How Uncle Tom Ran Away.

"When your Uncle Tom and I were children," began I, slowly, "we were ever such good friends; and although I am eight years older than he, we were always together. My pleasure was never real unless Tom shared it, too.

"But Tom's temper sometimes got the better of him, and when provoked—but wait a little, and you shall see who happened to your big Uncle Tom.

"One afternoon—a cold, cheerless, rainy one, like this, dear—I sat looking out of the window at a poor little meadow-lark that stood shivering and wet on the edge of the porch. I soon called Tom to look, too, but when I turned to see if he was coming, not knowing he was so near me, I accidentally struck him in the face with my elbow.

"'Horrid, awkward thing,' growled Tom; and I received a blow from his strong little fist which, I am sorry to say, was not accidental. Mother but just come in, and she saw the whole scene. She made Tom sit alone on a sofa, away from the window and the bird, till he should grow good-natured again. But Tom was not to be soothed.

"'Horrid, awkward old thing!' he muttered again, between his teeth. 'I just won't stay in the house with such a girl! I'll run away, so I will. I'll run away to-night, he added in a louder voice, intending to attract my attention.

"'What's that?' said mother. 'Run away from home?'

"'Yes, and I'm going now, if Jen don't say she's sorry.'

"'Very well,' said mother, looking at me, and seeing no signs of repentance in my face; 'you know I allow no one in my house to tell a lie, so I suppose I must say good-bye to you, Tom.'

"Up-stairs to his room directly overhead went the angry boy. We heard him shake his long-saved pennies out of his tin bank, heard him pull out bureau drawers, and then all was still, till Master Tom, flushed, angry, yet calm, tramped down the stairs. He said 'good-bye' to all the family except me, and started out in the rain and wind.

"I shall never forget how forlorn the little fellow looked as he walked down the path from the house to the barn. An immense umbrella, old and torn, he tried to hold over him with one hand, while in the other he held a bundle, containing his best suit of clothes, clean shirt, and his pennies. No overcoat had he, no rubbers, and only an old straw hat which he had pulled down over his eyes.

"Bang! went the front door after him. Oo-oo! roared the wind as it followed him. Splash! came down the rain through his torn, worn umbrella; and even the grim, tall cypress trees swayed their dripping tops over the path as he passed, as though they would send down an extra shower.

"Soon it grew dark. But no Tom returned. Of course, none of us thought he would really go away. We supposed the hottest of tempers would soon have cooled in that storm.

"An hour passed; the darkness grew blacker.

"'Poor Tom!' I thought. 'It's all my fault, every bit of it;' and although I was fourteen years old, and considered myself quite a woman, I began to cry.

"But suddenly, much to my joy, I heard Tom's step on the porch. I was about to rush out to meet him when my mother stopped me.

"'No, child,' said she firmly.

"That minute the front-door bell rang—then it was not Tom at all, I thought.

"Mother went to the door, and there indeed was Tom. Lifting his hat to her in the most polite manner, he said:

"'Good evening, madam. Will you have the goodness to tell me the shortest way to B——?'

"We were then living at Alderwood, in the country, and B—— is three miles from the turnpike.'

"'Thank you, madam,' came the answer from Tom's proud lips, but his moist eyes said plainly: 'I'm so sorry, mamma.'

"He lifted his hat once more and walked calmly down the porch, off the steps into the dark garden and among the moaning cypress trees.

"'Oh, mother, mother, how could you?' I sobbed, no longer ashamed of my tears. 'Tom will perish, I know he will, and I—I—and I——'

"'Jennie, my child, said mother, 'do I not know best?' And that answer was all I could get her to make.

"Supper was forgotten: we all sat glo, ,oily around the fire. I was most miserable. I could do nothing but think how I loved Tom, and how lonely it was without him, and how lonely he must be feeling.

"But another hour had ticked its slow way around the clock before we heard those steps on the porch again. Then the bell rang again as before. This time I went with mother to the door. Tom stood there. His hat was gone, his umbrella, too; his frowsy hair was wet, and his hands purple with cold; but, in a plucky voice, he addressed mother:

"Please tell me the price of a night's lodging in B——.'

"'I gave a man fifty cents yesterday; that bought him both bed and supper.'

"'Will you take me in here to-night?' asked Tom. 'I can pay you.' And he showed mother his handful of pennies.

"'No,' mother replied; 'we don't take in tramps here. Perhaps they would at Nichols', across the road.'

