Wellington Enterprise.

J. W. HOUGHTON, Prop'r.

WELLINGTON, : : OHIO.

A PROPHECY.

How light your hand lies on my hair!
Your kiss dispels all trace of care!
And in your dear eyes' dewy dark
Shines out the fair, unfading spark
Of "love that will not pass away,"
Of "love that will abide alway,"
You say.

And how you laugh deriding Time,
And say: "Love lives in fadeless prime!
And passion deep and pure as ours
Can bid defiance to all powers!"
Ah, me! laugh gayly as you may,
You'll think of this again some day—
Some day!

And then I shall not feel as now,
Your kiss like balm upon my brow!
I shall not feel your happy hands
Lie on my glad head's golden strands;
For Love—light Love will go away;
"'Tis Nature's law"—or so you'll say,
Some day!

Yes, I can look within your eyes,
So darkened now with sad surprise!
And say with clear, unfaltering tongue,
That Life grows old, but Love stays young,
And when the roses fade and fall
That Love goes too for good and all
For all!

And when that time shall come to me—
Now, mark you, Dear!—I'll cease to be!—
And when repentant tears fall hot
Upon pale lips that answer not—
When longing eyes will sadly trace
The care-lines on my death-cold face,
You'll call to mind that woful day
The soul-sad words that I now say—
Some day—some day!

—*Nelly Marshall McAfee, in Chicago Current.*

FACE TO FACE.

A Fact Related in Seven Well-Told Fables.

BY R. E. FRANCILLON,

AUTHOR OF "A GREAT HEIRESS," "QUITS AT LAST," "A REAL QUEEN," "KARL'S DIVE," ETC., ETC.

FABLE THE FIRST.—CONTINUED.

"Put up with *my* land—you! Why—it can't be; it can't be. There's never been when Leys Croft didn't belong to a Blackthorn. 'Twouldn't be in the nature of things!" he exclaimed, still half bewildered from such a blow, but with a glow again in his eyes; the while Marrish, the mortgagee, sat stern and stolid, pressing his broad-brimmed beaver between his knees. "We've owned and farmed Leys Croft, me and my forebears, for hundreds of years—thousands, more like—and there isn't one of 'em but would turn round and curse me out of his grave. 'Twould be worse than being beggar to that old curmudgeon up in London for me to give up the land that goes down from father to son. I say, 'twould be like King George giving up England to Boney, if I was to give up Leys Croft to any but a Blackthorn of the straight line. My grandfather was born in this house, like his grandfather before him, and so was I, and so was my—my girl. I know every clod in the fields since I was that high; and to be told I must give up the land! No."

His voice was prematurely old, but it trembled rather from a sense of supreme outrage than from age, and, after almost breaking down when it spoke of the girl, it came down upon the "No" startlingly round and full.

"Well, Tom Blackthorn," said the creditor, "you've only got to raise the money, and Leys Croft is yours as sure as Welstead's mine."

"Welstead, indeed—that you bought for money; as if money could make a thing a man's own, like mine's mine."

"I'd like to see a better title than hard cash, though," said Marrish, with something distantly akin to a smile. "The question is—can you raise a hundred pound?"

"No."

"Then you must give up the land."

"No!"

"Then, Tom Blackthorn, you're an obstinate old fool. And if 'twasn't you, I'd call a man that won't take the only way he's got to pay his good lawful debts a long way worse name than fool. Howsoever, the law's on my side; you ride over, or walk over to Hunchester, and ask Lawyer Lake, and learn for six-and-eightpence, if you've got it, what I tell you for nothing at all. You *are* an unlucky devil, Tom Blackthorn; but that's no call why the piper's to be paid by me."

"Ah! You've come to turn me and my girl out of house and home?"

"I'll have to foreclose on Leys Croft. That was the bond."

The broken-down yeoman, whose land was the core of his heart, gulped down a hard sob, took down his hat from a peg and put it on, armed himself with a tough walking-stick out of a corner, and then, from the depth of a drawer, fished up a big key, which he handed to his creditor. "Good-bye, Enoch Marrish," said he, without looking him in the face. "I can't shake hands, but—" He strode towards the door.

"What's this for?" asked Marrish, fingering the key. "Where are you off to now?"

