## EATON

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Ten Years of Silence. BY HOWARD GLYNDON.

Oh! It is not often I dare to think
Of the one bright spot in my buried past,
Standing out in such bright relief
From the dimming shadows by Memory cast.
Twenty years old to-day! Ah, well!
Ten have wrapped me in silence about
Since this terrible canker upon me fell.
And the music of my life went out!

Ten long years and never a sound
To startle the stillness out of my life!
Velvely muffled, its wheels go round,
Noiseless, forever, in joy or strife.
Once, I thought my mother's voice
Floated across the death-still blank
And my heart was astir—but it died away.
Poor heart! how it fluttered, and hopeless

Sometimes my little sister comes,
With a pitying look in her selt blue eyes,
Murmuring words that I cannot hear.
Hew she stirs the olden memories!
She wonders to see the tears that fall,
Like Summer showers, upon her brow;
'Tis hard to think of what has been,
When life is so different for me now!
God of the Silent! I cry at the door,
That the path is too straight for my feet to
dread;

Yet I know whose footstans have some heavy dread:
Yet I know whose footsteps have gone before.
Though the human is stubborn of heart and

head.

Oh! let the blessing of Patience come down
To ease my passionate soul of its pain!
Let it shine on my brow like a martyr's crown!
Oh! give me the sunshine after the rain! Common Things. BY SAMUEL W. DUFFIELD. he bee from the clover bloom Is ready to lift his wings; found him gathering honey Out of the common things.

The bird to the maple bough The twigs and the stubble brings: He is building his love a cottage Out of the common things.

The poet sits by himself—
What do you think he sings?
Nothing! He gets no music
Out of the common things!
—Scribner's for April.

AUNT JUDITH'S GENERAL. My name is Dorinda, and I used to live until quite lately with papa, in such a love of a villa overlooking the bay. It a love of a villa overlooking the bay. It was perfectly beautiful, it was so covered with roses and clematis, and the croquet lawn was just perfect! and I ought to have been completely happy, only for two things, the caterpillars and Aunt Judith, who kept house for us—I mean auntie, not the caterpillars, for the nasty things went away in winter, but aunties things went away in winter, but auntie never did, and never had neuralgia, or anything that might have kept her in her room, like other old ladies, and it was really dreadful to have her sitting up quite straight, and never even dozing, and looking squarely at dear Vincent and me the whole time.

It wasn't so bad in the summer, for then we could go out and play croquet, and as auntie was dreadfully nervous about the caterpillars sticking to her hair, she could only sit in the window

and keep a steady eye on us through a lorgnette she kept for the purpose.

"I have no opinion of engaged people philandering," she would say when dear papa would beg her to leave off watching: "in my young days such a sleepy-looking y black imperials."

Poor dear Vincent is a large, stout fellow, as dark and indolent-looking as a Spaniard, but dear me, be is quite dreadful when any one rouses him. Isn't it away for a time; and Aunt Judith queer that such a great tall dark man should fancy such a little white thing as I am? Why, I don't reach within half a head of his shoulder. He says I look beside him like a rose leaf blown against a great black hear. Leaf of herself during the source of herself during a great black bear. Isn't that sweet? It used to vex me dreadfully the way auntie would abuse him and snap at

him; not that he minded a bit, but he didn't like to see me unhappy. You see we could not end it all by getting married directly like other young people, for Vincest was not to come into his property until he should be twenty-five, and we had a whole year to wait before that; so one evening when Vincent came and found me crying on account of things Aunt Judith had been saying. he got in such a rage that I nearly went into hysterics directly.

I recollect I had on my white grena-dine with the pale blue stripes, and he crumpled all the frills dreadfully when he put his arm round my waist to soothe me, and I recollect I nearly fainted when Aunt Judith came softly behind us and

"Come in directly, Dorinda; the dev is falling. Good evening, Mr. Black-thorpe; some people might have more consideration than to keep a delicate thing like my niece out in the damp

"I should think the evening air fa worse for old people," said Vincent, looking hard at auntie, who dressed very young, and only admitted to thirty-five, when every one knows poor grandma died forty years ago when Aunt Judith was a great girl of ten.

