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A NAME IN THE SAND.

Alone I walked the ocean strand,
A pearly shell was in my hand;
I stooped and wrote upon the sand
My name, the year and day.
As onward from the spot I passed,
One lingering look behind I cast—
A wave came rolling high and fast,
And washed my lines away.

And so, methought, 'twill quickly be
With every mark on earth from me:
A wave of dark oblivion's sea
Will sweep across the place
Where I have trod the sandy shore
Of time and be to me no more;
Of me, my day, the name I bore,
To leave no track or trace.

And yet with Him who counts the sands,
And holds the waters in His hands,
I know a lasting record stands
Inscribed against my name.
Of all this mortal part has wrought
Of all this thinking soul has thought,
And from these fleeting moments caught,
For glory or for shame.

[Philadelphia Catholic Record.]

"UNTO THESE LEAST."

It was a street that people avoided when possible; a street the outlet of reeking courts and tributary alleys; a street whereof the houses were dens of poverty and shame. It was not a street where the honest poor wrought and lived, with bare, but neat and well-tended homes, but one where crime and sloth created holes in which to hide from the light of day and the gaze of fellow-men. Yet troops of little children thronged its way, and in their cunning, or greedy, or vicious gaze, no trace of childhood's precious heritage of innonocence could be found. The bitter fruit of the "tree of the knowledge of good and evil" had already been tasted by each infant lip, and invisible angels wept over the result. The soiled and often bruised faces were no more stained than the tender souls beneath; the children were only wrecks of something once fresh from the Master-touch whose creations are all wonderful.

One child stood apart from the rest, absorbed, unconscious, evidently essaying the mastery of something very unusual to such outcasts, viz., thought. This child was a little girl, unkempt, unwashed, and clad in rags, to specify color or form of which would be impossible. What capability of grace in bent head or drooping figure; what possibility of loveliness in grimy face, God knows! A mother's hand tenderly arraying the one, or bathing and softly stroking the other, might have called out latent charms from both. As it was, there she sat, propped in crouching, ungainly attitude against the blank wall of a house, with filthy face held between gaunt and dirty hands; this, upraised to an object on an opposite fence, an ugly, repulsive, picture from head to foot, save in one detail, and that the casual passer might not easily notice The eyes, which dirt could not stain, which rags could not affect, which ill-usage could not wound, were beautiful! A struggling soul looked out from them, light shone around its presence, and from the curiosity of their fixed gaze, a trace of innocence, or, perhaps, more truly, of unconsciousness, softly dwelt, hiding for the time the bitter fruit of the bitter tree. For the rest, these eyes were of the indescribable gray which some people call black, and some blue, and which can picture a storm-cloud in passion, or glow with lovely light in happiness and hope; the wonderful, or beautiful gray, that no tint of artist's pen can paint, nor no words of poet's verse embody, yet over which artists dream and poets sing continually. Yes, there they shone from beneath the grimy brows of this little street Arab, all their capability of soul bent on a ragged varieties bill, fluttering from the black fence opposite; all their strange beauty of light and shadow expended on the task of learning the letters staring from its yellow ground.

"Hello, Nole!" cried a boy's shrill voice; "forgettin' it all! hey?"

The boy was a dirty boy, a shambling boy, a boy that looked as if he slunk through life with a sense of being continually pursued, a boy with no expression whatever of face or eye, but the low cunning engendered by this method of life.

"Oh, Gabe," she said, and the tone was an abstracted one, and the eyes never desisted from their study, "the last un; the last! that un with the two bars an' the cat-a-cornered line down—I forget it! Tell it—bez—biz—no, zib; what is it?" Then all the light of the eyes were concentrated on his greedy face.

He stood, regarding her with a leer, his hands in his tattered pockets, through which they showed, horny and red, as revolting a picture of petty despotism and covetous desire as could well be imagined.

"Where's the stamps then? Shell out first, Nole! Ye know I'm up to yer games!"

"Ah, Gabe, trust me! I didn't git a chance last night; an' if ye gi' me this one letter, I'll have 'em all!"

"No, sir-ree; no pay, no larning!" and he slunk away.

She sat for a moment like one stunned, and—yes, tears actually rose to the questioning eyes. But she conquered them, and again turned the eager gaze upon the bill.

