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Poetry.

QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR.

[*Marian, six years old.*]

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A WOMAN'S POEMS."

"Do angels wear white dresses, say?
Always, or only in the summer? Do
Their birthdays have to come like mine, in May?
Do they have scarlet sashes then, or blue?

"When little Jessie died last night,
How could she walk to Heaven—it is so far?
How did she find the way without a light?
There wasn't even any moon or star.

"Will she have red or golden wings?
Then will she have to be a bird, and fly?
Do they take men, like presidents and kings,
In hearses with black plumes clear to the sky?

"How old is God? Has he gray hair?
Can he see yet? Where did he have to stay
Before you know—he had made—anywhere?
Who does he pray to—when he has to pray?

"How many drops are in the sea?
How many stars?—well, then, you ought to know
How many flowers are on an apple-tree?
How does the wind look when it doesn't blow?

"Where does the rainbow end? And why
Did—Captain Kidd—bury the gold there? When
Will this world burn? And will the firemen try
To put the fire out with the engines, then?

"If you should ever die, may we
Have pumpkins growing in the garden, so
My fairy god-mother can come for me,
When there's a prince's ball, and let me go?

"Read Cinderella just once more—
What makes—men's other wives—as mean?" I know
That I was tired, it may be cross, before
I shut the painted book for her to go.

Hours later, from a child's white bed
I heard the timid, last queer question start:
"Mamma, are you—my step-mother?" it said.
The innocent reproof crept to my heart.

Miscellaneous.

A May-day's Scene.

A LIVELY writer in a New York magazine gives the following graphic description of "A Moving Scene:"

"I was thinking the other day, as I observed the preparations of some of my neighbors for moving, how fortunate I was in having a house of my own, where I could dwell year after year, and laugh at the troubles of my acquaintances who were forced to 'pull up stakes' annually. 'Moving day' was nothing to me, I thought, and I grew intensely selfish with the idea that I was so free from annoyance. But in the midst of my cogitations the door bell rang, and the servant came back with, 'Mr. Brown, Missus G——wants to borrow your hammer. She is movin', and her things are all pecked!'

"Of course, I was willing to oblige Mrs. G——, and I made haste to send her my hammer—a new one. Just after tea another messenger came from neighbor L——, across the road. Neighbor L—— was moving, and desired to borrow my ax for an hour or so. The ax I sent forthwith, and then came a request from Mr. C——: 'Would Mr. Brown be kind enough to lend us a scuttle or two of coal? We're moving, and all our coal is barreled up!' This request was somewhat singular, but, considering the circumstances, I said nothing more than to give orders to let Mr. C—— have what he wanted. Yesterday morning a tatered urchin stopped me, as I was passing out of my door on my way down street, with the request: 'Ma wants to know if you will lend her a piece of soap? We're going to move, and everthing is packed up!' Without stopping to ask who 'Ma' was, I gave him the soap, and left. At dinner-time I went home, and was at at once struck with the empty appearance of the dining-room. 'Where are the chairs?' I asked. 'Oh! Jones's folks are moving!' replied my wife. 'The chairs are all at the other house, and they wanted to borrow three or four to sit down to dinner.' Now, there is nothing like being obliging, if you have to stand up to meals yourself, so long as you can accommodate your neighbors; so I said nothing, but stepped into on adjoining room, brought out another chair, and sat down to the table. 'A little sugar, if you please!' as I sipped my coffee. 'There, now!' said Kate, 'I lent Mrs. T——'s girl the last there was in the house. Mrs. T—— is moving, and——' 'That's enough; bring me a glass of water!' 'Our glasses are all out, Mr. Brown,' said Kate; 'Mrs. G—— has got company, and all her things are packed, so I——' 'All-right!' I interrupted, bound to keep my temper, anyhow. 'We will lend Mrs. G—— the house, if she wants it!' At this point Harry burst into the room with, 'Ma, Tom Smith's mother wants to know if you will let Kate come over and help this afternoon? Tom's folks are getting ready to move!'

"'Ma'am, will you please be so kind as to lend me a pint of milk,' said a voice at the window; 'we're moving!' The milk was served out, and we were about turning out attention again to the meal, when the bell rang, and Mr. and Mrs. W——, with seven children, walked in. 'Why, Mrs. Brown, how do you do? We are going to move this afternoon, and we thought we would just run in and see if you couldn't lend us our dinner!'"

Base-Ball Statistics.

