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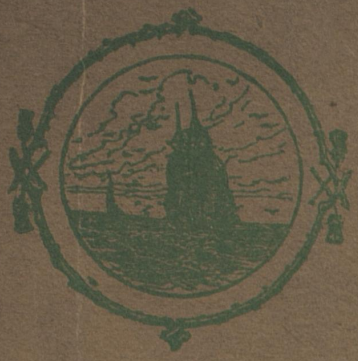

TALKS and TALES.

TRAVELS
TALES
CURRENT EVENTS
SELECTED MATTER
HUMOR.

One Dollar a Year. 10 Cents a Copy.

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TALKS AND TALES.

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One Dollar a Year, - - Ten Cents a Copy

PRESS OF
THE CONN. INSTITUTE AND INDUSTRIAL HOME
FOR THE BLIND.

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STATEMENT, JANUARY 1ST 1898.

NATIONAL
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

of Hartford, Conn.

Capital Stock, all Cash,	$1,000,000.00
Funds reserved to meet all Liabilities,	
Re-Insurance Reserve, Legal Standard,	1,734,945.34
Unsettled Losses and other Claims,	317,654.02
Net Surplus over Capital and Liabilities,	1,380,419,50
Total Assets, January 1st 1898	$4,433,018,86

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B. R. STILLMAN, Ass't Sec'y.

1851 1898

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22nd ANNUAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

1899

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Columbia Chain Wheels, . . . 40
Model 49, 1899 Improvements.

Columbia Tandems, ... 75
Mods. 47 and 48, Diamond and Combination Frame.

Hartford Bicycles, ... 35
Patterns 19 and 20.

Vedette Bicycle { Pat. 21, for Men, 25
Pat. 22, for Women, 26

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KINDERGARTEN ORCHESTRA.

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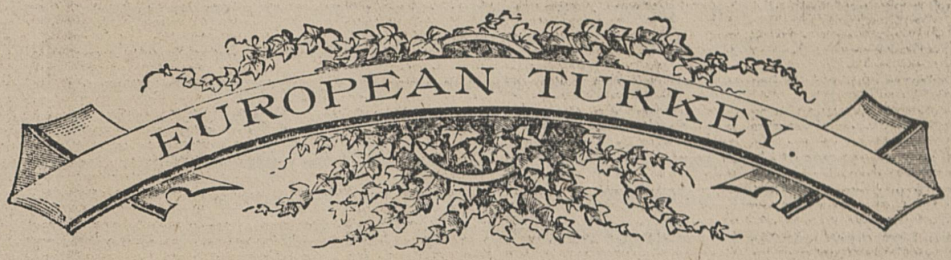

A. GERBER.

IT was in May, 1895, and I was on my way to Greece. Northern Germany, Hungary, and the greater part of Servia had been traversed in an almost uninterrupted railroad journey of forty-eight hours, and at the town of Nissa, the birthplace of Constantine the Great, where the roads to the Bosporus and to the Ægean Sea divide, Southern Servia, which, until 1878, belonged to Turkey, had been reached. My through car, Buda-Pesth-Salonica, of which I then was the only occupant, was detached from the Constantinople express and joined to the few cars that were about to start southward for the present Turkish frontier. The sun was just about to rise, and, as the time table allowed five hours for a distance of less then eighty miles, there was ample opportunity to view the country and the people.

We were going up a valley of moderate width, bounded by rugged hills. A muddy river, the Morava, mostly very shallow, was flowing between poor pastures and poorer fields. Soon we commenced to pass large herds of swine, tended by men in the Servian costume, consisting of brown knee breeches, a short brown jacket, a brown cap without a brim, a gray sash, and gray stockings laced almost up to the knees with the strings of leather sandals. From time to time there was a village of wretched clay huts, and but few brick buildings, with enclosures of briar twigs around each yard and the whole place. Evidently some of the hovels were inhabited by men and geese and swine at the same time. Bye and bye the river contracted into a brooklet, and the hills became barren mountains; on the left a snowy peak, Riladagh, in Bulgaria, became visible, and far in front a whole snow range loomed up. It was the Sardagh, the highest mountain ridge in European Turkey. At last the lonely frontier station was at hand, and I caught sight of a group of Turkish soldiers, who were to protect our train as we proceeded

through the provinces of Kosovo and Macedonia. They wore wide red trousers tied below the knees, blue coats and red fezes. Their rather kindly faces singularly contrasted with the rifles in their hands and the belts of cartridges they carried around their waists. After an examination of my passport aud valise, my car was attached to the Turkish train, and the two hundred miles ride through the very heart of the Sultan's European dominions began. The country improved as the road commenced to descend to the upper valley of the Vardar river, which comes from the snow range mentioned above. Though this appeared grander and grander as we drew nearer, glimpses of oriental life right and left soon claimed the greater part of my interest. Had it not been for the absence of palm-trees and the sands of the desert, one might have believed himself to be in Palestine or Arabia. Indeed, it was difficult for me to realize that I was still in the same car I had boarded in the magnificent station of Buda-Pesth, in the midst of Western civilization.

There were herdsmen in oriental costume resting in the shade of a pine-tree, while their dogs were tending their flocks; men with fezes or turbans tilling their fields with hoes, as their predecessors had done two thousand years ago; women with white head dresses picking weeds, quickly hiding the lower parts of their faces with a piece of linen as the train came up, and throwing it on their backs again as we went out of sight: maidens drawing water from a spring, reminding of Rebecca; a closely veiled lady of rank in a costly embroidered attire, mounted on a mule led by a man with a long, white beard and a snow white turban, as venerable as a patriarch of old; now and then in the distance, by the edge of the valley, lofty white minarets and low domed mosques, surrounded by dark cypresses. Stations came and went, and our escort of soldiers changed again and again. We now approached Uskup, the capital of the province of Kosovo, which commands the passes to Albania, Bosnia, Servia, Bulgaria and Macedonia. It was a picturesque sight indeed. In the background the snow mountains; in the foreground the town, surmounted by a hill with ancient fortifications, rising from a fertile plain; five, ten, twenty slender white minarets, mosques and churches, and a Mahometan cemetery, strewn with rocks and without any enclosure. Here a stop of some length was made for dinner. The meal was good, but had not two other gentlemen assisted me, the avaricious waiter, who was surely not a Turk, would have given me only a small part of the change that was due.

Soon after we had resumed our ride, a Bulgarian merchant, who had occupied a compartment in my car, called to express his indignation at the action of the waiter. So far, I had found German or French completely sufficient, but this time I had to resort to Italian, as this was the only one of the leading languages my visitor spoke, along with three or four tongues of his peninsula that were entirely unknown to me. When he had returned to

his compartment I paid my respects to him, but owing to my lack of practice in Italian, my contributions to the conversation were rather meagre. Before my Bulgarian friend left, we had lost sight of the snow mountains and the plain, and entered the narrow and utterly barren, but highly romantic gorge of the middle Vardar. Often there was scarcely space and soil enough for a tuft of grass between the foaming river on the one side and the precipitous rocks on the other; for a long distance no trace of a human habitation except a celebrated convent, perched on a mountain top toward the left. Gradually the sternness of the scenery mitigated. The gorge expanded into a valley. Small pastures and fields, villages, and even towns reappeared. The few trees that were seen assumed a more southerly character. Views of distant mountain chains opened towards the east. There were also many more interesting scenes from Turkish life.

In one place I saw a sad contrast. In a little garden, immediately by a station where we had a stop of several minutes, a bare-footed girl in a ragged, squalid dress, who, from the absence of a veil, must have been a Christian, was drawing water from a well. The chain, to which the very large bucket was fastened, passed over a roller which was turned by means of four spokes. There was an expression of utter dejection on the girl's face, as she was straining every muscle to turn the creaking windlass or lifting the heavy bucket and pouring its contents into smaller vessels to water the flowers. Near by in a field, only separated by a hedge and a row of plane-trees, a young man was cutting oats and barley with a sickle. He was dressed all in white, with wide trousers, blouse and turban, and a wide, glowing red sash. His work was progressing vigorously, and he presented the very picture of joyful contentedness. Would he, or any other, ever do anything to lighten the lot of the poor girl by the well?

In the largest town we passed so close by some Turkish houses that it was easy to distinguish which parts were set aside for the woman, or the women of the family, though it was impossible to recognize anything behind the dark glass or gratings of their windows and balconies. A woman outdoors happened to have the lower part of her face uncovered but no sooner did she see that I was observing her than she pushed the linen up to its usual place, and punished my unholy impertinence with an angry flash from her flaming dark eyes.

When the setting sun gilded the clouds and spread a purple hue over the eastern mountains, we were still two hours from our destination. Finally the conductor called for my ticket and his backshish—he had been very devout all the way—and at 10:15 we arrived at Salonica. I was taken into a room in the midst of which a Turkish official was sitting at a small, round table, with two hotel porters by his side. The latter explained to me, the one in German, the other in French, that the man wanted to see my passport in order

to register me, and at the same time neither of them failed to recommend the advantages of his hotel. After casting a helpless glance at my passport, the official, by means of the porters, gave me to understand that he could not read Roman script, and I, through the same mediums, intimated to him that I did not know the Turkish language. That made him look a shade more doleful, but he resorted to having me pronounce my name and the rest of the things he was obliged to get, and wrote some characters on his paper that were meant to represent them. Then I was free to go, and I decided for the French speaking porter, whose hotel had previously been recommended to me. We mounted a carriage, and a few minutes later descended in front of a brilliantly lighted court, where a band of music in a pavillion was playing to an audience that was conspicuous through the absence of Mahometans. I declined to sit down in the court, and was shown to a room on the second floor, which, both by its size and its furniture, was easily the finest apartment I had ever occupied in a hotel. At the same moment the band in the court below struck up the German national anthem, but even this courtesy did not induce me to change my intentions, and I retired after having taken some glasses of soda and written a short letter, wondering whether my slumber would be disturbed by unbidden guests, which fortunately did not materialize. For a while I was troubled with the buzz of rolling wheels that I had heard for the past sixty-five hours, but soon Nature claimed her right.

Suddenly I heard a knock on the door, and a voice said it was six o'clock. It was broad daylight indeed, but I was so very tired. A minute later my porter knocked and informed me that it was seven. Now I had to get up, because my steamer was to leave at nine, and at the rate at which I was sleeping it would have been nine after two more minutes. I quickly dressed and breakfasted, paid a bill of $1.40, and started out with the porter. Through a few streets paved with broad stone slabs we soon reached the harbor, and towering above the greenish waters of the gulf stood the snowy summit of Mount Olympus. It was not a dream. I was actually on ancient Greek soil, and was really to see the Acropolis of Athens before another twenty-four hours had passed. Still, I had to get out of Turkey first, and getting out is almost more difficult than getting in. My valise was examined again, and, as the police station was not open yet, the three officials at the harbor had to be bribed by a backshish of twenty cents each, before I could have myself rowed out to the steamer Senegal, which was anchoring far away from the shore. My Jewish boatman puffed and panted as hard as he could to induce me to increase his pay, but my attention was more and more absorbed by the magnificent panorama of Salonica, once Thessalonica, unfolding along the shore and in the hills. Too soon was reached the Senegal, and I had left Macedonia, probably never to see it again while the Sultan is ruling it.—[The Earlhamite.

HARVESTING ON ROUND TOP.

IT is an old story that has been handed down in the annals of the families whose ancestors had a part in the great harvesting, and has so often been repeated with pride by the old and listened to with interest by the young that it has acquired a certain dignity. So many have expressed the wish that it might be preserved in print, that I have endeavored to gratify them by noting it down as I heard it from the lips of an aged aunt, whose grandmother was one of the harvesters.

It was a long while ago, when the country was new, and when the first little detachment from the Boston colony came to settle about here. For fear of the Indians, who troubled them a little now and then, they thought best to build their log-houses near together in the bend of what was called later the town brook.

To the north was the great round hill, as a protection against the blasts of winter, and in front a broad sweep of meadow that gave the situation its chief attraction. On the plateau between stood the log-houses of the "Neighborhood," as it was called, and afterwards "Emerson Neighborhood," because it was said that there was Emerson blood in every one of the original families, and each of these families owned a strip of land beginning on Round Top and ending at the Great River.

At first the men were industrious, and set to work with a will to clear the land and to make comfortable homes, and to establish schools and churches, the little settlement being one of the tiny rootlets of the great Christian nation that was to be. Soon, however, a fellow named Duncan came from no one knew where, and took up a tract of land further up the brook, where there was a water privilege, and instead of the sawmill they were planning to have there, he put up a distillery to make the good grain raised on the new land into liquor. That was the opening of a door through which the demon of drink inevitably stole in, putting an end to all true progress, except such as the women were able to make.

The settlers who came to reinforce the pioneers were not of the best; and for the children growing up to be young men and women there were no advantages but such as the mothers were able to give them. The girls were bright, industrious and good, learning to spin and to weave, to knit and to sew, to cook and be thrifty housekeepers, and they could read and write and figure a little, and had all of them much knowledge of the Bible.