"But,' said Tom, his little lips trembling, 'I—I—love you!'

"Mother's lips trembled, too.

"'That's a very strange thing for a strange man to say to me. What do you mean sir? And then, somehow, she shut the door in poor Tom's face."

"Oh, oh!" broke in Frank; "how could she do it? how could you let her, auntie? it was just meaner than—oh, auntie, *how* mean it was!"

"But by the time mother had got back into the sitting-room, and into her chair, looking so pale, I began to understand that she was giving her boy a lesson—but she nearly broke my heart, as well as Tom's and her own, in doing it.

"Eight o'clock came, and with it, falteringly, slowly, came Tom's step on the porch. He rang the bell, but it only tinkled feebly. This time we all sprang to meet him, mother leading us and opening the door.

"'Would you?' sobbed poor, tired Tom, 'would you—would you let me come in and warm my poor little hands? I am—Jennie—I am so sorry.'

"In a minute, in a second, Tom was folded in mother's arms, sobbing, repentant, wet drabbled—and Tom never ran away again.—*Mary Mapes Dodge.*

Drop two shirt-studs while you are undressing, and on the following Sunday one will be found behind the parlor sofa; the other will drop out of the lining of your hat two years later.—*Miss Addie Bept, of Cincinnati Commercial.* Drop a hint or a suggestion, and a smart women like Miss Addie will tumble to it in less than no time at all. How did she find out about those shirt-studs, though?—*Hackensack Republican.*

The trail of the serpent is over all humanity. Man comes naked into the world, is snaked through life, and goes naked out of it.

The English Postal-Savings System.

Circumstances indicate the establishment, in the near future, in the United States of a postal savings-bank system; therefore some interest will probably attach to the figures presented in the recently issued report of the English postmaster-general. It appears that not only has each succeeding year of the twenty-two that have elapsed since the savings bank was inaugurated shown a decided increase in the volume of business, but that the system is rapidly becoming all but universal, as nations one by one are beginning to appreciate its great merit as an encouragement to thrift and industry. Not only is it desirable to place every incentive towards saving before individuals of a nation for their own sake, but also for the ultimate benefit of the nation itself; the gain is immediate and direct. It is universally admitted that the wonderful and unprecedented recovery of the French nation from its financial war embarrassments was due mostly to the number and amount of the small hoardings of the small farmers and peasants, whose depository was some dark corner of the cottage, a constant source of anxiety and productive of no interest. But the French Government, has in the last two years, provided a secure place of deposit by establishing a postal bank; so also has Austria, whose Emperor made the first deposit on the first day of last year. The Netherlands, Italy, Canada and portions of Australia are mountaining the system, while Sweden, Switzerland, and some of the British colonies are making inquiries with a view to its adoption.

In the English system the requirements are surprisingly few and simple, and the checks to fraud secure and effectual. Deposits of one shilling are received, the limit being £30 per year, or £150 altogether from one depositor.

Single pennies may be saved by purchasing stamps with them, the stamps being then affixed to a prescribed form, and paid in as a shilling deposit when twelve are accumulated.

Each depositor gets a book in which deposits are credited; besides which he receives in due course through the mail a receipt from the head office at London for each amount. Interest is allowed at the rate of two and a half per cent., and is credited each year, on the anniversary of the first deposit, in the depositor's book, which is supposed to be forwarded at that time to London for the purpose. The books, as well as all matters pertaining to the savings bank department, travel postage free and are mailed unstamped.

It is further provided that if a depositor's account foot up a certain amount, he may, if he sings, transfer it into government stock. Should a depositor make application for this transfer, he is charged with the market price of the stock and a commission and a "certificate of investment" is sent him.

Withdrawals are easily effected, and deposits can be taken out with but little delay at any post-office desired; the only step necessary being to procure a warrant from the head office at London, which will be cashed on presentation with the pass-book at the designated post-office. It is provided by law that the authorities controlling "charitable" and "provident" societies and "penny banks" may, on filing a copy of their rules, be allowed to deposit considerably beyond the usual limit, or even under certain circumstances without restriction as to amount. Under this law authority was given last year to 1,533 societies to deposit their funds in the savings bank, and a similar permission was accorded to 283 penny banks, 151 of which were in schools, where direct effort is made by means of circulars, suggestions from teachers, etc., to encourage habits of saving and self-denial. In London alone, in the year 1881, the sum of £1,416 was deposited by some 4,500 depositors in the London-Board-School penny banks.

