

The Arizona Sentinel.

"Independent in All Things."

J. W. DORRINGTON, Proprietor.

YUMA, ARIZONA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1887.

NUMBER 47.

THE SENTINEL, Established in 1870.

THE REPUBLICAN, Established in 1884.

VOLUME XVI.

BESS.

When you talk 'bout yer beauties,
With their purty eyes 'n' lashes,
An' their lips like cherry-fruit is
When the rain across it splashes,
With their cheeks like plumb-ripe peaches,
An' their necks like swans' necks—
Why, Histon at yer speeches,
Sayin' 'nuthin', but I jes'
Let my thinkin' loose on Bess.

I don't go much on beauty,
Cuz I've always had the feelin'
That a 'ligious man's first duty
Wuz ter keep his trice from stealin'
'Cross his judgement—but I'm free ter
Say I never had the feelin'
With the critter what could beat her;
Far ez looks go, I confess,
I'm a struck stuck on Bess!

Now, her eyes—'they're big, an' rollin'
'Gaint a wis'ful brownish yellow,
Like ez if a tear wuz holin'
Back ter paralyze a feller!
As 'the lasses hiffin' over
When the light hides soft an' mellow,
An' the curls 'n' kind, but cover
Purty high the hull possess'
Bonny, well-favored eyes o' Bess.

"Like ter see her?" Sartain—'all yer
Her ter do is wait a secon'
While I jes' turn in an' call her
From the meadow whar she's peckin'
Clover-cuds an' juicy grasses
'Mongst the other cows, I reckon;
An' you'll see she 'bout surprises
Common Jersey beauties, 'less
I'm conspired mist'ok in Bess!
—Eva Wilber-McCluskey, in Pack.

ONLY AN AMATEUR.

How He Played the Part of an Organ Grinder.

The organ man at the gate had been grinding away at the popular tunes which filled his music-box, and left room for a running accompaniment of grunt and groan, for full fifteen minutes. All the nurses, and all the children under their charge, had gaped over the fence, and thrown him plentiful largess of small change, and pitiful boarders of a larger growth had thrown sundry five-cent pieces from upper windows; now the head of the house, hard at work in the kitchen as she usually was, did the same.

"Some won't encourage 'em," she said to Sally, her assistant-in-general; "but I say they help boarders to keep lively; and if your summer boarder gets low-spirited you're apt to lose her, so take the beef the folks have left on their plates, warm it on the grid-iron, and put it on a clean plate, with hot potatoes and turnips—there's enough of that on the plates, too. What the eye don't see the heart don't grieve for, and I don't believe an Eysaltalian foreigner would care anyway if he did know."

And Sally, obedient to the behest, called to the grinder to "Come in." While he was feeding within young Mortimer came back from fishing. He was, in the city, as regularly fashionable as any one else, but out amongst the mountains he elected to live in a red shirt and knickerbockers, a great fisherman's hat, and a big leather belt, in which he presented some thing the appearance of a theatrical bandit, being dark, handsome, and romantic-looking. He put down his rod and the small string of brook trout he had brought home with him, within the gate, and went back again to look at the brown box the organ grinder had left outside.

"Why, it's an organ," he exclaimed; "and all my life I've desired to grind an organ. It seems such a comfortable, easy way of making music. I never had an opportunity before. Here goes."

And placing the instrument in the proper position, he began to turn the crank in excellent time, looking up at the house out of the corners of his eyes in the most professional manner, and carrying out the idea by his costume. He expected some of the more youthful boarders to appear, and to get a little fun out of his organ-playing, but the young ladies were gone up the mountains in their short dresses, and with their apenstocks; the children were adoring the monkey in the kitchen, and the older people, thinking that the legitimate grinder had resumed his labors, took care not to look out lest they should awaken expectations of a second relay of five-cent pieces. Therefore Mr. Mortimer sauntered up and down the road, hitching his organ along, and singing the words of the popular songs without effect, until Miss Parker, from the house on the hill, turned the corner in her new red and gold "cart," and driving a very restive little horse.

