

Letty's Glob.

"When Letty had scarce pass'd her third glad year, And her young artless words began to flow, One day she gave the child a color'd sphere Of the wide earth, that she might mark and know..."

WHAT BECAME OF THE POCKET-BOOK.

"Have you any toy trumpets?" asked old Farmer Campbell of the talkative tin-peddler whose red cart with its house-keeper-tempting array of brooms, mops, scrubbing brushes, pails, tubs, etc., stood one sunny spring morning under the budding maples before the farm-house gate.

"Lots on 'em, sir; red ones, blue ones, green, yellow and white ones—all on 'em shiny ones. Which will you have? 'Aint they hansom now?'" he jingled the attractive baubles before the smiling old gentleman's face.

"I'll pick out these two," he said, taking one in each hand and putting his hands behind him. "Don't say anything about them yet to Catherine. Perhaps when she settles up for her rags there'll be enough coming to pay for them. There, she's coming out with another lot."

"We've been making rags," explained Catherine, a plump, good-looking young woman of thirty, running briskly down the walk with a huge bundle in her arms. "That's how we happen to have so many colored rags to-day."

"Here's another little wad," cried Mother Campbell, very much out of breath, hurrying along after her daughter. "I don't want any leavings for motts to congregate in."

"I declare!" ejaculated her husband in dismay. "I declare! that is my sheep's gray vest. I shan't have a rag left to put on, and shall be driven to wearing my go-to-meetin' suit every day."

Catherine had been diving her shining brown head and plump shoulders into the cart, bringing to light sundry pans, cups, measures and skimmers, while the artful peddler had beguiled her mother into purchasing a pair of sparkling glass pincushions. As the accounts were being balanced the old gentleman laughingly held up the blue and the green trumpets to be enumerated, while from a branch of the tree above their heads the tame crow, Jetty, laughed, "Ha, ha, ha," to call their attention to the red trumpet which he had stolen from the cart.

"Father, you don't want that trumpet more'n the crow does! Come down with that, you black rogue!" scolded Mrs. Catherine.

"I promised the twins when I was up to Dolly Jones' to have a tootmaker on hand for each of them when they came down in May," said the old man decidedly, "and grandpa mustn't break his word to the little fellows."

"Those boys are too old for trumpets," put in Mrs. Campbell. "They'll drive me distracted with their noise."

"I hope they'll never be to old too enjoy toys and fun," said the old gentleman, roguishly blowing a blast upon each of the trumpets at the same time. "I guess I will have one for myself, too, and as for the twins, they won't be seven till June."

"They'll be eight," said his wife. "I've got it down on a paper in my pocket-book," replied the old gentleman, feeling first in one pocket and then in another, "and I'll pay money for the trumpets, Jetty and all. Catherine, fetch my pocket-book from the mantle shelf in the bedroom chamber." "I called after his daughter, who was hurrying toward the house."

"I like to have things where I know they are safe," said her father. "Well, you missed your finger for once," spoke up his wife. "By no means," replied the fine old gentleman, good-naturedly, "the key with the rest of the missing articles is in the pocket-book, and that is mislaid by no fault of mine, as you will be willing to admit when it turns up."

But it didn't turn up, even after dinner, when they searched until sundown. Then, not wishing to have the old eight-day clock run down, Catherine had the horse harnessed into the chaise, and drove over to the east part of the town to the Russell homestead, where there was an old family clock exactly like theirs, and borrowed the key. In talking the matter over with Mrs. Russell, Catherine remembered that a tramp had called and had eaten a bowl of bread and milk by the kitchen fire the very morning before the pocket-book was missed. That brought up the prolific subject of tramps and thieves, and Mr. Russell mentioned that a widow named Waite, with two children, a son and a daughter, from down the river somewhere, had bought and moved on to the Basscomb place; that when he heard of it the comdant help remembering that last year when he was down to the shiretown on a jury a widow woman named Waite was sent to jail for three months for stealing, and that Mrs. Russell remarked that she didn't intend to say anything about it to any body, but that she had made up her mind that she shouldn't call on her new neighbors.

