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TERMS CASH.

THE FIRST TIME.

I haven't time to be a saint to-day,
Because the world is all so gray,
Nor is a cloud in sunlit sky
Like one I'll be always bright.

I have a time to weep, for oh!
God knows life is a sorry thing,
And I mourn a dear friend or a hope gone
To days will come and go.

I haven't time my neighbor's faults
To pick at and charge,
For oh! I've many of my own
That are a heavy burden.

I haven't time for unkind words—
They leave a sharp sting;
Nor time to entertain bad thoughts
That poison where they cling.

I haven't time to circulate
The stories that I hear,
Nor believe all the venomed tongues
Wag in the air to clear.

I haven't time to censure those
Who've fallen on the way;
Perhaps to-morrow the same mishaps
Will come to me just as they.

I haven't time for these dread things,
But oh! I sometimes fear
We steal a moment now and then,
And lend them voice and ear!

—*Bob, in the Hawk-Eye.*

HELEN MANSFIELD'S FIGHT.

A True Story.

The sun was slowly sinking in the western sky as Steenie Burton came out of his cabin, and glanced down the gulch toward the west—an elevated table land. The hills on both sides were golden in the light, while here and there dark shadows between the high points of rock gave a curiously artificial effect to the landscape.

"Now, I wonder," said Steenie, reflectively, "whether the gal has reached home."

Steenie paused, glanced at his boots, and finding that he had, in a moment of abstraction, put on his spurs, resolved to saddle up and ride over to find out. It did not take many seconds before he was going slowly down the gulch on his mustang. Reaching the *mesa*, he struck to the south in a lope, and was soon lost to sight around the base of the hills.

Helen Mansfield stood at the door of her father's cabin, glancing anxiously northward. The day before she had come home, and that morning her father had started, with his wagon, to make a trip through the mining towns, leaving Helen and her little brother, Tom, who was ten years old, alone on the ranch. Helen's anxiety was twofold. She had heard her father talking with some men who were prophesying an outbreak of the Huallapais, and she was wondering whether Steenie would come that day or not. The two had been engaged for some months, and one of the chief objects of her visit to Los Angeles when her father went on to buy goods for his trade, had been to purchase the necessary things with which to set up housekeeping. She wanted to see Steenie on general principals, and she wanted to show him what she had bought. Of her two subjects of thought, I imagine that Steenie's coming occupied her the more, but as the evening shadows lengthened she gave up expecting a visit from him that day, and turning went into the house. Tom came in soon afterwards and Helen closed up the heavy window and doors, put the boys into bed, and began to think it was time to go to bed.

About eight o'clock she heard cautious footsteps outside. Going to the door and looking through one of the small holes cut through it, she saw, to her horror, an Indian standing about forty feet away. She was a border woman, born and raised on the outskirts of civilization, and she needed no man to tell her what the bright streaks of paint which stood out so plainly in the moonlight across the redskin's face meant.

Hastily calling Tom, she pointed the Indian out to him and told him to take down a rifle and watch the other side of the house. Then taking one of the long clouded barrels herself, she returned to her post and waited.

She did not have to wait long. A rap on the door and a summons to open, delivered in a mixture of broken English and Spanish, told her that the fight must be. Helen maintained a dead silence. Another rap, enforced by a strong kick, followed, and then she heard, with ears that were straining for the slightest sound, some quick, sharp orders given. A silence of a few minutes, and then Helen could see seven or eight Indians bringing up a heavy post to use as a battering-ram. Cautiously she put the muzzle of the rifle through the hole in the door, and waiting until she got four of the savages in line, fired. The fall of three of them, and yells from the whole party, followed by a hasty dispersion, and a search for shelter, showed the effects of the shot. The Indians were genuinely surprised. They had supposed that the cabin was empty and that there was no danger in attempting to force it open.

In a moment after the shot there was not an Indian to be seen, but the flight of some score of arrows and the sound of three or four rifles, showed that they were still there. Helen knew that the cabin would stand all the firing at it that a far larger force could do, but she also knew that Indians have many ways of fighting and that she could scarcely hope to keep them off for any length of time. Instinctively, too, her thoughts turned to Steenie and mingled with the wish that he was there, was the fear that he would come and fall a victim to the redskins.

