

Mary's Little Lamb Translated.

Mary haf got a leetle lambs already ;
Dose vool vos vite like shnow ;
Und efery times dot Mary did vend oud,
Dot lambs vent also oud, vid Mary.

Dot lambs dit follow Mary von day to der
shehool house,
Vieh vas obbosition to der rules of her
shehool-master ;
Also, vich it dit cause dose schillen to
shmile out loud,
Ven dey did saw dose lambs on der insides
of der shehool house.

Und zo dot shehool-master did kick der
lambs gwick oud ;
Likewise dot lambs dit loaf around on der
outsides,
Und did shoer der flies mit his tail off pa-
tiently about—
Until Mary dit come also from dot shehool
house oud.

Und den dot lambs dit run right away
gwick to Mary,
Und dit make his het on Mary's arm,
Like he vould said, "I doud vos rehared,
Mary vould kept me from dhroubles ana-
how !

"Vot vos der reason about it of dot lambs
und Mary ?"
Dose schillen dit ask it dot shehool-master ;
"Vell, doud you know it, dot Mary lofe
dose lambs already ?
Dot shehool-master dit said.

Beautiful Leaves.

Fading beneath our passing feet,
Strewn upon lawn and lane and street,
Beautiful leaves !

Dyed with the hues of the setting sun,
Falling in glory so silently,
Beautiful leaves !

Never to freshen another spring,
Never to know what the summer may bring,
Beautiful leaves !

Withered beneath the frost and cold,
Soon to decay in the common mold,
Beautiful leaves !

Soon will the years that change your tint
Mark upon us their autumnal print,
Beautiful leaves !

So shall we fall from the tree of time,
Fade as ye fade in a wintry clime,
Beautiful leaves !

But when the harvest of life is past,
And we wake in eternal spring at last,
Beautiful leaves !

May He who paints your brilliant hue
Form of our lives a chaplet new,
Beautiful leaves !

—Waverley.

Best of the Dollies.

Which of my dollies do I love best ?
This is Miss Georgia Geneva West.
Look at her collar—Valenciennes lace !
She is a duchess ; they call her "Your
Grace !"

Her jewels are diamonds. Papa calls them
paste.

Oh ! she's got up in such exquisite taste !
But Miss Georgia Anna Geneva West,
You are not the dolly that I love best.

This is the handsomest dolly of all ;
See, she's all dressed for the great fancy
ball !

Her dress is real satin ; just feel it and see.
Aunt sent her from Paris on purpose for
me.

Real jet black hair, with a bandeau of
pearls ;
Don't they look beautiful over her curls ?
I know that my favorite you think you
have guessed,
But she's not the one that I love best.

This is the china baby-doll,
Don't you think she's the sweetest of all ?
Bright blue eyes, and the rosiest lips ;
She wears the cunningest baby-slips.

Muslin, clear-starched, with a beautiful
gloss,

Pink coral necklace, anchor and cross—
Oh, she's the daintiest, darlingest pet !
But then there's another I love better yet.

Where is black topsey?—the old wooden
dolly.

Out on the pavement where Bess let her
fall,

Out of the fifth story window, I think.
But then it wont hurt her ; she dont even
wink.

She's dressed in green calico, apron and
cap ;
She never gets broken, nor cares for a rap ;
She is my comfort above all the rest ;
And really, and truly, I love her the best !

—Youth's Companion.

—The white of an egg, into which a
piece of alum about the size of a walnut
has been stewed until it forms a jelly, is a
capital remedy for sprains. It should be
laid over the sprain upon a piece of lint
and be changed as often as it becomes dry.

—Neither flatter yourself nor permit
others to flatter you.

Brownie's First Invitation.

The very day that Brownie was
five years old she was invited to a
party.

Brownie had three sisters older
than herself, and they had been to a
great many parties, but this was
Brownie's first invitation ; so you may
well imagine how delighted the whole
family were.

She had a white dress to wear, a
pretty blue sash, blue stockings and
new blue shoes. The mamma and the
three sisters helped to dress her,
even her papa and the one brother
lent a helping hand.

