

THE PAST.

I would not forget all the sorrows That have haunted the days of the past. Though oft to my eyes unbidden they rise And o'er me their dark shadows cast.

LITTLE BEN.

"Captain!" The voice was soft and gentle as a woman's. "Captain, can't you take me with you to St. Louis?"

"No, you don't, neither," retorted Bill. "You wouldn't come when I called you, and I'm Captain of the gang, and what I say goes, and don't you forget it, and when English could interfere he had caught the girl rudely by the arm and pushed him from the cabin."

"I didn't mean to go as a passenger," said the voice. "I thought maybe you might let me work my way along with the crew."

"No, got all the hands we want, I believe," said the Captain, busy with his bills. "Captain, I'll work mighty hard—Captain, please, can't I go with you, sir?"

"I never knew but what mother had plenty of money," said the boy, in his simple way. "She always gave me everything I wanted, and one day last summer she came to my room, and I was singing and playing on my guitar—large tear drops had been slowly forming in the boy's eyes, he hastily brushed them away with the back of his hand, and instantly, as if by magic, he was an artist, who made a sufficient income to support his family in comfort and to send his son to a musical school. Two years before his father died suddenly, and his mother moved to St. Louis, where she invested her funds in trade and opened a modest little millinery establishment in one of the poorer sections of the city. Business did not flourish with the widow, but she managed by dint of saving to keep her boy at school."

"I never told mother what I was going to do—I knew she wouldn't let me—but I took my guitar and went out of the house, and then I wrote mother a note and told her I was going to St. Louis, and she said I would write to her every day and send her money. I walked from one town to another all the summer, and in the evenings I used to stand on the corner and sing and people gave me lots of money. I told her all to mother, and she said I could sing like I used to, and people stopped paying me, and I sold my guitar to a man and I sent the money to mother."

"And every letter I got from mother she was begging me to come home, and she said she did not need my money and business was getting good; but, you see, Captain, she fooled me once before. I knew she would say anything to get me back; but the last letter I wrote to her I told her I was coming home and I'd be there for Christmas. And yesterday and last night I walked all the way from Paducah through the snow, and, Captain, I can't walk any more."

"The boy persisted, and the Captain told him to go below and to whatever the mate commanded. They had supper in a dirty room, where the men slept on little shelves against the wall. He was glad when he crept in between the rough blankets, and he listened to the men talking about one Bill Howe, who, it appeared was an extremely unpopular personage employed as a captain of the watch. Their conversation was not of interest to Ben. He was soon asleep. At midnight he was awakened by the gruff voice of a man who was

shaking the deck-hand in the next berth. "Rouse up, English, rouse up! hustle out now! Want a man on the lookout. Come now, pile out!"

"You go to—," said English. "The mate let him alone. He came to Ben's bed."

"Hello! who's this? Pile out here, young fellow! You'll do as well as anybody else. Pile out now! Don't lay there all night!"

"What do you want me to do?" he asked. "Well, you are a sweet-scented specimen, you are," said the man crying the girl disdainfully. "Come on with me! I'll soon show you what you've got to do, you tow-colored tramp from where the devil did you come from, anyway?"

"Look here, Bill Howe," he grumbled, "do you mean for to say you're going to put that kid out on the front?"

"I must try and stand it," he kept repeating to himself, and presently he took from his ragged jacket a little box, and opened it. It contained a cheap black breastpin. He had spent his last cent on a Christmas gift for his mother. He looked at it and it seemed to warm him. The cold didn't hurt him any more. A pleasant dream, dreamy as stealing over him. He thought he would lie down with his head on his arm; he could watch the river just as well. And then—no, he could not be dreaming—by some curious magic he was at home and his mother was with him. How well he remembered the bright, cosy little room! And there were his books and his music, just as he had left them, and on the table by the window a bouquet of pretty flowers. It must be summer because the window was open and the warm air and glorious sunshine were dancing in the room. And how pretty his mother was as she took him in her arms and kissed him. And she held his hand in her bosom, and he felt her warm breath on his cheek, and laughed with gladness.

"O, how I love you, pretty mother," murmured happy little Ben, and he was rocked to sleep by the tug and the Captain, and the strange forms on the river, but it slipped from him and he forgot it. He forgot everything.

The deckhand known as "English" woke him, and he found the tug and the Captain, and the strange forms on the river, but it slipped from him and he forgot it. He forgot everything.

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AARON BURR'S WOOLING.

From the commandant's quarters on Westchester Heights. The blue birds of Kamapo lie in full flight. On their slopes gleam the white clouds of his heart's queen.

Through the camp runs a jet. "There's no moon, will be dark." "This odds little Aaron will go on a spar!"

Eight miles to the river he gallops his steed. Lays him bound in the barge, bids his escort make speed.

Once again he sits in the seat, and away—Five leagues are soon over when love has the key.

Alack, for the soldier that's buried and gone! What a volley above him, a wreath on his brow.

Like this dame ride and warm in her India fabric! She comes her bold lover, yet holds him more dear.

When Burr comes a wooing, that long would he stay! Lights and wine on the banquet, the shutters all fast.

It hardly seems possible that this quaint little old lady, Mme. Lind-Goldschmidt, with whom I have recently spent so charming an evening, is really the same "Jenny Lind" who thrilled the world with her unparalleled voice and attracted no less a prince a generation or more ago.

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THE SILVER PLATE.

They passed it along from pew to pew, And gathered the coins, now fast, now slow. That rattled upon it, and every time Some eager fingers would be on the line.

He had listened with wide-set, earnest eyes, As the minister, in a plaintive voice, Had spoken of child-consumption.

Young ladies will wear white flannel all through the winter for home dresses in plaited skirts and jackets with silk feather shawls.

For short cloaks black jackets will be worn with any colored costume, and the covert coat will be seen no more.

Salt and water clean willow furniture. For scraping kettles a large clam shell is excellent.

Plaster busts may be cleaned by dipping them into thick liquid cold starch—clear starch mixed with cold water—and brushing them when dry.

Steel knives which are not in general use may be kept from rusting if they are dipped in a strong solution of soda, one part water to four of soda; then wipe dry, rub with oil.

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FASHION NOTES.

A pretty idea for bracelets comes from Paris. Six narrow single bangles are worn together on the arm, every alternate bangle being closely set with small pearls, those between being set with tiny turquoises.

Plaid velvets are to be much worn as combinations with silk cashmere. One pretty gown is of steel-blue cashmere, the waist being laid in fine plaits down the front, and jacket fronts of a plaid velvet, in which the predominating tint is blue.

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