

A CHILD'S FANCIES.

THE LAND OF COUNTERPANE. When I was sick and lay abed, I had two pillows at my head, And all my toes beside me lay To keep me happy all the day.

And sometimes for an hour or so I watched my leaden soldiers go, With different uniforms and drills, Among the bed clothes, through the hills.

And sometimes sent my ships in fleets All up and down among the sheets; Or brought my trees and houses out, And planted cities all about.

I was the giant great and still That sits upon the pillow hill, And sees before him field and plain, The pleasant land of counterpane.

THE WIND.

I saw you toss the kites on high And blow the birds about the sky; And all around I heard you pass Like ladies' skirts across the grass— Oh, wind, a-blowing all day long! Oh, wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did, But always felt yourself you hid; I felt you push, I heard you call, I could not see yourself at all— Oh, wind, a-blowing all day long! Oh, wind, that sings so loud a song!

Oh, you that are so strong and cold, Oh, blower, are you young or old? Are you a beast of field and tree, Or just a stronger child than me? Oh, wind, a-blowing all day long! Oh, wind, that sings so loud a song!

THE COW.

The friendly cow, all red and white, I love with all my heart; She gives me cream with all her might, To eat my apple tart.

She wanders loving here and there, And yet she cannot stray, All in the pleasant open air, The pleasant light of day.

And blown by all the winds that pass, And wet with all the showers, She walks among the meadow grass And eats the meadow flowers. —Robert L. Stevenson, in Art Journal.

JACK.

"I don't know about sending such a hardened little chap as he is."

"That is the kind that need to go." "But what if nobody'll take him?" "Then I'll bring him back."

So said the superintendent of one of the earliest companies of children sent out by the fresh-air fund, and so it came that Jack joined the eager little crowd drawn from alley and slum of the great city.

"He is a tough one," said the superintendent to himself, watching Jack as he half carelessly, half willfully tripped up one or two smaller boys in the rush which came when they were leaving the steamboat in order to take the cars.

"He don't look like the right sort," said one or two farmers. If they were the right sort they wouldn't need our help," said a pleasant-faced woman who sat in a spring wagon.

"Put him in here, please. Come, my boy, will you go home with me?" Jack climbed into the wagon, but made little answer to the kindly attempts to draw him into conversation. His eyes were never raised toward her as he rode along in dogged silence, and Mrs. Lynn began to conclude that she had taken hold of a very hard case indeed.

But it was quickly seen that there were some things which Jack loved. Before night he had made friends with horses, cows, chickens, ducks, geese and cats, and lying under a tree in rapt admiration of a pert jay which chattered above him, and almost succeeded in coaxing it to light on his finger.

"Come with me, and I'll show you something more," said Mrs. Lynn, the next morning after breakfast. She put a pail of salt into his hand, and they walked up a little glen, then up a steep hill, when she called:

"Nan, nan, nan, nan, nan—come nan, come, nan; come, my pretties; come, my pretties."

A quiet little pattering was heard, and down along the path which led higher up Jack saw coming a line of soft looking white things.

"What's their names?" he cried, in great interest. "Sheep. There are a great many more up over the top of the hill, but they don't know me very well, so they don't come. We must go further."

Higher up they went to where a sunny pasture sloped more gently down the other side, and there were hundreds of the pretty creatures nipping the short grass or lying under the trees. They looked at the strangers with shy, gentle eyes, but gathered near as Mrs. Lynn repeated her call.

Jack laughed and whooped and rolled on the ground in the excess of his delight at first frightening them away. But he was soon in among them, winning them by his coaxing tones to taste the salt he held out to them. The boy's face seemed transformed as Mrs. Lynn got her first full glance at his eyes, and wondered at them. They were large and clear and soft as he laid his hands lovingly on the heads of some half-grown lambs, and presently tenderly lifted one which seemed a little lame.

"You may take that one to the house, if you like," said Mrs. Lynn, "and I will bind up its poor foot."

He did so, and when he carried it back to the flock he remained all day, only going to the house when called to dinner by the sound of the conch-shell. And every day afterward the most of his time was spent on the breezy hill-side, per-

haps taking in the beauties of valley and stream and woodland which lay below, but finding his fill of enjoyment in the sheep. He was little seen at the house, seeming not to care for any human society, but he took long walks at his will, from which he once brought home a bird with a broken wing, and again a stray starved kitten, both of which he carefully tended.

"Hear him!" said Mrs. Lynn, one day, when she had gone out into the meadow where her husband was at work. "I believe he knows every sheep there."

