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"Independent in All Things."

J. W. DORRINGTON, Proprietor.

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WE TWO.

We two who drifted on by chance,
Without a thought of wind or weather,
Awoke as from a pleasant trance
To find we'd drawn quite close together.
Just how we came to love?—ah! well,
I do not think I madly sought her;
Attracted by some subtle spell,
We joined like chips on quiet water.

We two have laughed in youthful glee
When suns have shone each day more brightly;
And if a cloud arose o'er me
I cared not so it touched her lightly.
We two have walked within the shade
Where sober tints have checked our laughter,
When hearts were saddened and dismayed
By storm and clouds that followed after.

And in the wide, wide world we two
Have often looked, with unfeigned wonder
On wedded loves that proved untrue,
On pairs that drifted wide asunder.
No fear of such a fate as this
Her heart or mine has ever troubled,
For well we know that single bliss
By joining hands is more than doubled.

And, though it seemed blind chance that brought
Our aimless, youthful hearts together,
I have, in soberness, since thought
We were not straws turned by the weather;
That destiny had much to do
With all our steps, and that I sought her
With purpose deeper and more true
Than idle chips on quiet water.

—*E. A. Boyden in Current.*

THE COSSACKS.

Russia's Hardy Subjects Who Have Been Misunderstood.

Although Communistic They Are Republican—Irregular but Effective Scouts of the Army—A Living Rampart of the Frontier.

A few weeks' sojourn with the Cossacks, eating, sleeping, marching and plundering with them, gave me an entirely new idea of their character. I had unconsciously formed my estimation of them from the traditions regarding them common to this day all over continental Europe. They are always alluded to as the bugbears of the human race, and their name, the symbol of all that is cruel, is used as a potent terror to keep runaway children at home and to frighten them into obedience. I expected to find them, not child-eaters, to be sure, as they have been popularly reported in the nurseries, but at least barbarous, unwarrantably cruel, and distinctly uncivilized in tastes and habits. To my great surprise, they developed on acquaintance a close similarity in various traits of character to Western frontiersmen. This is not so remarkable a fact as it would at first appear, for parallel experience and kindred interests and occupations are naturally accountable for the same characteristics which distinguish the pioneer of the great West and the Cossack of the great East. Unlike the common Russians, they are independent in spirit, self-reliant, and full of resource. They know little of the cringing servility that brands the ordinary slave as an inferior order of human beings. Their pride of race and position is unbounded, their faithfulness and loyalty almost phenomenal. Accustomed to communistic government, they are thoroughly republican in their notions, and know how to obey as well as to command. They are both prudent and brave—prudent because they are acquainted with danger, brave because bravery is part of their creed. "The army may sleep in safety when Cossacks are at the outposts" is the common saying, for they are believed to scent danger afar off, and to be thus secure against surprises. They have the keen senses of the Indian fighter, and a touch of the stoicism of the Indian himself. A prominent trait of their character, and one which seems unaccountable in conjunction with their independence and self-reliance, is their superstitious faith in the observance of all sorts of religious ceremonies and in all manner of signs and omens. The most trivial act is often prefaced by a brief prayer or appeal for Divine aid, and by the sign of the cross. They never eat without first standing erect, uncovering the head and repeating a few words of grace. In their list of signs and omens there are almost as many items as were noted by the augurs in old Roman times. In actual warfare they are the eyes, the ears and the mouthpiece of the army. They do the larger part of the scouting service and of cavalry outpost duty, carry orders and dispatches—there is no signal corps in the Russian army—act as orderlies to the officers, and perform all kinds of useful services. Whenever a man is needed for any thing outside the common camp duties, a Cossack is sure to be summoned; wherever the army moves, the wiry little horses with their jaunty riders are seen scampering in all directions; wherever the advance guard of infantry penetrates, it is sure to find that the Cossacks have already left their mark, for they have the activity and the enterprise of true pioneers, and all the restlessness of savages.

While they form one of the largest departments of the Russian army in time of peace and in time of war, they are entirely distinct from any other branch of the service. Even among the Russians the exact relations of the Cossacks to the government are not often clearly understood, and they are often looked upon more as allies than as subjects of the Czar. Like most existing institutions of that country, they are regarded as part of an order of things which knows no change. It was only after patient interrogation of various persons in the face of this characteristic indifference to precise knowledge that I succeeded in gaining a clear idea of what and who the Cossacks are. Without vouching for the perfect accuracy of every detail of my information, I will give the history of the Cossacks as I gleaned it during long conversations in camp and on the march, with the addition only of a few precise dates and statistics drawn from well-known sources.