Whether the horse did not like popular tunes, or hated Italians, or thought the organ was about to attack him, did not appear; but as soon as the figure of Mortimer and the music-box attracted his attention, he made an instantaneous photograph of himself and parked the air with his fore legs.

Miss Parker used her whip and lifted her voice, and Mortimer, casting the organ strap from his shoulder, did the best a man could do under the circumstances; so that before the animal reached the foot of the lane, she was safe once more.

"Saved," as she said to herself, "by this beautiful, graceful, elegant organ grinder, who certainly must be an Italian prince in disguise."
Now Miss Parker had not been at boarding school and had the advantages of modern travel for nothing; she "knew Italian," and as soon as she caught her breath she aired it for the organ grinder's benefit.

"Signor," she said, politely, "how can I thank you for saving my life?"
"Ah, an Italian lady, I suppose," thought Mortimer—an Italian never would have supposed it for a moment, and he instantly replied in the same language:

"Signorina, that I have done some thing to spare you alarm makes me

happy. If by chance I have saved your life, I am too much honored and favored."

"Never was such an organ grinder," thought pretty Miss Parker. Then, as she looked down from her perch, while Mortimer led her horse by the bridle, she saw the organ lying the road.

"Is it hurt—your organ?" she asked again in the Italian language as spoken at Miss Quimby's school. And Mr. Mortimer, all unconscious of her opinion of his social position, interrupted her in the same language as taught by Prof. Sprachemall.

"That is my affair, Signorina."
"How proud he is," thought Miss Parker, and her heart fluttered as she alighted at the gate and a servant hurried up.

"Thank you again and again," she repeated.
"Thank you for the thanks," sighed Mortimer, bending over her hand; and so they parted—Mortimer to meet the Italian and deliver up the organ.

At tea time Mortimer made many inquiries as to a young Italian lady who drove a spirited horse, but his landlady declared she didn't know any foreigners that had a horse, and she "didn't believe but them poor Eysaltalians on the railroad was all bachelors, for she had seen 'em mending their own stockings outside the shanties many a time."

However, he could not forget the pretty face and gentle voice, and found himself singing "Some Day" with expression as he wandered about in the moonlight. And he got down his Italian books and brushed up his knowledge of that language, and looked often along the lane for the red and gold cart, but did not see it, for the good reason that Mr. Parker had informed his daughter that he thought she was only going to make a fool of herself in that joggle-box; but if she was going to risk her life, that was another thing, and had condemned her to the family carriage and the safe driving of old Casper Wumps, the family coachman, who never drove down the narrow side lane.

So, for many days, Mortimer saw no more of his charmer, while the pretty Miss Parker hardly knew whether she was wretched or happy when she thought what a wonderful romance had come into her life; for she owned to herself that she adored that "exquisite organ grinder," who certainly was a prince in reduced circumstances.

At last they met. It was in this way. Mortimer was fishing and Miss Parker was taking a walk. She bent her steps toward the little cove where he had established himself, and they met face to face. His fishing-rod dropped out of his hand; her book fell from hers.

"My gallant preserver!" she cried, in Italian. "O, Signor! is it possible?"
And he answered, in Italian also: "Signorina, this is the happiest day of my life."

And so they began to meet and make love to each other in a foreign language. Miss Parker felt sure that her father would not welcome an organ grinder as a guest, and did not ask him to call. Mortimer, on his part, fished for an invitation as he had never fished for trout. He was a gentleman, and he felt that, having given his heart to a young lady, he ought to know her parents and pay his addresses properly. As for Miss Parker, she was quite ready to elope whenever he proposed it, and to hold the tambourine for penance while he played the organ over the whole world; but she was not equal to introducing her papa, General Perrywinkle Parker, to an organ grinder, however charming.

"I wish she knew a little English. I could explain better," thought Mortimer. "I wonder why she don't say 'Call.' I expect something unpleasant will come of this."

Something did.
One afternoon, about twilight, as the big tea bell was ringing violently on the boarding-house lawn for the benefit of wandering boarders, Mortimer and Miss Parker sat by the trout stream upon some rather damp but very mossy rocks.