Tom had become wildly excited by the attack so gallantly repulsed by his sister. For years he had been wanting a chance to "fight Injuns," and he felt it was a shame that they should attempt the side of the cabin on which Helen was, rather than that on which he was posted, for he knew that unlike himself, Helen did not in the least want to take part in a difficulty.

Tom watched through his peep-holes with all his eyes, and in a few minutes was rewarded by seeing a crouching form crawling towards the cabin. The boy leveled his weapon, but shook so with excitement that he could not aim. A whispered: "Steady, Tom!" from his sister seemed to bring him to himself, and as he pulled the trigger the rifle was as firm as a rock. A copper-colored body leaping into the air with a yell showed that Tom's bullet had struck.

Then there was a long silence once more. In about ten minutes Helen saw an arrow, with some mesquit grass wrapped around it and set on fire, fly into the air and fall short of the cabin, where it burned fiercely. Another and another were shot, until one struck the mesquit thatch, and went out. Before such a move as this Helen was powerless. She could not see the Indians who were shooting the arrows, and so could not fire at them. She knew that she had no means of putting the fire out if it once catcheds. Another and another arrow, with its blazing ball of grass, went flying through the air, and at last a triumphant yell from the Indians told the anxious girl that the roof was on fire at last.

Steenie Burton doped slowly along the trail towards the cabin where Helen lived, divided in his own mind whether his errand was not a foolish one. It was Tuesday, and Helen had said that Wednesday, the 15th, would be the earliest date at which she could return. Yet, with the wild idea that she might be there, Steenie had started for a ten-mile ride, with the prospect of ten more, if the cabin was empty.

The rapid change from daylight to dark had taken place, and Steenie was about a mile from the cabin when he heard a rifle shot. It banished any idea of a useless errand from his mind immediately. Rising somewhere within a quarter of a mile of the cabin, he dismounted, tied his horse, and scouted in the direction of the shots. Reaching a ledge about a hundred yards from the back of the house he saw the cabin with the roof on fire, and the Indians gathered outside of rifle shot, waiting for the flames to do their work. Steenie did not hesitate a moment. Climbing down a crevice in the ledge he ran quickly across the little space, being hidden from the savages by the walls. On his way, however, it was only Helen's quick eye that saved him from being shot, for Tom had leveled his rifle, and was just about to pull the trigger, when the girl struck the weapon aside, the bullet flew harmlessly over Steenie's head. To open the heavy wooden slutter and fairly drag Steenie into the house, was, for the excited girl, but a moment's work. When he was inside, she, for a second, lost her coolness, but Steenie's hasty kiss brought her to.

"Steenie, the roof's on fire," broke in Tom.

"I know it."

"O, Steenie, what must we do?" asked Helen.

"What's under the thatch?" said Steenie.

"Only poles," answered Tom, promptly.

"We [illegible] it out of this, then. The reds is [illegible]le, an' I reckon if we make a d[illegible] get to the rocks afore they kin [illegible] Here, Tom, go and fire your rifle [illegible] that side."

Tom did as he w[illegible] but the bullet fell short of the [illegible] group.

"Now, then, [illegible] get me some show match; an' [illegible] you load up an' put your rifle [illegible] that hole." So saying, Steenie hastily fixed two spare rifles in position, lashing them to a table which he dragged up to the side of the cabin on which the Indians were. Taking the [illegible] match from Helen he wound it in the shape of his gray felt hat, unknown till then in India. His passion was chess, and it was determined by the chief of the sect to challenge him at that game. The stake was the Governor's hat on one side and the surrender of the ringleaders of the Thugs on the other. On the plains of Barrackpore a chessboard one hundred yards square was marked out. There were elephants for the castles, and knights in armor and living pawns. The Governor's men were supplied at £25 apiece by his rival. The game lasted all day, for all the pieces were killed as they were taken. Just as the Thug Queen was in danger, having taken the white Queen, the imperturbable Governor adjourned to lunch, where he stayed two hours. His rival was in anguish, for the Queen was his own wife. On the return of the Governor the white King advanced to take her, but the magnanimity of the Englishman stepped in, and he took her prisoner. This generosity so demoralized his opponent that in a few more moves the game was over, the conspirators handed over to the mercies of John Company, and India saved from perishing.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

—According to the report of the Secretary of the Ohio Board of Agriculture, the number of sheep in that State is 4,594,607; number killed by dogs in 1881 was 34,606, valued at $133,763; number injured by dogs, 31,422, valued at $58,748; number of dogs in the State, 191,927. The Secretary aptly remarks that these figures "furnish a problem for our legislators."

