

ASONG FOR THE PEOPLE.

J. F. WALLER.

There is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip, As at times we all shall find;

There is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip, Before we enjoy a draught;

There is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip, Many a snare and surprise;

With a vigilant glance watch every chance, Be patient, be cautious and wise.

Not always the race to the swiftest of pace, The battle to him that is strong;

But the slow and the sure oft the winning secure— That's the moral I teach in my song.

LITTLE RUTH.

An Old Man's Story.

I know I was a selfish old idiot, now, when I look around me and see the mercies given me in my helpless old age, feel the warm love around me on all sides, and realize the desolation my own hand reached forth to grasp;

This was how it happened. After Martha died—my wife, I mean, with whom forty happy years of my life were spent—and all my children were dead or married, excepting Ruth, there fell upon me the heavy misfortune that has chained me to this chair, or bed, for fifteen weary years.

I had been a hard-working man all my life—a wheelwright by trade—with a large family to rear, to clothe, to feed, to educate, and, ah, me! one by one to bury in the old churchyard, till only Mary, James, and Ruth, our baby, were left to me. Mary married, and went with her husband to the far west. James took his small fortune of a few hard-earned dollars, and left us for the golden land of promise, California, and only little Ruth was left us. Then the angel of death came for Martha, and only six months later I was stricken helpless with paralysis.

I am reconciled now to my hard fate, and can sit here happily, glad that my eyesight is still good, my right hand free, and that I have learned in my old age to love books, to enjoy reading, and even writing, as I never did in the hard-working days of my youth. But in those first months of helplessness, when even to toss and turn in my nervous torture was denied me, my sufferings were simply horrible. No agony of pain, no torture of flesh or bone, could equal the dreadful pressure upon my strong limbs, that held them motionless, dead, in spite of my efforts to move them one little inch. I have fainted with the frightful efforts I have made just to lift once the feet that had carried me miles in a day with unwearied ease.

But even in that time of rebellious murmuring, of bitterest repining, there was some consolation. First, there was the house and five acres of land, my very own, free of debt or mortgage, and a small sum in the bank, the interest of which lifted us above actual want. Then I had Ruth.

She was just twenty when her mother died, and others beside her father thought her face the fairest one for miles around. She had the bluest eyes, like little patches of summer sky, and hair that was the color of corn silk, and nestled in little baby curls all over her head—rebellious under any coxing, but kinked up in tangles that were full of sunlight. Her skin was white as milk, with cheeks like the heart of a blush rose, and her smile showed the prettiest rows of pearls teeth I ever saw.

She coaxed me from my wretched pinings by coming to me for directions, making me feel that my head was still needed to direct the work, though my feet would never more carry me over the door-sill. Then she fitted up for me a large back room that overlooked most of the farm, and had Silas, our head man, lift me up every morning, and put me in a deep-cushioned chair by the window, where I could see the barn, the poultry yard, the well, and the fields of waving corn and wheat. She made me feel myself of importance by giving me thus the master-eye over my own little domain; and she brought up her own meals to eat with me in the room where my infirmity held me a prisoner.

You must understand what Ruth was to me, or you will never understand the simple story. I have set myself to telling you. She taught me to use my right hand without the left; and, if you want to appreciate the difficulty, try your left arm down for one single hour, and try how often it will unconsciously strain at the cords. She brought me books from the village library, and opened to my old eyes and brain a field of pleasure never before explored. I had read my bible and the newspaper all my life; but I never even knew the names of books, nor my greatest treasures, till Ruth thought "reading would be company" for me. Little Ruth, even she does not know the world she peopled for me in her loving care for my loneliness.

When she was busy about her household work, her baking, her washing and ironing, she left all the doors standing open, that I might still hear her cheery voice as she sang or talked to me. Then, when all her work was done, she would put a clean white apron over her black dress, and sit close beside me, stitching busily on the household linen, while I read aloud whatever had most pleased me in my morning studies.