"Zuma," she repeated to herself, "that's the word, it's the commencement uv zu—;" then she uttered the phonetic sound of *z*. "What kin it be? I'll make it any way."

She drew from the bosom of her ragged dress a roll of brown wrapping-paper, enveloping a piece of charcoal. On this, as she opened it, could be seen the letters of the alphabet from *a* to *y*, pretty accurately made. To the end of the list she proceeded to affix the *z*, copying it from the bill, and forming, as she did so, a suggestive tableau. An artist might have painted the forlorn figure and its filthy surroundings; the curious copy spread out on the little knees; the grotesque pencil, and the small, brown hand guiding it. But the most skilful could not have fixed to his canvas the look of absorbed intelligence darted to the ragged play-bill at every uplifting of the frowsy head, or the delighted and eager one, as it drooped over its task. These were as impossible to paint as they were charming to all true lovers of Nature. To such charm as lay in the whole scene, there had been, from the beginning, a charmed spectator. This was an old gentleman, not clad in the latest style, and evidently oblivious of appearances generally. He had a fresh and ruddy and handsome face, suggestive of country air and plenty of baths, and this was fitly set in silver waves of beard and hair. As he moved forward towards our tableau, he revealed a little lameness in the right foot, which only served to enhance one's interest in his quaint and portly figure, with its blue broadcloth suit of ancient cut, and its buff vest, and snowy linen peeping through. He approached the poor little figure softly, and with a simplicity of awe quite refreshing to look upon, and gave token of his presence by ejaculating in the most cautious of whispers:

"Child!"

But the letter, with "the two bars and the cat-a-cornered line down," was not completed, and the abstracted child never changed attitude or look.

"Extraordinary power of concentrativeness!" he said, in the same cautious whisper, but to himself. "I'll now test her already proved capacity for useful knowledge."

Though almost close to her, he then arranged his two hands as a speaking trumpet, and roared in a voice loud enough to awake one of the Seven Sleepers:

"Say, that's *zed!*"

I do not think the visible advent of an angel could have produced a more wonderful and instantaneous burst of light on the little dirty face than that which leaped to it now. A smile reigned in place of the conquered tears, a luminous glow in place of the shadow.

"Knew I'd bring you!" he cried, rubbing his hands together, and chuckling: "Say 'em all now."

She looked at him doubtfully, heaving a wistful sigh.

"No; I'm not Gabe," he said, seating himself with a little difficulty on the low place beside her; "*I* don't expect pay."

She began and repeated all the letters, pointing to each as she pronounced it, and winding up with the final "zed" triumphantly, he nodding assent to every turn of the recitation.

"Yes," he put in at the end, "often called *zee*, in fact always by these new pedagogues."

"What's that?" she asked.

"Well, for instance," pointing over his shoulder in the direction the boy had gone, "Gabe there. Gabe would make a first-class one, with his motto, 'no pay, no learnin';' and his desire for you to 'forgit,' in order to spin out the pay. Now tell me, have you any more of these?"

She drew out another roll. Upon examination it displayed the most extraordinary vocabulary of words that could well be imagined as having been culled from the fields of English lore. With his previous knowledge gained from witnessing the scene just described, he divined that they had all been copied from playbills. "Scout," "ranger," "bloody," "strangulation," "hell-hound," "prairie-chief," "thunder-bolt," "death's head." These were a few which will serve to illustrate the whole.

"Learn 'em all yourself?" he inquired.

"Yes—least I put 'em down, an' ast Jake—he know'd more'n Gabe. He didn't charge neither!"

"And where's Jake?"

"In jail. Stole."

"Stole what?"

"Money, an' he wanted to get me things, or he wouldn't a done it. I never had nothin' but what Jake got me."

"Why did you want to learn?"

"To git so I needn't steal. Gabe don't need to steal any more."

"Humph! There are more ways of stealing than are dreamed of in your philosophy. What's your name?"

"Nole; mother called me Leonora."

"Why do you want to get so you 'needn't steal?'"

"You're always goin' to be catched, you know, and it's so wearin'. I foun' out there was a way uv gittin' things, an' it *didn't* make any difference if you was catched. I don't know what the way is," with a very weary and helpless look, "but all the young uns what knows it, walks along with clean dresses an' books, an' I guess they git the way out o' the books so I want to larn an' git it too. I don't think I could ever stand bein' catched, you know!"