But the boys grew up to hunt, fish, hang around the distillery, and to work when there was no help for it. Yet they were, after all, noble-spirited, handsome fellows, and they courted the bright girls, and there would be a young couple going off through the wilderness on horseback to the nearest minister, and there would gather a "bee" who would, in short order, put up a new log-house into which the couple would go, and a new family would be established on the same old basis: The men having a right to rule and to vote—after the towns were incorporated—whether they were drunk or sober, and the women having a right to work and to hate liquor, although this hatred did not extend to those who drank it, nor enable them to wage a war of extermination.

To get an adequate yield from the land there was, of course, much hard work required, and this the men said it was impossible for them to do without liquor, the effect of which, they said, went off in perspiration, leaving no harmful results.

Among the very few who dared demur to this was Tabitha Wells, a young woman whose father and mother had both died soon after they came to the settlement, leaving her in their comfortable log-house by herself. There she had remained, doing her work indoors and out, cultivating what land she could, and having no help because she would not allow any one who drank liquor upon her premises.

"Was not my father drowned in crossing the brook, coming home at night from the distillery," she would say, "and in consequence, did not my mother pine and die of a broken heart? Am I to caress the hand that has smitten me?"

Although she tilled but little land, she was blessed with such bountiful crops that the men when in their cups said the witches helped her, and she was looked upon with suspicion; but by the women she was loved and respected, in time growing to be their leader in thought and action.

In her sweet girlhood Tabitha engaged herself in marriage to John Slocum, a youth a few years her senior, who at that time bade fair to become the one temperance man in all the neighborhood; but, one haying time, overcome by the influence and example of all the others, he took his first draught of the stuff made at the distillery, and was soon as bad as any of them.

"I will not break my troth with you," said Tabitha, "but while you drink liquor I will neither keep company with you nor marry you."

This exasperated Slocum, and he declared to the men that Tab was a high-strung filly, and he was better off without than with her; but at the same time his love for her increased with his respect, and although he durst not go upon her premises, he managed to see her often, and treated her with the utmost respect and politeness. She would allow no lovering.

At length there came to the colony a woman of German descent, claiming

some distant relationship with the Emersons, who was well educated, and, opening a school in Tabitha's house, she made her home there.

A very bright woman was Madam Vaughn. She had seen a good deal of the world, and many people. She was probably a refugee, but, although that was thought of, no one knew for sure, and she lived on unmolested; very silent and quiet with the men, but putting a great many independent ideas into the minds of the women, and talking of woman's rights in a way to cause them to rebel against their present wrongs.

"Most women will submit from force of habit," she said, "and will not accept the rights they have to bring up their families properly, and to maintain orderly Christian homes. The women here have a right to protest against the goings on of the men, and to demand that they give up liquor, and go to work in a true manly fashion to bring this township up to a level with the towns all around you in improvements and in morals and religion. You don't want to be a town of logs while your neighbors are living in frame houses, but you will be, as long as a distillery takes the place of a sawmill in your midst."

The year before, it had transpired in the Emerson neighborhood that there was not grain enough for the breadstuff and the liquor also, so in the autumn the men put their heads together and planned to clear the whole of Round Top and sow it to rye, that they might not come short at the distillery.

The brush had been burned off, but the logs and stumps had been left, and the grain sown around in the deep, rich soil that had been loosened with pick-ax and spade, but not plowed, as it was too rough.

"Drunken works, drunken works!" Madam Vaughn would say, "all done by the help of liquor, that more liquor may follow! What can we do about it?"

In the spring it seemed as if every kernel of grain that had been sown came up with a purpose to show what could be done under adverse circumstances.

"It is a lesson to us!" Madam Vaughn would say, as it grew until the bearded heads all swayed evenly together above the rocks and logs and stumps, making of the great round hill a beautiful and wonderful sight. "We must rise above our surroundings if we are to accomplish our purpose in the world." And over and over she said: "What are we to do about that beautiful crop?"

"We might burn it," some one suggested. "It is ripening now, and we could easily set the logs and stumps on fire."

"No, that would be wrong. It would be waste. Let us ask the Lord. He will show us the way. He has given us a good season and a heavy crop, enough for some good purpose, if only we could bring it about."

The haying in the neighborhood had all been done, after a fashion, and

the men had gone to the distillery for a holiday, as it was their habit to do after finishing one piece of work, before beginning another.

"The brawling of the men from the distillery can be heard even here," said Tabitha. "It is hard telling what they will do before night if they get as noisy as this so early in the morning."

"And they have taken some of the boys with them for the first time. It is a great shame," replied Madam Vaughn, "It seems to me there must be some way for us to put a stop to such things. That I do not accomplish more must be because I have no men folks of my own in whom I am particularly interested. I do not pray in faith; and it may be the same way with you, Tabitha."

"There is some one in whom I have a deep interest, but there seems to be no way in which I can help him to a better life," and Tabitha related her brief love episode.

"Let us call the women together and talk it over," said Madam Vaughn. "The men have continual holidays, but the women work from year's end to year's end. This shall be the women's day."

So they made a rally; there were foot-paths, the nearest cut between all the houses. No one took time to go by the road, and in a surprisingly short while all the women in the neighborhood were assembled in Tabitha's neat kitchen.

"It is easy to talk and to sigh and to weep," said Mother Phillips, "but what can we do that will be of effect?"

"Harvest the rye ourselves" said Tabitha.

"That would please them too well," said some one else.

"We would do it for good luck. It would be the first stroke of work without liquor."

"I have often used the reaping hook in my own country," said one who had not been over long.

"It is the full of the moon," suggested another.

"And the men, tired with their day at the distillery, will go to bed with the hens."

"And we can reap the rye, there are so many of us, between moonrise and dawn," decided Tabitha, "I myself, if I set out, can reap as much as any man in the settlement."

"Women have 'rights,' " said Madam Vaughn, "Let us take the right to reap that grain. We have asked that it may be done without the help of liquor. The Lord has given us the opportunity and shown us the way. Let us ask Him to bless our undertaking."

They all knelt, in their blue and white check, home-made linen gowns, on the white sanded floor, and when they again stood up, looking into each other's faces, there was not the shadow of a doubt anywhere remaining.

"Now go home and prepare food for our midnight meal," said Madam Vaughn, who was a born leader, and Tabitha added: "And I will heat my chimney oven, and you can bring your food here and cook it when it is prepared."

This was done; and while the brown bread and beans were baking, and the beef, pork and Indian pudding were boiling, they prayed, asking the Lord for strength of body to do the work, and strength of mind to carry out their purpose.

The lords of creation came home, as they were expected to, very much the worse for liquor, and tumbled into bed. The women milked the cows, made everything snug, and taking their sickles and their food, started for the mountain.

As they reached the border of the great grain field, Madam Vaughn said: "Away among the German Alps they have the pretty custom of blessing the harvest. They have a priest, to be sure, who sprinkles incense upon a fire of fagots kindled upon a rock, and with a green branch sprinkles holy water in the air. It is beautiful always to show our dependence upon God; and this we feel, and while we work we may lift up our hearts in silent prayer, with the certainty that our supplications will be heard, and that this harvest the Lord will surely bless."

Then, one by one, silently and swiftly, they set to work. There was no talking, and there could be no racing, for there were so many obstacles that each one worked as she could.

At midnight they ate their dinner, and never meal tasted sweeter than that by the light of moon and stars.

Then they got to work again, and as the first cock crew, away in the cluster of low houses in the bend of the brook, the grain was flat, and they made haste for home, all agreeing to kindle a fire and to go at once about breakfast, under the pretense of the men having a hard day before them and needing an early start.

It was not yet sunrise when the men of the neighborhood set out for the mountain, each man with a stone jug and a sickle.

They were cross from the excesses of the day before, and bragged and boasted and bet as to who would do the most, and argued as to who should strike in first, as if they were to reap on the smooth velvet sward of the meadow.

As they reached the great flat rock where the women had eaten their lunch they set their jugs in a row and "chose up," with two smooth sticks, to see who should have the first stroke.

It fell to Will Battles, and, as he seized a reaping hook and ran for the field, he swore a great oath that no man should hit his heels.

One after another they rushed after him, so that he should not get a

stroke ahead; but stopped, appalled, at the edge of the field, for not a single golden head of grain was standing to nod a welcome to the rising sun. The great black stumps and logs were everywhere, and all about among them the rough ground was covered with a carpet of yellow sheaves.

"This field was never cut by hand of man," said Colonel Emerson. "How short the stubble is! Tab Wells and Madam Vaughn must have reaped it with their tailoring shears. It is witches' work."

"We will see," said old Gideon Fisk. "Witches work always proves itself. Grain reaped by witches cannot be bound. It comes 'heads and butts—heads and butts.' That is how the 'witch shears' cut."

"That is right," said Sam Fletcher, who was "master pious" when he had been drinking. "It must have been cut by the angels. Some one has been prayin'."

"So they have," said little Ed Trask, the youngest one in the company. "I heard them yesterday when I came up from the distillery after dad's jugs. There was a powerful meetin' at Tab's. I heard Madam Vaughn pray that confusion might take the rum jugs, and that the harvest might be made without liquor."

"Well," said Sam Fletcher, "I will tell you what I think. That prayer must be answered. We won't say a word to the women folks, but we will leave the jugs where they are as long as the hill shall stand, and we will go to work and bind this grain, and never as long as we live let the women know that we found it cut for us."

So to work they went with a will—and soon the women, looking out, saw rows of sheaves dotting the edge of the field, and they could see that the men were piling the logs into heaps about the stumps.

When at length they came to dinner, the women were gratified, but not surprised (for they had prayed in faith), to see by the deportment of the men, young and old, they had abstained from liquor during the morning.

As they started again for the mountain, one waited for another under the great white ash-tree in the centre of the neighborhood until all were assembled, and they had a conclave. At length little Ed Trask was sent to ask the women to join them, and when they came, thoroughly astonished now, for they were not in the habit of being considered by the men, Colonel Emerson said:

"I happened once to hear my kinswoman, Madam Vaughn, tell of a custom somewhere in the mountains, where she was when a child, of blessing the harvest, and we are heaping up the logs as fast as we can get the grain into stacks, and we think by sundown we shall be ready to make a great bonfire, and we should like it if you would all come out then, and as we have no parson, if Madam Vaughn would bless the harvest."

"I cannot do just as it was done there," said Madam Vaughn. "I

will do the best I can, and I hope it will be acceptable to the Lord."

"And we women would gladly turn in and help about the binding this afternoon," said Tab, "and that would make sure of the whole lot being cleared, and would give more time for log-rolling."

"Just as you will." said the Colonel; so the women followed on up the mountain, and were so deft-handed in gathering and in binding the sheaves that by mid-afternoon it all stood in even stocks on a little plateau at the foot of the hill, where, after it had dried off in the sun for a few days, it would be threshed on the hard earth; for then there were no threshing floors.

At length the fires were kindled, and as the blue smoke, followed by the ruddy flames, curled in and out among the great logs like living things, Madam Vaughn, who had been shelling out the heads of grain in her apron, said: "I have no incense for the fire, and good grain I will not burn, for that would be waste; but I will burn the chaff, and the grain I will scatter to the winds and will repeat the Parable of the Sower, and we will sing the 91st Psalm, and I will pray for God's blessing upon us, upon our township, upon the harvest, and upon those who shall come after us."

"She talks like a parson, now, don't she?" whispered Sam Fletcher.

Colonel Emerson made a swift motion with his hand, as Madam Vaughn, tall and stately, scattered the chaff into the flames, and simultaneously each man dashed his stone jug on the great rock in the midst of the fire, and the stuff flashed up blue and lurid like "fire of hell," one of the old women said.

As Madam Vaughn was slowly and impressively repeating the parable, her little audience gazed upon her with such hungry awe full eyes, as if they were seeking for a lesson for themselves, that she went on through the whole of the 13th of Matthew, and as she read the 41st verse a light shone from the northward, and looking in that direction they saw the distillery in flames.

Then what a shout went up, and they broke into the singing of that wonderful Psalm of deliverance and of safety!

Afterward it was said by some that Tab's voice and that of her lover were not heard in the singing, but it was a time of great excitement, and no one could tell, and it was never known how the distillery took fire.

As they were going down the mountain, all, men and women, were united in praising God that the harvesting on Round Top had been done without liquor, and that now there was no distillery where liquor could be made, and that a saw and grist mill must inevitably follow.

The harvesting went on, the women helping with cheerful hearts. At one house after another there was a harvest supper, but without one drop of liquor, and then followed the threshing and the milling, and it was said that never had so many wedding cakes been made of a crop of rye.

That came about because the bright girls who had been following Tab's

example, and refusing to share their own pure love with a love for liquor, followed it still—and their weddings followed in the train of hers.

The winter following was that of the great revival, and they were able in the spring to build a meeting house and hire a minister. The grain that was to go to the distillery found a good market. There was sledding on the river from December until April, and it was the year of great blessing.

At the dedication of the meeting- house, Colonel Emerson told how the angels reaped the rye on Round Top, and then Madam Vaughn, to the astonishment of the visiting brethren, exercised her right to speak in meeting and tell the women's side of the story.

The old minister, who came forty miles through the wilderness on horseback to bless the church, said:

"The grain was reaped by angels, for such women I have never seen in all my travels, to work and cook and keep house and bring up families, and to pray and to repeat Scriptures, and to sing psalms and to exhort. Such women, it will be seen, are to keep the new nation in the line of progress, and hold it stanch for God."

