

# THE HERALD

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NUMBER 19.

## BEELAM TOWN.

Do you want to peep into Beelam Town?  
These come with the day swings down.  
Into his arid, whose rocky rim  
Some people call the history drum.  
All the mischief of all the fate  
Seems to center in four little paces.  
Just an hour for bed now, say your play?  
"It is time for bed now, say your play."  
Oh, the racket and noise and roar,  
As they prance like a caravan over the floor.  
With never a thought of the head that aches,  
And never a heed to the "mercy" sakes.  
And "pity save us," and "oh, dear, dear,"  
That lead the culprits plainly here.  
A monkey, a parrot, a guinea hen,  
Wardens, elephants, Indian men.  
A salvation army, a grizzly bear,  
Are all at once in the history drum.  
And when the clock in the hall strikes seven  
It sounds to be like a voice from Heaven.  
And each of the elves in a warm night-gown  
Marches away out of Beelam Town.  
—*Edw. W. Under-Wilson, in Chicago Saturday Evening Herald.*

## CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

### An Early Morning Tour of New York City.

"Old Gray" and Mr. Bergh's Officers on Duty—Many Illustrations of Man's Inhumanity to Helpless Brutes.

There is an old gray horse in the stable of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals that, from years of service, has become so accustomed to the work required of him as to perform it without much urging. He has in his younger days gone by the names of "Prince," "Jip," and "Charlie," but now he is referred to simply as the "Old Gray." It is said of him that when he turns out with the ambulance to bring to the office a disabled or sick horse, he seems to appreciate the fact that one of his suffering kind is to receive kindly care and aid, for he travels along in his very best time, and will of his own volition bring the vehicle to a standstill close to the unfortunate steed. This is his routine work, but does special service, as well, three or four mornings of each week.

The vast majority of the population of the metropolis is asleep when, at half-past 3 a. m., the stable gate of the society's building is thrown open, and "Old Gray," harnessed to the red four-wheeled business wagon, with the official seal on the side, starts into the street. Superintendent Charles Han-kinson holds the reins, and accompanying him are three of his officers. They are on their early morning tour of the great city to ferret out and stop the cruelties of man to animals of every kind. "Old Gray" knows the route, and, striking one of the great East Side avenues, turns his head northward and speeds along in the direction of the Harlem Bridge. As the wagon nears the car-stables it is stopped. A car comes rumbling on with a half-awake driver and a limping team of old "plugs."

"Stop!" cries the Superintendent to the driver.  
"What for?" is the sleepy reply.  
"These horses are lame. You'll have to turn them out and take them back to the car-stables."  
"Well, boss," says the driver, who, from being often lame and sick himself and yet compelled to work, has a systematic feeling for the poor horses, "I've been lookin' out for you and, to tell the truth, I'm glad I've met you. I didn't want to go out with them. I'll take them back."

As he does so, "Old Gray" starts off again up the avenue. Two blocks above a truckman is overtaken driving a crippled horse.  
"You'll have to take that horse home," says the Superintendent.  
"No, I won't," is the surly answer.  
"Oh, yes, you will," is a decided way.  
"Who are you?" angrily.  
"Mr. Bergh's officer."

"Well, all right; I'll do as you say, but I didn't know at first as it was any of your business to interfere with mine."  
The ill-natured fellow is hardly out of sight when another of the same sort is encountered. He is whacking his famished-looking horse over the head with savage earnestness. Scarcely before he knows of their presence the Society's officers have wrested the whip from his uplifted hand, and before they depart from him they give him emphatic warning not to repeat his act of cruelty. The saloons are by this time opening, and the bartenders are out on the sidewalk, sweating broken glass into the streets. "Old Gray" is reined in front of the foremost of the offenders. The man has just completed a sweeping.