Jack's voice came ringing down the hill. "Hiho! hiho! hiho! hiho-o-o-o-o-o! my beauties! Come, Daisy-face, come, Cloud-white, come, my Trigsy-toes and Hippety-hop and Hobbledohy. Hilla, hilla, ho! my Hop-and-skip and old Jump-the-fence! Come with yer patter-patter and yer wiggle-waggle, my beauties, oh! Where be you, Flax and Flinders and Foam? Come here, my jolly boys, and kick up yer heels on the grass in the mo-o-o-o-ring."

"He gets off some such rigmarole whenever he goes near them," she said; "and I'm sure every sheep knows him."

Jack staid for a month among his fleecy darlings, and when the time came for saying good-bye to them, nobody was near to hear him say it. He allowed Mrs. Lynn to shake his hand as he stepped on board the train which was to bear him back to his home, or rather to his homelessness, but with little response to her kind farewells.

She had tried so faithfully to impress him with the idea that there are plenty in this wide world whose hearts the dear Lord has filled with the tenderest pity and love toward those whose paths seemed laid in shadowed places, that she felt keenly disappointed in fearing she might have entirely failed. However, she remembered with comfort that just as the last car was passing the platform from which she watched it, she had indistinctly caught sight of a boy's face whose softened eyes seemed filled with tears as he strained his eyes to gain a last glance at her, and she believed in her heart it was Jack's face.

II.

"It is no use trying to get the matter righted," said farmer Lynn to his wife, speaking in great vexation: "This man Green's a tricky knave. Ever since the day his sheep broke into my field and got mixed up with my flock the fellow has been claiming some twenty or so of my best Atwoods and Cotswolds, and now he's going to law to make me give them up."

"Well, if you're right, won't that be best for you?" "Not with such a man as that. He's ready to swear the sheep are his, and there's the trouble. I'm morally sure I know my sheep, but when it comes to being pinned right down to swear to each one among so many, I can't do it."

She shook her head. "No, you couldn't; sheep are too much alike, and you would run the risk of making a mistake. When is the trial to be?"

"Next Thursday week." For the next few days Mrs. Lynn went about with a very sober face. She took two or three rides to the village, actually had an interview with Mr. Lynn's lawyer, wrote several letters, and one day the entire neighborhood was alarmed by a messenger inquiring his way with a telegram for Mrs. Lynn, it being the first thing of such an exciting nature that had ever happened in the township.

But after that evening everything went on very quietly until the morning of the day set for the trial. "Well," said Mr. Lynn, "I s'pose Green'll be out here this afternoon to swear my sheep are his. The lawyers are coming, too."

The afternoon came, and with it came Green, the lawyers, and half the township beside. They came, looked over the ground, saw the two flocks feeding in adjoining fields, and how, the fence breaking, they had become mingled. Then little remained but for Mr. Green to declare which of his own sheep had remained in Mr. Lynn's flock.

But Mr. Lynn strongly protested against the wrong being done him, as a number of his choicest animals were picked out and put over the fence. His lawyer was restless, and seemed anxious to delay the proceedings, at length saying:

"I am looking for another witness." "It won't do much good, I fancy," said Green, with a triumphant laugh. Mrs. Lynn drove rapidly up in her spring wagon, and her husband looked eagerly to see who was with her.

"Jack!" he exclaimed. "But what good can he do, I'd like to know?" Mr. Green's laugh took on a scornful tone as he saw the new witness.

"Ho! ho! Mr. Bright, is that your witness? A heavy weight, I must say. Who do you s'pose is going to take the testimony of a little scapegrace ragamuffin like that, hey? And against me?"

"I am not going to ask the boy to testify. I am going to let the sheep testify for themselves. Now, gentlemen, Mrs. Lynn believes that their sheep know the voice of this boy, and will come at his call, and it is my purpose to submit their testimony to the decision of the court. Mr. Green's sheep have only been lately pastured here. Now, my boy, stand on this fence, and let's see if the sheep will claim the honor of your acquaintance."