The men said little, but they were proud of their mothers and wives and daughters, and rejoiced in the better times that the absence of rum had brought; and not one turned back to the old way.

Even to this day you will never hear the men say in our neighborhood, in the lofty way some men have—just because a human being is a woman—that she is not of quite so much consequence; you know how some men talk.

Those old families all prospered. The women were considered as much as the men, and it is astonishing to those who have an interest in genealogy to find how many promising people to-day are in some way connected with the angels who reaped the rye on "Round Top" at the full of the moon.—[Springfield Republican.

RETTA'S GIRL.

MRS. M. M. BUCKNER.

SHE came into the kitchen with an air of self-assurance which was half pert, half pathetic, and wholly comical in one who was a mere waif, with nothing but the helplessness of childhood as a passport into the houses she invaded. There was nothing prepossessing in her appearance, unless it was the broad, good-natured grin which seemed to proclaim that she was on good terms with all the world. She had an old, pinched-looking, yellow face, her head bristled with little tight braids pointing in every direction, and her broad teeth reminded one at once of the key-board of a piano.

"Hit's cole ter-day," she said, by way of introduction, as she spread out her bird-claw-looking hands at the stove, and looked up at me with a friendly glance.

Her assertion was a very self-evident fact, as it was a raw November day with a drizzling rain, and my reply was intended as a gentle hint that her visit could have been made more opportune.

"It is indeed a cold day. Not the right kind of weather to be out in, unless one has urgent business. What is your name?"

"I'm Retta's girl" she replied, smiling still more confidently.

Surprise quite took my breath away. I had heard so much of my queer-looking visitor, and never anything good, I could say nothing but, "Oh, you are!"

"I want some newspapers, please ma'am, ter stick up in our house ter shet out de win'. Ma ses I kin come an' bresh de ya'd fur yer Sad'day, an' she ses she wisht yer would give her an' ole frock."

I was getting out dinner, and when I got through I bade the girl follow me to the sitting-room, where I hastily bundled up some old papers and some cast-off garments, aud gave them to her, telling her to run on home before she got wet. Pulling her wrap, which was a man's seersucker coat, over her head, she turned to leave, when there was a sound of some one coming up the steps with much noise of cleaning muddy shoes, and Aunt Chaney bustled in with a basket of groceries.

"Hey, who dat?" she asked. "Dis hain't—yas, hit shorely is dat imp o' Satun, Retta's gal, as sho as I'se a nigger! What fur yer here, gal?" she asked, frowning darkly.

"I been in de sto', an' seed you jes' a bit ago," replied the girl evasively, with her amiable grin.

"Dat hain't what I ax yer," said Aunt Chaney, growing wrathful. "I knows yer failin', an' hope yer hain't got nuthin' dar," looking suspiciously at the bundle of papers, "dat b'longs ter other folks."

"Let the child go, Aunt Chaney," I said, wondering if this privileged old servant was really hard-hearted to her own race. "She's done nothing wrong."

"Law, Miss Ida, you dunno dat gal; she's jes' de slickes' rogue in dis country. I'll be boun' she didn't tarry long in dis house 'fo dem light fingers o' hern close on sump'en o' yourn. She can't fool dis chile, fur I done larnt her 'fo dis day. When I was on de Ballard ole place, 'bout two year ago, her triflin' onery mammy uster stay in my house, an' dat gal gin me a sight o' trouble, an' ef I hadn't got a lock put onter my do', an' my box, too, I raly do b'leeve she'd er broke me up in de world, root an' branch. She jes' toted my clothes an' dishes outen my room when she knowed I gwine ter ketch her. In course she'd try ter git outen it by storyin', but it didn't wuck, fur I knowed her by heart, an' de truf hain't in her. Dar never was jes' sich a low-down merlatter brat as Retta's gal. She is de stealenes', lyines', idles', grinnines', no' count gal dat ever cumbered up de yeth."

"I've heard that Retta was a smart woman, and perhaps she will teach this girl to be more useful after a while."

"Retta kin wash an' iron good as I kin; she kin do mos' kind o' house-wuck, but she ain't gwine ter wuck regler, an' as fur her larnin' dat gal ter wuck, dat's outen de question, fur nobody is gwine ter put up with her long ernough, dat's shore. Miss Bettie Lott done give her a good trial, an' had ter give her up as a bad job. At fust she done sorter like dar was hopes of her, but de longer she stayed de wusser an' foolisher she got. At las' Miss Bettie sont her back to Retta. She stole a lot of silver spoons, and all de doilets an' hand'chiefs she could git at. She even took de gole buttons outen de baby's frock. She want fitten to be a nuss, fur she nat'rally would learn de chillun ter lie an' steal an' be up ter all kind o' tricks. She let Miss Bettie's bird outen de cage, jes' fur de fun o' seein' de cat ketch hit, an' she got down de fambly Bible one day an' 'mused de chillun by cuttin' out de picturs fur scrap-books. O my Lan' sakes, Miss Ida, you best not 'low dat gal ter come in your yard. Best nip hit in de bud at onct, honey"; and, with a sage toss of her turbaned head, significant of volumes more on the same subject, which she could impart when occasion required, Aunt Chaney disappeared into her realm of the kitchen.

I had heard Aunt Chaney hold forth many times on the iniquities of Retta's misguided girl till the last tirade made so little impression on me that I had quite forgotten that she had offered to come and "bresh de yard" for me on the following Saturday, and I was taken aback no little when she

suddenly appeared, with the announcement, "I'm come ter he'p you some," smiling as broadly as ever.

Aunt Chaney looked at her ominously, and assumed an expression of injured dignity when I told the girl to go into the kitchen and get some breakfast, and then she might begin her sweeping.

I was quite busy that morning, and never thought once of the doubtful character on the premises. Aunt Chaney was also forgetful, evidently; from the way she sang over her work.

"Ef 'ligion was a thing that money could buy,
Jesus, Jesus, dyin' Lamb,
The rich would live and the poor would die,
Jesus, Jesus, dyin' Lamb,"

were the words I heard so many times that I began seriously to ponder about their truth and long for a change of tune. After dinner there was a period of silence, followed by such an unusual commotion that I hurried out to the kitchen to discover the cause. I met Aunt Chaney coming, dragging the small, squirming yellow girl.

"Yer need'nt try ter git er way, 'fo I done tell Miss Ida what kin' er trash you is," panted Aunt Chaney, "Dis here yaller imp is been up ter some of her ole tricks, lettin' things what b'longs to other folks stick to her fingers. See here! Hol' up dar, gal!" giving the small culprit a shake. "See here what she was toten off!" and she held up a small pearl-handled pocket knife triumphantly.

"I foun' hit under de house," said the girl doggedly.

"I think Toddlekins lost that knife the other day. I missed it from my basket after seeing him with it," I said, hoping to settle matters and close the scene; but Aunt Chaney was virtuously indignant, and desirous of administering speedy justice, and it was only with difficulty that I could persuade her to desist.

"I won't have the girl to do any more work for me," I said, to keep my old servant from feeling that I utterly disregarded her detective work.

Toddlekins and Patterfeet had been delighted with the company of the girl, her playfulness being a vast improvement, in their estimation, over Aunt Chaney's stolid amiability, and they tearfully watched the small figure till it was out of sight, Toddlekins calling after her, "Come back and play wif us to-morrow, Ketta's girl!" and Patterfeet echoed, "Tum back morrow, Wetta's dirl!"

"Jes' listen at dem chillun!" cried Aunt Chaney, "inwitin' dat nasty little warmint ter come an' see em!"

"Mamma, she played wif us so good!" said my little man, with reproachful blue eyes, "and you wouldn't let her stay."

I explained to him, in the most lucid manner, the evils of such compan-

ionship, but without good effect, if I could judge from the eager pleasure which shone in his face a few days later when I found him perched upon the back fence, deeply interested in something on the other side of the high boards, little Patterfeet sharing his interest, though she stood on the ground, with her little face pressed closely against the space between the boards. There was a constant murmur of voices, and occasionally a ripple of soft laughter, and when I inquired into the cause of their suppressed amusement, Toddlekins answered gleefully: "It's Retta's girl, mamma," and Patterfeet echoed "Wetta's dirl."

A toy monkey that was regarded by them as a priceless treasure was missing after this visit, and Aunt Chaney had no doubts as to what had become of it.

"I gwine ter give dat gal a good lickin' ef she don't make herself skase here," she declared; but she was no match for the wary little vagabond. She persisted in paying surreptitious visits to the children, who seemed to divine in some mysterious way when she was waiting on the opposite side of the back fence for a stolen interview. Nothing that we could say made them think less of her, and Aunt Chaney's arts all failed, when she set traps to catch her small tormentor. She bribed the children with cake babies to play near the back gate one day, and laid a bait of a very fat-looking cake boy on a big box, with the remark: "De fust one dat wants mo' cake can take dis boy." The temptation was great, and Retta's girl would probably have fallen into the hands of her enemy this time, if Toddlekins had not warned her as she was edging towards the cake: "Aunt Chaney is coming," he whispered, and the girl escaped as Aunt Chaney appeared around the corner of the kitchen near the gate which she had expected to dash to and shut when the girl came in for the cake, and thus have her captured. The children always came for lunch when she was about, and she hardly ever came without something being missed soon after.

I bore all this with considerable patience till, one day when she had ventured into the house while I was out, a valuable scarf-pin disappeared from the dressing-table, and as it could not be found after the most diligent search, I decided that Retta's girl had taken it, and that it was now time for me to assert my authority and forbid any further visits from her. I determined to send positive orders to her mother to keep the girl at home, that I would not put up with her depredations any longer.

It seems that on some days everything goes wrong. We are in for a streak of ill luck, and, an evil genius presiding, we are made to suffer in various ways. Even inanimate objects are made to act with malice aforethought. Everything and everybody is possessed of a spirit of perversity. I got up with a dull headache, after retiring in perfect health. The wood was wet and could not be coaxed to burn. The clock had stopped. The pump was frozen,

and we had to send a great distance for water. The cow kicked over the pail of milk. The rolls refused to rise for breakfast, and various other things happened to interfere with the usual good running of our domestic machinery; the climax being reached, however, when Aunt Chaney was summoned by her society to attend a funeral, and I was left to do the morning work and get dinner without any assistance.

It was well on in the afternoon when I had a chance to rest. My head was aching dreadfully, and without even a wish to read the papers that I had been so anxious to see when they came in the morning, I threw a shawl over my head and shoulders, and lay down on the lounge, feeling that to lie there with the torturing light and noise shut out was far more desirable than the wealth of the whole world.

The children were playing quietly in the dining-room adjoining.

I did not think that I could sleep, but I must have dozed for a brief period. Suddenly I felt very wide-awake, with a strange feeling of fear and anxiety. I heard the distant sound of a locomotive whistle, but I did not think whether it was approaching or leaving the station, as there were so many trains that I rarely noticed then. Perfect silence had succeeded the murmur of childish voices in the next room, and when I went in there, instead of finding Patterfeet asleep and Toddlekins amusing himself in some quiet way, I was surprised to find the occupants gone. The little table was there, with its array of tiny dishes and the remnants of the feast deserted. The floor was scattered with neglected toys. I went to the door and listened, but not a sound came from the yard. Running out, I called Toddlekins, and he came from the rear of the kitchen, dragging a long stalk of sugar-cane, which he had hacked and mutilated in a vain endeavor to peel it with a dangerously sharp knife. His face was flushed, and he said, fretfully:

"Mamma, please peel this cane! I've tried and tried, and I cant, and I'm starved for some cane."

"I will directly, son, but I must find little sister first. Where is she?"

"Patterfeet went that way," pointing towards the railroad, which was but a short distance from our door. "I told her not to go out, but she would.'

Again the whistle from the train, and I knew now it was time for the evening express. What if Patterfeet had wandered out and got on the track? I could not believe that she had, yet I ran with flying feet to see that she was not there. The train was now rapidly approaching. I saw it coming, roaring and shrieking like a mad thing. I could not see the track till I reached the narrow bridge spanning the ditch at the edge of the railroad, and I wondered if I could get there before the train rushed past. On I flew. I reached the bridge, and my blood froze as I saw little Patterfeet standing on the track, a tiny mite in the path of the fast-coming train! They would not see her in time to stop, for there was a sharp curve in the road, and she was standing

just below the curve, about thirty yards from the bridge. Could I reach her? Yes, or we would die together. I was almost on the track. The rails were vibrating, and I was deafened with the roar and almost crazed with terror. One moment more, and the train would rush around the bend and all would be lost. I saw a small figure spring suddenly on the track and seize Patterfeet, —and then the train, with a mad snort, swept around the bend and went thundering past. Should I see the mangled form of my baby when I looked towards the track? So sure was I that she had been crushed beneath those awful wheels that I longed to die before I knew it for a certainty. Then I heard a voice sweeter than the music of heavenly choirs, and when I opened my eyes I saw Retta's girl coming with dear little Patterfeet clasped iu her arms. I remember the great, unspeakable thankfulness that filled my heart, and how the tears blinded me so that I could not see, when I took them both in my arms; but I do not know how we ever got back to the house, nor how long it was before I could bear to let the child leave my lap.