She devised little dainty dishes to tempt me to eat; she put saucers of flowers on my table, that I might cheat myself into fancying I was out doors, as their perfume crept on to the air; she assured me, my pet, loved me, till even my misfortunes seemed blessings drawing us near together. And when she was all the world to me, all that saved me from misery, John Hayes asked me to give him Ruth for his wife. I could have struck him dead when he stood before me, a young giant in strength, with his handsome, sun-burnt face glowing with health, and wanted to take away my one blessing, my only home-child. "I will be a true son to you, Mr. Martin," he said, earnestly. "I will neyva take Ruth from here; but let me come and share her life, and lift

some of the burdens from her shoulders." I laughed bitterly. I knew well what such sharing would be when Ruth had a husband, and perhaps children, to take her time and her love from me. But I was not harsh. I did not turn this suitor from my house, and I bid him never speak to my Ruth again, much as I longed to do it. I worked more cautiously. I let him go from me to Ruth, and when he left her and she came to me, all my blushes, to tell me, with drooping lids and moist eyes, of her new happiness, I worked upon her love and her sense of duty until she believed herself a monster of ungrateful wickedness to think of leaving me or taking any divided duty upon her hands.

I wept, asking her if she could face her dead mother after deserting her helpless father. I pointed out to her the unceasing round of wifely duty that would keep her from my side, and proved to her that the duties of child and wife must clash, if undertaken under such circumstances as were proposed.

The loving, tender heart yielded to me, and John was tearfully dismissed. Through the warm autumn months, when the corn ripened and was garnered—when our crops were blessed, and the little bank-fund was increased by the price of the farm produce—Ruth grew very quiet and subdued. She was not sad, having always a cheerful word or a pleasant smile for me; but the pretty rose-tint left her round cheeks, and I no longer heard her singing about her work. When I read the best pages in my books to her, I would see her eyes fixed dreamily on some far-away thought, her work lying idle, till she awoke with a start at my fretful questions.

For I grew fretful and trying in those days. I wanted her to give up woman's dearest hopes and sweetest affections, and be the same sunshiny Ruth she was before my hand tore away her love dreams. I wanted her to put away all the loving, tender ties of wifehood and motherhood, and pass her life in devotion at the arm-chair of a paralyzed old man. And when she complied, with gentle, touching submission, when I wanted her to be the bright, happy girl who had resigned everything, and who could nurse sweet, girlish fancies, with John for a hero. An unreasonable old tyrant, wasn't I?

The winter came in early that year, and before Christmas everything was frozen up tight, and the cold was intense. We piled up coal in the stoves, listed doors and windows—that is, Ruth did the work, and I enjoyed the result; but there came one cold day—one Friday—when it seemed no coals, no listing, could conquer the cold. Children froze on their way to school that day, and were found, stiff and stark, leaning against the fences. Food froze on the tables. Ask anybody in Maine if they remember that black Friday, and see if some mother's love will not fill as they think of the little, scarlet-headed figures brought to their doors, white and rigid, that had lifted rosy, round cheeks for a kiss only a few short hours before.

On this cold Friday, Ruth hurried through her work in the morning, making my room the warmest place in the house, covering my arm-chair with soft woollens, and moving it near the stove. I would have it face the window, for my glimpse of outdoor life was too precious to resign; but I was not, as usual, near it, for Ruth said there might be a draught.

When all was done indoors, I saw from my chair Ruth, with a scarlet cloak and hood thrown over her, going to the well with an empty bucket. She stepped along quickly over the hard, frozen ground, and I was admiring the trim little feet and the dainty figure, when I saw her slide to the two steps that were above the well walls and fall. She had slipped, and she lay doubled up between the two wooden steps and the rough sides of the well, as if she could not rise. Two or three times her hands clutched the lower step, and she raised herself half way up, only to fall back again, as if her limbs would not support her.

