

The Old, Old House.

O, 'tis an old brown house—
Alone with the wind and the dust;
Leaves are adrift on the porch,
The lock—it is locked with rust.
We will enter the old, old house
Push upon the creaking door;
O, hollow echoes the tread
Of steps on the dusty floor.
The bat disturbed as we enter,
Flies from his darkened domain,
The rat is prince of the corners,
The spider king of the pane.
We will live in the old, old house
Drive out the silence and gloom,
And the sounds of our life and mirth,
Will echo from room to room.
A trace to the old, old house,
Farewell! Its gloom and decay,
And under its time worn beams
Welcome! the joys of to-day.
We will lighten with color and cheer
Its windows, doorways and halls
The pictures we hang most dear
Will smile from the brightened walls.
O, come to the old, old house
New hope will light up our eyes
We will strive as we furnish and gild
To take a new lease on our lives.
Let us call up the loves and joys
We cherished in other years,
We will shut from the house the gloom
Shut from our prospects the fears.
'Tis only an old brown house,
We'll crowd it with love life bright
And the courage that comes with faith
Each sorrowing heart will light.

In The Long Run.

In the long run fame finds deserving man.
The lucky wight may prosper for a day,
But in good time true merit leads the van,
And vain pretense, unnoticed goes its way.
There is no Chance, no Destiny, no Fate,
But fortune smiles on those who work
and wait.
In the long run.
In the long run all goodly sorrow pays,
There is no better thing than righteous
pain.
The sleepless nights, the awful thorn-
crowned days,
Bring sure reward to tortured soul and
brain.
Unmeaning joys enervate in the end,
But sorrows yield a glorious dividend
In the long run.
In the long run all hidden things are
known,
The eye of Truth will penetrate the
night,
And good or ill, thy secret shall be known
However well 'tis guarded from the light
All the unspoken motives of the breast
Are fathomed by the years and stand
confessed
In the long run.
In the long run all love is paid by love,
Though undervalued by the hearts of
earth;
The great eternal Government above
Keeps strict account and will redeem its
work.
Give thy love freely; do not count the
cost;
So beautiful a thing was never lost
In the long run.

Finished.

Somehow there lurketh a sadness,
To me, in this simple word.
This mournful word was in anguish heard
From the lips of our dying Lord.
Though rest is the meed of labor,
Though rest is the boon we ask,
Oh! turn we yet, with a vague regret,
Away from a finished task.
Whatever the task that's finished,
However, or when, or where,
Be it good or ill, we are certain still,
That a part of our life is there.
When I look in an empty bird's nest
Oftimes I think, with a sigh,
Of the brooding there, the feeding and care
E're the little ones could fly.
The wee home looks so lonely.
I think, with a touch of pain,
That the feathered breast, which has
pressed the nest,
May never press it again.
Oh, comes there not an aching
To the loving mother's breast,
When one by one, each daughter and son,
Goes from the dear home nest,
And she feels that the careful labor,
Which wearied her in the past,
For those daughters and sons—her "lit-
tle ones."
Is finished, all finished at last?
—Ellen A. Tamarind.

—A Japanese lady, Miss Yama Kawa,
leads her class at Vassar College. She is
very popular among both teachers and
scholars.

Job Pigstirrup.

Certain donkeys being required by
some invalid ladies at the sea shore
this summer, we were referred to an
old gentleman who kept some of these
useful animals at a farm two miles
from the beach.

We found a stout, dirty little Ger-
man man, with a face nearly as large
as a barrel top, and covered with great
warts, who, however, had a pleasant
smile and no end of donkeys to let.

He talked a queer lingo, which I
cannot attempt to write out, so shall
tell you his story as well as I can in
the American language.

He came from Strasburg, he said,
and was as poor as he could be, but by
sweeping the streets he got enough
money to start a donkey-cart, and
then made more and more money
until he had reached his present
proud position of large donkey owner
near a fashionable watering-place.

"But," said he, after he got in-
timate, "I don't care for monish—
I loss mine leetle boy!"

"Did he die?" asked one of his
customers.