But this fatherly care manifested by schoolboards in the savings of their flocks is equalled by the government in its endeavors to encourage laborers to thrift, and the result is seen in a practice which, though most excellent in itself, could only exist amongst the "paternal" governments of Europe. It would justly be considered by the American laborer an unwarrantable interference were the nearest post-office to send a clerk to stand at his side on pay-day and encourage him to make a deposit then and there in the postal savings bank; yet such a practice has been pursued in England for years and with success.

The total amount deposited in the postal savings bank (exclusive of government stock) on the 31st December, 1882, was nearly £39,037,821, an increase of over the previous year's deposits of nearly three million sterling, the largest annual progress ever made. The amount of interest credited to depositors was £891,629. The average amount of each was £2, and of each withdrawal £5 5s. The daily average of deposits was 20,235 in number and £42,175 in amount; and of withdrawals 6,375 in number, and £34,116 in amount. The greatest number of deposits made on one day was 43,508, and the largest amount was £113,809. There were 788,858 accounts opened during the year, and 537,494 closed, leaving, on December 31, 1882, 2,858,976 open accounts.—*United States Consular Reports.*

"I don't see as this butter we get from the crematory is much better than cow's butter," said Mrs. Vancover one morning at the breakfast table. "What!" ejaculated Mr. Vancover, excitedly. "I say I don't think the crematory butter is a bit better than any other" "My dear," replied Mr. Vancover, trying to calm himself "do you know what a crematory is?" "No, not unless it is where they make oleomargarine." "Well, my love, I will inform you. A crematory is a place where dead bodies—" "O, gracious!" "A place where dead bodies are burned to ashes, and the ashes carried home in a jar and stored away among the family archives. You are thinking of a pickle creamery, darling, but don't for heaven's sake ever get on the subject again in the presence of any of our friends. Don't do it, for my sake, will you, love?" And she said she would be eternally cremated if she would.—*Texas Siftings.*

The first Nihilist societies were formed by Russian students about the year 1859, and the doctrines they adopted were chiefly derived from a book which is not generally supposed to have any Nihilist tendencies, Buchner's "Force and Matter.", The circulation of this work in Russia was forbidden by the government, but it was secretly introduced into the country, and read with avidity by the Russian youth, together with another German work, by Max Stirner, called Property and the Individual, which had also fallen under the ban of the Russian censors. Out of these two books, the former of which preached materialism and the latter socialism, the Russians evolved the doctrine of Nihilism, which they also professed to find in other popular works, notably Buckle's History of Civilization.

"You want something to eat, do you?" inquired a man of a lame tramp at the back door of his residence. "Ave you place, sor." "What made you lame?" "It was the earthquake, sor." "An earthquake!" "Yis, sor. Ye see, I'm an Italian from the islands of Ischia, an'when the earthquake shuk up the surface av the planet it sprung me knee, an' I'm unable to work, which the same I'd be plased to do if I was able." When the bulldog made a rapid exit through the gate, he was preceded by the Italian earthquake sufferer.—*Texas Siftings.*

Little Dialogues

Professor—"Which is the more delicate of the senses?" Sophomore—"The touch." P.—"Prove it." S.—"When you sit on a tack. You can't hear it; you can't see it; you can't taste it; you can't smell it; but it's there."

"Your professor has given you some elementary instruction as to bodies?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. What is a transparent body?" (Silence that would reflect no discredit upon a Trappist or a deaf-mute.)

"Well, what is a transparent body? Don't you know?"

"Of course I do; I recollect the words in the book. A transparent—body—is is—"

"It's a body through which you can see light. Now give me an example of a transparent body?"

"A lock."

"A lock?"

"Yes, sir; you can see light through the key-hole."

During a heated discussion:

"Sir, I would have you understand that I do not share your opinion of yourself."

"Delighted to hear you say so—if you did it would lessen it."

"Now, Susan, my boots. Do hurry with them. I am sure I have called for them a dozen times."

"Yes'm; in a minute, 'm. I heard you, and I thought, to save you time and trouble, I'd button them for you before you put them on."

"What! Refuse to lend a paltry X to me, your other self?"

"That's why. You'd never return the money. I know myself too well."

Judge—"How comes it that you dared break into this gentleman's house at the dead of night?"