And I could only look on, powerless to move to aid her, the agony of it! To me, who was hurt, unable to help, and helpless as a log, I screamed and called for help. Silas was somewhere. I could not tell where, and I called loudly for him. I could see, after a time, that Ruth, after her frantic struggles, was growing drowsy with the death sleep of cold. The scarlet hood drooped more and more, till it rested against the well-side, and the blue-veined lids closed over her eyes. The sight called from me such a cry of agony as I thought could be heard for miles.

It was heard. A moment later John Hayes, panting and eager-eyed, burst open my door.

"What is it?" he cried. "I heard you calling on the road."

"Ruth! Ruth!" I screamed. "She is freezing to death by the well."

He stopped to hear no more. Out upon the hard, slippery ground, down the steps with swift, rapid strides, and then I saw him stoop and lift the little scarlet-cloaked figure in his strong arms, and come swiftly back, bending his face down over the senseless one on his arm, while hot tears rained down his brown cheeks. He put her on a lounge near my chair, and then dashed out for snow.

"Rub her, rub her!" he said. "I am going for a doctor and for my mother."

Before it seemed possible he could have crossed the lots to his home, his mother was with me, and little Ruth away from the fire to the bed. The doctor came, and the two worked till my heart sank with utter hopelessness before the blue eyes opened again, or the breath fluttered through the pale lips. But it did at last, and John joined me in a fervent "Thank God!" We knew she must lie helpless for many weeks before she could be our own active, bright girl again. It was an appalling truth for me to face, but she was not dead, not lying frozen against the rough well-curb, and I could not but feel thankfulness far, far above the pain of knowing her suffering; I was trying to settle it all in my mind; to understand the doctor's words, while Mrs. Hayes and the doctor lifted Ruth to her own room, that opened into mine. They were away a long time, and John sat beside me, holding my hand in his, and comforting me as if I had not taken the very hope of his life from him. "Don't grieve so," he said, gently. "She will live."

"Thanks to you," I said. "Oh, John, if she gets well, she is yours."

Give her your strong arm for life, John, instead of my helplessness. I see to-day where my selfish love has nearly cost her her life!" "Do you mean that?" John asked, with a little trembling in his voice; "do you really mean that?" "I do, indeed. Let her stay here, John. I will not be a burden on your purse, for the house and farm and all I have saved are Ruth's; but let her give me what time and love she can spare from you."

"Gladly," he answered; "but we will not wait till she is well, Mr. Martin. Let me have Ruth for my wife now, to-day."

"With a broken leg, sick, helpless?" "Does she not need me the more? Give her to me now."

But he had to wait until the bans were called in church three times, though he came to us that day, caring for me with the tenderness of a son while his mother nursed Ruth. They were alone together, as we were, and they had shut up their house, and come to live with us, never to leave again. For one morning, propped up with pillows, Ruth was dressed in white by Mrs. Hayes, and we had a wedding in the little room. My chair was moved in, and the neighbors came from far and near to hear the solemn words that made John and Ruth man and wife.

And happiness has shed its true light upon our home ever since.

A Sunken Island in Lake Michigan.

From Mrs. Josephine Graham we learn some particulars concerning the so-called "sunken island" in the vicinity of Port du Morts (Death's Door). Mrs. Graham states that the island was situated in Lake Michigan, about five miles southeast of Rock Island, and known as "Little Gull," because of its whiteness and appearance of a gull at long range. The island was irregular in shape, being about fifty feet in width by one hundred feet in length; was entirely a formation made of small stones, ranging from the size of a walnut to rocks weighing several pounds. By no means was the island a place of vegetation, for not even grass grew upon it. In the summer of 1846 or 1847 Mr. Graham built a fish shanty or house on "Little Gull," to be handier to his nets that were set "outside." Into the small fish place, on the island of sea pebbles, Mrs. Graham went and cooked for her husband during the summer months, but as fall approached and old Michigan began to froth, the inhabitants of "Little Gull" returned to Rock Island, where terra firma was more extended. The next season Little Gull was too small to even "squat" on—having diminished a good deal during the winter. It continued to grow smaller each year, and long years ago disappeared below the surface of the water. Then the spot was referred to as the "outside shoal." Still the work of "going down" continued, and small sail crafts of light draft could navigate over the shoal. A few years ago the water over the shoal was of a depth sufficient to hide the appearance of a shoal, and a large steamer suffered a heavy loss by grounding on the bar. To-day the once dry island is covered by fathoms of water. By the superstitions of the lake, the disappearance of Little Gull island is a mystery, and that the neighboring islands have also settled a number of feet. Landmarks prove the latter statement untrue, while the mystery connected with the "sunken island" does not seem to be difficult to solve. The fact that the little island was entirely formed of small stones—unquestionably heaped up by the sea—it does not seem unreasonable to suppose that the same power that rolled the stones up could also level or roll them down again.

