THE REDBREAST.

In country lanes the robins sing,
Clear-throated, joyous, swift of wing,
From misty dawn to dewy eve
(Though cares of nesting vex and grieve)
Their little heart-bells ring and ring.

And when the roses say to Spring:
"Your reign is o'er" when breezes bring
The scent of spray that lovers weave
In country lanes,

The redbreast still is heard to fling
His music forth; and he will cling
To Autumn till the winds bereave
Her yellow trees, nor will he leave
Till Winter finds him shivering
In country lanes.

—Charles H. Luders.

MY PRECIOUS PET.

Did I ever write his history?

No. Now that I think of it, I am certain that the history of my precious pet has never yet seen the light. So I will begin at the beginning.

When I was a little girl, five or six years old, I had a favorite playmate, named Charlie Moreland. But let me tell you, in the first place, that Charlie was not the pet of which I spoke in the beginning.

Charlie was a nice little fellow, and, in my girlish days, there was nobody like him; but he is not my hero any more than my pet.

As he grew older he began to develop a taste for adventure, and at the age of fifteen he ran away from home, with all of his capital tied up in a red bandana handkerchief, and shipped on board an East Indiaman.

I was twelve years of age at the time, and Charlie's exodus nearly broke my heart. I cried full an hour and had red eyes and swelled nose all the next day in consequence.

Charlie was absent seven years. When he returned to Barbush, he came over to see us the first of all, after his own family. He was a man now—tall, bearded and bronzed, and I couldn't play "jackstraws" nor "horse" with him any more.

We were, both of us, surprised to find we were not little boy and girl, as we used to be. And we were both of us sorry I do believe.

Just as Charley was taking his leave, he said, "I brought you something from the Indies, Maggie—I mean Miss Cherleigh—but I hardly dare offer it, now that you are a young lady."

"Indeed, Charlie!" I replied. "Why, you ought to know that anything you could bring me would be acceptable!"

He looked gratified, and said he would fetch it over the next day. I waited with the greatest impatience. What could it be? Cousin Belle Hayne from New York, who was visiting us, said it could be no less than a camel's hair shawl; but papa insisted that it must be either a wax doll, or a new edition of "Cock Robin," just translated from the original.

Well, it came the next day. Charlie brought it over. And what was it? Why, the blackest little monkey that you ever set eyes on!

I was surprised first; then delighted. I had heard so many funny stories of the doings of monkeys, that I anticipated a continual fund of amusement from the tricks of my Shylock—that was his name—and I thanked Charlie so much, that the fellow actually came to the conclusion that he had done a good thing by importing that monkey.

His ship sailed a week afterward, and I was left in undisputed possession of Shylock. At that epoch the trials of my life began.

My precious pet soon grew attached to me in his own peculiar way, but he never yielded a single freak to my wishes. I might as well have tried to get obedience from the north wind as from him. He seemed especially delighted with doing just what would irritate me the most. The little rascal knew, evidently, that, let his transgressions be ever so broad, his punishment would be light.

To the neighborhood he was at once a nuisance and amusement. Almost every body was afraid of him, but still they liked to see his comical tricks played off on somebody else.

One autumn evening the Sewing Society met at our house. Elder Busby, a good old man, celebrated for his long-winded prayers, was present; of course Elder Busby must pray, and we all resigned ourselves to be martyrs for the next two hours. Shylock was in the room when the petition began, and I knew by the expression of his little black face that mischief was brewing.

Just as the elder had consigned us all to everlasting perdition, modified by certain sectarian conditions (a proceeding by the way, which he always seemed to take particular delight in), there was a singular, rumbling, shuffling sound in the direction of the chimney—we had an open fireplace. Another second, and down the flue, in a cloud of soot and ashes, came a black and white fluttering object that I recognized as mother's Shanghai rooster, obtained by her at considerable trouble and expense.

The music that came from the poor bird's throat was most terribly indescribable, and the audience were frightened out of all sense of decorum. The women shrieked—the men looked around for their hats, and the celestial visitant, thinking, probably, the firelight was the daybreak, hopped upon the bald head of the elder and crowed lustily. The elder sprang to his feet, gave one look at the bold intruder, and, hatless as he was, fled from the house, to which he did not return that night. Miss Periwinkle fainted; and honest but bungling John Jones got her everlasting enmity by flinging cold water in her face, which washed the paint off, and left her fair skin three shades darker than usual.

I managed to explain things at last; the monkey was at the bottom of it; and very soon he made his appearance, meek and innocent, but with here and there a suspicious feather sticking in his wool.

The next day, Dr. Huntom, an admirer of my sister Clara, called. The was a man of 35 or 40, remarkably young looking, and possessing the most abundant hair of any one I have ever seen.

I was sitting in a recess of the parlor, and the visitor failed to observe me—but, not considering it worth while to show myself, I went on with my book.

The passionate tone of the doctor's voice arrested my attention, and warned me that I had better be somewhere else; but I could not reach that wished-for spot without being seen by the devoted couple—so I judged it best to keep quiet.