"No, he was stole from me in New
York! Oh! mein dear little Pickle-
back!"

And here Job Pigstirrup shed a few
tears and wiped them off on the
donkey.

Pickleback and Pigstirrup were un-
doubtedly good German names, if we
could only have understood his queer
provincial; but he was totally unin-
telligible, sometimes, was Job Pigstir-
rup, so we gave up trying to imagine
what they meant.

One of our ladies was a philantrop-
ist, and she felt very sorry for the
poor foreigner who had lost his boy,
so she got all the particulars from
him. It seems that the wife had died
on the emigrant steamer coming over
here; and no wonder either, for they
treat these poor people shamefully,
sometimes; and then Job, and Pickle-
back, had landed at Castle Garden.
They went walking round the street,
and ate some cheese and drank some
beer at a German shop. Perhaps Job
drank too much beer, at any rate he
lost Pickleback somewhere and never
found him—"never, no more," as he
said.

"How old was he?" asked the lady.
Job held up the dirty fingers of
both hands, bending down one.

"Nine?" said the lady.
Job nodded his head and whipped
the donkey.

To look for a young German of nine
years in crowded New York, after two
years had gone by, seemed like looking
for a needle in a hay-stack; but this
lady did not despair. She knew that
stranger things had happened than
the recovery of a lost child, and as she
had three boys of her own—Adrian,
Jem, and Giles—she told them that if
they would be her "police," and look
for Pickleback, she would give them
unlimited credit with Job, and as
many donkey drives and rides as they
chose to take. Adrian, Jem and Giles
were delighted with this permission,
and made a solemn compact to search
New York for the lost heir of the
donkey trade, when they should go
home again.

Now, next to Pickleback, Job loved
a donkey whom he called "Shicken."
We supposed that he meant chicken,
as he always pointed out one of these
familiar birds as he said "Shicken."
I suppose Shicken was the most
obstinate donkey that ever was born.
He always went backward when he
did not go sideways, and stopped short
when you was in a hurry. Job used
to flatter him, give him sugar, and
prod him with an iron-pointed stick,
but on some days Shicken was proof
against all these endearments. He
was a very pretty mouse-colored little
donkey, with a cross on his back, and
a voice like an old pump-handle
which has never been oiled. Oh! it
made your teeth ache to hear Shicken
express his feelings!

However, Adrian took a fancy to

him (it must have been his beauty),
and while his mother had a patient,
good little fellow named "Lager," and
Jem had "Gingerbread," and Giles
had "Kraut," (all Job Pigstirrup's
donkeys) Adrian and Shicken strug-
gled along behind the party, and Job
would prod, and talk, and tell the
story of Pickleback, and they would
ride along the beach, and enjoy the
salt air, and the great waves, and the
splendid music of the sea. The little
sandpipers would come out and get
crushed under the donkeys' feet, and
the birds would run away before the
waves, and all the party would be very
happy, except poor Job Pigstirrup,
who always pointed to Giles.

"He just like Pickleback," he would
say, "in size."

Now, Adrian was a very clear-
headed boy of twelve years, and he
had a great idea of conquering both
Fate and Donkeys. He liked to ride
Shicken because he had to fight the
donkey's obstinacy all the time, and
he felt the same strong determination
to find Pickleback. Old Job was very
kind and obliging and did the boys a
thousand services. He had donkey-
carts in which they took drives when
tired of riding, and he knew some
secrets of fishery.

One day, however, they found him
in great grief. Shicken had disap-
peared! Allowed to go and graze on
a sort of common near the stable, the
donkeys had picked up much of their
own living, and had never shown any
desire to stray. It appeared that a
young lady had brought her own
donkey to the beach, and possibly,
Job thought, Shicken might have gone
off to pay the new donkey a call. But
no one knew anything about the stray
animal, and certain cruel boys de-
clared that they were very glad he
was gone, remembering certain back-
ward kicks from Shicken's hind legs.

However, the poor little bad donkey
was found dead at the foot of the
bluff, next morning, having walked off
in the night; and Job sat down by
his dead body, and kissed the poor,
hairy face, and wept bitterly.