I had to cram my handkerchief into my mouth, though I was horribly frightened, but I squeezed Vincent's arm warningly, and on my account he left off, and Aunt Judith sailed into the house, her curls quivering with rage, and presently we heard her through the curains rating poor papa soundly for allowing our engagement to go on, and I very nearly cried again.

"I tell you, Dora," said Vincent, pat ting my head kindly, "see if I don't put a sudden stop to that woman's interfer-ence. I'm a lazy fellow generally, but I be energetic when I'm roused. There! don't cry any more, darling. By the bye, I didn't tell you of that Russian friend of my poor father's, who has just come on a visit to New York? I'm going to bring him with me to-morrow, if 1 may."

The novel idea of seeing a real live Russian banished auntic from my head and it was quite supper-time before we went into the drawing-room; and, I must say, Vincent behaved beautifully. He told such funny anecdotes about his friend, General Kyncheloff, that Aunt Judith bade him good night quite graciously, and papa told him to bring his friend to dinner the following day, which

Vincent promised to do. I must say auntie spent a long time dressing the next afternoon, and she actually called me into her room to dress her front like mine-all frizzed, you know, on the forehead, with little rings of hair here and there, like the King Charles pictures that are so pretty; and then she sent me to the conservatory to get a white camelia to finish her coif- door about ten minutes ago!"

fure with, and then turned me out of the room while she attended to her complexion; so I went down to the drawing-room, where I found Vincent and the General, a short, stout man, with very red, puffy cheeks, very white hair, a long iron-gray mustache turned up quite savagely at the ends, and a huge pair of green goggles. He wore a frogged, tight-fitting coat, and military boots, and bowed nearly to

the ground when Vincent introduced us. He spoke English a little stiffly and in a curiously high-pitched voice, but quite correctly. He appeared to be a man of extensive reading, and after giving me an account of the dress of the Russian peasants, he was informing me that his intentions in visiting America were nearly altogether matrimonial, he had heard so much of the beauty of the ladies of our country, when the door opened and Aunt Judith, in rose-colored renadine and her newly arranged wig, glided in, her hands, despite the horror of caterpillars, full of roses, and a sweet smile displaying her admirable false

I was afraid to look at Vincent as he went through the ceremony of introducing the pair; but when we were again seated, I glanced hurriedly at him and found his face so perfectly grave that I took courage and joined in the conversation; and presently, when papa came in, I strolled out on the lawn, and Vincent followed me, where we had a nice little chat until dinner was ready. I never thought before what a clever

creature he was until I found how delightful it was to be able to stroll about and sit beside each other without Aunt Judith's eyes being on us.

I was quite surprised at the sudden

way the General seemed to devote him-self to her. He came every day with Vincent, and while the latter and I sat on the veranda, Aunt Judith and the General sat in the drawing-room playing chess or conversing in low tones; and once, coming in suddenly, I was perfectly certain that I saw the General squeezing her hand across the table.

She began to drop strange hints about the court of Russis, and the necessity she felt for studying the etiquette ob-served there, and from a recipe dictated to her by him, she attempted the manu-facture of the national kevass; but I don't think the general could have given it correctly, for it turned out exactly like ginger cordial, and they used to drink a great deal of it out of tall liqueur-glasses. He used to give her lessons in the language, too, at first; but I think he found it easier to make her comprehend his sentiments in Enghair, she could only sit in the window and keep a steady eye on us through a lorgnette she kept for the purpose.

"I have no opinion of engaged people philandering," she would say when dear papa would beg her to leave off watching; "in my young days such a thing was not thought of; and really. Reuben, I could not rest in my grave if Reuben, I could not rest in my grave if Vincent told him him he must not I failed in my duty to that silly little dream of it, and I think Aunt Judith Dorinda, and I must own that I don't was secretly rejoiced, though she had already commenced a gay for the horrid creature.

