innuendoes that serve to put all the prurient and meddling noses in the community on the scent for indecency or mischief. What excuse or justification can there be for the publication of such items as these? Who is profited by reading them? What interest of intelligence, of morality, of decency is promoted by spreading abroad these miserable details of gossip? The only reason for printing them is that many people like to read them; they make a sale for the papers. But the taste that craves them is a vicious and degraded taste, and the business of gratifying and stimulating such a taste is a bad business.

What is thought of the woman who goes from house to house in her neighborhood rehearsing bits of intelligence like these? What is said of the man who devotes his leisure to the circulation of the current rumors? If it is disreputable for a man to go about ringing his neighbors' door-bells and reciting to them such scandals by word of mouth it is more disreputable for him to print them in a widely-circulated newspaper. The story that a gentleman would not stoop to tell in good society, no gentleman ought to print in his paper. Meddling and mischief-making is just as reprehensible in a reporter as in any other man. The fact that such stuff makes his paper sell is a poor justification. And until the managers of newspapers learn to discriminate with a

little more care between the news which the public has a right to hear and the news which is simply noisome or injurious scandal, the business of journalism will suffer a serious loss of respect and of influence.

THE BOY AND THE DUKE.

An English farmer was one day at work in the fields, when he saw a party of huntsmen riding about his farm. He had one field that he was specially anxious they should not ride over, as the crop was in a condition to be badly injured by the tramp of horses; so he dispatched a boy in his employ to this field, telling him to shut the gate, and keep watch over it, and on no account to suffer it to be opened. The boy went as he was bid, but was scarcely at his post before the huntsmen came up, peremptorily ordering the gate to be opened. This the boy declined to do, stating the orders he had received, and his determination not to disobey them. Threat and bribes were offered, alike in vain. One after another came forward as spokesman, but all with the same result; the boy remaining immovable in his determination not to open the gate. After awhile, one of noble presence advanced, and said, in commanding tones:

"My boy; do you know me? I am the Duke of Wellington—one not accustomed to be disobeyed; and I command you to open that gate, that I and my friends may pass through."

The boy lifted his cap and stood uncovered before the man whom all England delighted to honor, then answered firmly: "I am sure the Duke of Wellington would not wish me to disobey orders. I must keep this gate shut; no one is to pass through but with my master's express permission."

Greatly pleased the sturdy old warrior lifted his own hat, and said: "I honor the man or boy who can be neither bribed nor frightened into doing wrong. With an army of such soldiers, I could conquer not only the French, but the world." And, handing the boy a glittering sovereign, the old Duke put spurs to his horse, and galloped away, while the boy ran off to his work, shouting at the top of his voice, "Hurrah! hurrah! I have done what Napoleon could not do—I've kept out the Duke of Wellington."

CHAFF.

PERFECTLY yellegant—a baby show.
A GIRL who puts on airs is a wind-lasa.
EXPENSIVE WIVES make pensive husbands.
CLOVES won't sweeten the breath of scandal.
FOLKS are very foolish to take a fresh cold.
If you must; get 'em cured.

THE trouble in Canada, is the women use up the warm weather drying clothes.

CHARACTER.—The only personal property which everybody looks after for you.

THEY are digging in Tennessee for gold a fortune-teller says lies there. Probably the fortune-teller lies there.

A GROCER had a pound of sugar returned with a note saying: "Too much sand for table use, and not enough for building purposes."

AN absent-minded gentleman, on retiring at night, but his dog to bed, and kicked himself down stairs! He did not discover his mistake until he went to yelp, and the dog tried to snore.

"HIGH-HEELED boots, moustache, and a strut," says the major, "are the plainest signboards in the world, hung out in capitals, 'chambers in the attic to let—'inquire at the tailor's."

A GENTLEMAN who tried to make the neighborhood of Astoria and the mouth of the Columbia river his home, has written the following report:

Dirty days hath September,
April, June and November;
From January up to May
The rain it raineth every day;
From May again up to July,
There's not a dry cloud in the sky;
All the rest have thirty-one,
Without a blessed ray of sun;
And if any of them had two and thirty,
They'd be just as wet and twice as dirty.

A MOTHER'S LESSON FOR GIRLS.

One who signs herself "A Mother," and whose writings are full of maternal wisdom and solicitude, writes to the *New York Tribune* as follows:

Looking with a mother's interest upon the habits of young people, and their relations together, in this day; and looking also upon the personal experience of more than 50 years, I am profoundly convinced that idleness in women has as much (if not more) to do with the deep-rooted evil that is undermining our social and national virtue so rapidly and terribly as any other influence. The girls of this generation are idle, even where families are in but moderate circumstances, and suffering must come in somewhere from expenses entailed by necessary work that is not done by the daughters. Household work is considered degrading—even the light offices for her own room, which every true woman ought to feel unwilling should be done by any hands but her own, and by which every young girl should make that place a sanctuary, where her dignity and purity are to be recognized and guarded by each appointment and arrangement within it; and sewing is handed over to the machine-workers as something quite out of the question to be done.

If no more should be said respecting these points, it is pitiful to consider how they are missing their own happiness in this state of things. No girl is fitted for her future duties and responsibilities as wife and mother who cannot do these things, and do them thoroughly well; and her future is not provided for unless her present is a steady and organized foundation for it, and that cannot be unless the mothers train the daughters from babyhood for the work that is sure to come to their womanhood. When this is done the happiness comes in. Mothers and daughters have a life together; a bond of employment and interest that is in constant operation. Over their household matters, and especially over the work of their needles, they have a companionship that grows with their lives and brings them into a close intimacy, of which, alas, the mothers and daughters of this day know very little. They are really strangers to each other. The steady training which the character of the mother ought to be to the daughter is not known, because they have no work together. The needle is a part of woman's dower. I will not dwell upon "the benefits of the sewing machine." God means that women should use their needles, and there is not the slightest need of injury from its use, excepting in cases which correspond with any other necessity for overwork. It is a great subject, and not easily opened up in as brief space as is allowable here; but I believe—as I believe in God and his appointments for us—that if the girls of this generation would take up a daily duty of work, no matter what their position or their means, the world would be happier for it. Mothers would have their society and their affection, as they sorely miss it now; fathers would have many a dark hour of discouragement over heavy bills lightened; brothers would have a companionship of whose charm, as well as benefit, very few have knowledge now; and young men in other relations would have a view of womanhood that is almost entirely lost in the present day. Women are never more brilliant or fascinating (and they have a God-given right to be brilliant and fascinating) than when their hands are occupied. Awkwardness and embarrassment disappear; and—perfectly at her ease—a charming woman becomes mistress of the position, and, happy herself, makes all around her happy.

THINKING to stock his depleted larder, a Western editor advertised: "Poultry taken in exchange for advertising." The villainous compositor, seeing his opportunity to pay up a long-standing grudge, set it up: "Poetry taken, etc., and since that time the office-boy has been clearing 50 cents a day from the waste-paper man."