"Off the land that isn't mine—that's all. I'm going to fetch Patience; and then we'll go."

"Go! Where?"

"What's that to you?"

"Of all the obstinate old fools! I've got to foreclose yet; and if I hadn't, there's no call to turn out as if the house was afire—"

"And do you think," said Blackthorn, facing round and looking him full in the face, "I'll sleep another night on the place I've sold for a mess of pottage? I'll find the lee of a haystack somewhere off the land for my lass; and—bet that's naught to you. If you was a Blackthorn, you'd understand. I'll put you to no expense nor trouble. I'll carry away just my stick, and the clothes I stand in, and the girl. *She's* mine. But I won't carry off out of Leys Croft so much as the muck on my boots; I'll wipe them clean by the gate on the Four-Acre; and—"

"Come, Tom—if you'd only hear a man out, instead of being such an ob—'Tis true I can't afford to go without money or land; these war times are cruel hard. I can't; but—I will!"

"What?" cried Blackthorn, facing round again.

"I will. That's what I say. I'll take Patience instead of both of 'em—there."

"You'll take Patience!" exclaimed the poor old fellow, amazed and bewildered once more.

"Ay—without a penny!" said Marrish. And well he might say so, if he meant it, for without getting his full pennyworth Farmer Marrish, of Welstead, had never been known to do a mortal thing. He had always been a model man of business; up before the bird, nay, even before the worm, and early to bed, only for the sake of saving candles in those hard times. He had played ant to Tom Blackthorn's grasshopper. He had scraped together penny by penny, pound by pound, field by field, until, as now, he could add farm to farm; and always in such wise that he had earned the nickname of "Miser Marrish" at Hunchester, the market town, where he was as well known on Thursdays as the parson on Sundays. The idea of him saddling himself, at his time of life, with a penniless lass from a boarding-school, who came, to boot, from such a wastrel stock as the Blackthorns, was incredible. No wonder the girl's own father was bewildered and amazed.

"You'll take my Patience!" he exclaimed again, with open eyes.

"Look here, Tom Blackthorn. Perhaps it may look odd, but I'd sooner have that lass to wife without a penny than ever another with a thousand pound. It may seem like a fool's whim; but it's mine. I've watched Patience grow up from her cradle, as one may say; and ever since she last came home from school I said to myself, that's the lass for me."

"Bless my soul alive!"

"Ay, 'tis true. You needn't be afraid I can't keep a wife, though she does come from a boarding-school. I'm not a rich man by any sort of means; but I'm a hard-working honest yeoman, that isn't likely to go begging or borrowing, any more than he's like to go stealing. I don't keep hunters, nor dogs, nor company that's worse than dogs, to eat one out of house and home and then to turn their tails when the cupboard's bare. I farm my own land, and pay no rent; and you know me, and if you don't, you ask Hunchester Old Bank or Lawyer Lake, and see what they say of Enoch Marrish, of Welstead. I'm not rich, but I'm warm enough for two."

"Bless my soul alive! Does the girl know?"

"A girl isn't blind to a chap's sweetness on her I suppose—eh?"

"Why, you're old enough to be her father, man!"

"No, no. Not so bad as that. A man's as old as he feels, and I'm one of the wiry ones that are old young, and young old. Besides, it's bad for a lass to be married to a young tom fool that dont know his own mind. I know mine. I love Patience; and—you'd best keep the land."

"Well, I'm—"

What he was, Farmer Blackthorn failed to say. He certainly could not help seeing that he was being asked to sell Patience for Leys Croft. But then that a hard and grasping man like Enoch Marrish should find Patience Blackthorn worth buying at such a price was very wonderful, nay, a very flattering thing. He loved his daughter; he did not like Marrish—who can like a creditor that appeals to the law? But the land—the land! If he loved Patience with all his heart, he loved the land with all his soul. It was his religion; though the land might ruin him he loved it, not merely as one loves a good and dutiful daughter, but as a mother loves a scapegrace son.

And suppose Patience did or could like Marrish well enough to be his wife, would it not be best all round? The Blackthorns had always held their heads high, and a Marrish was—well, certainly not a Blackthorn. Enoch was the first of the family who had held land of his own, while ancient deeds showed that there were Blackthorns, of Leys Croft, farming their own fields before the time of the Tudors. But still, Farmer Marrish was a sound man—a safe man, nay, a rich man, though he did not call himself so. He contrived to raise good crops, somehow, in the worst years, and, what was more, he made not only wheat but money breed. Why should not Patience Blackthorn become Mrs. Marrish, if she pleased? And then the land—was it not her duty, as a Blackthorn, to save the land?