These pioneers of Russian civilization form the living rampart of Russia for the five or six thousand miles which cover the entire Asiatic frontier from the Sea of Okhotsk in Eastern Siberia to the river Don and the Caucasus. They are first mentioned in the Russian chronicles of 1444 as living around that part of the Dneiper where the city of Kiev now stands. They had begun to assemble there as early as the tenth century, escaping tyranny of all kinds, and they chose the Dneiper territory as a refuge because they could easily defend themselves there among the impassable marshes and numerous islands. These refugees from oppression increased very fast, and, although they numbered many different classes and races of people—victims of religious persecution, fugitives from the cruelty of lords and masters, deserters, criminals and outlaws—they soon united into a more or less homogeneous mass, essentially Russian in character, for the larger part of them were Russians, but utterly opposed in political creed to the existing government. They formed, as it were, a republic within a monarchy, a state within a state, always calling themselves Russians, although maintaining their independence of Russian rule. As they grew to be formidable in numbers they spread rapidly over the country, and at last established themselves as a kind of military republic in Southern Russia, and declared themselves defenders against savage tribes and Turks. Their usefulness to Russia as defenders of the frontier was by no means imaginary. The cities of Southern Russia were continually threatened by the incursions of Asiatic barbarians, and frequently sought the aid of the Cossacks to protect them against these attacks. Great numbers of young men from thes cities, irresistably attracted by the wild, free life of the borders, joined the body of Cossacks, which was then, as it is now, a close corporation.

Complaints of their lawlessness were showered upon the Czar Alexis, and in 1655 he persuaded some of them to come to Moscow, and then sent them against Poland and Riga—the first service ever performed by Cossacks in the Russian army. Nearly a century later various advanced posts were established by the government in the country occupied by these Yaik Cossacks. They, considering this to be a deliberate infringement on their rights, stirred up a powerful rebellion, and for about thirty years successfully opposed the Russian arms, pillaging the country of the Volga, and even threatening Moscow. This final struggle for Cossack independence ended in the year of the declaration of American independence. The Russians effectually suppressed the rebellion, captured and executed the leader, Pugatcheff, and changed the name of the river and province from Yaik to Ural, the latter punishment, simple as it may seem, having a certain refinement of cruelty in the appreciation of the semi-Oriental Cossacks. Since this famous revolt ended, the Cossacks have been peaceful subjects of the Czar, always reserving certain traditional rights and privileges for themselves, which make them still in a large degree independent of Russian rule. It has never been possible to prevent their foraging across the frontier, any more than on our own borders have we hitherto found it in our power to put an end to the promiscuous acts of barbarity which have always postponed perfect peace in the United States to that time when the extermination of the Indians shall have removed the temptations which frontiersmen are unable to withstand.

In the course of the centuries of comparative freedom which the Cossacks have enjoyed they have not preserved the purity of their race, although they are much more Russian than any thing else. It has been a common custom for the young men stationed in remote posts to marry the Asiatic girls whom they have captured as prisoners of war or bartered for in the Oriental manner. This practice of promiscuous marriage has, of course, been no inconsiderable element in the preservation of their practical isolation from the rest of Russia. Then, too, besides the mixture of blood, no trifling proportion of them has been admitted to the body from the Asiatic tribes, chiefly from the Circassians, who have, as a condition of their admission, adopted the customs of the Cossacks, and have sworn allegiance to the Czar. Possessing, then, characteristics of both Slav and Asiatic, the great body of Cossacks stands, as it were, on neutral ground between European and Asiatic civilization. Their allegiance to the Russian government does not place them in the position of the ordinary Russian citizen. Instead of taxes and contributions, they pay the government in military service, giving a certain amount of men, enlisted for a certain length of service, in payment for the lands on which they squat along the rivers. Their chief officers are appointed by the government, and their Ataman, or General of all the Cossacks, is always a Grand-Duke. They have settled along the rivers both because, in most cases, these mark the frontier lines, and also because the best lands lie along the watercourses. The great mass of Cossacks is divided into numerous lesser bodies, each called from the name of the river near which it is located. The Ural, the Don, the Volga, the Terek, the Kuban, and several other rivers have all given their names to communities or provinces of Cossacks, most of which are famous in Russian history. The Don Cossacks are the most heard of because they are the most numerous. The Urals are the richest, and the Kubans the most warlike. Both the Terek and the Kuban Cossacks are largely composed of pure-blooded Circassians, speaking their native language, wearing the native dress, cultivating the Mohammedan religion, and professing to be Russian only in their allegiance to the Czar.—*G. D. Millet, in Harper's Magazine.*

GOOD OLD SMOKE.