"Do you know that there is a lot of broken glass in that rubbish?" asks the Superintendent.  
"I guess so" indifferently.  
"You'll have to pick the glass out of the street and throw it elsewhere."  
"How do you know I will?" doubling his fists.  
"Because if you don't you'll be arrested."  
The bartender would much rather fight than undertake the task, but he looks first at the official seal and then at the four officers, and finally, with many mutterings, does as he is bidden. All the other offenders are treated in the same determined manner. Some of them understand the meaning of the law; the majority do not know what to make of it at all. The Superintendent has driven away from the last of these indignant dispensers of liquor when his attention is attracted to a "plug ugly" who is strolling along the street with a dog with almost as little claims to good looks as himself. An unfortunate cat crosses his path. "Sick 'em," cries the plug ugly. The dog dashes after it. His master is in the height of his enjoyment over the imminent risk that the cat runs of being overtaken and ill-treated, when some one grabs him by the coat-collar. He turns around in astonishment and his face to face with the officers.  
"Sal rack that dog," says the Superintendent.

Plug ugly takes in the situation at a glance, and whistles for the brute, who returns to his side.  
"Now, take that dog under your charge," says the officer, "and don't let me find you cat-hunting again."  
In the distance a string of dirt and contractors' carts is seen. There are about a dozen men on them. Suddenly all the carts become drivers.  
"They've caught sight of the gray," cries the Superintendent.  
When the red wagon arrives alongside of the carts the horses are found to be suffering from sore backs. They are driven to the nearest stable and left there subject to the society's order.

By this time Harlem is reached, and the next stop is made in front of a group of workmen who are excavating a cellar. A wretched-looking horse is pulling a load of earth and stones up a hill. It is easily seen that it is too heavy a load for him. The work is not allowed to go on until an extra horse has been added to the cart. Turning into a side street, another unfortunate beast is discovered on a treadmill hoisting earth. He seems ready to drop from exhaustion. An end is put to his labors. At Harlem Bridge a number of expressmen are encountered. They have got out their working stock of lame and diseased horses, and are hurrying them across the river at this early hour to avoid coming in contact with Mr. Bergh's officers. Surprised at their tricks, they reluctantly return, at the Superintendent's command, to their stables.

Across the bridge a caravan of farmers carrying vegetables to market is met. Three out of every four have broken-winded horses. They are all turned back.  
"But my team has come from 't'other end of Westchester," urges one of the more obstinate of their number.  
"You cannot go to market with them," is the reply. "Next time set out with a good team and you will fare better."  
The red wagon rattled over to the west side of town, and once more is making its way through the thickly populated streets. Truckman after truckman is caught, either beating his horse or driving a disabled animal. The whip is snatched from him or the reins are taken away. At Franklin street, where the stock comes in, a longer stop than usual is made. Cows and sheep are, by order of the officers, fed and watered. In Washington Market, the calves that are on their way to the slaughter-houses are, if they are on the order of the officers, licensed. The licensed vendors in this and Gansevoort markets are overhauled, and every one of their horses is examined to find out if it is in good condition. If any sores are discovered the vendors are made to shift the saddles so that the sores will not come in contact with the sores.

Further down town the truckmen with heavy merchandise come under inspection. If the teams can't pull their loads, part of the goods are removed to the sidewalk. Attention is called to the Broadway stages. No matter if the vehicle is crowded, it remains there long enough for the officers to alight and look at all the horses in the service. If any animal is unfit for work it is sent to the nearest stable, and before the mail can be carried to the city fresh horses have to be procured.

By this time the Superintendent has quite a collection of whips, and has met with many piteous appeals from New Jersey and Long Island farmers who have been half-frozen to death by their encounter with him, not knowing whether the offense was punishable or whether they are liable to be hanged for it.  
"Let me have the horses," cries one, "and I'll never go straight home with them. I'll never come to town with them again. I didn't know they were lame."  
He imagines that so long as his team is in the possession of the society it has a clear case against him whenever it chooses to press it. At the fish markets they find turtles tied by the fins they connect the dealers to ante them. They see that fowls are properly housed, and if overcrowded on wagons extra coops are secured and the fowls watered and fed. It is not an un-frequent occurrence for rude men to urge their dogs to bite the pets which accompany ladies through the streets. These officers put a stop to this practice also.