The next day, when Catherine was up to her elbows in suds, a gentlemanly appearing youth who said his family had just purchased the Basscomb place, came to the door, having heard that Mr. Campbell was Prudential School Committee, to see if he could secure a situation as teacher for his sister. Catherine listened no further, but answered him curtly without referring him to her father, and shut the door in his face.

She mentioned the incident to Mrs. Russell after dinner when she drove over to return the clock key. She added, thoughtfully, that he looked to her like the fellow to whom she gave the bread and milk the day before the pocket-book was missed.

Mrs. Russell asked how much money there was in it, and, being told, said she had heard that they paid one-third down for their place, although only one-fourth had been required.

When Catherine returned home she found that her half-brother, James, had driven over from his adjoining farm to see about a note which his father held against some one in the next town, which he thought ought to be renewed. "It won't outlaw for a year," said Farmer Campbell.

"Let me see," said his son, and then, of course, Catherine let out the story. "Was it your old sheepskin wallet, father?"

"Oh, no, it was the pretty red morocco one with twenty different compartments that the twins gave me last Christmas. "You had it in your hand the last time I was here, and showed me the receipted bill for three sets of Cyclopedias—Catherine's set, James' set and my set. Let me see; that was Thursday. There was a tramp eating bread and milk in the kitchen, a rough-looking fellow. I thought it injudicious to let him enter the house, and spoke to wife about it when I got home. Don't you remember it? After he went away mother said father looked like a tramp in that old sheep's gray suit."

"There, those clothes are in that rug," put in Catherine triumphantly, pointing to an immense brided mat on which she was at work. "Father left them off to have them mended one day, the tin-peddler came along, and while father was out talking with him, mother and I stripped what was good for carpets out of them and bundled up the rest for rags in a hurry, I tell you."

"I am glad of it," said her half-brother, laughing heartily, "but I must not be lingering here. Father, can I take your side-hill plow for a few days?"

"I presume it is in that missing pocket-book," observed Catherine facetiously, and the same crow laughed, "quaha, quaha, quaha," as he alighted outside the window with Mrs. Campbell's scarlet crocheted knitting-bag in his bill, which he immediately carried across the yard and threw into the well.

The four persons looked at each other and nodded knowingly. "We will send for Ed Hotton immediately to come and clean out the well," said the mother. "That would be impracticable while the water is so deep," said James, "but at high noon you can reflect the bottom of the well in a looking-glass, and see what is there."

The experiment was tried, and there could be seen on the clear, gravelly bottom of the well sundry cups, mugs, nails, small tools and pieces of crockery, a green frog, and a big, speckled trout, but no pocket-book. The knitting-bag caught on the bucket, and was saved, to Mrs. Campbell's great relief.

Hardly a day passed but that something was wanted, which, when inquired for, was found to have been safely stowed away in that capacious pocket-book. Mrs. Campbell settled down in the belief that James, who was the father's son by prior marriage and no favorite of hers, had thought it no harm to appropriate his father's property to his own uses.

Miss Catherine had no doubt that the tramp had picked it up soon after her father had thoughtlessly laid it down, and she was sure that the beggar and the young Waite were one and the same person. Mr. Campbell thought that Jetty was the rogue, and spent a great deal of time watching the singular pranks and evolutions of the interesting bird.

time during the week when she had time, she carried it home. When, in the fall, the weather grew chilly, bachelor Ed Russell took to driving over to Farmer Campbell's to wind the tall clock, and the family all agreed in calling him an uncommonly agreeable dating young man.

As this was kept up steadily all winter, people would have set the young folks down as lovers had not every one known about the missing clock key. It had come to be generally understood that young Waite was the thief, and not a call was made upon the comers for a whole year in that highly proper Christian neighborhood.

One balmy morning the following spring Miss Catherine, chancing to glance up from the rug which she was braiding and sewing for a present to Mrs. Russell, saw a pretty young girl in a plain black alpaca suit coming through the gate. "There's that Waite girl," ejaculated Catherine to her mother, "I wonder what she means by calling here? I presume it's about the school again, but we don't want our neighborhood children under such influence. I shan't ask her in."

