

### Highway Artists—The Men Who De- fine Natural Scenery.

NEARLY every reader sees daily on dead-walls and on fences, on rocks and barns, the mammoth signs of patent medicines, hair-oil, smoking tobacco, gas stoves, harness stores, laundry soap, or tooth-paste. But there are very few who have seen the men at work with their paint-pots and brushes. Who they are, why they became board-fence artists, how they work, are still mysteries. Most of them are New Yorkers. The business started in this city, and here is its headquarters. Who was the first highway artist is a mooted question. Two or three veteran knights of the paint-pot claim that honor, but the claim of Edward Wise—"Wise, the original," as he is called by his friends—to that distinction seems to be as good as any.

"When the war broke out," he said, "I had a little shop at the corner of Walker and Elm Streets, where I painted signs. Times were dull, and I used to sit for hours in my shop and wonder what was to be done next. One day I saw a man across the street go up to a dry-goods box and stencil 'Macallister's Ointment' on it with an ordinary stencil-plate and a brush. The thought at once came to my mind. Why wouldn't it be a good thing to paint advertisements in an attractive manner on fences and barns and such like? I consulted with a friend, who said: 'Go and see Drake. He's just started Plantation Bitters, and maybe he'll hire you.' I saw Drake, and he sent me to Demas Barnes, who was furnishing the money, and had an office in Park Row. Barnes took to the idea at once. I suggested that I paint on New York, and on the roads in the upper part of the island. 'What pay do you want?' he asked. I replied that an ordinary house painter got \$2.50 a day, and I thought that I was worth that. 'All right,' he said, 'go ahead. Do you want any money to begin with?' I said that I did not, and I started out. For a week I painted 'ST.—1860.—X.' with the half-moon and crozier, on every fence and wall I could find in the city. Then I went out on the Harlem road and on the avenues. I hadn't done all I wanted to do at the end of the week, so I kept away from the office, and the next week I finished up Harlem, and gave Brooklyn and Jersey City a big dose of the bit-ter. On Saturday I went to the office. 'Mr. Barnes wants to see you,' said A. J. Torrey, his son-in-law. I went to call on him. 'Look here,' he said. 'Don't you see that another stroke here—another stroke right off and go West. When can you start?' 'Monday,' said I. 'All right,' he said, 'go ahead, and don't you come back here. I started out on that Monday,' the in Kurth's painter went on, 'and didn't do a laborer's back to New York for a year. I and most of the West to the Mississippi, as far South as the Gulf of Mexico, and North to the Canadian line. For one solid year I painted nothing but 'ST.—1860.—X.' You can imagine the curiosity that it excited. Then the next year I went right over my first route and added 'Plantation Bitters.' From that day to this I have been on the road. I have traveled all over the Union, in Canada, and have been in England. If I had time I could tell you curious incidents without end."

Another renowned knight of the paint pot is I. M. Plum, now traveling for a soap manufacturer. He started as a house painter. Times were hard, and he took to the road with his brush, thirteen years ago, and for eight years has been decorating the country with the advertisement of that firm. "I put a sign seventy-five feet long on Iona Island, in the Hudson," he said, "and a literary man who took a trip to the island saw the sign, thought the name of the soap was the name of the island, and wrote three-quarters of a column to a Philadelphia newspaper about the 'beautiful Island of—.' Some time ago a new station was made on the Pennsylvania Railroad, and a shed was put up for a depot. By the time the shed was done I had the name of the railroad in big letters on it, and the railroad men began to call the place by that name. For over a year when the trains stopped there, the conductors would call out 'All off for—.' Finally the station was named, and they stopped advertising us." Near Pittsburgh he painted a sign that would read three miles on top of the mountain. When they were putting it up they had a big fence around it. I put the sign on the fence. I could just reach half the length of the letters. The period was as big as a bushel basket. As long as the fence was up you could read that sign for three miles. Did I ever have any trouble? No. I have had people threaten me; but they never have done anything. You see, prosecuting us for damaging scenery is nobody's particular business, or rather it's everybody's business, which is the same thing."