And there was, indeed, no other way; for the owner of Leys Croft had raised every penny he could find, owed more than he had spent, and had spent every penny he could raise.

"It all depends, on the lass—all on the lass," said he, after a long pause, and a battle with himself that could have only one end. "She'll be somewhere about the place; we'll see what she'll say to it, poor thing."

"*Poor* thing?"

"You musn't mind what I say, neighbor. What with one thing and another—what with the shame of being kicked by the old man in London for a beggar, and what with your talk of losing Leys Croft, and what with your wanting Patience, my head's all of a twirl."

"You'll let me have her, then?"

"Ay."

II.

It was not a second between Stephen Harlow's "Oh!" and his appearance in the shed, where he found Patience no longer at the window, but pushing at her saw, which, wearied out at last with such usage, utterly refused to move.

"Patience! What are you doing?" cried he.

"Oh, it is you!" said she. "But don't hinder me, for goodness' sake. I'm at work, you see."

"Come, Patience," he said, taking her hand in spite of its occupation, and holding it too. "That isn't the way to welcome an old friend—and I haven't seen you for years!"

"Only one!" What ought I to do?"

"Why, you ought—I ought—" He looked as if he knew very well what ought to be done; but he refrained. "What are you doing with that saw?"

"Making a new gate-post. Ours is broke, across the Home Croft, and we don't want to pasture other folk's cows."

"You—making a gate-post? Where's Giles?"

"Oh, Giles! He's left us weeks ago. There, Stephen—do let go my hand; I sha'n't have done by bedtime—"

"That you won't. I'll go after one of the men—"

"No. Don't do that. Father wouldn't be pleased—"

"Stuff and nonsense, Patience."

"Oh, please don't!" prayed she. "The truth is, there's no men to find."

"No men to find!"

"No. We've given up keeping men—and a good thing, too. 'Twould be a shame, indeed, to keep a lot of idle, useless men about a place when father's got a grown-up girl—of course, 'twas different when I was a child."

"A farm—without hands! Patience—what does this mean? What has happened while I have been away? What have I come back to find?"

"Why, Stephen, how scared you look at one!" she said with a smile—and though I have said she was not a pretty girl, I retract my words humbly, seeing her with Stephen Harlow's eyes; and all the more, since her voice was as light and as sweet as a girl's can be. He had come two hundred miles to hear that voice and to see that smile; and now they made him afraid, she looked so fragile, and yet so brave. "You find—me, and you'll find father, too."

He took the saw from her hand, and, in a minute, had done the rough work that had taken her two wasted hours.

"Now," said he, "you're free to talk. Don't tell me that you've got rid of your men because there's no need."

"I think—I think—we must have just one man—to saw. Oh, Stephen, how did you do that so fast? Then, there's use in those teeth after all?"

"Are you going on without maids, too?"

"Of course. When a farmer's got a grown-up girl, what does he want with a parcel of maids? That *would* be a shame!"

"Who milks the cows?"

"I do. At least—I shall. We're not keeping cows, just now. I'm sorry you have to do without cream. Oh, I do love work, Stephen! It's ever so much better than music and French and the use of the globes—I never could make out the use of the globes; could you? I like to feel useful; it's the best fun in the word."

"Patience. *You* can't cheat *me*. You're going to cry."

"I'm not. And it's because I've pinched myself with the saw. Cry! Stephen—how dare you say I'm going to cry?"

"You've hurt yourself with that confounded saw! Give me your hand—"

"No. I haven't hurt myself—indeed, I haven't; that was only—fun, you know. Don't look at me! I *will* cry, if you do. Don't I know I've made myself look like I don't know what with trying to saw that wood? Is it Millport manners to look at a girl when she isn't fit to be seen?"

"Anyhow, to look at you is what I've come from Millport to do," said he. "Patience, I'm going to take your hand—so; and I am going to look into your eyes. Just think what I feel about you—and yours. Your father is my best friend. He's made a man of me; whatever I'm ever to be for good I owe to him. I'm his, heart and hand. And I'm yours—you know how. And yet you won't even tell me when he's in trouble, so that I may help him all I know how."