Catherine did not have the opportunity, for her father, with Jetty perched on his shoulder, walked slowly down the gravel walk, shook the girl's hand in his habitual gentle, cordial way; stood and talked with her a minute or two, and then in an excited manner waited upon her to the house.

"Hallo! here's my pocket-book!" cried he jubilantly, as he threw the door wide open. This young lady brought it. My wife and daughter will be glad to know you. Sit down in this rocking-chair; you must be tired after your long walk."

Miss Catherine prided herself upon her sharpness. She thought now, as she set her head a little more primly on one side. "Ah, that self-assured young Waite and that miserable tramp were identical, as I have always supposed. We ought to have had him arrested at the time, as Mrs. Russell suggested."

"This is where I found it," said the girl, timidly, pulling a little bundle of old sheep's gray flannel out of her pocket. "Hallo!" the back and lining of my old rag vest," said the old gentleman, skipping around like a boy. "It looks like an old friend. There, mother! who was the rogue? It wasn't me, and it wasn't Jetty, nor the poor hungry, forlorn tramp."

"I found it in this inside pocket," went on the girl, "and this little roll was twisted up and tucked in on top of a sack of rags that was given me to sort and cut in the rag-shop where I have been at work, because I couldn't get a situation to teach. I haven't opened it, because it wasn't necessary when I saw your name in gold letters on the outside."

"Everything is all right," said the old man. "The note runs out just as I said, next week. The twins will be seven, and it does take two cups of molasses for the snaps. I guess you will begin to think I know something, after all. The money comes just when I need it, and is just the same as a gift. Sit down, my dear, you are not rested, I am sure."

Catherine told Mrs. Russell, afterward, that she felt as cheap as rags, but she came forward and took off the girl's things and kept her to supper, and before that meal was over they were all so charmed with her that Miss Catherine carried her home in the chaise and drove around by the residence of the newly elected prudential committee, and secured the school for the coming term.

The next day Miss Catherine took Mrs. Russell over to call, and they carried the young lady, whose name after all was not Waite, but Wya, a gift of a twenty-dollar gold piece from Mr. Campbell. At the wedding of Miss Catherine and bachelor Ed Russell, which came off on a Sunday, the Wya brother and sister were among the bridesmaids and groomsmen. Everybody, old and young, even to the jolly tin-peddler were bidden to the wedding. Grandpa told the story of the lost pocket-book, and said that it had turned out well, for he had given Catherine over as an old maid, and she would have been had she not been obliged to keep the old clock from running down. The twins had new trumpets bought by grandpa for the occasion, and Jetty in his best suit of black stood in the lilac bush in front of an open window, and all through the ceremony laughed, "quaha, quaha, quaha."—Chicago Standard.

Outward or Homeward. Still are the ships that in haven ride, Waiting fair winds or turn of the tide; Nothing they fret though they do not get out on the glorious ocean wide. O' wild hearts, that yearn to be free, Look, and learn from the ships of the sea! Bravely the ships, in the tempest to sea, Buffet the waves till the sea be crossed; Not in the despair of the haven fair, Though winds blow backward, and leagues be lost. O weary hearts that yearn for sleep, Look, and learn from the ships on the deep! —The Spectator.

Didn't Buy the Mule. Found on Ninth Street, in front of the Bazaar, he was showing the man the bay mule that he was working in a team with the old gray. "You warrant him sound, and perfectly kind and gentle?" the man said. "Precisely," said the farmer John. "My wife and children drive him, and he is a perfect pet. Comes into the house like a dog."

"Easy to shoe?" asked the man. "Well, I guess so. Faet is, I never had him shod. I don't believe in it; he works better without it," said farmer John. "How does he act when you put the crupper on?" asked the man. "Farmer John hesitated. "Well, pretty good, I guess," he said; "fact is I never put it on."