Among the best known men in the business to-day are Bradbury & Hough-taling, who have reduced highway decoration to a science. Bradbury was a sign painter on the Bowery originally. He has painted from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the northern boundary of inhabited British America to the Gulf of Mexico. He has even gone further South, and done artistic work in the cities of Cuba and other West India Islands. In 1863 "Brad" made his first trip across the continent. It was no easy job. He went up the Missouri River by steamer, and thence 2,000 miles by pack mules and horses across the plains and Rocky Mountains to San Francisco, leaving in his trail on all prominent places his handiwork in the shape of the advertisement of Drake's Plantation Bitters. Wise, who had preceded him, had gone only as far West as the Mississippi River. At the completion of the Union Pacific and Central Pacific Railroads he ornamented their routes across the continent with two of Helmsboldt's advertisements. Again in '77 and '78 he made a third trip, working throughout the Territory and the Pacific coast States, painting everywhere. He has made twelve annual trips through the Eastern, Middle, and Western States, and seven trips through the South and Southwest, and his experiences on these trips were varied and often interesting. Mr. Bradbury is more of an artist than any of his fellow decorators. The big and spirited horse heads that adorn many drug stores and

call attention to a horse liniment are masterpieces in their way. So is the great picture of a Centaur that was formerly seen on many dead-walls in this city. There is no more popular man in the business than Mr. Bradbury. He is well educated, dignified, modest, unassuming, and withal very energetic.

His partner, C. S. Hough-taling, is a specimen brick of considerable richness. He says: "Brad and I formed a partnership, opened an office in Fulton Street in 1872, and to-day we do nearly all the work that is done. You'd be surprised at the work we have done during the seasons of '78 and '80. One tobacco firm pays us \$40,000, and another \$27,000 for the year's work. Our contracts for the season amount to \$200,000. I'm giving you these figures from our books, and will swear to 'em. To do this amount of sign-painting, we use forty tons of white lead, 200 barrels of linseed oil, 200 barrels of turpentine, 2,000 pounds of lampblack, and 1,000 pounds of various other colors. These materials cover a surface of 2,000,000 square feet of sign painting in over 800 of the principal cities and towns in the United States and Canada. We have employed thirty expert highway artists, who have traveled over 300,000 miles. Thirty-one thousand dollars have been paid for the erection of bulletin boards and for the rental of prominent advertising privileges. The signs will stand for an average of three years. There are figures for you, and figures won't lie. It ain't a bad showing for a business that started on a capital of one paint pot and brush, is it?"

"Incidents?" continued Mr. Hough-taling, with vivacity. "I should say so. A man can't travel as we do and in our business without having adventures. At Lookout Mountain I was up on the top just for the fun of the thing, and, looking down, saw a fine fine rock down by Creven's Halfway House. It was a beautiful place to paint a sign, and I made tracks for it, and soon was hard at work painting an advertisement of a Bitters. When nearly through I heard a plug, and something struck the rock. I paid no attention. 'Plug,' it came again, and something again hit the rock. I painted on. 'Plug' came the sound again, and this time a piece of flattened lead rolled down to my feet. I looked around. There above me was a fellow waving his hat, hollering and occasionally shooting. It was a photographer, who had his shop there at the Halfway House, and made a living by photographing the fellows and their girls when they came up to the mountain. The big, flat rock made an excellent background for the photographs, and he naturally objected to my decorating it. After that every photograph that he took there had a background of those Bitters."

"Is the business growing still, or have you covered all the eligible places?" "Bless you, no. The business is better every year. Every new railroad opens up new sites. We are making places where there are none. See the hundreds of feet of bulletin boards wherever a train stops on any of the roads near New York. It is locating to be a business in itself to locate the boards. Patent medicines, toilet articles and tobacco, as you know, are the principal articles we advertise. Well, they are changing all the time—old ones dying and new ones coming out—and there's no limit to the highway decorating art."—*New York Sun.*