A Charming Little Story of General Custer's Last Tragic March.

When you hear this story you will see how appropriate his name is. The small, well-built terrier lying there, on the Turkish rug, in a spot of sunlight that brings out the silver in his dark hair beautifully, and makes the parting on his head like a fine line of silk. Smoke, old boy, look up. Where did you come from? Who are you, Smoke? Do you remember the captain's whistle? Ah! good old fellow, good dog; of course you do! There now, lie down again and shut your eyes while I tell the young people your story, and how you got your name.

General Custer had started forth on that last tragic march of his. Smoke's mistress, the wife of General Terry's aide-de-camp, has just been telling me of the strange, sad morning when she and some other ladies of the camp stood and watched the line of men going out. The sound of the march came in a peculiar, pitiful wild music from the Indian scouts who headed the little army. They were singing their "death song," with which they always go to battle, and it must be heard to be appreciated, so weird and strange and wild it is, and while the scouts, with their vari-colored flags flying, ride by, crooning, chanting, singing, one can fancy a plain, darkened by contending enemies, death riding fiercely and cruelly, victor, here and there, contending grimly with life on every side. All you who have read the story know that Custer and his forces, contrary to first arrangements, pushed on and met the Indians at Big Horn—meeting slaughter as well. The battle, nearly all of whose records the grave holds in its grasp of eternal secrecy, was fought, and two days later General Terry's troop, marching down upon the valley, found only the dead emblems of the fight. There lay their dead comrades—silent and alone, not a creature to be seen far or near, but away in the distance a shadowy outline marks the vanishing Indian forces. Captain G——, General Terry's aid-de-camp, was one of those who marked the dead and gave them burial with all the means of identification possible, and it was while he was engaged in this sad occupation, that looking up he beheld near him a small dog—fierce in expression for a terrier, not supplicating or wistful exactly, but bright-eyed and angry. The Captain would have caressed the little creature, but it trotted away. He was followed to one of the Indian tents where stark and cold lay the dog's master—an Indian who had crawled there to die.

It was impossible then to coax the dog into any show of friendliness, but late in the day the Captain saw him again approaching—this time the eyes had lost their fierceness—they were subdued into something pitiful and pleading, as disregarding the other officers the little dog ran up to his first friend and held out his paw. Then the Captain discovered that a cactus thorn had been imbedded in it, and the dog with quick instinct had sought him to procure relief. The thorn and all the prejudice were removed together. There was no further question of conciliation. The Captain adopted the dog then and there and sent him home to his wife, who, because of the fires he had come out of on the field of battle, christened him "Smoke."

So you see Smoke is a sort of hero now in his Western home, and is enjoying an old age of comfort and honor, although the details of his career before that day of battle never can be known. He is a pure-blooded Scotch terrier, quick, alert and sagacious, with one peculiarity. Nothing will induce him to make friends with strangers. Loyal and devoted to his mistress and her immediate family—dignified and tolerant of outsiders, yet he is under no circumstances to be beguiled into demonstrations of any sort away from home, and at the suggestion even of a caress from a stranger's hand will rise from his recumbent posture, give himself a little shake and in the most dignified manner stalk away, leaving you with a sense of your own impertinence in having attempted any thing like intimacy with so exclusive a canine sovereign. Do you hear all this Smoke, old boy? Ah! there, you are ready enough to get up and wag your old tail and run to the window, for Dorotha and Margarette are calling to you. Dorotha's eyes are eager, her little golden rings of hair dancing in the breeze, and I am sure Smoke realizes that she too is "a Child of the Regiment."—*Lucy C. Lillie, in Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

—A bird cage suddenly fell on the floor recently in a house at Petaluma, Cal., in consequence of the breaking of a line that was being fastened up by Mrs. Cora Woodman, a visitor from San Francisco. She was shocked into unconsciousness by the slight accident and remained insensible twelve hours. Since then, though understanding all that goes on about her, she has been unable to utter a word.—*San Francisco Call.*

THE WARRIOR AGE.

Europe at Present Placing Military Glory Above All Other.