His arm was about her waist, her head on his shoulder, and he had called her "Carissima," and "Bella Carissima" several times, when an avalanche rolled down the hill upon that was the effect. It was, however, only the portly person of General Jobbins Perrywinkle Parker, who had come upon them suddenly, and slipped in rushing down the slope.

They broke his fall, and were not quite crushed flat, but when he was picked up and had become himself again he began to use language his favorite preacher would not have liked to hear him use, and inquired, in the pauses, "what his daughter meant by this, and who this rascal was."

Mortimer, quite conscious that he deserved this, was feeling his pockets for a card, and finding none; and wondering, too, at the ease with which his Italian angel's parent spoke English, when Miss Parker flung herself on her knees before her cruel parent, and to his astonishment, uttered these words, with no foreign accent whatever:

"Dear, dear papa, don't be angry. This is the noble organ grinder who saved my life. He don't know a word of English, but his name is Dantz Mortimer, and he's far above his station. And in saving me, he broke his organ, and has to support himself by fishing. Remember, papa, I shouldn't be here if he hadn't saved me. I love him. Be merciful."

"Hoty Parker," cried the old gen-

tleman, "you're an idiot! Here you, Mr. Organ Grinder, can you speak any English, you know?"

"Perfectly," said Mortimer. "In fact, I am an American. I thought your daughter an Italian lady until this moment. Allow me to explain. I have the most respectful admiration for Miss Parker, and wish to—"

"I can't have any explanation," interrupted the old gentleman. "What business have you to make love to my daughter, or she to let you? If you broke your organ saving her life, I'll buy you a new one. I'm deeply grateful; but, you see, organ grinding or fishing is not—that is—"

"Oh, as to organ grinding," cried Mortimer, "I am only an amateur. I'm no more an organ grinder than I am an Italian. And perhaps you know Daniel Mortimer—white goods—rather extensive. I'm his only son. It was a mutual mistake."

He entered into an account of the manner in which he came to perform upon the barrel-organ in the public road, but during the recital Miss Parker vanished.

However, it so happened that the General knew Mortimer, senior, and that he quite understood what a good match Mortimer, junior, was. And so there will be a wedding in Grace Church shortly—Daniel Mortimer, Jr., to Hester, only daughter of General Jobbins Perrywinkle Parker.—*Mary Kyle Dallas, in N. Y. Ledger.*

A SINGULAR THEORY.

Why the President Should Never Shake Hands with an Indian.

In speaking with an old army officer on the subject of the frequent Indian outbreaks within the past few years, he advanced a singular theory, which, to his mind, at least, accounted satisfactorily for much that has heretofore seemed inexplicable. Said his friend: "In old times, when it was necessary to prove the assent to a written contract of persons who could neither read nor write, this was done by affixing their seals. When the Indian makes a contract he does so by word of mouth, sealing the contract with that solemnity which, to a redskin, means all things—he shakes hands upon it. This is a custom with the Indian which is reserved exclusively to ratify his contract, and never, as with us, in salutation. When an occasion of importance demands that the chiefs shall come to Washington, before starting they represent to their tribes the business in hand, and state that they will go and see the Great Father, with whom they will enter into treaty. Arrived in Washington, an interpreter presents their case to the President, who, in good will to show that he is not above giving a kind reception to the humblest man in the country, advances and proffers his hand. The chiefs are delighted, and return to their tribes setting forth that the Great Father has acceded to their wishes, because, after hearing the case, he shook hands with them. If, after the execution of a contract, in the presence of witnesses subsequently sworn to and recorded, we should then break it so that a suit in court was the only remedy to the party injured thereby, the situation would not be more serious here, while the President shakes hands with an Indian who afterward does not get or enjoy what he understood would be given by that act of handshaking. All of which goes to prove, in conclusion, that the President should never shake hands with an Indian."—*Washington Letter.*

Railways and Food.