"How does it get on?" asked the man; "who does it put on?" "Well, I kind of don't know," said farmer John; "fact is, he had the harness on when I got him, and it fit him so well, an' he seemed to be so kind o' contented in it, like, that I sort of never took it off'n him."

"Sun-Shine."

What makes the birds so merry What makes so ripe the cherry? It is the sun that comes along To mellow fruit and mellow song; This makes the birds so merry, This makes so ripe the cherry. What warms the blood that rushes To bring the tint that blushes? To rosy lips to make them sweet, To warm the blood that rushes To bring the tint that blushes. Why are the flowers growing, With odors overflowing? Because the sun each blossom loves More than the honey-bee that roves. For this the flowers are growing, With odors overflowing.

CHASED BY THE FIRE.

In the coal regions of Pennsylvania there are railroads called "gravity roads," over which long trains run without the aid of locomotives. The tracks are laid on a gentle incline, till they come to steep ascending planes, where stationary engines are placed, either at the head or foot of the slope. Here strong ropes are run down the incline, drawing them to the top of the hills, when they again can run down on the other side, controlled only by brakemen, till other elevations are reached.

These roads have two tracks, not parallel, but sometimes a mile or two apart. The one on which the loaded cars pass is called the "heavy," and the other, where the empty cars are run, is called the "light." They are built along the sides of the mountains, giving the eye a grand sweep over board and beautiful landscapes. Then, gently descending, they follow the mountain curves, sometimes hugging over deep ravines, and sometimes dashing through dense forests, where the trees form an unbroken shade over the track.

In the Spring of 1875, John Ward, the hero of this story, was brakeman on one of the gravity roads. During that Spring, this part of the country was visited by an intense drought. Day after day the sun rose clear, and ran its course over a cloudless sky. But at length a veil gathered over the landscape, through and through the sun shone like a red disk. The people said that forest fires were raging in the lumber districts north.

Near the close of day in the month of May, Ward and two other brakemen, in charge of an empty train, were sent for a smoke at the head of the plane next above them. As they ran down to the engine-house, which was here at the foot of the slope, they inquired of the wood-chooper the track were on fire. The engineer replied that the train was in danger, but that they could not stop without danger.

The men resolved to try. But when they reached the top of the plane, they saw they had no time to lose. The fire was rushing towards them, and they could feel its hot breath. Loosening the brakes, they sped down the track with covered faces and suspended hearts. But a few moments sufficed to carry them out of danger, as they supposed. The road then wound round a curve of two miles through a dense pine forest.

Ward and Dan McChing, Wya's two companions, congratulated themselves on their escape; but Ward felt anxious lest this was but the beginning of their troubles. His home was in the midst of the woods some miles further down; and for the first time he realized what a terrible foe fire might become.

Scarcely had these thoughts passed through his mind, when the train rounded the curve, and there before them was the fire crossing their path. They had gone so far down the plane that it was impossible to run the cars back. They felt they had better abandon them and return, while there was yet chance, to the engine-house at the foot of the slope.

But on rounding the curve again, they saw to their dismay, that the fire had reached the track behind them, and was furiously burning on both sides. All chance of retreat was cut off. But the forest where they stood was cool and green, the undergrowth so luxuriant and damp that it did not seem possible that it could burn.

The next moment, however, a burning twig lodged in one of the tall trees near them, and igniting the pine needles, darted out a tongue of flame. The men now saw that they must push their way through the fire in front or perish. With hearts trembling with fear, they shook off the brakes, and were about to rush down the burning track, when a woman started from the trees, dragging a little boy by the hand, and screamed to them in tones of agony:

"Stop and take us in!" "We can't stop," said McChing, shouting back. "We can't stop," said the woman, pointing to a tall tree lying across the clearing ahead, against which cord-wood had been piled, and which was already in flames. But with a firm hand, she waved them on, and ordered the others to do the same, and she herself followed them, and her child to be burned like rats in a barn."

"Don't you see we must get by that tree before it falls across the track?" cried McChing in a hoarse voice. "I know," replied Ward, sternly; "but they shall go with us, or we'll all perish together. Quick, quick, my woman! we've no time to lose!"

