







**FOR THE CHILDREN.**  
**HOW THE BIRDS LEARN TO SING**  
 BY ELIZABETH ABBECCHIO.  
 Do you know why the birds, my darling,  
 Sing so sweetly the whole summer long,  
 Chirp so smoothly their trills and their twitter-ings,  
 Make so rarely "false notes" in a song?  
 'Tis because they are up in the morning  
 And out by the first peep of the day;  
 They meet in the woods and they practice,  
 And Love is their leader, they say.

**WHO IS TO DIE?**  
 A Story of the Southern Seas.  
 BY DAVID KER.  
 "Stand by to lower the boat!" shouted the Captain; and then he muttered gloomily, to himself, "It's our only chance now."

It was, indeed, for three days the French brig St. Pierre, homeward bound from the Isle de Bourbon, had fought against a sea as ever swept around the stormy Cape of Good Hope. Captain and crew had done all that men could do to save the ship, but in vain. Their only chance now was in taking to the one boat that the storm had left them.

As Captain Picard turned round from giving his orders he found himself suddenly face to face with a pale, delicate looking lady in deep mourning, who had just come up from the hatchway with her little boy in her arms.  
 "Poor Madame Lachaux! she might well look worn and sad. Her husband had gone home, an invalid; her only daughter had died a few weeks before; and now, just as there seemed a chance of her seeing home and friends once more, death in his worst form was hovering over herself."

Captain Picard broke to her as gently as possible the fatal news that the ship was sinking, and that their only hope was to take to the sea in a small boat. At this announcement the poor mother's sickly face grew paler still, and she pressed her child convulsively in her arms.  
 "Mademoiselle no fear," said a huge Senegal negro emerging from the hatchway at that moment; "old Achille and Pierrot take care of her and Monsieur Henri too. Monsieur Henri, come to Achille!"

He took the child in his arms as he spoke, while a second negro came up to help the Captain in lowering Madame Lachaux into the boat, which was so fiercely tossed by the surging waves that it was no easy matter to reach the side. At last the boat was full, and they shoved off. Hardly had they got clear of the ship when she gave a violent roll, plunged forward, rose again, and then, with a sound like distant thunder, the in-rushing water blew up the decks, and down went the doomed ship head-foremost.

But those in the overboarded boat soon found that they had only exchanged one danger for another. The huge waves that broke over her every moment, drenching them all to the neck, tossed the boat faster than they could bail her out, and crowded together as they were, they had no room either to row or to make sail. The sailors whispered to gether and looked gloomily at the lady and her party, and at last one was heard to mutter:  
 "Better get rid of them that can't work than of them that can, anyhow."

"Our lives are as precious to us as theirs are to them," growled another. "If the boat's going to be lightened, they're the ones to go."  
 The Captain, who had heard and understood, felt for his pistol, but it was gone. Several sailors were already on their feet to fling and help the mother and child overboard, when the two gigantic negroes stepped between.

"Look, see, you men," cried Achille; "you want to lighten boat. Black man heavier than white lady. Suppose you sweat let Madame Lachaux, Monsieur Henri, I and Pierrot jump overboard!"  
 It was all over in a moment. Scarcely had the savage crew, moved in spite of themselves, given the required pledge, than the brave fellows, kissing their madresses' hands, and Monsieur Henri with a quiet "Good-by, little master," plunged headlong into the sea.

The heroic sacrifice was not made in vain. The boat, thus lightened, could be more easily managed, and she began at length to show signs of abating. On the following afternoon they were seen and picked up by an English schooner, and a few weeks more saw Madame Lachaux safe in her husband's house at Lyons.

Three months later Madame and her sick husband were on a visit to Saint-Malo, the fresh sea air of which was thought better for little Henri at that season than his hot, dusty Lyons. The child and his mother, this time accompanied by Monsieur Lachaux, were sitting on a bench under the trees of the boulevard facing the harbor, when the lady's attention was attracted by a few words that fell from a rough-looking man in a well-worn pilot coat, who was talking to a friend a few yards off.

"And now, that they are here," said he, as if finishing a story, "I don't know what to do with them, for they don't even know where their mistress is!"  
 "Where did you say you picked them up?" asked his companion.  
 "A bit to the southwest of the Cape, hanging on to some broken spars that must have floated off from their vessel when she foundered. When I found out that they were Monsieur Lachaux, I offered to put 'em ashore there on the way to France; but no, they must come home to find their mistress, and I can tell you they worked their passage like men. But how they're to find her, I can't think, for they know nothing except that her name's Madame Lachaux."