Relics of an Ancient Battle.

The excavations which have been going on under the famous Lion at Chereona, where the Boetians who fell in the battle with Philip of Macedon, August, 338 B. C., were interred, have thus far disclosed two hundred and seventy skeletons. Among the most recently exhumed, two have been found transfixed with iron lances. Six of the skeletons, more or less preserved, and remarkable for the fractures of their bones and the firm manner in which they died of their wounds, have been prepared to be taken from their place in plaster and transferred to the museum in Athens, where they will remain among its greatest curiosities and wonders. The face of the monumental lion, who sits with head thrown up, expresses rage, grief, and shame, together with that moderation which is characteristic of all Greek art. Pausanias, who wrote about 180 A. D., says: "On approaching the city is the tomb of the Boetians who fell in the battle with Philip. It has no inscription, but the figure of a lion is placed upon it as an emblem of the spirit of these men. The inscription has been omitted, as I suppose, because the gods had willed that their fortune should not be equal to their prowess." It is interesting that, after the lapse of two thousand two hundred and almost nineteen years, we are able to read in the bones which have been thus exhumed, in the fractures of their bones, and in the iron lances by which they are pierced, the story of their heroic struggle to maintain the independence of their country.

School Statistics.

The following interesting table showing the school population of several States and the sum expended by each for public school purposes, explains somewhat the difference between the west and south:

Table with columns: Western States, School population, Expended for public schools. Rows include Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, Arkansas, Mississippi, Louisiana, Florida, Texas, and a Total for Western States.

THE MAKE-UP.

BY MRS. BONNE.

Milly and Patty—dear cousins were they— Each loved the other and both loved to play; Each had a dolly so pretty and fair, With starry blue eyes and bright, flaxen hair.

Milly's dear dolly was named Annabel, And Patty called hers her dear Rosydel, Anna and Rosy were loving and true, And small and sweet smile the summer day through.

Once when the dollies were dressed up for play, The dear little girls were naughty that day; Milly called Patty a "slow little poke," And Patty thought that was no little joke.

Patty then pouted and said she'd go home, And Milly might play with Anna alone; "Come on, Rosydel, you never shall speak To that Annabel for just one whole week!"

Sweet Rosy smiled on, but Anna looked blue, While Milly just said a tear-droop for two; But poor Patty's heart went pty-ty-ty-ty, When Milly said low, "I'm sorry for you."

Two little white arms were round Milly's neck, "Milly," said Patty, "I love you a peck! Come here, naughty dolly, my own Rosydel, Just kiss and make up with sweet Annabel."

A LOTTERY OF DEATH.

A Ghastly Story of Mosby's Command.

