

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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No. 41 TEMPLE PLACE.

For the Companion. WELL PAID. By Paul Cobden.

"The heat is insufferable, and there is no escaping it in this close city atmosphere. Here I've been lying on this sofa for three hours, and fanning myself all the time, and am no cooler than when I first entered the room. O dear! What a dull time! No society, not even a croquet party to stimulate one to get up and dress! I wish I could have a change of some sort, and I must have one!"

"How uncomfortable you are making yourself, Clara! Why not accept the situation in your usual easy-going way, and take what comes coolly, weather and all?"

"Take what comes coolly, when the thermometer is in the nineties! I feel as if I had the weather on my back, and have scarcely more resolution to stir than if I wasn't alive. I believe I will make an effort, though, in spite of myself. "Sam Crupper, or 'Square Crupper,' as he calls himself, will be along this morning with his pot of butter, and then I'll have a talk with him about his wife and daughter, as though they were the most interesting people in all the world!"

"Well, what's coming, sister? I can't see," replied Theodore Moore, as he folded up a business letter he had just been reading, and smiled as he noticed his sister's languid, lazy motions as she lay on the sofa.

"You can't see as far as a woman can if you can't see what's coming. It isn't likely I'd spend all those fine words on 'Square Crupper' and his family unless something was to come of it. I'm not going to stay in this sultry city all summer if I can help it. Father says he feels poor this summer, and that means that none of us are to go at his expense to any pleasant, lively place of resort. And as for staying at home to roast alive, when there isn't so much as a picnic or a boat-ride to break the monotony of every-day life, that may do for persons who haven't their wits about them, but it won't do for me! Why, how you do stare at me, Theo! I think you'd better take up your hat and hurry off to that delightful office where you and father seem to pass the time so agreeably in writing and work."

"No, I like to study curiosities of human nature once in a while; so I think I'll not go just yet."

"Well, act your pleasure. You may take your fill of looking at me," said Clara.

"You are the most uncomfortable person I ever met," added Theo. "I've seen poor women sweltering in shanties, who had to work by the day all through the heated months, but not one of them ever seemed half so unbiased as you are in this fine, cool house."

"Fine, cool house! I call it a hot, city house; and I'm sensible enough to want to make myself as comfortable as possible. I can't do just what I'd like to since father feels so poor this summer; so I mean to do the next best thing. I'm going to make 'Square Crupper' believe that I think his wife and daughter are as fresh and sweet as the butter he brings us. And then I'll draw an invitation out of him. You see, it's a tiptop nice place to go to when a body can't find a better place. It's a magnificent farm, and the dairy is over a brook, and the milk and cream are perfectly delicious. And 'Miss Crupper,' as 'Square Crupper' calls his wife, makes the most melting cake and pies, and the most delightful ice-cream I've ever eaten, and I can just lop around out there and be waited on. I can take a good supply of books along with me, and sit under the trees and read till I'm called to dinner or tea. What do you say to that, Theo?"

"I say what any honest man would say, that you ought to be ashamed to profess an admiration and friendship for people in whom you take no real interest."

"Never mind. I don't ask you to use my conscience. I can gain the good opinion of old 'Square Crupper,' and get an invitation out to the farm, without making myself at all uneasy."



WELL PAID.

A few minutes after Theodore went out Mr. Crupper came in with his pot of June butter.

"No posies in all creation ever smelt so sweet as this 'ere crock of butter," he said, as he set the crock down on the table. "Now put it in your ice-house as soon as you can," he added, "and never eat a mouthful of it without thinking of me."

"There's no danger of our forgetting you," said Clara, who just then made her appearance.

"How be you, my girl?" replied the farmer, with a pleased smile, as he offered a hard hand, that had done a great deal of ploughing and hoeing. "Anybody would know you was a city girl just by your looks. You ought to be a-breatin' country air."

"I wish I could, for I'm almost dead living in this hot city."

"Too bad!" replied Mr. Crupper, with a pitiful look. "Well, now, you just wait a day or two, and I'll ask my woman and my Sary Ann if they don't want you to come out to the farm and stay a spell. I dare say they do, but men folks don't control these household affairs. They are left to women folks. So I must see my women first, but I'm coming to town again day after to-morrow, and then I'll fetch the invitation, dead sure."

"O, I should be delighted to go out and visit your wife and daughter! Your wife is such a motherly, kind woman, and Sarah Ann is so warm-hearted, sensible and engaging, so fresh, and simple, and sweet, no one can help liking her. I can't tell how glad I'd be to spend a few weeks with Sarah if it would be convenient."

The farmer's cheeks tingled with the pleasure of the honest pride he felt in his daughter, and he answered, "Pretty much every thing that's agreeable is convenient in our house. Sary Ann's a knowin' girl, and just a wonderful one, too, whichever way you look at her, if she is my girl; and 'tain't no surprise to me that you want to come and visit her. I tell you she's a team. When she starts the work has to fly; and she's dreadful pretty, too, if I'm any judge of looks."

"Her cheeks are like two roses," replied Clara, but she laughed inwardly as she thought of "Sary Ann," and her red, coarse face.

The farmer bore home all the compliments he had received for his "folks," and simple-hearted Sarah Ann Crupper was ready to receive Clara Moore with the warmest feelings and the largest hospitality.

"What there is to admire so much in me, I'm sure I can't tell," she said to herself, as she looked in the glass, and turned and returned before it; "but that city girl's in love with me, and no mistake. I shall have to work harder the month she's here, but then, I don't care. 'Taint hard for me to work for folks that have a good opinion of me."

The guileless Sarah Ann was all excitement at the prospect of a visit from Clara Moore, and she flew about the house, rubbing and polishing the plain, country furniture, and on the room designed for Clara she bestowed special care. She even robbed her own room of the few pictures that adorned the walls, that her friend's room might look its best. And the simple farmer, wishing to help "Sary Ann" in the way of enjoying good society, bought a new white matting for the floor.

"It's just the same as if I done it for you, Sary Ann," he said, as he tumbled the great roll out of his wagon. "There aint nothin' I wouldn't be willin' to buy for anybody that takes an interest in you; so you see it's the same as if I got it for you. You can't put your finger on anybody in all creation that sets such a store by you as that city girl does. She's got an older brother, and like as anyhow he'd think you was something of a catch. But I never had that idee till just this minute. It's the girl's likin' for you that takes so with me."

The farmer's daughter felt the pleasant stimulus of this praise all day, and for many days, not only when she was flying around, "putting the beeswax on the house," as her father called it, but long after the arrival of her city guest.

"You are as fresh as the country itself," said Clara; "fresh in body and fresh in soul. It seems to me you'll never grow old."

It was delightful to find an admirer in a city belle, and Sarah Ann Crupper thought herself one of the happiest of women, as she sat under the trees with Clara and devoured all she said. And yet she had her full share of common sense, and no extravagant amount of vanity. She simply took a most natural and innocent pleasure in being admired and loved. And she was willing to pay for it in the most delicious ice-cream, and in like delicacies for the palate such as her well-trained hands could make.

Clara stayed on the Cruppers' farm six weeks, receiving every possible kindness and attention, and leaving the farmer's daughter a sincere mourner at the time of parting.

But now that the warm weather was over, and the season for parties and public amusements had fairly come, Clara seldom had a thought of her country friend.

One day, early in the winter, as she was hurrying through the dining-room to give a boy an order for green-house flowers, she was astonished at the sight of Farmer Crupper.

"Here I be, old Square Crupper himself, and here you be!" exclaimed the farmer.

And just then Clara heard the report of a kiss on her cheek. In the next instant there was a kind of explosion, behind a newspaper in the corner where Theodore Moore sat reading.

The good, honest-hearted farmer saw the color come to Clara's cheeks, but could not tell whether the kiss was pleasing or displeasing.

"I couldn't help doing that," he said. "You're the same as my girl, and I haven't seen you in so many months. I'm awful glad to see you. It's good to set eyes on you, but I can't stay more than a minute. I only come to bring another crock of butter, and to say that Sary Ann has a great hankerin' for you, and would like to come and stay a spell with you, if agreeable. She says it's kind a lonesome now in the country, and she thinks you'd pretty nigh jump out of your skin if she should come and make you a visit."

Clara did almost jump out of her skin as the farmer closed the door behind him. "How provoking! how tormenting!" she said, and she almost danced in vexation. "O dear! What have I done?" she exclaimed. "That old country bumpkin! I wish I'd never seen him or his Sary Ann. I hadn't a minute to think of what to say, and before I knew it out came, 'I shall be happy to see her.'"

"You know you said you thought you should be 'well paid' for going to see the Cruppers, and it strikes me you are in a fair way for it," replied Theodore, with a shy smile.

"Don't twit me, for pity's sake, don't," exclaimed Clara. "O, this is all so vexatious, so provoking! But there's one consolation for me. My smashing party's coming off Thursday, and that'll be nicely out of the way before that girl comes."

Clara's expectation that "Sary Ann" would not arrive until after the party proved a vain one. Thursday's sun, indeed, rose bright and clear, clouded by no thought of "Sary Ann Crupper." But about three o'clock in the afternoon, when the whole house was astir, making bouquets and putting the finishing touches upon every thing, Clara's enjoyment was suddenly eclipsed by the appearance of the fat, bouncing, noisy country girl, and in an instant she felt a pair of big, strong arms around her neck.

"That's it, that's the way to do things!" exclaimed the delighted father of the loving and demonstrative "Sary Ann." "You always go the whole hog. When you love, you love, and when you hug, you hug. You're a girl to be proud of, if you be 'old Square Crupper's daughter.'"

"Well paid," said Theodore to himself, as he peeped out of the hall-door, and watched the meeting of his sister and her country friend.

Although vexed beyond endurance, Clara was obliged to keep up the appearance of being glad to see her country friend.

If she could only have devised some plan to keep "Sary Ann" out of the parlors that night, it would have brought her the greatest possible relief, but "Sary Ann" had no idea of not being on exhibition. She hadn't brought her orange-yellow tarlatan dress for nothing. She was sure there would be "lots of visiting" in the city, and so she'd brought "a party dress." This party dress she spread out before Clara, to her own great delight, but to Clara's horror.

Just at dusk a faint hope comforted Clara. Sarah Ann had declared that her head was "aching to split," and Clara had very kindly told her that she need not come down stairs at all that night, but go to her room and keep quiet. But "Sary Ann" hadn't come to the city just to give up to a headache.

"I like to see folks, and see what they're made of," she said. "Besides, I wouldn't disappoint you so much. I always want to show off my company, and I suppose you do yours."

"O, I only meant to say that you needn't tax yourself to come down stairs, if your head ached very badly."

"I'll be in the parlor good and early, you bet," answered "Sary Ann." "I go in for a good time, and I've brought more than one party frock with me, for you know I won't want to wear the same one everywhere!"

"Shade of my grandmother!" exclaimed Clara, silently to herself. "If I'm not getting well paid

for going out to the Crupper farm, and pretending to be what I was not, then I don't know what it is to receive compensation. Why couldn't that coarse, common creature have stayed away at least until after my party? The only answer I can think of is, 'It was to be.' I've got to face this thing. I shall have to introduce the girl. There's no getting rid of it."

But here Clara was mistaken. Sarah Ann Crupper was not a person to trouble anybody to introduce her. She knew how to do it herself.

Clara made all possible haste in dressing herself, but Sarah Ann was in the parlor before her, flaunting in her flaming yellow dress. And as the evening passed along, her voice and laugh grew louder and louder, and she moved about the room, introducing herself as "Sary Ann Crupper, the daughter of the well-known Square Crupper."

The party was at last over, the gas turned off, and Clara in her bed, thinking of how much her visit in the country had cost her.

Sarah Ann had far happier thoughts. She was rejoicing in the fact that she had made a sensation and had a splendid time. Fortunately for Clara, the visit was cut short by the sickness of Mrs. Crupper, but Sarah Ann did not leave until her city friend was "well paid."

We are glad to say that "Sary Ann" remained at the Moores long enough to estimate the real value of flattery, and that her visit both checked Clara's pride and insincerity, and although the acquaintance ended regretfully, it left each of the girls and the honest old farmer better schooled in human nature than before, teaching, as it did, some lessons of life that it is very hard to learn.

For the Companion.

THE GOOD-NATURED CRITICS.

By Mrs. O. W. Scott.

Annie Hunt sat on the lower stair in the academy hall, crying. One after another the girls, failing in their efforts to console her, had taken their sashes and hats from the pegs and gone to their homes. At last Katie Rand came out and rushed upon her friend in her usual impetuous fashion.

"What's the matter now, my own one?" said she, with one arm around Annie's neck. "Is it your algebra, or a composition, or has somebody hurt your feelings? Tell me quick, for it's my night to make the toast for supper, and I must hurry."

Thus importuned, Annie wiped her tears away and whispered, "Promise never to tell."

"True's I live and breathe," said Katie.

"Well, then, you know how intimate Bell Hastings has been with us. She's become to my house every single day this term to get out her algebra problems with me, and she promised me upon her word and honor that she would never join the White Apron Society till you and I could. But she was sixteen yesterday, and to-night she's going to join."

