

Jeannette's Gift.

BY MARY BARR.

One Christmas eve the fair Jeannette
Drearily sat before her glass;
Not a braid in its place was set,
Curls were all in a tangled mass;
There she sat with a lazy grace,
Smiling back at her own bright face.

Over her neck the hair unrolled,
Small white fingers among it stray;
Philip says it is just like gold,
But Philip knows just what to say,
Harry he looks and sighs and looks,
Philip talks as they do in books.

Harry, I know, is true as steel,
Never a thought has he of harm;
Philip is stylish and very genteel,
Harry just owns a dairy farm;
Philip's a lawyer and loves a fee,
Harry loves nothing at all but me.

O, last summer, what hours we spent
Ankle-deep in the orchard grass;
Harry went wherever I went—
(Bright was the face in the looking-glass);
Now it is Christmas eve I'll see
How Philip and Harry remember me.

Under the holly Jeannette stands,
Robed in the richest silks and lace,
Jeweled locket within her hands,
Holding the handsome Philip's face—
Jeweled locket and golden chain
Clasped with her own and Philip's name.

Under the holly Jeannette stands;
Harry enters with a glowing face—
Clasps to his heart two small white hands—
Pleads like a man for love's sweet grace—
Puts to her word his heart and life—
Whispers: "Jeannette, be my sweet wife."

Under the holly two there stand,
Looking into each other's eyes;
Plain gold ring on an small white hand
Harry slips with a fond surprise—
Plain gold ring that nothing shall shift;
Harry is Jeannette's Christmas gift.

A MORNING'S EXPERIENCE.

The Price family were gathered in the kitchen on Sunday morning. The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Price, more commonly "Uncle" and "Aunt" Price; Miss Abigail Price, a spinster sister; Mrs. Richton, Aunt Price's mother, an aged lady of seventy years; Mollie Jennings, a niece visiting the farm; and Bridget, a new recruit from Ireland.

Uncle and Aunt Price were dressed in their best, and their ancient horse, Elijah, harnessed in an open wagon, was in readiness to take them to church in the village, three miles away. A hiatus, however, appeared to have occurred in the proceedings, for Aunt Price stood in the middle of the kitchen irresolutely swinging her parasol while Uncle Price switched the harness which grew around the door with his whip; Miss Abigail stood grimly regarding the twain, with her head tied in a duster; Mollie had paused in the open parlor door, Grandma Richton rocked feebly in the corner by the dresser, and Bridget peered in from the sink-room, open-mouthed.

"Well," Miss Abigail was remarking, "if you think it's safe, far be it from me to make objections. You know James and Joseph are both gone."

"Sho!" put in Uncle Price, testily; "if it's come to that Marthy'n I can't go to church Sundays, we'll move. We shan't be gone more'n two hours. Jest lock up all you like, and I'll resk your being troubled in broad daylight."

"But Uncle," said Mollie, nervously, "you know they went to Sympton's at three in the afternoon, when they were all out berrying, and they went to Floyd's—"

"They'd nat'rally expect to get something at Floyd's," said Aunt Price; "but coming here right in the face of a parcel of women-folks, for the little they've got, would be some different."

"Humph!" commenced Miss Abigail, "they might as well steal our spoons as anybody else's; but, as I said before, if you think it's safe, and we a mile from any house, and the bolt lost off the wash-room door, why, then—"

"Bolt lost? How's that?"

"We can't find it, that's all; and there's no earthly way of locking it. And here there've been six robberies in a fortnight, and almost a murder."

"Well, well," said Uncle Price, latching the wash-room door meditatively. "I'll go round to Nathan's after service and get his pistols. I hain't thought much about it, but it would be a good plan to have 'em here nights. Jest put in a piece of wood over this latch; that'll hold it; and keep quiet and don't worry Marcy! I never see nothing like you for worrying. I've locked the barn, and if anybody comes round, you jest p'int that old gun of mine out of the chamber window."

"It's loaded, ain't it?" queried Aunt Price, apprehensively.