No less than sixteen kinds of balls are in use, from the regulation ball to the children's or fancy ball, and prices vary from $18 to 85 cents a dozen. Some half dozen regular manufactories of base balls alone, exist in this city, the largest producing just now seventy five dozen balls per diem. The town of Natick, however, in Massachusetts, is the greatest ball manufactory perhaps in the world, many hundreds of people being employed in producing these articles, and it is not uncommon for houses in this line of business to order thence 6,000 balls at a time. Their manufacture entails no thing of very special interest, the inside being of wound rubber, and the wrapping of woolen yarn, save that the winding of the yarn around the ball is principally done by men. One would suppose from the nicely shaped spheres women make when winding up worsted, they would be most adapted to this kind of work, but it seems to require a certain amount of physical strength which the weaker sex is not endowed with. The cover of horse hide is put on entirely by women. The total number of balls made and sold in New York is immense, one manufacturer alone having supplied 162,000 balls last year. Perhaps the United States will bat to pieces half a million of balls this season. Bats from an important business alone. They run through a dozen different varieties. It sounds somewhat preposterous to think of mills running all the year round, turning out bats. As more bats are used than balls, one can form some idea of the enormous quantity of material consumed. Orders for all base-ball implements are just now at their hight, and the supply is barely up to the demand.—*New York Times.*

SEVENTY THOUSAND letters, filling one hundred and fifty sacks, and weighing nearly eleven hundred pounds, were recently mailed from the city of New York to various foreign lands within the space of two days. This statement will give some idea of the immensity of the postal business in that city. It is also estimated that between one hundred and twenty and one hundred and fifty tons of mail matter are, on the average, handled every day by the eight hundred post-office employes; and that not less than 300,000 letters, and often a much larger number of newspapers, are sorted out by them during each twenty-four hours. From two to five hundred unstamped, misdirected, unaddressed or unsealed letters and packages daily accumulate in the New York Post Office.

THE census of Minnesota shows that, out of a population of 439,832, 126,117 were born in Minnesota, 152,518 in other States and Territories of the United States, and 160,697 in foreign countries. Of those born in Minnesota, it is certain that at least as many are the children of foreigners as of native Americans. Of the outside States, New York furnishes 39,507; Wisconsin, 24,048; Ohio, 12,651; Pennsylvania, 11,966; Illinois, 10,979; Maine, 9,939; Indiana, 7,438; Vermont, 6,815, and Massachusetts, 5,731. Of the foreigners, 41,364 are Germans, 35,940 Norwegians, 21,746 Irish, 20,987 Swedes, 16,698 from the British North American Colonies, and 6,614 English and Welsh.

LOWELL'S mean man was given a box of strawberries, recently, and on returning the empty box wanted five cents for it.

A MOTHER'S STRUGGLE.

[THE following touching narrative of the abduction and final recovery of a child in this city, was written for us by a lady who was acquainted with all the circumstances in the case, and who gives assurance that the facts are just as related, with the the exception of real names of the parties who figured therein, which, for obvious reasons, are not divulged.—*American Odd Fellow.*]

God only knew how that poor mother had suffered. She had given her heart and hand to one of her own station in life, a hard-working mechanic. That she loved her husband above all earthly objects, was plainly evident, for he had been her first and only love. She had long been alone in the world—fatherless, motherless, sisterless, brotherless—and now she turned to him, her husband, with all the worship of a passionate soul and sympathetic nature. She yearned for love returned, such as she had dreamed of, such as she felt for him, and she had reason to believe that she had found it.

The first year of her married life was full of joy, and the second equally so; but there was the addition of anticipation, for she was to become a mother. She hoped soon to gaze upon a bright-eyed boy, and she prayed that he might be the image of his father, and that, growing up, he would possess the virtues of his sire. And with each day her happiness seemed to increase. Never before had her husband appeared so noble in her eyes, and never before had she fully realized how very dear he was to her—how necessary to her life.

One morning, as was his custom, he left her for his daily toil. He had over and over again printed kisses of affection upon her lips, but still she clung to him, until tears started into her eyes, and she exclaimed:

"Oh, George, why is it that I cannot bear this parting? Don't think me foolish, but it seems as if I must cling to you and weep—weep for very joy, for my heart is so full. Am I not too happy? Will such joy last through life?"

Playfully the husband patted her cheeks, kissed her lips once more, and left her for his work. As long as possible she watched his retreating form, and then she turned to household duties, and as she did so, tried to sing and smile; but something choked her utterance, and tears would fill her eyes in spite of all she could do.

Slowly the day dragged on, and the supper hour was approaching. The table had been spread with more than usual care, and a dish provided of which the husband was very fond.

"In ten minutes he will be here," she murmured; but at that very instant she was startled by the violent ringing of the door bell. She knew not why but her heart beat with great rapidity, as she proceeded to answer the summons. She opened the door, and saw half a dozen men standing there. Not one of them spoke, but they advanced into the hallway, and from thence into a little parlor, where they deposited a heavy burden they had brought with them.

The wife had watched all this with cheeks as pale as death, and with bloodless quivering lips; but no sound had she uttered. Then she stepped forward and placed her hand upon the blanket which covered some bulky object. She attempted to raise the covering, but a shivering seized her, and she paused, yet only for a moment. Then she removed the blanket.

She did not shrink or faint, but she appeared even calm under the circumstances; for there was the outstretched form of George Avery, her husband; and he moved not. There could be no mistake, for there were the very garments he had worn in parting from her that morning. But the face was so covered with blood that the features could not be distinguished.