One of the most momentous, and what may be called humanitarian, results of the recent great extension and cheapening of the world's railway system and service, is that there is now no longer any occasion for the people of any country indulging in either excessive hopes or fears as to the results of any particular harvest, inasmuch as the failure of crops in any one country is no longer, as it was no later than twenty years ago, identical with high prices of cereals being at present regulated, not within any particular country, but by the combined production and consumption of all countries made mutually accessible by railroads and steamships. Hence it is that, since 1870, years of locally bad crops in Europe, have generally witnessed considerably lower prices than years when the local crops were good and there was a local surplus for export.—*Hon. David A. Wells, in Popular Science Monthly.*

A Pair of Shoes Per Minute.

"Yes," said the proprietor of one of our largest shoe manufactories in this city to the writer, "it doesn't take long to make a pair of ladies' shoes. Some time ago a gentleman and his wife walked into our factory, and in just one hour and thirty-three minutes the lady left the house wearing a pair of fine shoes which were made for her from the stock while she was in the factory. This was simply an experiment. These shoes were made on a single set of machinery and passed through the hands of the different operatives at their machines. By running a double set of machinery and crowding the machines our crew of one hundred men make six hundred pairs of shoes in a day, or one pair of shoes per minute. That is six pairs of shoes per man."—*Portland (Me.) Press.*

—It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught as one takes diseases, one of another; therefore, let men take heed of their company.—*Shakspeare.*

AN INTEREST IN LIFE.

How Existence Can Be Made Attractive in Spite of Discouragements.

Half the illnesses and more than half the unhappiness in life come from the want of some active outside interest—something to take the person out of himself; chiefly thought out of herself; and give her things to think of beyond her own sensations—things to sympathize with beyond her own vague disappointments and shadowy desires. The spiritual barrenness of egotism and idleness makes life a very desert, where no green thing flourishes, which no dew from Heaven refreshes, nor living water rejoices. Self-centered and uninterested, life to such an one is but a poor entertainment for the senses; and the deeper emotions and affections have no share therein. The order of the day, with all its necessary circumstances of food, and gradual wearing of the morning through the noon to evening, and the sleep, which is only the culmination of the lethargy of the waking hours—is one long round of weariness and dissatisfaction. Like withered boughs which bear no roses, not an hour has its moment of delight, not an action has its hope of joy or fulfillment of pleasure. The dull day creeps sluggishly from dawn to close, and not a new thought has been awakened nor a new sensation aroused. Marion in the "Moated Grange" was not more dreary than the man or woman who has no outside interest, and whose life is bound up in self; and no prisoner ever hailed the free air of Heaven with more rapturous gratitude than would such an one if set in the way to make that interest and enlarge those boundaries. For we must never forget that many things which look like faults, and pass under the name of faults, are in reality misfortunes—the result of conditions made for us and not by us, and not to be broken by such energy as we possess.

In this one word indeed lies the heart of the matter. With energy we make an interest for ourselves, in spite of the poverty of our circumstances. Without it, opportunities of rich enjoyment pass by unutilized, and we let slip all chances for bettering our fate. It is a misfortune to be born one of the passive, the negative, unenergetic, who divide the world with the active and energetic. Most things in life that are worth having at all have to be sought and pursued, if they are to be captured and held fast. Neither fortune nor pleasure knocks persistently at any man's door, but each has to be at the least looked for up and down the street, and invited in if it is desired to entertain either. But the unenergetic take no pains to find these radiant guests. If they do not come unbidden they do not come at all; and the flowers and gems borne by the sluggish steam on its bosom are left to drift into the great ocean of things now impossible, because of the want of energy to seize them as they passed. The energetic, on the contrary, are of those who improve their holding. No matter how poor the soil—how unpropitious the surroundings—they know whence to gather rich material and fertile seed for the better harvest and the heavier crop. If they are of those whose circumstances preclude the need of exertion, they make some extraneous interest for which they have to work and think, and in a manner sacrifice their comforts, and break up the deadly monotony of their self-indulgence—that monotony which kills the finer nature when indulged in without a break, and which makes the very misery of the rich.