The Gould Guards—A Tale of Wall Street.

Blatt is an accident insurance agent, and was trying a few days since to induce sundry brokers to take out accident policies. They laughed him to scorn, and finally one in derision said: "If you'll get Jay Gould to take out an accident policy we'll see him and go him one better."

"I'll do it," said Blatt, and he darted out of the office.

Blatt is a man of business and function; of good address and great executive ability, and also of audaciousness. But it worried him to think how he should get to Jay Gould. He knew how well Gould is fortified. It is necessary to pass the investigative scrutiny of three young men before reaching the ear of Gould in his financial holy of holies. If the first guard deems the business and the man worthy the attention of the second guard, he turns the Gould seeker over to the second guard. If the second guard deems the man and his business worthy he turns him over to the third guard. If the third guard deems the man, one of the clerks he admits him to the presence of the great Wall Street potentate. It's a terribly sifting process, and this road to Gould is strewn with the wrecks of those who have gone to pieces on one or the other of the three, and so come short of the glory of a private interview with Gould.

Blatt determined in his intercourse with the three Gould guards to fence in his business with mystery and importance; to state no details but only generalities, interesting affairs and secrets of great moment to be whispered into no ear save that of Gould.

So he met the inquiry of guard one with the reply: "I am just off the street and am the possessor of a secret which must reach none but the ear of Gould himself."

And with this and a bold front he did actually, to his own amazement, pass the times and found himself in the presence of Gould.

The King of Cash sat idly and alone, with one leg on the table. He greeted Blatt with the remark: "Well, sir, what is your business with me?"

Blatt at that moment would have given a pair of his boots to be out of the Mighty Presence. But he was in for it. The Rubicon was passed. The ships were burned. There was no escape nor looking back.

So he said, with an air of frank self depracation: "Mr Gould, the fact is, I've come to ask you to take out an accident policy."

Gould stared and then laughed. That this man with business of no more importance than this should manage to run the gauntlet of his three guards amased him. And he also admired the talent which could do it.

He said: "But why should I take out an accident policy?"

"Well, Mr. Gould," said Blatt, "the fact is, A, B and C (naming his three deriders who were known to Gould) declared that if I could get an accident policy out of you they'd go ten times the amount better."

"O, they did, did they?" said Gould, whose eyes twinkled with satisfaction of scoring a point on the Derisive Three. "What is the highest amount I can take on a single policy?"

"Ten thousand dollars."

"Make it out, then."

Which Blatt did. But as Gould tendered him the money Blatt remarked: "Mr. Gould, I've one more favor to ask of you. I want your signature to a check for that amount, because if I haven't it they won't believe I've captured you and I want it to shake at those fellows."

"All right," said Gould, and he passed on his signature.

Blatt in two minutes was back before his deriders. "I've got him," he cried, and then, even before the expression of incredulity had time to harden on the faces of the three, he did shake under their noses the check with Gould's signature.

Blatt retired with three big accident policies. The Derisive Three are still wondering how Blatt got past the Gould guards.

Toujours l'audace!—N. Y. Graphic.

Playing Chess with a Thug.

