

Christian Family.

Nonsense Verses for the Children.

A LUNCH PARTY.

The bear went out to lunch one day
With a beautiful Maltese cat,
He carried a fan and a large bouquet,
And wore a gold band on his hat.
The lunch was ready at two o'clock,
But they didn't begin till one—
And the bear was so hungry he couldn't
wait.
So she fed him with currant bun,
And sweetly she said, "If you stand on
your head
I think it will add to the fun!"

The cat was dressed in her very best—
A blue-pink sewing-silk gown;
And she smiled at the bear with the kind
est air.
But the cherries were baked too brown—
The cook had forgot that pepper was hot,
The clams weren't sugared at all—
The beef was left out of the blackberry
pie,
And the gravy was spoilt in the hall—
So the bear said at last, "I think I shall
fast!"

Though the next course was stewed rub-
ber ball.

They talked of many and curious things,
As they sat at their lunch together—
Of fish with whiskers, and cats with
wings,
Of signs of war in the weather;
He told her a tale of a cat that would
sail
In an egg-shell instead of a boat;
She told him another, about a bear's bro-
ther.
Who rode every day on a goat.
Then he bade her good-bye, with a tear in
his eye,
As he put on his big ulster coat.

He said he would take the rest of the cake
So he took it to eat on the way—
"I've had a nice time," he whispered in
rhyme,
"I wish I could come every day!"
But the cat said, "Oh, no! its time you
should go,
You've made such a long stay."
So he left her alone, and he asked with a
groan,
"What's left for my breakfast? I pray?
There's naught in the house but a cold
pickled mouse,
And I don't care for that, I must say!
Well, well—I declare, I won't ask a bear
To come and take lunch every day!"
—The Intelligencer.

Dead Years.

BY JOHN D. DUNNIE.

Sweet hopes are lying embalmed in years
In the passionless clasp of the buried
years,
A tear-drop falls, yet we would not gain
Live over those years of gladness and
pain;
We would not recall their moments of
bliss,
The thrilling hand clasp, or love's tender
kiss;
For as days died out and the years grew
old,
Youth's friends proved fickle and love grew
cold,
Or they drifted away from time's crum-
bling shore
On an outgoing wave that returned no
more;
And our souls were rent till the touch of
years
Had dulled our anguish and dried our
tears,
And cheering the heart that was hopeless
and lone
Had lifted the veil of the future and
shown
How the forms that the present sorrows
may hide
Crowd into the light and are glorified.
How the anguish then darkly understood
Evolved from its depths an o'er shadow-
ing good,
We claim the results though the dead be
dust,
In the present we work, for the future we
trust.
Let the dear, dead years with their load
go by
And their life that was, live in memory.

The Jangling Bells.

How many boys and girls know how the
jingling sleigh bells are made? How do
you think the little iron ball gets inside
the bell? It is too big to be put in
through the holes in the bell, and yet it
is inside. How did it get there?
This little iron ball is called "the jin-
glet." When you shake the sleigh bells
it jingles. When the horse trots the bells
jingle, jingle, jingle. In making the bell,
this jinglet is put inside a little ball of
mud, just the shape of the inside of the
bell. This mud ball, with the jinglet in-
side, is placed in the mould of the out-
side, and the melted metal is poured in,
which fills up the space between the mud
ball and the mould.
When the mould is taken off, you see a
sleigh bell, but it will not ring, as it is
full of dirt. The hot metal dries the dirt
that the ball is made of, so it can be all
shaken out. After the dirt is all shaken
out of the holes in the bell, the little
iron jinglet will still be in the bell, and
it will ring all right.
It took a good many years to think out
how to make a sleigh bell.

The Origin of the Jumping-Jack.

Come with me to the park this fair
day, for I wish to show you a certain
carriage and its occupants, and tell
you a story.

In pleasant weather, the scene is
gay and grand, with multitudes hieing
thither for recreation amid country
sights, odors and surroundings. The
rich and the poor of all ages and
classes, afoot, on horseback and in
carriages, make a living panorama of
the shaded walks and graded drives.