No matter what the interest so long as we make one for ourselves. From art to religion, and from philanthropy to needle-work, all is useful, if some forms are purer and nobler than others. Many people do very bad art—paint pictures that are caricatures; sing in voices to which tin kettles are as silver bells; write books, innocent of the very elements of composition—but all the same they have an interest which has lifted them out of the deadly dullness of the past. If they have no higher vocation, and their powers are not capable of attaining greater results, it is better for them to use them on these lower levels than not at all; and the world benefits, at least in so far that they are thereby rendered happier—with the consequent result of greater happiness radiated on to others. If they are well-endowed they do good work in itself, and the world is the richer by the achievement.—*Chicago Standard.*

A Medical Socrates.

A quack doctor recently removed to Austin, Tex., and is doing a flourishing business. He was employed to attend old Mr. McGinnis, who is in a pretty bad way with typhoid fever.

"Well, doctor, how is he coming on?" asked a member of the family.

"There is still hope to save him if he lives until to-morrow, but if he dies in the meantime he is a gone case."—*Texas Siftings.*

—Belgium is the great home of pigeon fanciers, containing, as it does, more than a thousand pigeon societies, which send away from a hundred thousand to one hundred and fifty thousand homing birds every summer to different parts of Europe (mostly France and Spain), there to be let go and find their way back again. Races have sometimes been flown from Rome, nine hundred miles distant, but the *Athenaeum* says that this long flight has proved too destructive to valuable birds, owing to the difficulty of passing the Alps.

—In this world joy is measured by the cup; trouble by the spoon.

PITH AND POINT.

—Habit is the dress of character.—*Whitehall Times.*

—Truth is beautiful, but society ad yet has not offered a premium for its steady use.—*Pomeroy's Advance Thought.*

—An Omaha editor has discovered that there is no such thing as a bald-headed idiot.—*Atchison Globe.*

—Train up a child in the way he should go," and keep a little ahead of him in the same way during the training, to be sure he goes.—*Pineyuna.*

—A Western editor asks, "How shall we get our girls to read articles on scientific subjects?" Why, mix them up with the fashion notes, of course.

—Young women ought never to get into a way of thinking that it is better to marry imprudently than remain single and exposed to absurd comment thereby.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

—Laziness grows on people; it begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains. The more business a man has to do the more he is able to accomplish, for he learns to economize his time.—*Texas Siftings.*

—A printer up in Canada is said to be one hundred and three years old. He has made so many typographical errors during his career that he is afraid to die.—*Somerville Journal.*

—Small boy (at church picnic)—"I say, Johnny, where's them nice hand sandwiches your ma put up for you? These ain't no good." Johnny (bit-terly)—"The superintendent an' the teachers is a-eatin' of 'em."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—While a man was nailing up a gate in Jonesboro, Ga., lightning struck the hammer and killed him. How many shiftless men will make this an excuse for never nailing up the gate.—*Texas Siftings.*

—The lover who writes the sweetest valentine poetry before marriage doesn't always make the sort of a husband who will bring up the coal and soothe wailing twins five years after the wedding day.

—If a man and wife are one flesh, no wonder it is such a painful operation for them to get divorced. And, by the way, that reminds us that divorces should only be granted on Twos-day.—*Charleston Enterprise.*

—If there is nothing lovelier in the world than a well-behaved and good-tempered child, there are few creatures more odious than one who is lawless and quarrelsome. Half a dozen such would render a large hotel uncomfortable.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

—The difference—
Oh! the girl's beautiful,
Loving and dutiful,
When we are hopeful to win her,
Let her our suit deny,
Then she is but a guy,
Shunned as the vilest sinner.—*Boston Budget.*

—Experienced Dry-goods Clerk—
"Ladies, have you seen this pattern elsewhere?" Ladies—"No, we came to you first of all." E. D. G. C.—"Then you will pardon me if I decline to show it to you, for if you have just begun shopping you will not buy here."—*Florence Blatter.*

Old Chocolate's Philosophy.

Dar's many a lie on a tomb-stun.
Ef de cat's asleep de bacon am safe.
Tears dat flow behin' de do' am de faller's ob sorer.
Dar's no use lookin' at de sun of hit spiles yo' eye.