"My dearest girl," began the doctor "I have long admired you above all others, and you must have guessed the meaning of my attention!"

Clara was blushing and toying with the rings on her finger. The doctor leaned toward her, his arm half encircling her waist; and just then, to my infinite horror, I perceived Shylock climbing the back of the lover's chair with the utmost caution. The doctor gave utterance to the words, "Will you be mine?" when the monkey's long paw dexterously removed the most cunningly-made, "scratch" from the head of the absorbed gentleman, leaving a spot, the size of a teacup, bald, bare and polished as the top of a marble table.

Clara screamed with horror. The doctor put up his hand, and discovering his loss, turned to wreak his vengeance on the guilty one—turned just in time to see Shylock disappearing through the window, his round head adorned with the profuse hair that had been one of Dr. Huntom's chiefest attractions.

As might have been expected, the doctor left without an answer to his question, and Clara accepted Will Adams the very next day.

About this time, a vacant farm next to our own was purchased by a gentleman from a distant state—the Hon. Zebulm Chester. The Elms was originally a fine place, and, under the direction of its new proprietor, it grew absolutely beautiful. The old stone house was remodelled, and furnished with the costliest modern furniture; the grounds were laid out with elegance and taste, and, as the spring opened, the Hon. Zebulm removed thither.

Zebulm! How I did laugh at the name, and at the gentleman, too! He was so grave, and stately, and self-possessed. But he was a perfect gentleman—handsome, travelled, and—the gossips said—"a splendid catch!" But then, his name. Only fancy a wife calling out to her husband, "Dear Zebby!"

From the very first, Shylock took a strong liking to this man. I hardly knew why. He was not given to forming new attachments, but he persisted in visiting The Elms every day on the most familiar footing. Almost invariably he carried something, by way of propitiation—a large apple, a piece of pie, a doughnut, or something of that kind, which he would gravely deposit in Mr. Chester's hand.

After awhile he took to a new species of offerings, and conveyed to our amused neighbor my shoes, bonnets, gloves, jewelry, etc., with the greatest liberality.

Mr. Chester declared he had enough of my wardrobe to set him up as a fine lady, any time he chose to make the metamorphosis.

At one period I had Mr. Chester's bootjack, dressing gown, a flute, shaving case, and meerschaum, all at once; and he was in possession of my slippers, three pair of undersleeves, a sontag, two bosom pins, and my best embroidered night cap.

I got so that I fairly hated the man, or thought I did, which amounted to the same thing. Our family took to teasing me the most mercilessly about him, and if anything will make a woman despise a man, it is to be accused of having "designs" on him.

Papa insisted upon it that Mr. Chester had engaged Shylock as diplomat, to arrange the marriage settlement, and that he was generous enough to "endow" me with his goods before the performance of the ceremony.

One night when they had carried the thing beyond all bounds, some of the young people of the vicinity being present, I was provoked to do something daring.

I just wanted to convince them all that, in spite of the monkey express line between us, I did not care a fig for Mr. Chester.

So I made a sketch of the Hon. Zebulm—I was only too clever with my pencil—riding a donkey, and underneath was the inscription:

"A PAIR OF 'EM."

There was no particular wit in the caricature, but the likeness was unmistakable. I have the drawing before me now, and must be pardoned the egotism of saying, that Mr. Chester's personnel was perfect; but the donkey's ears, at this late day, strike me as rather too long, and his frame a little too angular for a respectable beast.

We all laughed at it, of course, and afterward threw it aside, and for the time, it passed entirely out of my mind.

A day or two afterward I was in the garden, which joined Mr. Chester's, when, suddenly, there shot past me the most grotesque object I had ever seen. A second glance revealed Shylock, invested in my new crinoline, minus all drapery, my lace fichu over his shoulders, my "love of a bonnet" perched on his head, and my $15 parosal in one paw, and in the other—good gracious! it was that very identical scrap of paper on which I had sketched "A Pair-of-em!" And he was going right in the direction of Mr. Chester's.

I called frantically for him to stop, but he only grinned, and wiggled on, as affected as any Broadway belle. Shylock must have seen society somewhere, or he never could have assumed that fashionable mien.

Mr. Chester sat smoking on the piazza. Shylock saw him and quickened his pace. My face grew dreadfully hot. I would have given my pearl set to have laid my hands on that terrible scrap of paper! I started to run after the little wretch. He bounded over the fence and struck for Mr. Chester. I gained upon him. His new style of rig somewhat impeded his progress and, for a moment, I cherished the delusive hope that I might capture him in season to prevent the fatal disclosure.

I exerted myself to the utmost and succeeded in grasping the last spring of his skirt just as he put the drawing into Mr. Chester's hand. I thought I should sink with shame. If my nerves had been in the least weak I should have fainted away, like the heroines in five-volume novels.

Mr. Chester looked at the vile sheet. His face flushed slowly, but there was no other exhibition of emotion. I respected him enough then.

"A good representation!" he said, holding it off. "Thank you, Shylock. It is equal to a photograph. Allow me to inquire, Miss Cherleigh, if the conception of the four-footed character was original or borrowed?"