But there comes the "turn-out"
for which we have been waiting: a
magnificent span of dapple-grays, by
far the most powerful team we have
seen; a carriage to match, roomy and
costly, but not gaudy; a driver not in
livery, as many are, but looking just
the man for his work; and such a
load are making merry within,—
every one of them a hunchback! Yes,
from the crooked gentleman on the
back seat to the little fellows up by
the driver, all are hunchbacks; well
dressed, happy-seeming, but with a
wistful look,—and, as they roll by,
you see in them the introduction to
my little story.

Something like twenty years ago, a
miserable brick house in a back alley
was the home of Archibald Ramsey, a
Scotch carpenter. He worked down-
town in a shop, making cornices,
moldings, mantels, and a variety of
the more elaborate parts employed in
finishing houses. Every evening he
took home pocketfuls, and often hand-
fuls also, of bits and ends from the
shop.

These oddly shaped fragments of
soft sweet-smelling pine furnished
amusement for poor little Alec, Mr.
Ramsey's hunchback boy; and when
they had served this purpose, they
were used as kindlings in the kitchen
stove.

There was a houseful of little Ram-
seys, of whom Alec was the oldest,
and when he was amused, so were
the others, thus giving the overwork-
ed mother time for other duties.

Alec was sixteen years old, and not
taller than an average boy of ten. He
was very much deformed, and had he
lived in an age and country of kings
seeking dwarfs and human oddities
for "court fools" or "jesters," he
would have been a prize to some iron-
handed tyrant. His shoulders were
almost as high as his head, his arms
hung out loose and dangling, and the
rest of his body was shrunken and
slender to a most pitiable degree. But
whoever, with a tender heart, looked
into his great, questioning eyes and
noted his broad, fair forehead and his
clean, delicate hands, would soon for-
get the sad shape in the nobility of
the face.

I need not linger to speak of his
studies, which, all unaided, he pushed
along with success; nor of his con-
stancy in the Sunday school, where
he was a universal favorite. It is
about his play with the bits of pine
from the shop I wish to tell you.

Many a droll pile he built on the
kitchen-floor; many a funny thing
he whittled out to amuse the little
ones; many a comical toy he had
made and gave away to neighboring
children. Often he said, and oftener
thought, "What can I whittle that
will sell?" For only money seemed
likely to bring him the changed life
for which he longed. Once, when he
sold for a few pennies a queer little
pine trinket, his father stroked his
silken hair and said:

"Ah, me pui' bairnie, I dinna ken
but ye may mak' your fortune wi'
your knife."

How that little piece of encourage-
ment rang in his ears and stimulated
him to think and whittle, whittle and
think!

One genial afternoon in May, Alec
crept out to enjoy the balmy air, and
by the noise of a crowd of urchins on
a vacant lot at a little distance, was
drawn in that direction. Here he
saw a colored boy, named Jack, at-

tempting, for the amusement of the
party, all sorts of pranks in imitation
of circus performers. Bareheaded
and clothed in striped red and yellow
garments of coarse quality, the negro
lad almost seemed made of India
rubber.

Alec watched his capers in amaze-
ment. Never before had he seen such
antics, or even thought them possible.
It was no wonder that the frail, stiff-
jointed little hunchback dreamed it
all over again, as he did that night.

The next morning his whittling
genius took shape from this event, and
before noon he had produced a rude
pine image of the negro,—head, arms
and legs loosely hung with bits of
broom wire, and the whole curiously
arranged, so that by working a string,
it would jump, nod, turn somersaults,
and go through quite a series of con-
tortions. With colored pencils, of
which he had some cheap specimens,
he blacked its head, neck, hands and
feet, reddened its lips, whitened its
eyes, and rudely striped in yellow
and red the body, all in imitation of
the little negro gymnast. Before it
was completed, his younger brother,
who had been with him the day be-
fore, named it "Jumping-Jack." And
in the afternoon, when he went to the
vacant lot and exhibited it to the
youngsters there, it was not only uni-
versally but boisterously hailed by
the same name. When he returned
home, he brought, instead of the
Jumping-Jack, a silver half-dollar, for
which he had sold the toy to an
eager, well-dressed lad of his own
age. And not only this, but he had
orders from the boys for half a dozen
more, to be made as soon as possible.