The mamma curled her hair, the
oldest sister pinned her sash on "just
lovely," the papa buttoned her shoes,
the brother perfumed her handker-
chief, and the other two sisters ran
hither and thither bringing things.

"I am afraid, after all, that you
won't know how to behave nicely,"
said the other sister while clasping
Brownie's necklace.

"Yes, I'll know how to behave,
thank you, mamma, I guess," replied
Brownie, stamping her foot on the
carpet.

Another sister said, while putting
Brownie's stockings on.

"Don't get down on your knees, as
you do more than a hundred times a
day here at home, because if you do
you will wear holes right through
these thin stockings."

The brother thought he had better
give Brownie some advice.

"Only take one piece of cake. It
isn't polite to take a piece of every
kind. Now, remember."

Then the mamma said :

"You must not find fault with any-
thing that is given you to eat. If
you do not like it do not say so."

Brownie was all dressed just as the
old-fashioned clock in the hall struck
six.

"Oh, dear me!" she exclaimed. "I
must go right straight away for Mrs.

Barns said I must come at six o'clock,
des the party goes in then."

Brownie was not taken to the party
in a carriage, but instead thereof,
on the brothers back.

At nine o'clock the brother went
after her and brought her home in the
same manner.

While mamma and papa were tak-
ing Brownie's wraps off, she drew a
long breath, saying :

"Well, I've got home from the par-
ty, but it ain't 'twite out, 'cause there
are two or free or ten little girls there
yet."

"Did you have a pleasant time,
Brownie?" asked papa.

"Oh, yes; the bread and butter
with meat in it was twite pleasant.
Mrs. Barns asked me if I didn't want
some more sanriches at all! I didn't
see a speck of any. I tell you," she
continued looking at the brother, "I
only took but one piece of cake. Mrs.
Barns said I could take as many
pieces as I wanted. I told her that I
des wished I could, but brother said
it wasn't perlite to take but one piece.
Then don't you b'lieve, she laughed
out loud. But she said she had to
laugh to see so many little children
so happy. Oh! there was such a lot
of candies and nuts all jumbled up
together in a—a—dish. I took free
of my hands des as full as full could
be, 'cause they had such lo's and lots
of 'em."

"But, mamma," and Brownie's voice
sank to a whispered tone, "the lemon-
ade wasn't one bit good. It was so
awful sweet and so awful sour. I
told Mrs. Barns that I didn't like it
pretty good."

"Brownie! didn't I tell you not to
find fault with—"

"Why, mamma, you only said I
mustn't with what I had to eat. You
didn't say nothing 'bout what I had to
drink."

"What amusement did you have,
Brownie?" asked papa. "You had
plays, didn't you?"

"Some few. They played 'Pillow

and keys,' but I wasn't going to play
that."

"Why not, Brownie?" asked one of
the sisters. "You know we told you
that you must do what the other chil-
dren did."

"Mrs. Barns did want me to play
it, but I told her I couldn't 'cause sis-
ter said I musn't get down on my
knees or I would wear my stockings
all full of holes. You can't play it
else you get down on your knees to
kiss somebody."

"What did you do, Brownie, while
the children were playing 'Pillow and
keys'?" asked mamma.

"Oh, I des sat in the torner with a
little lame girl that couldn't walk
pretty good."

"Why, Brownie?" suddenly ex-
claimed the brother. "See! she has
one blue shoe on and one black one."

All eyes were turned then, to
Brownie's feet.

"Where is your other blue shoe?"
asked one of the sisters.

Brownie held first one foot up, then
the other, saying :

"I don't—I don't know where it—
oh! now I member. I gave my little
blue shoe to that little lame girl,
'cause she ain't never in all her live
days had any blue shoe—des only
black."

Brownie gazed first in the face of
one, then another, and she saw that
something was wrong. The sisters
held their handkerchiefs over their
mouths; the brother opened wide his
eyes; the papa and the mamma look-
ed very sober.

She then held up one foot saying :

"This is a very boofol black shoe."
All remained silent. She continued :

"It is des as good to have different
ones, ain't it mamma?"

The mamma said that she thought
it looked better to have shoes on alike
and not one of one color and the other
of another.