Standing armies constitute one of the most important factors in the socialistic problem in Europe. Hundreds of thousands of the strongest and most active young men of these countries are taken from the industrial ranks, and the burden of their pay and support, as also of the immense caravans or camps, arsenals, fortifications and all sorts of military supplies and equipments is thrown upon their parents and weaker brothers and sisters left to work at home. It is pitiful to mark the contrast between these soldiers, with their fine physique and gay uniforms, lounging around the camps or strolling the streets, swarming like locusts everywhere, and the miserable peasants with their wooden shoes, ragged clothes and half-starved looks; old men and women, young girls and little children, toiling in the hot sun and in the dirt, struggling to their utmost strength for their poor and insufficient food, and taxed to the last soldo on every mean article they buy or own to keep this enormous force of their stout brothers in the army.

Traveling in Germany seventeen years ago, I heard everywhere the boasted fame of its great scholars and its great schools. To-day the talk is only of its soldiers, its victories and its military power and greatness. Soldiers are the most welcome guests in the fashionable salons of its capital, and it is complained there that the English-born Princess Imperial will still invite to her receptions eminent artists and men of letters. Its great universities are still crowded, but it is largely with foreign students, and because the strict requirement of a university education for admission to the liberal professions compels the attendance of young men seeking a professional career. But the army is now on the highway to honor. The soldier, not the scholar, is in fashion; and I have heard German students even wish for the outbreak of war that they might put to proof their military discipline and have a chance to win the promotion so slow coming in civil life. Young Germany talks, thinks and dreams of war. Its heart has gone back to the age of iron. If the sciences and arts and commercial interests did not bind Europe to nineteenth century progress the general degradation of its civilization would be inevitable. As it is the amenities, the moral principles and the intellectual refinement which mark the highest and best civilization, have already suffered great loss. Europe is proving the truth of the old Roman maxim, *inter arma leges silent*, which for the occasion I will translate: "Among armies civilization slumbers."—*Ohio State Journal.*

PARISIAN STYLES.

Plush Garments More Popular Than Seal and Other Fur Wraps.

Long cloaks falling to the bottom of the dress, princess style, are not in as great favor here as last year. Ladies prefer the shorter plush garments, which in themselves are very ornamental, and provide for the display of elegantly fashioned dress skirts. The Queen of Italy has just ordered several superb plush garments from Worth. She is said to be the best dressed woman in Europe, and therefore her toilets are much cited. Among these wraps was a sealskin plush, short in the back, and with long front panels gathered at the ends and finished off with long tassels of brown, beige chenille, and old gold bullion. The wide sleeves were lined with old gold satin; the whole garment was bordered with a heavy passementerie of fine brown chenille and old gold; in front plush *revers* opened upon a vest of Swedish leather, covered with old gold embroideries. One to wear with a heliotrope plush dress was a short garment, half visite, half dolman. It was made of heliotrope satin covered with antique Venetian guipure, drawn and embroidered with threads of gold; it had epaulets and Medicis collar of old gold guipure and an old gold "motif" in the front, ending with cord and tassel of the same precious metal. Worth slashes most of these garments in the back, so as to allow room for puffings.

The new opera cloaks, made long to envelope the form, are lined entirely with the long-furred white Thibet; this fleecy lining extends over the velvet as plush and forms collar, bands down the sides, and cuffs on the sleeves. A superb one, made by Worth for a Russian Princess, was of Persian fabric of the dull red and blue, heavily wrought in silver and gold; over the edges of the Thibet fur fell aiguillettes made in passementerie to match the Persian stuff; the same passementeries formed the wide Louis XV. collar. Clasps of old gold fastened the garment down the front.

The traditional cashmere shawl which was formerly considered an indispensable part of a lady's trousseau has been lately replaced by an assortment of expensive furs—the sealskin cloak for usual wear (that fur is always considered demi-toilette in France), valuable bands of marten for the trimming of calling garments, and chinchilla for evening cloaks.—*Paris Cor. Chicago Times.*

Johnny Was Jealous.

"Mr. Lighthead," said Johnny, "my sister treats you better'n she does me."

"Does she, Johnny?" asked Lighthead, with a laugh. "Why do you think so?"

"Well, I heard her tell ma she gave you lots of taffy, but she never gives me any."—*N. Y. Sun.*

PITH AND POINT.