Oh, what a proud, glad heart beat
within that deformed little body of
Alec's! How his temples throbbed!
How elastic his step! What flashing
eyes! What a skein of wild and
hopeful talk he unwound to his
mother! So much money for his
whittling, and a chance for more and
more! Castles, sky-high and star-
bright!

But I have not told you all.

That evening he whittled, and the
next day he whittled, and before
night had added to his capital three
more shining half-dollars. The next
day he doubled his money. The de-
mand for Jumping-Jacks increased.
Boys came to the door, silver in hand,
to get what he had not time to make.

His grave Scotch parents began to
hold serious counsel over the matter.
If Alec could find such sale for these
pine images in that neighborhood,
why, the whole city would require
thousands; and what would sell to
delight children in one city, would
sell elsewhere also. If they could
supply the market, a fortune might
readily be made.

Scotch blood, once aroused and
challenged, is sanguine and venture-
some.

But it would be uninteresting to
repeat all the details; so the rest of
my story shall be brief.

Alec's Sunday school teacher, who
was a lawyer, procured for him a
patent on Jumping-Jacks of every
description; a rich old uncle of Alec's
mother built him a factory and started
him in business; and, within a year
from the afternoon when the poor lad
wondered at the pranks of the colored
boy, Jumping-Jacks from the Ramsey
factory were selling in great numbers
all over America.

Truly Alec did "mak' a fortune wi'
his knife."

To school he went; into a better
house, all their own, the family
moved; easier circumstances, better
health, less weariness, and ample
means for doing good, came to the
Ramseys.

But the best point in my story is
that a fine asylum and school for
hunchbacks, free to the poor, is one of
the noble enterprises to which Alec
has been chief contributor.

Those deformed lads in the car-
riage yonder are from the "Ramsey

Asylum for Hunchbacks.

That was Alec's carriage, and that
"crooked gentleman on the back
seat" was Alec himself. Every fair
afternoon he is out in this way, taking
a load of "his boys," as he calls them,
and thus, as often as once a fortnight,
he gives every inmate of the asylum
a turn in the park.—*St. Nicholas* for
February.

Our Cabin Boy.

Knowing the captain's temper, I
dared not interfere while he was in
his present frame of mind. Before
nightfall, however, I proceeded to his
cabin, and found him seated before
the table, with a half-empty bottle of
his favorite champagne before him. I
knew he had been drinking freely,
and therefore had little hope that my
protege would be released; still I
ventured to say, "Pardon my in-
trusion, Captain Harden, but I am
afraid our cabin-boy will be sick if he
is compelled to stay up there much
longer."

"Sick? ha, not a bit of it! he's
got too much grit in him to yield to
such nonsense; no person on my ship
ever gets sick; they know better
than to play that game on me. But
I'll go and see what he is doing, any-
how." Arrived on deck, speaking
trumpet in hand, he shouted, "Ho,
my lad!" "Aye, aye, sir," was the
faint but prompt response from above,
as Allen's face appeared, looking with
eager hope for his release.

"How do you like your new
berth?" was the captain's mocking
question.

"Better than grog or whisky, sir,"
came the quick reply from Allen.

"If I allow you to descend, will
you drink the contents of this glass?"
and he held up as he spoke, a spark-
ling glass of his favorite wine.

"I have forsworn all intoxicating
drinks, sir, and I will not break my
pledge even at the risk of life."

"There, that settles it," said the
captain, turning to me; "he's got to
stay up there to-night, and I bet my
last dollar on it he'll be toned down
before morning."

After the captain had disappeared,
I hastily took some blankets, and in-
duced the steward to supply me with
some warm biscuit and coffee, and
with them proceeded to the poor
fellow. He drank it eagerly without
saying a word. At last he said: "I
suppose I will have to stay up here
all night."

"Yes, poor fellow! I'm sorry, but
why did you not taste at least a little
of the wine, just to humor him? You
would have been free now if you had
done so."

"Sir," he began earnestly, "if you
had promised your mother in her
dying hour never to taste anything
intoxicating, would you break that
promise?"

"No, certainly not, my friend; but
I think if your mother knew the cir-
cumstances you are placed in at pre-
sent, she would absolve you from your
pledge for the sake of your safety."