### Poor Relations.

"It is a melancholy truth," says Dickens, "that even great men have their poor relations." It seems to us that it is more sad to reflect that small men are provided with the same abominations. The great man may perhaps stand upon his own dignity, and carry his poor relations along with him, but he is finding them a hindrance; his greatness adds a luster to their insignificance, which, in no wise detracts from his importance; he floats on the top of the wave and takes them in tow. But there is nothing for the small man to do except to grin and bear them; there is little or nothing in his internal economy to mitigate the affliction, unless he should happen to possess that virtue which is able to convert misfortunes into advantages, which enables him to make use of his indigent friends, or to render their higher circumstances with indulgence or indifference. One hardly knows, meanwhile, if there is anything to choose between the poor relation who is servile, and after the pattern of Uriah Heep, or she who is inaccessible and afraid of patronage, who holds you at arm's length, lest you should presume too much upon the accident of her poverty or your consanguinity; to whom one would dare offer only the choicest gifts; whose double distilled sensitiveness takes alarm at the slightest familiarity. Perhaps, however, in order to understand the situation, and to make just allowance for pride which is overweighted and humbled, which is slavish, it would be necessary for each of us to be a poor relation once in a lifetime to look at existence through her spectacles; to suffer her slights, her embarrassments; to wear second-hand clothes, accept second-hand attentions; to be the person whom it is always safe to overlook with no fear of retribution; obliged to receive favors and continually from the same source; to let talent become sterile for lack of fertilizing opportunity; to waste one's own sweetness on the desert air of obscurity. Perhaps such an experience would make us more tender and more considerate of the poor relation when she comes in our way. Hath not a poor relation senses, affections, passions, no less than a Jew? If you tread on him, shall he not hurt? If you tread on him, shall he not hurt? If his sight so obscured by poverty that he does not know injuries and selfishness from caresses and generosity? Is he so chastened by want that he accepts insult with gratitude? No doubt it is often our own consciences rather than any disagreeable trait or unuttered curse which render the poor relation offensive to us; her very existence is a tacit reproach of our own self-indulgence and luxury; the ghost of her necessities refuses to be laid, but haunts us with an almost unreasonable pertinacity; and though it is the fault—or virtue—of our own organization, the fact that she remains a living rebuke to us does not increase our enjoyment of her society.—*Harper's Bazar.*

### GENERAL.

JACOB FRANCISCO, with some friends, near Carrollton, Ky., and was bitten by one of them. His body swelled to an enormous size, and, although kept dosed with medicines, he suffered much until his death.

A LITTLE daughter of a man in Portland, Me., while combing her hair before a mirror, the other day, brushed the celluloid comb was in flames, and the child's hand and cheek were severely burned. The comb was consumed as quickly as a piece of paper would have been.

The new street coaches in Philadelphia are pronounced a great success. They go full all the while, are more comfortable than cars or stages, each passenger is sure of a seat, and the routes are so varied that, by transferring any part of the city may be readily reached. Those now in use hold eight persons, and are drawn by one horse. Additional ones are to be of double size, for two horses.

SMITHLAND CHAMBER, the father of a family living in Barren County, Ky., weighs only 130 pounds, and his wife weighs only 112 pounds. But they have a six-year-old daughter that weighs 230 pounds, who is about as tall as other girls of her age, but measures eighty-four inches around the waist. A son died when about five years old, weighing 200 pounds, and some younger members of the family are growing fat rapidly.

A GERMAN fashion now being rapidly adopted by Americans is that of betrothal parties. They are given by the parents of the bridegroom-elect, and his fiancée, in bridal attire, receives the guests; congratulations are in order, and the whole formality of a wedding is gone through, except the clergyman's share of it, which comes a few months later, when he is introduced into the scene.

THE power of imagination was recently shown in the case of a woman in the New Haven General Hospital, who had been in the habit of taking morphine in the form of "sleeping drops." She was given morphine for the first few times, and then water in a bottle labeled "sleeping drops." She at first complained that this was too strong, so it was reduced, and she took it nearly a month, sleeping well when she took it and not at all when it was withheld.

THE grounds of the Duke of Devonshire, at Chatsworth, in England, are five miles in circuit, including hill and dale and fine prospect. They were laid out by Loudon and Paxton, and are celebrated for their trees, shrubs, rock-work, deer and water-works, only surpassed by those of Versailles. The conservatory is unrivaled in Europe; it covers nearly an acre, measures 300 by 145 feet, is 65 feet high, has 70,000 square feet of glass, and a carriage road through it.

EVEN the wealthy Hindoos can not find good domestic servants. One of them writes: "The good servants are gone who used to know how to hold your umbrella over your head, pour the water over your hands after meals, and exaggerate your resources before your friends. This fine class of men has disappeared, and a degenerate species of epidemic-stricken, untrained young harridans has taken their place. They plunder you when sent to the bazaar; they steal your clothes, your rice; and they are so greedy that they lick off the very sirup from the surface of your sweetmeats."