"What do you suppose is done to you when you're 'catched?'"

A fearful look stole over the dirty face, a look only fit for the face of convicted murderer or detected felon.

"Yer tongue tore out, an' you tied to a wall, an' whipped with iron rods!"

"Who told you that?"

"Moll an' Bill, an' all 'em in there," pointing to a reeking house near; "I live there."

"God help you!"

"Yes! Every one of 'em says that, only *they* say 'damn' instead uv help! What's the difference?"

"Oh! Lord!" This was a groan.

"Oh!—Lord!"

She regarded him with a stare of undisguished astonishment.

"Sick, eh?" she asked.

"Yes, to the heart—child, child!"

He sat like one in a dream for a few minutes, then pointed to the paper.

"Do you know all these words?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Let's examine you."

He pointed to them, up and down and every way. She knew each instantly.

"And you knew these before the letters!" he said.

"Yes, 'twas Gabe told me about *them*, an' how, if I'd larn his way, I needn't be mindin' every word separate, but could make 'em myself. Now I'd like to know his way, but he's got mad because I had no stamps to dar, so I guess he'll not show me any more. Do *you* know Gabe's way?"

He smiled to himself.

"So you went backwards; new style of education; words—whoppers of words at that—first, letters afterwards. And where did you get 'the stamps?'"

She looked at him wistfully, cautiously.

"Ef Bill'd ever find out, I'd be murdered!"

The last dread word was said in a dread tone—dread from any lips, but fearfully so from a child's, with its strange certainty and terrible matter-of-fact interpretation.

"Bill shall not know," said her listener, in a pitying voice, quite as full of tears and quite as tender as any woman's. For the simple and self-evident fact, that the poor little dark soul had braved murder to gain a ray of light went like the stab of a steel blade to his very heart. "Come tell me all."

She put her lips to his ear.

"When he gits drunk I—I—take them out of his pocket. Ef it was Jake, I'd ast for 'm."

He stood up and walked about, evidently revolving in his mind some knotty question. Suddenly he stopped before her.

"Do you know who you are?" he asked. "*Got any parents?*"

She shook her head.

"Got any name but Nole?"

"Jake says I have, but I forgit. It's an awful funny word.

"Do you remember your mother?"

"Yes, fur *she* never kicked me."

"Father did?"

"I guess he did, an' got drunk! But he didn't steal like the rest."

"What did *he do* for a living?"

"*They*," pointing to the house, "said he played. I always thought play was something funny, but I bet ye, he was never funny.

"Both dead?"

"Yes, mother died first. Then father got run over one day he was drunk, an' Jake kep' me here; an' only he was put in jail, I'd belong to him I guess. I don't belong to no one now, an' ef I could git out o' here, they'd never miss me."

"He walked up and down again now.

"This Jake," he remarked, more to himself than to her, "it might be well to see him."

"Oh!" she cried, clasping her hands, and letting her precious papers fall, "*could* you bring me to Jake? Oh! when I stole from Bill, I didn't care much of I was catched so I'd be brought to Jake's jail, even ef I was whipped with an iron rod!"

Now he turned away; now he lost power of speech; now he could not face the sight she formed. She, with the death of hope stamped on her face, stooped to pick up her papers, for she thought he was going. He let her pick them up, stow them furtively away amongst the rags of her dress, sigh a woful sigh from the very depths of her aching heart, turn a last look on him, and began to trace some lagging steps towards the tumble-down tenement. Then he started like one awakened from a dream, gained her side with a couple of rapid strides, took her thin and dirty hand in his.

"I will go with you," he said. "Show me Moll and Bill, and the rest."

She looked a little frightened, but cowering before his determined aspect, she led him obediently onward. Such squalor, such dirt, such defacing of the image of God in the human face, created to reflect a soul; such utter absence of human decency and human comfort, this man, old in the progress of life, had never seen before, as that which met his eyes on entering the house. Men swearing, or fighting, or playing cards as demons might; women and children half naked, and huddled together like animals, all on the filthy floor; none occupied in aught but what was wrong; the little ones imitating perfectly the horrid looks of hate and greed to be seen on the elder faces: the young voices echoing curses and angry words: this is but a faint outline of the scene. He stood a moment looking at it. Then said he: "My good people, is it true that none of you can lay claim to this child?"