—The hat makers had a banquet the other night, and the next morning not one of them could find a hat in his shop big enough for him.—*Boston Post.*

—It appears to us that the woman's heart kept in alcohol in Philadelphia isn't much of a curiosity. We have no doubt several women have hearts.—*The Judge.*

—A good many fables begin "Once on a time." Oddly enough, too, when married men have been once on a time they are apt to invent fables.—*Somerville Journal.*

—Definition of a bore.—

Do you ask me what a bore is?
I will tell you who is such:
'Tis the one who knows too little,
'Tis the one who knows too much.

—*Tid-Bits.*

—The Ball family fall heirs to twelve millions in Scotland. There are three balls in New York that represent the portable property of many good families.—*Albany Journal.*

—The *Phrenological Journal* says: "In choosing a wife, be governed by her chin." A man is apt to be governed by the same thing after he gets a wife.—*Kansas City Squib.*

—Tender-hearted young lady—O! you cruel, heartless little wretch! to rob those poor birds of their eggs! Wicked little boy—Ho! That's the old one 'at you've got on yer bonnet. Guess she won't care.—*Forest and Stream.*

—Faith is sometimes represented by the figure of a drenched female clinging to a sea-washed rock; but a better personification would be a bald-headed man buying a bottle of patent hair-restorer.—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

—Clerk (in fashionable up-town bakery to proprietor)—That tray of American soda biscuits in the window, sir, has been there for three weeks, and they are getting sour. What shall I do about it? Proprietor—Label them English tea muffins.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

—Men are strange creatures. They will waste an hour hunting a collar-button instead of having an extra supply and letting their wife find the missing one. You never see a woman look for a pin she drops. Her husband finds it when he walks around in his bare feet.—*Philadelphia Call.*

—Omaha Girl—Pa, there is talk of forming an archery club in our set, May I join? Omaha Pa—I saw a girls' archery club practising the other day, and I am afraid I can't afford to bear my share of the expense. "Why, bows and arrows don't cost much." "No; but it takes so much lumber to build a mark."—*Omaha Herald.*

—Husband—My dear, that is a long motto you are working, Wife—Yes, John. He reads on it:

"While the lamp holds out to burn
The vilest sinner may return.

Is it to be hung in the vestibule of the church, my dear?" "No, John; I'll hang it on the chandelier in the hall."—*Harper's Bazar.*

DESPAIRING TOM.

Story of a Faithful Cat That Died of a Broken Heart.

A lady visiting a bird-fancier's shop was struck by the beauty and size of an Angora cat exhibited for sale, imprisoned in a large parrot's cage. The captive effectually pleading for pity by licking her hand, was purchased and taken home. After some years, the cat was removed with his mistress to Brighton, though under protest as to future reformation. Tom was then probably one of the largest of his species, and universally admired. He had adopted an apparently incurable habit of sharpening his claws on a highly polished dining-room table; and also committed sad havoc amongst the flowers in the garden of his new abode, spending a great portion of leisure time luxuriously lying in the sunshine, amidst mignonette, etc. A decree of banishment was at length unwillingly issued, and poor innocently erring Tom forthwith departed to a country rectory, where he was much valued. Every kindness that could conduce to his comfort was shown, all his special tastes as to diet consulted; but the exile remained inconsolable. He never attempted to return, not seeming to have sufficient energy left to attempt aught in self-defense; he simply gave himself up to despair. It was vainly hoped that time would reconcile the mourner to his changed lot, but matters only grew worse, the cat pining and fretting till he became the shadow of his former self. He could not twine "fantastick garlands," or utter an altogether "melodious lay," like "the fair Ophelia," but wandered aimlessly about the garden, eating little except green fruit and such strange fare; dying, after a brief period, literally of a broken heart. The chief object of this devoted love was the cook he had left behind him. The attachment, unlike that of Shakespeare's ill-starred heroine, may not have been a romantic one; still, it was purely disinterested, unwavering amidst all mere worldly temptations.

Nature is fine in love; and where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious incense of itself
After the thing it loves.

Poor faithful Tom gave the sole offering he had to give—his life. If it be true that "Man's love is of man's life a thing apart," it was in the above case proved to be a cat's "whole existence."—*Chambers' Journal.*

Awkward Pauses.

Magistrate—You are evidently a scoundrel.

Prisoner—I am not as much of a scoundrel as you——

Magistrate (fiercely)—What's that sir?

Prisoner—Seem to suppose.

