

## OUR JUVENILES.

### Pussy's Mistake.

Mrs. Pusey-cat one night  
Went abroad to see a neighbor,  
As she really thought she might,  
After days of honest labor;  
Having driven every mouse  
From the kitchen and the house.  
As for rats there wasn't one—  
Not a single saucy fellow  
Left to whisk his tail and run  
From the pantry to the cellar;  
So she thought she had a right  
To divert herself that night.  
There were kittens, one, two, three,  
To be thought of first, however;  
"They'll be sure to cry for me,"  
Pussy thought, "if I endeavor  
My escape from them to make  
While they're all so wide awake."  
"And to wait till they're asleep,  
That would be a work of patience;  
Just as like as not they'd peep,  
And set up their lamentations  
When to leave them I began;  
I must try another plan."  
So she pondered for awhile,  
Till a happy thought occurring,  
Made her smile a catty smile—  
And she told the kittens, pouring,  
She had thought of a device  
To secure some good fat mice.  
"There are dozens, as I've heard  
In the corn-crib over yonder,  
If you only say the word  
I can catch, I shouldn't wonder,  
One apiece for you at least—  
How would that do for a feast?"  
"Oh," the kittens cried, "how nice!"  
"But you know I'll have to leave you  
While I go to fetch the mice,"  
Said the cat, "and that will grieve you.  
You must promise not to cry  
Till I come back by-and-by."  
So the kittens promised her  
There should be no sound of crying,  
And they'd neither fret nor stir  
From the place where they were lying;  
And their mother smiled to see  
How the plan worked easily.  
Very shortly after that,  
She detailed the whole transaction  
To her friend, Tabitha Cat,  
With serene self-satisfaction;  
And they laughingly agreed  
It was managed well indeed.  
But the little kits grew fidgety  
By-and-by of waiting lonely,  
When the mice they so desired  
Came in expectation only;  
Soon instead of going to sleep  
They began to wail and weep.  
Till at last they ran away,  
Saying each one to the other,  
"What's the use for us to stay?  
Let us go and find our mother!"  
But alas! they didn't know—  
Silly things—which way to go.  
And some boys, who chanced to be  
Frowning round for mischief, found them,  
Caught the kittens, one, two, three,  
And with cruel pleasure drowned them;  
When the cat returned, ah, me!  
Not a kitten could she see.  
Then she howled with grief and pain,  
All her foolishness confessing;  
For she saw it now in vain—  
She had caused their fate, distressing;  
All her wretchedness and ruth  
Came from tampering with the truth.  
Moral—He that runs may read:  
Every purpose of deceiving  
Is the fruitifying seed  
For a future crop of grieving,  
Let what will be gained or lost,  
Tell the truth at any cost.

### Bobbit's Party.

Bobbit stood on tiptoes on the top  
Steps before a brown-stone house, leaning  
On the railing, and peering into the  
Brightly lighted room where there was a  
shining Christmas tree, and a crowd of  
merry children dancing about it.  
There was music in there too, and Bobbit  
s poor little fiddle was hanging silent  
by his side ashamed of itself that it even  
tried to make pleasant sounds.  
The boy was so much engaged in his  
watch he forgot that he had come out to  
earn his supper; he even forgot the cold,  
and, although his hands were stiff and  
his nose very red, he almost imagined  
himself warm like the merry party inside.  
Suddenly an arm was thrown over his  
shoulder, and a shrill voice piped in his  
ear.  
"Hi; what you up to?"  
"Juss you look, Jimmy!" cried Bobbit  
eagerly, without removing his eyes  
from the enchanting picture.  
"Ain't that fun, Jimmy?"  
Jimmy whistled dolefully, and said,  
"It looks like it, don't it now?"  
For a moment the two boys hung over  
the railing in silence, making the best  
use of their keen eyes; then Bobbit  
dropped back squarely on his feet, and  
said, "Let's you and me have a party!"  
The light from the window fell full on  
Jimmy's face, but no extra brightening  
came into it on account of his proposal  
while Bobbit's face fairly twinkled with  
pleasure.  
"We'll ring this ere bell, and we'll  
play 'em a tune to get the money!"  
Jimmy still looked doubtful but al-  
ready Bobbit's quick hand had pulled  
the bell, and both boys proceeded to  
tune their fiddles.  
It seemed a long time before the door  
was opened, and then, before they could  
ask permission to enter, it was closed  
abruptly.  
"That's queer!" said Bobbit; and,

nothing daunted, he pulled the bell  
again.