We had such a pleasant time, Vincent and I, and I was really horrified when the general announced that he was going cerded to make a fresh supply of ke-

About this time Vincent became very restless, and I frequently noticed the fat little general and him in frequent conversation, and at length I made up my mind to make Vincent tell me all about what was going on; so, one evening when I had just finished sing his favorite song, and he looked very lazy and good-natured, I tried to coax him into telling me; but he opened his sleepy eyes very wide, and said I was "a sus-picious little puss," and that I was quite mistaken in thinking there was anything up, and of course I pretended to believe him; but I made up my mind to find out for myself all about it. Auntie had gone to town early in the

afternoon in my pony carriage-which she always called a droschki now-and presently I saw it coming up the drive in the moonlight, and if there wasn't the general beside her, with his head quite close to her bonnet. I pretended not to see that, though, when I ran out o pat Airy and Fairy; but the moonlight was quite bright enough to show methat auntie's rouge looked just a tiny bit deeper than usual, and her manner was extremely gracious as the fussy little general helped her out of the carriage.

After dinner they played chess and drank kevass as usual, while papa read the papers, and dozed in his armchair. Vincent and the general left early, and auntic immediately went to bed leaving papa and I tete-a-tete; and, for the first time, I noticed that the poor dear looked quite worn and anxious, and really the way he bade me good-night

frightened me horribly.
"Dora, my child," he said, lighted my lamp for me, "may I beg of you, if you hear any strange noise in the house to-night, that you won't come out of your : oom! If," he continued, looking at me with tears in his dear, round eyes, "you should hear a—a pistol-shot Popkins' face.
"You wretch!" she screamed. "I you're dreaming, and go to sleep again like a good little girl; or, if you can't bate, and that that vile Vincent and quite manage that, don't forget to put you have concocted this shameful plot on your flannel dressing-gown, as the passages are cold at night; and, above all, don't waken your aunt. She's a "Hold your tongue, Judith!" shoutwoman of gigantic intellect, but apt to be faintish; and, for a slender, spiritual window. "You shameless old woman, woman, she's uncommonly heavy to lift

-I suppose it's the bone and the brain. Dora, I suspect-mind, only suspect-that your aunt Judith's complexion is owing to excitement, and that perhaps it isn't quite as rosy at night your distance, minx! Oh-h-h!" when the stimulus of pleasant society is removed; and she mightn't like Sam Popkins. strangers to see her en deshability, as the general says. I think I'll just turn the key in the door after she's asleep, and then she'll have a quiet spot to faint in

-eh, darling?" Why, pa dear," I said, turning as white as my muslin dress, "what on earth do you mean ?"

"I think it's burglars, Dora!" said pa, whispering, but I don't know. Here, read what I found thrust under the

Pa handed me a small piece of paper, on which was written in pencil:

held a council of war about things.

Pa brought down his grandfather's rifle, that he had used during the Revolution, but none of the triggers or things would work; and if they had, we had no bullets to put in it, and so we propped it up against the hat-rack in the hall, to look prepared. After that there was nothing left to defend the house with but the drawing-room poker, because Bridget had the table-knives locked up, and we dared not ask for them, for she had only been with us a week, and she might be one of the

gang. Oh, how I did wish for dear Vincent as I stole up stairs, for pa and I had agreed that we had better pretend to have gone to bed, and let things take their own course.

Well, I locked my own door, and sat shivering on the bedside in such a fright! I heard pa pretending to snore loudly, in order to deceive Bridget, who slept just above him, if she happened to be one of the wretches; but I knew he was heating the poker over his lamp all the

Everything was awfully quiet until about one o'clock, when I heard a curi-ous sound down stairs, like some one softly opening the French window in the drawing-room; and presently heard poor pa stealing past my door, s as not to let me know what was happen ing. I waited until he got got past, and seizing a little dagger Vincent had given me for a paper-cutter, I stole softly after