"I guess it would go off enough to make a noise. Abigail'd want to fire something, and she might as well try that. You know the butt end, and that's all that's necessary."

"All right," said Miss Abigail, with unabated grimness. "There's no telling what I may hit, but it don't matter much. If you come home and find—"

"Come, Marthy," interrupted her brother; "we shall be late. Good-by, grandma. Jest keep quiet, and I'll bet my best eye nothing'll happen. Whoa, Elijah! Back!"

Miss Abigail stood in the door until the antique wagon, Aunt Price's red shawl, and, finally, the crown of Uncle Price's much-worn beaver, had disappeared beneath the crest of the nearest hill; then, after taking a comprehensive view of every part of the farm that came within range of her vision, and herself examining the locks of the shed doors, she came back into the kitchen, where Bridget, whose fears had been greatly excited by the foregoing conversation, had collapsed upon a chair, and Mollie was spasmodically trying to reassure her.

"There isn't the least danger, Bridget—at least I suppose there isn't; nothing may happen, you know. We've only to keep the doors locked and keep inside, just be sure you do that, and you needn't be afraid," ended Mollie, who being from Boston, with all a city girl's horror of burglars, very much exaggerated the terrors of their position.

"Shure an' I'd never left home or a place where I'll be kilt intirely in the day's toime!" moaned Bridget, with her face hidden in her apron; then suddenly sat upright, in fresh alarm, as a gust of wind whistled down the chimney and clapped a blind together.

"That's nothing but the wind. How it does blow, though! Aunt Abigail, what are you going to do?"

"Do! I'm going to fasten that wash-room door!" responded Miss Abigail, who was dragging a heavy "beam" of wood across the shed, which she proceeded to lean

against the door in question, bracing the other end against the boiler. "I don't want any of Jonathan's little pieces of wood stuck over latches. I mean to have it safe. The latch don't hold, anyway, and a wind like this would have that door open in a minute. I don't exactly like this arrangement, either," she added, eyeing the uneven base of the beam with unfriendly eyes, while Mollie stood sympathizingly in the doorway of the kitchen.

"Well," continued Miss Abigail, after a final crowding in of the beam. "Well, I suppose that must answer. Now Bridget we want dinner at a quarter past twelve. Get your fire made and let the cabbage be boiling. It won't do any good to sit there crying. I'll take care of the pudding. I'm going up-stairs to put mother to bed. If you want anything speak to me, and don't unlock a door for your life. Mollie will just see that the lower windows are fastened?"

After a thorough examination of the aforesaid casements, Miss Abigail came back and took her invalid mother in charge, with a final caution to Bridget to "let her know if she saw anyone coming." Mollie, somewhat reassured by the existing quiet, went up to her own room and tried to forget the present in the latest of Mrs. Southworth's novels.

Meanwhile it would be impossible to describe the condition of Bridget's mind, thus left alone in the kitchen. Being firmly impressed with the conviction that unknown perils beset her, at first she dared not move from her chair. The cackling of the sociable fowls outside the door and each fresh gust of autumn wind caused her new terror. Finally, after long waiting, she gained courage to cross the room and light the fire, moving about on tiptoe, with terrified glances behind her. If Miss Abigail had known that it was a quarter past eleven before the cabbage was put over the fire, she would certainly have scolded; but fortunately she had enough to do up-stairs. Bridget at last took heart to grace, and seizing the wash-basin, started for the cellar, and the potatoes which were in this farther corner. Bridget never entered this cellar, which was excessively dark and irregular, without crossing herself. Now the prospect was especially terrible, and, with a muttered prayer to "Virgin," she went down the stairs with occasional haltings, and having filled the basin with almost miraculous speed, hurried back again. But to-day the kitchen had almost as many terrors for her as the cellar, and half-way up the stairs she was startled by a violent gust of wind and an ominous sound above.

"Begorra, now," muttered Bridget to the potatoes, as she stopped in desperation. "The old craythur himself's in the house!"