I burst into tears. If it had been to have saved my neck from the hemp, I couldn't help it. He was so coolly sarcastic, and looked down upon me from such an immense height!

He lifted me up and carried me into the sitting room, still holding his arm around me.

"Margaret, what are you crying for? Is it because I have seen the drawing, or because you are sorry that you made it?"

"Oh! how can you ask?" I began, impetuously. "I despise myself too thoroughly to need your scorn! But if you only knew how they have all provoked and teased me with—with——" and here I broke down.

"With what, Margaret?"

"With having designs on you. There, I have said it; and I thought I would show them that I didn't care!"

"And did you care?" His arm tightened around me, and really, what is the use of telling all one knows to everybody? But Mr. Chester is a tyrant and forced me to a full confession.

He patted Shylock on the head and said he was our best friend.

And now that we are married we keep Shylock still, the very apple of our eyes, though old and gray.

Charlie Moreland is married and has a half dozen little Morelands around his table, and the oldest is christened Margaret.

I am happy, but I never call my husband Zebulm; and sometimes I think he never would have been mine but for my precious pet.

Kangaroos on the Run.

The rest of the herd immediately made off in our direction; but instead of scattering pell-mell as other wild animals would have done under like circumstances, these queer denizens of a queer country fell into line and departed in regular Indian file, the big old doe leading the way, and the smallest diminutive pickaninnies bringing up the rear. The doe covered the ground with tremendous leisurely hops, holding her forepaws before her in a mincing way that was very comical. The smaller animals—each an exact, though diminutive, counterpart of the leader—followed in gradually diminishing perspective, every little beggar hopping just a little more rapidly than the one before him, until the fast flying legs of the last puny fellow at the end of the line were blurred like the spokes of a wheel in rapid motion. The effect of this extraordinary procession was, to my unaccustomed eyes, so altogether ludicrous and absurd that I nearly lost my shot in an uncontrollable burst of laughter. As it was I might just as well have had my laugh out to the end, for although I let the old doe have both barrels full in the flank as she had passed me at twenty yards' distance, she faltered in her course and had quite disappeared in the scrub, with all her numerous progeny at her heels, before I had time to replace the empty cartridges. The No. 3 shot in all probability, had little more effect upon her tough hide than so many grains of sand. Nevertheless, it might perhaps have brought her down if I had aimed at the head, for one pellet penetrating the brain through the eye would have been sufficient. But the motion was so eccentric and perplexing that this would have been a very risky shot, and I preferred the chance of stunning her by a direct double charge full in the body, to the almost absolute certainty of missing her altogether by attempting the more difficult shot.—Birge Harrison in April Scribner.

HER PERFECT LOVER.

"I had a lover once," she sighed;
"Yes, just before I married you.
Who listened when I spoke and tried
To answer all my questions too.

"So courteous and so kind—so good!
He'd never think a man could be
As thoughtless and, indeed, as rude
As you too often are to me.

"The jewel of my love once won,
He used to swear, could ne'er grow dim;
He would not dream that anyone
Could whistle when I spoke to him!

"If he had faults he kept them hid.
I should have married him! Yes, true.
And that's exactly what I did.
My perfect lover, sir, was—You."

—Madeline S. Bridges.

Plotting For a Fortune.

Miss Angeline Dufour was making up her mind that it was of no use to keep on teaching.

In this nineteenth century women go forth into the world to seek their fortunes, as well as men. Miss Dufour was eminently dissatisfied with her position in life. Therefore she meant to better it.

"I hate teaching," she said, "I hate work of any sort. If I could come across a husband who would be able to keep me in comfortable style, I should get rid of all this tedious labor and drudging. I was never meant to waste the bloom of my youth in hearing horrid little boys spell, and hammering the rule of three into the heads of stupid girls?"

And Miss Dufour's looking-glass, reflecting back her sparkling blue eyes, wavy-brown locks and complexion of mingled rose and pearl, told much the same story.

But a girl who teaches school six hours a day and lives in a dull boarding house on the shady side of a dull street during the rest of her time, is not apt to form a very large circle in social life—and so, when vacation time came, Angeline was very willing to accept the invitation of Juliet Mills, the young cashier of a Third Avenue restaurant, and accompany her to her home among the Berkshire Hills.

"Of course," said Miss Mills, "it's not an elegant place. You won't expect that. We are working people out there. But you'll have plenty to eat, gallons of milk to drink, fresh country air to breathe, and a warm welcome, I can guarantee that."

"Is there any society out there?" said Angeline, anxiously.

"Do you mean young men?" counter-questioned Juliet. "Well, not much. There's my brother Andrew—and Douglas Steele, who runs the machinery in the kid-glove factory—and the young minister who has consumption, and—and—well, I really can't think of any one else just now."

Angeline laughed.

"Oh, well," said she. "I dare say I shall enjoy it. I certainly shall if you are there with me, you darling Juliet."