Patience Blackthorn had been in many minds since she had first heard her old playfellow's voice at the gate. At first she had meant to be saucy, just to punish him for nothing; then she had meant (with her Blackthorn pride) to brazen out the poverty at Leys Croft before the young man who had only seen it rich and flourishing; then something in his masterful way forbade her to be anything but angry with herself for crying. If he had never come she would not have shed a tear, even had she sawn through her wrist instead of the log; but, he being there with his strength, she might be a girl again, and sit down and cry—not so unhappily as it might seem.

"Poor father!" said she. "I don't understand things—they didn't come into music nor the globes—but they're gone all wrong ever since—I think—ever since you went away. We've had to sell all the stock for a song; and last harvest was just terrible; and we can't pay the men their wages from week to week, and so they have to go; Giles, that might have stuck to us, and all—It don't so much matter to me, because I'm young and strong, and it's dreadful to think of all the time I've lost; but there's father, he's not strong and he's not young. You'll be sorry to see how he's got to look. I'm trying to keep things going with my own hands; I'm trying hard; but—there, you see I can't even get a stick of wood in two. 'Tis but a poor welcome we can give you this time, Stephen—"

"Good God! You mean—ruin! But your brother Dick—where's he?"

"Don't ask me that, Stephen!" she cried. "Don't let father hear his name! We—*don't know*."

"Patience! Why, you loved him better than your father, and your father almost better than you!"

"He's *not* done anything wrong, Stephen—you musn't think that; Dick couldn't do anything wrong if he tried—but father fancies so; and that's been the worst of all. He could have fought through, if Dick had stayed; but he's not even let him be named since he went away. Oh, Stephen, I'd just die of gladness if you could find out what's become of Dick, and bring him home. And for father to think his own son Dick has been to blame—that's nigh too bad to bear."

Stephen said nothing all at once; for he had reasons of his own, based on old acquaintance, for feeling no assurance that Dick Blackthorn's disappearance was likely to be so altogether blameless as Patience believed. Dick's farming had always been pretty much confined to the sowing of the wild oat, and no doubt he was reaping the harvest. But he could not say a word to lessen Dick's sister's faith in her dear scapegrace; so he held his tongue.

His left hand was still holding her right, from which the saw had fallen; and how could his right arm fail to find out her waist, while she who was dearer to him than the whole world was pouring into his ear a tale of trouble that made his heart bleed? And then the tears in her eyes; they made his own eyes swim. Nor did it seem in the least wonderful, or even strange, that proud Patience Blackthorn should let the arm stay where it had stolen. He was just conscious of her weakness—she of his strength; both felt that play-time had gone by. "Poor darling!" whispered he; so low, that she heard it with her heart rather than with her ears; and the arm tightened its hold. "It is time I came, indeed!"

"*You* won't believe anything wrong of Dick?" asked she.

"I love everything that belongs to you," said he, "Dick and all. Do you know why I'm here to-day?"

"Because you couldn't find anything better to do?"

"To ask your father—who's been more than father to me, God bless him!—if he'll let me be twice his son; and he'll want one, now Dick's gone. I'm but a blacksmith's boy, and you're Miss Blackthorn, of Leys Croft; I know all that; but I'm Stephen Harlow, too, that means to be a big man some day, and is on the high road so to be. I was going to dare to ask him when I thought him as rich as Dives, Patience—there; so see if I don't dare ask him now! I didn't mean to see you first; but I don't mind— Will you be my wife, Patience, just to give your father a son, and because I love you so dear?"

They stood already as close as if they were plighted lovers; and Patience had no excuse for not reading the love that streamed from his eyes into hers. Her breath quickened and her cheek flushed, and it must have been minutes that they thus stood in that broken shed, full of rubbish, reading one another's eyes, and without a spoken word.

But— "Will you?" he asked at last.

No answer.

"Do you love me?"

If he had wanted a spoken "Yes" he would have been a fool. Was not her hand still in his; her waist still held by his arm; her eyes beginning to shine, like April, through her tears.

This first kiss had been the ambition of his life—and it had come.