Another blast of wind that shook windows and doors. Bridget had reached the top of the stairs. She had closed the door leading into the wash-room half an hour ago. From behind this door sounded a rumble which seemed caused by the sliding of some heavy body, followed by some violent clatter; then came some heavy shock against it, which seemed to Bridget's excited senses like the thunders of the Judgement-Day. The door burst open and never doubting that robbers and murderers were behind it, Bridget dropped the potatoes with a shriek that ran through the house, and rushing back to the cellar, pushed the door together, and held it with a strength of desperation.

Mollie, in the chamber above, roused from her book by this startling interruption, sprang into the center of the room, and listened a moment, with a face as white as her dress. There was a final crash below, and with the least idea what she was doing, Mollie started for the kitchen in such haste that she fell down the last five of the back stairs, and busting open the door at the foot, rolled into the lower room, where she picked herself up, too much excited to think of her business. Potatoes were scattered over the floor in every direction. The kitchen door was open, the wash-room door was open, and the beam lay on the floor. From behind the cellar door came a half smothered moan. Mollie had scarce time to realize these facts before Miss Abigail arrived on the scene, breathless with excitement.

"Oh, aunt!" gasped Mollie, horrified at the sound of another groan behind the cellar door, "some one's down cellar, and Bridget's there! I do believe she's half murdered. 'Sh! I must have frightened 'em tumbling down stairs."

"How many of 'em are there?" queried Miss Abigail, in a hoarse whisper, glancing around for some weapon of defense.

"I don't know. I guess there are two."

Miss Abigail waited for no more, but, nerved by the thought of Bridget in the hands of murderers, seized the kettle of boiling water from the stove, and rushing to the cellar door, which opened from the kitchen, threw herself against it. She soon found that the door was held on the other side, and that it would require her utmost efforts to open it.

"Come and take this!" she said to Mollie, holding out the kettle.

There was a trial of strength. Miss Abigail's muscular energy was not despicable, but Bridget was desperate, and would have died before the door should have been opened. The spinster was forced to give up the contest, and stood back, baffled and exasperated. A bright idea, however, presently darted through her mind; and signing to Mollie to follow her, she ran into the washshed. Mollie, leaving the kettle in the first handy place which happened to be the lowest step of the back stairs, obeyed; but Miss Abigail was already on the way back with the clothes-line in her hand.

"If we can't get in," she explained, in a nervous whisper, "they shan't get out at any rate! I don't see as we can help Bridget any, but we can keep 'em down there till Jonathan gets back. There's only one window, and that's barred and too small for a man to crawl through."

Miss Abigail proceeded hastily to tie a slip-knot around the old-fashioned "handle" of the latch of the cellar door, which she drew tight; then, crossing the kitchen, she passed the other end of the line around the pump, and making it "taut" with considerable exertion, wound it around again, and finally tied it in an unskillful but viciously twisted knot. Mollie, who in spite of her concern for Bridget, had been in terror lest the outlaws should suddenly burst out upon them, drew a long breath of relief when this was done; but her

satisfaction was disturbed by a sharp exclamation behind her. Grandma Richton, alarmed at the noise, had crept feebly down the back stairs to "find Abigail," had, of course, fallen over the kettle of boiling water, amidst rivulets of which she was feebly struggling.

"There! now she's killed herself!" ejaculated Miss Abigail, diving under the rope to the rescue, while Mollie looked on in horror.

Grandma Richton was lifted and laid on a couch in the corner, and while Miss Abigail, oblivious of everything, for the moment, was ascertaining the extent of her injuries, Mollie commenced a nervous promenade about the room. It was in the midst of this promenade that she happened to glance out of the west window, and saw, to her utter horror, the figures of two strange men coming "across lots" toward the house. There are no words in the English language strong enough to express Mollie's feelings at this juncture. She just clutched feebly at Miss Abigail's dress, as the latter hurried past her in search of remedies for scalds.

"Aunt! aunt! there are two more of them! See!"