The following story of the hanging, by the Confederate Col. Mosby, of seven Union prisoners in retaliation for like execution by the Federal government is told in the Philadelphia Times by a member of Mosby's guerrillas: "On arriving at Rectortown, Va., we found Col. Mosby with full command drawn up in line and he himself in consultation with his principal officers. One of these finally advanced toward the squad which guarded the union prisoners and gave orders to draw them up in line. The adjutant then rode forward and read an order stating that seven of our men having been recently hung by the enemy, it was determined that seven of the prisoners should be hung in retaliation, and that lots for these seven would immediately be drawn. A scene ensued which will be impressed upon my memory until the day of my death. A cry of anguish and consternation arose from the unfortunate prisoners. Some implored the guard to intercede with Col. Mosby and have them excluded from the drawing, two of them declaring that they were merely sutlers, and not fighting men, never having fired a gun at a southern soldier. Others said they had been drafted into the federal army contrary to their wishes and were friendly to the south. Others again expressed a willingness to desert that army and join our standard. While this tempestuous appeal for life was going on among these poor fellows, the main body of prisoners heard the awful sentence with deep dejection but sullen resolution.

In the course of twenty minutes, two officers approached, one of them holding a hat, in which had been placed a number of wads or balls of paper, corresponding with the number of prisoners. Seven of these wads were marked. The drawing then commenced, the officer with the hat requiring the right-hand prisoner to take out a ball, which when drawn he handed to the other officer in attendance, who on opening pronounced it to be either a blank or otherwise. At first several blanks were drawn, then came a marked ball, which was drawn by a cavalry soldier of Custer's command and hailing from Michigan. This man very coolly remarked that he was prepared to die for his country. "Six men have now been drawn," cried the officer with the hat; "one more must come."

The next and last victim was a drummer-boy, who upon being informed of his fate, uttered the most piercing cries, and throwing himself upon the ground, exclaimed that he was only a drummer with neither father or mother, and begged to be spared. So great was the pity of the officers excited that they immediately applied to Col. Mosby to spare this boy. He promptly replied that he did not know there was a boy among the prisoners, and ordered that he should be removed and the drawing taken over again. This was done, and on the second drawing my friend, a lieutenant, drew a marked ball. I was shocked by this, and he was greatly distressed, but exhibited a courageous resignation to his fate. Calling to him a soldier of his company, who had also been taken prisoner, he requested him to take to his wife an empty pocket-book and a pencil-case, saying these were the only souvenirs he had left when condemned to execution, and that his last thoughts were with his wife and mother. I was deeply affected at his fate, and desired to assist him if possible. Whispering to him, I asked if he was a Freemason, to which he replied in the affirmative. Immediately after this the guard was ordered to march off with the seven men who had been condemned. We proceeded with them (I being one of the guard) only a few hundred yards, when we were ordered to halt and await further orders, and in a few moments a freshly-mounted squad of fifteen men, commanded by a lieutenant and equipped for a raid, approached us, with orders from Col. Mosby that we should be relieved from care of the prisoners. Among the number of this relief guard was an intimate friend of mine, to whom I related the circumstances in connection with the lieutenant, and also informed him that he was a Freemason. Being anxious to learn their destination, I questioned him about the recent order, and he informed me that they were commanded to take the prisoners across the mountains and as near to Sheridan's headquarters as possible, and there to hang them. He promised me he would do all that he could (consistently with duty) in behalf of the condemned officer. They then proceeded on their way, and several days elapsed before I heard any thing of their movements. On meeting with my friend, he gave me the following particulars: They reached Paris on the same night after leaving and were there met by Capt. Mountjoy, who was returning from the valley with a batch of prisoners. Being a friend of Mountjoy's he took the first opportunity of informing him of the situation of the lieutenant and also informed him that he was a Freemason, and requested that he would try to save him. Upon hearing this Mountjoy requested an interview with the officer, and immediately afterward he crossed the street to where he kept his own prisoners, and returned with two of them. These he presented to the officer in charge of the prisoners as two of Custer's men, whom he wished to substitute for the lieutenant. After some hesitation, and with the condition that Mountjoy should

assume all responsibility, the exchange was made. The officer, after returning earnest thanks for his life, was hastily transferred to a batch of prisoners under the care of a sergeant, who was told to make all possible haste to Gordonsville, and specially to get out of "Mosby's dominions" before the break of day. The others met their fate."

Story of a Woman's Broken Heart.

