

The Arizona Sentinel.

"Independent in All Things."

J. W. DORRINGTON, Proprietor.

THE SENTINEL, Established in 1870.
THE REPUBLICAN, Established in 1884.

VOLUME XVI.

YUMA, ARIZONA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1887.

NUMBER 38.

LAY OF THE ORANGE PEEL.

I lie supine in the soft sunshine,
Where the people come and go;
I strive to wear an innocent air,
Because I am humble and low;
But when the heel of the proud I feel,
Which would crush me into the stone,
Ah, woe! woe! I exult in the power
That Keeley never has shown.

My place I hold on the pavement cold,
And never move out of my tracks,
But I spurn the feet of the indolent,
And land 'em upon their backs.
The motive mile beside me's a fool,
Though a dozen feet he might claim.
I may look sick, but I'm mighty slick,
And am loaded all the same.

I floor the strong as they prance along,
In all their princely style,
One touch of a toe and away they go,
They imagine a half a mile;
I feel so good when I shock a duke,
That I chuckle at my luck,
While he thinks outright it is dynamic,
Or swears he was lightning struck.

I bid beware to the man without care,
Who goes with mind on his gains,
And the poet off takes a flight aloft,
Though he comes down for his pains.
I was always known to hold my own,
But folks I let go you see,
And there's plenty of fun 'neath the summer sun,
When they toboggan on me.

Could they utilize the power that lies
In me they could move the earth,
They would laugh at steam as a by-gone dream,
And value me at my worth.
Still I lie supine in the soft sunshine,
And the people think me asleep,
But the cautious heel from the orange peel
Will a courtiers distance keep.

—C. W. Howell, in Detroit Free Press.

A MODEL MILLIONAIRE.

The Story of an Old Beggar's Wedding Present.

Unless one is wealthy there is no good in being a charming fellow. Romance is the privilege of the rich, not the profession of the unemployed. The poor should be practical and prosaic. It is better to have a permanent income than to be fascinating. These are the great truths of modern life which Hughie Erskine never realized. Poor Hughie! Intellectually, we must admit, he was not of much importance. He never said either a brilliant or an ill-natured thing in his life. But then he was wonderfully good-looking, with his crisp brown hair, his clear-cut profile, and his gray eyes. He was as popular with men as he was with women, and he had every accomplishment except that of making money. His father had bequeathed him his cavalry sword and a "History of the Peninsular War" in fifteen volumes. Hughie hung the first over his looking-glass, put the second on a shelf between "Ruff's Guide" and "Bally's Magazine," and lived on two hundred a year that an old aunt allowed him. He had tried every thing. He had gone on the Stock Exchange for six months; but what was a butterfly to do among bulls and bears? He had been a tea merchant for a little longer, but had soon tired of Pekoe and Souchong. Then he had tried selling dry sherry. That did not answer. Ultimately he became nothing, a delightful, ineffectual young man, with a perfect profile and no profession.

To make matters worse, he was in love. The girl he loved was Laura Merton, the daughter of a retired Colonel who had lost his temper and his digestion in India, and had never found either of them again. Laura stored him, and he was ready to kiss her shoestrings. They were the handsomest couple in London, and had not a penny-piece among them. The Colonel was very fond of Hughie, but would not hear of any engagement.

"Come to me, my boy, when you have got £10,000 of your own, and we will see about it," he used to say; and Hughie looked very glum on those days, and had to go to Laura for consolation.

One morning, as he was on his way to Holland Park, where the Mertons lived, he dropped in to see a great friend of his, Alan Trevor. Trevor was a painter. Indeed, few people escape that nowadays. But he was also an artist, and artists are rather rare. Personally, he was a strange, rough fellow, with a freckled face and red hair. However, when he took up the brush he was a real master, and his pictures were eagerly sought after. He had been very much attracted by Hughie, at first, it must be acknowledged, entirely on account of his good looks.

"The only people a painter should know," he used to say, "are people who are *bete* and beautiful, people who are an artistic pleasure to look at and an intellectual repose to talk to. Dandies and darlings rule the world!" However, after he got to know Hughie better, he liked him quite as much for his bright, buoyant spirits and his generous, reckless nature, and had given him the permanent *entree* to his studio.