Miss Abigail looked out at the window, then back at her mother, and stood stock-still in genuine despair; then, inspired with momentary strength by the sight of the open wash-room door, which they had not thought of shutting, she hastened to close it, and hoist the beam again.

"That's no good," she said hurriedly. "Here, Mollie, come and help me move this secretary against the door. Mercy on us, child, don't stop to be frightened now!" she added, as Mollie approached, shaking in every limb with terror. "Now close these inner blinds, so they can't look in, and shut the sitting-room door."

A fresh groan from the cellar, elicited by Grandma Richton's moans, which caused Bridget to suppose that the whole household was being murdered, did not add to Mollie's comfort. Miss Abigail, having poured liniment hastily over Grandma Richton's scalds, hurried up stairs to watch the movements of the approaching enemies. She and Mollie, crouched behind the yellow curtain at Uncle Price's chamber window peered forth. The men had reached the back garden wall, over which they were leisurely climbing. They were rough-looking, and evidently bent on depredation, for they occasionally paused to help themselves to "windfalls," and once shook a pear-tree and filled their pockets with the fruit with the coolness that caused Miss Abigail silently to take down the gun and hold it at arms-length as she brought it to the widow.

"Oh, Aunt Abigail, take care! It'll go off!" exclaimed Mollie.

"I mean it shall, if they do much more," rejoined the spinster, turning the gun around with gingerly care. "You'd better get out of the way, Mollie. I might hit you, just as like, or the thing might explode. It hain't been used for years."

"You ought to keep hold of something when you fire it," suggested Mollie, from the other side of the bed. "It will kick and throw you down. Guns always do."

"They're trying the back-door," announced Miss Abigail, in an excited whisper. "They only knocked once. I wonder if those robbers in the cellar belong to the same set. They're shaken the door, the villains!"

Two or three loud knocks sounded through the house, and then the men tried the nearest window; finding that fast, another and yet another, while Miss Abigail watched them from above with fast-growing anger; they then took a leisurely survey of the house, evidently undecided what to do next.

"I wish I could hear what they're saying," said the spins, vexedly. "I heard 'em go to church." That one in the red shirt said it. I expect they'll get a battering-ram next. I'll keep still as long as I can."

Instead of proceeding to any extreme measure, however, the men calmly lighted a couple of pipes, during which operation they more than once laughed uproariously. They afterward made a circuit of the house, tried every window, including those in the sheds, and shook the doors vigorously; meanwhile Miss Abigail and Mollie followed their course through the chambers the former carrying the gun. Having come back to their original starting point, they held another consultation, after which, to the amazement of the watchers, they went off to the barn.

"I'd like to know what that's for!" ejaculated Miss Abigail, at her wit's end. "They'll steal that other horse, or else they'll get something and break a window up here; and there's no knowing what those men down cellar are about."

All was quiet for a time, the stillness being only broken by the groans of Grandma Richton. The intruders were nowhere to be seen. Finally, Mollie, reconnoitering from an attic window, discovered that they had entered the corn barn by means of a rear window, had opened the door, and were sitting upon two barrels smoking.

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed Miss Abigail, glancing at the clock, and then sinking into a chair. "Here it's ten minutes of twelve o'clock and Jonathan and Marthy coming home, without a thought of what's happened. Jonathan'll drive right round that corn barn as sure as fate, and into the barn. They'll be setting laying in wait for him. They're setting just where they can see the whole length of the road, and they mean to do the sly. They'll murder him and go off with the plunder in our wagon—that's all!"

Mollie's cheeks grew paler yet.

"But, aunt, you know we can rush out and warn him when he's at the foot of the hill; and he'll have Uncle Nathan's pistols."

"Not he! I never knew Jonathan Price to do a thing the day he was going to; and he's an old man—no match for those two wretches. They just mean to kill him and then have their own way. There, they've shut the corn barn door. I told you so."

It did seem mysterious that the two men should have shut themselves in the corn barn. Miss Abigail needed no further evidence of their evil intentions.