Auntie's room-door was ajar, and I gently closed and locked it as I passed.
Pa did not hear me, but glided softly on in front, with the poker in his hand. I felt quite like a heroine, and not a bit afraid, though I knew I'd faint as soon as I saw the dreadful wretches; but I couldn't dream of letting pa be murdered, without trying to help him. Pa stopped at the hall door, and opening it very quietly, stole out on the verandah, and I followed him. He went to the French-window, through which a faint light shone, and I stole up beside him. He fairly jumped when he saw me, but I put my finger on his lips; and, bending forward, we both looked

curtains. The gas was turned up to a tiny jet, and we could see a stout little man sitting in a chair with his back toward us, and a wine glass in his hand, and oh! nearly screamed! For there was Aunt Judith, all dressed in her new promenade suit, sitting close beside the wretch, with her hand upon his shoul-

through an open-work rose in the lace

der!
"Dora!" said pa, supporting himself on the poker, "am I dreaming? "No, dear," I answered,

"She's in a state of somnambulism." said pa, solemnly. "Don't scream, Dora; the most fatal effects have resulted from suddenly rousing a person in her state."

He thought I'd have screamed out, when auntie actually kissed the burglar, and then laid her crimped wig on his shoulder.

"This is dreadful!" said ps, wiping his forehead with the tail of his dressing-gown. "How are we to rescue your aunt from her fearful position?"
"Hush!" I returned; "letus listen to what they are saying."

The window was partially open, and

we could hear every word distinctly.
"My angelic Judith," said a voice
that made us both start, "this trusting devotion is beautiful; but I cannot re pay it by treachery. No, not at all !" Don't mention it, dearest general, responded Aunt Judith, in a very wide-"You are my awake voice indeed. guiding-star, and I'll follow you to the end of the world !"

"Thank you, ma'am!" said the gene ral. "But, 'hem! would it distress you excessively, if I were to tell you that 'm not a general, at all?"

"My dear trifler!" ejaculated auntie, erking her head from his shoulder, on which the general rose to his feet. "It's a true bill," he continued; never was in the army, except in the Pumpkinville Invincibles.

What is rank to the true heart?" said auntie, in a dulcet voice. "Have I not your love?" "Away with this unworthy disguise!" roared the general, putting off his wig, and trampling his green spectacles un-der foot. "I love, I adore you; but I cannot continue to impose on such trusting innocence. I am a married man, with three small children and a

you, and bear you to a foreign shore. My name is Samuel Popkins, and you are a deceived angel!" The deceived angel stood for an instant perfectly motionless, and then, shrieking hysterically, tore off her crimped coiffure, and flung it in Sam

devoted wife; but I saw and loved you.

I assumed this disguise in order to

always knew that you were a low reproto get rid of me, because I kept my eye on that minx of my poor brother's! meeting strange men at the dead of night, and calling my little girl a minx! Come here, Dora, and take your old fool of an aunt up stairs!"

"I won't go !" mouned auntie. " Keep Pa was red with rage. He turned to

"Get out of this house, you graceless scamp!" he said, shaking the poker a "A nice return from your father's son, that I trust and treated like a friend. As for Vincent—there, Dora, don't cry, my pet-I won't say a word against the graceless fellow! Here, Judith-here's your wig! Go to bed, and have more sense in future, and take warning, and let the young people alone, Sam, get out of this house directly!"

the next morning, and never came back, which was just what that dear, your daughter, but on no account let a hint of the affair drop before your sister.

A friend warns you."

I nearly 2 and though pa pretended to be very angry for a whole week, but when he saw how wretched it made me, he gave in directly. I nearly dropped on the floor with fright, but I quite agreed with pa that auntie oughtn't to be told; and then we wretched.

Sam Popkins wasn't married, at all: but he's going to be next fall, to my dearest, sweetest friend, Belinda Pound penny.

Peter's Ride to the Wedding. Peter would ride to the wedding—he would, So he mounted his ass—and his wife, She was to ride behind, if she could, "For," says Peter, "the woman, she should Follow, not lend through life."

"He's mighty convenient, the ass, my dear,
And proper and safe—and now
You hold by the tail, while I hold by the ear,
And we'll ride to the kirk in time, never fear,
If the wind and the weather allow."



blamed
But the ass had adopted the whim.
That two at a time was a load never framed
For the back of one ass, and he seemed
ashamed
That two should stick fast upon him.

Come Dobbin," says Peter, "I'm thinking we'll trot."
"I'm thinking we won't." says the ass
In language of conduct, and stuck to the spot
As if he had shown he would sooner be shot
Than lift up a toe from the grass.