Jack leaped upon the fence which divided the two fields, and ran a little way along it. For a moment there was a huskiness in his throat and a dimness in his eyes as he turned to the pasture in which he had spent the only happy hours his life had ever known. He gave one look at his peaceful, white-fleeced pets, and then turning his face the other way, his voice rang out clear and distinct on the crisp air:

"Hiho, hiho, hiho, hiho-o-o-o-o-o, my beauties! Come, Daisy-face, come, Cloud-white, come, my Trigsy-toes, and Hobbledohy; come, Jack and Jill, and Clover and Buttercup. Hilla, hilla, hilla, ho-o-o-o-o-o, my Hop, Skip and Jump, come with yer patterin' and yer wiggle-waggle tail, my woolly backs! Where be you, my jolly boys, kickin' up yer heels in the wind? Come, Snip and Snap and Snorum and Flax and Flinders and Foam."

At the sound of his voice a few white heads were raised among the grazing flock in Mr. Lynn's field; then more, and then a commotion stirred the quiet creatures. Bleating, they ran to the fence where Jack stood, and crowded about him, almost clambering over each other in their efforts to reach him. But little heed was paid to them, for all were watching Mr. Green's sheep. There was a stir among them, too, for nine-tenths of the flock, alarmed by the unknown voice cutting so sharply through the still air, had turned and fled, and were huddling in a white mass in a distant corner, while about twenty had bleated their recognition of a friend, and hurrying up with a run and a jump, were also gathering close about him. And Jack sprang down among them, and with arms around the neck, and face buried in the fleecy back of one of his special favorites, was sobbing as if his heart were breaking.

Mr. Bright danced about like a school-boy, swung his hat, and pitched it high in the air. "Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah for boys and sheep! They are the best witnesses I ever want. Mr. Lynn's case is the soundest one I ever carried before a court."

"Witnesses!" growled Green. "Are you such idiots as to think this will amount to anything in law?" It did amount to something in law, however, as Mr. Green found out when the judge's decision was given.

As soon as the men were gone, Mrs. Lynn bent over Jack, whose head was still bowed. "Jack, my boy, don't cry so. Don't you know you have friends all around you?"

"Yes. Look at 'em." He looked about with a smile. "Yes, the sheep, and plenty more if you'll have them. Oh, Jack, we're all your friends. The loving Shepherd I told you of has sent us to try to do you good. He wants you to follow him just as the sheep come at the sound of your voice, because they love you and you love them. Do you want to stay here and take care of them?"

"Stay here, with you and the sheep?" Jack's eyes, beaming with joy and gratitude, frankly met hers. "I think we've found the soft place at last," said Mrs. Lynn to herself, as she went home, leaving him on the sunny hill-side. —Young People.

The Story of a Love Song.

Upon one of the many hills surrounding this old Ohio city, says a letter from Zanesville to the New York Sun, is a beautiful homestead which overlooks the smoky expanse of the town and the shining course of the Muskingum river. Thirty years ago a young preacher walked down the hill from this home heavy at heart and weary of the world. Two years before he had come to Zanesville fresh from the old collegian institution in Columbus as the Rev. H. D. L. Webster. He soon fell in love with Ella Bloxom, the daughter of Judge Bloxom, who sang in the choir of his church. He was privileged as a pastor to call upon his fair chorister at the home of her married sister, Mrs. Henry Blandy. The young, penitence preacher proposed marriage to her, and was rejected. The refusal was given in a kind though firm manner, and the young man persuaded himself that his suit was denied because of his poverty and the pride of the girl's family. He left Zanesville, for he could not be at peace where the woman he loved was shining in society.

In 1856 he moved to Racine, and soon afterward wrote a song and gave it to J. P. Webster, the composer. This song was the once popular "Lorena." In it Webster wrote the sentiments of his heart to the memory of the woman he had loved. People who remember the songs of twenty years ago will readily recall the opening lines:

The years creep slowly by, Lorena, The snow is on the grass again, The sun's low down the sky, Lorena, The frost gleams where the flow'rs have been; But the heart throbs on as warmly now As when the summer days were nigh. Oh, the sun can never dip so low Adown affection's cloudless sky.

In the days of the war the song took a firm hold on the popular fancy. Soldiers in the camps of both armies sang the plaintive verses. It was the "Annie Laurie" of America. The name "Lorena" was given to all sorts of things, and the young ladies of to-day respond to the same musical name which sentimental mothers of that time bestowed upon them.

When it became known that Webster wrote the song many of his acquaintances in Zanesville remembered his love affair there, and concluded at once that Ella Bloxom was the original of Lorena. Miss Bloxom was married to William W. Johnston, a young lawyer of Ironton, who had been educated in Zanesville, and who is now the chief justice of Ohio and the Republican candidate for selectman. Mr. Webster, who has drifted about from pastorate to pastorate, was recently stationed in Oak Grove. He also is married, having now a wife and several children.