"Mollie," she said, solemnly, "there's only just one thing to do. You must run across the lot and meet Jonathan, and tell him to bring two or three of the Clark boys home with him. We've got these people in the cellar to dispose of. Tell them to hurry, for if Bridget isn't dead already, she's pretty near that. I'd go myself, but I can't leave you here

alone. I'll let you out the front door, and you can kind of creep along behind the walls."

"But what if they should chase me?" gasped Mollie.

"They won't see you. They've shut the door, and you needn't run across the open fields."

"But, Aunt, I shall have to go out front, and those men in the cellar will be sure to see me. They must be watching. If they should, they might fire at me."

Miss Abigail was only posed for a moment.

"Well, I'll tell you. Put on a pair of Jonathan's pantaloons and his gray coat. Tuck your hair up under his big straw hat, and, if they see you, they'll think it's one of their accomplices. Hurry, now, it is almost twelve."

It was no use to remonstrate. Mollie was hurried up-stairs, not knowing whether to laugh or cry, and too much frightened to do either, and was put into the before-mentioned garments; then, without a moment's delay, she was pushed down to the front door.

"Hurry, now!" said Miss Abigail. "I'll have that gun up at the front window, and if one of 'em chases you I'll fire at him."

"Don't!" cried Mollie, horror-stricken at the prospect. "You'd hit me instead. I won't go unless you—"

"Well, well, run along!" and the front door was cautiously opened and as cautiously closed, and Mollie ran under the shelter of the east wall.

Uncle and Aunt Price, peacefully jogging home toward in the scant autumn sunlight, were amazed to see a nondescript figure suddenly appear from a clump of hazel bushes at the foot of a hill.

"Mercy!" said Uncle Price, dubiously, pulling up Elijah, "what's that?"

"It's a crazy critter," exclaimed Aunt Price. "Do go along, Jonathan."

"It looks more like a running scarecrow. Stop, Marthy, don't you touch the horse—it seems to me them clothes looks nat'ral."

In a moment more the apparition, clearing the wall at a bound, actually threw itself into the wagon. The amazement and amusement of the worthy couple were nipped in the bud by the story that the "scarecrow" had to tell, however.

"I didn't get the pistols," said Uncle Price, remorsefully. "I got so sorter calmed down after hearing the sermon. I'll stop at Clark's. Huddup, Elijah!"

Elijah, induced by a thorn bush, did huddup; and in about fifteen minutes they drove up to Uncle Price's farm, with three stout men in the back of the wagon. All was quiet. House and barn seemed uninhabited. Uncle Price rendered warlike by his reinforcements, drove straight to the corn barn, and after a careful survey around, began to dismount.

"Perhaps the door on the other side is open," suggested Clark senior, whose quick eye had detected two wreaths of smoke curling faintly around the corner of the building. "I guess they're only tramps. They take it pretty cool, anyway."

A hearty, rollicking laugh rolling out from behind the closed door caused Uncle Price to stop and stare blankly before him; then to jump to the ground and throw open the corn barn door precipitately, in spite of a warning cry from Miss Abigail, who had approached from the house. There were the two causes of disturbance one calmly tilted back on a barrel, the other in the midst of another laugh.

"Je-ru-sa'em!" cried Uncle Price, dashing his hat to the ground in the extremity of his astonishment.—"David Henry!"

Explanations ensued. The new comers were two sea-faring nephews of Uncle Price's who came down "between times to see how the farm stood it," and had taken up quarters in the corn barn, meaning to surprise the family on their return.

"Took us for burglars!" ejaculated David Henry, going off into another laugh, which communicated itself first to Uncle Price, then to Aunt Marthy, Abigail alone remaining sober.

"You've forgotten Bridget," she remarked briefly, when she could make herself heard.

Uncle Price's good-natured face lengthened, and he started for the house, preceded, however, by the impulsive David Henry, who rushed into the kitchen door like a whirlwind, and unconscious of snags ahead, pitched headlong over the clothes-line, which was still stretched across the room.