"Poor old chap!" said Hughie, "how miserable he looks! But I suppose, to you painters, his face is his fortune?"

"Certainly," replied Trevor; "you don't want a beggar to look happy, do you?"

"How much does a model get for sitting?" asked Hughie, as he found himself a comfortable seat on a divan.

"A shilling an hour."

"And how much do you get for your picture, Alan?"

"O, for this I get a thousand."

"Pounds?"

"Guineas. Painters, poets and physicians always get guineas."

"Well, I think the model should have a percentage," said Hughie, laughing; "they work quite as hard as you do."

"Nonsense, nonsense! Why look at the trouble of laying on the paint alone, and standing all day long at one's ease! It's all very well, Hughie, for you to talk, but I assure you that there are moments when art approaches the dignity of manual labor. But you mustn't chatter; I'm very busy. Smoke a cigarette, and keep quiet."

After some time the servant came in, and told Trevor that the framemaker wanted to speak to him.

"Don't run away, Hughie," he said, as he went out. "I will be back in a moment."

The old beggar man took advantage of Trevor's absence to rest for a moment on a wooden bench that was behind him. He looked so forlorn and wretched that Hughie could not help pitying him, and he felt in his pockets to see what money he had. All he could find was a sovereign and some coppers. "Poor old fellow," he thought to himself, "he wants it more than I do, but it means no hansom for a fortnight, and he walked across the studio and slipped the sovereign into the beggar's hand.

The old man started, and a faint smile flitted across his withered lips. "Thank you, sir," he said in a foreign accent.

Then Trevor arrived, and Hughie took his leave, blushing a little at what he had done. He spent the day with Laura, got a charming scolding for his extravagance, and had to walk home.

That night he strolled into the Palette Club about eleven o'clock, and found Trevor sitting by himself in the smoking-room drinking hock and seltzer.

"Well, Alan, did you get the picture finished all right?" he said, as he lit his cigarette.

"Finished and framed, my boy!" answered Trevor; "and, by and by, you have made a conquest. That old model you saw is quite devoted to you. I had to tell him all about you—who you are, where you live, what your income is, what prospects you have—"

"My dear Alan," cried Hughie, "I shall probably find him waiting for me when I go home. But of course you are only joking. Poor old beggar! I wish I could do something for him. I think it is dreadful that any one should be so miserable. I have got heaps of old clothes at home—do you think he would care for any of them? Why, his rags were falling to bits."

"But he looks splendid in them," said Trevor. "I wouldn't paint him in a frock coat for anything. What you call rags I call romance. What seems poverty to you is picturesqueness to me. However, I'll tell him of your offer."

"Alan," said Hughie, seriously, "you painters are a heartless lot."

"An artist's heart is his head," replied Trevor; "and besides, our business is to realize the world as we see it, not to reform it as we know it. *A chacun son metier*. And now tell me how Laura is. The old model was quite interested in her."

"You don't mean to say you talked to him about her?" said Hughie.

"Certainly I did. He knows all about the relentless colonel, the lovely dame, and the £10,000."

"You told that old beggar all my private affairs?" cried Hughie, looking very red and angry.

"My dear boy," said Trevor, smiling, "that old beggar, as you call him, is one of the richest men in Europe. He could buy all London to-morrow without overdrawing his account. He has a house in every capital, dines on gold plates, and can prevent Russia going to war when he chooses."

"What on earth do you mean?" exclaimed Hughie.

"What I say," said Trevor. "The old man you saw to-day was Baron Hausberg. He is a great friend of mine, buys all my pictures and that sort of thing, and gave me a commission a month ago to paint him as a beggar. *Que voulez-vous? La fantasia d'un millionnaire!* And I must say he made a magnificent figure in his rags, or perhaps I should say in my rags; they are an old suit I got in Spain."

"Baron Hausberg!" cried Hughie. "Good heavens! I gave him a sovereign!" and he sank into an armchair the picture of dismay.