"De train like ter cotch us, shore," said baby's rescuer; and I resolved that never would I send Retta's girl away from me; that I would keep her and try to make some feeble return for the priceless service she had done me.

Even Aunt Chaney, when she heard of the miraculous escape and the brave rescuer, could raise no objections, and grew suddenly forgetful of all the girl's faults, which she had been so prone to discourse upon with unsparing criticism. Yet she could not bring herself to like the girl, as we all had learned to do, till, one day when I was having a closet cleaned and put to rights, Aunt Chaney found one of Patterfeet's dolls, a most weather-beaten-looking specimen, minus arms and legs, thrown behind a box of shoes, and in the doll's dilapidated finery the long-lost scarf-pin. After this Aunt Chaney freely forgave Retta s girl for all her former misdeeds, and was as lavish of her praise as she had been of her scoldings. In a new atmosphere of sympathy, patience and good feeling, Retta's girl, once despised and neglected, grew into a useful and pleasant member of our household, a trustworthy, loving and beloved nurse to my children.—[The Woman's Journal.

ELIZABETH'S EXPERIMENT.

HELEN A. HAWLEY.

THE dishes were washed, the beds were made, the few touches of brush and duster, all that are needed to tidy a house when it is not sweeping-day, had been given. At this moment of leisure, Miss Elizabeth Morrison seized the morning paper eagerly. She did not look at the first page to learn the news of the world, although her interest in the march of events was keen. She turned over to the fifth page which is filled with fine print matter, and whose columns are headed "Wants."

Rapidly her eye ran down the line to the words: "Wanted: Help—Female." In a minute more she whipped a pencil out of her pocket, and made three crosses against three advertisements. The three were enough for practical purposes. Each asked for a housemaid and waitress combined, and each offered good wages. Elizabeth's manner was quite decided, as of one whose mind is made up.

"If I can only persuade father and mother," she said, "and I believe I can."

This sudden interest in requests for servants was certainly rather strange. Here was Betty Morrison, a pretty girl of nineteen, fairly well educated and more than fairly well endowed with common sense, ladylike from the crown of her head to the tip of her toes, living in her own pleasant home—what did she care about "situations?" Twenty-four hours before she didn't care, but last night! Well, she had a shock.

Last night Mr. and Mrs. Morrison left the tea-table for the library, while she remained behind to gather up the tea-dishes. The door was ajar without their noticing it, and scraps of talk wandered through. The first thing that claimed her attention was this:

"I see no other way. Harry must leave college. To think that those stocks should be worthless now, and I judged them the very safest." Mr. Morrison groaned.

"Couldn't you borrow the money?" suggested his wife.

"Possibly, but I don't like to try, for I have no good security to offer, and the times are very unsettled. The time may come quickly when I shall have only an honest name as capital. I mustn't endanger that. But it seems a pity for our boy to lose so much, when only a few paltry hundreds are needed to take him through."

This, with more to the same effect, was what gave Betty the shock. She had known for a long time that they were not so well off as they used to be. Less than four years ago they kept two servants, then there was one, and then there was none, like the little "Injun boys" of the song, Now she and her mother did the work, with some help from Agnes, her young sister, who went to school. There were other economies, but still every comfort.

All the morning she thought and planned. The midday dinner came, and Mr. Morrison sat down to it, preoccupied, anxious. When it was over:

"Papa," said Betty, "please stay awhile, I want to ask some questions. You, too, mamma. How much do I cost you a year? My 'keep,' and my clothes, and my spending-money?"

"What a question, Betty! Not more than you are worth."

"Of course not." She had perched on the arm of his easy-chair, and now stroked his thin locks. "But I really want to know. I have a reason."

"What dark plotting is this?" Something like a smile brightened his grave face. "Well, let me see. I think my pretty daughter may cost me five or six hundred a year, and I don't consider her dear at that, though she's very dear all the same."

"No playing on words nor compliments allowed, papa, and please prepare to be horrified." Then quite seriously: "I couldn't help hearing what you and mamma were saying last night, and Harry must not leave college. It's just the beginning of his senior year. He might know enough for the position he hopes for in that school, but he wouldn't get it withont the prestige of graduation. It would be ruinous for him to drop out now. He ought not even to know of the trouble, for Harry *can* be obstinate."

"Not the only one of my children who can be." Mr. Morrison interrupted, with a sad humor.

"He could be told enough to make him very economical, but not enough so he'd insist on leaving. Now, please don't interrupt again, papa, until I tell you. I'm going to save you all I cost, besides making a little money, and Harry, if he's careful, can keep on. I'm going to apply for a situation as housemaid and waitress in R ——. I expect a first class recommend from my last place, ma'am." She sprang up and made a sweeping courtesy to her astonished mother.

Then such a pelting of objections, of almost commands, as that girl received, to each of which she had an answer. No she didn't consider it a disgrace—no honest work was a disgrace—she didn't believe any friend worth having would cut her; she had set her heart on it, and should be quite miserable if she was not permitted. And there was one argument not to be gainsaid—Harry. Agnes could stay out of school to help mother. Agnes could afford to wait; but Harry couldn't.

Moreover, she must go at once—to-morrow morning, there were so many

to answer such advertisements. She knew the city perfectly, as many times as she had been there, and only fifty miles away. She could almost identify the houses, in one of which she was going to work. If she didn't get a place, she could come back at night none the worse.

She wheedled, she coaxed, she used her common sense, and—she got her way, just as any high-minded young woman who is in the right ought to do.

It was a very tremulous hand of blessing which her father laid on her head, as he rose to go.

"I ought never to be downcast again," he said, "with such a brave daughter."

"Just a few of my plainest dresses, mamma"—they were packing a small trunk that evening. "I won't need a single new gown for a year. Isn't that jolly?" If Betty rattled on, she was certainly to be excused, for, indeed, it takes some courage to break loose from one's social position.

When her father gave her his parting kiss at the station next morning, he said:

"Remember, my daughter, it is only an experiment, and if it fails, there will be no regret at seeing my little girl return. You can hardly wonder that this seems a disgrace, not to you, but to me."

"Now, papa, no more of that, 'an' thou lovest me.' The best man in the world shall not run himself down in my presence." Then the train came, and she was gone.

When the inevitable boy appeared with the morning papers, Betty bought one promptly, and turning to the fifth page, found the familiar column. As she did so, there was a flash of self-consciousness. "What will people think, to see me studying this page?" She quenched it at once. "Pshaw! I am not the centre of the world's eyes, and what they think doesn't matter."

She was glad to find that of the three advertisements in yesterday's paper, two remained, and two more of the same character were added.

"Four places at least, to call at, unless I 'suit', at once. I wonder how I'll begin. I forgot, though; it's the mistress who'll begin."

Fortunately, Miss Elizabeth had a relish for fun, and the humors of the situation served to keep down what many a girl would have made pathetic.

She stopped at a quiet "home hotel." Every city has one, where country people go. She knew this one somewhat, having dined there more than once with her father. The morning was not so far advanced but she had time to apply at two places on her list before lunch. Neither of these houses did she penetrate farther than the hall, the mistress of each sending a message that she had "engaged a maid that morning."

It was two o'clock in the afternoon, Mrs. Allen, of No. 212 Lake Avenue lay on a couch in her own room with some symptoms of exhaustion.

No wonder. She had interviewed that morning no fewer than ten applicants for the position of housemaid and waitress combined, and not one of the slatternly, untidy lot had appeared to be capable of transformation to suit her needs. Presently the cook knocked at her door—the cook whose patience she feared would not bear much longer the strains of extra duties.

"Please ma'am, there's anither a-waitin' in the settin'-room,"

"Another—what?" Mrs. Allen asked.

"Leastways I think she's anither as wants a place. But she doesn't look like the rest uv them."

Well, perhaps it was worth while to go down in that case. The young person rose with a slight bow as Mrs. Allen entered, and, in answer to a word of inquiry, said: "My name is Elizabeth Morrison. I came in answer to your advertisement."

Mrs. Allen tried to conceal the surprise she felt. This plainly dressed young woman was a lady; there was do doubt of that. There could be no mistake as to the good breeding which her whole manner, and even her voice indicated. Mrs. Allen's first words showed the thought which was in her mind.

"Pardon me," she said, "but I do not need a companion."

Elizabeth smiled and replied: "No, madam, I understand the advertisement. I wish to apply for the position of housemaid and waitress, if you have not already engaged some one."

"Oh, no," the lady answered; "there's no one engaged. But" as if to guard against future misunderstandings, and again expressing her uppermost thought, "I cannot have a maid in my house who will not wear a cap and apron."

"Certainly," this tall girl assented. "I am quite willing to wear them." (Privately, Miss Betty expected to find the cap becoming.)

"Are you sure you know what your duties will be? You have not lived out before?" Mrs. Allen asked these questions with some hesitation. She felt as if she was prying into the affairs of an equal, instead of making necessary inquiries of a domestic.

"No; I have not lived out before. But I am quite sure as to my duties, for," she stopped, and then bravely threw off her reserve—"for we formerly kept servants ourselves. My father has had severe reverses. He hopes to right himself, but the present need is urgent." (No, she would not reveal the secret about her brother.) "I have really chosen this rather than the more remote success which might come if I tried to teach, or paint china, or do fancy-work. It seemed to me the open doors in this direction were more numerons." Another thought struck her, and she added, "I can refer you to my minister, the Rev. Mr. Thorne, of Beechhurst."

"Indeed; I know him," said Mrs. Allen, her face lighting, "I have enter-

tained him when here at great church gatherings. I am counted a cautious woman, but I do not think I need write to him. I will engage you gladly. Then, with generous warmth, "You are your own recommendation." She started because she was near puttiug "my dear" on the end of her sentence. It was very easy to say "my dear" to Betty Morrison.

That night Betty indulged in what she called "a twenty-five-cent extravagance." She knew it would keep her mother from lying awake, and this short message went to Beechhurst: "Engaged. Happy. Will write in a day or two." She never thought how it sounded, but the telegraph operator who received it wondered why such a girl as Betty Morrison should send news of her engagement by telegram! Being an elderly man, he mused on the forwardness of girls in these days; but being a faithful man, as became his position, he kept the secret.

Mrs. Allen herself showed the new housemaid to her room, and Elizabeth's heart gave a great bound of relief. Her secret dread had been a room shared with some other servant, and this one, though small, was comfortable and all her own. Her mistress also told her that she would take her meals by herself. Not till long afterwards did she know that this was an unusual concession. Mrs. Allen was kind hearted and had resolved, "I must be careful not to spoil her; but I will try to make the situation tolerable, at least."

Meanwhile, Betty mentally drew up a code of laws for her own guidance. There were certain points where she feared she might fail. The rules were informal, and ran something like this:

"Mustn't carry a chip on my shoulder when with the servants. Ought to say 'other servants;' forgot I'm one also. Fortunately, I'm not very quick to take offence.".

"Must be careful when waiting on the table not to appear interested in the conversation—never, never, to put in a word—mind my own business, in fact. It's surprising how many proverbs flt my case."

"Must never sit down in the drawing-room, or in any room nearer the front than the dining-room, and not in that if Mrs. Allen is present."

"Must never use the front stairs on my own errands. Must never go out or in at the front door. Remember, I'm a side-door girl now."

"Must remember that I'm to answer questions, and not to make conversation. Also that self-respect isn't pride, and isn't a matter of position. I don't think I'll forget that, though."

The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Allen and a son about fourteen years old. There was an older son who was away at present, and between these, the dear only daughter had died.

"She would be about the same age as Elizabeth now," Mrs. Allen thought, as she looked at her housemaids's trim youthfulness.

The other servants were Nora, the cook; Bridget, the "Madonna of the

tubs," and Tim' the smart young coachman, all from "the Green Isle over the say."

After a week, Mr. Allen expressed his mind to Mrs. Allen. "My dear, I've been watching the experiment of a lady-maid, rather than a lady's-maid, and I think you've found a treasure,"

"'New brooms,' you know," was the cautious reply. "I'm trying not to rejoice too soon."

"Well," said Mr. Allen, "It's certainly refreshing to be served at table neatly. I rejoice in the negatives—in what she doesn't do. She doesn't stick her face into mine when I give an order; she doesn't put her hands on her hips and answer, 'All right;' she doesn't cling to the back of my chair, and when my soup comes in, I'm sure it isn't flavored with her thumb."

"Horrid!" exclaimed Mrs. Allen.

"Horrid, certainly, but true with most of the green waitresses, and I don't think I'm overfastidious either."

"So far I've not a word of complaint," said his wife. "The bric-a-brac hasn't had an accident since she came. She handles it as if she loves it. Moreover, she does everything in a quiet, unaffected manner, and keeps her place admirably."

"Talking about Elizabeth?" Jack burst out. looking up from his book. "I think she's jolly! Last night I was in a tight place in my lessons. She came in through the dining-room; I was studying there. I s'pose she saw I looked vexed, for she asked if she could help me. Just a word or so, and she made it all plain. She said to ask her any time, and I'm going to."

"Not too much help, my boy."

"No, sir; and she won't give it; she isn't that kind. She keeps a fellow up to the mark, just as she does herself." His father and mother smiled to each other.