"Hello there!" said Uncle Price, alarmed at the clatter which his nephew's boots made among the milk pans on the dresser. "Are you hurt?"

David Henry picked himself up, muttering something which had an oath in it about "cat-lines and rigging," but deigned no further answer. All parties being now on the scene, Uncle Price cut the clothes-line and essayed to open the cellar door; but this was easier said than done. Bridget's fright was as great as ever.

It required the combined strength of two Clarks to force the door, which being done, they discovered Bridget on the upper stairs, with not a particle of color in her Irish face, and her tongue cleaving to the roof of her mouth in terror.

"If any artist had depicted faithfully the various attitudes of the various persons gathered around the cellar door, the picture would have made his fortune. Clark senior was the first to perceive the comedy of the affair, and a broad grin gradually spread over his face, which was mirrored on the countenances of his two sons. In one minute the kitchen was ringing with a universal and prolonged burst of laughter.

One fact remains to be stated, that is, that Bridget left the farm the next day. Miss Abigail says little concerning firearms. Whenever she does, Uncle Price merely alludes to "that Sunday morning's experience."—*Harper's Weekly.*

A Frenchman stood beside a canal-boat lately, when the caulkers were making a terrible clatter with their mallets. He was telling a friend about it afterward, and he said: "By gar, ze noise he pe fill my ear full up. I got so moosh he zat it take two or free several days to get ze taste out of my ears, by gar."

A Vermont girl fell out of a rocking chair and received injuries that killed her in two hours. Moral: Young girls should not sit in a rocking chair unless there is a strong young man in it to hold them in.—*Hawk-Eye.*

Mind and Money.

BY SARAH P. BRIGHAM.

"What business are you going to follow?" asked Roger Blake of his most intimate friend and seat-mate in school, Walter Henshaw.

"Don't know. Something attractive. Guess I'll pitch a tent on the common and exhibit a dancing bear, a saake, and a cat with two tails—all for ten cents was the careless reply.

"Now, Walter, do be serious. I want to talk a little about the future. I've made up my mind to go to college, and I want you to go with me."

"Whew! that takes money. Poor men's son's, such as you and I, can't get into college."

"We have health and energy—that's capital. I am willing to work hard to obtain an education."

"I mean to be rich," exclaimed Walter eagerly. "I'll have money somehow. Money controls the world. It gives position and influence; it covers defects of character and buys friends and favor."

"There is a far greater power in a cultured mind," returned Roger earnestly. "There is Joseph Morris, worth over a million of dollars, and he is not a tenth part as much respected as our minister, Mr. Harold, who has not a thousand; but he has a fine mind and a noble heart, which make him loved and honored."

"Well, you may fill your head, Roger, with Latin and Greek and science, and I'll find a way to fill my pocketbook. Time will show which is the wiser."

This conversation was held long, long ago, as the boys walked home from school one bright summer afternoon. Despite their great dissimilarity of temperament and character, they were warmly attached, and nothing had ever occurred to disturb the harmony of their friendship.

Many years passed. There is a conquering power in a brave spirit. Roger Blake, stimulated by lofty aspirations, had battled desperately with poverty and had overcome every obstacle in his path. Higher, higher, higher he had climbed. From a close student he became a brilliant lawyer and a wise and noted judge. He was a man of unwavering integrity, a strong advocate of temperance, and a leader in every reforming movement.

One day an important criminal case was brought into court. The defendant was a man of fine bearing, a little past the meridian of life. His strongly-marked features evinced much native ability, but bore the unmistakable stamp of inebriation. He was accused of the double crime of forgery and manslaughter.

