

Children's Corner.

Willie's Question.

Where do you go when you go to sleep?

That's what I want to know;
There's loads of things I can't find out,
But nothing bothers me so.

Nurse puts me to bed in my little room
And takes away the light;

I cuddle down in the blankets warm

And shut my eyes up tight,
Then off I go to the funniest place,

Where everything seems queer;

Though sometimes it is not funny at all,

Just like the way it is here,

There's mountains made of candy there,

Big fields covered with flowers,

And lovely ponies and birds and trees,

A hundred times nicer than ours.

Often, dear mamma, I see you there,

And sometimes papa too;

And last night the baby came back from heaven,

And played like he used to do,

So all of this day I've been trying to think,

Oh how I wish I could know

Whereabouts that wonderful country is,

Where sleepy little boys go.

—The Independent.

The Quarrelsome Katydid.

I don't know whether he began it, but certainly he kept the quarrel going. He was in the elm-tree, and the others were in some birches, a little way off. He would say, in a slow kind of drawl:

"She—did."

Then those in the birch-trees would answer:

"She didn't!" "She didn't!" "Katy didn't!" "Katy didn't!"

When they paused, the one in the elm-tree would say, quietly, as if he was sure he was right:

"She—did."

Then the chorus would start up, and answer back, all together, that "Katy didn't!"

He had such a lazy way of saying it. It seemed to be too much trouble for him to speak her name. He would just say enough to set the others to contradicting him:

"She—did."

I think he leaned back in the elm-tree every time, and enjoyed the uproar he caused.

It was a night in September, and, although it was quite warm for the season, the Katydids did not talk all night without a pause, as they do in summer, or as fast. Perhaps the one in the elm-tree felt the cold more than the others, and that made him feel quarrelsome; but it seemed to me that he really enjoyed making the Katydids excited and angry.

They kept up the dispute until I fell asleep.

Late in the night—or early in the morning—I was awakened by a loud crash of thunder. The rain was pouring down on the roof, making a great deal of noise. Then there came a flash of lightning, and more thunder.

When the storm had passed it was very quiet for awhile; then, above the

sound of water dripping off the leaves, came that lazy, provoking voice from the elm-tree:

"She—did."

He said it in such a drawling, positive way that it was no wonder that the others were angry at once, and answered back:

"She didn't!" "She didn't!" "Katy didn't!"

"She—did," said the lazy one, and they kept on until it was nearly time for the sun to rise. If there ever was a pause of any length, the Katydid in the elm-tree started the quarrel afresh. -

The next night there was danger of a frost, and the flowers out of doors had to be covered up to keep them from freezing.

After dark I went to the door to see if I could hear the Katydids. They were too cold to talk. Even the little cricket grew discouraged before morning, and kept still as a mouse. And I never heard the Katydids until the next season, when they talked about Katy among themselves, as usual. The provoking fellow of the elm-tree was not among them.—Little Folks.

Tom's Discoveries.

Our friend Tom was hardly prepared for the experience that befell him in the office of Dyer & Martin, whither he had gone seeking employment. He had heard Mr. Dyer, the senior partner, spoken of as a crusty old fellow, but he had only a faint idea of what this meant. It was his fate to present his application to the terrifying senior partner.

Mr. Dyer looked at him sharply, and said, in a tone of command; "Let me see your collars and cuffs, And you may turn up your pantaloons, so that I can see your stockings."

Tom was indignant, and his face quickly showed it. His first thought was to turn on his heel and leave the office. His next thought was, "What's she use of being stubborn? I'll just humor him, anyway." I want you to know that Tom ran no risk, for he was as neat as a pin.

When the brief ordeal was over, Mr. Dyer nearly took his breath away by the the announcement he made. "Young man," said he, "I'm going to take you because you're clean. I want you to learn now, and never forget it, that one of the ways to succeed is to keep yourself looking like a man."

This was the first time Tom ever realized that cleanliness has anything to do with business. Many times since he has had good reasons to believe it.—Forward.

It is foolish to say that one needs to be acquainted with sin in order to avoid it. All the knowledge one needs of any form of evil, that he may keep clear of it, is the knowledge that it is evil.

Health Hints.

Health's Decalogue.

1. Rise early, retire early and fill your day with work,

2. Water and bread maintain life; pure air and sunshine are indispensable to health.

3. Frugality and sobriety form the best elixir of longevity.

4. Cleanliness prevents rust; the best cared for machines last the longest.

5. Enough sleep repairs waste and strengthens; too much sleep softens and enfeebles.

6. To be sensibly dressed is to give freedom to one's movements and enough warmth to be protected from sudden changes of temperature.

7. A clean and cheerful house makes a happy home.

8. The mind is refreshed and invigorated by attractions and amusements; but abuse of them leads to dissipation and dissipation to vice.

9. Cheerfulness makes love of life, and love of life is half of health. On the contrary, sadness and discouragement hasten old age.

10. Do you gain your living by your intellect? Then do not allow your arms and legs to grow stiff. Do you earn your bread by your pickaxe? Do not forget to cultivate your mind and to enlarge your thought.—Selected.

Sprains Treated by Massage.

I do not make use of the elastic band in sprains, for the effusions of blood are rapidly absorbed by massage. The injured joint is at first immersed in very warm water, in order to dilate the superficial vessels. After this preparation of the affected region massage should be practiced above or below the injured part. It is then gradually approached, and a very gentle stroking is applied to it first. After that more vigorous frictions are practised. Insensibility is thus gradually produced. When partially obtained, a more or less energetic kneading is practiced, according to the varying degree of sensibility experienced by the patient. To the massage part is finally applied a compressive bandage, with wadding, which is wrapped in a flannel or linen band. If the sprain occurs in the legs, contrary to the ordinarily commended practice of avoiding movements for a shorter or longer period, I advise the patient to walk as soon as he can do so without feeling great pain. Walking adapts the muscular surface in a natural way, and promotes the venal and the lymphatic circulations by the muscular contraction.—Dr. Brown, in Journal of Hygiene.

Cool Houses.

Open windows do not necessarily mean cool houses. Every house should be well and thoroughly aired every morning; but just as in cold weather the aim of every housekeeper is to have a warm house, so in warm weather the cool house is the great desideratum. Open windows, with such air as may be moving blowing through the house, are commonly supposed to be the proper thing in hot weather. This is not the course followed in hot countries, nor is it the procedure suggested by experience. A cool breeze will cool a house, but a warm one will heat it. Hot air should be excluded. After the house has been well aired in the morning the windows and blinds on the sunny side should be tightly closed to keep out the hot air. When the sun has shifted it will be time to open them again. One must regulate the kind of air one admits into the house in warm weather.—Scientific American.