He dared not leave the front of the train to help her, for he knew the other men, in their fright, would raise the brakes and desert them. She struggled forward, but when almost up to the cars, she stumbled and fell. A bound, Ward sprang to her side, lifted her, and handed her to Josh McChing, who stood in the rear of the car. He then caught up the child, and turned to assist in the train, but already moving, Josh, made utterly selfish by his fear, had raised the brakes.

Ward ran with the energy of desperation, thrust the child into Dan's outstretched arms, and then caught the last car, where he hung unable to breathe; they were moving with his utmost strength, to do more than keep his hold. Here a few moments they left the green woods, and passing through the blazing brush on either side, were almost blinded and suffocated with the smoke and heat, while burning twigs and brushes fell like a red-hot shower upon them. Ward let his hands be slipping, yet he held fast, and looked up to see if the pine-tree was still standing. As they passed under it, the flames had caught in the long branches, and a pyramid of fire. On the cars sped. Another car was passing, and they were again in the midst of a dense green wood.

Ward listened to the merry voices of his children. In a moment more he opened the door on a bright family picture. The table was spread and the children were gathered round it, except the little twins, who were all ready in their chairs, while in the midst of them sat the old grandmother, smiling placidly at their lively chatter.

Ward and Mrs. Stacey a sea, and placed the boy on her lap; then, after introducing her to his mother, he asked anxiously for his wife. She was in the kitchen, looking tired and worried. He saw this, as he began in a low voice to explain to her who their visitor was, and her claims upon their hospitality.

But in a loud angry voice she interrupted him, saying, "Now, John that's just like you—taking on food and clothing from your own family to give to beggars. Here I am slavish and worryin' from mornin' to night to take care of these children and your old mother, and you bring me two more you've picked up, and expect me to feed and provide for them."

"But wife, I couldn't leave the poor woman to perish in the flames, or remain homeless and supperless this chilly night." "Mrs. Stacey was not a heartless woman. She was thrifty, and anxious to get ahead, and had much to try her. It distressed her to find that she could not manage as she could, she could hardly keep John out of debt. Just the same, she laid it all to her husband's charity to other people, therefore, seeing only her side of the argument, she said:

"Why must you always be saddled with such people? They see you are easily imposed upon, and so we have to bear the consequences." Mrs. Stacey could not help hearing the conversation. Putting down her child, she walked to the kitchen door, and opening it, said, in a faltering tone: "Mrs. Ward, I'm no beggar. This afternoon the fire came, and I had to flee before it. My house and everything in it were burned to ashes. Mr. Ward saved my life and my boy's at a risk I don't dare think of. May the Lord reward him for his kindness. He asked me to his house to pass the night; but I'll not stay where I'm not wanted, nor be the cause of Mrs. Stacey's sorrow. I'll leave the flames never leave you as homeless and friendless as they have left me."

These words touched Mrs. Ward. As Mrs. Stacey turned away, she sprang towards her, and, with a sob, said: "Oh, forgive me! I did not think what you had endured. You shall stay, and I'll give you the best of the house affairs. Come, let's all sit down to tea. Then, John, you must tell me everything about the fire and your escape."

She turned pale and trembled as she listened to his account of the fearful risks they had run. "John," asked his old mother, "will the fire reach us?" "I think not. It is not spreading in this direction, and I trust we are perfectly safe."

Yet with fear in their hearts, that night, before retiring, John Ward and his wife went out and climbed a high rock, near the house, where they could see the danger threatened. But around them was only the green, dewy woods, and above, the clear, peaceful starlight. Feeling relieved, they sought the rest both so much needed.

The next morning a messenger came to the village to say the fire was spreading with fearful rapidity, and that help was needed to fight it back. The men of the village responded to the call, and all day and nearly all night, in company with the larger force, they fought the fearful conflagration.

But, fanned by a strong west wind, although hot and driven back at one point, like an unrelenting foe, the fire pushed forward its columns in another, and often, before the men were aware, they saw the flanks of the little turned, and themselves almost surrounded by flames.