One of the most strikingly cruel practices that they interfere with and prevent is carried on by the Italian residents of tenement-houses. The Italians catch rats and mice in open traps, pour kerosene oil over them, set fire to the oil, and then open the traps. "I do-a the same thing in Italy," is the explanation often given by the offenders.  
If the weather is severe and any canary birds or cogs are found on the streets for sale, the dealers are ordered to take the poor birds or cogs over them. One of the hardest things for the officers to succeed in getting done is the blanketing of horses, and the greatest opposition to the enforcement of this order is met with in fashionable thoroughfares. The liveried funkeys who stand in front of the large dry-goods stores on Broadway with their clipped teams take it very much to heart to be ordered to blanket them. Many of them come over from England, and they declare the order to be a "blasted outrage—never heard of such things in 'ome." One of these fellows, elegantly dressed with boots and spurs, fur collar, cockade and all, is told to blanket his team.  
"What the 'ell his hit your business," he replies to the officer.  
"Never mind, I'll give you three minutes to do it."  
At the end of the three minutes funkey just begins to move.  
"There hain't hany blankets hany way," he says.  
"Yes there are," exclaims the officer, pulling from around the funkey's feet

two beautiful horse blankets. "The time is up and you must come to the office," says the officer.  
Mr. Bergh talks pretty plainly to the man and lets him go. There is no further trouble about that team.  
The red wagon proceeds up-town by way of the thoroughfares where traffic is the heaviest, stopping at stages and vehicles of every kind whenever lame or disabled horses are attached to them, and compelling them to substitute sound animals in their stead. By ten o'clock a. m. the office is again reached, and the "Old Gray" has made a circuit of the city and assisted in the prevention of a great amount of cruelty. In their rounds the officers have accomplished as much good and done as much work as is often otherwise performed in a week. To the brutal fellow whacking his horse with a whip or club or driving his sick and suffering disabled horses, the officers have sympathy, and to all the enemies of dumb creatures in general there is no sight more unwelcome or more feared than the "Old Gray" of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.—*N. Y. Herald.*

## THOMAS H. BENTON.

A Reminiscence Suggested by the Vita Endurance of General Grant.

In the years 1853-58 Colonel Benton resided in house No. 334 C street northwest, now known as "Franklin's House," and recently occupied by the Hon. Mr. Greenleaf, member of the last Congress. In this house he expired April 10, 1858 at the age of seventy-six years. For the last two years of his life he devoted himself to literary pursuits, which commenced before he had entirely closed his active political career. In this period he completed his great work, "Thirty Years' View," wrote a remarkable paper on the "Dred Scott Decision," and commenced the herculean task of condensing the "Debates of Congress," which he finally completed down to the compromise measures of 1850.

During his last winter death daily stared him in the face, and was only kept at bay by the almost invincible will of the old man. He was taken away at times from a complication of diseases, but nevertheless retained his faculties unimpaired to the last, and on the very morning of the day of his death sat propped up in his bed and read and corrected with his own hand the closing chapters of his "Dred Scott Decision." The faculty had not then discovered the recent arts for prolonging life at the expense of a bodily stupor and a clouded mind. Benton bore with surprising equanimity the inflictions of nature without the aid of medicine, and in his dealing with patients on the verge of the grave, and being left to himself was enabled by his great vitality to complete his literary designs.

General Grant has displayed an equal vigility, a power of endurance, considering what he has done, in his literature and art, almost without a parallel. But yet it will probably become a cause of unfeeling regret to the world that he will not be able to complete his great literary work, "The History of the War of the Rebellion," embracing his autobiography in connection with it. Yet how could the result be otherwise? Since no amount of human vitality, will-power, or tenacity of life could cope with the accumulated troubles of body and mind which have been brought to bear upon him. Sadly he sinks into the last slumber, with a helpless nation wailing at his bedside, and the world mourns a great soul departing.—*Cor. National Republican.*

## FUTURES.

Building on Them, Like Buying Them On "Change," in the Long Run a Losing Business.