This last was given in a tragic tone, and closed with another little burst of tears.

"Mean, ain't it? but I wouldn't mind. Don't feel so, Annie. My mother says she's afraid the White Aprons don't accomplish much; and Fred says they only meet where the big brothers can see them home."

Annie stamped her little foot impatiently. She could not hear even Katie disparage the White Apron Society. "You know it's nice," she said; "and they have a treat of peanuts and candy every little while. If I were two years older I—I would do something."

"Well, why can't you now?" cried Katie. "Why couldn't we second-class girls have a society of our very own? Have a badge, and a grip, you know, and meet at each other's houses. We could go home early, and I never should be afraid. O, now, do let's have it."

"Well, you might ask your sister," suggested Annie, with an air of interest.

"Esther? O yes, she would help me originate, I know."

"You mean organize, Katie. What mistakes you do make," said Annie, laughing.

"Yes, organize. Well, I'll talk it over to-night. I must go now and help get supper."

Katie buttoned her gray sack, and sprang down the granite steps, and very soon her trim little figure flitted in at the doorway of the brown cottage where her widowed mother lived. Esther was toasting the bread, but Katie soon had it under her charge.

"What made you so late?" asked Esther.

"O, Annie Hunt and I had a confidence, and we want to do something perfectly splendid; but we want your advice first. When can I have you all to myself?" asked Katie, laying the fast slice of bread upon the plate.

Esther Rand was one of the teachers in the academy, and her time was pretty well filled.

She smiled and began to consider. "Let me see. French and English compositions to look over and a letter to write. Tell me while we eat supper, Katie."

So when Mrs. Rand came in, and the three were gathered around the little tea-table, Katie made known her plan and waited for the counsel her kind sister was always ready to give.

"Well, dear, I cannot see any harm in your starting a new society if you wish to. I used to be a 'White Apron' myself. You could have essays and dialogues, (though I hope you'll not try to discuss big, learned questions, as we did,) and sometimes you could put in a charade or a tableau."

"And apples, and nuts, and candy," insisted Katie.

"Yes," replied Esther, considerably amused, "I suppose you could. But one thing you ought to have, certainly, I think. You must try to improve each other in language, mind and manners. So if you girls organize a society, don't fail to have a critic appointed."

"Wouldn't that be a spl-en-did name, 'The Society of Critics?'" cried Katie.

"It might frighten some away, and then others might think the name too assuming," replied her sister. "Why not call yourselves the 'Blue,' or 'Pink-Ribbon Society,' to distinguish yourselves from the White Aprons, and wear one of those colors as a badge?"

But Katie was ambitious. *Critic* was such a fine-sounding word. Wouldn't Esther manage to introduce it in a harmless way? So she suggested "Good-Natured Critics," and this struck Katie as particularly fine. She adopted it, and repeated it over and over, while she cleared the table; carrying herself with so much dignity in consequence, that she ran against the pump-handle and broke a saucer.

No sooner was her work done than she rushed over to Annie's house to report. Annie said she would not object to the name, if Katie would vote for her as President. The required promise was solemnly given, and then the two girls wrote eight billets to the members of the second class, to which they belonged.

After this they put their heads together, and, with some assistance from the records of the Ladies' Sewing Circle, they drew up a Constitution for the new society.

"There, do read it all over, Annie, and let's try to listen as if we didn't know any thing about it!" And Katie leaned back and closed her eyes so as to concentrate her ideas as much as possible. Annie stood up under the lights and read as follows:

ARTICLE 1.—This society shall be called the Good-Natured Critics.

ARTICLE 2.—Its object shall be the improvement and edification of its members.

ARTICLE 3.—Its officers shall be a President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer.

ARTICLE 4.—Each member shall pay ten cents at the time of joining.

ARTICLE 5.—Meetings shall be held once a week at each other's houses.

"There, I'm sure that will answer. Don't you think so?" said Annie, as she took her seat.

"Yes," replied Katie; "but come to think of it, we've got to have some by-laws, too."

Annie turned to the old Sewing Circle book.

"They do have them, don't they; but what's the use? There's enough here."

"Everybody has by-laws and we must," persisted Katie. "We haven't said a word about all being second-class girls, nor about the grip, or how long the officers shall hold their posish."

"You'll be criticised for using slang, Katie Rand, now you see," said Annie, severely.

"Sure enough! We must put our critic in a by-law, so there's four, already." These essential points were appended after awhile, in four or five elaborate by-laws, and then Katie ran home.

The next morning there was a great fluttering among the second-class girls; but Miss Esther, who taught in the second-class room, knew what it meant, and did not choose to see the little white notes which passed from hand to hand, or to hear the few whispered words that flew along the lines. She had reason to trust her girls, and resolved to give a word of caution to Katie, judging that it would have more effect in that way, than if spoken before the school.

As soon as the bell rang for intermission there was a short consultation in the hall, and then eight of the second-class girls hurried off to "Miss Forsythe's shop" to procure "yards and yards of pink ribbon."

Miss Forsythe's stock was a little low, but she hunted her show-case through, and pulled down boxes of all sizes, to find enough of the right width and shade.

"There," said she, removing two pins from her mouth and transferring them to her already bristling shoulder, "there, divide it in this way. The two long strips will make six bows, and these remnants the other two."

"But we want ten!" cried Katie, scanning the group around her and opening her eyes very wide as she did so.

"Gracious, girls! The Lewis' haven't come! What do you suppose it means?"

Laura Dently, a tall, quiet girl, who had been examining Miss Forsythe's fall hats, drew her aside, and whispered, "They can't afford to join a society, Katie. Little as it will cost, they truly can't afford it."

Katie's generous heart could not long hesitate in such a matter.

"Miss Forsythe, can't you leave off one loop of my bow, and squeeze out ten?"

"Leave an end off mine," added Laura.

"Mine, too," said Ruth Raymond.

The milliner measured and calculated with the knowing air that experience gives, and decided that by the proposed plan she could make ten very respectable bows. And to the girls' amazement, she offered to make them all for nothing. Her offer was gratefully accepted through Katie, who said she was glad to get rid of that part, for whenever she attempted to make a bow it always looked as though it had been "spanked into place."

The girls ran back to the academy in high spirits. As they hurried up the steps, Annie Hunt was much gratified to see Bell Hastings watching them with an expression of the most intense curiosity, and at the door she took pains to say to her companions, very distinctly, so that Bell could hear, "To-night, at seven o'clock. Don't forget."

Lizzie and Madge Lewis were informed—by a crumpled note which Katie sent through several hands, so they might not suspect any one in particular—"that all their expenses would be paid, and their pink bows furnished, if they would please join the society."

"Katie Rand's work, I know," said Madge. "She's a dear little thing, and we must go, if some of them don't think we are very nice." And so it came to pass that the whole class met in Mrs. Rand's parlor to organize.

Laura Dently was chosen to act as President *pro tem.*, and Katie, as Secretary. Eva McPherson prepared some slips of paper for ballots.

"Now," said Laura, "you must vote for a President. Eva, pass the papers."

After considerable whispering and some giggling, the votes were collected and passed to Katie and Lou Stacy, who counted them. Laura Dently and Annie Hunt each had five. This was the highest number.

"Let's all agree to have Laura," said Lou, a short girl with red curls, who admired Laura's height and self-possession.

But Laura saw Annie's disappointed face, and said at once "No, girls, Annie has been the one to help start the society, and now let her have the first chance to serve." They all agreed to that, and were about to proceed with the election, when Mabel Wayne said she thought they ought to hear the Constitution read first, for they might not all like it. For her part, she could not join until she knew what was expected. This profound remark was received in respectful silence.

Laura acknowledged that she ought to have thought of that; and Katy, whose ideas were always walking about in garments a world too large, said that, as they wished to work with the most perfect ambiguity, of course they must be right. She was then requested to read the Constitution and By-laws. Knowing her one weakness, Katie had drilled herself on "edification" in the second article; but, alas! she had forgotten the smaller words. She began,—

ARTICLE 1. This society shall be called the Good-Natured Critics.

"What!" ejaculated Mabel, while Annie Hunt and Lou Stacy laughed aloud. Poor Katie! She corrected her mistake, and, with a very red face, finished reading the document. The Constitution was unanimously adopted, and then the rest of the officers were chosen.

Laura Dently was elected Vice-President, Mabel Wayne, Secretary, and Ruth Raymond, Treasurer. Katie Rand was appointed critic for the week, to report at the next meeting, Madge Lewis to write an essay, and Lou Stacy to present a charade. The initiation fees were then collected and given to Ruth, who was charged to have an eye on the purchase of "goodies." The pink bows, neatly made by Miss Forsythe, were pinned on according to the Constitution; the grip, which was "a tight squeeze of the two front fingers," was given most successfully; and after appointing the next meeting at Lou Stacy's house, the new society "adjourned."

As might have been expected, the week did not pass away without the full measure of curious comments and questions by the White Apron girls. Most of the young rival sisterhood kept silence and maintained their dignity very well. But a mischievous inquiry put to Katie Rand by

one of the first class whether she gave lessons in "chirping," and an invitation to her from several of the same class to lecture on "Crickets," showed that some naughty member had revealed secrets. No ill feeling followed, however, and soon the appointed evening for the second meeting came.

The Good-Natured Critics assembled in the parlor at Lou Stacy's in full force. The "grip" was given with right good will, then the roll was called, with closed doors, the record of the last meeting read, and after that the song was sung, "There is beauty all around when there's love at home." Madge Lewis' essay was next in order, and Madge did her best to describe "The Beautiful in Nature and Art."

This was followed by a recess and the "goodies," and the society, of course had a good time generally. The charade came next, and being really the *pièce de résistance* of the occasion, the girls entered into it with infinite gusto. If it were not a faultless performance, none could blame the preparations or the disposition of the parties who managed it.

It would be too long to tell all the crudities and quaint blunders of our young *litterati* during this their first session as a society.

The duties of Miss Katie Rand, the critic, concluded the programme of the evening.

When Katie's report was called for, the girls settled themselves into quiet attitudes, straightened their faces, and prepared to give their undivided attention. All through the week Katie had looked forward to the moment when she should stand there, and in ringing tones pronounce judgment upon the faults of her schoolfellows. But now that the moment was come, she found her throat dry, and felt her heart beat fast. After a pause, she summoned courage and began.

"Now, girls, I'm going to be very plain and honest with you, and what I shall say is the truth, every word of it. I'll begin with Miss Annie Hunt, our honored President. Last Monday morning, when she failed in algebra, she ran out her tongue at Mr. Raymond. Tuesday she asked Ned Stacy for a bite of his apple, which is something no young lady should do. Ruth Raymond wore an awful dirty pair of cuffs to school last Wednesday!"

"O, what a story!" whispered Ruth.

"And she peeped into her French grammar during recitation, for I saw her do it. Lou Stacy has done ever so many improper things this week."

"So has Katie Rand, more than ten thousand!" whispered Lou, indignantly.

"She threw a button-hole bouquet to Bert Stanley. She mimicked Aunt Nabby Eaton walking lame, and I think she's the one that told about our first meeting."

"Miss President, won't you stop her? That's a wicked story!" cried Lou. Annie rapped, calling her to order.

"Let's wait till she gets through before any remarks are made."

Katie's temper was rising, and she went on sharply. "Caddie Green hasn't laced her boots properly for a week. She ate peanuts at prayer-time this very morning, and threw a piece of a shell at Benny Thompson's head, and it lodged in his hair. Eva McPherson hasn't done any thing, hardly, but she must take better care of her finger-nails. Mabel Wayne says I done it for I did it; and when she stands up to recite, she sneezes as if the wind blew her. Lizzie Lewis laughs too much when she is talking, and seems to be very vain of her white teeth. We ought to be humble, all of us. Madge Lewis came to school with ink on her fingers, and pins stuck in the front of her dress, like Miss Forsythe. It looked awfully. Laura Dently tries to be too fashionable. Those little curls that she combs down over her forehead make her look simple; and lately she's begun to walk like a lame duck. This finishes what I have to say, though there are other things I could have mentioned." Katie sat down, and in a trice six girls were upon their feet, calling in concert, "Miss President! Miss President!"

"I declare, girls," said Annie, forgetful of her position, "you've all got enough to say, but don't speak together. Laura, you have the floor."

"I only want to say," said Laura, with much dignity, "that if our critic is to be so very personal, I shall withdraw from the society."

"So shall I!" cried Lou Stacy. "Katie Rand has no business to talk so about us! I've never told one word that was said at our first meeting."

"As to my cuffs,"—said Ruth.

"As to my boots!"—cried Caddie.

"It's just a shame for Katie to mention names! She's criticised everybody but herself, and she's the very one that needs it. If I were such a little blundering goose as Katie Rand is!"

"I'm going straight home, girls, and you needn't ever speak to me again, not one of you!" cried Katie; and, white with grief and passion,

she rushed to detain her.