Says Peter, says he, "I'll whip him a little,"-"Try it, my dear," says she,But he might just as well have whipped a brass
kettle, The ass was made of such obstinate mettle.
That never a step moved he.

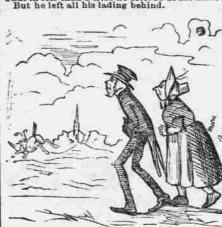
she, "I'm thinking he'll alter his mind"—
The ass felt the needle and up went his heels
"I'm thinking," says she, "he's beginning
feel



Says Peter, says he, "We get on rather slow;
While one end is up t'other sticks to the
ground;
But I'm thinking a method to move him know: Let's prick head and tail together, and so Give the creature a start all around."



So said, so done; all hands were at work, And the ass he did alter his mind. For he started away with so sudden a jerk That in less than a trice he arrived at the But he left all his lading behind.



A RICH old noodle in New York advertises to give a \$100 prize for the best four-page tract showing the iniquity of running street cars on the Sabbath day, and riding in them, to church or other wise. Somebody ought to cap that by offering \$200 to the man who will write a tract on the wickedness of driving Auntie went away by an early train | children to church.

FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Elves at Work. "Tinkle! tinkle!"
List the sound of fairy hammers,
Waking sweet and silver clamors!
Tell me, elves, what ye are doing—
What bright tasks are ye pursuing
In your earth-homes, bleak and brown?

" 'Tinkle! tinkle!' Don't you know,
'Neath the snow,
'Neath the snow,
How we build a secret stair,
That the flowers may reach the air;
How we strike the Frost-King down?'
Tear the jewels from his crown?''

"Tinkle! tinkle!" Take me, elves, into your palace; Let me drink from out the chalice Of the snow-drop, white and airy; Let me be, like ye, a fairy, With a heart that laughs at care!

" 'Tinkle! tinkle!' Small thy need
Thus to plead:
Wert thou born a child of air—
Of the sun and dew a part.
Cradled in the roses, heart,
We could lead thee anywhere.

"We are nature's smallest creatures:
We've no power to change thy features;
We've no magic herb or potion
That can train thy cumbrous motion
Into airy, elfin rhyme.
'Tinkle! tinkle!'
Hark! dost hear?
Blithe and clear
Comes the chime of hidden bells,
Swinging in the fairy cells;
Singing softly—'I tis time
That the flowers begin to climb.'"

"Tinkle! tinkle!"
I can hear them coming, coming:
Tiny feet and voices humming:
Shyly creepeth Periwinkle,
Golden Dandelions twinkle.
Till the meadow-lands are bright.
"Tinkle! tinkle!"
Manyflowers fair

May-flowers fair Greet the air. And the daisies, starry white, Smile their welcome to the light.

Smile their welcome to the light.

"Tinkle! tinkle!"

Louder clang the fairy hammers;
Wilder wake their silver clamors;
Every band of ice is broken;
Every bursting bud hath spoken:
Telling to these souls of ours
How each spring
Doth but bring
Unto them a golden stair,
Reaching to the light and air—
Bids them quit their darkened bowers,
Climbing upward into flowers.
—Little Corporel.

Who Stole the Baby? From "Our Young Folks," "Rub-a-dub, dub! Rub-a-dub, dub Rat-a-tat-tat!" It was Johnny Holmes beating his new drum which his uncle had given

him, making noise enough to drive the whole neighborhood distracted. He was playing soldier, going through he most unheard of evolutions, calling to an imaginary regiment, who were supposed to "halt!" and "forward! narch!" whenever he gave the word of

ommand. The back-yard, with its high brick wall and its solitary shade-tree, was transformed by Johnny's imagination into the most enchanting parade-grounds. He had the whole field to himself, and could have things all his own way; for no one of his imaginary followers thought of countermanding or

disobeying orders. His two sisters, Mollie and Flora, were in the play-room, attending to the toilspectively the Lady Geraldine and the Lady Clara, who were going out to a full-dress reception in honor of the marriage of their cousin, the Lady Glendora. There was a good deal of discussion as to whether the young ladies should wear their pink silks looped with white roses or their white silks looped with red roses; and the debate ran so high, and took up so much time, that the matter had to be compromised by dressing one in white and the other in

pink. O, how lovely they were! The Lady Geraldine, who must have been half yard in height, was really queenly, with er white silk trailing as much as three uches behind, and slightly raised in front to show the tiny white slipper; and the Lady Clara, not a whit less graceful and dignified, was completely

fascinating in ber pink drapery.