Building on futures. Like buying futures on "Change," in the long run, a losing business, especially to men who do not stand in with the potatoes. What we mean by building on futures is the establishing industries on the contingencies of wars and rumors of wars, or of any unusual stimuli to demand and supply. An industry that is worth establishing and maintaining in this or any other country, is worth planting on soil where it will grow and flourish in peace as well as in war. To build, then, upon anything but those stable laws, which will always exist, let the world wide war as it will, is ruinous in the end. At this very day our people are dreaming of enormous gains from a war in the East—a war which many have argued themselves into believing is already practically inaugurated. As it stands, war is by no means a certain, even though it be probable, and if it is not probable and does not occur, the release from our over-stimulative expectations will only embitter the hard times upon us. There is unquestionably between England and Russia an antagonism of commercial interests, of race, and of religion, and the difference cannot be settled sooner or later, but whether they are to be settled by war or diplomacy, even these powers cannot tell us. Be this as it may, our obligation to our own interests is to pursue that even tenor, which looks to a farther future, a more solid prosperity than the collision of rival nations can avail us. Let us build on no chimeras, no future contingencies, but upon the solid advancement of every-day wants and realities. That business which depends on unnatural stimulating causes for its success—a popular though it may be among a certain class—counts victims by the hundred for every single case of success. Healthy business results in the greatest happiness to the greatest number, and it can not exist except it be built on a healthy basis.—*Live Stock Journal.*

"There is no place like your home," says the poet. Right, unless it is the home of the young man you're after. This is, of course, an exception. Future poets will please to note it.—*Chicago Tribune.*

## DEMOSTHENES.

A Thoroughly Appreciative Tribute to the Late Deceased Orator.

Twenty centuries ago last Christmas, there was born in Attica, near Athens, the father of oratory, the greatest orator of whom history has told us. His name was Demosthenes. Had he lived until this spring he would have been twenty-two hundred and seventy years old; but he did not live. Demosthenes has crossed the mysterious river. He has gone to that bourne whence no traveler returns.  
Most of you, no doubt, have heard about it. On those who may not have heard it, the announcement will fall with a sickening thud.  
"It is strange," muttered a young man as he staggered home from a snuff party, "how evil communications corrupt good manners. I have been surrounded by tumblers all the evening, and now I am a tumbler myself."  
—*N. Y. Mail.*  
"The elephant can go. A very good ivory is now made from bones and scraps of sheepskin. The next improvement will be the playing of the game of billiards by machinery. When this is done young men can stay at home and improve their minds."—*N. O. Picayune.*  
A lamented citizen of Montana, whose passion for horses led him out to the end of a convenient hough, and whose ultimate views of life were taken through a slip-noose, declared it to be his conviction (which was unanimous) that this world is all a hemp-tie show.  
—*N. Y. Independent.*  
A boy once lived in a house so hemmed in by factories that sunshine rarely reached his play-room. One day a little, narrow beam of light shone through a window-pane, and quivered and danced on the bare wall. The child was filled with delight. Putting his little hand on the sunbeam, he cried: "Run quick, mamma! Bring a hammer and a nail! I'll hold it while you nail it, so we can keep it always."  
—*Golden Days.*  
"Why can not women make good lawyers?" asks an exchange. We never gave the subject much thought, but we suppose it is because they can't sit on the small of their backs, pile their feet on a table, spit a woman across the room into a box full of sawdust and charge fifteen dollars a minute for it. There may be some minor reasons in addition, but these appear to us to be the principal obstacles in the way of her success at the bar.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

A discussion of the question of employment for women at the South has brought out objections, either practical or fanciful, to pretty much everything that has been suggested. Whereupon the Charleston News propounds to the latest critic this tough question: "In what occupation can a woman engage without knowledge or training or experience?" From a somewhat extensive observation of society we should say that matrimony would about fill the bill.—*Boston Herald.*

When he started in he was gentle, mild and quiet in his manner, but later on, carrying his audience with him, he at last became enthusiastic. He thundered, he roared, he whooped, he howled, he jarred the windows, he sawed the air, he split the horizon with his clarion notes, he tipped over the table, kicked the lamps out of the chandeliers, and smashed the big bass viol against the wall.  
Oh, Demosthenes was business when he got started. It will be a long time before we see another off-hand speaker like Demosthenes, and I, for one, have never been the same man since I learned of his death.