The announcement that a clergyman in the north of England is about to play a game of chess on his lawn with living pieces supplied from the children of his parish, recalls one of the most amusing of the "Contes Excentriques" of Adrien Robert. The Thugs, according to a French writer, who wished to have it all their own way in India, having made five attempts to stab, poison, and blow up the Governor of the East India Company, attributed their want of success to a tall man in the shape of his gray felt hat, unknown till then in India. His passion was chess, and it was determined by the chief of the sect to challenge him at that game. The stake was the Governor's hat on one side and the surrender of the ringleaders of the Thugs on the other. On the plains of Barrackpore a chessboard one hundred yards square was marked out. There were elephants for the castles, and knights in armor and living pawns. The Governor's men were supplied at £25 apiece by his rival. The game lasted all day, for all the pieces were killed as they were taken. Just as the Thug Queen was in danger, having taken the white Queen, the imperturbable Governor adjourned to lunch, where he stayed two hours. His rival was in anguish, for the Queen was his own wife. On the return of the Governor the white King advanced to take her, but the magnanimity of the Englishman stepped in, and he took her prisoner. This generosity so demoralized his opponent that in a few more moves the game was over, the conspirators handed over to the mercies of John Company, and India saved from perishing.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

—It is estimated that ten dollars' worth of false hair improves a woman's looks $500 worth. It is the hair dealer who estimates.

The Parents' Influence.

The schools are in session, in country and town and the natural supposition would be that every parent is earnestly interested in the success of, at least the one particular school of which his children form a part. But how many parents actually possess sufficient interest in their own school to impel them to visit it, we will say once every school term, to see for themselves how their children are advancing in knowledge, what moral influence is surrounding them, or to make sure that they have the simplest requisite health conditions—warm feet, cool heads and a sufficiency of wholesome food. How many of those parents who fail to visit the school on—excusing themselves by saying, "O, I can tell well enough how a school is prospering without going there!"—how many of these take the trouble even to uphold the teacher's influence at their own firesides instead of aiding in its overthrow? "You cannot mean me," says one; "I never meddle with school matters one way or another." "If you never meddle," as you phrase it, the inference is that there is a corresponding lack of interest. All your olive plants are of the thrifty, growing, wide-awake kind, and are accustomed to have manna interest herself in their affairs, then school affairs will not form an exception to the rule. Nor should they! That parent who asserts complacently, "I never listen to tales about school," and therefore thinks she has done all that is required of her, comes very far short of possessing the right kind of interest in school affairs. If children are interested in school work, they will prattle of this work at home as naturally as sparrows chirp or robins sing. Nor should it be repressed. The mother's expressed delight at work well done, her sorrow and regret at failure, will often help the good work along far more than the parent is aware. Not is this less the case in matters of discipline. A gentle, "I am so sorry you should have deserved it," if your child has been punished, is far better for all concerned than a tirade against the teacher, too often prompted by that spirit of egotism that can never see the black birds to be anything but white. Or if it is another that has been punished, the mother's "I hope, my dear, it may never be you," or, "I can but think it a disgrace to be punished at school—it seems to me good boys and girls are not likely to be," or words of similar import, cannot fail to have their influence upon the child's deportment in school.

On the other hand, that parent who responds to her child's enthusiastic prattle by a pettish, "I wish you would drop the school room when you leave it," or who speaks in a critical or sarcastic manner of the teacher or workings of the school—who gives vent before her children to expressions of disapproval or dislike—that parent, whether aware of it or not, is demolishing as fast as possible the teacher's influence and authority, so far as her own special brood is concerned. Often far more trifling expressions on the part of the parent are sufficient to set pupil against teacher all through a term of school. A knowing glance from the father or mother to some other member of the family, a curl of the lip as the child's tale is told; these are quite sufficient to give these "little pitchers" their "cue" and set them on the "rebel" side.

Go into any school-room and point out those pupils that seek continually to evade the teacher's rules—look upon her as a tyrant rather than a helper and friend—and instead of according her that respectful courtesy which is her due, treat her with contempt; and I will point out to you, without great danger of mistake, those firesides where the teacher's authority, if not traduced, at least is not upheld. It is really wonderful how blind parents sometimes are on this point—blind not only to a sense of justice, but to their own and their children's best interests as well. How often the really capable, scrupulous teacher thinks, in her inmost soul: "If I had the *children* only to manage, how easy it would be!"