Magistrate—Well, may be not. Hereafter don't indulge in any awkward pauses.—*Philadelphia Call.*

READING FOR THE YOUNG.

OUR JACK.

From his getting up to his going to bed,
Our dear little Jack—aged four—
With piles and piles of playthings, spread
All over the nursery floor,

Is as hard at work as a boy can be—
A boy that's so very small;
And the funniest part of it is, you see,
That he isn't our Jack at all!

He's a music man, with a big baton;
Or, with Bridget's best tin pan,
And his papa's cane for his clattering gong,
He's a breathless ambulance man.

He's a carpenter, shingling a pasteboard house;
With a table and big jack-knife,
And mamma's apron tied round his blouse,
He's a butcher, as big as life.

He's a fierce policeman, with dreadful frown,
And a threatening club clutched tight,
And arrests all the dolls in the whole doll-town,
Though they are harmless and peaceful, quite.

He's a scissor's man, with the dinner bell;
He's a grocer, with a scoop;
He's a peddler, with armfuls of things to sell;
He's a milk-man, with such a whoop!

He's everything that comes into his head;
Indeed, it is only when
He's sound asleep in his wee, white bed,
That he's our little Jack again!

—*Emma A. Opper, in Golden Days.*

HE HELPED THE KING.

By Being Faithful in a Small Thing a Shepherd Boy Became Greatly Honored.

There was a little shepherd-boy who kept his sheep down in a lonely valley. War was raging in the land, and the boy would have liked to go out and fight against the enemy, but he was too young. He was a good boy, careful of his sheep and kind to his dog, and active and industrious at his work; and at home he was obedient and gentle, and always ready to do a good turn for any one. But, though he liked his work, he would have liked better to fight, and he was very sorry that he could not be a soldier. One day a long column of loose soldiers, with bright red coats and flashing helmets, and trumpets sounding, rode through the valley on their way to battle. Among them was a young soldier, a cousin of the shepherd-boy, and not many years older. The boy called to him, and bade him good-bye, and as the soldiers disappeared at the end of the valley, he said to himself: "I wish I were as old as my cousin, that I might go out to fight the King's battles. He will risk his life to help the King, and, may be, he may do something great, and help to win a battle and save our country; but I can do nothing but stay here and watch a few sheep. I wish I could do something to help the King." As he said these words a pigeon came came hurriedly flying close over his head. The boy looked up, and there was a hawk chasing after her. The poor bird flew round and round, and here and there, and managed to escape as far as the next meadow; but she was close followed at every turn by the hungry hawk, and it was clear that she would be caught in a minute, if no help came. There was no time to go round by the gate, so in a moment the boy jumped on a high stone-wall that parted the two meadows; it was a high wall, and there was a steep, rough rock on the other side. The jump was a dangerous one, but without a moment's hesitation the brave lad leaped down, and the next moment—though he sprained his foot and fell, striking one cheek against a sharp edge in the rock—he was up again on his feet, and flinging his crook at the hawk he stopped him just in time to save the poor trembling pigeon. Then he took up the pigeon, more dead than alive, and stroked it gently. In a few minutes it seemed to gain strength and courage. Meantime, the shepherd-boy, limping as he went, carried the bird round to the meadow where he was keeping his sheep. And now, while he was feeding the pigeon with some bread crumbs it came into his mind: "What am I to do with this pretty bird?" At first he said: "I will take it home to my brothers and sisters. "How pleased they will be!" Then it occurred to him: "Perhaps the pigeon belongs to some one else. Indeed it must, for it's not a wild wood-pigeon, but a tame one; and besides, some one has tied a silk thread and a piece of paper round its neck. But then, have not I saved it? It would have been killed but for me. Surely it belongs to me. And besides, if I let it go, may not another hawk kill it?" All this he thought to himself, and part of it he spoke aloud. But when he had finished, his conscience told him that he ought not to keep the pigeon; it was very hard to let it go, but it was right. So he kissed the pigeon and said: "Good-bye; go home to your master who gave you your little silk collar."