It is stated that Mr. John Roberts, a British member of parliament, owns about 300 acres of the land on which Liverpool is built, containing at present 7,500 houses with a population of about 40,000.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

Dairies in the public parks, where poor and rich may obtain milk, is suggested from Baltimore. They are in vogue in Germany.

The Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle is informed by an eminent physician of that city that cholera never penetrated the pine regions of the South.

The intestines measure 150 feet in length in a full-grown ox, while they are but three times the length of the body in the lion and six times in man.

A man in Denver has a curious fowl. It has no eyes, one foot is webbed and the other is not. It has a flat back, and one wing is entirely without joints.

An English naturalist asserts that the flocks of swallows which return to the British shores in the spring are so large that when they reach the land and alight to rest, they cover the beach for a distance of half a mile.

It is said that a Persian king once, before going into battle with the Egyptians, gave each of his soldiers in the front ranks a live cat to carry before him; and the Egyptians surrendered to the Persians rather than injure the cats, which they considered sacred.

It is not generally known that the custom of keeping birthdays is many thousand years old. It is recorded in the fortieth chapter of Genesis, twentieth verse: "And it came to pass the third day, which was Pharaoh's birthday, that he made a feast unto all his servants."

Bushrah is the name of a noble fortress in Syria, once a great stronghold, but now abandoned, or occupied only by roving bands of Arabs. It contains within its enclosure a great theatre, portions of which are still perfect, and which dates, without doubt, from Roman times.

Of the 50,000 postmasters in the United States there are 2,000 whose salaries are below \$10, thirty-four whose salaries did not last year amount to the sum of \$1 each, fifteen whose salaries were less than fifty cents, and one—H. H. Forrest, of Redalia, Pitt county, N. C.—whose earnings for the year was nine cents.

Dangers in the Mails.

A Washington letter to the New York Evening Post, says: The discovery of an infernal machine, addressed to a New York Italian, has again called attention to the inadequacy of the law which prohibits the transmission of explosives through the mails. In 1872, when the present law was enacted, dynamite was comparatively unknown, and in this country the idea of "removing" an enemy with an infernal machine was little thought of. It was supposed, too, by the law-makers that the postmasters would examine packages, and throw out such as would be likely to endanger the safety of the mails. For this reason, it is supposed, Congress failed to provide for violation of the law by establishing a penalty. Last winter a bill was introduced in the House with this end in view. But last winter was not a good winter for legislation, and the bill failed to pass.

"If we could only induce the members to visit the Dead-Letter Office Museum," said the law clerk of the post-office department, "we should have no difficulty in convincing Congress of the absolute and immediate necessity of legislation providing for the punishment of violations of the section of the postal laws prohibiting the use of the mails in certain cases. Last week a couple of rattlesnakes, alive and with their fangs in order, were received. Not long ago a large centipede was sent from some lunatic in Texas to a friend in another part of the country. Of course the venomous spider found its way to the museum. Less than a month ago a loaded revolver was received, and percussion caps, cartridges and matches are frequently mailed. There is one parcel which contains half-a-dozen packs of fire-crackers, with a few matches thrown in carelessly. Among the minor articles to be found in our museum of curios are axes, barbed wire, chisels and other implements belonging to a carpenter's chest. We have a beautiful assortment of tree toads, snakes of nearly all varieties, and a few alligators, all originally received alive. A fine horned toad died yesterday, and is now preserved in alcohol." "Have accidents ever occurred to the postal clerks through handling such mail matter?" was asked.

"Yes, there have been instances, though they are more rare than would be expected, considering the variety of hidden dangers to which the stamping clerk is subjected. Congress certainly should take cognizance of the subject at once, and I understand that a member of the House committees on post offices and post roads will prevent all 'unanimous consent legislation' next winter, unless the House will agree to set apart a day for the consideration of post office bills. This may lead to the needed reforms."

Hard Drinkers.

It is said that Richard Porson, the great Hellinist, drank undiluted alcohol and spirits of wine, and even on one occasion got away with a bottle of furniture polish. He, however, was surpassed by a lady petitioner in an English divorce suit, who, it was proven, was in the habit of drinking turpentine and sal volatile. The testimony did not state whether she diluted these beverages or took them "straight." The taste for absinthe is a purely acquired one. Pulque, the national drink of Mexico, bears a striking resemblance in odor and taste to bilge water, and in color to milk. Keshwasser requires an apprenticeship, but turpentine must be terrible. —Medical News.

