

## YOUNG PEOPLE

### Why the Pine Tree Sighs.

When the soft, south winds blows, you can hear the pine tree sigh. Perhaps, too, you have heard it sobbing, sobbing, as it bows its head, and rocks before the cold northern blast. The old Greeks heard these sighs and sobs, far back in their ancient time, and they wove a sad, sweet story to explain the sounds they could not understand.

Long, long ago, their old story runs, a lovely maiden named Pytis lived among the mountains of Greece. She was good and true, and very happy; for she spent her time watching sheep in the mountains, leading them to the greenest pastures, and weaving garlands to hang about their necks.

There in the mountains a beautiful shepherd, whose name was Abelios, found her. He had long yellow curls, hanging loose, and his eyes were blue as the sky. These two loved each other, and were happy as could be, tending their sheep, and weaving garlands for them and for each other.

But someone else has seen Pytis, and he also loved her, or thought he did. This was Boreas, a rude, wicked fellow, who wanted the beautiful shepherdess to love him and no one else.

But Pytis could not love him. He was so harsh and unkind that her heart turned from him to the gentle, lovely Abelios, and this put Boreas into a terrible wrath.

Finding them, one day, as they sat on the brow of a tall cliff, looking at the blue sea, shining far, far below, he dashed forward, in great rage, blowing a fearful blast, which carried Pytis out to sea. Then he swallowed Abelios up in a black cloud that was blown far off on the rushing wind.

But the great Goddess Juno remembered how good and true was Pytis, and how many offerings she had made her; so, in pity, she caught her where the sea claimed her, and changed her into a tall, shapely pine tree.

So Pytis still dwells among the mountains, full of grace and beauty, but she sighs always, even when the sunlight, so like the smile of Abelios, falls upon her. But when the storms come, and rude Boreas again blows his fierce blasts, she remembers that dreadful day, and falls sobbing as she bows in the wind.—The Golden Age.

### A Warning to Little Boys.

As a timely warning to small boys who, as a rule, are inclined to be entirely too careless of life and limb when they are about railroad trains, we print the following very sad story contained in a recent press dispatch from Asheville:

Paul Redmond, an eight-year-old boy, was this morning run over by an engine at the yards of the Southern Railway, and both legs and one arm were cut off. The boy, not noticing an approaching engine, stopped on the track to pick up some thing. He was struck by the tender as the engine came backward and was knocked down. He fell with both legs across the rail and both were severed from his body by the first wheel. The trucks then knocked his body around, throwing his right arm across the rail, and it was also cut off by the second wheel.

The little fellow, mangled as he was, showed wonderful presence of mind, however, and crawled out and cleared the track. He was at once taken to a hospital, where he died a few hours later.

There are a number of little boys

in Waxhaw who should take warning from this little boy's sad fate and keep clear of the track while their bodies and limbs are still safe and sound.—Waxhaw Enterprise.

### One Thing Perplexed Him.

The Rev. W. L. Hood, of Bristol, R. I., caused a good deal of discussion recently with the statement that his two children, both under ten years, had never sinned, says the Philadelphia Bulletin.

A Bristol clergyman, in commenting on Mr. Hood's children, said the other day with a humorous smile:

"Those two children must have consciences as clear as the conscience of an old colored man down one of our back streets.

"The old man—Romulus was his name—took sick one day, and in a little while it looked as if his end was near. The minister was sent for, and came promptly—a stout man, done up in one of those religious waistcoats without any buttons down the front or any opening at the neck.

"The minister said to Uncle Romulus:

"Is your mind at ease, brother?"

"Yes, sah," answered the old man.

"Are you sure there's nothing troubling you?" the minister went on. "If there is, speak up, don't be afraid. I am here to help and comfort you."

"Dey is one thing, jes, one, sah," said Romulus, "dat 'plexes me."

"What is that?" said the minister.

"Ah kain't fo' de life o' me make out, sah," said the old man, "how you gits yo'self inter dat dere vest."

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