"Oh, well!" she cried, with a care-
less toss of her curly head, "may be
I'll go next day before yesterday and
give her this other new blue shoe,
and I des as lief have the black ones,
'cause she is such a nice poor little
girl and she don't never have no blue
shoes. Can't I give it to her, mam-
ma?"

"Yes, Brownie, you can," replied
the mamma ; "but you must give her
this black one. It belongs to her. I
think I know who her mamma is.
She is an excellent Christian wom-
an."

"Well, you better b'lieve I was
good to her little lame girl," said
Brownie, earnestly. "When we all
played 'Button, button,' I des put the
button in her hand when I was it,
'cause she didn't have one spec'd bit
of crimming on her dress. But I told
her it was des as nice without crim-
ming."

Then Brownie climbed up on the
mamma's lap, saying, slowly, "Oh,
dear! it des makes you very tired
and sleepy to be invited to a party. I
des I won't go to no more parties to-
night 'cause—'cause—"—and in less
than one minute after dear little
Brownie was fast asleep.—*Christian
Union.*

Missions.

There is a colony of Christian
Kaffirs at Middleburg, in the Trans-
vaal, the result of twenty years labor
by a Lutheran missionary. A hand-
some brick church, built by Kaffir
hands, affords accommodation for 1,500
worshippers, and rows of brick-built
workshops resound with the noise of
industrial pursuits. Wagons, furni-
ture, and wood and iron work are
turned out in abundance. Schools
have been provided for the children,
and the mission owns 30,000 acres of
good land, once prairie wilderness, but
now divided into small farms, and
worked under the supervision of the
missionaries.—*Ex.*

—The darkest hour in the history of any
young man is when he sits down to study
how to get money without honestly earn-
ing it.

"The World's Washroom."

A special dispatch from Troy, New
York, says: This city has been called
"The World's Washroom." Within
thirty years the manufacture of collars
and cuffs has become an enormous in-
dustry here. It is estimated that 30-
000,000 of them are made here yearly.

All are laundried in the hundreds of
shops in this city. In addition, the
polishing, starching and ironing of
linen has been reduced to such an art
that such goods are sent here from all
parts of America, so that probably
70,000,000 pieces are laundried here
every twelve months. Three thousand
sewing machines are run by steam in
the many shops devoted to the trans-
forming of linen rolls into collars, cuffs
and shirts. There are upwards of 8-
000 persons employed by this indus-
try, and \$3,000,000 invested in build-
ings, goods, machinery and patents.

The work is paid for by the piece, the
operatives receiving a stated price per
dozen for cutting, counting, folding,
basting, pasting, stitching, turning,
finishing, starching, rubbing, ironing
and essorting.

The "collar girls" of Troy number
about 6,000. They earn good wages,
and are intelligent and dressy. They
are a recognized class in the commu-
nity, and fraternize harmoniously
when their interests are at variance
with the employers.

A few days ago 110 girls—they are
called "girls" here, although many
are married and support husbands,
while others have guided a decade past
the thirties—who were employed by
Wiles & Co., launders, demanded
one cent more per dozen for rubbing
collars. This work consists of remov-
ing wrinkles from the linen, as well
as evenly distributing the starch over
the surface, a machine having previ-
ously saturated the linen with starch.

The operatives were receiving three
cents per dozen, but demanded four
cents. The request was refused. As
soon as it became known around the
city that these hands had struck, others
imitated the example. Those at
Miller and Bingham's left their work
after asking for an advance, and 210
went out. Then 60 from another shop
55 from another, 82 from another, and
the trade soon became blocked. The
aggregate of strikers reached about
900, and the women seemed deter-
mined to sustain their claims. The man-
ufacturers held meeting and threatened
to introduce machinery to do work.

But the labor is similar to type-set-
ting, in that it cannot be done auto-
matically. The women were very
quiet and orderly about their strike.

They established their headquarters
in Temperance Hall, whence they
sent envoys to the employes. The
laundrymen, it was said, had fully
determined to do the starching by ma-
chinery, and ordered twenty machines
for that purpose rather than give the
increase demanded, but on Wednesday
it was announced that they had
agreed to the demands of the starch-
ers.

