

A CHILD'S WORK.

"Go away! We won't play with you, you're a drunkard's child. Your father gets drunk every day, my father says."

The speaker was a girl of perhaps twelve years of age. The one addressed was a girl of about the same age.

A group of children had gathered by the roadside to play. A small house stood near by. From this house the child addressed so rudely had seen them at their sport, and had joined them, to be repulsed by the words with which I have begun my story.

Her eyes filled with tears, and her cheeks flushed up with shame and wounded pride.

"I know my father drinks, but I ain't to blame for that," she said, bitterly.

"Well, we won't play with you, anyway," said the first speaker. "Will we girls?"

"No! no!" cried the other children, in chorus.

"There! you heard that, didn't you?" cried the girl to the child of a drinking father.

"I hope you're satisfied now. Go along with you; we want to play, and we won't be bothered with you, so now, I'd be ashamed if I were you!"

"You're a drunkard's daughter! Shame! Shame!"

She pointed her finger in derision and scorn at the poor girl, and, parrot-like, or rather, like children, the others followed her example, and cries of "Shame!" "Shame!" rang in the ears of the disgraced child.

She covered her face with her hands, and turned and ran away from them, never stopping until she reached her mother's side.

Then she sank down sobbing as if her heart would break.

"What is the matter with my little girl?" Mrs. Deane asked, tenderly.

She was pale, sad-faced woman, with sorrow-haunted eyes. A woman who, without being old in years, was old in her experience of life.

"I went out to play with the girls, and they told me I was a drunkard's daughter, and wouldn't play with me," sobbed Mary, hiding her face in her mother's lap.

"Poor child!"

Mrs. Deane sighed heavily, but she did not weep.

She had found out, by bitter experience, that tears were of little avail.

She stroked Mary's hair, and tried to soothe her by kind words. But the wound she had received was a deep one.

"Oh, mother, do you suppose father'll ever give up drinking?" she asked, after a little silence.

"I don't know," Mrs. Deane answered. "I hope so. I have prayed for such a blessing more times than I can comprehend. If God heard, he has not answered my prayer yet. He may in his own good time. I can only pray, and hope, and leave the rest to him."

"I can go to school week-days, but to school Sundays," said Mary, sighing as no child of her age ought to sigh.

"And the children won't play with me, 'cause father drinks. And you can't go to meeting, 'cause you ain't clothes to wear. It's too heavy for me to wear."

"It is a sorrowful way of living," her mother answered, kissing her. "I do not care so much for myself, but for you. I hope to see the years which should be the brightest ones in your life, darkened and made sorrowful. Oh, if you only would leave off that awful habit."

The words held the pathos and sublimity of a prayer.

"What makes Mr. Strong sell liquor, I wonder?" questioned Mary.

"I don't know," her mother answered. "To make money, I suppose. I think a man who can make money by selling that to his fellow-men, which, as you say, his body and soul, must have a heart as hard as any stone."

"I wonder if anybody ever asked him to give up such wicked business?" Mary asked. "Maybe he'd quit it if he only knew what misery he was committing. Do you suppose he would?"

"I'm afraid not," answered Mrs. Deane.

Mary sat and thought for a long time after her mother left her.

Suddenly she seemed to make up her mind as to the course she should pursue, and she got up and put on her bonnet, and started down the road without saying anything to her mother.

Poor Mary! Her home had not always been the unhappy one it was then. She could remember the time when her father used to come home from his day's work, sober as any man. Then her mother would meet him at the gate with kisses, and he would take up his child and carry her to the house, and they were all so happy, so happy!

flaming sign hung out, on which was painted in gilt letters, "Saloon!" Here she stopped, while her heart beat like a scared bird's.

This, then, was what some one who had a strong sense of the fitness of things had called "Strong's Hell."

Here was where death and ruin to soul and body was sold over the bar at five and ten cents a glass.

"A man was standing behind the bar. A man with a not unhandsome face, but one which lacked culture and refinement."

"Are you Mr. Strong?" asked Mary, timidly.

"Yes, that's my name," he answered pleasantly. "What do you want of me?"

"You don't look like such a bad man as you ought to, to sell liquor," she said, looking into his face.

"Why, had a liquor-dealer ought to look like a bad man?" he asked.

"Yes, I think so," she said. "Only bad men sell liquor, and you don't look very strong."

"I ain't afraid of you, and I thought I should be. Oh, Mr. Strong!" clasping her hands pleadingly, and lifting a face full of beseeching to his, "I came down here to-day to ask you to give up selling liquor. You don't know what awful work you're doing. I guess you never thought of it. Did you? I can't go to school, because I can't have clothes good enough to wear and I do so want to learn as other children do. I could, if you wouldn't sell me liquor."