Esther, surprised to see her, before she had time to say anything, had

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she rushed out of the house before any one could detain her.

Esther, sitting quietly at her work, was surprised to see Katie rushing in, breathless and hatless, before the nine-o'clock bell rang.

"I've done it now! I've made them all hate me, and I never meant a thing! O dear, Esther, what shall I do?"

"Tell me all about it," said the kind sister, drawing poor Katie's head down upon her breast. And there, with many sobs and tears, the poor little critic told her story. "And you said I must be honest and plain-hearted in my report; and what made you say so, Esther?"

"My dear Katie," said Esther, laughing in spite of herself, "I never dreamed of your using the girls' names. I meant that you should criticise in a general way the little faults you chanced to notice. I should have given you more attention; but my time has been so filled. Poor little sister, you have had a sad experience. You see, Katie, no one likes to be corrected, no one likes to take advice. You may offer it, you may give it away ever so freely, but nobody is thankful for it. And so we have to learn to be very careful if we want to help our friends. I am so sorry!"

"But I think folks ought to be willing to hear the truth," said Katie, stoutly, wiping her eyes. Esther smiled. "Would you like to have one of the good-natured critics tell you that you were overbearing in your ways, inclined to dictate, very apt to mispronounce long words, and somewhat given to using slang?"

Katie shook her head. "They might—say—something good at the same time!" she murmured.

"There, now, don't forget that!" said Esther, heartily, "and you will make this a discipline worth having. Let's sleep over our trouble now, and in the morning every thing will look brighter."

Katie doubted this, but at last retired with a very heavy heart. Before she was fairly up in the morning, the door-bell rang, and her mother found under the door a note addressed to "Katie Cricket." It was written by the Secretary, and stated that they all decided that they had disgraced their name, for they all forgot to be good-natured. They felt that Katie had been "injurious," but if she would explain and apologize, all would be forgotten by her loving but indignant friends. Katie asked the advice of her mother and Esther, and they said, "Make up, of course."

So an extra meeting was called, and they all came together under a big elm tree. Katie tried to apologize, but made such funny work of it that they all began to laugh, and agreed to call it a settled matter.

From that time the new society progressed very peacefully and prosperously.

The girls had learned a lesson in the art of criticising that they never forgot afterwards; and as often as any indications of trouble appeared, the warning was sufficient, "Remember that awful time when we all got mad!"

For the Companion.

THE BORNEAN PYGMIES.

By G. L. Austin.

It was while our party was returning from the coal mines, recently opened near the Simunjon River, a tributary of the Sadong, that our attention was called to a race of people of very peculiar interest. During our stay in Borneo we had seen, and heard of, many things worthy of remembrance.

We had visited the region mostly frequented by the mias, and had had occasion to learn more of the latter's nature and manner of life than we had ever anticipated. We had also made the acquaintance of the sun-bear of Borneo, and been quite astonished at the wonderful feats of agile strength which the poor creature had been forced to perform for our delectation.

Inasmuch as the wet season was approaching,—it being the earlier part of the month of December,—our guide proposed that we should ascend the Sadong as far as its sources, and descend by the Sarawak valley, to Kuching, our main stopping-place on the island.

This route was by no means direct, but very circuitous, and one which necessarily caused much extra travel and a waste of time. However we did not care to ford marshes, and, perhaps, become suddenly impeded by treacherous bogs. We preferred the easiest way round, merely because it was both the easiest and the safest.

Upon arriving at Gudong, peopled mainly by Malays, we were hospitably entertained by the native ruler in his own house. Here we spent the night, and were visited at all hours by crowds of people who came to gaze upon us. One fact asserted itself, namely, that the people of Gudong were not used to beholding strangers within their precincts; and whether we were men, gods, or demi-gods, they were evidently at a loss to understand.

The next day we again started up the river. A small company of girls and women, who had come down to the river bank to procure some water, upon seeing us approaching quickly dropped their buck-

ets and ran away. One of the youthful maidens had ventured to take a bath. As soon as she saw her sisters fleeing hastily into the woods, she turned about, and, uttering the most terrific screams imaginable, swam towards the bank as beautifully and gracefully as a swan.

Continuing on our course, we at length reached Tabokan, a pretty little village inhabited by Hill Dyaks. At this point the river was quite broad, and closely bordering on it was a large square of ground, or park, hedged in by a small growth of trees.

In this park were assembled a large crowd of people. And as we drew up near the landing-place—we were apparently unnoticed—the young men of the village were engaged in all kinds of sports of an athletic character. The old men were clad in sumptuous attires, and, indeed, every thing seemed to be taken a day of unusual interest and character.

Having at last got out of our boat and gone up to the "village house," we were most cordially greeted by the head men, and were given to understand that our arrival at the place would be the signal for a most glorious entertainment.

The sun had reached its meridian, and the air, notwithstanding its moisture, was oppressively hot. We were, therefore, overjoyed on finding ourselves sitting under cover of a well-ventilated mansion, through which the odors of flowers and fruit were wafted uninterruptedly. Dinner—no small affair—was served in due season, and we both ate and drank as though we were half starved.

Meanwhile we had learned that this was "market-day," and that people of other and neighboring villages had come hither for the purpose of bartering and disposing of their wares.

After dinner we made the circuit of the village, saw the various wares that were offered for sale, and were tempted to purchase some of them for charity's sake. But generally speaking, there was very little worth paying for, and much that would have been totally useless to any one save a Bornean native!

It was whilst examining a few stray knick-knacks at one of the booths, that our eyes rested for the first time on some human beings, whose like we had never before seen.

There were five men in all, and not one of them was more than four feet in height. They were clad in the simplest manner, having only a very narrow cloth about their waists, and a skull-cap adorned with feathers, on their heads.

That they were not boys was evident from the wrinkled countenances of three of them; and their large amount of muscular energy. Two wore beards of full length, whilst from the heads of all the hair hung down, not straight and glossy like that of the common Malay and Dyak, but in a curly and matted lump, as it were; not unlike a quantity of black sheep's wool.

The longer we gazed on this singular group the more amazed did we become. They were certainly the strangest human beings that eyes ever beheld; and, forgetful of every thing else for the moment, we directed our attention solely to them, and made them objects of careful study.

A single glance was enough to satisfy us that they were neither Malays nor Dyaks; neither were they Chinese, Singhalese nor Africans. They belonged to a race which was probably indigenous to the island but not multitudinous. In some respects they bore resemblance to the Dyaks, whilst in other respects they were singularly unlike the latter.

The foreheads of the Dyaks are, generally speaking, quite elevated and broad; those of these Lilliputians,—for we may term them such,—on the contrary, were low and narrow. Their mouths and chins were Dyak-like, but their eyes were deep-set, small and still penetrating, and with scarcely any brows or lashes. The nose projected low, and the nostrils were of immense size.

The ears were perfectly human and natural. Upon approaching this people we noticed what had hitherto escaped our sight. The body, from head to foot, was covered with a hairy coating, not indeed hair in the strict sense of the word, but a species of woolly down of not more than a half-inch in length. The moisture of the skin had so dampened this wool, that it lay almost flat, and inasmuch as it partook of the natural color of the race, was not readily distinguished at a distance.

The arms were long and muscular, the waist was narrow, and supported a very long body; and the legs shared the general features of the arm, with this peculiarity, that the feet were tapering, the heel broad, and the toes exceedingly pointed.

Such is the brief, but nevertheless truthful, so far as it goes, description of these pygmies.

Wherever they went in the village we followed them at a respectful distance. Among the natives of the place they attracted little or no attention, and indeed they appeared to regard them as of their own number.

Another fact must be mentioned. They very rarely entered into conversation with any one. Upon approaching a booth their eyes would fall on some object of special interest to them. Placing their hands upon it, or taking it up, they would inquire the price in some half-muttered lingo. In case they did not agree to the response, they would beat a hasty retreat, unless, perchance, they were called back and given a reduced price.

I have always regretted that we did not have a photographer with us, so as to be able to retain in preservation the likenesses of this wondrous race of beings. Yet their faces were in no way attractive; indeed, they would have frightened the ordinary observer; and I hardly think that any of my readers would care to treasure the *carte de visite* of our pygmy strangers among those more precious ones in the albums.

Notwithstanding this fact, these people were worthy of being most carefully studied. To the ethnologist—he who investigates with a knowing mind the features and characteristics of mankind in general—they would have proven objects of bewitching interest.

When we sought an explanation from the headman of the village, he gave us a sarcastic smile and said,—

"Mias-orang."

These words were interpreted by our guide as "Orang-utan-man!"

The chief's answer reminded us of the old legends and we wondered whether a race of men of such low development as to almost as closely resemble the beast of the forest as the human species, could possibly originate on the earth!

For the Companion.

THE STORY OF ELIZABETH ZANE.

Long before the foot of civilization had passed over from the first settlements on the Atlantic coast into the interior of the country, before the great West was covered and woven together by lines of railroads, and her rivers were navigated by steam, some New England men, restless and discontented with the Eastern country, started for the West.

They made a long journey into the almost unexplored territory, taking with them their wives and children and their household effects, and driving before them their cattle.

Some of them stopped when they came to favorable situations, resolving to go no further, but to settle there. But others kept on until they came to the great prairies and forests of the West.

There, where the only sounds that disturbed the solemn quiet of nature were the howl of the wolf, the cry of birds, the sighing winds in the deep foliage, and the frequent murmur of brooks in the vast wilderness, they rested.

It was a delightful country.

Above them towered the dark pine-tops, while beneath their feet was spread a carpet of green grass, sprinkled with flowers of rare beauty and fragrance. Fresh, sunny airs played around them, and shook down the dead pine needles to the earth, and occasionally some bird of bright plumage would flit before them like a flash of light, or a squirrel, sitting high above their heads, would chatter at them as they were passing.

The first work of these early settlers was to build for themselves cabins and surround them with a row of palisades, to serve as a defence against the attacks of Indians and the incursions of wild beasts. From the wild beasts there was but little to fear. Their principal foes were the Indians.

There was a settlement of pioneers near Wheeling. The Indians had troubled them, and at the time of my story they were expecting an attack. Fortunately, information had been brought them a few hours before the attack was to have been made.

Soon the Indian war-whoop resounded throughout the thicket around them, and the rattling discharge of muskets saluted their ears.

The inmates of the fort, however, were safely encased behind the palisades, and were unhurt by the balls which they could hear constantly striking the walls.

The attack was not returned, but at intervals the crack of a rifle from the fort would bring to the ground some exposed savage.

While the Indians fought in this manner, there was little danger to those in the fort.

But when they despaired of ever succeeding by such fighting, and approached to break down and burn the palisades, then those within were obliged to expose themselves to their fire while beating them back. Once, too, the wooden defences caught fire, and while extinguishing the flames, six of their men were killed by Indian bullets.

So at last the garrison was reduced to twelve men and boys, and several women and children.

The women were employed in loading the guns, thus rendering important assistance to their husbands and sons.

After the defence had been carried on in this way for some time, one of the women brought word that there was no more powder. The men were horror-stricken. Without ammunition their rifles were of no use to them. Nothing could hinder the Indians from storming the weak fort. The massacre which they knew must in that case ensue caused the strongest to shudder and turn pale.

At this emergency a council was held, and it was agreed by all that with the powder had passed away their last hopes, when one of them happened to think of a keg of powder that had not been opened, but left in a house outside the fortification.

This information did not in any great measure raise their hopes, for they supposed it certain that the Indians had discovered it and taken possession of it, as they had torn down some of the houses about the fort, and set fire to others. When, however, a woman, sent to ascertain the facts of the case, reported that the house where the powder had been left was still standing, and that the Indians had gone to the other side of the fort, their hope revived. The captain was unwilling to detail any one to get the keg, but he called for volunteers. Each one of the garrison offered to go.

While they were in doubt as to whom they should send from the many volunteers, Elizabeth Zane, the sister of one of the officers in the fort, came forward and asked to be allowed to make the effort. Her request was promptly refused; but when she urged it, saying that her life was of less value to the others than the life of any one of the men, they yielded, and she prepared to go.

It was a beautiful day in September, 1877.

By the time that she was ready to start, the savages had again got round to the side of the fort on which the house was situated, but they were distant a little way, and had nearly ceased firing. It was plain that they were planning an attack. It was a fearful moment when the girl started out. She walked with a firm step, but quickly.

Half of the garrison were in readiness to rush out to her rescue if the savages should attempt to take her.

The Indians were astonished. They ceased their council as she made her appearance, and gazed in amazement at her as she advanced.

The sight of a beautiful girl in such a place, exposed to such dangers, yet bearing herself so firmly, and showing so little fear, seemed to hold them in check. She kept on, and, with the same steady step, entered the house. Then in a moment she reappeared, and with deer-like swiftness started for the fort, bearing the keg of powder in her arms.

It was then that the savages for the first time recovered their self-possession, and before she had passed half the distance from the house to the fort, a volley of bullets whizzed and whistled around her. The men watched in breathless suspense. As she kept on unharmed by the flying balls, cheer after cheer arose from those in the fort, and half the garrison rushed out to meet her. Not a ball had touched her, though fifty must have been aimed at her as she ran.