De wicked offen wondeh how odlahs kin be good.
De dog dat doan' baak gits de bigger's mon'ul ob breeches.

Doan' weep fo' faded blossoms. Dar er seeds on de same bush.
De bird on de wavin' branch a'n't hit ez easy ez de bird on de stump.

W'ef de doctah kin cu' yo' lumbago, w'ef can't he cu' 'is own rummityz?

De lightnin'-rod man doas a quick job wid de faamah w'ose baan was struck.

Ef a straight face war ev' dence ob honesty, nobody ud evah cotch de man dat stole dat coonskin.—*Judge.*

The Case Was Dismissed.

"Did you strike this man?" inquired the judge.

"Yes, sir, I did."
"What did you do it for?"
"Well, yer Honor, it was this way. I was out in my yard fixin' up an apple tree that had been broken by the wind. I had a little method of my own, that I thought would make the tree grow together. This man came along and says to me:

"What yer doin'?"
"Then I went through the whole thing, and when I'd finished I says: "Don't you think it's a big undertaking?"

A Square Man.

No sort of elaborate eulogy can so completely define character to the appreciation of the many as the declaration of a man that he is "square." This is an abbreviation of "square-toed," which, in its time, was a contraction of "He squarely toes the line." An upright, honest man comes "square-toed" to the line of duty, and is accordingly a square man. The term is simple, and it is sufficient. A voter asks to know no more who learns that a candidate is a "square man." The word "square," to denote honesty and integrity of character, is common in business and political phraseology, and the man who has the reputation of being "square" in all things, is pretty apt to be trusted implicitly by his fellow-beings.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

FEET OR WINGS?

When the gay butterfly,
Dear little rover,
Lightly goes floating by
Over the clover—
When the sweet bird sings
Fly home to the nest—
Then I am sure that wings
Must be the best.

Wings for the free things
Which sail in the air,
Wings for the wee thing
In mother bird's care,
Feet for the children,
The girls and the boys,
Running and romping
And making a noise.

When the dark thunder cloud
Breaks in the sky,
When the sharp lightning flash
Quivers on high,
Home to the mother then,
Precious and sweet,
Better than wings I woen,
Two little feet.

Keeps the great Father
All in His love,
Watches us, shields us,
Bonds from above;
Fold the wings, little,
And little ones rest;
God guardeth ever
The home and the nest.
—Margaret E. Sawyer, in *Congregationalist.*

WAS IT MERE LUCK?

The Success of a Gentlemanly Lad Who Was Kind and Polite at All Times and All Places.

There was a frantic cry of "Whoa!" "Whoa!" and the driver of "No. 7" put down the brake and the car came to a stand-still just as a run-away horse dragged but a fragment of a carriage dragging past. Men, women and children ran in various directions, some of them trying to keep out of the horse's track, and others, more venturesome, making ineffectual attempts to seize the dangling bridle.

Mr. Lord was unfolding the *Bee*, which always reached him about the time he started "down town," when the commotion outside attracted his attention.

"Look out for your old basket!"—and a slight kick completely overturned it. In their haste and excitement, a colored woman and two boys had actually collided; at the same time, finding a street car an unyielding background.

Herbert Atkinson, nearly tumbling into the basket of freshly laundered clothes, which the woman in her fright had dropped, indignantly applied the force necessary to scatter the immaculate linen upon the dusty street.

With a fierce scowl and muttered oath, he immediately sprang upon the car. Other vehicles standing near, completely blocked the passage, and while trouble was imminent (for the drivers were loud in expostulation), Mr. Lord gave his attention to the scene just under his window.

"Excuse me, madam," said the other boy, lifting his hat, which he was in the act of placing on his head, after picking himself up from the pavement, when, during the scramble for safety, both the woman and Herbert had "brought up" against him.

"Yer didn't do it honey, yer noways ter blame," was the answer.

As she reached for the basket, she groaned, and George Graham exclaimed: "Are you hurt?" and while she with one hand was tightly holding the bruised and sprained wrist, he was very carefully gathering up the now soiled garments, brushing, shaking and folding.