"Good people! Ha! ha! ha!" The chorus was almost diabolical in its tone; "ef she's worth anything, we all claim her!"

The child trembled from head to foot. "Bill, that's Bill," she whispered faintly.

"Has she any father or mother, or other relation amongst you?" he asked then, mildly, but in that self-contained and firm tone which always conquers ruffianism.

"Nary one!" shrieked one of the women, "an' a good bargain uv trouble you'll have, old gent, ef you take Nole with ye!"

"Come, child," he said gently.

"Where?" she asked, wistfully.

"Where, thank God! you can learn to forget all this!"

So she went with him, and quite trustingly faced the unknown, because all she knew of kindness or of pity led her towards its hidden shores.

II.

It was on a pretty street, a fairy street, gemmed with well-tended gardens, and shaded with graceful trees, and outlined by broad, handsomely laid sidewalks; a street, where daintily built homes stood smiling on the passer-by; a street, where modest competence brightly adorned its chosen resting places for the happy recipients of these dwellings; it was here that this unknown awaited the little street Arab. Here, darlings of cheerful households played in bright family groups, whereof the same fair cast of countenance was stamped on all, from the manly boy, or sweet half-developed maiden, to the flaxen-haired baby todling in eager emulation of firmer foot-steps; or larger crowds of laughing children softly flitted about the place, intent on merriment that knew no shadow. Here in the morning, fathers bade farewell to rosy little bands striving noisily for the last clasp of hands at the pretty gates, while mothers stood in the back ground on the threshold of the door, with crowing babies essaying their farewell; and here, in the soft shadow of the evening, the happy voyagers on the sea of business returned to be greeted by boisterous welcome of the same tongues and hearts. Here innocence found shelter in mother's care and father's protection; here the taste of the bitter fruit of the accursed tree was averted from baby lips; here home wove its angelic circle of charm from the world's dread spell, and God's image in the children's souls was the fairest *gem of all that circle held undimmed.*

Through this little paradise on earth, the portly old figure limped its way, leading the waif by the hand, with as gentle a touch, and as considerate an air, as if he were leading a child of royalty. And out of upper windows and open doors women's eyes, eyes of mothers and wives, looked on the pair, some in mockery, some in pity, all in wonder. Said Mrs Rose to Mrs. Lily across her garden hedge of feathery green:

"Just look! What can old Mr. Vinton be doing with that terrible looking child?"

And said Mrs. Lily in reply: "Adopting her, I guess! more of his oddities. Ugh!" This was a pretty, dainty feminine shudder.

"More likely taking her to the House of Refuge!" croaked old Miss Garlic, from her upper window. "This neighborhood is no place for such! Keep the children in to-day, my dear, the air is tainted already!" and she closed her window, smiling sardonically, while the two blooming mothers glanced towards the white-curtained ones of their respective nurseries with looks of defiance. Whereat, Mrs. Tulip, seeing from across the street that "something was going on," glided over and joined the group.

"What *can* Mr. Vinton mean, my dears?" she asked, all out of breath, "and how do you think Miss Susanna and Miss Eva will like it?"

"That's not the question," pouted Mrs. Rose, "it's how will *we*, his neighbors, like it, with our crowds of innocent darlings!"

"True, my dear," chimed in Mrs. Lily; "he ought to remember we're almost like one family on this street, and can't be interferred with by his whims!"

"And such a sight I never saw!" cried Mrs. Tulip; "exactly my idea of a little jail-bird!"

Miss Garlic appeared at her door, arrayed in street costume.

"Forming a protective union, ladies?" she sneered, as she proceeded to open her gate and pass out. "What anxious lives mothers do lead!"

And a little farther on her way, she added: "How I hate them, with their 'darlings,' and how I detest the dainty darlings too! I hope Vinton will let the 'jail-bird' loose among the sickening doves!"

Now to the group she left was added simple little Mrs. Mignonette, with her baby on her arm, and said she,

"Oh! did you see that forlorn looking little thing old Mr. Vinton was bringing home with him? My heart ached for her."