The New York World tells the following pathetic story of a broken hearted woman: "The officers of the seizure-room in the Custom House have been for several days awaiting the return of Mrs. Ray Gordon, a Philadelphia milliner, who arrived in this city by the steamer Britannic on Jan. 31. She had as baggage two trunks, two boxes, and two hand-satchels which were passed by Officer Hayes, of the Custom House squad, after a cursory examination. Inspector Voigt noticed that her hand-satchels were not 'chalked,' and insisted upon examining them. Finding in them a package of ribbon and another of lace, Voigt sent the whole collection of baggage to the seizure-room of the Custom House. Mrs. Gordon promised that she would come to the Custom House in an hour's time, and went to Krueger's Hotel, No. 297 West street, to get, as she said, something to eat and a short rest. Here she said she wanted a room at once. She was shown a room, and frightened the porter by exclaiming: 'Give me a pair of scissors—quick.' He declared that he had no scissors, and she replied: 'Well, give me anything that will cut.' Afraid that she was about to commit suicide, he went down and informed the proprietor, who went up himself, and being informed by the lady that she merely wished to re-arrange her dress, led her the scissors. In an hour Mrs. Gordon came down-stairs, returned the scissors, and went to the Custom House. Here meantime packages of lace had been found sewn into the linings of dresses or hidden in old shoes. On one undergarment 200 yards of edging had been basted, and dresses were folded lengthwise with pieces of silk and velvet in the folds. The following seizures were made: 108 yards of silk, 162 yards of silk ribbon, 20 yards of silk lace, 40 yards of peice velvet, 12 yards of velvet embroidery, 55 yards of woolen dress goods, 473 yards of cotton edging, 317 yards of cotton lace, 1 lace handkerchief, 1 lace shawl, 35 pieces of bead embroidery, 3 1/2 yards of lace trimming, and 10 packages of artificial flowers. Mrs. Gordon did not return to the hotel in West street, and as she had carried off the key, Mr. Krueger became anxious, and on Wednesday sent for the police of the Charles street Precinct. Detectives Flanagan and Dilks opened and searched the room. Under the mattress of the bed they found 199 1/2 yards of pink and brown silk, and red black, bottle-green, pink and blue silk of a very expensive kind, suitable for millinery work, the whole weighing thirty pounds. It was sewn together in such a way as to form an interior petticoat, and the broad lace straps were yet attached which had passed over Mrs. Gordon's shoulders and suspended the smuggled goods. The goods were taken to the station house, and on that same evening an elderly man called at the hotel and asked to be shown to the room. He had the key, but on some pretext was put off. On the evening following, the 3d inst., Mrs. Gordon herself came. On reaching the room she at once flung back the bed clothes, and finding nothing, sank into a chair and cried, 'This breaks my heart!'

Negro Claims to Virginia Property.

A number of colored persons of Mechanicsburg, O., claiming to be the legal heirs of one Samuel Gist, a wealthy Englishman who owned property in Virginia, in the early part of the century, and now worth from \$3,000,000 to \$5,000,000, have instituted proceedings to prove their right to the property. Briefly outlined, the story of the bequest is as follows: Gist made a will in 1808, leaving all his American property to his two hundred and seventy-four slaves, with their freedom. Matthew Toler and John Wickham, of Virginia, were appointed trustees. Gist died in 1815. The property bequeathed was in Goochland, Hanover, Henrich, Amherst, Carolina counties, and Dismal Swamp. In 1816, by act of the general assembly of Virginia, the slaves were freed in conformity with the provisions of the will, but were removed from the Virginia lands. The trustees, Toler and Wickham, arranged to have them put on lands in Brown and Highland counties, Ohio. As time wore on they allowed their trust to lapse; some of the colored people bought and paid for the land they were on. Recently a convention of about two hundred colored people, who claim to be heirs to the Virginia property under the will of Samuel Gist, held a convention in Hillsboro and determined to prosecute their claims. The matter was given to the care of Rev. E. Cumberland, of Mechanicsburg, who has consulted and employed attorneys, who think that sufficient documentary evidence can be found to prove the claims of the colored people.