"Gave him a sovereign!" shouted Trevor, and he burst into a roar of laughter. "My dear boy, you'll never see it again. *Son affaire c'est l'argent des autres*."

"I think you might have told me, Alan," said Hughie, sulkily, "and not let me make such a fool of myself."

"Well, to begin with, Hughie," said Trevor, "it never entered my mind that you went about distributing alms in that reckless way. I can understand your kissing a pretty model, but your giving a sovereign to an ugly one—that by Jove, no! Besides, the fact is that I really was not at home to-day to

any one; and when you came in I didn't know whether Hausberg would like his name mentioned. You know he wasn't in full dress."

"What a duffer he must think me!" said Hughie.

"Not at all. He was in the highest spirits after you left; kept chuckling to himself and rubbing his old wrinkled hands together. I couldn't make out why he was so interested to know all about you; but I see it all now. He'll invest your sovereign for you, Hughie, pay you the interest every six months, and have a capital story to tell after dinner."

"I am an unlucky devil," growled Hughie. "The best thing I can do is to go to bed; and, my dear Alan, you mustn't tell any one. I shouldn't dare to show my face in the Row."

"Nonsense! It reflects the highest credit on your philanthropic spirit, Hughie, and don't run away. Have another cigarette, and you can talk about Laura as much as you like."

However, Hughie wouldn't stop, but walked home, feeling very unhappy, and leaving Alan Trevor in fits of laughter.

The next morning, as he was at breakfast, the servant brought him up a card, on which was written, "Monsieur Gustave Naudin, de la part de M. le Baron Hausberg." "I suppose he has come for an apology," said Hughie to himself; and he told the servant to show the visitor up.

An old gentleman with gold spectacles and gray hair came into the room, and said, in a slight French accent: "Have I the honor of addressing Monsieur Hugh Erskine?"

Hughie bowed.

"I have come from Baron Hausberg," he continued. "The Baron—"

"I beg, sir, that you will offer him my sincere apologies," said Hughie.

"The Baron," said the old gentleman, with a smile, "has commissioned me to bring you this letter," and he handed Hughie a sealed envelope.

On the outside was written: "A wedding present to Hugh Erskine and Laura Merton, from an old beggar," and inside was a check for £10,000.

When they were married Alan Trevor was the best man, and the Baron made a speech at the wedding breakfast.

"Millionaire models," said Alan, "are rare enough; but, by Jove, model millionaires are rarer still!"—*London World*.

STEREOTYPE PLATES.

The Various Modern Processes Employed in Their Manufacture.

The stereotyping process is very simple. The type being set, corrected, made into pages and fixed in a frame, is laid upon the stone or hard table used, face upward. A little fine oil is brushed over it, to prevent the paper mache from adhering to the face of the type. This paper mache, which is used for making the matrix or mold, is formed by pasting upon a sheet of tough brown paper several sheets of tissue paper and a sheet of soft, absorbent white paper. It is made in sheets, and usually to make a matrix of the desired thickness several sheets are used. It is kept moist for use, and lightly covered with pulverized French chalk when laid upon the face of the type. Then it is beaten with a stiff brush to force the soft paper into all the interstices of the type. Other sheets of the prepared paper are added to secure the desired thickness, the whole then is covered with a woolen blanket and put into a press, the bed of which is moderately heated and the press screwed down. The heat soon dries the matrix, which when taken out of the press is a stiff card showing a perfect reversed impression of the types. A mold of metal is then taken from the matrix, in which the exact face of the types is reproduced for printing. Stereotype metal is softer than ordinary type metal, and is made of a mixture of lead, antimony, and tin or bismuth. One of the best formulae is said to be lead, nine parts; antimony, two parts; bismuth, one part. When the plate is to be run on a rotary press, it is cast in a box which is curved inside, so that the form of the plate will fit the cylinder of the press, when complete. This is the method of stereotyping plates in large newspaper offices, and an entire large plate can be made in a quarter of an hour, or even less time. The paper mache process was first used in France in 1848, and a few years later was put to use in New York. The quickness and cheapness of the process has brought it into general use, but for fine book work the plaster process is still employed as giving a more perfect result. This process was invented about 1731, and was used altogether until the invention of the paper mache method. By it the matrices are made of plaster-of-Paris, which is a slower and more costly way than making them of paper pulp, produces a finer and cleaner plate when finished.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