If complaints come of cruelty and injustice and neglect (as they often will, along with the rest of the school talk), too much weight must not be given them, remembering that a child's reasoning faculties are imperfectly developed, and that impulse, even in older people, is not greatly to be relied upon. But if the parent feels that there is reasonable ground for complaint, censure must not, even then, be spoken before the child. It can do no good; must inevitably do harm. If complaint must be made, let it be privately to the teacher herself, and to none other. But in making up the judgments, let the parent bear in mind how many days there are when nothing goes quite as it ought with her and her little ones at home, when she is nervous and out of sorts, and they are irritable and cross, and ask herself if she never gives a sharp word or angry blow. She has three or four, may-be, while doubtless the teacher of the school has twice or thrice a score, whose various dispositions she has yet but imperfectly learned, however faithful and earnest her efforts may have been. That teacher must indeed be a marvel of wisdom and patience that never errs!—*A School Teacher, in Country Gentleman.*

—A London paper states that the mules purchased for the Egyptian campaign, which have been brought to England, have not turned out very profitable property. Many of them have just been sold at Woolwich, and, though choice specimens of their race, they have realized neither their value nor cost. Indeed, they barely produced an average of £10 a piece—not a third of the amount expended in purchasing and transporting them from South America.

—Said the father of the bank cashier: "My son caught stealing! My boy detected in dishonesty! He, the light of my life, on whose education I have spent so much care! He has disgraced his family! We are all ruined! And that my son should have done this! Why, old as I am, I'll bet I'd have worked it so they'd never have found me out! Too bad! Too bad!" And, overcome by emotion, the aged man wept.—*Boston Post.*

—It is estimated that ten dollars' worth of false hair improves a woman's looks $500 worth. It is the hair dealer who estimates.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Of the 120,000,000 women and girls in India not more than one in every 1,200 has yet been placed under any kind of Christian influences.

—Mr. J. F. Goucher, of Baltimore, has offered to the Methodist Missionary Committee to found fifty schools in India in which the vernacular language shall be taught.

—The *Journal de Rome* says that Bishop Spalding's visit to Rome is connected with a plan for the establishment of a Roman Catholic University at Chicago, on the model of that at Louvain, where he took a theological degree. The London *Tablet* thinks this more than likely.

—In a frontier town in Texas the other Sunday a minister preached from the text, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." The congregation, however, heard very little of the discourse because of the racket made by carpenters at work in new buildings on both sides of the church.

—A munificent English Congregationalist, whose name is withheld, has offered to give $10,000 a year for five years, on condition that others will give $50,000 a year for the same time, for Congregational church extension in London and its neighborhood. As $70,000 was immediately pledged at the meeting where the proposal was announced, it would look as if the thing is substantially settled.

—The father of Dr. B. M. Palmer, of New Orleans, died recently at the age of ninety-four. He entered the ministry when thirty-six, and was fifty-eight years a minister, thirty-four in one church, thirteen in another, two and a-half with a third and eight as a kind of patriarch of the church at large. For more than thirty years he preached every Sabbath morning, rode sixteen miles and preached to slaves, catechised children, and looked after church discipline, then rode back sixteen miles and preached in the evening. His son is now one of the ablest preachers in the South.

—The School Superintendent of Indiana complains of the incompetency of the public school teachers and declares that the reason why so many of them are inexperienced and poorly prepared, are first, that the compensation is too small; second, that the employment is only for one year; third that good teachers are compelled to make too frequent changes; fourth, that the length of the school term, except in cities and towns, is too short to induce teachers to remain in the profession. The Superintendent adds that a good teacher is never paid enough and a poor one is usually paid too much.

—Voltaire, 120 years ago, said that "Before the beginning of the nineteenth century Christianity will have disappeared from the earth. In 1800, the date appointed for the extermination of Christianity, there were 24,000,000 English speaking people, and of these 14,000,000 were Protestants, 5,500,000 Romanists and 4,500,000 professed no religious belief. In 1881 there were 59,000,000 Protestants, 13,500,000 Romanists and 18,500,000 non-religious among the English speaking people.—*Gospel in all Lands.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Some one has said that it is the intention that makes the action good or evil.