Even yet, without a word, a murmur, or a sigh, she proceeded to procure water, and with her own hands she washed away the gore. Yes, it was her husband's face; but pale, and the eyes expressionless, for he was dead.

"How did this happen?" she asked, turning to one of the men.

"Poor George fell from the building upon which he had been at work, just as he was speaking of his home, and of the ending of another week of toil. He never spoke after he struck the ground."

The poor wife did not sink under the blow. She did not even weep; but there seemed to be an unnatural light in her eyes, and an unaccountable calmness about her. But she would not leave the corpse. Preparations were made for its burial but still she remained by its side, holding the dead hand in her own, and sometimes kissing the cold lips. She talked to it, even as she would have done in life; and so the time passed on until the final parting came. Even beside the grave she did not weep, although it was found necessary to support her, for she could not stand.

And now she returned to her desolate home, alone, although not long to remain so; for her child was born. As she had hoped, it was a boy, and as she gazed upon it, she whispered:

"But for this, I could not have lived—but for this, I should have been placed beside my husband. But I have a sacred duty now to perform. God help me to be faithful to my charge."

Eighteen months passed slowly by, during which time the mother struggled nobly on To her the child was strength. Those little nothings, so interesting in the tiny pledges of affection, were everything to her. The childish prattle was heavenly music to her ears, and its half-uttered words sent thrills of ecstasy through her heart, while its acts were such as mothers love. A hundred things she had taught the infant, and its aptness in imitation to her was something wonderful. Early it had learned to walk, but with the fondest solicitude did the mother ever watch its steps, lest harm should come to her darling treasure.

The first sharp pang of the husband's loss had passed away, and although she deeply mourned him yet, she began to feel that her duty now was to prepare herself and her little one for future life, and both for the reunion which must take place beyond the tomb. And so she lived, her boy making her home once more a happy one.

One day, after her usual toil, the mother sat reading a newspaper article, where the description of a child having been kidnapped was given. For a few moments her mind had been absorbed, and then placing her hand against her brow, she murmured:

"Oh, if such a misfortune should happen to me, what should I do? Mine is a beautiful boy, unless I am blinded by a mother's love, and I must guard him with jealous care. Georgie! Georgie!"

The little one had been seated in the front door, and only a moment before she had heard his innocent laugh. But he did not reply to the call of his mother, and, springing up, she sought him where he had been sitting. He was not there. She was not specially alarmed, for she supposed that he had only wandered a short distance from the door, although he was not in sight, and walking to the next corner, she felt sure she should find him. Still, he was nowhere to be seen, and the mother's heart began to beat wildly, the blood to course like lightning through her veins, and then for a moment she felt a faintness creeping over her.

It was a moment of trial—the moment when it was necessary for the mother once more to lay aside her weakness and put on her strength. But that mother's strength had been sorely tested. Eighteen months before, when she placed her husband in his grave, she had struggled for the mastery of herself, and she had gained it; but in doing so, the vein in which the life-blood flows had been ruptured, and very little would open the only partially-healed wound, and death would follow bleeding. She was a woman, only sustained in an erect position as she traveled on through life's journey; but take that prop away, and her fall was certain.

Up and down the streets she ran, calling upon the name of her child. Her manner was wild in the extreme, and the deadly pallor of her face gave her an uncarthly appearance, and those who saw her had no doubt but they were gazing upon a lunatic. But still, no little Georgie could she find; oh, was he lost to her forever?

Her manner attracted the attention of an officer, and, of course, the first thing he thought of was arrest, believing, as did all others, that the poor woman was thoroughly insane, and might do harm to herself, and perhaps to others. But in a few broken words she explained the cause of her unusual excitement.

To give the mother consolation was impossible; and yet the assurance that the authorities would institute an instant and thorough search brought some relief; but it did not lessen the efforts of the mother. The East River was but a short distance from her home, and to the water's side she went. She gazed into the dark tide, wondering if it had swallowed up her boy. If she had only known such to be the case, how soon would she have joined him in his watery grave, in spite of the edict heaven has issued against self-destruction.

But hope had not entirely forsaken her, and still she continued her search. The moon came up, and the stars shone out brightly. She wondered if they could not see her boy, and why they did not speak and point out to her the hiding place of him who was so dear to her. In olden times an Eastern star had arisen, and settled over the spot where lay the infant Saviour, guiding the Wise Men to his presence; why could not this be the same in her case? But no. The moon rolled silently on, mounting higher and higher into the deep blue of night, and the stars appeared to dance in joyous sportiveness, regardless of a mother's anguish. Oh, how she longed for the eyes of a divinity, that she might sweep the world at a single glance, and find her treasure.

But the night wore on, and from very exhaustion she was compelled to seek her desolate home. But she could not rest. Up and down her humble apartment she walked, ever and anon calling upon her boy; but no response came, save from the night wind, which seemed to moan in sympathy for the mother. Now she would snatch up a toy or little dress, and pressing it to her throbbing breast and fevered lips, would burst into tears; and they were blessed drops, for they relieved the heart, and kept it from breaking yet.