Acoustic canes are a French invention for the benefit of persons afflicted with imperfect hearing.

STRENGTH FOR TO-DAY.

Strength for to-day is all that we need, As there never will be a to-morrow For to-morrow will prove but another day, With its measure of joy and sorrow.

Then why forecast the trials of life With such grave and sad persistence, And watch and wait for a crowd of ills That as yet has no existence.

Strength for to-day—what a precious boon For the earnest souls who labor, For the willing hands that minister To the needy friend or neighbor.

Strength for to-day—that the weary hearts In the battle for right may quell not; And the eyes bedimmed with bitter tears, In their search for light, may fail not.

Strength for to-day, on the down-hill track For the travelers near the valley That up, far up on the other side, Ere long they may safely rally.

Strength for to-day—that our precious youth May happily shun temptation, And build from the rise to the set of sun On a sure and strong foundation.

Strength for to-day—in house and home To practice forbearance sweetly— To scatter kind words and loving deeds, Still trusting in God completely.

Strength for to-day is all that we need, As there never will be a to-morrow, For to-morrow will prove but another day, With its measure of joy and sorrow. —Mrs. M. A. Kidder.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Drawing materials—mustard and water. —Life. Never dispute with a woman about her weight. She's always bound to have her own weight.

A wall in the southern part of China is said to be entirely made of fish. It ought to be an easy one to scale. —Statesman. A Philadelphia father makes his baby sleep with the nurse three-quarters of a mile off. It must be the second one. —Courier-Journal.

"Do cats reason?" asks a correspondent. Certainly. There are two in our neighborhood that are reasoning with each other all through the still night. —Baltimore Day.

"Why am I like a Wall street financier?" asked a young farmer as he returned from the barn. "I give it up," replied his father, "because I have been watering the stock." —Brooklyn Times.

The old saw, "Never kick a man when he is down" is a good one, because to kick a man when he is down is cowardly. Now we give another, "Never kick a man when he is up," because it is reckless. —Evansville Argus.

The young man who wrote to his offended girl asking her to send him "a line" informing him what she would like him to do, was surprised to receive by return mail a clothes-line with a noose at one end of it. —Statesman.

The boy who seeks the river's brim, Where he intends to take a swim, But runs away, Possesses wisdom, strength and vim; For he will surely live to swim Another day. —New York Journal.

The wise men tell us that the whale lives about 400 years. Since the days of the patriarchs, however, no man has ever taken a whale from the breast and raised it to old age. A whale would be a good thing for a man to buy who hated to part with a pet after he became attached to it. —Burlington Hawkeye.

"It seems to me," said a judge to his daughter, "that your young man calls a good many times a week. My court doesn't sit anywhere near as often as yours does." "Oh, well, papa," was the blushing reply, "I am engaged to him, you know, and that entitles us to a court of special sessions."

The seats in a Western church are set on pivots, like those in a dry goods store. This enables the fair worshiper, who sits pretty well up in front, to turn around and count the number of new bonnets in the house without screwing her head off almost, and going home with a stiff neck. —Norristown Herald.

A paragraph in a number of our exchanges says: "Napoleon was bow-legged, Alexander Pope was humpbacked, Hannibal had notoriously big heels and was knock-kneed, Cicero was spindle-shanked and Alexander's left leg was badly out of plumb." One might suppose that these old worthies were alive and running for a political office. —Norristown Herald.

A-DOWN THE BAY. She was a vision of delight, When first she beamed upon my sight; I met her in a casual way A-down the bay.

What steamer, I refuse to tell, Enough to say, she pleased me well; You bet it was a beautiful day A-down the bay.

She seemed so modest and discreet, I thought I'd asked her in to eat; It only cost me two weeks' pay A-down the bay. —Boston Star.

Deaths from Cholera.

In 1871 there were 300,000 deaths from cholera in Russia; in 1873 there were 16,000 deaths in Poland; in 1872-73 there were 140,000 deaths in Hungary; 1872-73 there were nearly 27,000 deaths in Prussia; in 1865-67 there were 143,000 deaths in Italy. In Paris the mortality from cholera has been as follows: In 1832, 18,354 deaths; in 1849, 19,184; in 1853-54, 8,096; in 1865-66, 12,082; in 1873, 885. In England in 1849 the deaths from cholera were 70,000. In 1817 the army of the Marquis of Hastings lost in India 9,000 men in twelve days from Asiatic cholera.