"And here she is!" broke in the lady herself, stepping up to him.  
 A few minutes later the faithful Negroes (this rescuer as if by miracle from the death to which they had devoted themselves) were embracing their "little Monsieur Henri" with uproarious cries of joy; and from that day until their death, thirty years later, they were the happiest as well as the best-cared-for servants in the whole south of France.

**Advice to Boys.—Taking Exercise.**  
 H. C. Van Gleason, M. D., in Harper's Young People.  
 Boys who take a great interest and on a five part in out-door sports often bring needless illness upon themselves by over-exertion and want of proper care after violent exercise. Attacks of pneumonia or inflammation of the lungs frequently occur from getting very warm and then cooling off too suddenly.

When about to engage in a game of ball or any other sport that requires continued activity, it is best to lay aside the outer garment, and put it on again when the game is finished; and instead of sitting down to "cool off" it is safer to walk around for a while. It is also dangerous to drink large quantities of cold water when very warm, as the system receives a shock which may lead to sickness.

To go in swimming after a long walk through the hot sun is also injurious, as the blood is driven to the internal organs from the surface of the body, thus rendering the cooling process

cases have been the causes of death by drowning. It is always safer to wait until the body has cooled before plunging into the water, which is generally of a lower temperature than the body. Violent exercise, an occasional swim will not develop the strength as well as a regular amount continued every day. If a boy wishes to develop his muscles, let him play ball or row a certain time every favorable day. Let him cease at the moment of fatigue, and exercise or dislocation seizes him. The next day he will be able to stand a little more exertion, and so day degrees he will attain to a certain standard, and have a reserve force of strength that will be of great value to him in the future. It is necessary that the growing body should have exercise. Air and sunlight are necessary to growth, and active out-door sports are the means by which their benefits can be obtained.

During the summer vacation will give place to the restraints of school. Let boys have all the out-door exercise they can. Ball-playing, rowing, horseback-riding, swimming, all are prime factors in muscular development, and with care and judgment in their proper use will tend to stronger and healthier growth.

The world needs strong men as well as wise ones, and indeed the mind will develop more rapidly in a strong than in a sickly one. It is a grand thing to be able to stand hardship and privation in the search for truth and knowledge, and any man with good physical strength is equal to the task of combat with the forces of evil. Let boys then seek to build up in their growing days a sound constitution, and life will be more than doubled in value to them.

**MRS. AND MRS. SPOONDYKE.**  
 The Belligerent Head of the Family Attempts to Hang a Picture.  
 Brooklyn Eagle.

"Now, my dear," said Mr. Spoondyke, prancing into the sitting room with every evidence of delight and contentment pictured on his face. "Now, my dear, what do you think I've brought you?"  
 Mrs. Spoondyke. "Please tell me what it is, for I know its something nice?"

"I'm sure I have no idea," fluttered Mrs. Spoondyke. "Please tell me what it is, for I know its something nice?"  
 "Look," grinned Mr. Spoondyke, unwrapping the package and developing a cabinet photograph of himself and his wife. "How do you like it?"  
 "Why wouldn't the top shelf of the pantry be better?" growled Mr. Spoondyke. "If you are looking for a place where the light won't strike it why not put it under the carpet, or stick it behind the mantel-piece? The picture demands some refuge from the sun and light, and I'm going to put it where the most refuge is calculated to strike it. Now where can we put it?"

"Isn't that a good place, right over the bed?" suggested Mrs. Spoondyke, who began to see that her husband was aiming for the chimney, where the painting of her father has hung for years.  
 "If you hang it over the bed, I can see it whenever I come into the room."  
 "Fie so," sneered Spoondyke, running a cord through the eyes in the back of the frame. "I don't know, though," he continued, as a brilliant idea occurred to him. "You like that place between the two windows best, don't you? I don't know, but what that is a good place for a picture."  
 "Best place in the room," giggled Mrs. Spoondyke, satisfied that she had carried her point and had saved the location sacred to her father.

"That'll be the place, we'll do it," said Mr. Spoondyke, with a gleam of speculation in his eyes. "We'll hang your father's picture up there and I will be content to take the subordinate place over the chimney-piece."  
 Mrs. Spoondyke saw she had been caught in her own trap, and made no further resistance.

"Where's the step ladder?" asked Spoondyke, cheerfully. "Bring me the portable Tower of Babel, and I will give you a picture of the finest of modern artistic efforts."  
 Mrs. Spoondyke juggled the step ladder up stairs, and Mr. Spoondyke, having arranged his string, mounted to take down the old gentleman's picture with a flourish of his removal.