### Curiosities of Kleptomania.

SOME curious cases of kleptomania are mentioned in *Chambers's Journal*: A lady was affected with this monomania, and a degenrate species of epidemic-stricken, untrained young harridans has taken their place. They plunder you when sent to the bazaar; they steal your clothes, your rice; and they are so greedy that they lick off the very sirup from the surface of your sweetmeats."

As to modern instances of this species of insanity, we knew a parish clergyman who stole every article he could lay his hands on. If out at dinner he pocketed scraps of bread, table-napkins or anything. When lodging at hotels he carried off pieces of soap and the ends of candles from his bedroom. His larcenies became so notorious that he was ultimately brought before the Chiroch courts and turned out of his living.

Dr. Gall mentions an instance of two citizens of Vienna who, on becoming insane were well known in the hospital for an extraordinary propensity to steal, although they had before lived irreproachable lives. They wandered about from morning to night and picked up whatever they could lay their hands on, which they carefully hid in their rooms. Abnormal conformations of the head, accompanied with an imbecile understanding, are often the cause of kleptomania. Gall and Spurzheim saw in Bern prison a boy twelve years old, who is described as "ill organized and rickety," who could never avoid stealing. An ex-commissary of police at Toulouse was condemned to eight years' imprisonment and hard labor and to the pillory for having stolen some plate while in office. He did not deny the crime, but persisted to the last in a singular kind of a defense. He attributed the crime to a mental derangement caused by wounds he had received at Marseilles

in 1815. Another case is related of a young man who, after being severely wounded in the temple, for which he was trepanned, manifested an unaccountable propensity for theft, which was quite against his natural disposition. He was imprisoned for larceny after having committed several robberies; and had not medical testimony been produced to show that he was insane, and which attributed his kleptomania to a disorder of the brain, he would have been punished according to law.

Several ingenious but improper defenses have been made by persons possessed of good pedinary means, and holding a respectable social position, with the view of escaping imprisonment for thefts they have committed, more from moral turpitude than from diseased mind. One of the most noteworthy of these is mentioned by Casper. Madame de X.— had stolen articles in three goldsmiths' shops; and subsequently confessed to her husband that at a certain time she had an irresistible desire to possess herself of shining objects. She confessed to having taken objects from shops; and stated that on one occasion when she went to return the goods she had been restrained from doing so from the belief that the articles were her own. Much evidence was there to prove that she suffered from mental disease; but on Casper's opinion being asked concerning her alleged kleptomania, he concluded that her propensity to steal was not irresistible; that she had not been compelled to commit the three thefts in spite of herself, and that she was responsible for them as criminal actions. His reasons for this opinion were that, in the first place, although the accused had sought her husband not to take her to those places where shining objects were to be seen, she went to goldsmiths' shops of her own accord, and without any necessity for doing so. Second, that she paid away silver. Third, that she broke up the objects she stole, in order that they might not be recognized, and in that way lead to her detection. Fourth, she had not gone to the same goldsmith's shop twice. Fifth, she had concealed her conduct from her husband. And last, when she was interrogated, had made many false and contradictory statements.

### King Frederick's Joke.

CONSPICUOUS among the few men of his time who ever got the better of Frederick the Great in a jesting encounter was an abbot of the Catholic Monastery of Camenz, who succeeded in that high office the worthy Abbot Tobias, an old favorite and friend of the Protestant hero, whom, upon a memorable occasion, he had saved from capture by a party of foraging Croat horsemen. The King disliked the new abbot as heartily as he liked the old one; but, having been hospitably entertained by him during the last visit he ever paid to Camenz, he deemed it fitting to recognize his host's attentions by some special mark of royal grace, and calling the abbot to his carriage window, as he was about to drive away from the monastery gates, said to him: "Ask me a favor." "Sire," observed the abbot, "our second bass choir singer is recently dead. Doubtless your Majesty can dispose of many chorists in Berlin. Will my all-mightiest, all-serenest monarch deign to begit us with a second bass?" The King, after a moment's reflection, replied: "I'll send you one from Neustadt on the Dosse." It flashed across the abbot's mind that Frederick had some short time previously set up an establishment for improving the breed of asses in the very town mentioned by him, and foreseeing what sort of bass singer the King's peculiar humor would prompt him to forward to Camenz wherewith to recruit its choir, he promptly rejoined: "Most dread sovereign, in token of our gratitude for your gracious bounty, and in accordance with the custom of our order, we shall bestow upon our new second bass the name of his exalted donor. He will be known in our choir as Frederickus Secundus." The King made no attempt to return this dexterous home thrust, but drove off in silence, which he maintained unbroken for nearly an hour, when, turning to his aid-de-camp, he drily observed: "That is what one gets by joking with fools!" But he never again alluded to an episode in which he felt that he had been thoroughly worsted.—*London Telegraph.*