"She does know it, she does know
it," twice whispered the youth, grasp-
ing my hand tightly. But fearing to be
discovered in my work of mercy, I
cut the conversation short and bade
him good-night.

Once only during the night I heard
the watch call for another blanket,
and to my inquiries he replied that
Allen was well but very cold.

By the early dawn Captain Har-
den ordered him to be taken down,
for to his call of, "Ho, my lad!" there
was no reply, and he began to feel
alarmed. A glass of warm wine and
biscuit was standing ready for him
beside the captain, who was sober
now, and when he saw the limp form
of Allen carried into his presence by
two sailors, his voice softened as he
said, "Here, my lad, drink that, and I
will trouble you no more."

With a painful gesture, the boy

waved him back, and in a feeble
voice said:

"Captain Harden, will you allow
me to tell you a little of my his-
tory?"

"Go on, but do not think that it
will change my mind; you have to
drink this just to show you how I
bend stiff necks on board my ship."

"Two weeks before I came on
board this ship, I took a handful of
turf, and threw it down upon my
mother's coffin. I saw the people
leave the spot, and heard the dull
thud of falling earth as the sexton
filled the grave which held the last
remains of my darling mother. Soon
he too disappeared, and I was alone,
yes alone! for she who loved and
cared for me was gone. I knelt for a
moment upon the fresh turf, and
while the hot tears rolled down my
cheeks, I vowed never to taste the
liquor which had broken my mother's
heart, and ruined father's life. Two
days later, I stretched my hand
through prison bars, behind which my
father was confined; I told him of
mother's death, of my intention of
going to sea. Do with me what you
will, captain; let me freeze to death
in the mainmast, throw me into the
sea below, anything; but do not, for
my dead mother's sake, force me to
drink that poison that has ruined a
wife's husband, and do not let it ruin
a mother's only son!"

He sank back exhausted, and burst
into a fit of tears. The captain step-
ped forward, and laying his hand,
which trembled a little, upon the boy's
head, said to the crew, who had in
the meantime collected: "For our
mother's sake let us respect Allen
Bankroft's pledge. 'And never,' he
continued, firing, 'let me catch any
of you ill-treating him.' Then he
hastily withdrew to his apartment.
The sailors scattered and I was left
alone with Allen, who, with a look of
surprise and wonder, said: 'Lieuten-
ant, what does this mean? Is it pos-
sible that—that—'"

"That you are free," I added, "and
that no one will trouble you again."

"Lieutenant," he said, "if I was
not so stiff and cold just now, I think
I'd just toss my cap and give three
hearty cheers for Captain Harden."

He served on our vessel for three
years, and was our favorite. When
he left, Captain Harden presented
him with a handsome gold watch and
chain, as a memento of his night in
the main-mast.—*The Household*.

The Farmer's Days.

Where are the farmer's days gone?
See, they are hid in that stone wall,
in that excavated trench, in the har-
vest grown on what was shingle and
pine barren. He put his days into
carting from the distant swamp the
mountain of muck which has been
trundled about until now it makes
the cover of fruitful soil. Labor hides
itself in every mode and form. It is
massed and blocked away in that
stone house for fifty years. It is twist-
ed and screwed into fragrant hay
that fills the barn. It surprises in the
perfect form and condition of trees
clean of caterpillars and borers, rightly
pruned, and loaded with grafted fruit.
It is under the house, in the well; it is
over the house, in slates and copper
water spouts; it grows in the corn;
it delights us in the flower beds; it
keeps the cow out of the garden, the
rain out of the library, the miasma out
of the town. It is in dress, in pic-
tures, in ships and cannon; in every
spectacle, in odors, in flavors, in
sweet sounds, in works of safety, of
delight, of science.—*Ralph Waldo
Emerson*.

A Rutland lawyer, in referring to
some prisoners, addressed the jury as
follows: "I tell you their knees shook
as shook the knees of Belshazzar,
when Paul said unto him: 'Thou art
the man.' And a Biddford advo-
cate, blushing at the conduct of his
opponent's client, shouted in open
court: 'Tell it not in Gath, publish
it not in the streets of Jerusalem!'"