"Minks—Boats all what people these women are about business. I gave my wife \$5 this morning to go shopping, and all she had to show for it at noon was a couple of pairs of stockings. Jinks—Yes, that's the way it goes. I've been there. By the way, these are mighty good cigars, Minks. Minks—They ought to be; cost me \$12 a hundred."—*Omaha World*.

—Some electric-light wires were broken by a gale of wind at Augusta, Ga., a few days ago, and falling in the street gave severe shocks to people who happened to touch them.

A FAITHFUL ENGINEER.

How He Protected the Property of the Company That Employed Him.

A few years ago the rolling stock of the Wabash road was in a bad state of repair, and all train men were instructed to exercise the utmost caution in order to prevent accidents. I was a passenger one day by a train running from Indiana to Springfield, Ill. Not far from the Illinois capital the train ran for two or three miles with aggravating slowness barely moving, and at length came to a halt. I was one of the dozen passengers who got off to ascertain the cause of the delay.

"Locomotive broke down?" I inquired of the engineer, who sat in the cab with his hand on the throttle.

"No; I guess not," was the reply.

"Bad track along here?"

"Not very. No wuss than other places."

"Are you out of coal, or water, or any thing?"

"Not a bit knows on."

"Then, why in thunder don't you go ahead? We passengers have seen enough of the scenery about here."

"No; I guess not," was the reply.

"Look a-here, stranger, be you runnin' this engine, or me? I guess I know my business. D'ye see that mule on the track up ahead that, with his tail this way? I've been follerin' that mule for two mile. He's stopped now to git some bottle-flies off hisself, an' we can't go on till he gets through."

"But why don't you drive ahead and scare or knock him off the track?"

"Looky here, stranger, be you runnin' this engine, or me? I guess I know my business. My orders is to exercise all possible caution in runnin' trains on account of 'the lives of 'the passengers, an' to protect the property of the comp'ny; an' I'm goin' to do it if it takes all summer. Stranger, you don't know that mule as well as I do, or you wouldn't talk about scarin' or knockin' him off the track. If I was to run down ag'in' him and disturb his meditations 'bout the meanness of bottle-flies, he'd up an' kick this engine all to smithereens. If you'll be a little patient, I'll get you into Springfield some time afore morning; but, if we go to foolin' with that mule, we shan't git there till next week."

"But," says I, "if—"

"Hi, there!" yelled the engineer; "you'd better git abroad. The mule is comin' this way, an' I'm goin' to back up."—*Drake's Traveler's Magazine*.

WILLIAM PENN'S TABLE.

The Interesting Piece of Furniture Owned by a Pennsylvania Doctor.

Dr. J. H. Heppburn, of Reimsburg, Pa., has a table which was once the property of William Penn. The table and four chairs that matched it were presented to William Bradford, the pioneer printer and publisher of this country. They were sacredly kept in the Bradford family until 1820, when they fell into the possession of the third William Bradford, a printer in New York City. He set no value on ancient furniture, and stored it in his garret. Among his apprentices was an Irish boy named Barney McGowan. His parents were very poor, and at one time were forced to part with such scant furniture as they had to pay the rent. Young Barney mentioned this circumstance to his employer one day, and Bradford had the Penn chairs and table brought from the garret and gave them to McGowan with the remark: "These things once belonged to William Penn, and my father and grandfather prized them highly. But I have no liking for such rubbish, and if they will relieve the distress of your family, you are welcome to them." A few years ago the McGowans moved to Gloucester, N. J. They lived there at that time J. H. Heppburn, owner of what was once a celebrated collection of curios in Philadelphia known as Grotti's Museum. To Heppburn the McGowans became indebted for rent, and in other ways, to the amount of thirty dollars. They could not pay, but offered Heppburn the Penn table in liquidation of his claim. He investigated the history of the furniture and found that it was genuine. He took the table and canceled the debt. The four chairs were no longer in possession of the McGowans, and it is not known what became of them. Heppburn was the father of Dr. Heppburn, the present owner of the ancient table. The table is of solid walnut and has two folding leaves. It is oval in shape. There are two drawers, one in each end. The table is four feet and seven inches long and five feet wide when the leaves are raised. It is very heavy and solidly built, with no attempt at ornamentation. An offer of five hundred dollars was refused for it.—*Baltimore American*.