Morning came, and an officer stood at her door. She hastened to admit him, and upon his face she sought to find the word hope written. But it was not there. Indeed, he appeared to be an ill-omened messenger, who brought bad news, but struggled between the breaking of the tidings and the secret which he held.

"I am calm—very calm," said the mother, in a voice scarce audible. "I am prepared for the worst—tell me all."

"I fear there is no hope."

"No hope! No hope!" and she repeated the words slowly. "Yes, there is hope—in heaven. Tell me, is my child dead?"

"Do you know this dress?" and the officer produced a tiny garment. She clutched it, and replied:

"Yes. It is the one worn by Georgie when he disappeared."

"Then all is over."

"Over! Then tell me how! Where is the body? Where did you find this dress?"

"It was found down by the river."

"And the body—where is that?"

"Only the dress was found."

"But he wore it. How came it stripped from his person?"

"Madam, it is evident your boy wandered from his home to the river's side, and that he fell into the water. You see the dress is badly torn. In falling it was caught upon an iron spike, and his weight stripped it from his person; for we found it hanging there."

"And you could not find the body?"

"No. At the time the accident must have occurred, the tide was running out strongly, and the corpse may have floated miles down the bay."

"Oh, find him for me—find Georgie for me!" and the poor woman could say no more, for she fell fainting into the arms of the officer, who gently placed her upon a couch, and then summoned assistance.

For hours after wards she raved, but there were intervals of sanity. During one of these, a poor woman rushed into the apartment, and exclaimed:

"Oh, Mrs. Avery, I've found your Georgie. He is alive and well—no harm has come to him, the dear little lamb."

"Found my Georgie! And he is alive! Then where is he? Why do you not bring him to me at once.

"I've found him Mrs. Avery, and he is all right; but I can't get him just yet."

"Not get him yet! Oh, do not deceive me, but tell me all. Tell me where he is that I may go to him, if you will not bring him to me!"

"I'll tell you all about it, Mrs. Avery. As I was coming up Broadway, I saw a rich-looking gentleman and lady coming out of one of the big stores, with a little boy in their company. The child was dressed ever so handsome, and I wished I had such nice things for my own little ones. Then the man and woman got into a carriage, and the little fellow with them. Just as it was rolling off, I looked again, and that child was your Georgie, just as sure as I live. Somebody has stolen your darling, and he is alive this blessed minute."

"Then why was that dress found down by the water?"

"Oh, it's plain enough to me. Them rich folks wanted your child because he was so handsome, and they stole him. Of course, they wanted you to think the boy was dead, and so they put his dress where they thought it would be found. Thinking him drowned, you would give up all search for him, and they would keep him safe."

The physician who happened to be present, took the woman aside and closely questioned her. She admitted the possibility that she might be mistaken, for she had only caught a glimpse of the child's face; but still she felt sure that she was not.

The physician shook his head and said: "It appears very doubtful to me, but we will let Mrs. Avery think that her child still lives. It is the only thing that can save her, for, in thinking so, she will cling to hope, without which she would last but a short time."

And the mother did cling to hope. But the blow had been so severe that her recovery could not be speedy. In a week's time, however, she had so far recovered as to be able to leave her house, and she had formed her plans. She did not for a moment doubt the story of the woman, and she hoped, while she had resolved to watch and wait and pray.

Day after day she passed in wandering up and down the fashionable streets, peering eagerly into every carriage, examining the faces of all the children of her boy's age, she saw at play, and gazing into almost every dwelling window. Several times she had been considerably startled, half-smothered cries had escaped her, and she had run with all her speed to overtake some vehicle where she had caught the glimpse of an infant form. More than once she had attracted the attention of the police by her, to them, strange manner, and some there were who thought her insane; but, as she appeared quite harmless, she was not arrested.

And so the days wore on, and for six weeks she had kept up this fruitless search. She found that her savings had become exhausted, and it now became necessary for her to resume her toil. She did so with a heart heavy as lead.

One morning her attention was attracted by an advertisement in a newspaper. A woman was wanted in a wealthy private family to make clothing for a child. Her heart beat rapidly as she read it, she knew not why, unless it was from the fact that the very mention of children caused her brain to whirl and her eyes to grow dim with tears. But at once she started for the designated point. She was admitted by a servant into the presence of the mistress, who examined the applicant closely for a few moments, and then said:

"My good woman, I question the propriety of engaging you, for there is something wild in your manner, and if I am not greatly mistaken, I have often seen you wandering in this vicinity, with an appearance which indicated lunacy. Are you not in the habit of drinking?"

"No, madam, nor do I think I am insane. It is true there is a heavy burden upon my heart, and if you are a mother, you can sympathize with me."

"What is the cause of your suffering?"

"My child—my only and darling little boy—has been stolen from me. You may have noticed me in this neighborhood, but I was searching for him."