### Fresh Air in the Bed-Room.

How much air can be safely admitted into a sleeping or living-room is a common question. Rather, it should be considered, how rapidly air can be admitted, without injury or risk, and at how low a temperature. We can not have too much fresh air, so long as we are warm enough, and are not exposed to draughts. What is a draught? It is a swift current of air, at a temperature lower than the body, which robs either the whole body, or an exposed part, of its heat, so rapidly as to disturb the equilibrium of our circulation and give us cold. Young and healthy persons can habituate themselves to sleeping in even a strong draught, as from an open window, if they cover themselves, in cold weather, with an abundance of bedclothes. But those who have been long accustomed to being sheltered from the outer air by sleeping in a warm, nearly or quite shut-up room, are too susceptible to cold to bear a direct draught of cold air. Persons over seventy years of age, moreover, with lower vitality than in their youth, will not bear a low temperature, even in the air they breathe. Like hot-house plants, they may be killed by a winter night's chill and must be protected by warmth at all times. As a rule we may say that, except for the most robust, the air which enters at night into a sleeping chamber should, in cold weather, be admitted gradually only by cracks or moderate openings; or should have its force broken by some interposed obstacle, as a curtain, etc., to avert its blowing immediately upon a sleeper in his bed. The ancient fashion, however, of having bed-curtains, which exclude almost all the air, has rightly become almost obsolete. No wonder that people dream horrid dreams, and wake in the morning wearied rather than refreshed, when they sleep in rooms sealed up tightly on every side; breathing over and over again their own breaths, which grow more poisonous with every hour of the night.—*American Health Friend.*

### Our Young Folks.

MY TREE.  
Which is the best of all the trees?  
Answer me children all, if you please!  
Is it the linden, with tassels gay,  
Or the willow there where the catkins sway?  
Is it the oak, the king of the woods?  
That for a hundred years has stood?  
The graceful elm, or the stately ash,  
Or the aspens, whose leaflets shimmer and flash?

Is it the solemn and gloomy pine,  
With its million needles so sharp and fine?  
Ah, no! The tree that I love best,  
Is buds and blossoms with the rest,  
No summer sun on its fruit has smiled,  
But ice and snow are around it piled;  
But still it blooms and bears fruit for me,  
My winter bloomer! my Christmas-tree!

Its blossoms are candles, all shining gay,  
And it bears its fruit in the queerest way!  
Gilded by ribbons to evering,  
By and little, and little and big,  
Dolls and trumplets, and balls and bats,  
Homes and monkeys, and dogs and cats,  
Urbans and whistles, and guns and whips,  
Crying babies and flying ships;  
Every conceivable kind of box,  
With all conceivable kinds of socks;  
Tigers and elephants swinging in air,  
Singular fruit for a tree to bear!  
But so it blooms and bears fruit for me,  
My winter bloomer! my Christmas-tree!

Elm and linden may both be fair,  
But they have no fruit; not wisdom to show:  
The oak may be king of the forest wide,  
But he has no pearls with ribbons tied,  
He has no rattles, no books, no boots,  
No pigs, no lions, no cows, no goats,  
No dolls, no cradles, no skates, no tops,  
Nor oranges, candy, or lollipops,  
Nothing that's pretty, and nothing that's good,  
But leaves and acorns, and bark and wood.  
So the tree of all others that's best to me,  
Is my winter bloomer! my Christmas-tree!

—*Laura E. Richards, in Youth's Companion.*

### TONY'S CHRISTMAS.

"Now, TEDDIE, be a good boy, there's a darling, and little Clover, don't tease Daisy. Please let mamma go away to church and know that you are all sweet and lovely and clean as new little pennies to-night."