The Berkshire farm was a quiet, maple-shaded old place. Miss Mills was a motherly dame, and brother Andrew was a tall, brown-complexioned young fellow with teeth like a freshly cut slice of cocoanut and eyes that sparkled roguishly under their long lashes.

"He'll do," said Miss Dufour to herself, after she had spent twenty-four hours under this hospitable roof. "He'll have this nice farm some day—and it seems he owns a half share in the big silex mill down in the woods. His manners haven't the regular city polish" (and her thoughts reverted with regret to a certain natty little clerk in a Third Avenue drug store, who wore his hair parted in the middle and smelled of cheap cologne), "but he seems very intelligent and agreeable. And anything is better than that old school-teaching drudgery!" Put when she hinted something of this to Juliet, Juliet shook her head.

"It's of no use," said she. "Myra Grover has got a first mortgage on him, I'm afraid."

"A what?" said Miss Dufour.

"A first mortgage," said Juliet. "Don't you understand? He's spoons on Myra. I don't suppose they're exactly engaged, but it amounts to almost the same thing. I'm sorry," she added, frankly, "for Myra's a simpering, insipid little thing, and you would have suited me a deal better for a sister-in-law."

"But don't you think—" began Angeline, and then she laughed and colored and relapsed into silence.

"Yes, I do think," said Juliet, comprehending in an instant. "And perhaps it can be done. At all events, dear, we'll try!"

Little did Myra Grover, shelling peas for her old father's dinner under the honeysuckle-twined porch of her home, imagine what hateful compact was at that moment being formed against her peace of mind. She sung cheerily at her work, and thought of Andrew Mills, and the future, and all the rose-colored dreams that come so naturally to a girl of eighteen.

"I must go down," she thought, "to call upon the New York young lady who has come back with Juliet. It wouldn't be polite to neglect her. Andrew laughs at her—he calls her artificial and affected. But he thinks her pretty—of that I am very certain. And they tell me she gets six hundred dollars a year for teaching school. Oh, dear, I wish I had any way of earning six hundred dollars a year! My poor little trade brings me so small a sum."

In the meantime Angeline and Juliet set themselves steadily to besiege the fortress of Andrew Mills's honest heart—but without perceptible progress at first.

"I don't see how you can help losing your heart to her, Andrew," said Juliet, reproachfully. "Isn't she pretty?"

"Yes, very," admitted the young farmer.

"And agreeable?"

"Undoubtedly she is."

"A thousand times more attractive than Myra Grover?"

"There may be a difference of opinion as to that!" laughed Andrew. "Myra is a little wild snow-drop. Miss Dufour is a gaudy tulip."

Juliet colored and bit her lip.

"Oh," she cried, "how easily you men are imposed upon. Your Myra—"

"Stop a minute, Juliet. She isn't my Myra yet."

"I'm only speaking generally," impatiently uttered Miss Mills. "Myra Grover, then, if it pleases you better. She's not so unsophisticated as you think. She's as much 'made up' as any woman."

"You'll not make me believe that very easily," said Andrew, composedly.

"I suppose you'll credit the evidence of your own eyesight?" retorted his sister.

"Nothing short of that," was the dry response.

"What would you say if I told you all that lovely light-brown curling hair of hers was false?" half whispered Juliet.

He started a little.

"You are my sister, Juliet," said he. "You are also a woman. But, nevertheless, I believe your statement to be untrue."

"In other words, she has been all this time deceiving you!" triumphantly cried Juliet.

Andrew rose up and flung aside the newspaper he had been reading.

"Suppose we leave off discussing this topic," said he.

Juliet only smiled. She had sown the seed. She was willing now that it should germinate at its leisure.

It was toward evening the next day that Angeline and Juliet strolled down through the woods to meet Andrew returning from his work, and accompanied him back to the hazel copse at the rear of the Grove farm house.

"There!" Juliet suddenly cried out, just when Angeline and her brother were talking and laughing in their merriest mood, "what do you call that?"

From the picket fence where Myra Grover's white hollyhocks grew and the urant bushes blushed red with fringes of fruit, a slender cord was stretched—and on this cord was pinned a switch of floating brown hair, like an Indian's scalp trophy, while several long fair curls swinging to and fro in the wind kept it company.

Angeline stopped.

"It's false hair, isn't it?" said she. "The girl of the house has been washing it, and has hung it there to dry. I don't suppose she thought that anybody would be passing this way! Almost every one wears false hair nowadays," and she gave her own luxuriant tresses a shake to prove their genuineness, while her brilliant eyes flashed back an answering gleam to the look that Juliet gave her. "And I knew at the first glance that that Grover girl's curls were not her own."

"Are we waiting here for anything in particular?" Andrew Mills asked curtly, and they hurried on. But both Juliet and Angeline were satisfied.

"I think he's safe now, dear," said Mills. "You have only to be as sweet and encouraging as possible, and he's sure to capitulate. He attaches so much importance to perfect truth and candor. That false hair business has accomplished a deal for us. But I wish he'd be a little expeditious about it," she added, with a smile, "for I've got to go back to my cashier's desk the day after to-morrow."