"Patience! Patience! Whatever come of the lass?" suddenly broke a well-known voice through the lovers' dream. "Patience! I want you—come here!"

"It's father!" she whispered, fluttered, and half afraid.

"All the better, darling!" said Stephen. "I'll ask him now, ten times as bold. Give me your hand, and we'll go to him together—so."

He led her so out of the shed into the sunshine. And thus not only Farmer Blackthorn, but Farmer Marrish also, saw Stephen and Patience coming toward them hand in hand. Patience's hand struggled a little, bird-like, to get free, seeing that her father had company. But Stephen held it firm. Millport had rubbed off his shyness long ago; and, indeed, he would have been glad if all the world could hear what he had to say. For he felt like a conquerer, laurel-crowned. It was only a heart he had conquered; but did Alexander ever conquer so much, among all his worlds.

"I've come back again—like the bad penny, you see, farmer," he said, forgetting even to notice how much his old patron had changed. "I'd have come straight to the house; but as Mr. Marrish wanted to see you first, I've told Patience what I came to tell you—and—and Patience will be my wife, farmer—if you'll have me for a son."

The two farmers exchanged looks—one bewildered; the other, a glance that can only be likened to the sudden flaming of a glowing coal. But neither said a word.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SAVINGS.

Some Interesting Incidents Which Emphasize a Moral.

There is in Philadelphia a massive stone building into which, on a certain day of the week, a line of servant girls may be seen entering on one side and passing out at the other. It is a savings bank, founded nearly a century ago by the good Quakers for the help especially of this class and laboring men.

On other days, mechanics, negroes, Italian organ-grinders, Chinese washermen, professional beggars, with here and there a richly-clad woman who is laying away a "nest-egg for her baby," throng the waiting-room.

On the huge books of the bank there are some entries which hint at singular stories. In 1848 there is the receipt for the deposit of one hundred dollars by a wealthy old genteman, in the name of a boy just born and named for him. The donor died, having forgotten all about his deposit. The boy grew to manhood, a hard-working mechanic who supported his old father and mother. He wished to marry, but could not do so for lack of means, when presto! this modest sum, which had been accumulating at compound interest, comes to light, and he is a comparatively rich man.

On another volume, that for 1867, there is an entry of the deposit of two hundred dollars, signed "George G. Osborne, able seaman." Opposite is written, in clerkly hand: "This was the Right Honorable George Gordon, Earl of Aberdeen. The money on his death was paid to his executors. His estate when he deposited it was valued at three million dollars." This "able seaman" was a vigorous, stalwart young nobleman who tired of the life at court, and broke loose, resolving to become one of the people and to earn his own bread. He resisted all entreaties to return home, worked hard for years as a navvy and on ship-board, put away his earnings, as we have seen, and rose to be mate of his vessel before he died.

A somewhat similar instance was that of the elder line of the house of Fairfax, which is to be found in a Virginia family. Lord Fairfax refused to accept the title, estates and cares of his rank, and lived and died a plain farmer.—*Youth's Companion.*

—The flexibility of itacloumite—a remarkable sandstone existing in Georgia and North and South Carolina—seems to be surpassed by that of a magnesian limestone found at the entrance of the Tyne, in England. This limestone is reported to be so flexible that thin layers three feet or more in length may be bent into a circle while damp, retaining that form on being allowed to dry.

—In America we call men who dabble in dynamite "dynamiters." Canadian papers call them "dynamiteurs," and the English press refer to them as "dynamitards."

YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

FROWNS OR SMILES?

Where do they go, I wonder,
The clouds on a cloudy day,
When the shining sun comes peeping out
And scatters them all away?
I know!—They keep them and cut them down
For cross little girls who want a frown.
Frowns and wrinkles and pouts—oh, my!
How many 'twould make—one cloudy sky!

I think I should like it better
A sunshiny day to take
And cut it down for dimples and smiles—
What beautiful ones 'twould make!
Enough for all the dear little girls
With pretty bright eyes and waving curls,
To drive the scowls and frowns away,
Just like the sun on a cloudy day.

—*Sydney Dayre, in St. Nicholas.*

THE SCHOOL QUESTION.

The Lesson Taught by a Dream to a Boy Who Had a Good Mind Not to Try to Learn.