When the car started, every thing had been arranged, and the manly lad was walking away with the washer-woman's load.

Mr. Lord returned to his paper, first looking at his own advertisement, which read something like this:

"Wanted, at this office, an honest and gentlemanly boy, about sixteen years of age, who has a home in the city. None but an apt scholar, and one well-recommended need apply. Call at twelve o'clock to-day."

Mr. Lord's experience in advertising was such that he congratulated himself on the short notice he had given, trusting that the right boy would be on hand, and he not pained as he would be if obliged to turn away many applicants from the place.

A little before noon, his wife came in for a chat, leaving their little Annie with him for an hour, as was her custom when out at this time.

"Papa's little Rest has come, has she?" as he took the child in his lap. In one of his happy hours, he often said, as he gave himself up to a frolic with his little girl.

"O, Pa, Dinah has hurt her hand and tumbled down in the street. It was something about a horse and cart—any way, mamma has packed a basket of food for her and taken her home. It was no matter 'bout the tumbled clothes, mamma told her."

"Yes, dear, but who is Dinah?" seeing that the child was too much interested to think of any thing else just then.

"O, she helps Mary wash, and sometimes takes the clothes home with her. Pa, there is the very boy who brought the basket for her, coming here," as she looked from the window.

"It is twelve o'clock, darling, I must attend to a little business. You may stay here with me."

"John," through a speaking tube, "you ma; send up the boys in the order in which they come."

"Good morning!" and a youth politely removed his hat, as he responded to the pleasant greeting.

A prepossessing face and evidently a well-informed boy of sixteen, bright and active, with a letter from a well-known man, which read something like this: "James Armstrong is the son of an old friend of mine. He's a fine scholar. Please give him a place and oblige," etc.

"Well, James, I like your looks, and do not doubt your ability, but I noticed the stump of a cigar in your fingers as you came in, and your clothes are filled with the odor of tobacco. How long have you smoked?"

"Two years or more," he answered, looking resentfully at the gentleman, though he had the grace to blush.

"My boy, do you know you are sowing the seeds of misery?"

"It rests me to smoke."

"Rests you! Ah, poor child, I might preach you a long sermon, tell of the blighted lives, ruined nerves, and empty pockets, but I forbear. My lad, learn a lesson, throw it away before it is too late. I'll excuse you now."

The boy went out in a swaggering, indifferent way, muttering something about "taking away a man's liberty."

Pitying, Mr. Lord saw him depart. The next boy was clean and pure to look at, and handed his recommendation to Mr. Lord in a very self-satisfied way. The gentleman, with the scene of the morning fresh in his mind, even when he read the complimentary words, written by his own minister, could not say "Yes" to such an applicant. He had no doubt of his fine scholarship, and his general appearance was greatly in his favor, but he said: "Herbert, I came down on car No. 7 this morning and witnessed a little scene that you will recall. I advertised for a gentlemanly lad. I'll excuse you, now."

With hot cheeks, he departed.

The next was a boy with a fine face, but not as well grown as the others, and with no recommendation except a note from his mother. Mr. Lord read: "Dear Sir: We are strangers in the city. I know of no one who, with this short notice, can recommend my boy. A mother may be partial in her judgment, but he is a good boy, and, if you will take the trouble, can learn of his scholarship. Will you please give him a chance to learn a trade that has great attractions for him? We have a case in the house, and he can already set type quite rapidly. His father was a printer. Excuse this long note and oblige. Yours truly, M. A. Graham."

"Well, a mother ought to know," he said to himself, and as his eye took in the air of respectability that pervaded the dress of the boy, he realized that unless supplanted by new, it would soon become very shabby; and he recalled the time when his own mother came to the city with her small children and the disappointments that, he, her oldest child, had met with, before he gained a foothold in the seething tide of humanity that surrounded the unsophisticated youth.

"If you can give us a little time, sir, mother will write to our old home, and get the names of parties who will give me a recommendation."

"My boy, I advertised for a gentlemanly