Placing upon their heads a bonnet the exact size of a pumpkin-seed, and shaking out their finest embroidered pocket-handkerchiefs scented with the inest of double-distilled essence of peppermint, the young ladies were pro ounced ready to step into their family carriage, which at that moment drove up in the form of an overturned otto man, into which they both passed with all the grace imaginable, and were sup-

posed to be whirled away.

It was Monday morning. Mrs. Holmes was looking over her housekeeping accounts, having given strict orders to Biddy to take care of the baby, and on no account allow her own quiet to be disturbed.

Biddy, who was very busy that morn ing getting the clothes in readiness to send to the laundry, having in addition the dish-washing, sweeping, dusting, etc., on her hands, considered her duty with respect to the baby performed when she had planted him in the center of the floor, surrounded by all the tin cups, pans and spoons she could muster, devoutly hoping and fervently be lieving he would make such a racket among them all as would keep him quiet without further effort on her part. As the baby was only a year old, and could not walk alone, she had at least no fears of his running away while her back was turned. So Johnny drummed until it was a wonder he did not pound a hole in the drum-head, and the little girls proceeded to set forth a most bountiful feast, consisting of two cookies, an apple, and some lemon-drops, of which the wedding guests, including Lady Glendora's relatives to the fifth degree, were invited to partake.

The long summer morning was drawing toward a close when Mrs. Holmes, having added her columns of figures over and over again, to be certain there was no mistake, and having arrived at a surprisingly large sum total, pushed away pencil and paper, and walked down to relieve Biddy of the care of the

"Biddy!" she called from the top of the kitchen stairs, "bring up the baby; I will take care of him now." "Indade, mum," replied the "he isn't here at all, at all. Hasn't yez got him already?" "Do you mean to tell me the child

isn't here?" asked Mrs. Holmes, her anxious face appearing half-way down

mind on me work, and took no notice till yer ladyship called, when it sthruck me, all of a suddin, that I hadn't heard the blissed child fur quite a spell, and that he must have crept up stairs to vez.

"Indeed he hasn't," said the mother looking hurriedly about; "but he may have crept into the back-yard." So with Biddy at her heels she stepped into the paved court, and closely searched every corner, but no baby was

"Rub-a-dub, dub! Rat-a-tat-tat! sounded Johnny's drum, until his moth er was forced to catch the drum-sticks out of his hands before she could make her voice heard.

"Johnny, have you seen your little brother? No, Johnny had not seen him, and

the alarmed mother rushed up to the play-room, hoping that Mollie or Flora had taken him away. "Why, no, mamma," said Flora.
"The wedding festivities are just over, and the newly-married couple are about to start on a trip to Europe, and we haven't had time to think of baby."

The now thoroughly alarmed mother instantly commenced a most vigorous search of the whole house. Biddy was in despair and in tears. Her mistress had called her a careless girl, and her reputation was lost unless the baby were found. So she peered into the most un-heard-of places, evidently thinking to find the child laid away on one of the pantry-shelves, or playing bo-peep with her from behind the sugar-jar, or hid-den in the depths of the coal-scuttle.

"Murther! bad luck to me for a for getful gurl! O, whirra! whirra! me heart is broke. Whatever shall I do, and the poor darlint lost and gone Och hone! Hear the poor mither call-ing the swate babe! Biddy Murphy, ye desarve to do penance for a week for bringing sore trouble to thim as has been kind to yez!"