"It certainly seems cruel for parents to insist on their boys going to school when the day is fine for a game of ball, kite-flying, sailing, coasting, or building snow forts. At such times, every boy ought to be allowed to enjoy himself, and then on stormy days, unless, of course, the weather was such that it would be disagreeable for him to go out of doors, he would be willing to go to school."

Billy Dodd had some such idea as that, as he afterwards told me, on a certain day when the chestnuts were just ready to drop into the cap of any fellow who could get under the trees, and when his mother obliged him to go to school instead of allowing him to go into the woods. Billy thought that he was a particularly ill-used boy, and he could not understand why it was necessary to go to school at all. Of course he wanted to know how to read and write, and that was all he thought it was necessary for him to know.

"What good's grammar, an' history, an' all them kind of things?" he asked himself, as he walked slowly and unwillingly toward the school-house. "What do I want with nouns in any case, or what difference does it make to me which one governs in a sentence? Conjunctions can govern the whole grammar for all I care, an' when I get to be a man I won't need to know such things. What's history got to do with a feller, I'd like to know? I guess it wouldn't hurt me very much if I didn't know who discovered America, or if I couldn't tell jest to a minute when the English surrendered at Yorktown. I'm jest a good mind never to try to learn another thing."

Billy was close beside the brook as he thought this, and the babbling of the water seemed to say so plainly that his view of the case was the correct one that he sat down on the grass regardless of the fact that he ought to be in school.

Then, feeling particularly indolent, and lulled by the murmur of the waters, he fell asleep, and probably, one of the water-sprites came and sat on his eyelid, for straightway he began to dream.

It seemed to him that he had suddenly become a man without having been troubled any further about school. He was about to purchase some land on which to build a house, and the owner told him that the lot contained three acres and seven-tenths, which he could have at the rate of one hundred and ninety-eight dollars per acre. Now Billy had a certain sum of money, and was wholly at a loss to know whether it was sufficient to pay for the land. He knew that it was a very simple matter for the boys in school to multiply, divide and subtract; but he had grown up without any knowledge of such things, and even at that early moment in his career he began to be sorry that he had not learned a trifle more. Then he was obliged to ask the owner of the land how much the sum total would be, and some little girls who were standing near by began to laugh, while he distinctly heard one of them say: "Did you ever hear of such a thing? A big man don't know how to multiply one hundred and ninety-eight by three and seven-tenths!"

He walked away quietly, feeling very much ashamed, and concluded that he had rather not have any house than be laughed at by children because he had been so foolish when a boy as not to study at school. But he was obliged to display his ignorance very shortly afterwards, for it became necessary for him to know how far he was from the nearest hotel. Meeting two boys, either one of them smaller than he was when he ceased to go to school, he asked the question, and was told that he would be obliged to walk three furlongs.

Now Billy had a general idea as to the length of a mile, but, owing to the fact that he had never learned the table of surveyors' measure, he was wholly at a loss regarding the length of a furlong. It was absolutely necessary that he should know the exact distance to the hotel, and as he asked the boys to explain themselves, since he knew nothing about a furlong, he saw them laughing at him because of his ignorance.

As he walked on towards the hotel, he begun to understand that he had made a great mistake when he was a boy in not having studied harder; but it was too late then, and he continued his journey, wishing very heartily that it was the fashion for men to go to school.

When he arrived at the hotel, and before he had time to transact any business, he heard some gentlemen talking on political matters, during which they often referred to the capital of the State. It was impossible for Billy to restrain his curiosity, and, as he asked the gentlemen which city was the capital, he was covered with confusion at seeing the entire party laugh at him; while a boy said, very impudently: "I guess you never went to school very much, did you, mister?"

Billy went into the hotel without waiting for a reply. Before he had been there many minutes he discovered just how necessary a knowledge of those same studies he had despised is to a man, and he began to wish so strongly that he had remained longer at school that he awoke. It was some minutes before he could realize that he was yet a boy; but the sound of the bell brought him to his senses, at the same time it told him that he might yet get to school without being marked tardy, so he set off at full speed.

Now, if Billy had had a longer dream he would probably have understood in how many ways each particular branch of his studies could be useful to him as a man. But there was no real necessity for it, so far as his reformation was concerned, for from that time forth he was one of the most studious of his class.