"Better ache for yourself and your neighbors," cried one of the indignant trio.

"Yes, with *infection of soul and body* brought amongst us!" piped another.

"And Heaven knows what evil to our innocent children," wound up the third.

"Dear me," timidly answered soft-voiced, little Mrs. Mignonette, her hazel eyes dewy, "I thought we might all offer to do something for the poor little creature, especially as the Vintons are not used to children. And we came over to see if any one would go there with us, didn't us, baby?" This last, to cover her confusion at the indignant looks cast upon her. Baby crowed a joyous reply, and caught its mother by a golden lock straying over her temple, whereby he conveniently screened her from a view of noses sniffing the air for her benefit, and glances of defiance and contempt careering hotly all around her, and falling short of their mark, by the simple obstacle of that blessed chubby hand. But now the group was joined by nearly all the blooming matrons, whose business and whose beautiful pride it was to bloom in the various homes of which they were the queens, and a regular indignation meeting was held, and little Mrs. Mignonette was overpowered, and her sentiments declared dangerous and unworthy of a careful mother, and the presence of the little street Arab defined an outrage, and the best of measures decided on to counteract it, and baby Mignonette had to convey his mother home in a state of bewilderment as to what she had done, and a state of fear of doing anything more, and a state of general confusion and shame-facedness; such is the effect of the tongue feminine on timid little people of her stamp.

Meanwhile, Mr. Vinton, unconscious of the storm he had raised amongst these full-blown flowers of womanhood, proceeded to enter a cottage at the end of this paradisiacal street, which was the least pretentious of all the cottages thereon situated. It was small, and white, and softly draped with vines, and from its latticed windows smiled out flowers, and in its garden beds bloomed the same in rich profusion. But a stillness, as of some fairy spell, was upon the place, and everything looked as if it might have stood for ages just as now, and never once been disturbed. It was not a place, either, about which any sign of wealth revealed itself; all seemed like the work of hands whose pleasant labor supplied what was lacking in money.

"Look," said a lady, seated in a very neat, but rather humbly furnished sitting-room inside, that held a view of the street; "Look Eva, at what your uncle is bringing in!"

The "what" could not have been emphasized more sardonically by Miss Garlic herself. The lady was not young and tall, and a trifle angular, and her face held suppressed defiance of something or some one, and her voice, a certain muffled tone, as if it concealed a constant shriek. She, whom she addressed as Eva, was in the very bloom of womanhood, airily and smilingly beautiful, with velvet, rosy face, and pouting childish smile lighting it, and eyes bright, but not deep, sweet, but not earnest.

"Shame, Aunt Susanna" rippled out her voice, like the echo of a merry laugh just ended in her heart; "I thought from your unfeeling what—it was a boot-jack, or a fly-brush, or maybe something extra nice for dinner. I wish it had been the latter," archly, and with a would-be pathetic little sigh. "Lobster, for instance, or, oh! how vulgar I am, green turtle!"

By this time the door had opened, and Mr. Vinton, holding his charge by the hand, stood before them.

"See, Susanna," he said, gently, and with a simplicity quite refreshing to any earnest student of nature, who might have noted the expressions of disgust and indignation that chased each other, quite regardless of appearances, over "Susanna's" face, "this poor child needs care—will you please see to the feminine part of it, and I'll do the rest?"

"Good *gracious, Stephen,*" she cried, in a tone without the muffler on the shriek palpable to the astonished atmosphere, "what am I to do with such a—a—"

"Don't say it," he mildly interposed, "the little waif has a heart."

"And then, aunt," cried Eva, in her merry way, going over and standing with uplifted, dimpled hands before the child, "let me be Mr. Dick on the present occasion. *I'll* tell you promptly what *to do* with her." She made a sort of trumpet out of the dimpled hands, and directing it towards the immovable Susanna, whispered through it:

"*Wash her!*"

"You are insufferable, Eva!" cried the indignant spinster.

"Lord! but yur purty!" broke out the little street Arab, "the image o' them there dolls in the winders on Market street I've often cried for, stannin' in the rain o' nights when no fine folks was around. Lord, but yur purty!"