Splash went one little body into the bath-tub, and splash went another, and again a third; and then, like so many roses after a shower, out they came dripping, and laughing and screaming with glee. The little mother was kept busy enough, for it was Christmas-eve, and the carols and anthems were to be rehearsed for the last time, and Mrs. Morton's clear soprano voice could not be spared. Indeed, her voice was all that kept Teddie and Clover and Daisy in their neat little box of a house, for their father, a brave fireman, had been killed more than two years before at a fearful fire, and since then their mother had striven hard to maintain her little family by sewing and singing, and doing what ever work her slender hands could accomplish which would bring in food and clothing for her children.

"Be good, Teddie," repeated Daisy, after her mother, as she shook out her little wet curls at him, and Clover solemnly raised his finger at his bigger brother, with the warning: "Remember Santa Claus comes to-night."

"Yes, and the stockings must be hung up," said Ted, who forthwith proceeded to attend to that important duty.

"There! how do they look?—one brown, that's mine; one blue, that's Clover's; and one red, that's Daisy's." They were pinned fast to the fender with many pins and much care.

"But, mamma," said Clover, "the stove's in the way. Santa Claus can't get down with that big black thing stopping the chimney."

"Oh, the fire will go out by and by, and then he may creep through the stove-pipe and out of the door!"

"He'll be awful dirty, then," said Daisy.

Well, he was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot, and his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot, so that is to be expected. But really, dear children, you must jump into your beds, and let me tuck you up; it is time for me to go.

Very quickly the rosy little faces were nestling in the pillows, and Mrs. Morton, after kissing them, put out the lamp and left them to their slumbers. Hastily putting on her cloak and bonnet, she paused at the door of her sitting room to see if the fire was safe. The room was dark but for the gleaming stove, the chairs and table were all in order, and in one corner, under a covering of paper, was the little tree she had decked in odd moments to delight the eyes of her children. She could not afford wax candles, so the morning was to bring the tree as well as the other gifts. Sure that all was in readiness, she tripped down the stairs, locked her door and sped over the snow to the church, the two tall towers of which stood out against the starry sky. As she entered the church, her mind full of her duties and her heart tender with thoughts of her children, she thought she saw a dusky little object crouching in the angle made by the towers; but she was already late, and had no time to linger. Up she went to the choir, which was full of light, but the body of the church was dark. Without any words, she took up her sheet of music and began to sing. Never had the carols and anthems seemed so sweet to her, and her voice rose clear and pure as a bird's. The organist paused to listen, and her companions turned satisfied glances upon her; but she went on unconsciously, as a bird does until the burden of its theme is finished, and its exultant strains are lost in silence. They went over the whole Church service, the glorious *Te Deum*, the *Benedictus* and the anthem for the day, "Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given," and every delicate chord and fugue had to be repeated until the desired perfection of harmony was attained. It was really a very long and arduous study, but of all days Christmas demands more music, and they were willing to do their best. At last all were satisfied and somewhat tired; but the organist turned to Mrs. Morton, and asked her if she would sing one hymn for him alone, as he especially desired to hear her voice in this one time. Of course she could not refuse, and to an exquisitely harmonious air she began.

"Calm on the listening ear of night  
Come Heaven's melodious strains,  
Where wild winds stretch far  
Her silver-mantled plains.  
Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!  
The Savior now is born!  
And bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains,  
Breaks the first Christmas morn."  
Only the first and last verses of that exquisite hymn; but like "angels with their sparkling lyres," her voice seemed

to have lost its earthliness, and soared, as if it were winged, up to the very skies of Heaven; when she ceased singing, there was a hush upon all, as if they had been carried near to the celestial portals.

One by one they pressed her hand in quiet congratulation, and with a "Merry Christmas!" bade her good-night. Mrs. Morton was a little scolded with her unusual efforts, and while the old organist was locking up, thought she would run down and warm herself in the church. As she hastened toward the great heater, she tripped over something, which, to her great surprise and alarm, she perceived what appeared to be a great bundle was in reality a sleeping child.