"It will be all right," said Angeline, serenely. "You'll see, love!"

Poor Andrew, however, was in a less jubilant frame of mind. He was sitting alone on the back porch under the shade of a monster gnarled apple-tree, pondering. If Myra—innocent, dove eyed little Myra—were false, upon whom could he depend? It was, in itself, a trivial offense, the wearing of other women's hair, but it destroyed his faith in Myra's honor and honesty. Poor Andrew! he was very wretched.

A light step on the mossed-over garden path aroused him from his unpleasant reverie. It was Myra's voice.

"Andrew," she hesitated, "shall I be disturbing you? I—I wanted to consult you a little. I've got some money to invest. Fifty dollars, Andrew. And I do not know what bank or deposit company I had better place it in."

"Fifty dollars, Myra?" said he, trying to speak lightly. "Where did you get fifty dollars?"

"I have earned it all myself," said Myra, flushing with artless pride. "I have been working for a hair-dresser at La Salle. He has sent me a lot of goods to pick over and reweave. It is tedious business, but he has paid me well, because, he says, I do it so nicely. Oh, you would laugh, Andrew," she added, gayly, "if you could see us, sitting room sometimes. Father says it just like an Indian wigwam filled with scalps. And Juliet and Miss Dufour made all manner of fun of me when they came in yesterday morning and saw what I was doing."

Involuntarily Andrew Mills stepped forward and took both Myra's hands in his own.

"Do you mean," said he, "that they know?"

"Of course," acquiesced Myra. "Why should they?"

"Dear Myra," he said, "I am glad that you came to me to-night."

"Why?" she asked. "Do you know of a good investment, Andrew?"

"I am not thinking of investments," he said, half smiling. "Yes I am, too. I want to make a life investment of myself."

He walked home through the dew and the starlight with Myra Grover—and when he left her father's door they were engaged.

"You and your friend Miss Dufour have deceived me," he said, sternly, to Juliet, when he arrived at home. "Grossly deceived me. But your machinations have failed. This day month I shall bring Myra Grover here as my wife. You, Juliet, are my sister. I can not very well close my doors against you. But Miss Dufour must never again calculate on my hospitality."

And the baffled Angeline went back once more to the teacher's desk. Myra Grover's innocence and candor had prevailed against all her craft.—Young Ladies Bazar.

The Beggar Had Indigestion.

"Beggars nowadays know that the old stories common to their profession won't go down with the average New Yorker who reads the papers and keeps up with the times," said a young broker at the Hoffman House the other evening. "Being aware of that fact they are ever on the lookout for some new method of approaching passers by so they may be reasonably sure of getting a moment's attention and incidentally a quarter, or at least a dime. Sometimes they size a man up from his appearance, and walking up to him they say boldly, 'Mister, I am suffering awfully for a drink, and if you'd give me the price you'd save me a lot of suffering.'

"In making this appeal the mendicant knows that if the man to whom he appeals is 'a man about town' he will have known what it is to have been suffering for a drink himself and read to give up a dime to aid a man in the same plight.

"The hungry man, the man who hasn't sold his papers, the stranger who wants a lodging over night and the old woman who asks for her fare back to Harlem are all familiar figures to the New Yorker, but I really met a man with an original idea yesterday," continued the broker. "He approached me as usual, and I said, 'Yes, I know you are hungry and all that, but I can't do anything for you.'

"To my surprise, however, he replied: —'No, I ain't hungry, boss. I just ate a big dinner and I'm suffering from indigestion. Can't you give me something to buy medicine with?'

"He got a quarter."—N. Y. Herald.

The Turning of the Footstep.

An angel stood in a lofty place,
Afar from the haunts where man do dwell;
And watched, with a troubled anxious face,
The tide of life, as it rose and fell.
He bent an ear to the footsteps low,
That echoed with bold or dainty tread,
And watched their dainty march, or slow,
With looks of sorrow, fear and dread.

Among the throng were maidens fair,
And beardless youths, with eyes of fire,
While tottering age, with silver hair,
Crept slowly on in vague desire
And manhood rich with life's best prime,
And women grand in royal dower,
Moved swiftly down the slope of time,
Swept onward by a mighty power.

On, on they go, a surging throng,
Whose footsteps, beating on the air,
Keep measure to a mournful song,
A song of worldly strife and care.
None seemed to pause or lift their eyes,
To where the angel grand and sweet,
Is looking down, and ever tries,
To stay that hurried tread of feet.

"Oh! weary footsteps, pause awhile!
Oh! footsteps feeble, take thy rest;
Oh! turn ye from each earthly wile,
And let thy soul with peace be blessed."
Yet scarcely heard that tender cry,
'Tis lost amid life's passions wild;
And like a far-off distant sigh,
It reached at last a human child.

'Twas one whose footsteps long had grown,
So weary with the weight of care,
From out whose eyes the light had flown,
Within whose breast dwelt dark despair.
Yet through the turmoil and the din,
She heard a voice both sweet and low,
"Oh! turn ye from the ways of sin,
Fling down the burden of thy woe."