Then she stood before her with clasped hands, as the worshipper stands before a shrine. There was a certain grace in the very simplicity of the forlorn and ragged figure's attitude which the old gentlemen and the young girl alike took in. But the suppressed feeling Miss Susanna's face held, now suppressed itself no longer. It broke out in undisguised jealousy, as the bitter words escaped her lips:

"'*Doll!*' you've said truly, beggar! 'Doll!'"

"Yes; dolls is the purtiest things I ever seen!" unconsciously proceeded the child, "but of course that there washes off, an' hers don't. Oh! I'm so tired!" and guiltless of offence, she sank on the floor, and sat in ungainly, cross-legged attitude.

"Funny pet, uncle," said Eva, with charming archness of manner, "but I for one must say she displays remarkably good taste, and of course a great deal can be made out of her. But, you see, I'm so bad to help you about her! I'm afraid it would be like the flowers, or canary, that I took too much care of one time, and starved another, and the whole collection would have died only for you!"

"Blossom!" cried the old man, fondly, "no one expects you to think yet! But you, Susanna; you spend your whole time in societies for the amelioration of all the evils, feminine, under the sun. You're the president of that big convention for the purpose of reforming the present system of education for girls, and I hear on all sides you're an able reformer. Didn't you 'crusade' too, till the bubble burst in a most effective manner? Now here's decidedly raw material to work on; take it up, and immortalize yourself. I'll be at all the expense, if you give the needful exercise of feminine virtues."

"Strange," she answered tartly, "that you can talk so glibly about expense, when you refused last week to get a new carpet for the parlor, though I represented to you, that it was needed on account of the number of ladies who call here, since I became connected with those reform movements."

"Well,"—it must here be owned that confusion became visible on his hitherto open countenance, and discomfiture looked out of his suddenly arrested eye—"Well, there is a fund at *my*, in fact, my disposal, for such a purpose as this, that I—I can't touch for other things."

"Well, sir, apply it elsewhere. Let the education of your queer *protege* be conducted according to the new system, but let her be taken care of somewhere else than here."

Now rose up the little street Arab. Now she came over to him, and put her hand in his. Now she looked up in his face with pathos indescribable, and said in a voice of overwhelming tragedy,

"No! no! keep me!"

"Poor little child," he answered, tenderly, "so help me God, I will!"

"Fur," and the peerless gray eyes fixed themselves on his with a look which he never forgot, "ef I go back they'll kill me, an' I'll never git no more larnin'. An' I can take care on myself; no one need bother about that there! Jest let me stay in yer yard all day, an' on the doorstep at night (I offen slep' on 'doorsteps), an' Lord, that 'll do first rate! You kin come out sometimes, an' tell me them there letters till I learn Gabe's way uv makin' words out uv 'em, an' then I'll go away. That's all."

He was inexpressibly touched; he said nothing for a few minutes, and then he spoke tenderly, but decidedly.

"My child," he said, "from this moment, you shall be here, *as my child;* come, I will bring you to one who will at least show you how to take care of yourself."

As he left the room, he turned to the astonished Susanna.

"Sister," he said, "in your next paper on the reform, it would be well to introduce, by way of illustration of thirst for knowledge in the feminine soul, the true incident of the little street-waif, who would have "stayed in the yard by day, and on the doorstep at night,' that I might 'come out sometimes,' to teach her her letters. A novel, but at least practical system of education, surely."

He vanished, taking his "child" by the hand, with a certain fatherly air not to be mistaken. Eva stood up.

"I must go too," she said, softly, more to herself than her aunt; the lovely, velvet face suffused. And she followed.

He proceeded to that homely apartment, the kitchen.

"Peggy," said he, cheerily, to an ancient maiden engaged in the process of washing potatoes, "here's a poor child that needs some care, that an old man's clumsy hands cannot render. Will you give it to her?"

"I will, sir, glory be to God!" exclaimed the sweetest intonation of that most thrilling of all voices, one rising out of the depths of a heart touched by misfortune of any kind, "or anything else yer honor 'od ask me either! God help us, child!" as the little girl sank on the floor, pale and speechless, "what's come over ye?"

She raised her up, and held her in her arms, entirely devoid of the touch-me-not expression too usual under such circumstances.

"It truth, sir," she said, very gently, "*I* think it's starving the creature is."