If every boy who thinks his time is wasted in school will but carry Billy's dream out in detail, imagining every possible situation, asking himself how he could get along in any branch of business without an education, it is safe to say that he will study quite as hard as Billy did after the water-sprite sat on his eye.—*James Otis, in Congregationalist.*

A SMART DOG.

How He Barked an Alarm of Fire and Saved the Woodshed.

One day Mary, the cook, went to see her mother, who was sick. The children were all at school; so Mrs. White locked up the house and went up-stairs. She sat down by the front window, where she could see any one coming in the gate. About an hour after, she heard the dog barking. She said: "What can Dan be barking at? I am sure no one has come in the gate. Some one must have climbed over the back fence."

So she laid her work down and went to the back window and looked out; but could see no one. As soon as Dan saw her looking out he stopped barking. "He must have been barking at the cat," she said, and went back to her work.

Hardly had she begun to sew, when she heard him bark again.

Now, Dan was a good watch-dog, and always barked when any one came in the gate. If one of the family, or one of their friends came in, Dan would give a little bark, as much as to say: "How-do you-do?" and would jump around them, and, in his way, show he knew them. But if a tramp came, he would bark loudly and keep it up until he had gone out.

Some times he would bark at puss, when he thought she was taking more than her share of the dinner; but he never kept it up very long.

Now, this day, he kept on barking loudly, just as he did when a tramp came into the garden. So Mrs. White again laid down her work and this time went down-stairs.

Just as soon as Dan saw her down-stairs he stopped again. Thinking that some one might have gotten into the cellar, Mrs. White went down to look; but she could see no one, and the doors and windows were safely locked.

Then she went up-stairs and began to work the third time. But again Dan began to bark, and louder than before.

Mrs. White kept on sewing at first; but the dog made such a noise that she soon saw she would have to quite him. "I wonder what he wants," she said. "I never knew him to act so before. Something must be the matter."

So she went down-stairs and opened the door and called to him: "Dan! Dan! what's the matter?" He seemed to understand what she meant, for he began to bark and run to the corner of the yard, then back to her again, as much as to say: "Come with me and I will show you, for I can't talk."

Mrs. White went with him, and she soon saw what Dan had been trying to tell her.

The cook had thrown some ashes in the corner of the yard, next the woodshed. Some hot coals that had been left in them had set fire to some dry bushes, which were blazing away, and the woodshed had just begun to burn.

Mrs. White ran quickly to the pump and got a pail of water to throw on the fire. Dan followed her, barking all the time. After she had put the fire out he stopped barking.

Mrs. White was so much pleased with Dan, for being so smart, that she gave him some nice meat.

Now that the fire was out, Dan was happy, and did not bark again all day.

When Mr. White and the children heard how Dan had saved the woodshed, they called him a smart dog, and were more fond of him than ever. And I think he was a smart dog, don't you?—*School and Home.*

AN OLD TRICK REVIVED.

The Way Some People Make Six Bank Notes Out of Five.

There is an old swindling device which consists in cutting bank notes into strips and then, in putting them together, save enough from each to make an additional note. This ingenious process, technically known as "sweating," has been applied to the United States silver certificates.

The discovery was made yesterday at the Sub-Treasury by Mr. Marlor, who has charge of that department. A batch of ten-dollar certificates was received from a Wall street bank Friday and was redeemed. Yesterday it was found that several of the notes which, on a cursory handling, appeared to have been accidentally torn and afterward pasted together, had in reality been subjected to the "sweating" process above alluded to.

The law permits the Treasury Department to redeem a mutilated bill at its face value if three-fifths of it remain. The sharpers have taken advantage of this law. The certificates were first cut to five pieces, and then, by taking one piece from five different certificates, a sixth certificate was made. Thus the five genuine certificates would each lack one-fifth, but the sixth or bogus certificate would apparently have enough pieces pasted together to make it complete. All the certificates were therefore, until the trick was discovered, redeemable at their face value. Unfortunately for the swindler the ten dollar certificates have the numbers of each engraved in various places on the note in very small figures. Of course the doctored notes were made of fragments containing numbers which did not correspond. It was this discovery which exposed the fraud.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Florida is proud of a sweet potato weighing fifty-one pounds, just dug at Wildwood, in that State. The local papers are responsible for the statement.—*Chicago Times.*