"A deadly pallor had overspread the rich woman's face, and she hissed through her teeth:

"Go—I can not engage you—go. If you are poor, here is something to relieve you, but quit my house at once;" and the lady tossed Mrs. Avery a bank-note, which would have paid for whole weeks of toil, had she been engaged.

At that instant a child ran into the apartment, laughing innocently and exclaimed:

"Mamma! mamma!"

A piercing shriek burst from the lips of Mrs. Avery; and springing up, she caught the little one in her arms exclaiming:

"My God, it is Georgie, my own lost boy!"

The little fellow was evidently frightened at the wild manner of the woman, and beginning to cry, he stretched out his hands towards the rich lady, and said:

"Come, mamma—up—up!"

By this time the lady had recovered her calmness, and attempting to take the little one, she said:

"Woman, I know that you are insane now. Give me up that child. It is not yours—don't you see, he is afraid of you."

"It is my child, and no earthly power shall part us!"

"Give him up, I say, or I will call the police, and give you in charge as a dangerous lunatic. Give him up, I say!"

"Never. Call the police, and I, too, will call them." With the boy in her arms, she made a dash for the front door, which she opened, and was about to descend the granite steps, when she met an officer face to face. The rich lady saw him too, and exclaimed:

"Arrest that woman. She is a maniac, and would steal my child."

The commands of the rich generally outweigh those of the poor, under such circumstances; and at this time appearances were greatly against Mrs. Avery. She was herself poorly clad, and the child was dressed in the richest garments. She was not at her own home, but at that of the woman who claimed the boy as her own. So the officer attempted to take the child, while he said to the poor woman:

"You get away from here, and if I ever catch you in this neighborhood again, I will lock you up. I have seen you around here before."

"But I will not give up this child, for it is mine," she shrieked, "and that woman stole it from me. It is mine, and I can prove it."

By this time, as might have been expected, a crowd had gathered around, and as they gleaned something of the affair, they demanded that each party should be taken before a justice, where the merits of the case should be decided. To this arrangement the officer consented, and in a short time after, the rival mothers were at the police court, the rich woman backed by her husband and their friends, while Mrs. Avery was all alone, unless her God was with her.

The justice listened to the story of Mrs. Avery, and it was given as it has been recorded here, but with almost too much wildness of manner to produce altogether a favorable effect. Meantime the child had been kept from both claimants.

"Now, we will listen to you, Mrs. Bradley," said the justice, addressing the rich lady.

Calmly she told her story. Her husband and herself had been absent in Europe for the past three years, and had returned but a few weeks before. During this absence, her child, little William was born. She was the daughter of one of the most respectable and wealthy gentlemen in New York, was herself wealthy, and the idea that she should steal the brat of any poor woman was simply preposterous. The person who had presented such claims was evidently insane, and was a dangerous character to be permitted to have her liberty. She should be shut up in some insane asylum.

Other witnesses were examined who declared that they had frequently observed Mrs. Avery, that her actions had always been very singular, and that they had looked upon her as a lunatic.

"How long is it since your child was taken from you, Mrs. Avery?" asked the justice.

"A little over six weeks sir."

"At his age he would scarcely have forgotten you yet. Now let both these claimants go to him, extend their hands, and ask him to come. We will see to which he will cling."

Both women advanced, and extending her hands, Mrs. Avery said:

"Georgie, come to mamma."

The little fellow gazed upon her with something of wonder in his expression, and half extended his hands. But Mrs. Bradley exclaimed:

"Willie, dear, come to mamma."

The child turned to her, stretched out his little hands, was received, and then he laid his head upon her bosom, repeating the word:

"Mamma! mamma!"

"It is enough," said the justice. "The child belongs to Mrs. Bradley, and Mrs. Avery is evidently insane. Remove her, for upon that question we must have a further hearing."

"Stay," cried the poor woman, "and I will give you further proof that you are mistaken. Permit me to take the child in my arms for a few moments, and I will convince you. During his six weeks' absence from me, he has almost forgotten his mother, but he will soon remember her. I pray you let me take the boy only for a few moments."

"Give her the child."

She took the boy in her arms, and seated herself. She caressed him tenderly, spoke a few simple words, such as children are accustomed to, and then said:

"Georgie, sleep-by, and sing."

The little fellow dropped his head upon the woman's bosom, and commenced a murmuring sound, adding plainly the word, "by-by-by."

"Say, 'stop that,'" repeated the mother.

"Stop a-that," answered the child.

"Say, 'Ella.'"

"Ella," came in distinct articulation.

"What do you hear?" asked the mother.

"Hark! hark!" repeated the child.

With tears standing in her eyes, Mrs. Avery sprang up, placed the boy in a seat, caught a bit of paper from the table, and wrote a few words upon it. This she handed to the justice, who read it, and nodded assent.

Then the mother, turning to her boy, said:

"Georgie, mamma is going to pray."

Instantly the boy closed his eyes, and folded his hands across his breast. And the mother repeated, in slow and earnest words:

"Oh, thou Father of the orphan, and the widow's God, protect this mother and her child."