The ironers have also demanded an
increase from 14 and 15 cents to 17
and 18 cents per dozen for shirts.
Collar ironers get 6, 7 and 8 cents per
dozen, and demand 7, 8 and 9 cents.

It is alleged that the collar manufac-
turers are making large profits; that
none of them that ever started in the
business have failed, and that, having
engaged all the available help here,
they have started branch factories
elsewhere. Glen's Falls 1,900 girls
are employed in the business. In
flush times collar operatives made \$10
to \$20 weekly; now they realize from
\$6 to \$14 per week, according to the
class of work and expertness of the
worker.

Although this is really the garden
spot of laundering, there is not a Chi-
nese launderer, within sixty miles,
the nearest being at Poughkeepsie.—*Ex.*

—If there be no enemy, no fight ; if no
fight, no victory ; if no victory, no crown.

Bunny's Lunch.

Dingle! Dingle!

It was the Dwight's door-bell that
spoke; and, as usual, the echo was a
groan from the kitchen; for Janet
hated to answer the bell. She did
not feel any pleasanter when she saw
the little Smith boys on the step, with
a rabbit cuddled somehow within their
four arms.

"It is for Mrs. Dwight's baby," they
explained. "You see, we're going to
move to Chicago, and papa says we
can't move the rabbit, so we want lit-
tle Dot to have it."

Janet was too vexed to speak, and
indeed, she had no chance, for the
happy boys were off with the air of
those who have done a specially good
thing.

Janet bore the unwelcome little
bundle into the dining-room, and with
the grim announcement "here's an el-
ephant!" went back to her dishwash-
ing.

Now, Baby Dot was a timid little
girl, who screamed every moment if
she went to ride behind a "truly
horse," but she screamed also at dogs
and cats, and shrank even from the
little hopping sparrows. So when she
beheld this strange beastie, jumping
around so queerly with his uneven
little legs, she screamed as a matter
of course: "Oh, the dreadful, big, lame
kitty! Take her away!"

When Mrs. Dwight had learned
from Janet about the little Smith
boys' present, she too, thought that
the rabbit was "an elephant." How
could she keep it? How could she
give it away? The little Smiths
would not like it, should they hear
that their pet was not appreciated.

But Dottie's papa was more anx-
ious to please Dottie than the little
Smiths. He had no idea of keeping
"an elephant" in his house to frighten
his baby when he knew of a family
that would love and pet little Bunny.

This family was the Tumblers.

Mr. Tumbler, though he had such a
name, was really a very steady man.
He was porter in Mr. Dwight's store,
and poor in everything but children.

When, then, this Mr. Tumbler
reached home that night, with the
soft, shy little bundle in his arms,
what a welcome he got from the seven
little Tumblers!

Bunny was cuddled by each in
turn, and slept in the warmest of
beds.

The next day, the family were all
away from their humble home. Father
Tumbler was at the store, Mother
Tumbler house-cleaning abroad, all
the young Tumblers at school. Bun-
ny was left to keep house.

Now I don't know how it happened
that with all the attention the rabbit
had received from his new friends,
they should forget to give him any-
thing to eat.

But it is a fact. Poor Bunny had
not had a mouthful to eat. Of course,
he tried to help himself, but the larder
was low.

Now upon the floor of the Tumblers'
front room was a wonderful, new car-
pet, a gift to Mrs. Tumbler, in consid-
eration of her nursing some sick per-
son, for Mrs. Tumbler was a nice
nurse. It was only a thin, "two-ply"
carpet, but it was bright with some
cabbagey-looking roses of a very
tempting green. Hungry Bunny was
not so bright as Solomon's bees, and
he nibbled at one cabbage after another,
not giving up the hope of a juicy
morsel till he had tried every appar-
ent cabbage in the carpet, and found
it but a worsted fraud.

Of course the carpet was ruined—
yet wasn't it too bad that the Tum-
blers had rabbit-stew for their Sun-
day dinner?—MARY ABBOTT RAND, in
Wide Awake.

—W. H. Vanderbilt is the hitherto
unknown person who planned and who is to
pay for transportation of the Alexandrian
obelisk to New York city. Seventy five
thousand dollars is the sum to be paid upon
successful completion of the work.