Again the door was opened, and the  
musicians ordered roughly away.

"We want to play to the children,"  
said Bobbit boldly.

"Be off or I'll turn you over to the  
police."

The two little fiddlers ran hastily down  
the steps; but as soon as the door closed  
Bobbit's courage returned.

"Come on, Jimmy, let's play here,  
then! We'll give 'em Americy; that'll  
take."

Putting his miserable little painted  
fiddle under his chin he began to flourish  
his bow, and Jimmy followed his ex-  
ample with his poor instrument.

As a result of this mutual flourish of  
bows there followed a series of unearthly  
sounds that quickly brought a row of  
childish heads to the window.

The two little fiddlers watched the  
noses flatten against the pane.

Presently another face looked out  
above the children, and the window was  
opened.

"Go away, boys," said the gentleman  
pleasantly. "We have music enough.  
Here is something for Christmas," and  
he threw a silver piece out upon the pave-  
ment.

"Yes, sir, we'll go," said Bobbit, tak-  
ing his violin from his shoulder, and  
turning to go down the street.

"Oh, wait little fiddler!" cried one of  
the children. "Here is something else,  
and a horn of candy fell at Bobbit's feet;  
then the window closed between the  
wanderers and the warmth and light of  
a bright room.

"Now we are all right," said Bobbit,  
briskly. "I'll go get the chunks o' wood,  
an' you get a lot o' cold fellers together,  
an' meet me out to that ere car."

Jimmy was off like a flash, and his  
companion ran as fast in another direc-  
tion. At the woodyard the little silver  
piece was changed for pine knots and a  
bunch of matches, then with a light Bobbit  
trudged on and on till he came to a  
wrecked baggage car that had been left  
on a side track.

He crept beneath it, put his fiddle and  
his fagots up through a hole in the floor,  
then worked his way up into the dark car.  
Once inside he soon lighted one of the  
matches to find his way to the rusty cylin-  
der that had served as a stove, and  
there he stowed his wood and kindled his  
fire.

The flame waxed brighter and bright-  
er, till even the corners of the old car  
were obliged to yield up the secrets that  
they held.

There was not much to be seen, how-  
ever; only an old box or two and a stool;  
but Bobbit was glad of even small fav-  
ors, and he arranged them around  
the fire for the comfort of his guests.

On the largest box he laid the dainty  
horn of silver paper, and let the sweets  
roll out upon the boards.

How tempting they were to hungry  
Bobbit, who had eaten no supper! But  
he closed his mouth tight, and warmed  
his hands while he waited for his guests.  
Soon he heard a tramp of feet and a mur-  
mur of voices, and Jimmy's head  
appeared through the hole in the floor.

"Got a lot of fellers?" asked Bobbit,  
anxiously.

For answer Jimmy stood aside, and  
up through the floor tumbled a regi-  
ment of ragamuffins, who crowded around  
the fire without ceremony—jostling and  
pushing for the best places.

"Hi, aint this nice?" cried Bobbit  
gleefully, standing back to give the  
others the better chance.

No one deigned to answer; indeed  
quite a conflict was raging around poor  
Bobbit's fire.

Then the silver horn caught the eye of  
one of the boys, and, with a shout, he  
pounced upon it.

Before Bobbit or Jimmy knew the  
cause of the extra commotion the candy  
was all eaten or trodden upon, and the  
conflict had turned to a fight in the  
midst of which the two little fiddlers,  
seizing their instruments, made good  
their retreat just as two policemen came  
upon the scene.

"That warn't the kind of a time I  
meant to have, Jimmy," said Bobbit  
soberly, as they crept away.

"No, most likely 'twarn't, but you  
wasn't to blame for that, Bobbit, so let's  
play a tune to the baker's wife, an' likely's  
not she'll give us some cold beams."

Now, the baker's wife was happy that  
Christmas Eve, and when she saw the  
two hungry looking little fiddlers stand  
before her counter gazing wistfully at  
the fresh rolls and cakes, she sent them  
into the back room with a message to  
one of the girls to give them some hot  
coffee and as many rolls as they could  
eat.

How many rolls Bobbit and Jimmy  
disposed of does not concern us, but  
that they did get a supper, though the

party proved a failure, I know you will  
all be glad.