There was quite a pause before the little fellow opened his eyes and unfolded his hands. Then he extended them to his mother, and clung to her with all his strength, refusing to be removed from her. Those words had brought back recollection, and all was with him as if he had never been separated from that parent.

The justice held up the paper, and his utterance was choked as he said:

"Mrs. Avery wrote upon this slip just what the boy would do when she spoke of prayer. He has done it. The child belongs to her."

There were few dry eyes in that court-room, and while the true mother smiled again with joy, the kidnappers were thoroughly crushed. They slunk from the place, and to avoid a further investigation, they left the city, and all trace of them was lost.

But the whole facts of the case afterward transpired. Mrs. Bradley had married against her father's wishes, and that father had sworn a solemn oath that he would disinherit her. After a time he relented, but would not break his oath. And to "whip the devil around the stump," he had made provisions that the first child should have a very large annual income, and at his own death that child was to receive a splendid fortune. But eleven years had passed since the marriage, and still the woman was without an heir. The husband and wife visited Europe, and were gone three years. During this absence they had sent word home that the old gentleman was a grand-father. This was not the case, but one of poverty's children of the suitable age, had been adopted by them, and was to be palmed off as their own. This was necessary, for poverty was staring them in the face, and only the will of her father would enable them still to live in affluence.

On the passage over from England, the child died. It became necessary for them to find another, and on the very day of their arrival, they had stolen that of Mrs. Avery.

This is a strange world, and events stronger than anything in fiction are occurring every day all around us.

Endorsing.

"I am poor," wrote Horace Greeley to a Western friend last month, "but it is *my own fault*, because I endorse other folks' notes. One was brought to me to-day, for $5,000, which I must find a way to pay within a few days. I have fooled away at least one hundred and fifty thousand dollars trying to help others, and it has done no good. Now I guess my foot is down, I will not endorse another note. So you see the stables all get locked after the horses are stolen." Mr. Greeley's experiences as thus related are certainly anything but agreeable; but they are no worse than other generously disposed men are constantly incurring. Who is there who cannot call off on his fingers' ends friend after friend, financially crippled, at one time or another, by endorsing other folks' paper? Mankind has been, unjustly perhaps, divided into two classes, those who make money and those who are trying to get it away from them. We would by no means classify endorser seekers among the latter. And yet it is too true that many of them trade upon friendship, and take advantage of the very confidence reposed in them to impose upon friends. The instances are not uncommon of individuals persuading acquaintances to become their backers, at a time when they are perfectly well aware that their affairs are in such a precarious condition, as to hazard the fortunes of both. The person who does this is nothing, if not dishonest. He is, if anything, worse than the professional pilferer, for he makes way with his neighbor's purse under the guise of friendship. We allude to the individual who deliberately involves an acquaintance with the hope of saving himself.

It is hard to resist the importunities of a friend, one in whose honor and integrity we place implicit confidence, but it is a still harder task to regain savings which may be lost by yielding. It is an easy matter to write one's name across the back of another's note, but just such strokes of the pen have consigned thousands from competence to poverty, compelling them to again begin at the foot of life's ladder after struggling through long years to the top. Nine times we may safely endorse, but on the tenth occasion be caught and brought under the sheriff's hammer.

It is therefore a good plan for persons beginning the world, to resolve to rarely place themselves in other people's power as endorsers. But some one may argue, life is nothing without friends, and they are made and retained only by conferring those favors, good turns, and kind offices which constitute the groundwork of social relations. To this we would reply, that no friendship is worth having which will not stand the test of a refusal to blindly endorse. Ten to one the friend who cuts loose from you, on such grounds, is a good riddance. You are to be congratulated that you have separated from him, before he separated you from your pocket-book.

Dean Swift's maxim, that "we must carry money in the head, not in the hears," applies to just such occasions as these, when one is asked to risk his own pecuniary welfare for that of a friend. Not that we would have individuals become old Scrooges and steel their hearts against all appeals for aid, but a man has his own family first to think of and provide for. It is a duty which he owes to them, to leave them, if possible, with a competence, should he be called suddenly away by death. Henry Ward Beecher declared, in a recent discourse, that it was the duty of every one to strive to accumulate wealth. "Independence," said Francis Horner's father to his son on starting out in the world, "is a grand object to every man of spirit." We should aim to possess riches for the good we can achieve with them; and for the same reason we should hold on to them when acquired, instead of "fooling" them away on other people's notes, as Mr. Greeley sadly confesses that he has done.—*Hearth and Home.*

That Little Lamb Again.