—Venus on the sun looked no bigger than a mean man's offering on a church contribution plate.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—Adversity is sometimes hard upon a man; but for one man who can stand prosperity, there are a hundred that will stand adversity.—*Carlyle.*

—"If you would be truly happy, my dear," said one New York lady to another, "you will have neither eyes nor ears when your husband comes home late from the club." "Yes, I know," answered the other, wearily, "but what am I to do with my nose?"

—"Father, I wish to live so as to show my contempt for wealth," remarked a young philosopher, who was just recovering from the effects of a fifty cent cigar. "That's easy enough," said the old man; "become an editor."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

—Some one pinned a card of "Warranted Fresh," to the cloak of a Chicago woman the other day, and she walked the streets for two hours with it. Now her husband wants to give $100 for the name of the miscreant who did the advertising.

—Miniature imitations of kitchen ornaments are worn as jewelry by fashionable ladies. This fashion makes it possible for a lady to hang a couple of rolling pins in her ears, and otherwise load herself down with sadirons, brooms, tongs, shovels and the like, all gold.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—The United States Fish Commission has gone to work to propagate a native American codfish, so that we may be entirely independent of the Newfoundland variety. About one hundred million eggs, it is thought, can be secured daily. It is confidently asserted by the Commission that the new codfish will wear a distinctive American perfume, but of this we have grave doubts. You may break, you may shatter the ball if you will, but the scent of the codfish will cling to it still.—*Burdette.*

—A Person passing a Barnyard was Observed by a Mule to be in Distress. "Tell me," said the Mule, "what is the Cause of your Sorrow, that I may Sympathize with you." "Alas," said the Man, "I am Dead Broke, and I know not how to Mend my Fortunes." "If you will just Step inside of this Yard," remarked the Mule in a Kindly tone, "I will Try to make a Raise for You." The man Did so, and the Fact that his Hat was Found in the Adjoining State the next Day warrants the Belief that the Mule fulfilled his Pledge.—*Denver Tribune.*

—An Episode—

A maiden fainted over the way,
The gutter is muddy, the steps are steep.
O, where is the young man, stylish and gay,
That maiden's company who used to keep?
Hath he sailed o'er the seas and fickle prov'd,
Or had he been shook by his own below d?

Ah! a sadder fate 'twas his to meet—
The gutter is muddy, the steps are steep.
The old man booted him out in the street,
And laid him away in the gutter to sleep;
The maiden mourneth over the way,
And the young man buyeth armicay.

—*The Judge.*

For Young Readers.

POLLY'S YEAR.

JANUARY 1ST.

Come sit in my lap and let me hear,
Polly my dear, Polly my dear,
What do you mean to do this year?

I mean to be good the whole year long,
And never do anything careless or wrong.
I mean to learn all my books right,
And do all my sums if I sit up all night.
I mean to keep all my frocks so clean,
Nurse will never say I'm "not fit to be seen."
I don't mean to break even one of my toys,
And I never, oh! never, will make any noise.
In short, Uncle Ned, as you'll very soon see,
The best little girl in the world I shall be!

DECEMBER 31ST.

Come sit in my lap and let me hear,
Polly my dear, Polly my dear,
What you have done in the course of the year

Oh dear! Uncle Ned, oh dear and oh dear!
I fear it has not been a very good year.
For somehow my sums would come out wrong;
And somehow my frocks wouldn't stay clean long;
And somehow I've often been dreadfully cross;
And somehow I broke my new rocking-horse;
And somehow Nurse says I have made such a noise
I might just as well have been one of the boys.
In short, Uncle Ned, I very much fear
You must wait for my goodness another year.

—*Youth's Companion.*

BESSY'S HAPPIEST NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Little Bessy Barton and her mother had just left their beautiful home on the main street of Clayton Village, one morning a few days before New Year's, and were on their way to buy some toys at Mr. Dayton's large store, when another little girl, poorly clad, with a thin, pale face, stopped them, and said:

"Please, ma'am, mayn't I do some work for you?"

"Work for me!" exclaimed Mrs. Barton. "What can such a little tot as you do? Why, you are smaller than my Bessy, and I don't believe Bessy is old enough yet to be of much use in housework."

"I'm older than I'm big, ma'am. I'm almost eight, an' I can wash dishes, run errands, an' mind the baby."