When his name, "Walter Henshaw," was read in court, Judge Blake glanced towards the prisoner. His eyes met, and surprise and recognition were visible in each. Twenty years had passed since they parted, and their lives had undergone a revolution. Walter Henshaw covered his face with his hands. The poison of dark memories was rankling within him, and the future was hopeless. Judge Blake, too, was deeply moved, and his mind went back through the long vista of departed years to the time when they fished and hunted and gathered berries and nuts together. He had established himself in a great city and made a name. Where had Walter been these intervening years. What had caused it? Information was elicited from the witnesses. Walter Henshaw had early begun a disgraceful career. He had resorted to tartifery, dissimulation, and fraud to obtain money. He had made many thousand dollars by a fortunate speculation. But little by little he had yielded his manhood to his appetite for strong drink, and his property had gradually lessened. To retrieve his shattered fortunes he had moved into the city, where he had gambled desperately and lost far oftener than he won. He forged the names of prominent men on notes, and when in a state of partial intoxication, had assaulted a fellow gambler and wounded him so severely that he died.

It was a clear, common case of a reckless pursuit for wealth, followed by intemperance, downfall, and ruin.

He was convicted of two crimes, forgery and manslaughter, and Judge Blake was forced to perform a very painful duty—that of passing a sentence of imprisonment for life on his old friend.

Six months passed. Walter Henshaw had lived within the gloomy, narrow boundary of prison walls. Worn out by previous dissipation, his constitution soon rapidly failed under confinement, and it was evident his life was drawing to a close.

Judge Blake frequently visited in his cell, and his soul was filled with pity and sympathy for the unfortunate man.

"Roger," said the prisoner one day in a hoarse, hollow voice, "do you remember how we used to talk about the future?"

"Perfectly," was the sad response.

"We took different roads," continued the prisoner, with tears trickling down his cheek. "I sacrificed truth and honor to wealth, and it led me into intemperance and ruin. You cultivated your mind and heart, and you stand on the proud eminence of your own achievements, while I am lost—lost—lost!"

"Dear friend," said Judge Blake, taking his hand and warmly pressing it. "God is ever pitiful and merciful. Jesus came to seek and to save the lost. There is pardon and hope for you."

"My poor motherless son—I shall soon fill a convict's grave, and he will receive the inalienable inheritance of a ruined name—and—and—"

He could say no more. Tears and sobs choked his utterances.

"Walter," asked Judge Blake, "do you remember the time you risked your life to save mine when I fell in the river? That good, heroic deed is registered in the book of God's remembrance. It will surely bring a reward. Will you suffer me to adopt your son Albert? I will take him into my family, and love him and rear him as my own."

"Thank God! I can now die easier."

One month later the sentence of imprisonment for life was served out by Walter Henshaw. He was released by death.

Nobly did Judge Blake, discharge his duty towards the orphan son of his unfortunate friend.

Albert Henshaw found in him a second father, and under his roof a home full of beauty, plenty, and happiness. He received from Judge Blake a liberal education, and became an honored and influential man.

His inheritance was a name loaded with disgrace, but he has made it bright and stainless by countless deeds of love and mercy.

His strong hand has lifted many a fallen brother; his words of hope and sympathy guided the erring into paths of blessedness and peace; and among the leaders in the great temperance reform not one is more tireless, zealous, and successful than Albert Henshaw.

My story is told, and its purpose you can see. It has far more of truth in it than of fiction.

A Swarm of Bees worth Hiving.

B patient, B prayerful, B humble, B mild, B wise as a Solon, B meek as a child, B studious, B thoughtful, B loving, B kind, B sure you make matter substance to mind, B cautious, B prudent, B trustful, B true, B courteous to all men, B friendly with few, B temperate in argument, pleasure and wine, B careful of conduct, of money, of time.

B cheerful, B grateful, B hopeful, B firm, B peaceful, benevolent, willing to learn; B courageous, B gentle, B liberal, B just, B aspiring, B humble, because thou art dust; B patient, circumspet, sound in the faith, B active, devoted, B faithful till death; B honest, B holy, transparent and pure, B dependent, B Christlike and you'll B secure

Cain's Wife.