She felt throughout her tired frame,
A strange new thrill of life and hope;
She paused to see from whence it came,
Looked backward o'er life's dreary slope,
And there she saw, through tear-dimmed eyes,
The angel beckoning her to come;
And with a cry of glad surprise,
She turned her footsteps toward home.

—Good Housekeeping.

"Did you ever know," said a well-known specialist, "that the throat has a brain of its own? No? I suppose few of the laity do know it, but it's a fact. There is a small ganglia which exercises direct control over the muscles of the throat and act as its brain. Of course, it is subservient to the genuine brain, but at the same time does a great deal of independent thinking for itself. It is very timid and suspicious of any strange objects that come near the throat. For this reason it is very difficult for a physician to operate on the throat. Before anything can be done in this direction it is necessary for the operator to gain the confidence of the little brain that dominates it. It frequently takes weeks before this confidence can be secured and until it is secured it is impossible to operate. When the little brain is finally made to understand that no harm is intended it, but that the physician is actuated by friendly motives, it will submit to almost any treatment, however painful.

"But woe be to the man who attempts rough treatment to the throat before gaining the little brain's confidence and in spite of its protests. His operations will be resented with violent paroxysms, first of the throat, then of the diaphragm, and if the operator still persists the patient will be thrown into convulsions. Still more curious is the fact that this little brain has a memory and if once frightened in this way it is almost impossible to ever gain its confidence, no matter how gentle the operator may be."—Philadelphia Press.

It is said that the natives of Alaska spend so much of their time in boats that their legs are crooked and weak.

A FALLEN STAR.

One sweet star shot out of heaven
To do its mission. 'Twas but to make
A quick, swift light in a dark place,
Where one despairing soul had thought
Never to see God's light again.
The star fell; but the light lived on
Forever more in a human heart.
A beacon light of love and warmth and hope,
Where half dimmed torches were enkindled new
From 'mong the myriads of shining worlds.
Who says that one star fell in vain?

TWO COUPLES.

When Gussie came home from Saratoga that autumn, which I never, never can forget, no matter how many autumns I may live through, she told me she had made a conquest. That was nothing new for Gussie, either making or telling of conquests. She was a beauty, and knew what people thought of her. Sometimes like this I told her, as I helped her unpack her trunks, and put the things away in the orderly old wardrobes and bureaus. She laughed merrily.

"Of course, it's not new," she said, "but this is quite a different sort of a thing—a serious thing, Nellie—and then he's a millionaire."

"Serious on your part?" I asked.

"Haven't I told you he was a millionaire?" she asked. "But I meant on his part. You needn't smile, Nell. If I choose I can be as rich as Mrs. Hobson one of these days."

Mrs. Hobson was the friend who had chaperoned Gussie at the watering places—an old, old banker's pretty young wife.

"Not at the same price, I hope," I said, with a quick beating of my heart, for I did not quite know Sister Gussie, and I felt sure that such ill-assorted unions were never happy.

"How romantic you are!" was all she answered. But after a while, as we were looking at the pearl-gray poplin—such a sight, for a glass of wine had been spilt on it—she said, merrily: "You'll see him to-morrow, Nellie. He'll be sure to call."

She seemed in a very happy mood. I was anxious, and trembled when next day old Peggy announced:

"A gentleman for Miss Gussie."

I felt myself turn faint. Gussie only blushed.

"Come down with me, Nellie," she said. And I went, trembling.

"Oh! I hope at least he's a kind, benevolent old man—not a cross, surly oddity, like Anna Hobson's husband," I said to myself, and when we entered the room I could not bring myself to look until Gussie said: "Sister Nellie, Mr. Hathaway," and then I lifted my eyes and saw no old man, but the handsomest young gentleman I had ever seen. Not so very young—full 30—and to my mind no man is ever very handsome before that. It was a great relief to me, for you see we had always been a little pinched and straitened, for genteel people, and Gussie had always said she would never marry a poor man, and she had upon her finger a ring she had never worn before, and I guessed there was really, as she said, "something serious in it."

I suppose I looked pleased. I know I smiled, and gave him my hand.

We had a long, pleasant chat in the dear old parlor, and I felt happier than ever I had felt before.

"Shall I really have such a brother, Gussie?" I asked, dancing about her when he had gone—"such a handsome, gallant, well-bred fellow—a gentleman in every sense of the good old word? Gus, it is splendid!"

"And think of the carriage, and the splendid home, and the diamonds," said Gussie; "a millionaire—you can't comprehend it. No butcher, with his 'little bill;' no baker calling to know when one can 'settle;' no buying mean silks and cheap muslins"

"Just what you want, Gussie, your life through; for, as we used to say at school, 'we'll go halves,' Gussie." I said.

"Yes; rather fine-looking, I think," said Gussie.

"Rather fine-looking!" I stared at her in astonishment.