"Look out you don't fall, dear," suggested Mrs. Spoondyke, forgetting her defeat in her solicitude for her husband.  
 "That's all right, my dear," Spoondyke cried from the top of the ladder, "I'm just as steady as a rock, and I'll be content to take the subordinate place over the chimney-piece."  
 Mrs. Spoondyke jumped off the ladder, but her dress caught on the step, and down came Mr. Spoondyke, with a bundle of old clothes, rolling on the carpet and trying to get clear of the ladder that had rolled over him and mixed itself up with him so that it was difficult to tell which was who.

"What did you let go for?" yelled Mr. Spoondyke, trying to get his elbow out of his mouth, and still struggling with the ladder. "Didn't I tell you to hold on? Think I don't know how to get off a ladder when I get ready? Suppose I want a ladder turned bottom upwards when I want to get down? Take it off!" he roared, satisfying himself that he was powerless. "If you want to see a ladder climb up Spoondyke, stand up!"  
 "I don't know," said Mrs. Spoondyke, "but I don't see how you can get down from the ladder and assume a perpendicular."

"Let the picture go, dear," cooed Mrs. Spoondyke. "You can fix it some other time."  
 "No, no, no, the present!" hissed Mr. Spoondyke, jamming the ladder against the wall and mounting once more. "Never put off a father-in-law until to-morrow that you can get away with to-day! Now you hold that thing tight, or you will be apt to be a widow between this and the time it takes to sweep up!"  
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ders do not break in and corrupt? Going to life that thing off me, or are you going to use it for a tombstone? Mark it 'His Jacee Spoondyke,' or take it away before I begin to exert my supernatural strength and kick it into the realms of eternal bliss, where the ladder be in like a—!" and with a prodigious kick, Mr. Spoondyke sent the ladder to the nethermost part of the room and arose to his feet foaming at the mouth.

"Never mind the picture, dear," suggested Mrs. Spoondyke. "You leave it with me and I'll hang them to-morrow."  
 "Oh, you'll do it," howled Mr. Spoondyke, whirling on his heel and cooing down hard on his own photograph which he had carefully laid on the floor. "You are the one to hang it! Trust you for a thing of that kind! If you had a wire along the ceiling, and a cast-iron rod and a row to be an academy of design!" and with this complicated description of his wife's few failings, Mr. Spoondyke set out bed as if he were practicing archery, and fell asleep with his mouth wide open.

"I don't care," muttered Mrs. Spoondyke, trying to untie the knot of her shoe lace with her teeth. "I don't care. It will teach him another time to let poor pa's picture alone."

**The Robbery at the White House.**  
 There is an alleged doctor living on South Green street, Chicago, who has addressed a very modest petition to the "Editor of the Congressional Globe." He says a dispute has sprung up between "me and two other doctors" as to the shipment away from the White House of large quantities of furniture immediately after Mr. Lincoln's assassination, and that the White House so denuded of effects that congress had to buy \$80,000 worth of furniture for it before Andrew Johnson could move in. This South Green street doctor asks the editor of the Congressional Globe whether this has not been published for several years, and never had an editor, for like the Record, it printed everything the congressional reporters sent to it above information, and "God bless you, as fact, and plain as you can."

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Five minutes more and the two foremost of the racing men, "Stron" on his "Harvard" and "Yonson" on his "Yale," appear in sight. The pace is tremendous; the men are neck and neck, and Dodge, the captain of the club, who is on the foreground, declares the race is off.

"Where are the other men?" he asks.  
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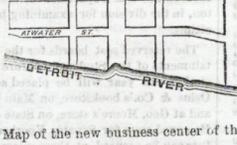
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# MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILROAD.

Time Table taking effect June 10th, 1883.  
 GOING EAST.

STATIONS	8:30 A.M.	10:30 A.M.	12:30 P.M.	2:30 P.M.	4:30 P.M.	6:30 P.M.
Chicago	8:30	10:30	12:30	2:30	4:30	6:30
Twenty-second St.	8:45	10:45	12:45	2:45	4:45	6:45
Kennington	9:00	11:00	1:00	3:00	5:00	7:00
Greenwood	9:15	11:15	1:15	3:15	5:15	7:15
Johnson	9:30	11:30	1:30	3:30	5:30	7:30
Lake	9:45	11:45	1:45	3:45	5:45	7:45
Port Huron	10:00	12:00	2:00	4:00	6:00	8:00
St. Ignace	10:15	12:15	2:15	4:15	6:15	8:15
St. Ignace	10:30	12:30	2:30	4:30	6:30	8:30
St. Ignace	10:45	12:45				