A Woeful History.

Two friends are walking along the street. One of them, pointing to a house, says:

"There's a beautiful place, but it's enough to make a man sad to look at it."

"Why so?"

"On account of its history; for, despite its calm and serene surroundings, it was built upon the groans, tears, wallings and blood of widows, orphans, old men and struggling women."

"You don't say so. Was it built by a railroad monopolist?"

"Oh, no; by a dentist."—*Arkansas Traveler*.

—Wood steeped in a solution of copper becomes harder and more indestructible.

PITH AND POINT.

—Sometimes it is extremely hard to tell where frankness ends and impudence begins.—*Chicago Ledger*.

—Education is a good thing when it does not directly unfit a man for working for a living.—*N. O. Picayune*.

—Fruitless is sorrow for having done amiss if it issue not in the resolution to do so no more.—*Bishop Horne*.

—If some men knew as much as they talked there wouldn't be any sale for the encyclopedia.—*Somerville Journal*.

—A doctor says "onions are about the best nerve remedy known." It requires a good deal of nerve for a society girl to eat them.

—Our chief want in life is somebody who shall make us do what we can. This is the service of a friend.—*Emerson*.

—Blossom—"Don't you think Simpkins is a very bright young man?"

Dumpey—"Well—yes; he would be if his cheek was polished."—*Burlington Free Press*.

—There are lots of men in this world who are born to rule, but the other fellows are such a pack of ignoramuses that they can't be made to realize it.—*Merchant Traveler*.

—A great and good mind only can properly value and really comprehend the mental and moral excellence of a great and good mind.—*Youth*.

—In all things throughout the world the men who look for the crooked will see the crooked, and the men who look for the straight can see the straight.—*Ruskia*.

"What is a masked ball?" asked an old gentleman from the country, of his niece, who was both a beauty and a wit. "A masked ball is a charitable institution for the benefit of ladies of homely features," she replied.

—What They May Find.—

Connettes who refuse to discover True love, and mislead with a ruse, Who will not from the heart choose a lover, May find there's no lover to choose.—*Texas Siftings*.

—How does it happen that there are so many old maids among the school teachers?" asked a reporter of a teacher the other day. "Because school teachers are, as a rule, women of sense; and no woman will give up a \$60 position for a \$10 man," was the reply.—*Cartersville (Ga.) Courier*.

CHESTNUTS AND RATS.

An Important Classification Prepared for Young Lady Readers.

For the benefit of a young lady reader the *Globe* furnishes the following classification of "rats" and "chestnuts."

- ### CHESTNUTS.
1. An old story, which, though not heard for years, has been common property at some time in the world's history.
 2. A new story, so far as circulation is concerned, but which has been heard before.
 3. Repetition of the same idea or phrase, as when your best fellow rises for the twentieth time during the evening and says: "Well, I must be going," just for the sake of getting you to ask him to stay.
 4. Old songs. Old saws. Cold victuals left over from a former meal. Last year's suit. Colds. Coughs. Sneezing doors. Weak coffee. Dried apple pie. Hard doughnuts. Baked beans.

RATS.

1. The fellow who asks when your next birthday comes, for he wants to make you a present.
2. The girl who gave a party and did not invite you, because she "didn't know you were in town."
3. The fellow who wants to take you out to ride, but all the horses are engaged.
4. The breakfast bell in the middle of a nap. Rain beating on the roof the morning your new dress is to be finished. A letter from home that does not contain money. A walk to the post-office to find a note from an aged aunt when you expected one from "Ned." Tight shoes. A hole in your stocking. Buttons off. A bad fit. Pimples. Can't do as you want to.—*Boston Globe*.