"Where do you live and why do you want a place?" asked the lady, gently, won by the earnest blue eyes that looked so pleadingly into hers."

"We live down at the Montana factory. You see, father got hurt in the machinery last fall, an' mother can't take care of us all, so I thought I'd hire out. Oh, ma'am, we're so poor! I haven't had any breakfast."

The voice hesitated, and tears came into her blue eyes.

"I'll give you a quarter to buy one," replied Mrs. Barton, opening her purse.

But the little one drew back, saying: "Mother wouldn't want me to beg."

"O mamma! do let her come help nurse run after Eddy, she says she is all tired out every night," said Bessy, eagerly.

Mrs. Barton looked from one to the other, and thought. "Suppose it was my child wanting food?" Then she said, "Come, we'll go back, and you shall have a good warm breakfast, then help amuse the baby. If you do well, I may hire you by the week. What is your name?"

"Susy Davis. O ma'am, I'll do my best, for we are to be turned out of our room by the middle of next week if mother don't have the rent."

"Well, we will see how you behave," replied Mrs. Barton, as they returned to the house. There she told the old nurse Susy's story, and what she wanted her to do, and I said that she intended going right down to Montana to see her parents.

Bessy begged permission to accompany her mother, and in a short time they found the tenement house where, in one room, the family lived. The sick father lay upon a straw mattress on the floor, and beside him sat his wife, sewing on some coarse garment, while a little girl, smaller than Susy, held a pale, sickly baby in her arms, rocking to and fro, trying to hush its cries. There was no fire, although the weather was freezing.

Mrs. Barton told them that she had met Susy, and had heard of their trouble from her, and had now come to see how she could help them.

She listened to the story of the accident, and how gradually all their money was used up; then she gave them enough to buy food and wood for their present need, and said she had engaged Susy to run after her two year-old boy, and she would see what more she could do to help them.

When they left the house Mrs. Barton said to Bessy: "Now, dear, we will go buy your toys."

"But, mamma, I think I'd rather give the money to those poor people. When papa read that verse this morning: 'It is more blessed to give than to receive,' I thought I'd never find it so, yet now I believe it would be a great deal nicer to see how happy it would make them."

"Wait till to-morrow, love, and think it all over, and if you still want to give it to these poor children you shall decide what to get them."

Early the next morning Bessy ran into her mother's room, saying: "Mamma, I've such a nice plan for Mrs. Davis and all, if you will only consent. You know that our old gardener is gone, the cottage at the gate is empty, all but John's room. Why couldn't we bring them there to live? Then Mrs. Davis could take care of John's meals, and Susy could go home every night."

"I declare, that is not a bad plan, Bessy. I'll talk with your papa about it but don't tell Susy till we decide."

The next day Bessy's parents gave their consent, and Mrs. Barton had the rooms put in thorough order. It was not a very difficult thing to do, for the old gardener had not been long gone; and Bessy enjoyed herself much in setting things right.

Early New Year's morning Bessy went with her mother to tell them of the happy change in their prospects. Mrs. Davis wept for joy, and her husband, when told that the plan was all Bessy's, put his hand on her head, saying: "God bless you, my child; you have no doubt saved my life by your kindness, for I feel sure I shall get well and strong there."

Before night they were moved into their new abode, where a good fire was burning, and where over the mantel, in letters of evergreen, were the words "Happy New Year. Welcome home." Bessy and Susy were waiting to receive them, and Bessy instantly drew Mrs. Davis to the cupboard, where was a generous supply of things for them to begin housekeeping with.

"These I bought with my money, instead of toys," said Bessy, triumphantly; "and I never had a happier New Year's Day."

She had proved the truth of the text: "It is more blessed to give than to receive."—*S. S. Times.*

Mabel's Sickness, and the Lesson It Taught.

"How delightful it must be to be sick!" sighed Mabel, as she saw mamma carrying a dainty little tray up stairs.

"Delightful to be sick, Mabel? Do you really think so?" asked her aunt, who still sat at the table where Mabel was finishing her dinner.