The powder thus obtained caused a renewal of the conflict on the part of the besieged, and the Indians, despairing of capturing the fort, finally raised the siege and departed, leaving the bodies of fifteen dead on the field.

Elizabeth Zane has met the applause she so well deserved in the pages of history. Her name also is commemorated by the town of Zanesville, Ohio, which, we are told, was founded by her.

G. R. CALVERT.

For the Companion.

LONDON BRIDGES.

By Louisa M. Alcott.



I have often said to friends on their return from England, "Well, did you try the penny boats going up and down the Thames all day, and so get fine views of St. Paul's, the Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey and the Bell Tower?"

"No, we didn't know that strangers did that." "Did you ever take a drive on one of the coaches, and so have gone dashing off to Sunbridge, Wells, or Dorling for the pleasure of viewing the country from the top of one of these once famous mail-coaches?"

"No, we never tried it." "Did you see the immense wine vaults, where the visitor wanders for miles, apparently, candle in hand, as if among the Catacombs?"

"Never thought of such a thing." "Nor bought hot roasted potatoes from the ovens kept by sleepy women at street corners in the night?"

"Bless me, no!" "Nor gone to the Zoo to hunt up the *wombat* and see if he really were 'thairy and obtuse,' as Christina Rossetti says in one of her poems; and being there, ride on camels and disport yourselves like children among the animals?"

"We went, of course, but a man showed us round." "I won't harrow up your feelings any further, but end my questioning by the triumphant assertion, I know you didn't see London Bridges by moonlight." "You are right, it did not occur to us."

"Then it seems to me you have missed some of the best sights of London, and have only followed in the beaten track laid down by Murray, and made very dull and dusty by the feet of many travellers like yourselves."

Some would have thought it quite impossible for a lone woman, even an enterprising American, to have done these things, and perhaps I should have found it so had not a kindred spirit of the opposite sex, but an American, been raised up to me.

My grandson, as he respectfully calls himself, being my junior by some years, is a youth of an inquiring turn, an adventurous soul, a persuasive tongue, and makes a capital guide, guard, comrade and friend.

A delightful unexpectedness attends our trips and gives them zest, so we always keep in light marching order, and never are surprised at any suggestion from the other.

On the evening of the Fourth of July, as we sat on the balcony enjoying the lovely moonlight that

glorified all London, I was suddenly seized with a desire to do something revolutionary and independent in honor of the day. So instead of sitting decorously in an easy-chair, and taking my moonlight like a well-conducted young woman, I rose up, and pointing vaguely to the horizon in general, I said, "Let us go somewhere."

"We will," promptly responded my ever ready grandson, and in a moment we were walking forth into time and space with the delicious sense of freedom so dear to the Yankee soul.

"Where shall we go?" said I, as we came out of the quiet square.

Now most men would have suggested a concert, call, or a romantic stroll in the park; but C. knew better, and gave me something far finer than any of these.

"Come and see the bridges by moonlight," he answered, like an inspiration.

Away we clattered in a cab to the Thames embankment, that wonderful piece of work which turned the river bank, with its tumble-down houses, old wharves and dangerous dens, into a magnificent drive, with the city on one hand and the busy river on the other.

We alighted at Blackfriars Bridge, and here standing in one of the niches built in a half-circle over each abutment, we took a long survey, for it was a view which no one should lose.

Behind us rose St. Paul's, its great white dome thrown out in strong relief against the soft haze of the sky beyond. Nearer the water were the enormous breweries which seem to line the Thames, almost always surrounded by a stone lion or some other device, which in that magical light made them look more like palaces than establishments for satisfying what seems to an American the unquenchable thirst of the British nation.

Still nearer to us were many Dutch vessels with their uncouth hulks, queer rigging and the bright-colored sails that so enliven the river by day, now lost in black shadows or closely reefed, for no large craft are allowed to ply up or down after dark.

While expressing my wish that John Bull would change some of his laws to suit my private taste and let the penny-boats run by night, we strolled across the bridge, meeting crowds of the common people out for refreshment like ourselves.



Each niche had its pair of lovers, and I had just said how happy they seemed, when in a smaller nook I caught sight of the crouching figure of a woman so suggestive in attitude and figure of "one more unfortunate," that I involuntarily moved towards her, remembering the other lines:

"Alas for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun."

But C. drew me away, saying sagely, "Don't waste your sympathy, these people are usually humbly, and this is not the bridge where the real tragedies happen."

Feeling rather crushed I went on, but when we returned the dark, despairing figure was still there, and it haunted me all that night.

On Waterloo Bridge such sights are common, for the poor souls who are in earnest pay a half penny toll, and thus escaping the idlers so thick on the free bridges, drown themselves as privately as possible.

My mind was so full of these sorrowful images that I followed my guide silently up the long flight of stone steps leading to the iron turn-stile. Here, while C. paid our toll, the policeman who keeps guard there turned the light of the little lantern fastened to his belt full upon my face, for I dare say its solemn expression raised a doubt in his mind as to my intentions.

But there never was less reason for anxiety, for life was wonderfully attractive to me that lovely night, and there were few happier mortals than I, when, a little later, I sat in a light-boat and we went swiftly with the tide along that line of moonshine which always seems like a silvery path to heaven.

Many small sail-boats were out, and we found much amusement in hearing the comments of the strollers on both banks concerning our rowing. I took an oar and we went down in gallant style, but coming back was hard work, for round the piers of the bridges the current ran swift and strong, and we had a famous pull before we landed at Westminster pier and crossed to the Lambeth side.

Here the embankment (which, by the way, cost three million pounds), runs before the fine Lambeth Hospital, built on the new plan of having the contagious diseases in separate buildings connected by handsome arcades. These command such charming views up and down the river, with the turrets and spires of the Houses of Parliament opposite and Lambeth Palace not far off, that I almost wished myself a convalescent patient able to enjoy it every day.

On we went to the Suspension or Lambeth Bridge, and standing between this and the Vauxhall above, I was perplexed to decide which was most beautiful, each was so fine in its way.

In spite of Ruskin's sneers at Blackfriars, it is charming to me, with its different colored stones. The long arches of old Westminster are the most perfect, and the airiness of Lambeth is very striking. Hungerford adds the charm of variety, and the one which spans the curve of the river at Greenwich is a delight to look upon.

Being warned by the deep tones of Big Ben from the clock tower that it was getting late, I proposed turning homewards, but C. would not hear of it till I had admired Lambeth Palace, which is most interesting, with its square gray towers, deep gateway, porticulis and high walls, all looking particularly impressive just then with the dark figure of a sentinel passing to and fro behind the barred entrance.

All the way back to Westminster the moon shone brightly on the venerable abbey. St. Paul's glomed in the purple shadows of the distance; the dark bridge and massive stone work of the hospital rose upon the right, and on the left were the brightly lighted Houses of Parliament, dropping countless yellow reflections on the water below, where the superb eight-oared club-boats rose and fell with the tide.

It was a very happy walk home, for I refused to drive, being bound to enjoy my midsummer night's dream to the uttermost. From the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step, and we took it when leaving the more crowded and brilliant streets behind us, we turned into a quiet quarter and nearly fell over a queer, black object, like an oddly-shaped wheelbarrow in mourning; while a sleeping woman sat on the curb-stone folded in a dark shawl.

The whole thing looked mysterious, and I could not pass without stopping to investigate. C. satisfied my curiosity by giving the shrouded sleeper a gentle poke and demanding two hot potatoes. Up rose the woman, open flew a little door, disclosing an oven, and out came two immense potatoes baked to a turn. Producing a pepper-pot with salt in it, the now wide-awake lady obligingly offered to break the skins and add the necessary savor. But we preferred to bear our warm purchases home, there to feast royally on them, with bread, butter and sardines added.

Not a romantic termination of our moonlight ramble, but very acceptable and more wholesome, as we morally decided, than ices and cake at a restaurant, or a heavy tea at some social board. Our walk and our row made us delightfully tired, and in our dreams we saw again more wonderful and bright than ever the famous bridges we had visited "in the glimpses of the moon."

THE COGGIA COMET.

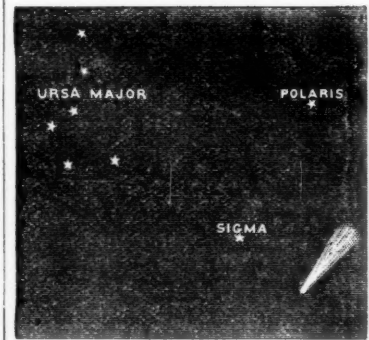
There is now visible to the naked eye on a clear night in the north-western heavens a comet of the first magnitude and brilliancy. In some respects this comet differs from others which in preceding years have come near the earth; and, moreover, its appearance, sudden and unexpected, has aroused wider interest among trained astronomers than did most of its predecessors.

There seems to be not the slightest doubt among astronomers that comets, like the planets, are offshoots, as it were, from the sun's mass, being white hot when they first escape, and gradually cooling as they diminish the distance from the solar centre. But their falling away from the sun, as we have seen, is not continuous or perpetual. The orbit of a comet is best represented by what is mathematically termed a *parabola*; that is, "an infinitely long ellipse," which latter, like a circle, is a closed curve, whereas the *parabola* may be regarded as an open one.

From this it appears that a comet may approach and recede from the sun in different periods of time; and in the case of those with parabolic orbits, we know not whence they come or whither

they are going, and therefore it is impossible to say whether they will return or not.

The nearer the comet approaches to the sun, the more heated does it become, and the brighter does it shine to us. Moreover, its velocity increases under this same condition. The sun's heat is thrown upon it, and a violent action commences. The matter of which the comet is composed speedily passes from a cool solid state to one molten and white hot. Thus we have one of the strongest evidences of the all-subduing and intense heat of the great source and centre of the universe.



It has been estimated that there are millions of comets belonging to our system, and perhaps passing between this and other systems. Of these we see but a few; nay, not more than eight hundred comets have been recorded from the earliest times down to our own day.

The nineteenth century has been especially rich in brilliant comets, visible to the naked eye. The large comet of 1811 was exceedingly fine; the head measured 112,000 miles in diameter, and the tail was no less than 112,000,000 miles in length. The comet of 1843 was visible in full day, and of all comets known, it approached nearest the sun. Donati's comet, in 1858, is the most famous comet of modern times. Those of our readers who witnessed the magnificent spectacle afforded by the nights when this sublime body was visible will not suffer the remembrance to escape from their minds.

In 1861 and 1872 two other comets appeared, less brilliant, however, than the preceding. Whilst in 1868-'69-'70-'71-'72 and '73 there were several other comets, of which that of the last year, Biela's comet, was the most remarkable.

Of the comet now to be seen in the north-western sky, considerable has already been written, especially by those who know least about their subject.

When we read in the newspapers that a certain man has predicted the appearance of this or that comet, we ought to set him down at once, either as something more than human, or as a half-crazy enthusiast, generally the latter. Comets come unlooked-for and unexpected, and they vanish as speedily. And inasmuch as it is impossible to track their movements over more than a limited portion of space,—this space both illimitable and unfathomable—it is rash to suppose that man can predict the coming of the majestic body before it appears.

The comet now visible dawned upon us unheralded; and not until it was first discovered was it even thought of.

On the 17th of April, 1874, it was seen for the first time at Marseilles by a French astronomer, who gave to it his own name, Coggia. When discovered, its position was 70° north of the equator, and 6 hours, 28 minutes, Right Ascension. It was then moving at a very slow and gradual rate; indeed, so very slow that the eye of the astronomer, even by long and constant watching, could scarcely distinguish any perceptible movement.

Coggia allowed several days to elapse before he undertook to regard the comet scientifically. It was so very far away, and its light was so dim, that it was almost a hopeless task to attempt any calculation or computation, either as regarded the distance of the comet, or its velocity, or its intensity of light.

However, in order to have a unit with which to begin his computations as regards the degree of light, on the 17th of April he characterized the intensity in his note-book as 3. Each succeeding day increased this ratio proportionately; and on the 24th of May he found himself able to calculate the distance from this increase. His table, prepared for the use of astronomers generally, would prove an almost impenetrable mystery to the majority of readers. However, we shall make an effort to present certain of its more interesting items in a clear light.

The distances were all computed in logarithms, and the distance of the sun from the earth was taken as a unit,—1. On the 24th of May, then,

the distance of the comet from the sun is given as 1.4, or nearly 1 1/2 times the distance of the earth from the sun!

Meanwhile, the distance was decreasing, and the intensity of light increasing. Whereas, on the 17th of April, the latter was noted down by the figure three (3), on the 19th of July it is characterized by one hundred and fifty (150).

On this date the Coggia comet will reach its greatest brilliancy and approach nearest the earth.

On the 23d of July the intensity will diminish to 149; on the 27th to 112; and on August 4th to 45. So on, till the light of the comet has vanished wholly from sight. By this time it will have passed into the southern hemisphere. The question now asked is, Will the comet come in contact with the earth? It is barely probable. In the last of June the length of the tail was computed at nearly 3,500,000 miles, and rapidly increasing as the coma nears the sun.