GIVE IT A TRIAL.

Carbolic Acid as a Never-Failing Safeguard Against Insects.

Many people do not know how easily they can protect themselves and their children against the bites of gnats and other insects. Weak carbolic acid sponged on the skin and hair, and in cases the clothing, will drive away the whole tribe. A great many children and not a few adults are tormented throughout the whole summer by minute enemies. We know persons who are afraid of picnics and even of their own gardens on this account. Clothing is an imperfect protection, for we have seen a child whose foot and ankle had been stung through the stocking so seriously that for days she could not wear a leather shoe. All this can be averted according to our experience, and that we believe of many others, by carbolic acid judiciously used. The safest plan is to keep a saturated solution of the acid. The solution can not contain more than six or seven per cent, and it may be added to water until the latter smells strongly. This may readily, and with perfect safety, be applied with a sponge. We have no doubt that horses and cattle could be protected in the same way from the flies, which sometimes nearly madden them, and it even seems possible that that terrible scourge, the African tsetse fly, might be kept off in the same manner.—*London Lancet*.

READING FOR THE YOUNG.

A GOOD-FOR-NOTHING LAD.

There was once a lad who really hated whatever he had to do. So, idle-hearted, away he started To roam the wide world through. With hands in his pockets, whistle, whistle, He strolled through field and town, And was sometimes fed on good white bread, And sometimes fed on brown.

The wood-thrush when he saw him coming Straightaway became distressed, Fearing that he in the white-thorn tree Would find her hidden nest. The little red squirrel whisked and scampered Up in the topmost limb; And the crow when he saw called out: "Caw! Caw! I'll keep my eye on him!"

The bees were bickering about the clover; And on their way to school Went children, singing, and gaily bringing Of flowers their hands full. Creatures active, busy and happy He saw at every hand; And he was the only idle and lonely One in all the land.

He mused: "Why should the thrush and squirrel Dread even a sight of me? And why does the crow gaze at me so From the top of his high tree? Though of work I tired, and it was hateful, Yet this is quite as bad; For no one cares where goes, how fares, A good-for-nothing lad!"

—Mrs. Clara Doty Bates, in Our Little Ones.

HE WOULDN'T HEAR.

How Robin Was Taught to Always Come the First Time He Was Called.

Robin was the dearest, sweetest, best little laddie that ever lived. At least, grandpa and grandma, Aunt Nell, Sister Grace and Cousin Lou said so on an average of a dozen times every day, and mamma was not inclined to dispute them.

Occasionally, however, there were times when the aforesaid Robin was not quite so dear and sweet and good as usual.

There was a great deal to be done at Robin's house, and even he was expected to help some. To be sure, there was not much that he could do, but he could "take steps," as mamma called it, and run errands.

You would naturally think that he would be glad to do as much as that for his dear, loving, hard-worked mother, wouldn't you? But I am sorry to say that, though Robin would trot from morning till night about his play or on his own errands, he had a very great aversion to taking steps for any one else.

It made his mother feel very badly indeed.

"I can not bear to think that my little Robin is selfish," she said to papa, "but it certainly looks like it. He isn't really willing to do any thing for any body but himself."

"We shall have to teach him a lesson in some way," said papa.

The next morning Robin was out in the wood-shed with Eddie Hunt, playing "Daniel in the Lion's den." An empty coal-bin was the den, and Bruno was the lion.

Mamma was in the kitchen, baking, and through the open door every now and then came fragrant whiffs that would have beguiled Robin in, only for the fear of being drafted into service.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed mamma, as she was stirring her spice cake (Robin was extremely fond of spice cake, by the way)—"oh, dear! my raisins aren't picked over, and I haven't a minute to spare."

"Call Robin to do it," said papa, who happened to be in the kitchen just then. "He can do it well enough, and as he will consume as much of the cake as any one, he had better lend a hand toward the making."

Robin, who heard every word of the conversation, looked at Eddie in dismay.