Prisoner—"Why, judge, the other time you reproached me for stealing in broad day. Am I not to be allowed to work at all?"

Severe Examiner—What is a mountain?

First Student—An elevation of ground.

S. E.—Well, what do two mountains form?

F. S.—The beginning of a chain of mountains.

S. E.—They don't; they form a valley. You can stand down. Your ignorance would make an idiot blush.

(*To Second Student*)—What is a mountain?

S. S.—An elevation of ground.

S. E.—Well, what do two mountains make?

SS.—A valley.

S. E.—No, they don't; they form the beginning of a chain of mountains. You are a goose of the first water. (*Plucks both.*)

X. has just returned from Naples.

"Have you had any startling adventures?" asks a friend.

"No."

"Not with brigands?"

"Oh, no, I have cheated them cleverly. Whenever I saw a doubtful looking man I went and asked alms of him."

Teacher.—"When from anything you take away four times one-fourth part, how much remains?"

Arithmetic Class.—"Dunno!"

Teacher.—"Don't you understand me? Suppose you have an apple and cut it into four quarters and eat them, what will be left?"

Arithmetic Class.—"The seeds, sir!"

It was at Mrs. Simpson Hendrick's table, and Dumley was evidently mad about something. "There they are," he whispered to young Brown "the same old canned peaches that we have had every night for six months." Presently the landlady asked, "Will you have some of the peaches, Mr. Dumley?" "No," he replied, as shortly as he dared, being two weeks in arrears; "I never eat peaches except in the natural states." "But these are brandied peaches," said Mrs. Hendricks; "some that I have just put down." Dumley saw his mistake, and faltered. "No," he finally decided. "I won't take any peaches, but you might give me a little of the juice."—*Philadelphia Call.*

"Remus, wha' come o' ye' las' Sunday? didn' see yer to de chu'ch. "I was dar, Sam'l; I passed de sasser," "Oh, dat 'counts fo' not seeing yer. Yo see dar's been so much beggin' goin' on 'round ter de chu'ch of late date now days a man's gotter go down patty deep ter fin' suffin', an' I spect I muster bin down in der bottom ob my pocket browsin' fur change when yo' kim along, an' course I could'n see yer f'om dar."—*Yonkers Gazette.*

Rats are very playful creatures, and many sometimes be watched, wild ones as well as tame, scampering about and rolling each other over like kittens. Their half-remonstrant cry while engaged in this mimic strife differs as characteristically from their ordinary expression of fight, rage, or pain as does that of a dog, cat, monkey, or any other animal, under like circumstances.

"But why did you leave your last place?" asked Mrs. Brown. "Och, mum," replied the young person, with a toss of her shapeless head, "they was that mean there was no livin' wid'em. If you'll belave it mun, 'twas only yisterday I'd wint intil the parlor and there was two of the gurruls a playin' on one peeany, and their father rich enough to buy a dozen and niver fale it?".

"Look into me eyes, me darling, and tell me you are mine?" sang a smooth-faced stripling beneath the cottage window, one dewy eve in June. She looked into his eyes seven years later about the time he was to wed another girl, and vowed to be his unless her damaged affections were poulticed up with a thick swaddling of greenbacks. How constant is woman!

On one occasion when a sailor attended a Methodist meeting, he heard the preacher say, "Who will go with me to Jerusalem?" There was a solemn silence, and the question was twice more repeated. Jack could not withstand the invitation any longer, so he hitched up his trousers, and said, "If nobody else will go with the gemman, I will."

A preacher, in Tennessee, tried to establish a church in which there should be no members who use tobacco or any beverage but water, and his only congregation was an old women who chewed slippery elm and believed in catnip tea for measles.

A Michingan paper says: "Bears are going to be thicker than grasshoppers in the woods of Michigan, this winter." Dare say. Bears are generally considerably thicker than grasshoppers; in fact, bigger in every way.

A New Jersey man, living in Colorado, drank water in the dark and swallowed a live wasp, his eyes sparkled, and he imagined he was back to his native States drinking his favorite beverage.

Yet another of these *naive* tales. "Am I really such a duck?" she said, when the painter who was to "academize" her showed the result of his labors.—*Truth.*

A Peruvian, living at Milan, has made a clock entirely out of wood. And now he wants to make bread out of the clock—by selling it.

During the past four years Arkansas, Florida, Louisiana and Texas have doubled their railroad mileage.

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