Ward at last became alarmed for the safety of his family, and returned home. He found the greatest excitement prevailing in the village. The fire had attacked the other side of the mountain, and they feared it would sweep over and come down upon them. Ward saw that the wind was still carrying the flames in an opposite direction; yet he told his wife to dress the children in their thickest woollen garments, so they might be prepared for any emergency. Then, completely exhausted, he lay down to rest.

He had slept but a few hours when Mrs. Stacey came running in, with a report from the lower houses that the fire was approaching from another point. They were in danger of being hemmed in, and must make their escape at once.

But Mrs. Wya begged her son to leave her, urging that her life was nearly ended at best, and that she would only retard their flight. But he positively refused, and catching up the two children, while his wife took the twins, they started to follow the rest of the inhabitants. Mrs. Stacey had taken the baby and with her own little boy, was already in the advance.

Aided as much as possible by her son; but of necessity, their progress was slow. The smoke proved too much for her. She sank to the ground exhausted. Her son assisted her to rise, and urged her to make an effort to keep up as long as possible. She begged him to leave her and save the rest of the family. The flames were crawling nearer. They could hear the crackling and the crash of the great trees as they fell. He tried to persuade Mrs. Stacey to run on by his side; but terrified by the awful scene, they clung screaming to him, and refused to move. For a time, in his desperation, he tried to carry them all.

But Mrs. Wya was advancing so rapidly, he saw that he must abandon his mother, and the whole family perish. She now earnestly pleaded with him, for the sake of the little ones, to put her down and flee for his life. But she would not consent to meet death. It would be but a moment's pang, then heavenly joy forever. With a groan of agony, he acquiesced, yet drew her as far as possible out of the direct line of the fire. Then, clasping her in his arms, he cried, "O mother, how can I leave you!" "Go, go, my son! As you have been faithful to me, may God deal faithfully with you and yours. I trust that you will leave me." "I am describing an actual occurrence. It seems almost impossible that a generous, dutiful son could leave his aged mother to die by the cruel tortures of the flames, but the truth is, that at the moment she was appealed to his heart, and of his wife appeared to him better that one should be left, rather than that the whole family should perish.

they could bear. For they hardly dared hope that they were safe above it. From this position they were aroused by the oldest boy shouting:—"On father, the sky is on fire, too!" Ward looked up and saw a broad flash of lightning dart out of a dark cloud that was rising rapidly in the west. "Thank God!" he cried. "the rain is coming at last!"

Soon the heavens were overcast. This lightning darted back and forth, heavy thunder overhead, the increasing wind fanned the flames below till they raged with redoubled fury as if seeing no reason that their power would soon be started to vent their power; not in gentle showers, but in heavy torrents, that poured incessantly on the hissing steaming forests, till they drenched beneath it.

John Ward drew his family close under the rocks to keep them dry, but caught in his hat the cool drops to quench their thirst. As the night wore on and the violence of the storm passed by, they all found some rest save the father, who mourned for the loss of his property kept water over the poor little homeless folk. The next day dawned clear and beautiful, the air washed pure from blinding smoke, and as soon as they had risen and thanked God for their escape, they started to make their way back to the settlements.

It was a tedious, difficult journey. When almost back to the site of their old home, they heard voices approaching. Ward shouted and was answered, "The rain has come. In a few moments, a dozen of his old companions gathered round, congratulating him on their escape, and anxious to hear their story. They had just started in search of them; but as they saw the wide away, they had taken their fears for their safety were greater than their hopes.

John Ward and his wife now found that the kind neighbors who had been so kind in the past were returning, "after many days." "Like bread cast upon the waters," the men lifted the children in their arms, and all proceeded to the homes that had escaped the fire. Here each tried to comfort the other, his mother's welcome. Money and clothing had been sent from larger towns to those whom the fire had made destitute. Mrs. Ward found her baby with Mrs. Stacey safe and well; the latter full of joy, as she had not received the glad tidings of her husband's safety.

The burned houses were soon rebuilt, and out for the dear old mother, whom he had been so cruelly forced to leave to the flames, John Ward could after all, happily have been called a sufferer from the loss that had befallen him.