Anti-Vaccination.

Anti-vaccination societies will certainly preserve among their records the fate of the troupe of Esquimaux which Herr Hagenback has been conducting through Germany and France for the public. The poor creatures were very successful in Berlin, where Prof. Virchow and others made them the subject of scientific examination. Thence they went to Darmstadt, where the most attractive member of the company died. In Westphalie two others died—a woman and a child—the latter of small pox. From Crefeld they were taken to France, and at length the survivors, only five in number, reached Paris. Here the sanitary authorities forbade Herr Hagenback to give a performance until the members of the troupe had been vaccinated. To make safety doubly sure, the terrified Esquimaux were operated upon twice; but in spite of the extra precaution they all fell sick and died of the small-pox within a few hours. This fact, of course, does not prove anything, but those who are over-anxious to be convinced never require "confirmation strong as proofs of holy writ."

A HARTFORD MAN SENT A PAIR OF TROUSERS TO HIS TAILOR TO BE REPAIRED.

The tailor's workman found \$300 in a roll in the pocket. The owner thanked him very warmly.

READING FOR THE YOUNG.

A CHILD'S SATIRE.

Children want always the "truest" things, The things that come nearest to life; Grow-up and read; for—Sweet little things They believe in the world and his wife.

Kate wanted a doll for her Christmas this year, A doll that could do something grand; 'Notary; that's for babies;' nor might it suffice, That she simply could sit and could stand.

"And I don't care for eyes that will open and shut," "You'd see 'em all gone," "It's 'soss' an' enough, mamma; I want a doll With hair that bakes off and puts on."

TOM AND FRIZZLE.

MAUD MEREDITH.

Tom has the sharpest claws and the wickedest teeth of any cat I ever saw. "What a treasure," all the neighbors said, when Tom would deposit an old rodent or fat field mouse just outside the porch door, and he was always bringing them, so you see he had lots of compliments. But Tom never thought to be vain. He was very wise anyway and could be talked to so much; if he did not understand all we said he did some of it, for when we bought Dick, a beautiful German canary, we told Tom all about it, and he never offered to catch the bird, but would drive all the other cats out of the yard; first send them spinning, and how the cats would go over the back yard fence when he skurried after them; and we always thought it was to save Dick.

I think the most wonderful feat he ever performed was to catch a chicken hawk.

Wonder how! Tom used to enjoy sitting upon the fence, and watching the little chickens. When he was small, he tried to catch one, and his mistress, to teach him better, pounded him on his head with a new tin pan. I guess it did not hurt much, but it made an awful noise, and ever after that he would, shake his head whenever he saw chicks, climb up somewhere, and sit and look down. So this day he was up on the end of a pile of boards. I presume out of sight, for the hawk pounced down, and had just set his sharp talons into the poor chick, while there was a great fluttering and screaming all over the poultry yard, when down came Tom, a great heavy fellow that he was, and set his teeth into the back of the hawk's neck.

Brother Charlie saw it all, and ran out and helped Tom. I made a little duster of the long white hawk feathers, and saved it in honor of Tom's bravery.

But he could also be gentle and kind, and when Frizzle came, he took him for a play-fellow and never harmed so much as a hair of his bushy tail. Frizzle you see was a squirrel, a little striped "chipmunk," that Tom brought one day, and when Charlie said, "Tom! let me have your squirrel," he let go of him, and off the little fellow ran like a flash, around the stove to where Charlie had just set his boots to dry, for it was a rainy day in Spring, and down he went in one of them.

Then we sat an empty bird cage on the floor, placed the boot in front of the door, rapped on it, and away went chippy into the cage.

He was wild at first, and a little lame, for Tom had hurt him some, but he soon got well, and grew real tame.

We called him Frizzle or Friz, and he would prick up his cunning little ears, and look about when we called him.