No matter what Shicken was—a
donkey, and a bad donkey at that—
Job loved him, and he mourned him
as he had never mourned anything
before but his wife and Pickleback.

"I lofes 'em all, and they all goes
away," said the poor lonely affection-
ate fellow.

Shicken's remains were taken away
on a dray, his two companions, Gin-
gerbread and Kraut, being harnessed
to the melancholy duty. Adrian,
Jem and Giles were chief mourners,
for Job, although weeping had to
drive the mules. Adrian was ashamed
to cry, but Jem and Giles were not
big enough for any false shame, so
they lifted up their voices and wept
aloud, which comforted poor Job, for
sympathy is always sweet. Shicken's
remains, with the mouth wide open,
and the poor little tail straight out,
looked more amiable and contrite than
he had ever done in his life,—which
was very heartless of us, and I daresay
we shall all be punished for it some
day by losing a donkey whom we love,
as we deserve to be.

We were sorry for him and ashamed
of ourselves when we heard, as we did
later, that Shicken had been blind of
one eye, which fact, probably led to
his accident.

Adrian became a great favorite
with Job after this, who, poor fellow,
accepted an invitation to have his
photograph taken, which was certainly
a striking one. His coarse hair stood
up all over his head like the donkey's,
and his warts came out like little
cheeses all over his cheeks, and his
nose looked as if one of the donkeys
had trodden on it—yet Job had a
pleasant expression, and in spite of
his personal disadvantages we all
liked to look at him and at his pic-
ture. It reminded us of many pleasant
hours.

When the time came for returning
to town, Adrian found that his mother
had written to the Commissioners of

Emigration, and had found that a man
named Job Perkstrupp, and his son
Phillibert, had come over in the
Washington, on such a date, which
corresponded with Job's story.

Could this be Pigstirrup and
Pickleback?

We concluded that it might be;
then Adrian took up the search. He
traced them to the beer-shop, but no
further; there he lost all trace.

In the meantime Jem and Giles
went about asking every little Ger-
man whom they saw, "Are you Pickle-
back?" But no one responded "yes."
They got rid of all their pennies, but
found nothing.

Adrian continued to work, conscien-
tiously. He visited Blackwell's Is-
land, he went to the German Hospi-
tals—he was clever and industrious in
his search. All the time he could
spare from school he spent in search-
ing for Pickleback. He got thin over
it, and his mother finally told him
that it was useless—that she had no
doubt but that Pickleback had gone
west with Mr. Brace's boys, or else
had sickened and died, alone in a
strange city, poor boy, or perhaps
drifted out to the small German
vegetable gardens in the neighborhood
of New York.

"That is an idea!" said Adrian,
starting up. "Give me a week more,
mother, and let me have some car-
fare!"

So this indefatigable boy visited
many of these green patches of land
about New York, where the patient
Germans raise water-cresses, spinach,
salads, and late and early vegetables
for the New York market. There
were plenty of poor German boys who
would have been very glad to be
Pickleback—only they were not.

Adrian, of course, had not left the
newsboys' lodging house unvisited,
but had met few German boys there.
He, however, knew that that was al-
ways changing its population, so he
determined to go once more. He is
one of those tenacious people who
never give up hoping and working,
and such are sure to be rewarded
sometime.

He went down one morning to hear
the boys singing and to enjoy the
scene of their comforts, when a great
thrill ran through him.

"Surely," said he, pressing his hand
to his forehead, "surely, those are Job
Pigstirrup's warts!"

There on the fifth bench, and the
third seat from the end, sat Job Gin-
stirrup's living image.

It was all that Adrian could do to
repress his curiosity until the services
were nearly at an end, when he whis-
pered to Mr. Brace:

"Sir, may I speak to that third boy
on the fifth bench?"

"Oh, certainly, certainly," said Mr.
Brace.

So Adrian walked quietly up to the
fifth bench, and leaned over to a small-
round-headed boy:

"What is your name?"