Betty wrote home often—bright, cheery letters, not blinking the disagreeables entirely, for she meant to be truthful, but honestly saying that her life was happier than she anticipated. She told them of the opportunities which her "afternoons out" gave her—opportunities which she made the most of, to visit public libraries, museums, and picture galleries. Fearing it would pain them, she omitted the amusing tale how Tim, the coachman, tried to "make up" to her, and had to be politely but firmly "discouraged" Yet without any self-assertion on her part, the servants accorded her a distinction, saying "Miss" unconsciously, and Nora was her staunch friend.

"She bez that good-natured—always a bit uv a kind wor'rd when ye're tired, an' mebbe offers to help wid the cakes an' custards." This was an outburst of confidence to the "misthress," which gladdened the latter's heart. For once house-keeping was easy.

Betty wrote to "brother Harry" as usual, but with an innocent subter-

fuge. She sent the letters home under another cover, to be mailed from there, but Harry did think she dealt in generalities, and was chary of home details.

Mrs. Allen entertained often, and now she meditated a five-o'clock tea. Long before this she had found out that many things might be trusted to Elizabeth, which were foreign to the ordinary housemaid's capacity. So now she asked her to write the invitations, handing her a list of those to be the guests. Elizabeth glanced down the list. "Pardon me, Mrs. Allen." The lady looked up inquiringly.

With some hesitation Elizabeth said: "I see here a name I know—Miss Katherine Harmon. If it is the same, we were at school together, and very good friends. Afterwards we corresponded awhile. I thought it might embarrass her if I waited upon her, as she would be sure to recognize me."

"Thank you, Elizabeth," Mrs. Allen replied, "it is thoughtful of you. Miss Harmon is visiting in the city. You know I am to have an extra waitress for the tea. I will arrange it so that she shall serve in the room where Miss Harmon sits, and thus avoid any awkwardness to either of you."

"I call that extraordinary good sense," Mrs. Allen said to her husband that night. "Not a word as to being embarrassed herself. She is certainly a very unselfish girl."

The months marched on, till it was the middle of June. A few weeks more and the Allens would leave the city. Then a letter came from Mr. Morrison to his daughter. "You are to come home at last—at last. There has been a most fortunate turn in my affairs. Harry graduates next week—what doesn't he owe to you; if he only knew it! You must be here when he arrives." This followed by more details.

One could hardly say that Betty was sorry to go, yet she honestly felt she would not have that experience omitted from her life.

"I shall be a better woman for it—a more considerate woman, and its worth ever so much to be superior to circumstances."

The Allens were too noble to be miserly of appreciation. The master of the house said kind words, and Jack lamented openly.

"I am glad for you, and sorry for myself," was his mother's expressed regret. "You have added more to the happiness of our home than you dream. I shall always wonder now why self-respecting American girls who need it do not take your course."

"All mistresses might not be so considerate as you have been," was the grateful answer. Then Mrs. Allen said "My dear," and kissed her.

Harry's college was a long distance off, so he, with one or two of his class, had stayed for extra study through the short vacations. Now he had graduated with honor—his position for next year was secure; at a good sal-

ary. However much she wished it, Betty's parents would not keep her secret, and Harry was told of his debt to her.

It was amusing, it was pathetic, the way he took it.

"Oh! Betty, how mean of me!"

"Mean? Not at all—you didn't know it; how could you prevent it? I had a jolly time besides. Mrs.——,'

"Stop! Don't tell me her name; I might meet her some time, and I couldn't look her in the face—the woman you worked for!"

"You abused boy! Be sensible, Harry; it was the only way. If you could know how it relieved father. We couldn't foresee any better fortune ahead at the time, and we all expected to live on your salary next year, if you only graduated properly"—so Betty solemnly averred. "I think this is reward enough. It repays me amply," and she touched the Phi Beta Kappa key which hung from his watch ribbon.

"You're a darling!" He gave her a stifling hug.

There is a pretty sequel to the story, and when things do go right in this naughty world, it seems best to tell of it, if only to spite the pessimists.

A year from that summer, Harry—Professor Harry now—was coming home for the long vacation. He wrote that he had invited his best friend, his college chum, to join him in a week or two, and make an extended visit. The young man came. and the days flew happily enough. So happily, that shortly before he was to depart, he had courage to ask Miss Betty the important question, "Will you marry me?"

And Betty gave the oddest, most irrelevent answer. She blushed properly, and looked improperly arch. Then she said, "Less than two years ago I was a servant in your mother's house. I worked for her nine months."

In his surprise, he blurted out the first thing that came into his head.

"I don't believe it." After an instant, "If you were, I don't care. Please answer me."

But Betty was firm. "Write to your mother first. When her reply comes, you shall have mine."

The next morning he brought his mother's letter, hope shining in his face. For Mrs. Allen wrote:

"I knew whom you would meet when you went, my dear boy, but I thought, 'I will keep her secret.' I wanted you to see her with unprejudiced eyes, and I can truly say, I know no girl I would more gladly welcome as my daughter than Elizabeth Morrison."

Then, of course, Miss Betty said "Yes."—[N. Y. Evening Post.

BLIND MATTIE.

OVER in the Newark Almshouse lives Blind Mattie. That is the name by which this patient sufferer is known, but it does not begin to indicate her afflictions. Of the five senses with which nature endowed her but one remains. She can neither see nor hear. Taste is denied her. All food has the same flavor. She can smell nothing. The sense of touch is all that remains to Blind Mattie.

Yet her mind is intensely active. The famous case of Helen Keller finds a parallel in Blind Mattie, although it must be borne in mind that she has had few advantages such as were the privilege of the gifted Miss Keller, nor is she mentally the equal of that marvellous girl. How could she be, when she is steeped in poverty, the least, however, of her afflictions?

Blind Mattie's full name is Mattie Morehouse. Her relatives live in Newark, but they are too poor to support her in institutions other than those provided by public charity. And that is why she finds herself in the Newark Almshouse, where her desolation is complete. She has mastered the Braille system of reading and writing for the blind, and she speaks the sign language of the deaf and dumb. But she might just as well be alone on the Sahara Desert, for none of the other inmates of the institution can communicate with her through the medium of these agencies.

Mattie's power of speech is still left to her, and she is a garrulous talker although she cannot hear a word that is said to her. Her speech has the inflection of a child singing. Mrs. Albaney, the kindly matron of the Almshouse, knows the deaf and dumb language, and when I called to see Mattie the other day, she acted as interpreter.

Of course, Mattie, being blind, cannot see the finger signs which constitute the communication between deaf mutes, so she and Mrs. Albaney place their hands together, and the blind woman feels the sign words impressed upon her palm, and reads quickly. Her sense of touch is most acute, and very often she seems to anticipate a question almost with the first syllable. She is also very sensitive to vibrations of any kind.

Blind Mattie was not born as she is now. Previous to the time she was eight years old she was as any other normal and healthy child. I shall let her tell her story as I heard it from her own lips. It is a story which has proven a puzzle to medical science.

I was introduced to Blind Mattie by Mrs. Albaney, and as she shook

hands with me she seemed to be thinking very deeply, as though trying to impress something upon her mind. "It is her only means of recognition," said the matron in response to my inquiring look. "She never forgets a hand. You might come here a year from now, shake hands with her without saying who you were, and she would remember you at once."

Mattie was seated in a rocking chair at the side of her little white cot. She had been writing—composing a hymn. Her sensitive finger tips were moving over the Braille letters which,she had just written. Braille letters are made by perforating thick paper with a sharp pointed instrument. They stand in relief, and, though quite unintelligible to those who read with the eye, to Mattie's sensitive fingers they speak an inaudible language.

She is far from being attractive in appearance. She is thirty-one years old. She might be fifty, judging from her plaintive, drawn face. And yet she is happy and smiles continuously. Think of it, you men and women who frown simply because the gaunt wolf of poverty links his arm with yours. Poverty is the least of Blind Mattie's afflictions.

When I had explained my errand through the agency of Mrs. Albaney, Mattie became greatly interested, and very much excited as well. It was an epoch in her life. I asked her about her hymns. She said she composed them all "out of her own head" and read several of them to me, running her finger over the mystic raised symbols on the cardboard and repeating the words in a shrill, singing treble that characterizes her entire speech.

I asked permission to copy one as she read it to me, and picked up one of the sheets. She quickly ran her finger over its surface.

"No, no; not that one!" she exclaimed. "That one is wrong."

Then she selected another sheet, and while she read it with the index finger of one hand she guided my pencil with the other hand as I copied the words which fell from her poor trembling lips. Here are the verses as I copied them:—

Come and walk with Jesus to-day,
  And it will do you such good
To rescue your soul from astray,
  For you He has done all He could.

Yes, lo! I will follow Jesus,
  And to the cross I will cling.
For where he was led like a lamb
  There He prayed that I might find Him.

Now may I sit below His feet,
  While sorrow and love flow down,
And there I love to pray and weep,
  And gain my golden crown.

Come, then, to me and I will tell
About the place where He lay.
And may we all remember well,
Angels rolled the rock away.

Jesus is risen from the tomb;
Oh, come see him rise to-day,
Come, bring flowers and sweet perfume,
And spices on the altar lay.

"Amen! That's all," said Blind Mattie, as she released my hand.

Mattie is intensely religious. She reads her Braille Bible almost continuously when she is not writing hymns or doing fancy work. And yet she has never heard a hymn sung since she was eight years old, nor has she seen any knitting or needle work of any kind.

"From God I learned everything," she exclaimed in a fervor of ecstacy. She reached for a work basket, threaded a needle and began to sew, her left hand closely following the other hand's work. She soon had a blue satin bow necktie finished. Samples of her knitting and crocheting were to be found in her work box.

She can blend colors by counting what she has done and picking up the next color by feeling a mark she had affixed to it.

"My real name," she said, "is Mattie Morehouse." As she spoke she seized a pencil and guiding it with her left hand wrote the name. It was not very plain, but Mrs. Albaney explained that she could do better when not laboring under such unusual excitement.

"How long have you been here?" I asked, through the matron's nimble fingers.

"A little over three years," said Blind Mattie. "Three years and about one month." She seemed to be calculating mentally, and added:—"Yes, it will be three years and one month next Thursday."

"Do you remember things that happened before you became blind and deaf?" I asked through my interpreter.

"Oh, yes," was the reply, in that pitifully monotonous tone. "I remember how everything looked—the grass and the trees and the blue sky, the faces of my father and mother, everything.

"When I was eight years old my father sent me to an empty room in the house for something. We lived here in Newark. Just as I was about to leave the room, I thought I saw my little brother who had died. He said to me:—"Mattie, where is pa?"

"The place seemed filled with a blinding light. I couldn't see, and I fell down flat on my face. I don't know how long I lay there, but after a while I groped my way downstairs. Everything seemed strange. I told my father I

couldn't see or hear. He didn't believe me at first, but I guess he must have known pretty soon, for I have been that way ever since."

Her friends vouch for the story the matron told me. Physicians have considered the case a most puzzling one, inasmuch as the fright was due to a hallucination and not to something that had really happened. Mattie herself scouts the idea that she really saw her dead brother. She is not superstitious, and says she only thought she saw him. No skill ever helped to bring back the lost senses, although all possible means were tried.

After some years of illness Mattie went to a New York institution, where she remained for a short time, and later went to Philadelphia, where she learned the Braille system. It is this accomplishment that brings her much happiness, for all day long she sits beside her little white cot in the almshouse, tracing the words of her great Bible with her delicate finger or writing hymns with the sharp needle, which pricks up the strange characters of the language of the blind.

Wishing to secure a photograph of Blind Mattie, I asked Mrs. Albaney if she might be taken on the porch, where the light was better. The consent of the matron was readily secured, and we assisted her into the open air. It was not until we got her into the open air that she was informed that her picture was to be taken.

And then, vanity, thy name is woman! This poor creature who, one would naturally think, was not concerned about her personal appearance; this poor, afflicted inmate of an almshouse, objected on the score that she was not dressed! She wanted to primp up. She almost struggled to be permitted to at least change her shoes. She had her old shoes on, and they were very old and she had better ones upstairs.

And all the time she was being posed for the picture she was pulling her skirts down so as to hide her shabby shoes. It was pitiful, but as a commentary on the sex it had its amusing side.

The trolley cars pass in front of the almshouse, and as we were in the porch one of them went by. "There goes a car," remarked Blind Mattie.

At my suggestion the matron questioned her to ascertain how she knew a car was passing. She could neither see it nor hear it.

"I can feel it," replied Mattie.

And that demonstrated the acuteness of her one remaining sense. Mattie is very anxious to be sent to some other institution, where there are others who are blind, and who can talk to her in the Braille language. Then, she says, she will be perfectly happy. Can you realize it?—[New York Herald.

Miss Louise Lee, of Hartford, has recently visited "Blind Mattie" and vouches for the correctness of the above.—ED.

VIRGINIA D. YOUNG.

REFLECTIONS FROM "BEHOLDING AS IN A GLASS."

FLORENCE N. D. EVANS.

A CRITICISM of Mrs. Virginia D. Young's latest novel were incomplete without a character sketch of herself.