A few years ago, while the Alabama and Chattanooga Railroad was in process of construction, it was a favorite field for colored preachers to labor and take collections "for de spread ob de Gospel." Among these a frequent visitor was old Father Helms, from Tennessee, whose fervid eloquence and practical "spoundings ob de Sacred Word" were attentively listened to by large congregations of the sable race, with no small delegations of interested white listeners upon the outskirts. Upon one occasion, assembled in a lovely Alabama grove, he addressed his congregation thus:

"Ladies and gentlemen ob my beloved congregation—Havin' catched a bad cold de odder evenin', I shan't attempt to preach to yer day Sabbath mornin'; but will read a chapter from de Bible, and spound as I go along." He then read the fourth chapter of Genesis, after which he continued his remarks: "De odder evenin' I tuk for my tex' de tragedy in de garding of Eden—de killin' ob Abel, and de cuss and drivin' out ob Cain. And after de sermon one ob your smart young darkeys—one ob dese yer thin-skinned, saleratus-complexioned niggers—steps up to me, and says he, 'Fader Helms, yer disremembered to tell us who Mister Cain married down in de land ob Nod; was it his mudder?' Dere was a grinnin' crowd ob 'n' coud't, trifling niggers wid him, and I 'spected at once de white folks had sent him up to ax de question. I was so overcome wid de sense ob de sinfulness and great 'sumption ob sinners, bofe white and black, dat I could say nuffin. I had nuffin to say. I took de question under prayerful consideration, and de answer were made plain. I'm gwine to spound dat part ob de Scrip'ter to yer all. Who Cain's wife was, and whar he got her, is plain to de all-seein' eye ob faith. In de garding ob Eden Cain raised right smart ob craps and garding truck and snob. But after de lewin' ob his Christian brudder Abel we don't read ob his workin' no mo'. He tuk his gun and dogs, and went down into dat sleepy, lazy, no-count section ob Nod, and loaded 'rround dat country; and havin' lost all his plantation and mules, and all his self-respect, and pride ob family and State, de nex' we hear ob him he had got so low down and triflin' dat he married a gal ob one ob dese no-count poor white trash families which do inspired 'posed didn't consider fittin' to mention in de Holy Word."

The reverend "spounder" gazed around upon his admiring congregation with an air of triumph, and a brother struck up the hymn, "Whar, O whar am de Hebrew children?"—*Harper's Mag.*

What Voices Indicate.

There are light, quick, surface voices that involuntarily seem to utter the slang "I want do to tie to." The man's words may assure you of his strength of purpose and reliability, yet his tone contradicts his speech.

Then there are low, deep, strong voices where the words seem to be ground out as if the man owed humanity a grudge, and meant to pay it some day. That man's opponent may tremble and his friends may trust his strength of purpose and ability to act.

There is the coars, boisterous, dictatorial tone invariably adopted by vulgar persons, who have not sufficient cultivation to understand their own insignificance.

There is the incredulous tone, that is full of covert sneer, or a secret "you can't dupe-me-sir," intonation.

Then there is the whining, beseeching voice that says "sympathant" as plainly as if it uttered the word. It cajoles and latters you; its words say: I love you; that I admire you; you are everything you should be.

Then there is the tender, musical, compassionate voice, that sometimes goes with sharp features (as they indicate merely intensity of feeling) and sometimes with blunt features, but always genuine benevolence.

If you are full of affectation and pretence, your voice proclaims it.

If you are full of honesty, strength and purpose, your voice proclaims it.

If you are cold and calm and firm and consistent, or fickle and foolish and deceptions, your voice will be equally truth-telling.

You cannot change your voice from a natural to an unnatural tone without its being known that you are doing so.

A fond father sent his young hopeful of four into an adjoining room to get a book. The boy came back and said it wasn't there. "Yes it is, my son," said the father; "it's on the table." The boy went back and reported again that there was no book there. The father got impatient, and sent another child for the book, and in the meantime the mother brought the book from a different room, with the remark, "Here's your book; it was on the mantelpiece." The gentleman composed himself to read, and about ten minutes afterward discovered young hopeful still standing by his chair and regarding him intently. As he raised his eyes, the boy broke out, solemnly, "Fader, there's a fib about somewhere, and I didn't tell it."