"Oh, you haven't seen many people, Nell," said my sister. "How should you, shut up in this out-of-the-way place? If I had chosen to marry for beauty, there was young Eyre. Such black hair and eyes, Nellie—such fine features—the best waltzer living. You could not compare the men at all; but Eyre had next to nothing—and——"

She stopped and gave a little sigh.

"Poverty isn't comfortable," she said. "Remember mamma's young days and our own. I chose Mr. Hathaway."

She frightened me. If such a man had loved me I thought how I should have rejoiced—how proud I should have been. And then I was plain little Nelly, and Augusta was a beauty. She had twenty admirers, and was twenty-five. I had not one yet and was seventeen, and young in my looks and ways, as the youngest child of a family often is.

"She knows best," I thought. But what must any one be to be handsomer than Mr. Hathaway?

So I strove to drive the uneasy feeling from my heart, an to rejoice in what had happened. We had not told papa yet.

"Time enough in a month or so," said Gussie. "We are not to be married until spring; and, indeed, papa was occupied with his new patent (there was always a new one), and we saw very little of him."

No one who has ever led my dull life can tell how this bright, handsome, cheerful lover of my sister's enlivened our evenings.

Sometimes we chatted on the porch, or, as the season grew later, beside the fire. Sometimes he sang to us, sometimes we went on short excursions together. They never let me out; and from the first he called me Nellie; that I liked. But still Gussie was not as content as she should have been. Little restless ways grew on her. She sighed sometimes. Once in the night I found her weeping, and could not make her tell me why. And up in her work-box, under the scarlet pin-cushion, that could be lifted in and out of its case, I found, one day the daguerreotype of a gentlemen, with the name Edward Eyre upon the back, in my sister's handwriting.

It was not a noble face, like Mr. Hathaway's, but it was as pretty as a girl's ought to be.

One day Mr. Eyre called on us. A graceful man, with a way of looking and speaking that reminded one of the hero of a genteel comedy—a certain theatrical dash not unpleasant—Gussie seemed to think it perfection.

"Did I not speak truth?" she asked. "Is there any comparison?"

"No," I answered. "Mr. Hathaway cannot be compared with such a man. You find this one in any hairdresser's window, and hear him talk on any stage. Harry is different from everybody but himself. I'm glad he is to be my brother."

"Oh, of course," said Gussie, coldly, "we were only speaking of looks. I'm not silly enough to think that the man I am to marry must be the handsomest in the world, I hope."

And so it rested, and I tried to think that all was well.

How fond I grew of Harry Hathaway, and how he seemed to like me! No brother could have been kinder.

Often and often I wondered Gussie was not happier in his love—that she could talk so much with and think so much of Edward Eyre; and as the time passed on and I say Harry Hathaway growing sadder and graver than his wont, I began to fear that he saw what I saw, and suffered from it.

Still the wedding day grew nearer, and every quiet preparation was going on, and they would have been married in December but that, in leaving our house one evening, Harry slipped down upon the ice and broke his leg. They brought him back and carried him into the spare bedroom, and there for weeks he lay, and I wept for him and grieved for his pain, and did my best to lighten the tedious hours for him. And Gussie was kind, too; but Mr. Eyre called often, and some one, she said, must entertain him.

And in that sick room, on the day when Harry told me that he would never walk again without a crutch that had been brought to him that day, I first learnt the secret of my own heart—the wicked secret, as it seemed to me—I loved the man my sister was to marry. I, who had always hoped to do my duty. It was no sister's love I gave him—no calm affection. I loved him as Gussie should and did not.

I had promised to break the news to her, and I crept away, like a guilty thing, to do it.

"Oh, Gussie, you will grieve so! I hardly know how to tell you," I said, between my sobs. "Harry will be lame always. The doctor says so."

She turned an almost angry glance upon me.

"Pleasant," she said, with a sort of sneer. "He's a millionaire yet, though."

"And you will love him better for his disfigurement?" I said. "You feel that, and will tell him so?

Gussie shook her head.

"Love him better for it? What silly nonsense!" she cried. "If anything annoys me, it's the thump of a crutch. I'll get use to it, I supposed, though."

And she left me, not to go to Harry; but as I learnt afterward, to meet Edward Eyre in the quiet city park, and walk there with him. What was coming of all this I could not answer, as I asked myself the question. An event occurred, however, which hastened, and perhaps created the end which came.

One day a letter came for Harry. When he had read it, he called me to him, as he sat in the great arm-chair in our little parlor. His hand trembled violently. He was very pale.

"Nellie," he said, softly, "I'm am unlucky fellow, it appears. First my strength, now my fortune, are lost to me. I've been speculating, and—but I won't enter into details. I'm no longer a millionaire. I have just enough to live on very plainly. My money and its advantages are gone. Nellie, answer me one question. Would that and my own alteration put together, rob me of a woman's heart? In plain words, will the news alter your sister?"

"Not if she ever loved you," I said, forcing the words from my lips—forcing my self to be calm, and longing all the while to fling my arms around his neck and comfort him, for I knew what must come of this.

"Send her to me," he said, softly, and Gussie came.

She heard the story, and that night eloped with Edward Eyre. She left a note for me.