Again and again was the house search

ed "from turret to foundation stone," or rather from garret to cellar; but no baby rewarded the search. Evidently he was not on the premises. Arguing that a child who could not walk must have been carried away, Mrs. Holmes was forced to the conviction that some one had entered the kitchen while Biddy's back was turned and made of dy's back was turned, and made off with the unconscious babe; and being a spirited little woman, after the first natural ebullition of maternal feeling she speedily rose to the occasion and sent Biddy off after the chief of police.

Biddy, in her zeal to repair her negli-gence, ran half a mile at her best rate of speed, and had hardly sufficient breath remaining to enable her to tell her story; but she managed to make the man understand what was wanted of him, and he immediately accompa-nied her back to her mistress.

When the case was fully stated to him he looked grave, walked all about the kitchen, glanced keenly at the pile of tinware Biddy had placed at the child's lisposal, paced slowly about the backyard, and gave Johnny's neglected drum a kick, questioned Biddy sternly, and looked all the while as non-committal as you can possibly imagine. The fact was, the sharp man was at his wits' end. Mrs. Holmes awaited his decision, the three remaining children clinging to her skirts, their white, scared faces showing that they realized what had

happened. After looking the ground over for the third or fourth time, the chief returned to the weeping Biddy. "My girl, you say there was no one here between the time your mistress left the baby in your charge and the moment she called you to bring him to her?"

"Not a livin' soul, sir. May the bliss ed saints niver hear me prayers if it's a lie I'm tellin' yer honor! No livin' soul, barin' the laundry man, who drove up to the area gate after the basket of clothes for the washin' that I carried out to him myself." "Ah!" said the chief with a brisk air

Eo you sent off a basket of soiled What laundry do you patronclothes? ize, Mrs. Holmes?" She gave him the street and number. "I think I'll run over and take a

look at the establishment; meanwhile, make yourself as comfortable as may be under the circumstances. I think I have a clue to the person who carried off your child."

Mrs. Holmes begged him to use his utmost exertion, declaring she should never know a happy moment if her darling was not found.
"I don't see what idea he has in

head," she said to Biddy, after the man had politely bowed himself out. "Only think of his posting away over to the laundry when my poor child may be in the hands of some cruel person who is bearing it farther and farther away! And Mrs. Holmes burst into tears, and Johnny and Mollie and Flora imitated her, and Biddy went down upon her knees and called upon all the saints in the calendar to lend their aid in this

time of trouble.

An hour passed. It was hard waiting. Mrs. Holmes had grown very nervous the children, seeing her distress, had retired to a distant corner and spoke only in whispers. Biddy groaned and crossed herself at intervals, and vowed all sorts of penances, provided the baby might be found, when a quick pull at the street door-bell thrilled them all; and when, with trembling hands, Biddy had unfastened the door, who should appear but the chief of police, and what should he have in his arms but the stolen baby!

O, such a shout of joy as went up from that mother's heart! The chief explained that the moment

he heard of clothes having gone to the laundry just previous to the disappear-ance of the child, the idea struck him that baby had gone too. And sure enough, the little fellow had been found, nicely curled up among the clothes, fast asleep and apparently as well content as if tucked in his pretty crib at home.

The dear little chick-a-biddie! He little knew how much anxiety he had cost his friends. So the question of "who stole the baby?" was answered.

Men are born with two eyes, but with "Why, you see, mum," explained one tongue, in order that biddy, "I was busy, loike, with me twice as much as they say. one tongue, in order that they may see I Love to Wander.

I love to wander when the sun is high, When the glistening dew is shining on the And the morning breezes through the forests

sigh, And startle nature out of night's repose. When the warblers thrill their songs of joyous mirth,
Within the leafy silenes of the grove,
Rejoicing loudly at the morning's birth,
Awaking our hearts to gladness and to love.

I love to wander through the forest deep, a la " Or by the murmuring river's side,
Where the tiny wavelets on its bosom leap
In joyful playing on the swelling tide,

I love to wander at the close of day.

When findes the sun deep in the mighty west,
And the stars are traveling on their glistening

way. And earth's sweetest and dearest are at rest. When through the trees the fire-flies are gleam-And the dark shades of night are cast.
Then I love to wander, gently dreaming
Of those days that long are past.

Longings.