Imprimis, she is a literary exponent of her State. Literature has been the passion of her life; and her vigorous, various, versatile mind is equal to any style. She is a charming correspondent, a graphic reporter, and a romance writer of the realistic school. No lurid sentimentalities *a la* "Quick and the Dead" for her: No transcendentalism in passion; nothing but ordinary human emotions,—cheerful with the light of common day, and in accordance with the pre-established harmony of occurrences. Her writings are full of felicitous expressions of daily thought that lend themselves to personal application.

Mrs. Young enjoys the prestage of having taken the initial step in South Carolina in behalf of "Woman's Suffrage," by her petition to the Legislature to have the "Elective Franchise bestowed upon her." This was so happily expressed that it created a ripple of excitement over the State.

As the French have it, "It is the first step that costs;" and since then she has been a power with her pen, gaining adherents, and converting remonstrants all over the State to woman suffrage.

Mrs. Young fulfils the divine mandate, "Cast forth thy Net, thy Word, into the ever-living, ever-working, universe: it is a seed-grain that cannot die."

She could live in "silken-folded idleness," but on the contrary her life is full of arduous occupation in her chosen field. Hers is an ideal existence, and proves in itself how much the larger opportunity broadens and enobles woman. Having wealth she "lives in pulses stirred to generosity;" and her presence is a benediction in many a humble home. Her apotheosis of happiness was attained in her marriage, and her husband is the prototype of her charming Doctor in "Beholding As in a Glass."

It would be impossible to speak of Mrs. Young without referring to her noble work for woman suffrage. Recently she went on the crusade through South Carolina, with her apostolic sisters, urging the importance of "equal

rights to all,"—"which is the basis of Democracy," "the ultimate Political Evangel, wherein alone can Liberty lie."

These ladies, by their logical discourses, their admirable information, and more especially their charming manners, did more for the "exquisite rightness" of the cause than any amount of writing in Woman's Journals would have accomplished. The "universal brotherhood of man" is a nearer possibility than hitherto.

An amusing incident; one of South Carolina's *ci-devant* Senator's refused to go out to hear such "intolerable rubbish;" whereupon a bright young lady (nameless here forevermore) wrote him a little lecture in which she referred to his having inquired, once upon a time, "Who was Shakespere any how?" and enclosed a leaflet expressing the opinions of eminent men and women on the subject. At present he thinks this theme too vast for his comprehension.

One lady (whose sons had urged the impropriety of her attending the meetings!) came away wishing one of the lady speakers could be president of the United States, and indignant that "men had not the chivalry to *offer* women the ballot, since it was so self-evident that it was their right!" Her hand and heart is in this cause, henceforth.

After Charleston's gracious reception of the ladies, came a remonstrant warning from a dweller on the heath, "to avoid *these women* as if they were reptiles!" Well it was comical,—these high-bred, highly intellectual ladies had already made an indellible impression of sheer delight on their refined audiences and had gained numerous adherents to their beloved cause.

Mrs. Young scored a good point with her quotation from Drummond on Parasitism; when she derided the "hermit-crab woman," every woman on the barnacle order felt a psychical shudder. She turned the light on innumerable mental eclipses.

Mrs. Young's novel would not be an up-to-date affair if it did not have at least one emancipated woman in it; but she has judiciously observed a certain ratio. Her story is full of philosophical reflections, with many touching pictures of human life.

This, for instance, of one of her martyr souls, on whom accident has laid its burden of pain: "How I used to love to lie on the sands, swim in the surf, and listen to the voice of the sea, or watch the white waves "kneel down on the shore," or lash it in time of storm! O, with what delight I studied the sails that came up from the under world or sank beneath the verge; and Oh! what dreams I dreamed of the future!

We were a rich old family then, and little I recked, in those halcyon days, of the farce of farming in an Arkansas bottom with a pack of freedmen, and other unpleasant concomitants. Then I used to fancy, in the first years of my exile to this accursed country, that I would coin money and go back and buy the dear old home and die there. But that, like all my dreams, has

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perished." This was the dream of many southern men after the war.

But the end of this man was worse than the beginning. What a sorrowful picture of his death-agony—unmercifully precipitated upon him by his life's partner: "The dying man's breath now came in measured gasps, the weirdest sound, something between sighing and sobbing, as if the parting soul thus inarticulately, but with pathos inexpressible, uttered its deep heart-break. His form was motionless, except when that horrible breathing agitated the throat and breast; the half-open-eyes were glazed and expressionless, while the cold death-dews lay heavy on his forehead and the clammy fingers were stiffening. At last the dawn began to break; a mocking-bird broke into rapturous song, and suddenly as with a snap when the cords of an instrument are broken, the gasping breath ceased, and with a slight shudder life was gone out of the body."

Her heroine becomes curiously interesting from the moment she portrays her as being ugly (a very comforting fact to the average reader.) This is the way she apologizes for her: "Have you never found yourself drawn powerfully to those lacking beauty of form, complexion or feature?" and further, "Who was it of whom the prophet wrote—"He hath no form. nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him?" "I might say my heroine was like a mist that changed according to being shone on more or less. At any rate the woman whose struggles with life I shall endeavor to depict, if no Greek beauty, or odalisque of the Orient, had something about her suggestive of Mrs. Browning—was small like her, dark of eyes and sweet of voice, a voice remarkable in that its inflections reflected every shade of her varying moods."

And this dainty description of a blond beauty: "The loveliest opaline eyes—eyes laughing winsomely beneath white lids; forehead fair and satiny as a lily petal, under ringlets of golden hair. Cheeks the color of the flower of the peach: and love himself lurked in the bow of the exquisite lips. The harvest moonlight of her blonde loveliness entranced our heroine more than the starry brightness of the other sister."

And this of the other: "Elma on the contrary, was a most brilliant and healthy-looking brunette, her pliant figure curved and rounded in nature's daintiest mould, head poised with coronet of jetty hair, the dusky cheeks aflame with native bloom, the melting midnight eyes aglow with native fight; her brows, penciled arches, lashes black and sweeping; nose Grecian, chin well-developed but dimpled, and the scarlet beautiful lips constantly curving with smiles of self-satisfaction."

Her heroine as a *fin de seicle* woman explores the "fair philosophies," and we find this psycho—physiological reflection: "All life is of protoplasmic origin—we are all alike built up of tiny cells, filled with a watery, ever-moving fluid, it being the raw material of all forms of life. Every word

you speak, every kiss you give, every tear you shed, destroys some of these nerve-cells of life, which are replenished from the food we eat, the air we breathe * * * there can be no organic life without matter, no manifestation of mind without the intervention of grosser material than itself. * * * The doctrine of a life to come cannot be established by physiological evidence." "Science sheds no light on the hereafter." But our heroine had been reared in the simple but sufficient faith of the Christian creed, and scientific research on this subject had no discouragement for her.

Mrs. Young's book is by no means merely a vehicle for the expression of opinions: it is full of incident, of characters that live and move and have their being, and that leave a permanent impression upon you.

She enjoys delineating the rural type, or rather the reversion to type. Her large sympathy readily comprehends that inarticulate species. She can reproduce their conversations in the vernacular to perfection, and often laughs merrily at her dialect anecdotes of them. The story is laid in a suburban town, and of necessity the uncultivated element is a component part. She adduces a bona fide courtship of that brand—between a widow and an "obershee:" "I 'clar' to gosh, Mis Pryor," said he, "this is jolly! I wouldn't a-missed comin' here fur nothin.' Two or three times lately I was layin' off to come. I've made up my mind to sober down and git married, an' I've done picked you out Mis Pryor, as the most suitable woman I know to jog along in harness with me." "A long winded nag' and powerful jolly! Besides, you've got the farm already for me to obershee. You wants a obersheer an' I wants a wife. I'll teck care of your farm if you'll teck me? What do you say, teck me or not?"

"Why, Mr. Esau! What on earth do you mean talking so? I believe you are drunk."

"No, I ain't; I'm sober as you is! 'S'y yes, Mis Pryor. I'll answer fur it I'll suit you to a dot; and I'm getting more in love with you every minute."

"I declare, Mr. Esau, yon make me ashamed. I wouldn't have you if you was the last man on earth!"

The inevitable repression of the uneducated fills one with unutterable sorrow: never to dream of the ineffable felicities, the celestial rapture, the expanded ecstacy, and the æsthetic happiness of the loves of those far better and wiser! Is there any compensation in heaven itself for the loss of this exquisite rapture on earth?

Even the darky feels supreme contempt for the "tackey," the poor white "buckra." As Mr. Howels observes there is one thing to be said in favor of the negro, "he always imitates the best;" and he intuitively recognizes the aristocratic element.

Our author is very successful in hitting off the darkey dialect. How is this for a sample? read, of course, with the indescribable sing song, exhorta-

tory tone of the preacher, with ah, at the end of each line. "I lay on de edge ob hell all day, my head was hanging over. I see de fiery pit a-blazin' like de woods a-fire. An' dere was a grate big kettle bilin', full ob red-hot led an 'dinimite.' An' I see de wicked a-jumpin' an' a-howlin' in torment; and a-hollerin' fur Lazarus to come an' bring a drop ob water fur to cool dere parched tongues.

"I see de debbil wid dat ole club foot o' hissen a-gwine about wid a tree-pronged fork, a-stirrin' up de fire an' drivin' de sinners back in, an' ebery now an' den he'd go out an' git some o' dat bilin' lead an' pour it on 'em' an' den dey holler like wild, an' de blue blazes would come outen dere nostrils."

Thence he was transported right up to the gates of the New Jerusalem. "An' dere, close by de gate, wus my little sister Jane what died 'fore freedom come. I say, 'Dat you Jane?' She say, 'Dat's me. Enter in thou blessed ob de Lord!' Den lots more angels come round an' tek me an' wash me whiter dan snow an' dey put de silver slipper on my foot, an' de white robe, an' de golden girdle, an' a great crown like de sun in July, blazin', and carried me an' sot me to milk an honey."

But the crowning womanliness of her heroine accomplishes itself when she lays aside the ambition of her life,—the gratification of a literary career,—to go to the fever-stricken city of Melita as nurse to the sick, to "be to other souls the cup of strength in some great agony." "For this she had come into the world, not as she once fancied, to write a grand, soulful book, a book that should speak to many minds—this her chosen service as high priestess in the temple of nature, interpreting through her great love nature's beatitudes, nature's prophecies. No, this blessing was not to be hers; but rather as an humble acolyte, swinging the censer of a pitying service about the beds of the sick and dying, she might, with her soft touch and deft skill in the sick-room, save from death some one who would perchance, do the work she had fancied was to be hers when she should be dust."

Then follows a thrilling description of the devastation of the Death Angel over the devoted city. But this sacrifice of self to duty was not without compensation; for here in this very "dance of death" she meets her ideal,—a courageous, loyal-hearted physician keeping the vigil of the true and brave in the midst of darkness and desolation and death. They become co-workers, and her strong womanly character expands into beauteous bloom under his eyes.

But a domestic tragedy tears her away from him, and it is only after many days that they meet again, when "passed from the prison-house of earth's miserables, she realizes the sweetest of ineffable beatitudes glorified with the chrism of a true marriage."

MIND IN NATURE.

W. C. GRAY.

IT is my habit to spend many Sunday afternoons in the woods and glades which lie along the Des Plaines River. There is nothing merry or musical in this prairie stream. It is small enough to be young, rash and happy; but it is slow and solemn as a Sabbath afternoon of my boyhood. It flows without a ripple or a dimple between its banks of black loam, and really does not appear sufficiently spirited to kiss a pebbly margin, even if one ran down fresh and sweet out of the woods to meet it. The scenery has no points. It lies down flat, with a dogged determination to cast no reflections on the character of the river. But it is better for a Sunday afternoon than that wild city down there on the lake, where they squeeze the juice out of men as if they were lemons, and toss the rinds away. And then I find no end of pleasant companions in walks otherwise solitary. There are birds, flowers, trees, minnows, horses, honest-faced cattle, all of them soulful, sympathetic and talkative; and this in no poetic or figurative sense, but really and truly.

Sometimes the pleasure of an opportunity to requite their hospitality offers. Last Sunday I found a sick horse lying upon the cold wet ground. When he saw me he called for help at once; lifted his head, touched his side with his nose and groaned. I told him I was very sorry for him, and that he must not lie there, but get up and go home; and that he should have a warm bed and some medicine. He was too weak and benumbed to rise alone, but he and I combined our forces, and he was soon on his feet, and led the way with feeble steps. I did not know where his home was, but he showed me. I do not say that the man who owned him had no soul. I only say that the fact of the existence of his soul had to be reached by an abstract mental process, as we determine the existence of the ultimate atom.

Now it is the habit of many philosophers and theologians to speak slanderously of these, my beloved companions and friends, and of their kindred everywhere. It is denied that they are reasonable beings, that they are intelligent, that they have good moral characters and even that they have souls, I should like, if I could, to make it appear that these denials are unphilosophic and absurd.