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People Who Delight in Cold. The Spectator says: "There are people who find the cold simply a novelty, which gives a fillip to their energies and adds a zest to life. Mr. Alfred Garrod threw out not long ago in a scientific journal a suggestion to the effect that the difference in temperature between the external skin and the heat of the blood which supplies the springs of those magnetic currents of which nervous action in a large degree possibly consists, and that the greater that difference of temperature, the more lively is the action of the batteries of which the nerves are the conducting wires. If that were so, that would certainly account for the sort of abounding self-gratulation which seems to possess some men in dwelling on the mere fact that the thermometer showed 18 degs. of frost last night; only it would make it still more difficult to account for the apparently frozen up energies which cold causes some people. But to the people who delight in cold, the human race appears all the nobler for sustaining so many degrees of frost; and as for them, they treat the low temperature as a gospel of great joy. Indeed, their bearing seems to indicate something more like the deep well-satisfaction arising from a good conscience than anything else. You see the traces of this state of feeling in Dickens' Christmas stories, where frost and benevolence always flow together in great spring tides. If feeling does not gush when water is frozen, it is always, with Dickens, the sign of deliberate malignity of heart. And unquestionably there are a good number of persons to whom severe weather brings a self-satisfaction and a desire to overlook benignity over other people which you never see at other times. They go about saying either literally or by smiles and lavish rubbing of the hands, 'Here is the thermometer more than thirty degrees below freezing-point and zero, yet I exist in it; I walk; I skate; I ride; I beat my breast heartily for the severe weather; I make a joyful noise in everything I do, to attract the attention of the world to my great success in this weather. It feels so exhilarating and returns jubilant smiles jubilantly; for I feel a successful man, and without any mean envy I recognize all comrades who are successful in the same way.' Heroes should support each other, and they are heroes who find nothing but stimulus in such cold as this."

Unappreciated Shakespeare. A few days ago young Gurley, whose father lives on Crockett street, organized a theatrical company and purchased the dime novel play of "Hamlet."

The company consisted of three boys and a hostler, and Mr. Gurley's hired girl was to be the "Ghost." If the troupe could guarantee her fifty cents per night in it, Young Gurley suddenly bloomed out as a professional, and when his mother asked him to bring in some wood he replied:

"Though I am penniless thou canst not degrade me!"

"You trot out that that wood or I'll have your father trounce you!" she exclaimed.

"The tyrant who lays his hand upon me shall die!" replied the boy, but he got the wood, or I'll crack your empty pot.

"He was out on the step when a man came along and asked him where Lafayette street was."

"Doomed for a certain time to roam the earth!" replied Gurley in a hoarse voice, and holding his right arm out straight.

"I say—you! Where is Lafayette street?" called the man.

"Ah! Could the dead but speak—" continued Gurley.

The man drove into the house, and his mother sent him to the grocery after potatoes.

"I go, most noble duchess," he said as he took up the basket, "but my good sword shall some day avenge these insults!"

He knew that the grocer favored theatrials, and when he got there he said:

"Art thou provided with a store of that vegetable known as the 'tater, most excellent duke?"

"What in thunder do you want?" growled the grocer as he cleaned the cheese-knife on a piece of paper.

"Thy plebeian mind is dull of comprehension!" answered Gurley.

"Don't try to get off any of your nonsense on me, or I'll crack your empty pate in a minute!" roared the grocer, and "Hamlet" had to come down from his high horse and ask for a peck of potatoes.

"What made you so long?" asked his mother as he returned.

"Thy grave shall be dug in the cypress glade!" he laughingly answered.

When his father came home at noon, Mrs. Gurley told him that she believed the boy was going crazy, and related what he had done.

"I see what ails him," mused the father; "this explains why he hangs around Johnson's barn so much."

At the dinner table young Gurley spoke of his father as the "illustrious Count," and when his mother asked him if he would have some butter gravy he answered:

"The appetite of a warrior cannot be satisfied with such nonsense."

When the meal was over, the father went out to his garden, and the boy sprang, and the boy was asked to step out into the woods and see if the peacock was frozen up. He found the old man there, and he said:

"Why, most noble lord, I had supposed thee far beyond the sea—"

"I'm not so far away but what I'm going to make you skip!" growled the father. "I'll teach you to fool around with ten cent tragedies! Come up here."

For about five minutes the woodshed was full of dancing feet, flying arms, and moving bodies, and then the old man took a rest and inquired:

"There, your highness, dost want any more?"

"Oh! no, dad—not a darned bit!" wailed the young "manager," and while the father started for down town he went in and sorrowfully informed the hired girl that he must cease her engagement until the fall season.—Detroit Free Press.

A Farmer's Battle with a Bear. A Cumberland county (Pa.) paper says: "Mr. Sadler, of Camp Hill, was attacked by his Berkshire boar, which had been kept penned up, but broke out on Sunday morning. After a severe fight, Mr. Sadler was seized by the bear, and was dragged about twenty yards to a place where the water was about a foot deep. The house-dog, hearing the struggles, broke his chain and went to his master's assistance. The dog is a large one, of the bull-dog species, and immediately seized the bear by the ear with such ferocity that the bear was released, and enabled to crawl away from the contest, nearly smothered with mud, though not much hurt. An hour later, after being thoroughly washed, he found his late assailant sleeping, as though he was innocent of bad intentions. But Mr. S. is still smarting from the effects of the late skirmish, took aim, and there was a waste of 800 pounds of pork."

A HUMAN FIEND. Over the way, over the way, I've seen a head that's fair and gray; I've seen kind eyes and nose to scowl, A form of grace, though full of gloom— Her fifty summers have left no flaw— And a youth of twenty-three, And so live this lady, fair to see, I want her for my mother-in-law!

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