"Yes, Aunt Annie. Don't you see how mamma is always cooking nice things for Carrie and coaxing her to eat them? The most elegant things! And papa brings her Malaga grapes and California pears and everything he can think of. Mamma keeps saying, 'Do try to eat a little, darling.' Of course, I want Carrie to have nice things, but mamma never urges me to eat, you know, auntie."

"Too bad, dear!"

"And then—yes, ma'am, a little more pudding, if you please—the neighbors keep sending lemon jelly, and whipped cream and things. I'm tired to death of roast beef and tapioca pudding. Did you see that nice bit of quail and toast mamma just took up? And she picks out the cunningest little painted china dishes—pretty things may help tempt her appetite, she says—and always a little bouquet. Mamma never puts flowers by my plate!" And Mabel tried to draw on a very pathetic look, but what with rosy cheeks and dimples, and a proper amount of attention to the pudding, it was something of a failure.

Aunt Annie said a few words about the blessings of health and a good appetite for wholesome food. Also a mild suggestion that little girls should not think too much of what they eat; to all of which Mabel listened politely; but she ran out to play still trying to fancy how it would sound for mamma to say to her: "Try just a morsel of this, pet," and making up in her mind a long list of the goodies she might mention in case any one ever *should* ask her such a pleasant question as: "Couldn't you think of something you would relish, dear?"

Mabel might have gone on feeling this way for a long time, but for something which happened to her soon after her sister got well. She went one afternoon to visit one of her little friends, and as usual ran round to the side door to enter. Not hearing any reply to her quiet rap, she softly opened the door and went up to the nursery. As she stood at the open door she saw that Hattie was in bed, looking very sick and feverish.

"What is the matter, Hattie?" she said, going up and kissing her. But Hattie's mother sprang up in alarm as she saw the little visitor.

"O, my child!" she cried. "Run! run, dear! Go down and go out—this moment!"

Mabel ran down, very much astonished and a little frightened. The lady followed her to the door and told her Hattie had the scarlet fever; they had only known what it was that day.

Mamma turned pale when she heard of it, and still paler when, a week after, Mabel came home from school one day and said she had a sore throat. It was not bad, though, and she wondered why she felt like keeping quiet instead of playing, and what made her back ache and her limbs feel so tired. But what surprised her most was that she did not seem to care for any waffles at tea.

She was restless all night and awoke out of a disturbed sleep in the morning to hear the clock strike eight.

"Why!" she said, starting up, "I must get right up, or I shall be late at school."

"You need not go to school to-day, dear," said mamma.

She was glad to lie down again, for her head felt queer and dizzy. She was sometimes hot, sometimes cold, and her head got worse and worse. But she could not help smiling a little when at dinner-time mamma said:

"What would you like to eat, little one?" And how strange it seemed that she answered, almost without thinking:

"I couldn't touch a thing, mamma, dear."

The grapes and other things appeared in due season, and Mabel liked it because it was the proper thing in sickness, but when mamma "urged" her to eat a few, the first one made her cry, it hurt her throat so.

Then for ten days or so she knew or cared little for anything. And when they were gone a few teaspoons of beef-tea were all any one asked her to take.

But the coming-time came, and poor little Mabel thought more than once of all Aunt Annie had said about health and good appetite for plain food.

Every day, all sorts of pretty and fanciful delicacies found their way to her room from many who sympathized with the pale little sick girl, and mamma never tired of proposing something new for her to try, but, strange to say, nothing tasted good to this little lassie who had wanted to be sick so she might have plenty of nice things to eat.

The healthy appetite came at last, though Mabel was a long time getting well. She was sent into the country for a week, where she soon began to find out how very good bread and meat and milk and every-day fruits are.

When she returned home there was just enough pink in her cheeks to make one tiny, pale rose-leaf, but it grew so fast that mamma felt sure that a good fairy came every night and painted a deeper shade in, as they rounded out and soon showed the old dimples.

And it is pleasant to be able to say that Mabel never got back to her overfondness for nice eating, for she could not forget the time when the very sight of dainties of all kinds had been disagreeable to her.—*Youth's Companion.*

—The Galveston (Tex.) *News* infers from notices found in Washington newspapers that when a gentleman is elected to the United States Senate his wife becomes much handsomer than she ever was known to be before.