"You out and run somewhere quick, and then you won't hear her if she does call, and I'll run home a few minutes," whispered Eddie from the den.

Half a minute later Eddie might have been seen slipping over the fence, and Robin whisked up the stairs into the little shed chamber.

LEND A HAND.

"True Politeness Consists of Kindly Acts Kindly Done."

If everybody would "lend a hand" when to do it would not require him to go out of his own way, the world would be much happier; and if all were ready to make even slight sacrifices, should we not think Heaven had begun below? "Whoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant," Jesus told His disciples, and that has been true throughout the world's history. The truly great men whose memory is kept green are those who have given faithful service and even their lives to mankind. As some one has well said, "It is one of the beautiful compensations of this life" that no one can sincerely try to help another without helping himself.

There are many practical little ways whereby young people and children can aid and comfort others.

Money and great deeds are not always necessary; it is but a little thing that makes or mars our happiness.

It is a great help to the tired mother to have the hats and mittens, balls and skates, put in their places.

It is a help to father, when he has come home with a headache, to give him a quiet house; not to have doors slammed all around, or a whistling boy come in and run up stairs.

Watch your friends, discover their tastes, see what there is that would add to their happiness that you can supply.

When you go to the woods, bring wild flowers to those who can not go themselves. Tell grandmother about the birds and plants you saw; she may have a story about the very one that interested you most.

Lectures and concerts may be reported to those who could not go; this practice will more than repay you by giving care in observation and power of description.

At school seek out new scholars and strangers and try to make them feel at home. If a schoolmate has trouble with some study, without seeming to display yourself, try to make it plainer.

Try especially to help those you dislike or who have tried to injure you; nine times out of ten, after doing a person a favor, you will like him better. We may learn something from every one, and as we help others they will as surely help us, though we may not always know just how. This, however, should not enter into our thoughts before doing a kindness; but simply remember that "true politeness consists of kindly acts kindly done," and be ready to "lend a hand."—*Anna Barron, in Christian Union*.

There was no mistaking the fact—he was a prisoner.

But what could he do? Somehow, Robin felt quite sure in his guilty little heart that papa knew he was there, and why, and had looked him in purposely.

"May be he will come and let me out pretty soon," he said, going over by the door and listening.

But though he could hear them going back and forth, there was no sign of any one's coming to his rescue.

Oh, dear, how very tiresome it was up there! He began to be very hungry, too. It must be most dinner-time, and that thought encouraged him—they would let him out then, surely.

So he waited with what patience he could, and presently, after what seemed to him hours and hours, the dinner-bell rang. He sprang up and stood waiting, but no one came. Could it be that they had forgotten him, or did they mean to make him stay always?

He heard his mother come out to the door, and he called to her; but she did not answer. He never knew her not to answer his call before. He heard his father come in, and he called again and again to him, but no answer came.

He gave up at last, and throwing himself down upon the floor, cried as if his heart would break.

"They're just horrid, and I won't love them any more, never. May be I'll starve to death up here—I'm some starved now—and then I guess they'll be sorry."

"You are the one that ought to be sorry, and you know it, too. You see now how nice it is not to be answered, don't you?" whispered Conscience, pretty sharply.

It was a very uncomfortable way of looking at the matter, but in his heart Robin knew it was so, and he began to feel sorry and ashamed.

"I wish I had answered mamma, I do."

Half an hour, and then an hour, went by, but never in all his little life had Robin known such long hours.

"I want to see my mother," he sobbed.

Just then he heard her step.

"Mamma—oh, mamma!" he called, springing to the door. "Please let me out? I'm so awful sorry, and I want to see you so!"

Well, you would have thought that he had been gone for months, to have seen him hug and kiss his mother; and truth to tell, mamma was just about as glad to see him.

"I don't believe I'll ever be so naughty again," he said, kissing mamma for the twentieth time. "I'll come the very first time you call me, always—you see if I don't."

And I think he always did. If ever he was tempted to linger, one thought of those long, dreary hours, when no one answered his call, hastened his steps in a wonderful manner.—*Kate S. Gates, in Golden Days*.