Lord Brougham: "At the head of all the mighty masters of speech, the adoration of ages has consecrated his place, and the loss of the noble instrument with which he forged and launched his thunders is sure to maintain a gloom over the world."  
I have always been a great admirer of the oratory of Demosthenes, and those who have heard both of us think there is a certain degree of similarity in our style.  
And not only I admire Demosthenes as an orator, but as a man, as well. I am no Vanderbilt, I feel as though I would be willing to head a subscription list for the purpose of doing the square thing by his sorrowing wife if she is left in want, as I understand that she is.

Demosthenes and I pass on rapidly to speak of Patrick Henry. Mr. Henry was the man who wanted liberty or death. He preferred liberty though. If he couldn't have liberty he wanted to die, but he was in no great rush about it. He would like liberty as if there was plenty of it, but if the British had no liberty to spare he yearned for death. When the tyrant asked him what style of death he wanted he said that he would rather die of extreme old age. He was willing to go unprepared, and he thought it would take him eighty or ninety years more to prepare, so that when he was ushered into another world he wouldn't be ashamed of himself.

One hundred and ten years ago Patrick Henry said: "Sir, our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston." The war is inevitable, and let it come. I repeat it, sir, let it come."  
In the spring of 1860 I used almost the same language. So did Horace Greeley. There were four or five of us who got our heads together and decided that the war was inevitable, and consented to let it come.

Then it came. Whenever there is a large, inevitable conflict floating around waiting for permission to come, it develops into a great statesman and bald-headed iterator of the Nation to avoid delay. It was so with Patrick Henry. He permitted the land to be deluged in gore, and then he retired. It is the duty of the great orator to howl for war and then hold some other man's coat while he fights.—*Bill Nye, in Boston Globe.*  
"Necessity being the mother of invention, a family of theatrical barnstormers who had been playing in a Georgia town, hit upon a new device for occupying the 'board bill.' One morning the whole town was stirred to its very center by the news that one of the members of the company was missing. Parties, including the father and a sister of the stolen girl, started in hot pursuit, and the impetuous actors forgot to return. Then it was discovered that in their haste they had forgotten also to pay their bills. They turned the grief of the townspeople into astonishment, which was changed to wrath when it was learned that the family was happily reunited in a neighboring State.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

## PITH AND POINT.

"What is it that determines a girl's popularity in society?" asks a contemporary. In nine times out of ten it is the size of her father's bank account.—*Norristown Herald.*

"Master: 'What does Condillac say about brutes in the scale of being?' Scholar: 'He says a brute is an imperfect animal.' 'And what is man?' 'Man is a perfect brute.'"  
—*We note that at the dinner given to that actor in New York recently, Willie Winter read a poem to Henry Irving. We also note that Henry Irving sailed for England early the next morning.—Washington Critic.*

"It is strange," muttered a young man as he staggered home from a snuff party, "how evil communications corrupt good manners. I have been surrounded by tumblers all the evening, and now I am a tumbler myself."  
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## SAW THE JUDGE.

The Points That Didn't Materialize When the Cause Was Tried.

Nat Mitchell, who lives out on the Coon Creek road, went into the Supreme Court room, and seeing a pleasant-looking gentleman sitting with his feet on the table, the visitor asked:

"Are you the Supreme Judge o' the State?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"Would you be kind enough to give me a little advice? I don't mean give it to me, exactly, for I am willin' to pay for it."