A BEAUTIFUL young damsel, who delighted in the rare and euphoneous appellation of Mary, possessed a diminutive creature of the *genus lam kinus*, whose capillary appendage was as white as particles of congealed moisture commonly called snow. Everywhere that Mary peregrinated, the little quadruped was inclined to accompany her. He followed her to the Literary Institution one day, a proceeding diametrically opposed to the rules thereof, for it incited the members of the youthful generation to loud cachinations and frolicsome infantile gambols, to see one of the *genus lam kinus* where only the *genus homo* were accustomed to congregate. Then the pedagogue unanimously excluded and excommunicated him, but still he lingered in the vicinity of those hallowed precincts, in patient waiting until his visual organs were gladdened by the appearance of the aforesaid Mary. Then without delay he propelled himself rapidly toward her, and trustingly laid his phrenological developments upon the prolongation of her shoulder, as if to say: "I am no longer faint-hearted. Who's afraid? You will avert all threatening peril.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

A MAIDEN SPEECH—Ask papa.

CUPID-ITY—Marrying for money.

WILL-FUL MEN—Judges of Probate.

A TIME TO RUN—When you are in a hurry.

A JOINT AFFAIR WITH BUT A SINGLE PARTY TO IT—Rheumatism.

THE Washington Life avoids the faults of both mutual and stock companies.

IT is only ugly men whom women tell they can't bear handsome ones.

A BOY who undertook to ride a horse-radish is now practicing on a saddle of mutton.

THE Directors of the Mutual Life, of Chicago, are among the best men in the Northwest.

A BILL giving married women their separate earnings has been passed by the Pennsylvania Legislature.

THE greatest "pain annihilator" is said to be a boy who has smashed 1,000 windows this year.

A HORSE that trots a mile to sulky in 2:15 is exciting San Francisco. The animal was rescued from a butcher's cart. Ex-Governor Stanford has paid $3,900 for him.

A STUDENT at Yale startled the class at recitation the other day. "What stars never set?" asked the professor, and "Roo-stars!" was his prompt reply, *sub voce.*

"SHOT through the heart" is a common expression, yet out of 87,822 cases of gunshot wounds reported during the late war, it is said that in only four cases the bullet wounded the heart.

A CALIFORNIAN has offered premiums to the amount of twenty dollars, to be divided to the five girls, under fifteen years of age, who can cut and make the five best calico dresses to be exhibited at the next State Fair.

A VENERABLE joke in a new dress:

"What return," a justice cries,
"Upon that writ for Smith's arrest?"
The ready clerk at once replies,
"'Tis written on the writ, *non est*."
"*Non est*, indeed! Imagine if you can,
Joe Smith's surprise when called an 'onest man!"

A NEW YORK man having become the victim of an execution for one hundred and fifty dollars eleven years ago, had to give bail not to go beyond the limits, and ever since has managed to content himself in the city.

Two honest and obstinate Lewis County, N. Y., farmers have a lawsuit about a patch of land, worth perhaps ten dollars, which has lately been tried for the fifth time. The fees and costs incurred thus far amount to several thousand dollars.

C. A. TRENCH, at Light street, Columbia County, Pa., has built an office entirely of paper. The paper was manufactured in his mill expressly for the house and is a heavy manilla. The roof and siding, inside and outside, is paper, and the only wood in the structure is the floor, doors and windows. The house is an experiment.

THE New York *Mail* tells the following suggestive story, for the edification of young ladies addicted to the free distribution of their pictures: "A short time ago, a very strict young lady in society gave her photograph to a devoted admirer for his locket. Two days afterward her brother found it on the floor of a billiard saloon, decorated with a pair of mustaches and an immense cigar, artistically done with a pin."

IN Vermont the ratio of annual divorces foots up for seven years a total of 730 divorces to 15,710 marriages, or a ratio of 1 to 21. In Massachusetts, for a period of four years, there was a total of 1,022 divorces to 45,372 marriages, a ratio of 1 to 44. In Ohio, in 1866, the divorces were 1,169; marriages 30,479, or a ratio of 1 to 27. In Connecticut, in a period of eight years, the divorces foot up 2,910; marriages 33,227, a ratio of 1 to 11.

A WESTERN lady writes to a noted editor on behalf of her husband: "Won't you," she says, "see if you can get him a situation as cashier in a bank in New York, or something of that sort? He is very quick at figures. If you can't get him that place, will you please get him one as conductor? I know you can do it. And if you can't get him a situation there, won't you lend him $3,000, so he can start a hat store here? He will pay you, and I will see that he does."

HOW TO MEND STOCKINGS.—We were amused the other day at a lady friend's account of the manner in which her servant girl mended her stockings. When a hole appeared in the toe, Bridget tied a string around the stocking below the aperture and cut off the projecting portion. This operation was repeated as often as necessary, each time pulling the stocking down a little, until at last it was nearly all cut away, when Bridget sewed on new legs, and thus kept her stockings always in repair!—*Portland Transcript.*

AN eminent journalist in Kalamazoo, Mich., declared in his paper that a rival editor had seven toes. The rival editor thereupon came out in a double-leaded article, in which he denounced the statement as untruthful, and declared that the "author of it was a liar and a scoundrel." The eminent journalist replied that he didn't for a moment wish to have it understood that he meant that all seven of those toes were on one foot. And now the rival editor tries to avoid the public scorn by asking his readers seriously, "Are these subjects which ought to be discussed in organs whose duty it is to mold public opinion?"