The flowers languish for the blessed light.
For brilliant stars still languishes the night.
The parched furrow languishes for rain:
The sick man longs for a rollef from pain:
The orphan child longs for a mother's breast;
The orphan child longs for a mother's breast;
The worn, impatient, longs to see the sun:
The morn, impatient, longs to see the sun:
The soldier longs to see the battle won;
The silent harp longs for the songs of chords,
And thus I languish for affection's words.
They for my hopes are as the morning sun,
My heart refreshing, as soft rain the bowers.
They for my hopes are as the morning sun,
As is a brilliant star in gloomy night.
As to the wanderer his cottage light—
A sweet repose for my prolonged unrest,
And for my orphaned heart a mother's breast;
For my soul's sorrow a sweet litany,
And for its love a heavenly harmony. Longings.

Varieties.

AUTUMN hues-cutting wood for win-Cash advances-Attentions to a rich

WITH what musical instrument would you catch a fish? Castanet. What part of a rifle is like an as-ault? The breech of the piece.

Can you suggest a suitable wife for a seedsman? Oh, yes, a nursery-maid. Tween expects to go to Saturn when he dies—so that he can join one of the

To POULTRY-KEEPERS-Is there any difference between hen-stealing and cock-robin? ANNUAL flowering plants are said to

rings.

esemble whales, because they come up to blow. THE debt of nature should never be paid if it can't be collected without an

THE French have a very significant saying: It is always the unexpected which happens.

PLATONIC LOVE, like all other tonics, is very exciting, and should be taken meopathically. Ir you let the cat out of the bag, never try to cram it back again; it only

makes matters worse. WHAT is the difference waltz and a young widow? One is a giddy whirl, and the other a widdy-girl. A DARKEY preacher lining out a hymn

rom memory said:

"Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,
Ye wretched sinners—come out of dar P! An old lady of Auburn, N. Y., makes salve which she claims will remove roud-flesh, and suggests a plaster for each church door.

Co-nun-DRUM-Are the fair inhabitants of a convent generally so meager in ap-pearance because they lead a-nunnatural kind of life? THE question of where all the Smiths

ome from is answered. A factory in a neighboring city bears the sign, "Smith Manufacturing Company." MR. T. WINKLE having married Miss Starr, in Georgia recently, the Savannah

News epithalamizes the pair with "T.

Winkle, T. Winkle, little Starr." Why does a young woman when she's jilted frown upon the world at large? Why, naturally enough, being a cut-lass who has met with foil, she looks daggers.

An Augusta, Ga., ghost wears No. 10

shoes. The most inveterate scoffer must acknowledge that here is an unquestionable instance of a sole revisiting the earth. A Bosron girl tried to commit suicide by lunching on "Parson's Rat Exter-minator!" They hadn't a copy of the

Waverly Magazine in the house, so they gave her an emetic, and she lives. A Southern paper says in its local columns: "A negro and two fine young mules were drowned in the river yester-The mules were remarkably fine

animals, and cannot be easily replaced. "Do you think," asked Mrs. Pepper, "that a little temper is a bad thing in woman?" "Certainly not, ma'am," re plied a gallant philosopher; "it is a good thing, and she ought never to lose it."

"Mrs. Muffin," said a visitor, "Emily has your features, but I think she has her father's hair." "Oh, now I see," said the dear little Emma, "it's because I have father's hair that he has got to wear a wig."

An English Peer, Lord Stanley, of Alderley, has been fined \$25 for ballast ing a lady's dog with swan shot. THE landholders of Florida have

formed a State Association for the purpose of encouraging immigration. A GENTLEMAN in London lately, in making return of his income to the Tax Commissioners, wrote on the paper:
For the last three years my income has been somewhat less than £150; in future it will be more precarious, as the man is dead from whom I borrowed the

money.' THE statistics of suicide show that more men take their own lives than women. Among the latter, suicide is more frequent in youth than in maturer years. The statistics further prove that most men who commit self-murder are single and most women married. In Italy there are annually three suicides in every 100,000 inhabitants; in Austria, five; in Belgium, six; in England. seven; in Prussia, twelve; in Denmark, twenty-nine, and in Spain only two to the same comparative number.