"State your case."  
"You've got a suit here, Mayflower vs. Hall. The people out in my neighborhood are mighty interested in that suit, an' I know exactly how it was going to be decided. I mout win a right sharp pile o' money on it. You jest tell me how she's goin' an' I'll slip back an' take all the bets I ken git."

"Of course, I know how the suit will be decided, but it would hardly be right for me to tell you in advance."  
"Yes, but I'll make it all right. I'll give you half o' what I win."  
"I never accept a contingent fee. Tell you what I'll do."

"Give me a hundred dollars and I'll give you the necessary pointer."  
"Say seventy-five!"  
"No."  
"Ninety."  
"I see you don't care to trade."  
"Well, sir, you go home and bet on Hall."

The suit was decided in favor of Mayflower. Several days later, while the Judge was sitting in his room, Nat Mitchell knocked at the door.  
"They told me that the Supreme Judge was in here," said he.  
"Well, I am the man."  
"You ain't the man I'm after. Tuther day a feller that claimed to be the Judge said he would tell me how a certain case would go if I would give him a hundred. I give him the hundred, went home, mortgaged my farm for three thousand dollars, an' bet the whole amount the way that blamed feller said. Now look at me. Ain't got no money enough to get a bite to eat. If steamboats was sell' for ten cents a hundred, I couldn't buy a pilot house. I want that man. I'd like to wallow around here awhile with him. He ain't the Judge, then, I reckon."

"No."  
"Ah, ha! I reckon that he was some feller that stepped in."  
"I suppose that he was."  
"Come in may be, when everybody else had gone to dinner."  
"Very likely."

"Well, believe I'll poke him on round awhile. If I see him I'll show him what a pity it is that men ain't honest. I ain't bear to see a dishonest man, Judge, and above all, I do think that our public men should be above suspicion."

As Mitchell went into a restaurant to see if the proprietor would trust him for a meal, a pleasant-looking man who had played the "Judge," slipped out the back door.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

## READING FOR THE YOUNG.

LASHED TO THE MAST.

The Cruel Captain and the Poor Little Cabin Boy.

"Tell us a story, papa," chorused half a dozen voices. "We must have a story."  
"Oh, you've heard all my yarns already," answered Captain Martingale, laughing. "If you want a story this gentleman will tell you one."  
"This gentleman" was a tall, broad-chested man, with a thick black beard, which was fast turning gray, who had come in just before dinner and had been warmly welcomed by the Captain. A very grim fellow he looked as he sat in the great oaken chair, with the fire-light playing fitfully on his dark, bearded, weather-beaten face.  
"Am I to be told a story?" asked the visitor, in a deep, hoarse voice, quite as pitiless as his appearance.  
"Well, then, listen: There was once a poor boy who had no father or mother, no friends and no home except the wet, dirty forecastle of a trading schooner. He had to go about barefoot in the rain and snow, with nothing on but an old ragged flannel shirt and a pair of salt-cloth trousers; and instead of landing on beautiful islands and digging up buried treasures, and having a good time all round, like the folks in the story-books, he had to kick about through the streets from morning till night, and sometimes had a sound thrashing with a ruffian's end into the bargain. All the sailors were very cross and ugly to him, but the worst of all was the captain himself. He had been badly treated himself when a boy, and so (as some men will) he took a delight in ill-treating somebody else in the same way. Many a time did he send the poor little fellow aloft when the ship was rolling and the wind blowing hard, and more than once he beat him so cruelly that the poor lad almost fainted with the pain."  
"Wicked wretch!" cried Bob, indignantly. "I hope he got drowned or eaten up by savages."  
"Or taken for a slave himself and well thrashed every day," suggested Dick.  
"Oh, no, Bob," said little Helen, who was sitting on a low stool at her father's feet, "he was taken for a slave, but he got so cruel and got very good."  
The strange guest stooped and lifted the little girl into his lap and kissed her. Helen nestled close to him and looked wonderingly up in his face, for, as he bent his head toward her, something touched her forehead in the darkness that felt very much like a tear.