"Poor little thing!" he said, with an appalled and withal a comically helpless look, "what is to be done?"

"Oh!" cried Eva, "tell *me* something to do, Peggy. This is awful!"

"God bless ye, honey! sure ye never saw the like beforr! Come here and open the girl's dress, and Mister Vinton, get a drop o' wine."

Eva stooped over and unfastened the ragged dress. What a sight! The worn shoulders were "black and blue;" broad welts lay across them in lurid array, and deep scars attested the tortures the childish frame had endured. Defined on the neck that should have been a soft and white and tender thing, was the mark of what must have been a red-hot iron.

"My God!" cried the old man standing horror-stricken at the sight, "from what have I rescued her!"

Eva turned away, sickened to the very soul.

"Uncle," she sobbed, "let me go and try to get her some clothes. I never knew what misery was till now."

Then the luminous gray eyes opened, smiled, closed again. They put some wine between the little lips.

"Are you hungry, dear?" asked the old man.

"*You* bet," gasped the poor, ignorant, half-dying voice; "starved!"

"I knew it!" ejaculated Peggy, "its innocent as the lamb, sir; ye are not to know it first an' foremost. Will you hold the girl while I feed her?"

He "held her"—held her to his honest, and true, and aching heart, held her as if she were the daintiest "darling" on the paradisiacal street. Then Peggy took sweet white bread of her own careful baking, and fresh fragrant milk, and fed the little starving like a baby.

"It's jolly," said the little street Arab, "prime! never tasted nothin' like it *afore*. Aint had enough, though!"

"God help ye!" said Peggy, "its surfeit yerself ye wud! In an hour I'll give ye'er fill. Let me wash ye now!"

"Wait a miuit," turning to the old man; "what was that there cat-a-cornered one? I forgit it!"

"It's raving she is; the drop went to her head!"

"No, Peggy, I know what *she means*," and a smile of divine pity lit up the old man's face, "That was *zed*, dear. Now, tell *me* something!"

"Annythin'." It was only a word, but held volumes of love and gratitude and trust.

He touched the scar on the poor, thin neck, as he might touch some sacred thing. "What is this, my—my child?"

A horrible look swept over the young face.

"Bill done it," she said, the gray eyes lurid with hate and vengeance. Oh! sweet, gray eyes, which could be angelic! "He cotch me takin' his stamps once, an' he wanted to show me how it 'od feel to be catched in earnest!"

"My God! Where is the vaunted reform of this progressive age?" burst in a torrent from the old man's lips. Just then Eva entered.

"I have been all over the neighborhood, uncle," she said, "and tried to get some clothes for the little thing; there are so many children, you know, I thought the mothers might spare some. But some of them did not see me at all and others were too busy to look up old ones, and all wanted to know weren't we afraid of some contagious disease; and the only kind ones were little Mrs. Mignonette and old Miss Garlic, but Mrs. Mignonette has only a tiny baby, and its clothes would not do. Both of them offered to come and make some, and really, if you can spare the money for me to go and get the material, I think it is the very best we can do."

"Oh! *wondrous* charity, that heads subscription lists, and shines out regnant in reports of reform meetings, where are you now?" asked the simple heart, as it silently drew out a bank note and handed it into the dimpled hand.

Peggy now screamed; Peggy, who had been tenderly and quietly bathing the outcast's face and form.

"God help me, sir! Come here and see.

She was pointing to a tiny mark on the neck, made plain by washing—a pink and dainty and wonderful mark, like the print of a daisy.

"Sure, sir," and she kissed it as we kiss an image of the dead, "many and many's the time, in the days long gone, I kissed it on another neck."

He stood transfixed; he stared on it in amazement; he knelt beside the child, and softly kissed it too.

"It—it might be," he said, like one in a dream. "Leonora she said; Eleonora—but a letter! Child, this Jake—does *he* know your father's name?"

"Yes, an' he's the only one!"

"Where is he?"

"In the city jail fur ninety days."

He turned toward the door.

"Wait," she cried wildly; "are ye goin' to Jake?"

"Yes."

"Tell him," and a poem shone out of the wondrous gray eyes, "I'm—I'm waitin fur him to git out, an' then—I'll, I'll stay with him!"

Oh! lovely gray eyes—love, constant and suffering and genuine, shone softly down in your awakened depths!