### "Good Morning."

Don't forget to say "good morning!"  
Say it to your parents, your brothers and  
sisters, and say it cheerfully and with a  
smile; it will do you good. There's a  
kind of inspiration in every "good morn-  
ing," heartily and smilingly spoken, that  
helps to make hope fresher and work  
lighter. It seems really to make the  
morning good, and to be a prophecy of a  
good day to come after it. And if this be  
true of the "good morning," it is also of  
all kind, heartsome greetings; they cheer  
the discouraged, rest the tired one, and  
somehow make the wheels of life run  
more smoothly. Be liberal with them,  
then, and let no morning pass, how-  
ever dark and gloomy it may be, that  
you do not at least help to brighten by  
your smiles and cheerful words.

### UNAPPRECIATED.

Edgar A. Poe, the poet, died at the  
age of 40, really starved out. It is not a  
thing that Americans can think of with  
satisfaction that the finest works of im-  
agination their country has produced—  
the tales of Hawthorne and Poe—never  
brought their authors half as much  
money as an interior reporter on a pro-  
vincial paper now gets. For "The  
Raven" Poe received ten dollars. These  
stories, which would bring almost any  
sum from a magazine, were carried about  
for days and sometimes weeks by the  
shivering, dinnerless author, while his  
beloved wife was dying on a spread of  
straw—to find a publisher willing to pay  
the merest pittance for them. As for  
Poe, history records as his two great  
faults, a tendency to drink and a way of  
borrowing money, which was never re-  
paid. He was, however, sanguine of being  
able to repay when he borrowed.  
However, it must be said that most of  
those who could have presented any  
claims on Poe's assets (?) for money lent  
were people who had built up magazines  
and fortunes on his brains, giving him  
in some cases about \$500 per annum for  
near three hundred and sixty-five days  
and nights of actual toil. Poe was a  
very handsome man, with an almost ef-  
feminate beauty about the mouth and  
chin, and a superb forehead and head;  
he was also a perfectly accomplished  
eloquentist, and if he had lived now  
would be the lyceum's ace of trumps.

### HOW THE GRANGERS BUILT A RAILROAD.

The farmers of Salinas Valley, Califor-  
nia, says the *Colorado Farmer*, were at  
the mercy of the railroad corporations of  
that State, and, with an enterprise that  
does them much credit, they went to  
work and laid down an iron pathway to  
the sea, which makes them independent  
for all time to come of monopoly in any  
form whatever. The port of Monterey  
was only twenty miles distant, where  
ships can come and load as easily and far  
more cheaply than at San Francisco.  
Their valley was connected with San  
Francisco by long lines of railroad be-  
longing to Stanford & Co.; but the  
Grangers did not forget that heaven  
blessed them with a seaport near by,  
and they subscribed the stock for a nar-  
row-track railroad and built the road  
themselves, and they say they can almost  
save to themselves the price of the road  
the present year by cheapening trans-  
portation by the old railroad line, if they  
do not choose to use their own road.  
This road, with a good narrow track,  
with all the necessary turnouts and roll-  
ing stock and with two large warehouses,  
cost the people of Salinas Valley \$13,000  
per mile; and, as they save freight on a  
million and a half bushels of wheat at  
the rate of fifteen cents a bushel, they  
will make a profit for themselves.

### LIME WATER FOR BURNS.

A correspondent writes that the readi-  
est and most useful remedy for scalds  
and burns is an embrocation of lime  
water and linseed oil. These simple  
agents combined form a thick, cream-  
like substance, which effectually ex-  
cludes the air from the injured parts,  
and allays the inflammation almost in-  
stantly. He mentions a case where a  
child fell backward into a bath-tub of  
boiling water, and was nearly flayed  
from her neck to below her hips. Her  
agonies were indescribable; but her  
clothing was gently removed and the  
lime and oil preparation thickly spread  
over the injured surface; she was sound  
asleep in five minutes. Subsequently  
the parts were carefully washed with  
warm milk and water three times a day,  
the oil dressing renewed, and the little  
patient rapidly recovered. Though all  
the scalded skin came off, she did not  
have a scar. This remedy leaves no  
hard coat to dry on the sores, but  
softens the parts, and aids nature to re-  
pair the injury in the readiest and most  
expeditious manner. This mixture may  
be procured in the drug stores; but, if  
not thus accessible, slake a lump of

quicklime in water, and, as soon as the  
water is clear, mix it with the oil and  
shake it well. If the case is urgent,  
use boiling water over the lime, and it  
will become clear in five minutes. The  
preparation may be kept ready bottled  
in the house, and it will be as good six  
months old as when first made.