"Well," resumed the speaker, after a short pause, "the schooner heading eastward across the Indian Ocean, came at last among the Maldive Isles, where it is always very dangerous sailing. The coral islands, with their great rings or 'reefs' all around, like so many strings of beads, are so low and flat that even in the daytime it's not easy to avoid running aground upon them; but at night you might as well try to walk through a room full of stools without tumbling over one of them."  
"Of course, the Captain had to be always on deck looking out, and that didn't make his temper any the sweeter, as you may think. So that very evening, when the cabin boy had displeased him in some way, what does he do but tell the men to sling him up into the rigging, and tie him hand and foot to the mast."  
"But the cowards were soon paid for their cruelty. They were so busy tormenting the poor lad that none of them had noticed how the sky was darkening to windward; and all at once a squall came down upon them, and the sea was the cut of a whip. In a moment the sea all around was like a boiling pot, and crash went the ship over her side, and both the masts went by the board (fell down into the sea, that is), carrying the boy with them."

"Wasn't that a poor poor Harry?" cried the boys.  
"Yes, but he was tied to the mast, away like a straw. Even as it was, he was almost stifled by the bursting of the waves over his head. He was still peering into the darkness to try if he could see anything of the ship, when there came a tremendous sea, and a terrible cry, and then dead silence. The vessel had been dashed upon a coral reef and stove in, and the sea, breaking over, had swept away every man on board."  
"But storm in those parts pass away as quickly as they come, and Harry was not long before the sea began to go down, the clouds rolled away, and the moon broke forth in all its glory. Then Harry, finding that the rope which tied his arms had been a good deal strained by the shock that carried away the mast, managed to free himself, and to unbind the other arm and his feet. Just then a face rose from the water within a few yards of him, and Harry recognized his enemy, the cruel Captain."  
"There he was, the man who had abused, starved and beaten him, dying, or just about to die, almost within reach of safety. Though barely twenty his own length divided him from the floating man, so strong was the eddy against which the Captain was battling in vain that he had no more chance of reaching it than if he had been a mile away. A few moments more and he would have sunk, never to rise again; but the sight of that white, ghastly face, and those wild, despairing eyes, was too much for Harry. He flung out the rope that he held; the Captain clutched it, in another minute was safe on the mast, rescued by the boy he had been so cruel to."  
"O—oh!" said Bob, drawing a long breath.  
"I'm so glad!" piped Helen's tiny voice. "I was so afraid he would let the poor Captain drown."  
"About sunrise," continued the guest, "some natives who were out fishing in a small boat, caught sight of them and came to the rescue. The Maldive islands are much better fellows than the Malays, farther east, and they took good care of them for a month or so, till at last an outward-bound English brig that had been blown out of her course touched at the island where they were, and took them off."

"And what happened to them after that?" asked all the children at once.  
"The little cabin boy," answered the

story-teller, "became a smart seaman as ever walked a deck, and got the command of a fine ship by-and-by; and now" (laying his hand upon his father's shoulder) "here he sits."  
"Papa!" cried the amazed children, "were you the poor little boy?"  
"But what became of the poor Captain, who was so cruel?" asked little Helen, wistfully.  
"Why, here he sits," said her father, grasping the story-teller's hand, "and he's the best friend I have in the world!"  
—*Harpur's Young People.*

## FINDING THE BEARS' HOUSE.

Little Mattie Sets Out on a Voyage of Discovery—How She Was Found.

Mattie Millet sat on the doorstep in the bright April sunshine, with Topsy Tinkle on her lap.  
Mattie was a dear little five-year-old girl, and Topsy was a beautiful one-year-old kitten, with glossy fur as black as jet, and they were the best of friends.