"Johnny Schmoker," said the boy,
and the others laughed loud.

Adrian was terribly disappointed.
Could it be that this was anybody but
Pickleback?

"We call him so because he is a
German," said a boy near. "We call
him Johnny Schmoker."

Adrian thought a minute, and
looked at the boy; he grew more and
more like Job Pigstirrup every minute.

"Pickleback!" said Adrian, finally.

The boy gave a start, and looked as
if he would run away, but Adrian
caught him by the sleeve.

"Who told you that?" said the boy,
adgrily. "You send me to prison!"

And he struggled to get away.

Adrian put his hand in his pocket,
and took out Job Pigstirrup's picture,
and held it before the boy's eyes.

"Mein fader, mein fader!" said the
poor boy, grasping at it, and bursting
out crying.

"Then you are Pickleback!" said
Adrian. "I mean you no harm. I
want to take you back to your father."

This little scene had created quite

an excitement, and a crowd gathered
around the two boys.

When the Principal became aware
of the facts, he allowed Adrian to take
the rescued Pickleback home, telling
him, however, that he had committed
some small crime which had caused
him to be sent to the "Home for
Juvenile Delinquents" for a year.
Pickleback, hungry and lost in New
York, had, after being separated from
his father, stolen an egg, and had thus
rendered himself amenable to the law.
After getting out, he had led a pre-
carious existence as bootblack and
newsboy, until rescued by Adrian.
Perhaps some day Adrian will tell you
the adventures of Pickleback.

It was a happy day for the three
boys when they escorted Pickleback,
clad in one of Jem's cast-off suits, back
to Job Pigstirrup.

It did them all good to see the poor
father and son meet again. They
were ugly, poor, rather dirty, but their
love for each other was as bright as a
diamond, more precious than gold, and
together they would grow better.

Job gave them all a donkey ride on
the beach, and some pretzels and
cheese. Lager, Kraut and Gin-
gerbread were very well, and made their
musical chaunt—"Ki-chunk! hi-
chunk!" like poor, lost Shicken.

"Let us go to Shicken's grave," said
Adrian. "Come, Job, tell us where
you buried him."

"Buried him?" said Job. "No, no,
I sell him to zee bone-boiler man—
dat's his skin down dere. No use—
dead donkey, but for bone-boiler
man!"

The boys were shocked at this
want of poetical sensibility in Job;
but they left him and Pickleback very
happy in each other's society, each
one of them with his arm about a
donkey's neck, and smiling cheerfully.
—M. E. W. S., in August *Wide
Awake*.

Our Girl Graduates.

The graduates of our colleges for
women are becoming every year a
larger and more influential class, and
whoever has personal knowledge of
their employments and aims knows
that they are by no means a force at
rest. Active, earnest, aspiring, they
are already breathing a new life of
intelligence into the sluggish currents
of society in the places in which they
live. There are not a few small towns
in which the number of young women
given to self-culture far exceeds that
of the young men. Clear-sighted ob-
servers note the fact that, while young
men are drawn at a very early age
into pursuits which absorb them to
the entire exclusion of further educa-
tion of themselves, girls are steadily
pushing back the old line which con-
ventional usage drew across the path
of their development, and are looking
forward to a time when the average
education of American women will be
higher than the average of American
men. Margaret Fuller's ambition for
her friends, that they should have
some "generous seeking," promises to
find among her country-women a far
wider fulfillment than she dreamed
even in her prophetic moods.

It is quite possible that this higher
education of women is the most signifi-
cant and momentous movement of
the day; that when all contemporan-
eous political and social changes are
measured by their results it will ap-
pear that the liberal education of
women involved more radical and far-
reaching effects than any other single
cause. Precisely what are to be the
fruits of this wide sowing it is not
possible as yet to discover; but re-
sults are already apparent which no
intelligent observer can mistake.—
Christian Union.

—Mrs. Susan N. Carter, Superin-
tendent of the New York Cooper
Union Art School for Women, esti-
mates that only one-third of her pu-
pils ever become professional artists or
teachers. The other two-thirds either
marry or are indecisive.