It is yet too early to answer with any exactness the foregoing question. After July 2d, the nucleus has been moving towards the south. By the 15th the head will have nearly descended to the horizon in the north-west, and on the 19th, as we have pointed out, only the tail will be visible.

One need not be afraid of the head of the comet, therefore. As regards the tail, some idea of it may be obtained from the accompanying illustration, and a much better one from viewing the comet itself in the night-time. The great distinguishing feature of the tail is the width at the extremity, and the way in which it is foreshortened. It is more than likely that towards the middle of the present month the tail will have become so expanded that it will reach to the pole star, and fill a larger part of the northern heavens. Towards the last of the month, or, perhaps, in the beginning of August, the earth will have been plunged into the eastern edge of the comet's tail.

The astronomers in all parts of the country and of the northern hemisphere are at work studying the Coggia comet. They are particularly interested in its movements because it is the first comet that has invited careful observation since the invention and development of spectrum analysis.

At the observatory in Cambridge, Mass., the director has already attempted to analyze the composition of the comet by the aid of the spectrum. As yet, his observations are not completed, but enough has been seen to warrant the assertion that the burning comet is a mass of carbon.

THE NEW POSTAGE LAW.

The post-office is one of the most wonderful of the marvellous institutions of the age. For a trifling sum the government collects, assort and conveys millions of letters and newspapers to every part of the world. It is a very inefficient postal service that causes the loss of one letter in a million, and although we exercise the universal privilege of grumbling, it is nearly certain that the little packet which we drop into the mail at this moment will be in a very few hours speeding towards the place of its destination as fast as steam can carry it, with hardly a chance that it will not reach the hands for which it was intended.

The principle of cheap postage is that every thing is done "wholesale." Your letter is but one, but at the post-office it is one of thousands. If it is the only one for a particular place, yet on the way it will be joined by others, and, when it is to be distributed, it is again one of thousands. You pay but three cents, yet the government gets over six hundred and fifty dollars a ton for carrying the letter mails.

Within a few years our postal system has been much improved, as in the abolition of the franking privilege and in the introduction of postal cards, but a still further reform has just been made which will go into effect on the first of January next.

Heretofore newspapers mailed regularly to subscribers might be paid for either by the publisher or by the subscriber, but was almost always paid by the latter. The rate was twenty cents a year for weekly papers. The postage on weekly newspapers was of course twenty cents a year, or five cents a quarter. This system of payment caused great difficulty. Millions of accounts had to be kept, and many persons evaded the payment even of the petty sum charged. In consequence of such evils an entirely new system of payment is to be established. After the close of this year every thing that goes through the mails must be paid in advance. All postage on newspapers is to be paid by the publishers.

After the first of January, then, the subscribers to the *Companion* will not pay postage once in three months, but the publishers will pay it each week. In consequence of this new postal act the

subscription price of the Companion will be advanced from its present rate to \$1 75 per year.

The new system will make a large saving to the post-office department in time and labor, and it will be a great convenience to those who receive papers. But it will add a new burden to publishers. A few, perhaps, will not think it worth while to increase the subscription price, but papers of very large circulation where the profit on each name is very small indeed,—as in the case of the Companion,—must raise the price somewhat or lose their profit.

Publishers generally have refrained from making any opposition to this important change, although it will be a costly one to most of them; because it is certainly a reform that will be for the advantage of the government and in the interest of honesty. It is thought by most of those who have given any attention to the subject, that the rate is too high, and that Congress will find it necessary to reduce it to a cent and a half a pound, at the next session.

THE REASON OF HEAVY ARMY EXPENSES IN THE WEST.

Apropos of the retrenchment of army expenses by the government, it may be of interest to Eastern readers to know some of the channels which carry away the seemingly large appropriations which are made for the support of the United States Army. One example will suffice.

There are quite a number of the Western outposts lying in Texas, New Mexico, Nevada and Arizona which are at considerable distances from any railroad line. These posts necessarily are as expensive to sustain as those quartering twice the number of men but situated in towns and cities, some of them even more so. At one of these, it matters not what its name, garrisoned by less than seventy men, the annual expenditure for fuel alone is nearly twenty thousand dollars, while that for hay and grain for the horses overruns that sum. This is owing to the fact that the country is almost destitute of trees, hard wood commanding as high a price as fifty dollars per cord; while the grain, freighted through an uninhabited region for nearly one hundred miles, demands its highest market price, with an addition of five cents per pound for transportation. Thus the bare necessities of life are an enormous drain upon Uncle Sam's pocket; and when it is remembered that there are at least sixty posts somewhat similarly situated, who can wonder that the expenses of the government are almost fabulous.

DISCOVERIES IN CHALDEA.

It is recorded in the earliest writings of Moses, that Terah, the father of Abram, took his family and went to Ur, a city of the Chaldeans, to dwell. Recent discoveries have disclosed the fact that the Chaldean empire rose to a higher state of civilization and had a denser population than has been previously supposed. In the limits of a single small district, the relics of no less than thirty cities have been discovered.

It is difficult to make explorations in this country on account of the great unhealthfulness of the climate, but four of the recently discovered cities have been explored, and numerous tablets of stone and bronze have been found, on some of which have been deciphered the names of kings and cities mentioned in the Pentateuch. From these tablets we learn that Ur, to which Abram's father went to dwell, was the richest of Chaldean cities.

Ur was a commercial city, on the Persian Gulf, and for this reason rivalled in opulence the more ancient city of Babel. It is a very curious fact that the ruins of Ur are found, at the present time, one hundred and fifty miles from the gulf, the intervening space being filled by an alluvial deposit.

AUTHOR OF "THE CURFEW."

Several correspondents make inquiry concerning the authorship of "The Curfew," which appeared anonymously in a recent number of the Companion. It was written by Miss Rosa A. Hartwick, now Mrs. Rosa A. Thrope, formerly a resident of Litchfield, Hillsdale County, Mich., but now living in Fremont, Steuben County, Ill. It was published some years ago, when the author was quite young, has been widely copied by the papers in this country, and is now receiving attention from the best English journals. We understand that Mrs. Thrope has in preparation a volume of poems for the press.

TEACHING A STOVE CHINESE.

The London Pall Mall Gazette relates this amusing story of M. Jullien, late Sorbonne Professor of Chinese in Paris:

When M. Jullien was nominated to the post his lectures were given on Thursday and Saturday of each week, but for the first month his audience consisted solely of the stove, which could scarcely be expected to derive much benefit from a lecture on language. One day, greatly to his surprise, a large party of fashionably dressed ladies and gentlemen put in an appearance, and M. Jullien, out of gallantry towards the former, began his lecture by translating a sonnet by the Chinese poet Li-o-Tsing, in which woman is compared to "the lotus of the Yellow River." The audience appeared to follow the lecture with deep interest, and M. Jullien began to think that his office would be no sinecure. There was a large attendance the following week, and among the company the lecturer noticed one gentleman who had been present on the previous occasion and whom he set down as an enthusiastic admirer of

the Chinese language. This gentleman continued to attend a whole course of the lectures, accompanied on each occasion by a fresh party, and it was only six months afterwards that M. Jullien discovered that he was a guide who showed foreigners the sights of Paris, one of the most remarkable of which he considered to be a professor teaching a stove how to talk Chinese.

A SINGULAR LAKE.

The Scientific American gives this description of Lake Titicaca, perhaps in many respects the most singular and interesting lake in the world:

Situated on the crest of the Andes, it is the highest large body of fresh water; and as concurrent traditions point to it as the spot where Manco Capac, the first Inca, appeared and woke the aboriginal tribes from their long sleep of barbarism and ignorance, it is the historic centre of South America. Humboldt called it the theatre of the earliest American civilization. On an island within it are the imposing ruins of the temple of the sun, and all around it are monuments which attest the skill and magnificence of the Incas. There are also at Tiahuanaco and Silustani the remains of burial towers and palaces, which antedate the crusades, and are, therefore, pre-Incaic. Lake Titicaca is about the size of our Ontario, shallow on the west and north, deep towards the east and south. The eastern or Bolivian shore, being backed by the lofty range of Sorata, is very high and precipitous. The lake never freezes over, although the temperature of Puno is often eighteen degrees at sunrise. Two little steamers of one hundred tons each, a trifling business. Steam is generated by llama dung, the only fuel of the country, for there are no trees within one hundred and fifty miles. The steamers actually cost their weight in silver, for their transportation (in pieces) from the coast cost as much as the original price. A steamboat company has just started from Bolivia, the exclusive privilege of navigating Titicaca and the Rio Desaguadero to Lago Pampa, with guarantee of six per cent. cost on the capital, and a share in all new mines discovered. Prof. Orton, the latest traveller in that region, calls attention to the fact that Lake Titicaca is not so high as usually given in geographical works by about three hundred feet. Its true altitude is 12,493 feet, and in the dry season it is four feet less. This fact has been revealed by the consecutive levellings made in building the Arequipa Railway just finished, which reaches from the Pacific to Lake Titicaca.

FAITHFULNESS OF DR. LIVINGSTONE'S NEGROES.

That honored missionary and explorer had a wonderful faculty of attaching to himself the savage people among whom he spent so many years. This fact may account in part for what is told below, though we must credit the African character with much kindness and personal fidelity. The names of Livingstone's body-bearers should be preserved in history. The Boston Globe says:

There is one fact in connection with the last act in the drama of his life of peculiar and touching significance. When the rumor of his death was first received, it was reported that his body had been rudely embalmed, and was being borne to the coast by his followers. Such an improbable statement led many to discredit the report of his death. But it was true. These faithful attendants, every one of them, it is to be remembered, a native African and a liberated slave, having first proposed to try it in the sun with salt, and wrapped and disguised it as a bag of goods, to enable them to pass safely through jealous and suspicious tribes, started with the lifeless body on their six months' journey to the coast. For a thousand miles and more they bore those remains, which no old African traveler believed any tribe could have induced them or could have enabled them to carry a score of leagues. As Sir Bartle Frere says, "None but they who know practically the difficulties of African travel can rightly appreciate the marvellous devotion with which this undertaking has been accomplished. Let no man henceforth say that the people of Africa are incapable of acts of the highest and most sustained heroism and self-devotion."

GREAT MEN'S CATS.

No animals save dogs have enjoyed so much human favor as cats, and in respect to quiet habits, beauty, sleekness, playful ways, and a certain niceness fitting them for parlor company, cats are preferable to dogs. The Emperor Caligula was insane when he made his horse a consul, but we can excuse the pleasurable affection which has made poets and prophets honor their pet pussies and confer big names on them. A writer in Our Dumb Animals says:

There are plenty of good cats, and always have been, whose shrine is still the hearth-rug, who repudiate familiarity from strangers, but are loyal to the home that shelters them, discriminatingly affectionate, daintily clean, philosophically meditative, thoroughly respectable,—cats who enable you to understand the feeling which caused Southey to confer honors on his cats, and even raise one to the peerage, with the title of "Earl Tomkinnage, Baron Katickie, Waowher and Skaratehbi."

I like, personally, to have good authority for my peculiarities, and I can assure those who like cats that they like them on good security. Not to mention the sacred character given to them by the Egyptian and Scandinavian mythologies, they have also into this day with the Mahomedans a kind of imputed goodness, because of the affection with which the prophet of that faith regarded his own particular favorite, for he allowed her to make the bosom of his robe the nursery of her kittens, and once cut off the sleeve of his robe rather than disturb her midday siesta.

Petrarch had his cat, when dead, embalmed, and Rousseau shed some really genuine tears over the loss of his. When Dr. Johnson's cat was ill—"Great Bear" though he was called—he nevertheless nursed it night and day, and went himself for the oysters with which he tempted its returning appetite.

HOW A KING WAS PUNISHED FOR KILLING BIRDS.

Frederick II., of Prussia, was one day walking along the terrace at Sans Souci and noticed that his beautiful, large grapes were suffering severely under the appetites of the sparrows. Enraged at the impudent thieves, he offered a price for their heads, and in a few weeks there was not a single sparrow in the royal gardens. In the following year, however, not a single grape ripened, and the Prussian monarch found that as soon as the sparrows disappeared their depredations unmolested, and the king found

out that, although the sparrows were great thieves, their useful qualities far more than counterbalanced their bad ones. He repealed his former edict, and since that time sparrows and grapes have prospered abundantly at Sans Souci.

A WELL FINISHED IN TWO HOURS AND FIFTEEN MINUTES.

Wells were so costly in the East in patriarchal times that different tribes of men sometimes went to war about the possession of one. "Boring," and other modern facilities for making deep holes in the ground, have somewhat cheapened the wells; so much at least that one can better have one of his own than quarrel for some neighbor's. The Wyandotte Gazette gives the following account of well-digging extraordinary at that place, a few days since:

Work was commenced at five minutes after one o'clock, and in seven minutes and a half the auger, which is about a foot in diameter, had penetrated ten feet, and in just two hours and a quarter, or twenty minutes after three, the well was dug, stoned up, the curb, with windlass, crank, rope, pulley and spout, all in place, and a new galvanized iron (not the old oak) bucket hanging in the well, with an abundance of good water, though of course it was not quite as clear as it would be after settling over night.