Away flew the pigeon straight toward a castle at the top of a hill a long way off, and at the same time away galloped a man on horseback down in the deep lane that ran by the side of the meadow. The boy wondered for a minute who it was that had been quietly waiting in the lane, but soon he forgot all about that. Now, you must know that this man who galloped off when the pigeon flew away was no other than the King. The King had been riding a little behind his soldiers, and had heard all the shepherd boy's complaints, and how he wanted to do something to help the King. He had also noticed how the brave boy had jumped from the top of a high wall and had saved the pigeon. Moreover, just as the pigeon was rising to fly away, he had noticed the little piece of paper tied by the silk thread round the pigeon's neck. He had not noticed this while the bird was in the boy's hand, but when it began to flap its wings, he caught sight of it, and then he knew at once that it was one of his own carrier pigeons bringing a note to his castle, and that was why as soon as the pigeon flew off the King galloped off as well, for he wanted to see what news the pigeon brought him. When he reached home he saw the pigeon waiting for him, and on opening the note, he found that it was from one of his Generals, telling him where the enemy were encamped, and showing him how he could bring up a fresh army, and so he might defeat the enemy. About a month after this back came the soldiers, again riding through the valley with the King at their head. And this time their trumpets sounded, not for war, but for gladness and peace; for they had defeated the enemy in a great battle, and now the war was over. Again the shepherd-boy looked at the brave soldiers riding through the valley to the King's castle, and again he wished that he had been a soldier able to do something to help the King. But next day while he was sitting with his faithful dog by his side, watching his sheep, came a messenger from the King, saying: "You are to come at once to the King's palace."

The shepherd-boy assured the messenger there must be some mistake, but he said there was no mistake, and would not even give him time to put on his clothes. When they came into the castle hall, they found the King seated on his throne, and around him all his councilors, generals and officers. Presently the trumpeter blew a trumpet and gave notice that he had been ordered to call out the names of all those who had helped the King in the war, and each man was to come up to receive a reward. So the trumpet blew, the names were called, and both councilors and soldiers went up in their fine robes to receive their rewards. At last the trumpet blew and the shepherd-boy's name was read out. At first he did not stir, feeling sure there was some mistake, but those near him said: "The King is looking at you, go up."

So he went toward the King looking very much perplexed and a little ashamed.

But the King smiling at him, said: "Little friend, what reward must I give you for the help you gave me in my war?"

"Sir," said the boy, "I deserve no reward, for I have done nothing. I am only a poor shepherd-boy keeping a few sheep in the valley yonder, and I could not help you, though I wished to ever so much."

"But," said the King, uncovering a wicker cage, "I think you know this bird; and are you not the brave boy that leaped down at the risk of his life to save the pigeon from the hawk?"

"I saved the pigeon, sir, that is true."

"Yes, and afterwards you were honest enough to let it fly again, instead of keeping it. Now this pigeon brought me news that helped me to gain the victory. So you see you helped without knowing it. Your reward shall be this sword, and when you grow up I will make you a captain in my army."

So the shepherd-boy in time became a soldier, and lived to be a great General, and before he died had gained many battles, and done many brave deeds to help the King.

All children are like that shepherd-boy in the lonely valley. They have little tasks and duties, and it seems as if they could do nothing great for God our King. But it is not so, for no one knows whether what he is doing is great or little. Very often an action that seems very trifling, is really great in God's sight and He will reward our good actions. It seems a little matter to be kind to brothers and sisters, to be obedient to parents, and industrious at lessons just as it seemed to the shepherd-boy a very little matter to watch over a few sheep, and to be good and kind at home. But if he had not always been honest and brave in little things, he would not have been so when the pigeon came, and then he would not have helped the King. And so, if you are not good in little things, you will find, when God sends you some great thing to do, that you can not be good in great things. Therefore, whatever you do, whether alone or with others, whether at work or at play, remember that though you are a child, you can do something to help the Lord our King. You are helping Him whenever you are doing what is right.—*Rev. E. A. Abbott, D. D., in "Parables for Children."*

A Deed of Heroism

Lulu Carpenter, twelve years old, was mortally hurt in a terrible cyclone at Sauk Rapids, Minn.

She had fled from the storm, but went back after her baby sister, and was caught and transfixed by a huge splinter that pierced through her body. Her first words, when her grandfather found her thus, were:

"I am dying, but I saved the baby."

The poor girl lingered a day or two in delirium, and her last words were:

"Don't be afraid, Susy; nothing shall hurt you; Lulu will take care of you. Don't be afraid."

How many other acts of heroism were done in that awful storm no one but God Himself knows. Such deeds are recorded on high.—*Herald and Presbyter.*

—The Atlanta *Constitution* upsets all the old theories by producing a man who never walks for exercise, who never moves in a hurry, and who sits for seven or eight hours at a stretch, and yet is one of the healthiest men in the State and looking ten years younger than he really is.