It is evident that the Divine Architect and Inventor, having selected a model, employs it in almost infinite varieties of designs as in the frame-work of vertebrates; as in the application of the law of gravitation, and as in the

solar energy coming as light, and transforming itself, to meet the exigencies of its work, into heat, electricity, chemical and vital agencies, motion, and we know not what else. All the forces of nature and their laws appear to be but the instruments of a universal law or *motive* which impels all forces to equilibrium; and while it dominates all material forces, it also rules with equal energy all spiritual existence from the lowest up to the Creator himself. It drives the sun's rays out into space, lashes the storms forward in their headlong career, causes the rivers to flow, toils at leveling the mountains. It projected this magazine, *Sunday Afternoon*, out upon the literary and religious world. The editor and his contributors having evolved ideas in their minds were irresistibly impelled to supply the vacuity in other minds with those ideas; and to exchange them for other people's ideas: and thus equalize the general intelligence. Knowledge rushes out to fill the empty voids of ignorance as unfailingly as light and heat rush to fill the empty voids of space, and in consequence of the operation of the same law. This it is which inspires the orator, drives the pen, the press, and the telegraph in more senses than one. The village gossip, in her humble way, is charged with the same divine energy. What she knows she must tell, or perish.

In the field of morals the action of this law is scarcely less rigorous. Virtuous men will make great sacrifices, and incur great toil, to extend the domain of morals. In the spiritual realm, it becomes one of the mightiest incentives that stirs the heart of man. The cross, the dungeon, the rack, the stake, can not hinder the Kingdom of Heaven from extending over the globe, and filling the earth level with righteousness, as the waters fill the sea. We may say that the shining and circling universe came into existence, because God would fill empty space with his embodied thoughts.

While we are thus able to trace the identity of a great law, which dominates the physical universe, upward until it is lost in height beyond the range of our intellectual vision, we are also led to suspect that all the great spiritual laws may have a downward reach through all gradations and forms of life even to the sweet flowers which bloom along our way. In attempting to verify this supposition, I would have an easy task, and strike a responsive chord in the minds of those who read this page, in the assertion and proof that our humble friends, the lower animals, are possessed of a moral nature, differing only from man's in degree. And yet, I can scarcely hope to state a fresh idea in a topic so familiar to thoughtful and observant minds. One no sooner enters this field than he finds himself in the midst of intellectual and moral phenonema as varied, profuse and beautiful as the flowers and birds in a tropical land. And yet, as I have intimated, moralists, metaphysicians and theologians, have lived, and yet live, in the midst of all this interest and beauty, blind to its appeals, and deaf to its music. They seem to fear that the facts might in some way impeach the dignity or discredit the immortality

of man. This is a repetition of the mistake of the well-meaning churchmen, who feared that Galileo's discoveries would so far extend the domain of God, that, with his largely increased interests, he would no longer give a fair share of attention to their rites and penances. The fact that it has pleased God to endow the animals below us with intellectual and moral natures, and the pleasures derived from them, is only a further illustration of his all-embracing benevolence.

The phenomena of moral existence are love, benevolence, gratitude, fidelity; with their opposites—hatred, revenge, cruelty, malice, and such complex passions as grief, remorse, shame, hope and despair. Most of these phenomena are as obvious, to the casual observer, in the lower animals as they are in man; while all are perceived by those who are more interested in the study of the habits and characters of our humble friends. It would extend this paper beyond the brief limits intended, to cite and describe specific illustrations; nor, as I have said, is it necessary. Personal observations have found their way into literature until they have become the most plentiful as well as the most pleasing illustrations of a topic in which every reader takes great interest. Suffice it to refer, in a general way, to the unmistakable indications of a sense of guilt and of shame; of forbearance and magnanimity; of chivalrous defence of the weak; of generosity to each other and to man; of integrity in the discharge of their trusts: to their long remembrance of and disposition to avenge ill-treatment which they have received, and to reward kindness by confidence, affection and service; their grief over the loss of human friends, so poignant as in some instances to result in death; their wailing and tears on the death of their kindred; their pride, love of admiration, delight at approbation from each other and from man; their clear ideas of a right of property in their homes. No definition of moral faculties can be framed that will not include the faculties in the lower animals which manifest themselves in such phenomena.

The moral faculties of the lower animals voice themselves in language and tones as nearly identified with the language and tones of man as the physical conformation of the organs of speech will permit. Anger, defiance, alarm, fear, affection, sorrow, pain, joy, exultation, triumph, derision, are heard in all their modulations in the voices and modes of expression of birds and quadrupeds—language well understood by man, and better understood among the several tribes, each of which speaks an idiom of its own.

The most of the passions and emotions named are also expressed in the soft beaming or the flash of the eye, the pose of the body, the exhibition of weapons, the tremors of the muscles, the lofty, suppliant or shamed carriage of the head. Indeed, if we indicate one emotion and its expression in man, the same emotion, and its expression in a manner so closely resembling that of man as to be instantly recognizable, will be proved in more than one spe-

cies of the lower animals. When we see a dog, himself hungry, carry food safely to his master, or die bravely in that master's defence, how shall we escape the conviction that noble moral qualities are present in the phenomena? Indeed the companionship and mutual esteem between man on the one side, and the dog, horse or elephant on the other, can only be accounted for by the fact of the presence of a moral nature in each in sympathy with that of the other—the endowment of each differing only in degree.

That these facts in no way compromise the doctrine of the immortality of man, or prophesy immortality for the lower animals, is seen from a few considerations. The immortality of the soul is not due to its own persistent vitality, but to the persistence of the author of the soul's existence in sustaining it. And indeed the doctrine of the creation of all things out of nothing by an intelligent First Cause compels us to say the same of all existence, animate and inanimate. God's sustaining power withdrawn, all things would cease to be. Whether the lower animals will have a life beyond material death depends upon the will of God. We have no evidence in nature or revelation that their lives will be so sustained.

We have thus traced by mere mention the identities of moral entities and their laws down through the ranks of intelligences to the animal kingdom below man, and find them everywhere so nearly identical as to be readily recognizable. Can we find indication of them still lower, in the vegetable kingdom? Not so easily, it is true, and yet possibly. The flowers at our feet look up into our faces with expressions so sweet and benign that our imaginations will persist in investing them with spirits kindred to our own, or at least kindred to the sweetest and purest of those whom we love. From Lucretius to Wordsworth, the poets have ever been the *avant-courriers* of philosophy. They love Nature, and are loved by Nature in return; and there are secrets whispered in this intercourse for which colder and coarser, though stronger minds must toilfully labor in the mines of thought.

Not to be misunderstood, it may be necessary to say that the intelligence and morality of which I think that traces may be found in the vegetable kingdom, while sufficient for the purposes for which they were bestowed, are not only limited in degree but limited in their functions. All that is claimed is that some elements existing in the higher are found in the lower forms of life. It would not do to say that a pyrite, an oxide and a carbonate of iron are identical. The one is a tawny stone, the other a red dust, and the third a polished, lithe, glittering sword-blade. And so I would compare the morality and intelligence of spiritual beings above man to the sunbeams which bear in themselves intelligence of iron incandescent in the sun; the same entities in man to the sword-blade: in animals to the pyrite; and in the vegetable kingdom to the red dust; but down through all runs the same essential idea, the same basis, iron. In like manner I would say that the spirit, the essential

basis of the spiritual realms, runs down through all forms of life to the lowest manifesting everywhere, in some way, its attributes of intelligence and morality.

The contest between materialism and spiritualism has been narrowed down to the question whether the combination and interaction of material forces produce the phenomena of mind, or whether mind co-ordinates both matter and its forces and laws to its own service in building up and sustaining the soul's material habitation. It is impossible for us to maintain our positions against materialism unless we admit, or rather claim, that something of the same nature as the soul, and which exercises some of the soul's function, dwells in the plant, and manifests itself in the plant's beauty and activity. On this ground we shall have no difficulty in holding materialism with all its modifications at bay. The phenomena are all on our side of the question. Two wild grape vines, planted at short distances from, and on opposite sides of, a tree, will, each moving in opposite directions, make straight for the tree. The sun-flower will gaze at the sun all day, and turn its face eastward in the night to catch the first beams of sunrise. The vine will throw its tendrils straight out, and when a support is reached it will seize upon it. The elm sends its roots toward the water course. The sensitive plant takes alarm and pretends to be dead. Carnivorous plants show quite as much intelligence as the lower orders of carnivorous animals. The distance, indeed, between vegetables and the lower animals in the degrees of intelligence is not greater than between the lower animals and man, or between man and the probable intelligence of the order of beings next higher above him. I never take the life of a flower without feeling that it is a violation of moral right, unless the act is justified, as in the taking the life of an animal for use, or because the plant destroyed is hurtful to the interests of the lower animals or of man. That plants find pleasure in existence is as obvious as that animals do. That the sensitive plant has a nervous system, and that carnivorous plants take pleasure in food, goes without question. Thus much briefly in regard to the intelligence of plants. The reader can extend the illustrations indefinitely.

Traces of moral character are not less recognizable. But we must remember that to identify vegetable morality we must not require of it all the qualities of morality in man. Because red-colored clay, tinted with iron oxide, is not a polished sword-blade is no reason why we should deny the presence of iron. Let us analyze, ethically, any beautiful flower. We find first a gentle, candid, innocent aspect, which reaches quite beyond our sense of physical harmony, and stirs the sense of moral beauty. How is that fact to be accounted for? Next we find the plant appealing to our sense of physical beauty. So far as the plant's individual interests are to be conserved there is no necessity for this. Its immaculate coloring, tracery, shading, are all beyond the plant's individual necessities. A rude and flashy splotch of color would attract the

eyes of the bees and butterflies quite as well as all this exquisite beauty, unless we suppose an æsthetic faculty in those insects; which supposition, while it might weaken the argument for the existence of morality in the flowers, would by so much strengthen the argument for morality in the bees. But, as the bees have sufficient inducement in the honey, there is no necessity for this array of beauty. The beauty of the flower has, then, for its purpose the giving pleasure. It is the plant's benevolence. It is an act of love having in it no taint of self-interest.

I must beg the reader not to press his or her objections to this view too rapidly. Let us get at them fairly and candidly, one at a time.

"Flowers bloom in all their beauty where they are unseen by the eye of man."

True; but let us remember that virtue does not exist for dress parade. The pure and good man would be pure and good if not another being beside himself existed in the universe—if such a situation is supposable.

"The plant has no conscience or will."

Not conscience, perhaps; as it has no view of that function of the moral nature; but what it needs it has, namely, a moral tendency which manifests itself in benevolence. Will, however, is shown to exist in plants by the same tests which show its existence in the lower animals or in man.

"The moral qualities which appear in the plants are the moral qualities, not of the plant, but of its creator."

True; but true in the same sense that the moral qualities of men have their source in God. There is no reason why the Creator should not make the plant a center of moral forces. However limited, meager or inferior they may be in degree and manifestation, it is an organism, perfect in its kind. It sleeps, wakes, labors, rests, seeks its food and performs all the functions of individual life.

Have I succeeded in indicating the claims of my beloved companions and friends to a hearing? Let the reader learn their language and cultivate their acquaintance. Their thoughts will be found sweet as their perfume; their teachings as beautiful as their colors; their companionship soothing and cheering as exquisite music.

"Farewell, farewell; but this I tell
To thee, thou wedding guest:
He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man, and bird, and beast.
He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear Lord who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

—Sunday Afternoon.

SELECTED MATTER.

Waiting.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
  Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
  For lo! My own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
  For what awaits this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways;
  And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
  The friends I seek, are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
  Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
  I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap what it has sown,
  And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own, and draw
  The brook that springs in yonder height;
So flows the good with equal law
  Unto the soul of pure delight.

The stars come nightly to the sky,
  The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep nor high,
  Can keep my own from me.

IT has been reported that the gray matter brain cells of perception have been dissected out of the finger tips of the blind. Standing point up beneath all the ridges so plainly seen with a magnifying glass on the skin of the inside of the finger ends, are the so called corpuscles of Pacini, which are arranged in the exact semblance of the keys of a piano, and are said by Meissner to crepitate and give forth a different sound in every age of each person. This Pacinian corpuscle, which contains within its lining membranes a nerve trunk, an artery and a vein, lines all the tactile surfaces of the body, particularly the inner fingers and the thumb tips. A medical man recently assisted in an autopsy on a person blind from birth, and he sought to discover by scalpel and microscope the secret of the extraordinarily delicate touch the blind man had acquired during life. Sections perhaps a sixteenth of an inch thick were carefully sliced off the inner surfaces of the index and middle fingers of the right hand. Under a high power these showed, instead of a single nerve trunk and artery and vein of the average man, a most complex and delicate ramification of nerve filaments, dainty and minute nerve twigs in immense number branching from the main stem. Through constant use the finger tips of the blind acquire this unusual development with more and more perfect performance of function.

An American geography printed in 1812 contains this interesting information: "California is a wild and almost unknown land covered throughout the year by dense fogs as damp as they are unhealthful. On northern shores live anthropophagi

and in the interior are active volcanoes and vast plains of shifting snow, which sometimes shoot up columns to inconceivable heights." The book adds that some of these statements would seem incredible were they not so well authenticated by trustworthy travelers.

Recent scientific investigations in what are known as the Celestial Mountains of China, in the province of Kuldja, discovered large deposits of gold, which are likely to add to the troubles of the Empire. A Russian explorer, who happened to be with the party left it and started posthaste to the capital, where, with the assistance of the Russian consul-general, he endeavored to secure a concession. Any demonstration on the part of a Russian in these days is regarded with suspicion by Chinese officials, and they began to play for time. The Russian, through M. Pavloff, the Russian minister, compelled the tsung-li-yamen to give him a concession for the exclusive right to mine in that district, provided one-half of the gold obtained was given to the government as compensation. The result is that large numbers of Russians and Chinese are now hurrying toward that locality, which is described as an El Dorado.