[Concluded next week.]

St. John the Baptist.

[Father Newman.]

Whom can we conceive of such majestic and severe sanctity as the Holy Baptist? He had a privilege which reached near upon the prerogative of the Most Blessed Mother of God; for, if she was conceived without sin, at least without sin he was born. She was all-pure, all-holy, and sin had no part in her; but St. John was in the beginning of his existence a partaker of Adam's curse: he lay under God's wrath, deprived of that grace which Adam had received, and which is the life and strength of human nature. Yet as soon as Christ, his Lord and Saviour, came to him, and Mary saluted his own mother, Elizabeth, forthwith the grace of God was given to him, and the original guilt was wiped away from his soul. And therefore it is that we celebrate the nativity of St. John: nothing unholy does the Church celebrate; not St. Peter's, nor St. Paul's, nor St. Augustine's, nor St. Gregory's, nor St. Bernard's, nor St. Aloysius's, nor the nativity of any other Saint, however glorious, because they were all born in sin. She celebrates their conversions, their prerogatives, their martyrdoms, their deaths, their translations, but not their birth, because in no case was it holy. Three nativities alone does she commemorate, our Lord's, His Mother's, and, lastly, St. John's. What a special gift was this, my brethren, separating the Baptist off, and distinguishing him from all prophets and preachers, who ever lived, however holy, except perhaps the prophet Jeremias! And such as was his commencement, was the course of his life. He was carried away by the spirit into the desert, and there he lived on the simplest fair, in the rudest clothing, in the caves of wild beasts, apart from men, for thirty years, leading a life of mortification and meditation, till he was called to preach penance, to proclaim the Christ, and to baptize Him; and then having done his work, and having left no act of sin on record, he was laid aside as an instrument which had lost its use, and languished in prison until he was suddenly cut off by the sword of the executioner. Sanctity is the one idea of him impressed upon us from first to last; a most marvellous Saint, a hermit from his childhood, then a preacher to a fallen people, and then a martyr. Surely such a life fulfils the expectation which the salutation of Mary raised concerning him before his birth.

THE FISH COMMISSION.—The establishment of the United States Fish Commission, under the direction of Livingston Stone, on the McCloud River, in California, for securing the eggs of California salmon for introduction into Eastern waters, and which has just been closed for the season, has been extremely successful in its object, no less than nine millions of eggs having been obtained. The greater part of these have already been shipped to the fish commissioners of the various States, to be by them hatched out and planted in appropriate waters. Due provision has been made for a supply to the waters of every State. Large numbers have been sent to Texas, to be hatched out under the direction of the commissioner.

Danbury News:—Where ten men will cheerfully lay down their lives for a woman only one will carry her a scuttle of coal.

MEDICAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

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The laboratory is under the direction of Dr. Franklin Stewart, who has devoted his attention and skill in its careful preparation during the past twenty-five years, and not a bottle put up but is worth many times its cost to the patient. It is perfectly safe for the most diseased and debilitated, and IN ALL CASES WHERE THE BLOOD IS NOT PURE IT SHOULD BE USED FREELY. Prepared only at

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This medicine proves to be the only successful remedy, in this line, for it has almost always given instantaneous relief, and in most cases permanently cured the disease. During the last sixteen years I have cured thousands of persons in this city and State, and the majority of those using my preparation recovered by the use of but one bottle. Should the patient not recover, or at least find great relief after the use of the first bottle, that person is undoubtedly not suffering from any of the above diseases. It is but one year since I first began advertising this remedy, although I have successfully used the same for over sixteen years with the most satisfactory results, and it has now acquired such a wide-spread reputation that convinces the most skeptical of its curative powers.

Of the many thousands who have been cured, I will only refer to the following well-known citizens of our city, who have all signed the following card:

We, the undersigned residents of the city of New Orleans, have used Mr. W. L. Jurgielewicz's ANTI-RHEUMATIC MIXTURE, and have found that it really possessed the medicinal virtues as stated in the above advertisement, and therefore do most cheerfully recommend the same to the afflicted.

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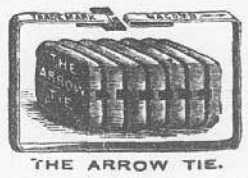

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