Mamma had just been telling the story of the three bears in the woods, and Mattie was thinking how nice it would be for her and Topsy to go and find the bears' house.  
The fields were nearly bare, only a few dirty white spots on the brown earth, but in the woods beyond the brook the snow was still quite deep.  
"I believe we could do it, Topsy, you and I. I believe we could find it, can't you?" she said.  
"Mew! mew!" answered Topsy, as her mistress put her down on the snow. That was Topsy's way of saying yes, so Mattie would have to do it just as she could. So she started down the path to the little bridge across the brook—that is, Mattie started and Topsy followed, as in duty bound.  
Mamma was busy in the kitchen, and did not miss them, nor see the little figure in the bright scarlet dress across the fields and enter the woods. If she only had what a deal of trouble might have been saved.  
"O Topsy Tinkle! as sure's you're alive, here is a path. It's the bear's path, I know!" Mattie cried as they came to a rough road.  
"Mew! mew!" said Topsy, as she lifted first one paw and then the other, and looked up in Mattie's face as if she wanted to go home, but her mistress wouldn't understand, and so on they went.  
The snow grew deeper in the woods, and little puddles of water came in the road as the snow brightened through the leafless trees. Now and then a squirrel ran chattering up a tree, and looked doubtfully at Topsy when he thought he was at a safe distance, or some winter bird twittered from the branches above them.  
Mattie's little shoes were wet through, and she was tired, oh so tired! It did seem as though they would never get to the bears' house.  
"I guess it ain't a good way further, Topsy," she said, bravely, as she trudged along, and Topsy followed, looking faintly as if very tired. Then, however, as they came to a bend in the road, there stood a log shanty.  
"It is—Topsy Tinkle! it is house!" she said, and she stopped at it to listen, almost afraid now, having found it. Topsy, joyfully, as she leaped upon the step to warm her feet in the sun.  
"I guess we'd better go in, Topsy," whispered Mattie. "I'm awful hungry, and maybe they've left their porridge to cool."  
Mattie pushed the door open and stepped in. Topsy followed with a pitiful mew. It wasn't half as warm as it was out in the sunshine.  
"This is a funny place to live in, ain't it, Topsy? And there ain't a crumb to eat," said Mattie, with a little sob, as she looked around.  
"What's the matter with you, girl, not half as nice as 'ome," and she sat down on the old quilt that covered a pile of spruce boughs.  
"Oh, it isn't half as splendid as we thought it would be, is it, Topsy?"  
But Topsy had found a neat-bone, and was too busy to answer her.  
"I'm hungry, too," she went on, with quivering lips, "but I don't want to eat a nasty bone. I wish—why-e-ef! This looks just like the sugar papa brings home—it is! Why-e-ef! I didn't think bears made sugar!" and she pounced on the sugar papa, and ate it.  
"After she had eaten the first small cake of sugar she began to feel very sleepy, and missed her soft nice bed, and she thought she ought to go home. Topsy Tinkle, but I guess we'll have a rest-nap first," and soon she was fast asleep under the old quilt.  
When she woke up it was quite dark, but a light was shining in her eyes, almost blinding her, and in the doorway stood—not the three bears—but papa and Tom and Charlie.  
"O Mr. Big Bear!" screamed Mattie, for she could not see who they were, at first.  
"Who's this in my bed?" said papa, in a great, gruff voice, and then he laughed, and missed her soft nice bed, and Mattie laughed, and Topsy mew, and Charlie ran back to the house to tell mamma that Mattie was found, and Tom carried the lantern, while papa carried Mattie and Topsy both in his arms.  
They had found their tracks in the most snow at the edge of the woods, and followed them straight to the sugar-camp.  
Wasn't it lucky? Mattie thought so, and she didn't want to find the home of the bears any more.—*Fourth's Companion.*

The old saying that truth is stranger than fiction was proven in a shocking accident at Underhill, Vt. Frankie Root, eighteen years old, being captured in some unaccountable way, got his tongue under the next down-coming sled, and quite a large slice was so heavily taken off that he had to be sewed. The only explanation he could give as to how his tongue could get so far away was that he "was laughing."—*Troy Times.*