The Pasteur institute in Paris, France, has assumed such dimensions and importance that a second building has become necessary. At the same time a hospital for infectious diseases, with 100 beds, is to be built, the funds being contributed by a lady who withholds her name.

It is stated that large beds of licorice root exists in an unimproved condition in the southern Caucasus region, near the shores of the Black sea.

A most curious vegetable product is that of the Mexican tree Carpocapsa saltitans. When laid on a flat surface, the beans jump and roll over or slide forward at short intervals without apparent reason.

Senator Hoar is contributing to The Youth's Companion three articles describing "The Life of a Boy Sixty Years Ago." Speaking of the old-fashioned fireplace and the parlor fire, he says: "The fireplace was the center of the household, and was regarded as the type and symbol of the home. The boys all understood the force of the line, "'Strike for your altars and your fires!' "I wonder if any boy among my young readers nowadays would be stirred by an appeal to strike for his furnace or his air-tight stove."

London is soon to have the hot-water lamp post which Liverpool already has. The penny-in-the-slot idea is to be utilized. For a half penny a gallon of water boiled by the heat of the ordinary lamp will be supplied, day and night.

The herbarium of the Shaw Gardens, St. Louis, Mo., contains 288,-300 specimens, and the library, one of the finest on botanical subjects in America, embraces 31,013 books and pamphlets.

The great bulk of books in America is published by about 100 firms, in four chief cities. The output is about 5000 titles, in editions of from 100 to 1,000,000 copies.

Sweden is Europe's great timber field. Russia has larger forests, but they are much less accessible than those of Sweden, which are usually near rivers or the coast.

In 300 towns and villages in our land, chiefly in the west, "the curfew tolls the knell of parting day." The curfew law requires that children under sixteen years of age be kept from the streets after 9 p. m. in the summer and 8 p. m. in the winter. This is a good law. The streets are full of evil for eye and ear after nightfall; and the sights and sounds unfit for mother and sister are not good for boys who would be worthy companions for them in delicacy and nobleness of thought, and in true manliness. The women of Charlestown, Mass., aroused to the necessity of some action for the well-being of children are circulating a petition to the City Council of Boston asking that a curfew law be enacted by them. If other portions of the city will co-operate in this effort, doubtless the Council will grant such a petition and enact the law. The enforcement of such a statute could have a salutary effect and go a long way toward protecting children and maintaining an orderly community. Any law which works for the best interest of the children must appeal to all citizens as being of the utmost importance and we can conceive of no class of people, outside the lawless element, who would not actively assist in the enforcement of the "curfew."

The recent fire in the Pacific Bank building in Broadway has proven the value of the "fire-drill" in offices when there are many employes. In the case of the Pacific Bank fire, the clerks went through the drill as quietly as the children go through it in the public schools, thereby saving the property of the bank—that is the money and books. When we consider the loss of property and of life that generally follows a fire through the inability of the people concerned to use intelligence in escaping, we wonder that all institutions, where there are large numbers of employes, do not inaugurate the system of "fire-drills" at once.

We may, if we choose, make the worst of it. Everyone has his weak points; every one has his faults. We may fix our attention constantly upon these. But we may also make the best of one another. We may forgive, even as we hope to be forgiven. We may put ourselves in the place of others and ask what we should wish to be done to us and thought of us were we in their place. By loving whatever is lovable in those around us love will flow back from them to us, and life will become a pleasure instead of a pain, and earth will become like heaven, and we shall become not unworthy followers of Him whose name is love.

Everyone knows that through Miss Helen Gould's benevolence many soldiers of the war just ended, were cared for during their sickness. Her watchfulness goes further. It is stated that she is assisting many to positions, through an organization, and in one case her thoughtfulness has placed a soldier where he will be provided with a legal course. Let us all hope that Miss Gould's millions will multiply!

The numerous societies for the protection of birds have found a welcome assistant in Mme. Lili Lehman, the famous singer, who is leading a crusade in Germany against killing birds for the decoration of hats and bonnets.

Among the few great joys of life is staying in bed fifteen minutes after we have been told to get up.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Edna—"Your face seems familiar."

Jellaby—"It is. Had it since I was a baby."

Boy—"Papa, where's Atoms?" Papa—"Athens, you mean, my child." Boy—"No, papa—Atoms, the place where people are blown to."

Mother—"Peter, I thought I told you not to play with your soldiers on Sunday."

Peter—"Why, mother, this is the Salvation Army!"

Mrs. Gaswell—"The Emperor of Germany is taking 102 trunks with him on his pilgrimage to Jerusalem." Mr. Gaswell—"I suppose his wife is with him." Mrs. Gaswell—"Yes; the Empress's clothes are in the odd two trunks."

Husband—"You're not economical."

Wife—"Well, if you don't call a woman economical who saves her wedding dress for a possible second marriage, I'd like to know what you think economy is!"

Employer—"Why didn't you come when I rang?"

Office Boy—"Because I didn't hear the bell."

"Hereafter, when you don't hear the bell, you must come and tell me so!"

"Yes, sir," was the dutiful answer.

A bargain is something you don't want, bought with money you can't afford to spend, because you think it is worth more than it cost.

Teacher—"Tommy, what do you know of the Sphinx?"

Tommy—"The Sphinx is a woman with a great head. She has talked for 3,000 years."

A French confectioner, proud of his English, and wishing to let his patrons know their wants would be attended to at once without any delay, put out the notice, "Short weights here."

His Mother—"Why Mary, what's the matter with the child?" Mary—"Sure, ma'am, he's been cryin' all the way home because the man as sells fruit told him he never kept star-spangled bananas."

Waiter (to diner; who is absorbed in the menu)—"What do you wish to eat, please?"

Absent-minded Professor—"I haven't time to talk now. Ask me after dinner."

"What is the meaning of the word tantalizing?" asked the teacher.

"Please ma'am," spoke up little Johnny Holcomb, "it means a circus procession passing the school house and the scholars not allowed to look out."

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

Father at Play.

Such fun as we had one
rainy day,
When father was home
and helped us play!

We made a ship and
hoisted sail,
And crossed the sea in a
fearful gale;

But we hadn't sailed into London town
When captain and crew and vessel
went down,

Down, down, down in a jolly wreck,
With the captain rolling under the
deck.

But he broke out again with a lion's
roar,
And we on two legs, he on four,

Ran out of the parlor and up the stair
And frightened mamma and the baby
there.

So mamma said she'd be p'liceman
now,
And tried to 'rest us. She didn't
know how!

Then the lion laughed and forgot to
roar,
Till we chased him out of the nursery
door;

And then he turned to a pony gay,
And carried us all on his back away.

Whippity, lickity, hickity ho!
If we hadn't fun then I don't know!

Till we tumbled off and he cantered
on,
Never stopping to see if his load was
gone,

And I couldn't tell any more than he
Which was Charlie and which was
me,

Or which was Towzer, for all in a mix
You'd think three people had turned
to six,

Till Towzer's tail was caught in the
door;—
He wouldn't hurrah with us any more.

And mamma came out the rumpus to
quiet,
And told us a story to break up the
riot.

—*The Standard.*

THE MOUSE AND THE CANARY BIRD.

LOUISE LEE.

THE snow had been falling very lightly all day this Christmas eve, but Mabel and Roy hoped as they looked out of the window, that there would be enough snow to have some fun to-morrow with their sleds. How they wished it would not stop now, but come on hard again before the next morning. This was early in the evening, but by this time they were in their cozy little beds, and were dreaming of all sorts of lovely things that they had seen in the toy shops, and longed for with all their tiny hearts.

As Mabel was five and Roy four years old, they could but faintly remember the Christmas that had passed, while the Christmas yet to come was almost a new thing to them, full of strange unheard of delights.

I wonder if papa and mamma were thinking of this, because for grown people they were unusually joyful, and had been full of secret plans for weeks before. It was growing quite late, and papa had come softly into the room with a tall object, and put it right beside the window. Then he crept out. There was more low talking in the other room, and then perfect silence.

Not a sound could be heard, even the active restless canary sat fast asleep upon his perch. But in the wall there were little creatures who move about when everything is still. One of these creatures had gnawed a hole with his sharp teeth, and through this hole he now came forth upon the carpet. He next walked with his velvety feet straight into Dicky bird's cage, and being very hungry, he actually began eating the seed that filled the cup on the side of the cage. Dicky awoke with a great flutter, and this was the conversation that now insued.

"Ah, Mr. Mouse, so you are taking my seed, but don't you know that this is stealing."

Dick was very much frightened, as his fluttering plainly showed, but he wanted to appear brave.

"Yes, I know," was the mouse's humble reply, "but I can only say I'm so hungry. None of our family ever get enough to eat unless we steal.

"One of my cousins told me that they could generally scrape up enough food in the fields, but some of us are not strong enough to live out of doors, so you see I must scrape up food wherever I can get it.

"Once I smelled some lovely cheese, and when I came to the place where it was, I found a great springy iron box. I sniffed it, and I knew that some one had been there before me, so I moved away. I am a pretty old fellow now, but I have heard of those mouse traps, my brother was caught and killed in one, so I know how to avoid them, I can tell you. Many of my friends have been caught in these traps, young mice who don't know much."

Dicky was quite sorrowful at this news. He thought of his own happy life, of the children who were so kind to him. Of how he was hung up by the window when the sun shown, and taken back into the room to be warmer when night came on. So he felt more reconciled, and let Mr. Mouse take all the seed he wanted.

"Are you fond of cats" he asked, for further conversation, "Once Mable and Roy brought a cat in here, and he came directly toward me. I don't see why the children frighten him away. Pussy looked just as harmless as can be."

"You are very much mistaken if you think cats are harmless," said wise Mr. Mousie with a shake of his whiskers. "Once I saw a cat eating my little cousin. Mercy what a noise he made crunching the bones. All I could do was to scamper away very fast. Glad that I had not been caught. I have heard that cats are very fond of birds too, but good bye, and thank you for the dinner."

But Mr. Mouse was still quite hungry, having eaten only the shells that Dicky had left in his cup, after having taken the good inside. Now he took a little walk on the low branches of the Christmas tree. For this was the object papa had put up the window. As he passed papers of sweet things; he took little niggles therein. Ah, here was something nice and warm into which he crept and found it such a soft nice bed that of course he fell fast asleep.

Next morning the ground was frozen into a hard rather thick crust just fit for sleding. The window-panes too were covered with pretty flowers made of the frost.

The children remembered faintly a great deal that happened that Christmas day. The tree filled with lovely things, from cornucopias to the sled that Roy wanted, and the doll and doll house furniture that Mabel wanted. Nor did they forget the kiss and merry Christmas with which mamma had awakened them.

After breakfast they were taking off all the things from the tree. What was the cause of that shriek from Mabel? Why, Roy, with his desire to look into everything, had actually taken up a crocheted slipper and found a tiny mouse inside, and had very quickly put him into a paper box that happened to be near. Then into a wooden box saying, "let's keep him. He was cold and fell fast asleep."

So the children kept this little creature, and watched him as they gave him goodies from the tree, and at night when he was placed beside Mr. Dicky, you could have heard him say, (if you had understood mouse and bird language,) "I don't think I'll ever steal again, the children have been so good to me." I am very sure too that he kept his word, as far as it was possible for a mouse to do.

AN AVERAGE BOY.

He was about seven years old, and his bedtime had come. His mother took him on her lap and began to undress him. He yawned and stretched wearily. He had been so "busy" all day, he said.

"Why, Johnnie," his mother suddenly asked, "what made that cut over your eye?"

"Jimmy Higgins frowed a tomater can and hitted me."

"What did you do to Jimmy?"

"I frowed the can back."

"But what did you do before Jimmy threw the can?"

"Oh, I just said 'Jimmy's mad, and I'm glad and I know what'll please 'im. A bottle of ink to' "—

"You ought not to have teased Jimmy by saying that. How did you get that black and blue place on your leg?"

"Oh, Joey Smif and me was seeing which could pinch each uver the longest and hardest wivout hollerin' 'nough !' Joey hollered first."

"Oh, Johnnie, Johnnie! mamma don't like to have her little boy do such things. Has your nose been bleeding?"

"Yeth ma'am. I fell off the fenth, and it bleeded a lot."

"How did you get this great hole in your jacket?"

"Climbin' up a tree, and I tored the hole in the other sleeve climbin' down. It's fun to climb."

"It isn't any fun tor me to mend torn clothes."

"I'll take off my jacket next time, mama."

"Then you'll tear your waist. What's all this in your pockets?"

"Oh, just some stones, and spools, and string, and keel, and a buckle, and a wail, and a key, and my real agate, marble, and a shooter, and, oh, mamma! I've got the *cunniniest* dead mousie in one of my pockets."

"You must not carry such things in your pockets. Now say your prayers, John. You must be a better boy to-morrow."

"Yeth, ma'am, I will." But his to-morrow was like the to-morrows of children of larger growth, the to-morrows that end in failure or forgetfulness of the promises of yesterday, and leave us to confess the defeat and failure of the day to the Father of us all.—[Household.