THE Corydon (Iowa) *Monitor* says: "Two days since, a pair of turtle-doves lit on a door-yard fence in Corydon. One was seen to take wing toward the house, and was probably blown against it by the strong wind, for in a moment it lay dead on the ground at the corner of the house. The other one flew to the spot, walked around its mate, whose sudden stillness it did not understand, called it, and tried, with many manifestations of affection, to gain its attention. For an hour it persevered, and moved to tears the household that witnessed the circumstance. Another dove came and lit not far away, and the two flew away together."

THE Last Man Brotherhood, of Philadelphia, consists of thirty-three members, all printers save one, and was organized on the 10th of February, 1856. The members pay ten cents yearly towards a fund to enable the last living man to enjoy his lonely supper. The association holds its anniversary on the third Saturday of February. The last survivor will receive the photographs of the entire group superbly framed, a bottle of wine, and the fund raised for his especial benefit. Since the organization, out of the sixteen youngest members ten have died, while but two have departed from the seventeen oldest, thus somewhat reversing the old adage, "The old must die, the young may die."

AN old lady read an item in one of the papers, the other day, describing how a grindstone burst in a saw-factory, and killed four men. She just happened to remember that there was a small grindstone down in her cellar, leaning up against the wall. So she went out and got an accident insurance policy, and then, summoning the hired girl, and holding the pie-board in front of her, so that if the thing exploded, her face would not be injured, she had the stone taken out in the alley, where twenty-four buckets of water were thrown on it, and a stick was stuck in the hole, bearing a placard, marked "Dangerous." She says it's a mercy the whole house was not blown to pieces by the tiling before this.

Youths' Department.

MATTIE'S WANTS AND WISHES.

I WANTS a piece of cal'co
To make my doll a dess;
I doesn't want a big piece,
A yard'll do I guess.

I wish you'd fred my needle,
And find my thimble too—
I has such heaps a sowin'
I don't know what to do.

My Hepsey tored her apron
A tum'lin' down the stair,
And Cesar's lost his pantnoons
And needs snozzer pair.

I wants my Maud a bonnet,
She hasn't none at all,
And Fred must have a jacket,
His oxzer one's too small.

I wants to go to grandma's,
You promised me I might,
I know she'd like to see me,
I wants to go to-night.

She lets me wash the dishes,
And see in grandpa's watch—
I wish I'd free four pennies
To buy some butter-scotch.

I wants some newer mittens—
I wish you'd knit me some,
'Cause most my finger freezes,
They *looks* so in the fum.

I wore'd 'em out last summer,
A pullin' George's sled;
I wish you wouldn't lanch so—
It harts me in my head.

I wish I had a cookie,
I is hungry's I can be,
If you hasn't pretty large ones
You'd better bring me free.

I wish I had a p'ano—
Won't you buy me one to keep?
O dear! I feels so tired,
I wants to go to sleep.

—*Youth's Companion.*

FIVE LITTLE STITCHES.

FIVE little stitches! And they were taken more than twenty-five years ago. And why should *they* be remembered more than thousands of other stitches taken by the same fingers? I will tell you.

Little Rose went to the "infant school" then. It was a very happy place for the little folks. They had no hard lessons in arithmetic or geography. The nearest approach to lessons was saying over the "multiplication table" in a sort of rhyming concert—"Twice one are two, twice two are four;" while the teacher slid along the little wooden balls on the wire frame, to suit the words. No, but when the marching and singing was over, there were plenty of busy fingers learning to sew.

Rose was making blocks of patchwork—"ninepatch," her mother called it. You all know what that is. Rose's mother cut the small squares and basted them neatly for Rose to sew "over and over," one block a day. And it was Rose's special delight to show her mother the neatly finished block each night, and be able to say, "I did it all myself." One warm June day Rose found her needle rather dull, and the new pink chintz so hard to sew; her fingers trembled, when she came to where the four corners met, and she tried in vain, with her little thimbleless finger, to push the needle through so many thicknesses of cloth. She looked at the little girl who sat next her on the long bench—an older girl than Rose by two years, and rich in the possession of a "real silver" thimble. Rose passed the block to Pogue (a curious name, but her very own, and it rhymed with her sur-name, too) and motioned to the little hard corner, touching her thimble and nodding and winking significantly. Pogue understood, and taking the ninepatch sewed very neatly over the hard place—Rose watching carefully lest she should do too much. One, two, three, four, five stitches, and oh, so neatly done! Rose bowed and smiled her thanks, and put in a stitch or two as neatly as possible next to the "five," when she stopped in dismay at a thought that popped into her conscientious little head. "I can't tell mother I did it all myself." It would have taken away half her pleasure not to be able to say this. And yet it was so very little—only just five stitches! "I needn't mind that," came the temptation; "I can say I did it myself, for that's almost nothing." "But it *is* help," another voice said, "and you'd better say 'I did it *nearly* all.'" But Rose couldn't make up her mind to say this. Her mother would be sure to think if Pogue sew