"By the time you receive this I shall be married," she said. "I don't believe it will break Mr. Hathaway's heart to lose me, and I know it is better, after all, than to marry him. I accepted him because he was a millionaire, and I never loved him. I do love Edward. You may show Mr. Hathaway this if you please. If he needs any comforting you can do it. When your wrath is cooled my husband shall bring me back to you.

"GUSSIE HOWE, in twenty minutes to be
"AUGUSTA EYRE."

It had come at last. Papa knew it, and was angry—too angry to break the news to Harry Hathaway.

In the early morning I found him taking his slow walk in the garden. I touched him on the arm. He turned.

"Oh, Harry!" was all I could say, and put the letter in his hand.

I did not dare to look at him while he read it. But in a moment he put his hand on my shoulder.

"I expected this, Nellie," he said. "I have known for a long while she did not love me; for a long while I have ceased to love her. But, Nellie, I love some one else. She saw it. She says here that you can comfort me. You can, if you choose, make me happy. I need no comfort. I love you, Nellie; and forgive me, child, if I have dared to think you did not hate me."

He drew me to him. My ears fell fast. I was happy, and frightened at my happiness; words would not come with which to answer him.

"Nellie," he said again, "dear Nellie, a poor and a disfigured man asks you for your heart. Will you give it to him? It is a good deal to ask. Do you love me, Nellie?" And then my head dropped upon his bosom, and I whispered:

"Yes."

And I was very happy—happy as a queen; and we were married in the pretty church hard by, and my dress was plain white muslin; and we went back to live with papa in the little cottage. So I would have been content to live forever, but one day Harry put his arms about me and said:

"Grant me absolution beforehand, Nellie."

"For what?" I asked.

And then he told me that he was very wealthy still. He had only lost some thousands, and on that he built up his story. "For I wanted one who loved me for a wife," he said; "and so cut the golden bands that bound me to one that cared nothing for me."

And he took me in his arms, and whispered:

"Another thing still, Nellie—another deception. I shall not be permanently lame. No one even thought I should. Don't leave off petting me, now, because of it, or I shall break my leg over again on purpose."

And never was woman so happy as I; far happier it made me than the news of being wealthy still had done.

So Harry was a millionaire, and his strength and grace returned to him; and one day Gussie and her husband came to see us, and we were fetes again. And I do not think Gussie so heartless as I did, for what might have happened to my Harry really happened to Edward—indeed, worse, for he lost a limb, and he has only a small salary, and scarcely can expect to be rich; and yet Gussie loves him fondly.

And we do something, when they will let us, to make life easier for them; and my girl is named Augusta, and Gussie's Nellie. And papa has patented a cradle and given one to each, and has taken them to ride together in the little pony chaise, while I sit in the library writing this. And, after all, you can find nowhere in the world two happier pairs than Gussie and Edward, and I and my dear Harry. —M. D. in N. Y. News.

Freaks of Blind Horses.

The way in which blind horses can go about without getting into more difficulties than they ordinarily do is very remarkable. They rarely, if ever, hit their heads against a fence or stone wall. They will slide off when they come near one. It appears, from careful observation I have made, that it is neither shade nor shelter which warns them of the danger.

On an absolutely sunless and windless day their behavior is the same. Their olfactory nerves doubtless become very sensitive, for when driving them they will poke their heads downward in search of water fifty yards before they come to a stream crossing the roadway. It cannot be an abnormally developed sense of bearing which leads them to do this, for they will act alike though the water is a stagnant pool. Men who have been blind for any great length of time develop somewhat similar instincts to the blind horses.

Some one—I find from a fugitive paragraph going the round of papers aspiring to be a scientific character—says that none of the five senses has anything to do with this singular perceptive power, but that the impressions are on the skin of the face, and by it transmitted to the brain; and this "unrecognized sense" he calls "facial perception."

But possibly this perceptive power may have its origin in such conditions prevail in somnambulism or in the hypnotic state. Are all such phenomena in man and horse as I have mentioned to be accounted for by the two words "facal perception," if they mean anything? However, speaking of blind horses, why should they cast their coats as winter comes on and grow long coats at the advance of summer, and so reverse the order which is the invariable rule in the case of horses possessed of perfect vision?—Live Stock Journal.

A New Game.

A new lawn game, tema has recently been introduced in England. The game, which can be played with equal enjoyment by both sexes, possesses many claims to popular favor. It can be followed in any season, and by as few as four and by as many as fourteen persons at once. Skill, agility and a good eye are far more requisite than paysical strength and the proper manipulation of the wand by means of quick wrist turns develops and renders flexible the muscles of the arms and wrists.

A screen of wood or canvas, fixed on a light frame, and having in the centre a circular aperture eighteen inches in diameter, is erected. Behind the hole is fixed a bag net, and the main object of the players, who stand some distance away, is to throw a number of colored balls by means of the wand into this bag. The wand has at one end a peculiarly shaped crook for holding the ball, but some little skill is necessary to retain the ball in it for the purpose of making the throw.

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