"THE SPIRIT WITHIN HIM."

A profound theologian may have given a more learned exegesis, but could hardly have made a better illustration than this:

A skeptic who was trying to confuse a Christian colored man by the apparently contradictory passages in the Bible, asked how it could be that we were in the spirit, and the spirit in us, and received the reply, "O, dar's no puzzle 'bout dat; it's like dat poker; I put it in de fire till it gets red hot; now de poker's in de fire, an' de fire's in de poker."

SOCIAL GAMES.

We have received from West & Lee Game Company, Worcester, Mass., AVILUDE, the favorite game of birds, which is too well known to need description. The game is written on sixty-four neat cards, and is sold for 50 cents.

Portrait Authors, an intellectual game, employing sixty-four cards, on one-half of which are printed the portraits of popular living authors from photographs furnished by the authors themselves, and on the other half are printed biographies of the authors whose pictures are found on the cards. Though these cards are a great improvement over the old game of authors, they are offered at 50 cents per game.

SOCIETY is a new game, and, although it may be learned in an evening, success in playing requires intellectual skill. The card pictures represent the different grades of modern society, as chess is supposed to symbolize the social grades in the feudal ages. It is not a taciturn game like chess, but social and exhilarating. The three games are not only wholly unobjectionable, but combine in them positive influences for good, and we regard them as the best that can be introduced into the household. Each is packed in a neat case and is accompanied by printed directions.

HONORABLE mention is made of a Maine servant girl who is now serving her eighty-second winter under the same roof. She has washed dishes 89,730 times, and comes yet gayly to her task.

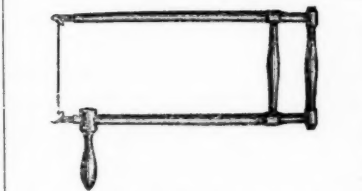
PLEASURE AND PROFIT.



The art of Sorrento cutting has become very popular, for it is not only a source of pleasure, but of profit to any who may wish to make it so.

With this Saw almost any boy or girl can make a large variety of useful and ornamental articles, such as

- Wall Brackets, Picture Frames, Match Safes, Clock Shelves, Work Baskets, etc.



Our new Bracket and Fret Saw is in size 6x13 inches, is made of polished cherry and neatly put together. We will send, postage paid, for \$1.25.

- 1 Bracket and Fret Saw, 5 Designs for Wall Brackets, full size, 4 Extra Saw Blades.

Also, printed directions.

Address PERRY MASON & CO., Boston, Mass. (Youth's Companion Office, 41 Temple Place.)

Views of a Policeman.

I have not enjoyed good health for several years past, yet have not allowed it to interfere with my labor. Every one belonging to the laboring-class knows the inconvenience of being obliged to labor when the body, from debility, almost refuses to perform its daily task. I never was a believer in dosing with medicines; but, having heard the VEGETINE spoken of so highly, was determined to try it, and shall never regret that determination. As a tonic (which every one needs at some time,) it surpasses anything I ever heard of. It invigorates the whole system; it is a great cleanser and purifier of the blood. There are many of my acquaintances who have taken it, and all unite in praise of its satisfactory effect.

Especially among the aged class of people, it imparts to them the one thing most needful in old age,—nights of calm, sweet repose, thereby strengthening the mind as well as the body. One aged lady, who has been suffering through life from Scrofula, and has become blind from its effects, having tried many remedies with no favorable result, was induced by friends to try the VEGETINE. After taking a few bottles, she obtained such great relief that she expressed a wish for her sight, that she might be able to look upon the man that had sent her such a blessing. Yours respectfully,

O. H. P. HODGE, Police Officer, Station 6. Boston, Mass., May 9, 1871.

Twenty-Seven Years Ago.

H. K. STEVENS, Esq.:

Dear Sir,—This is to certify that my daughter was taken sick when she was three years old, and got so low that we were obliged to keep her on a pillow, without moving, to keep the little thing together. She was attended by several physicians,—the regular attending one being old Dr. John Stevens. They all pronounced her case incurable. She had been sick about a year, when, hearing of the great Blood Remedy, VEGETINE, I commenced giving her that, and continued it regularly till she was about seven years old, when she was pronounced perfectly cured. During her sickness three pieces of bone were taken from her right arm above the elbow, one of them being very long. Several small pieces were also taken from her left leg. She is now twenty-seven years old and is enjoying good health, and has ever since she was seven years old, with no signs of Scrofula or any other blood disease. Her arm is a little crooked, but she can use it almost as well as the other. Her legs are of equal length, and she is not in the least lame. Her case was Scrofula, inherited in the blood; and I would recommend to all those having Scrofula Humors or any other blood disease, if they wish to have a perfect cure, to try VEGETINE, the reliable blood remedy, which does not weaken the system like many other preparations recommended; but, on the contrary, it is nourishing and strengthening. My daughter's case will fully testify to this, for I never saw nor heard of a worse form of Scrofula.

HULDAH SMITH, 19 Monument Street, Charlestown, Mass. MRS. SARA M. JONES, 69 Sullivan Street, Charlestown, Mass.

April 10, 1870.

VEGETINE is sold by all Druggists. 30-21



For Beauty of Polish, Saving Labor, Cleanliness, Durability & Cheapness, Unequaled. MORSE BROS., Prop'rs, Canton, Mass.

PIANOS. WOODWARD & BROWN

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\$2400 Yearly to Agents. 54 new articles and the best Family Paper in America, with two \$5 Chromos. Family Journal, 300 Br'way, N. Y.



For the Companion.

CHARLIE.

[The incident that forms the subject of the following poem has been frequently related by John B. Gough, in one of his lectures, as an illustration of simple faith in Christ.]

Weak and pale upon his pillow Lay a sufferer, young and fair; High above his snowy temples Hung soft curls of golden hair; He was one to see the woman, Who was one to bless the man, Who might climb him as their darling, Yet he lay there, thin and wan, With no mother's prayer to soothe him, With no father's voice to cheer; Only one, a child in simple, Stood in tearful silence near.

How the little patient suffered, Who alone, save God might know, For a cruel wheel had crushed him, Then the fever laid him low; But to-day his pulse beat feebly, And the crimson flush was gone, While within his eyes a glory, As of heaven's delight, seemed born.

Sleepless, still, he whispered, "Charlie, Can't you ease this senseless pain? Can't you help me, Charlie, darling, There's a throbbing in my brain; O, you don't know how I suffer, But the doctor said last night, When he thought that I was sleeping, That my eye was far too bright, For this world, so that, God willing, I shan't wait much longer here,— But this pain—O, can't you help me?" And the child he spoke a tear, Wrung from out his heart's deep anguish, Coursed down his wasted cheek, 'Twas a sad and silent witness Of a grief no words might speak.

Then his little comrade answered, Through the soles that choked his breath, "George, O, I long to help you, For I fear what folks call death! George, O, I'd die to save you!" Wept the child; and then a thought, Like an angel sent from heaven, To his soul by God sent down brought, "George," said he, "at the Mission, Where the hungry and the poor Go for bread, and where the Bible's Taught to those who seek its door, There, last Sabbath, whilst I listened, 'Mid the ragged boys and men, Some one read a heavenly story, And his words came back again, One, he said, there is who ever Heeds the feeblest sufferer's cry; He could ease your pain, too, George, If he were but passing by. But I'll tell you all the story, As the preacher told us there,— Now do try to hold out bravely, Though I know it's hard to bear. Let me smooth again your pillow,— Is that better?" Take my hand While you listen to my story, For I see you understand.

"'Twas of one so good," said Charlie, "That He loved the poor and weak; All His life was spent for others, And His heart was pure and meek. Most of all He loved the children, Once He took them on His knee; And He gently kissed and blessed them, As He might do you or me. It was Christ, I think, they called Him, And they said He sought around For all those in pain or sorrow, That might in the world be found, And if we could only tell Him, Am I sure He'd ease your pain; If we knew but where to find Him,— O, that He might come again!"

"Did they not," said George, feebly, "Tell you where the stranger slept,— This great Charlie, who loves all children?" But poor Charlie only wept, As he sadly said, "No sinner Hath this Saviour of the poor; Though the birds have nests, He strayeth Through the land, from door to door, But to-night, if you could hearken To the footsteps moving past, So to tell Him, something whispers That He'll come this way at last." But while yet the child was speaking, George closed his weary eyes, And his spirit, 'mid the angels, Seemed to roam in paradise.

"George, George," cried the other, "If you sleep, perhaps to-night He'll pass by, and may not see you, In this dim, uncertain light." But the little sufferer answered, "Charlie, I don't fear to go, Yet I long to see this stranger Who loves little children so; But I'm sure He will not see me, As I lie here on my bed,— O, I do so long to see Him, After all the preacher said. Is there not some way to call Him, If He come, that I am here, On this cot, and patient waiting For the end that's drawing near?"

"I've been thinking," answered Charlie, "If you could but raise your hand, He would see you, and discover All you'd have Him understand. Come, let's try; then I must leave you For the night,—but, ere I go, Let me prop your arm with pillows, So that if He comes He'll know That you want Him,—now another, That will do, but lie quite still!" And the child—nurse kissed his comrade, Begging him to bear God's will.

In the morning, when fair sunbeams Flooded the long hall with light, And without, amid the branches, Sang the birds with plumage bright, On his couch, in life's last slumber, Was the tiny hand upraised, 'Mid the pillows, as at even, And the watcher on it gazed. White and cold as sculptured marble Lay the Christ-child on that morn, With his soul freed from its fetters, By the angel Death upborne.

In the long night's fearful watches, While the little patient lay Wrapt in slumber, and the lamplight Dimly shone, with feeble ray, Christ passed by, and saw the signal Of the little child's wee hand, Raised amid the snowy pillows, And He said, "My Father's land Hath great need of these, His faithful, 'As thy faith be it to thee.'" Then he touched the child, and straightway Was his weary soul set free.

For the Companion.

STORY OF A SAILOR'S PRAYER.

Forty years ago John Rutledge sailed from Buffalo as first mate of a Lake Erie vessel engaged in Canada trade. The owners were ambitious to be foremost in enterprise and gains, and cleared the vessel from port before spring navigation was fairly open, or at least before the lake was clear of dangerous ice. Unprepared for any wintry encounter, and expecting the wind to break and scatter the floating floes, the captain steered westward, under orders to make the upper end of the lake as soon as possible. More than two-thirds of the voyage was accomplished, when, to the astonishment and dismay of all on board, they found themselves running in a furrow of water between two immense masses of ice, which were gradually closing together to crush them in! On one side the ice-field was stationary, and seemed to extend away to the Canada shore; on the other side the mass was moving slowly towards them before the south-west wind.

Their fears would soon be turned to certainty. The ship would be locked in ice, and though she might not be stove at once, her captain and crew would be prisoners, with a prospect of starvation unless some new way of escape opened. John Rutledge, the mate, volunteered to reconnoitre on the ice, hoping to find communication with the shore, but after a perilous expedition and search he returned only to report "open water" on the Canada side.

"Abandon the ship and put out in the boats!" said some; but it appeared certain that the moving ice must close upon them before they could reach open water, and in small boats the chances of destruction would be immensely multiplied. No way of deliverance appeared. Forward as far as the eye could see ran that ever-narrowing channel, their only way to safety; but the wind was against them, and sails would not serve to get them through in time. While officers, crew and passengers stood hopeless and helpless, the thought of God came to each heart, and made men tremble who were not used to fear.

The captain, not himself a religious man, impressed by the fearful emergency of the moment, called all into the cabin who were not needed on deck, and told them plainly that if they would be saved they must ask God to interpose, for no human effort could avail them now.

After a moment's silence John Rutledge said softly, "Let us pray;" and immediately every one in the cabin knelt down with him. With child-like words he told in the ears of the Father on high the peril and distress of his ship, and the fears and anguish of the men at the thought of leaving their wives and children forever, confessed his sins and the sins of all in the most humble manner, and tearfully besought divine mercy and deliverance for the sake of Christ, the Redeemer. They rose from their knees and went on deck. Judge of their feelings when the man at the wheel sang out, "All right, cap'n! It's blowing nor' by nor'-east now." While the mate was at prayer in the cabin the wind had changed. The ship was moving forward, and the same power that was wafting them through the channel now pushed the great ice-floe back so that it could not crush them. "Shall I put on more canvas, captain?" said John Rutledge. "No," said the captain, "don't touch her. Some one else is managing this ship." And, led by the unseen Hand, the ship did reach the open water, and come to her port in safety. T. B.

A HEN AT CHURCH.