We used to set the cage on the floor and let Tom see it; afterwards we let Friz out about the room, and in time he and the cat would play together. And such funny places as Friz would hide, but Tom would hunt him and, with velvet paws give him a pat, to let him know he was found out, then Friz would whisk off with a loud ch-u-r-r, and scamper all over the chairs and sewing-machine, and once he ran out on the top of the bird's cage, and scared poor Dick almost to death.

When Tom would curl up on the low stove-heap in the kitchen and feign sleep, Frizzle would whisk over and over him and at last bite his ears, for which he would often get a cuff that sent him out into the middle of the floor.

We kept Frizzle for a long time but one unlucky day he ran off over the garden fence just for a race, and went very near to a great gray cat that looked precisely like Tom. There was a whisk and a snap and away went puss with poor Frizzle in her mouth, and we could not catch her, though we raced half across the pasture. So we never saw Frizzle again.

BIRTHINGTON'S WASHDAY.

"Is your mamma at home, Bessie?" asked Mrs. Brown, as she stood at the front door.

"Well—yes, I think she is at home," replied little Bessie. "But I suppose she is washing, Mrs. Brown. I am washing, myself, up in the nursery; all my doll's clothes, you know, so I haven't seen mamma since breakfast; but I suppose of course she is washing."

"But why?" inquired the good neighbor. "Is Bridget ill?"

"Oh no," said the child. Bridget is very well; but this is a very particular washday Mrs. Brown. It's somebody's washday. I can't remember his name, but everybody ought to wash, for Fred told me so."

"What can the child mean?" exclaimed Mrs. Brown. Just then Bessie's mamma appeared.

"How do you do, Mrs. Brown?" she said. "I am so glad to see you. Come in and spend the morning, will you not?"

"Well, I did mean to stay for an hour," replied Mrs. Brown; "but Bessie assured me that you were washing, and so—"

"Washing!" exclaimed Mrs. Gray. "Why should I be washing! What do you mean, Bessie, dear?"

Bessie looked much troubled, and her lips began to quiver. "Fred said it was a washday!" she said. "Somebody's—oh! now I remember. Birthington's washday, he said, and everybody must wash. And so I thought—"

"Bless your little heart!" said her mother. "Fred is a naughty boy to tease you. He meant Washington's birthday, dear, and only turned it upside-down in fun. It is a holiday, and you may run over and ask Eva Ford to spend the day with you. Run away, my blossom!"

Now, wasn't Fred a naughty boy?

"WHY, JOHN."

The simple folk who have a tremendous idea of the abilities of "college

lart" young men are not all dead. The Boston Commercial Bulletin thinks that it may be a little early in the year for a Fourth of July story, but the following about a Harvard student is too good to keep: He had returned to his native village to "spend the Fourth," and among other little lionizing was invited to participate in the annual celebration. On the auspicious day he encountered an old farmer acquaintance who had driven into the village, and greeted him with—

"Why, John, how dew you dew? I've heern tell you're to college down in Boston."

John modestly admitted that fact, and his friend continued, "They say you're goin' to read us suthin' to-day, John."

The collegian explained that he was to read the Declaration of Independence; and the old gentleman, standing back a little, and looking admiringly at him, exclaimed,—

"Sho! ye don't say so, naow! suthin' ye writ yerself?"

Miscellaneous Items.

The post of the Grand Army of the Republic at Waterbury, Conn., will endeavor to raise £30,000 to erect a soldier's monument there.

The census is said to show an excess of 888,298 males in this country, there being only 96,519 females to every 100,000 males, against 97,801 in 1870.

The Kansas state aid committee has adjourned after having distributed among 12,000 sufferers, from the short harvests of 1879 and 1880, 214,170 pounds of flour, 297,105 pounds of meal and \$2,419 in money.

A GENTLEMAN in Athens, Ga., claims to be the owner of the whistle about which Robert Burns wrote a ballad. Its history dates back to the time when Anne of Denmark went to Scotland with James VI.

It is reported that a grocer in Salem, Mass., is to be sued for damages