### UNSTABLE PEOPLE.

Some people are born a mistake. They  
say so themselves, and therefore there can  
be no discourtesy in repeating the ob-  
servation. Whether different circum-  
stances and different training might have  
rectified nature's error, it is hard to say.  
Circumstances and training have done  
nothing for many, we know, and accord-  
ingly, a mistake they have remained to  
the end. "Unstable as water, thou shalt  
not excel;" that was the pleasant pro-  
gramme sketched out for them. "Un-  
stable as water," they do not excel, and  
they make everybody who has the mis-  
fortune to be connected with them mis-  
erable in consequence. "Unstable as  
water!" How can a man, not to be a  
bad man, have more said in his dis-  
praise? Unstable as water, his pur-  
poses flow backward and forward per-  
petually. With youth, health and ample  
means, fair talents, he starts at six-and-  
twenty, with as fair prospects of hap-  
piness as need be possessed by any man.  
Life is before him—life, with its objects,  
its pleasures, its duties; but the duties  
he never performs, the pleasures he  
never tastes, the objects he never attains.  
At twenty-six existence seemed a vast  
conception; at forty it is an unfinished,  
unsatisfactory, miserable failure. May  
we be delivered from such a result? O,  
that when the noon of our life comes it  
may find some work finished, some duty  
discharged, so that as the sorrowful sun-  
set draws near—as the darkening twi-  
light and the darker night approach—we  
may be able to look back on the bright  
mid-day hours without the bitterest  
thought humanity knows, of having lost  
time, which, even with all eternity be-  
fore us we may never retrieve. "Un-  
stable as water," the force with which  
the current of such a man's feelings  
hurry him along to an object one mo-  
ment, is only equalled by the violence of  
the flood by which he is distracted from  
it the next. Over the sea of life he  
floats—a boat without a rudder—a mar-  
iner without a star—tossed hither and  
thither by every wave of passion, by  
every caprice of impulse. Almost con-  
tinually he keeps within sight of the  
promised land of peace, and comfort,  
and content; but never once, ah! never,  
does he manage to reach its shores. Al-  
ways planning, never perfecting; always  
borrowing, never repaying; always  
thinking, never performing; he spends  
the whole of his boyhood, manhood, and  
age, in sending down lost opportunities  
and good intentions to that place which  
is paved with the one and roofed with  
the other.

### POPES AND CARDINALS.

The recent additions made to the  
sacred college will give interest to some  
official facts and figures in regard to the  
number and nationalities of the wearers  
of the red hat.

On November 1, 1874, there were 6  
cardinal bishops, 37 cardinal priests, and  
7 cardinal deacons. Total, 50. The  
college, when complete, has 70 members.  
The nationalities of these fifty are as fol-  
lows: Italians, 30; Spanish, 7; French,  
6; Germans, 3; English, Hungarian,  
Austrian and Portuguese, each 1. Of  
the five lately created there is one each  
from America, England and Poland, and  
two from Italy. The five who are  
named, but not yet appointed, are, we  
believe, all Italians. Of the fifty card-  
inals on the list the first of November  
last 8 were created by Pope Gregorio  
XVI., and 42 by the present pontiff.  
Since Pius IX. came to the papal chair  
104 cardinals have died; 50 of these were  
of his creation.

Counting from the accession of Ste-  
fano III. in 752, who was the first tem-  
poral sovereign in the chair of St. Peter,  
there have been up to the present date,  
163 Popes. The following are their re-  
spective nationalities: Italians, 137;  
French, 13; Germans, 7; Spaniards, 2,  
and one each from England, Portugal,  
Greece and Holland. From the year  
752 to the year 939 there was an un-  
broken succession of Italian Popes.  
From 943 to 996, from 1002 to 1046,  
from 1061 to 1088, from 1124 to 1154,  
from 1159 to 1261, from 1277 to 1305,  
from 1378 to 1409, from 1410 to 1445,  
from 1458 to 1492, from 1503 to 1513,  
and from 1523 to the present time, there  
have also been an unbroken succession  
of Italian Popes. A line of French Popes  
extended from 1305 to 1378, but the  
natives of other countries have received  
the tiara only at long separated intervals.