Poets have told of birds which sang praises, but it has remained for Toledo to produce a church-going hen. One of the prominent churches in that city has its parsonage located next to the church edifice, and for the convenience of the pastor a side door opens from the sanctuary into the parsonage yard. As an innocent occupation for his leisure hours, the minister had reared a fine flock of chickens, and under his care and attention the aforesaid fowls had become quite intimate with the worthy dominie. Last Sunday the good man was a trifle late, and in his hurry

to reach the pulpit neglected to close the door leading into the church. A matronly hen observed her master, and, having nothing important to do, concluded to follow him. With solemn steps and slow, she entered the study, and through the half-open door viewed the worshippers within. Just then the notes of the organ pealed forth, and the soft-voiced soprano warbled. The melody roused the listening fowl, and spreading her wings she soared aloft above the heads of the congregation.

She had reached a point immediately over a bevy of ladies who had on that day donned their spring bonnets for the first time, when her inspiration and the music ceased, and, like fearus, she fell. Immediately each woman began an original litany; but it availed them naught. Down came dame partlet and settled upon one of the "sweetest hats" in the congregation. Finding it difficult to stand upon so slight a perch, she began to scratch and clamber, and in this her early education served her well. The elders, supported by a storming party of deacons, rushed to the aid of the unfortunate lady, and succeeded in removing the discordant fowl; but not until the "lovely" spring hat had been knocked into centennial style. —Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The story of the white dove that flew into a meeting-house once, during Divine service, and settled herself on the pulpit-Bible between the minister's hands, has gone the rounds of the newspapers several times. The dove has the advantage in such an incident, being a symbolic bird in sacred places; but who will deny the poor hen the same right to venture into church sometimes, the humble but useful fowl of which so kind and touching mention is made in Matt. 23: 37.

SQUEAKITY-SQUEAK.

The boys all called him "Squeaky Boots"— Because he came to school one week With high-topped boots on, strong and stout, Which, every time he walked about, Went squeakity-squeak—squeakity-squeak. And then at recess, when they played A jolly game of hide and seek, He soon was caught by all the boys, Because his boots made such a noise— Of squeakity-squeak—squeakity-squeak.

Next Sunday, at the church, just as The minister begins to speak, He stops, and all the people smile, For "Squeaky Boots" comes up the aisle— With squeakity-squeak—squeakity-squeak. He and his father went one day To wash the wagon in the creek; And as they rode along, the wheels, Just like a kitten when it squeals— Went squeakity-squeak—squeakity-squeak.

His father said the wheels were dry, And that it was that made them creak; Then he poured oil inside them—so They might run freely, and not squeak, Squeakity-squeak—squeakity-squeak. When "Squeaky Boots" reached home, he went To can the kerosene to soak, Then filled each boot with oil, and said, "And now I will not be afraid Of squeakity-squeak—squeakity-squeak."

But when he looked down at his boots, He saw they had begun to leak; The oil ran out upon the floor, And when the squeaky boots he wore, They always went, just as before, Squeakity-squeak—squeakity-squeak. Congregationalist.

DEEP-SEA MOUNTAINS.

The little islands scattered over the oceans in such profusion, especially in the Southern Pacific and the Indian, are nothing more than the summits of lofty mountains. The very ideals of these deep-sea mountains are Jan Mayen, far to the north, in the polar regions, and Tristan d'Acunha, far to the south, lying about midway between the Cape of Good Hope and Cape Horn, both utterly bare, solitary and inhospitable.

Tristan d'Acunha is one of three rocky points which rise out of one of the deepest parts of the ocean, soundings of between 3,000 and 4,000 fathoms (i. e., four and five miles,) having been taken not very far off, which would give a height for these island mountains nearly equal to Chimborazo and the Andes range. Its black cindery peaks are inhabited only by the albatross, which live entirely on the wing, and hardly ever trouble themselves to come to earth, except for the purpose of breeding. The nest is a little mound of earth, grass and shells eight or ten inches high, on the top of which sits the mother bird, who only lays one egg. Except for this short period the albatross are only seen far out at sea, their extraordinary buoyancy, enormous breadth of wing, fourteen feet from tip to tip, enabling them to float in the air untired day and night, sailing along, apparently caring nothing for either wind or tempest, and probably collecting from very great distances to their wild breeding home.

Jan Mayen is situated nearly half way between Iceland and Spitzbergen, rising into a peak 6,800 feet above the level of its Arctic sea. It is for the greatest part of the year quite inaccessible from the flocks of ice which surround it, and is tenanted only by seals and sea-birds. Its one mountain, Beenberg, is seated on a base fifteen hundred feet high, and the white point of eternal snow towering far up among the masses of cloud and vapor which beset these chill regions, has been seen from ninety-five to a hundred miles away. At the distance of a cannon-shot from the land, Capt. Scoresby found a depth of 300 fathoms. He describes the glaciers which come down its sides as like immense catarracts, suddenly arrested and congealed on the spot, of a greenish-gay color, with white patches of snow looking like foam, and black rocks protruding through them at intervals. Two craters are visible, and an accumu-

lation of lava in a castellated form. On one occasion he saw smoke issuing from one of them, which rose 4,000 feet in the air. Even in this palace of frost he found a few plants of saxifrage, arenaria, and rushes in full bloom, and birds in great numbers, puffins, auks, guillemots, &c., so tame, as to fly close round his head, and traces of bears and foxes, though they saw none.

WHERE BLIND-MAN'S BUFF CAME FROM.

The origin of some childish games is very curious indeed, and not a few can be traced to events of history many generations ago which meant to the actors any thing but sport. St. Nicholas undertakes to tell its readers who invented "blind-man's buff."

All of our young readers like to play blind-man's buff when they can; and so do many of the older readers, for that matter. But every one may not know that the game is more than eight hundred years old, and that it was a favorite amusement of gay courts and merry-making princes and princesses before it became the favorite holiday pastime of boys and girls. Blind-man's buff is one of the sports that came over to England in the train of William the Conqueror.

It had its origin in Liege—one of the fair provinces of France—in the prosperous days of Robert the Devout, who succeeded the famous old French monarch, Hughes Capet, in the year 996.

In the year 999, Liege received, among her valiant chiefs, one Jean Colin. He was almost a giant in strength, a Samson among the Liegeois, and nearly shared the experience of Samson of old, as you shall presently hear. This grim warrior used to crush his opponents with a mallet. It was considered desirable to honor him with a title which should follow his name. What should it be? Not "head-hitter," of course, but the poetical designation, *Maillard*, or Jean Colin of the Mallet.

Foeds were of perpetual occurrence in those dark old times, and Jean Colin's mallet was kept constantly busy in quelling them. Terrible became the name of Jean Colin Maillard.

But Liege had another valiant chief, Count de Louvain, who, when Maillard had proved himself superior to all of his other opponents, continued to bear arms against him. We cannot say whether or not Count de Louvain learned his war lessons from the conduct of the enemies of Samson, but, as he was ambitious to avoid the tap of Jean Colin's mallet upon his own head, he formed the plan of putting out Jean Colin's eyes.

A great battle was fought between the two chiefs and their forces. At the very first onset Count de Louvain succeeded in his purpose of piercing both the eyes of Maillard, and he looked upon the field as already won. But the latter, with a spirit like that of blind Samson, determined that his opponents should perish with him, and ordered his esquire to take him into the thickest of the fight. There he brandished his mallet on either hand, and did such fearful execution that his enemies fell around him in such numbers that victory soon declared itself on his side.

"But, Samson-like, though blind, he dealt Such blows as never foe-man felt; To slay them were in vain, This way they fled, and that they ran, But, of a hundred men, not one E'er saw the light again."

Robert the Devout, of France, whose troubles with his wives you may have read in history, was very fond of deeds of valor, and that of Jean Colin Maillard kindled his admiration. He lavished honors on the victorious blind man, and ordered the stage-players to bring out a pantomime of his contest with Count de Louvain, for the pleasure of the court. The court were delighted with the play, for the terrible mallet of Maillard, and the warriors dropping down here and there, almost without knowing what had hit them, was all very exciting; and people in that rude age liked what was sensational even more than they do now. The children began to act a similar play in the streets, one of the players, more strong and active than the rest, being blind-folded and given a stick; and thus "blind-man's buff" soon became the popular diversion of the young in France and Normandy, where it was known under the name of "Colin Maillard." This name it still bears in France and on the continent of Europe.

A BRITON AT BUNKER HILL.

A Yankee gentleman, escorting a British friend to view the different objects of attraction in the vicinity of Boston, brought him to Bunker Hill. They stood looking at the splendid monument, when the Yankee said,— "This is the place where Warren fell."

"Ah!" replied the Englishman, evidently not posted in local, historical matters, "did it hurt him much?" "Hurt him!" said he; "he was killed, sir."

"Ah! he was, eh?" said the stranger, still eyeing the monument, and computing its height layer by layer. "Well, I should think he would have been, to fall so far."

A POOR SHOW.

Mr. Beanicorn, photographer in Newton, was out with his wagon the other day taking street views, and stopped before the house of Dr. Newcomb, when the worthy administrator of emetics came out and said:

"What you got there, Beanicorn?" "Menagerie," was the concise answer. "It is a mighty poor show with only one monkey. I aint going in," the doctor replied. Beanicorn looked foolish, and kept on taking his view, wishing he hadn't said any thing about it.



CHILDREN'S COLUMN

For the Companion.

PAID FOR THEIR CRUELTY.



Out in the chestnut woods one day, Walter and Guy, in merry play, While chasing squirrels in eager strife, Made one poor fellow run for life.



At length tired Bunny with a jump Sprang panting down the hollow stump, Where he had often been before, Picking away his winter store.



In vain did Guy and Walter search, Bunny had left them in the lurch; His pantry proved a safe retreat, But they would never give up beat.



"No use in poking here, let's try Powder, and blow him out!" said Guy; Quick from his pocket Walter drew The powder-horn that served the two.



They poured the powder in the hole, And quickly cut a chestnut pole; One end a fuse they made with tow, And fired a match to make it go.



Fizz-izz, the powder sings;—bang, fire! The blow is working mischief dire; Bunny is stowed away with care, But bits of boys fly through the air; While some secreted witness near Sings out in voice both loud and clear, "When traps you set, you foolish elves, Mind not to spring them on yourselves!"

Is an Illinois village, during service on a sultry Sabbath morning, the pastor's little girl of nearly three summers became somewhat wearied at the length of the sermon, and in rather a low tone of voice, but earnestly, said, to the amusement of those who sat near, "Come, papa, that's enough; let's go home."

For the Companion.

TWO COMPOSITIONS.

It rained hard. Little Bubble moped in the nursery window and made faces through the panes at the rain-drops. Nurse sat darnin' stockings and crooning at Bubble's request a dismal ditty of the "Babes in the Woods." A large headless doll in full evening dress leaned in one corner of the room, extending her arms as if begging for her lost head. A number of smaller dolls, some eyeless and some noseless, and of varying sizes, were strowed around the carpet. The dollies' tea-table was upset, and the bright little cups were all tumbled into a heap. Little rills of milk were trickling away from the overturned pitcher, winding in and out among crumbs of gingerbread and bits of toasted cheese. The small gray kitten was fast asleep under a smart little tent made of a Youth's Companion and gayly decorated with feather flags from the duster.

"Sing, Dinah," said Bubble, impatiently, as Dinah paused for breath.

"And the rain poured faster and faster,"

began Dinah.

"No, that isn't in it. This—'At their head a thistle-down'!"

So Dinah sang,—

"At their head a thistle-down pillow, At their feet a warm blanket of leaves; Cock-robin sat under the willow, Cock-robin as chief mourner grieves."

"Gee-ee-ees," joined in Bubble, in a tremulous chorus. And the rain splashed like great tear-drops.

"But just then Jack burst in at the nursery door dripping, rosy and noisy.

"Here, take my umbrella quick, Dinah. The music teacher is coming up the front steps. Fly round, Bubble, and help me off with my India rubber boots;" and Jack sank into a chair and extended his bespattered boots.

"Yes," said Bubble, very faintly. The next moment, however, she caught sight of a paper of chocolate drops, of which Jack made a suggestive display, and whipped out her handkerchief and tugged with great zeal at the clinging boots.

"Why didn't you come home from school sooner, Jack?" asked Bubble, suddenly falling backwards to the floor in a desperate and successful pull at the boots.

"I was kept to write my composition," roared Jack, in wrath at the remembrance.

"What about?" said Bubble, struggling up and rubbing her elbow.

"The value of time, miss. I writ ten jolly lines after it came into my head what to. Want to hear 'em?"

"Go on," nodded Bubble.

"H-m. 'Time' is valuable according to the way it is paid for. Where there's grandmothers times are good and bring in lots of odd dosh. But where there's gardens to be weeded or extra exams of Latin to do and aunts for bosses, times are not so much value in money, and of a consequence not so stuffing to the pocket of a fellow. Very truly yours, Jack Ely.' You just spatter that with about fifty blots, Bubble, and you have it just as I handed it in."

"O Jack, truly did you!" — Admiring little Bubble was cut short in her praises by the door opening and a red face framed in a red shock of hair peering in over the threshold.