Yes, a child, and a little one—a boy of not more than seven years, with childish brown locks, and eyelashes which swept the olive tint of his cheek. All curled up in a heap, in clothes which a man might have worn, so big and shapely were they, with one arm under his head for a pillow, and the other tightly grasping a violin. Far had he wandered in the cold wintry air, until, attracted by the light and warmth of the great church, he had stolen in for shelter, and then as his little ears drank in the melody of the rehearsing choir, and the warmth comforted him, he fell fast asleep. He was dreaming now of the warm sunny land of his birth: olives and orchards, purple clusters of the vineyards, donkeys laden with oranges, and the blue sky of Naples shining over the bay. Then, in his dream, an angel came floating down out of the pure ether, waiting sweet perfumes on its white wings, and singing—oh! what heavenly strains!—till his little soul was filled with joy; for the angel seemed to be his mother who had died, and her kind voice again saluted him, and he answered softly, "Madre mia!"

"Poor child!" said Mrs. Morton, softly. "It seems a pity to waken him, but we must do it; he cannot stay here all night." The old organist touched him; but his sleep was too sound for a touch to arouse him, and Mrs. Morton had to again and again lift his head and stroke his little brown head, before, with amazed and widely fearful looks, he an awared them.

"Who are you, child, and what are you doing here?" asked the organist. "I'm Toni, Toni," was the answer, and he began to cry. "Oh, please let me go; the Padrone will kill me."

"Why will he kill you, and why are you here?"

"He will kill me because I have no money. I have lost, also, my way."

"Have you no home, no mother?" asked Mrs. Morton, gently.

"No, signora, no, madame, no mother. We all live, Baptists and Vincenzo and I, with the Padrone. We play the harp and the violin; but I was tired, and I could not keep with the others, and they scolded me, oh, so sharply! and I was weary and cold, and crept in here where the angels sing, and it was so beautiful I could not go away."

The organist muttered, "Police," at which the child again sobbed violently. "Yes, to the station house, of course, he must go."

But Mrs. Morton remembered the three faces asleep on their pillows at home, and as she looked at this tear-stained, dirty little gypsy, she said to the organist, "I will take care of him to-night." "So, under the stars, the Christmas stars, gleaming so brightly, she led the little wanderer home."

All was still and safe in the little house. Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse. The fire still gleamed in the kitchen and the sitting room, and it was the work of only a few moments to divest the little musician of his uncouth garments, to pop him into the tub of hot suds, to scrub him well, until his lean little body shone like bronze, to slip him into a night-gown, to give him a slice of bread and butter, and then to tuck him up on the cozy lounge.

The children slept like tops, and the tired little mother was glad to say her prayers, and lie down beside them.

The stars were still shining when she awoke; for Christmas-day would be a busy one, and there were no moments to lose. Already the milkman was at door, and the hands of the kitchen clock pointed to six.

Hark! what was that?  
A long, low, sweet sound, like a voice calling her. She listened, and again it came. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men," so it seemed to breathe. Then it rose in a gay carol, a sweet gushing thanksgiving, and the children came tumbling down in their nightgowns; they rushed to the door of the sitting room, and there beside his improvised bed stood the young musician, playing on his violin as if all the world were his audience. His brown eyes flashed now with light, and then grew dark and tender, as he drew the sweet sounds out. The children gazed in wonderment: where had this child come from? had he dropped from the stars? had an angel come among them? He played on, and on, until, from sheer fatigue, he put his instrument down. Then Teddie and Daisy came to him; about him; they touched his hands, his curly locks, his violin, to see if all were real. Then they whirled round the room in a mad dance of delight, for the mother had uncovered the tree, and it was really Christmas morning.

Ah, what a happy day for poor little Toni! How nice he looked in Teddie's clothes! how gentle he was with Daisy! how he frolicked with Clover! and when Mrs. Morton came from church, how softly he played all his pretty melodies for her! It was a day of feast and merriment, and when, to her surprise and pleasure, a committee of church people waited upon Mrs. Morton to give her a purse through the meshes of which glittered gold pieces, she said then and there that Toni should never go to the harsh and cruel Padrone again.

Perhaps some time as you listen to a sweet voice singing to the accompaniment of a violin you may think of Mrs. Morton and Toni, and be glad that the world bestows its applause and its gifts upon them, and that the vision of his mother and her love that came to Toni on that Christmas-eve has been made to him a reality.—*Harper's Young People.*

—At Spartanburg, S. C., are living five children of Zophar Smith, who fought at Cowpens.