C. L. WARD, of Towanda, Pa., has  
given his private library of 11,000 vol-  
umes to Lafayette College.

### LOVE'S RIDDLE.

She plucked a rose, and idly pulled  
The crimson leaves apart.  
I whispered, "Tell me why it is  
That rose is like my heart."  
"What know I of your heart?" said she;  
"Your riddle is too deep for me."  
"Because my heart was full of hopes  
As leaves upon your rose:  
You scatter them from day to day  
As now you scatter those;  
And soon my poor heart, stripped of all,  
Forgotten, as the rose, must fall."  
Ah! crimson cheeks and beautiful eyes!  
My riddle was so plain;  
She stooped and gathered from the ground  
The fragrant leaves again.  
"Ah, love!" I cried, "and can it be,  
Sweet hopes may yet return to me?"

### PLEASANTIES.

SPICER says a fire-place always reminds  
him of Shakespeare, because it is a grate  
burred.

MORAL—If you were always to *hide*  
wife-beaters, one would perhaps never  
find them.

A MISS GILMORE was courted by a man  
whose name was Haddock, who told her  
that he wanted only one gill more to make  
him a perfect fish.

A CHICAGO paper says that "no gen-  
tleman or lady will leave an opera-house  
until the curtain is down and all the  
audience has passed out."

ANOTHER Atlantic cable has gone to the  
bottom of the sea. Whales with rheu-  
matism in their knot-joints can now try  
the boasted benefits of electricity.

THE newspapers are full of advertise-  
ments for plain cooks. We suppose  
pretty cooks have no occasion to adver-  
tise at all.

LITTLE Heister Brobst, of Knoxville,  
fired a bullet out of a pistol with his  
right hand and caught it with his left.  
He will be a right handy chap until he  
gets his left out of the sling.—*Burlington Hawk-Eye*.

A BASHFUL Connecticut drug clerk was  
puzzled the other day by having one of  
the female jubilee singers ask him for a  
"flesh-colored court plaster," but after  
some thought he handed out black and  
dodged under the counter for safety.

"You say," said a judge to a witness,  
"that the plaintiff resorted to an ingen-  
ious use of circumstantial evidence.  
State exactly what you mean by that."  
"Well," said the witness, "my exact  
meaning is, he lied."

We have no right to judge a man  
Until he's fairly tried—  
Should we not like his company,  
We know the world is wide;  
Some may have faults—and who have not?  
The old as well as young;  
Perhaps we may, for aught we know,  
Have fifty to their one.

He didn't tell the young man not to  
come around any more; he didn't bid  
his daughter reject the suit; he didn't sit  
up at night with a shot-gun, or let the  
fire go out in the front parlor. No, no;  
he knew a plan worth two of those; he  
hung-out a small-pox flag every evening  
at dusk, and that did the business effect-  
ually.

A CLERGYMAN being applied to in less  
than a year after his appointment to put  
a stove in the church, asked how long his  
predecessor had been there; and when  
answered, "Twelve years," he said:  
"Well, you never had a fire in the  
church during his time?" "No, sir,"  
replied the applicant; "but we had a fire  
in the pulpit then."

A NOVEL weapon of offense and deasuf  
has recently been brought to notice in  
London, where a cantankerous old mar-  
iner was arrested for assaulting a man  
with a sword-fish. It seems that the an-  
cient salt was prowling about with the  
sea monster under his arm, and, getting  
into difficulty with the keeper of a beer  
shop, tried to impale him with the fish's  
sword.

OUR revolutionary fathers used to see  
tough times. An old Virginia book  
tells how two of them received fifty  
lashes each for being absent from roll-  
call, and it speaks of another who re-  
ceived 100 lashes for "misbehavior." For  
one month's pay a soldier of the Pa-  
triot army received \$33,000, but he had  
to pay \$2,000 for cloth enough to make a  
coat, and his buttons cost him \$1,000.—  
*Courier-Journal*.

### PLAY TIME.

Childhood comes but once; so let the  
children play. Even if they are not  
learning anything by it, let them have  
the recreation of it. If Charlie brings  
in so many sticks these cold days, that  
you think surely, "Birnaw wood has  
come to Dunsinane," let him whittle, tired  
mother. Let Carrie cut paper dolls half  
a day, overworked auntie. Only I would  
have them do their own cleaning up, for  
that teaches them orderly habits. Let  
the children play while they can. It  
takes so little to make them happy.  
What would we give now for our bur-  
dened, careworn days, for the care-free  
happiness of a little child with its simple  
plaything.