This is not a fancy sketch. The actual facts of the terrible disaster have faintly pictured, are more harrowing than any I have been able to describe. Language cannot adequately depict the awful scenes that were witnessed in that early fire of 1875 in Northern Pennsylvania, that destroyed the villages, and brought great losses and suffering to scores of families.

On a Sheet of Blank Paper.

O virgin page, untouched, unstained, Without a line, without a blot, Thou cream-laid blank-faced mystery Of untold thoughts, of unspoken songs; Who can foresee thy end, my lot, Who tell thy future history?

Perchance thou art reserved to bear The record of a lofty mind; Whose echo shall defy Time's wave; Or in the rubbish basket near Some cruel hand may bid thee find Oblivion, and a wicker grave.

Or shall, upon thy vacant face, Some poet write a stirring ode, Some wondrous lay, some graceful sonnet? Or shall Miss Jones' finger roam, Some lines to Madame a la Mode About the color of her bonnet?

Thou mayst some doctor's mandate bear For horrid drugs an emetic; Or serve to write an I O U; Some love-sick swain to Dulcinea, In halting doggerel most pathetic, May send thee as a billet-doux.

Or on thee, haply, shall be wrought Some picture, to for aye remain, A masterpiece of tint and line; Or shall the baser pen and thought Of Thomas, or of Sarah Jane, Degrade thee to a Valentine?

O empty blank! that only craves A touch, a word, in paint or rhyme; Thou silent monument of shame, On crowns, idlers, fashion's slaves, On brains that have no thoughts sublime, On hands that cannot give the fame.

What ill destroyed, what good abused! So ready thou to cheer or pain, So prompt for blessing or for curse— And here, half-conscious as I mused, I took the paper up again, And scribbled off this idle verse!

—Chamber's Journal.

Louis Napoleon.

Louis Napoleon was an attractive child. He was mild and intelligent but more like a girl than a boy. He is a year older than I am; when we quarreled he used to bite, not strike. He used to say to me: "Je ne t'ai jamais battu." "Non," I answered, "mais tu m'as mordue." He was shy, and has continued to be so. He hates new faces: in old times he could not bear to part with a servant, and I know he has kept Ministers whom he disliked and disapproved only because he did not like the embarrassment of sending them away. His great pleasures are riding, walking, and, above all, fine scenery. I remember walking with him and Prince Napoleon one fine evening on Lansdowne Hill, near Bath. The view was enchanting; he sat down to admire. "Look," he said, "at Napoleon; he does not care a farthing for all this. I could sit here for hours." He employed me some days ago to make enquiries for him in Germany in connection with his book. Moquard wrote me a letter of thanks, Louis Napoleon added to it, in his own hand, these words: "C'est me rappelle les bontes qu'avait Madame Cornu pour le prisonnier de Ham. Les autres se touchent, car les Valteries est encore une prison." When the Duke of Reichstadt and his own brother lived, he used to rejoice that there were two lives between him and power. What he would have liked better than empire would have been to be a rich country gentleman in a fine country with nothing to do but enjoy himself.—Mme Cornu Senior's Conversations.

At Steklesley, Yorkshire, England, lives a man who once assisted in singing the whole of the 119th Psalm, and this is how it is said to have happened. The parson of a church had an invitation to attend a marriage breakfast, and so made his afternoon very short in order that he might be punctual. The clerk, however, objected to this way of passing the Sunday, and when the time for singing came gave out the 119th Psalm. The clergyman did not at first notice what was going on and when he did the musicians were fairly at work and could not be stopped. The air was never lost. The fiddlers wore out their bows and strings the flute player blew out his front teeth, the clarinet never recovered its tone, and the singers all suffered more or less, but they kept it up to the bitter end and finished at three o'clock in the afternoon, after four hours' hard work. Many of the congregation went home to dinner and returned in the afternoon to the finish, but the parson won much respect by sticking to his pulpit to the last, and at the conclusion of the dismal performance he dismissed the congregation without a word.