"Master Jack, ye're wanted below. The music teacher. Be plased not to hit yer two heavy boots, coming out, on my clane ile cloth. It's black tracks intirely ye made going over the stairs. 'For Lilla's a lady,' sang the girl, bending again to the scrubbing.

Jack made a hasty toilet, and snatching the kitten from under her tent, he thrust it into his jacket breast and ran away to his lesson, swinging down four stairs at each bound.

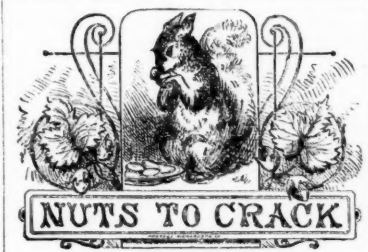
"A comp-sition!" mused Bubble. "Why, I'll write a comp-sition! About what shall it be, Dinah? Dinah, say."

"About the gray kitten," suggested Dinah, absently.

Delighted Bubble seated herself to her task, the back of the headless doll serving her for a desk. This is what she wrote:

"I am a gray kitten with blue eyes and a blue ribbon round my neck. A Maltese. I wasn't born where I live now. I was carried to it in a basket. There are two nice children in my house. I like the little girl very much and her name is Bubble. And the nurse too. She gives me milk and snatches me away when they squeeze me too hard. The boy here is plaguey. I hope it's not onpolite to say so. See here! He scrabbles me about too much, and he buttons me into his coat very smothery when he takes his music lesson. I mean to spunk up and have a fit just as soon as I darst, and that's as soon as ever I am better acquainted with him. Will see if that'll scare him into behaving better to me after that. No more at present. 1871. BUBBLE ELY."

Dinah praised this composition so much that Bubble counted over her spending money to see if she could afford a frame for it. But before she had decided what kind of one to buy, the sun came out, and Bubble tossed her composition under the table, put on her rubbers, and ran away to play. ELSIE GORHAM.



NUTS TO CRACK

Enigmas, Charades, Puzzles, &c.

HUNTING HIDDEN ANIMALS.

The following ingenious sentences contain the names of forty-five different animals: Jack Allney, akin to Eli, only son of Micah Ogley, was poor, but not a bad German lad. He never came late to school. Old Ogley was able to plow the land with a yoke of oxen. Eli, on essaying to see a kid or mouse through an aperture, saw Jack Allney and Samuel Keyes started for a hunt. Said Eli, "If it was much hotter we should e'er be in want of awnings to shield us from the sun. The fish are in deep water, so we can't catch them." "St. Agnes! are you a coward to fear such a trifle as heat?" cried Samuel, kicking a rusty pan there, while rage nettled him. "I am willing to admit that I'm either foolish or selfish," replied Eli, as he laid on Keyes' arm his hand. Said Jack, "Be armed with a gun; ram a stiff wad into it; now ease lightly in an ounce of powder; that is my rule." "It was never mine, and never will be," averred Samuel. Eli went for his gun, and getting tangled in some new twine, stumbled, and exclaimed, "At this rate I can't elope from this tangle very glib!" "Except you cut the string," said Samuel; "I'll go at it!" cried Jack, "Let me take your gun." "No! I prefer retaining it, or to—" "St. Agnes! are you a coward to fear such a trifle as heat?" cried Samuel; "I am willing to admit that I'm either foolish or selfish," replied Eli, as he laid on Keyes' arm his hand. "Up I go at last; all ready for a hunt," said Eli. CARRIE S. DICKSON.

REBUS.



What we all know.

HERRING-BONE ACROSTIC.

Something new. 1. A big drove. 2. A large river. 3. The last (month). 4. Falling water. 5. As dark as pitch.

My initials and finals (taken alternately) form a dwelling, and also the openings for ingress and egress. L. Goss.

MUSICAL ANAGRAMS.

I listened to a new-made organ. It seemed but hen praise just that minute; No fair poet could help but moan, There was no little music in it.

I shook the dime curl of my hair; "Desist!" I cried, "O Tarin slave! Let air toys choose a better air; Short rice will send me to my grave!"

The tune slider seemed out of tune,— It might have been myself, perhaps,— Then spoke a singular e'd moon, "You'll rally if you take choir dirraps." X. V. Z.

REBUS.



WORD SQUARE.

1. To compensate. 2. A daily need. 3. To repent. 4. Leases. 5. Apparel. J. STOLLER.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

- 1. Kansas. 2. L E T R E G A L T A P L 3. Flies are saucy in dog-days weather. 4. Stimulate—mutilates. Versed—served. Lament—mantle. Death—thread—lured. 5. Paris, Aware, Raven, Trees, Sense. 6. Never sport with a friend's opinion. 7. Prim rose.

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THE PORTLAND AND WARWICK VASES.

The Portland vase is thought by antiquarians to be several centuries older than the Christian era. It is supposed that it was found in the tomb of Alexander Severus.

It was for a long time in the possession of the Borberina family, from whom it was purchased by Sir William Hamilton, who sold it to the Duke of Portland for one thousand guineas.

It is ten inches in height. Its broadest diameter is six inches.

It is deep blue color, which appears black except when held against the light, and is ornamented with a variety of figures in bas-relief of white opaque glass. The Duke of Portland deposited the vase in the British Museum in 1810. There it had a conspicuous place till some years ago a man supposed to be insane hurled it to the floor, and it was dashed to pieces. By great painstaking and skillful use of cements, it was restored to its former beauty. Now if any one wishes to see it, an attendant will first show him to an outer door, where a ticket will be given him, admitting him to an inner room, where this precious vase is carefully guarded.

Sir Josiah Wedgwood, the inventor of the well-known kind of pottery which bears his name, has modelled after this vase many vases which have all the beauty of the original save that of antiquity.

The Warwick vase differs from the Portland vase as a giant differs from a dwarf.

It was found at Ziboli, 1774, amid the ruins of the magnificent villa of the Emperor Adrian.

It is now in the possession of the Earl of Warwick, and stands on a high pedestal in one of the beautiful greenhouses of that most perfect of all baronial residences, Warwick Castle. It is of white marble, ornamented with exquisite carving of flowers, grapes, &c.

It is said to hold one hundred and thirty-six gallons, and is used on festive occasions.

The last occasion on which it was used was at the fête given in honor of the "coming of age" of the present Earl of Warwick. A. V.

A DESERT VISION IN COLORADO.

The *Fata Morgana* of the Eastern deserts, and the "loomings" or spectres seen sometimes from the Harz Mountains are comparative strangers to our American scenery. They are all the more beautiful and attractive when they do visit us. The people of Denver, Col., were recently treated to a mirage; the sight was provokingly brief, but very grand. The *News* of that place describes the objects reproduced as follows:

A double or reversed image of the Rocky Mountains, from Mt. Vernon to Cache la Poudre, and from the foot hills back to the grandest peaks, was suspended in the air on the east of the city, and apparently just beyond the outermost houses. The refraction was so perfect that those who saw the mirage were actually puzzled to distinguish between the real and the fictitious mountains. The lovely but unsubstantial picture, with its heaped-up beauties in endless variety, was quickly dissipated, the white turban of Long Peak being the last object to vanish.

AN ANCIENT TRAGEDY NEARLY REPEATED.

Capt. Aehorn, who sails between Rockland, Me., and the Island, returned home a few days ago, and not seeing his little girl, three years old, in the room, asked where she was. The folks at home had not missed her, but search was made over the house, and at last she was found up stairs in a trunk with a pile of quilts over the top. After fifteen minutes she was brought to her senses, much to the joy of her father, who at first thought her dead. When she went to the chest the trunk was open, and the bed-clothes resting on the edge of the cover, these, it is supposed, she thought of pulling over in her childish play, but almost proved as fatal as the old mouldering chest mid

the lumber in the gallery that buried the fair bride, Ginevra of Modena, who, at the wedding party in her father's house, was playing hide and seek.

A TALKING ROBIN.

A talking robin is described in Hartwicke's "Science Gossip," by Mr. Alfred Carpenter, who vouches for the truth of the statement made by the owner of the wonderful bird. This robin was captured, while young, by a pet dog, and, after recovery from his fright, was domesticated. He not only imitates the notes of canary-birds, but has learned to whistle from his mistress. He has now learned to speak the words, "Pretty Bobbie," the pet name by which he has long been called. It having been found that he imitated those words, the formula was changed to "Sweet Bobbie," which he imitated very distinctly, and he now utters, not quite so distinctly, the phrase, "Pretty little fellow." Mr. Carpenter is a strong advocate of the theory that birds can communicate with each other by language.—From the *Artisan*.

DIDN'T WANT HIS EARS PULLED.

Sir Humphrey Davy when a child was pale and frail, but a witty little fellow withal.

At the age of six he was sent to the grammar school, the master of which was incompetent for his work, and celebrated only for his severity to the boys. Little Humphrey often had his ears pulled, and one day he went to school with a large plaster on each ear. "What does that mean?" asked the master, with his usual barbarity.

The child looked up with an archly grave face, and said, "Please, master, I put on the plasters to prevent mortification."

ALL NEW SUITS.

The difference between dress-suits and law-suits is not so wide but it can be made the basis of a good joke if one has wit enough. In this case, the wit of the "victim" beat the wit of the jokers:

A practical joke was once attempted on Mr. Erskine as he went one day to Westminster Hall, with his ample bag crammed full of briefs. Some wags-barristers hired a Jew's boy to go and ask him if he had "any old clo's to sell." "No, you little Hebrew," exclaimed the indignant counsellor, "they are all new suits!"

THE FAITHFUL BEN.

Like all great disasters, the Williamsburg water tragedy had some curious little incidents and episodes.

They tell of a hen which floated down the raging tide at Mill River for some distance in the barrel where she was laboriously "covering" nineteen eggs. She attended strictly to business during the flood, finally brought up in a friendly harbor, and has since left the barrel with nineteen chickens at her heels.

HAIR OIL.

A Greenfield farmer dropped into a drug store Saturday, and after looking around for a moment, ordered a pint of linseed oil and two ounces of peppermint essence put together. The clerk filled the order, but being rather curious to know what was the use of the mixture, he made bold to inquire. "Why, for ha'r ile, of course," replied the farmer. "The gals is invited to a party Tuesday night, and they want to lie up and smell nice."

A VENERABLE BIRD'S NEST.

The *Portsmouth Journal* says:

In the barn of Mr. Theodore Johnson, at York, N. H., is a bird's nest twenty years old, which has been occupied every year since. It is within a foot of the head, and could be easily removed, but the owner of the premises has such feeling regard for the feathered songsters that it is not allowed to be disturbed. There would be no need of a "bird law" if persons generally exhibited such watchful care and sympathy.

NAPOLEON TAKEN.

In a sequestered village in the north of Scotland there lived an old lady who had an itching ear for the wonderful. During the late Franco-German war, a neighbor ran in hurriedly, crying, "Jenny, did ye hear the news? Napoleon's taken!"

"Ay, ay," quoth the old dame; "I thought there was something up, for I saw two policemen gawn up the road the day."

LONDON BOOTBLACKS.

The bootblacks of London are four hundred in number. They are well organized, and so successful that they seldom remain very long in the brigade. Promotion is certain, and often very rapid. The total earnings of these bootblacks exceed \$60,000 a year. They last year contributed \$6,000 to a building a "Boot-blacks' Home."

AN UNFORTUNATE MAN in Indianapolis, who lost several toes by a car wheel, was consoled by an Irishman near with, "Wilt, there, you're making more noise than many a man I've seen with his head off."

A SALOON-KEEPER attempted to bluff a woman of Dayton with the challenge, "Madam, Christ drank wine, why can't we?" Instantly the reply was given, "Yes, sir; and if you will sell wine made from water you may do so."

ANY ONE who desires to speak of the Siamese Twins learnedly will call them Xiphophagus of the class of Terata-aucanthidyma, or for short, Omphelophagus Xiphodidymus, and return thanks to the Philadelphia doctors.

A WESTERN PAPER urges it as another recommendation of the benefits of the Minnesota climate, that a St. Paul locomotive threw a man one hundred and eighty feet through a trestle-work bridge and didn't hurt him.

AMONG Mr. Sumner's especially valued treasures is the Bible used by Bunyan when he wrote his immortal "Pilgrim's Progress," in which is the autograph of Bunyan, while the margin is full of notes, also in his handwriting.

IN FISHING we have occasionally seen a big pike catching a bait, and evidently weighing the chances between getting a good dinner and being a good dinner. He should have been able to weigh very accurately—he had so many scales.

TAKE Schenck's Mandrake Pills if you have a bad breath.

OVER 9000 DOLLARS made by one agent retailing Clark's Indelible Pencil for marking Clothing. Address C. I. Pencil Co., Box 141, Northampton, Mass. Ladies or Gents.

Asthma.—Extract from the "Life of Washington Irving," by his nephew, Pierre M. Irving, Vol. IV., page 272.

"The doctor prescribed as an experiment,—what had been suggested by Dr. (O. W.) Holmes on his late visit,—Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy for Asthma, a teaspoonful in a wine-glass of water, to be taken every four hours. A good night was the result."

BOYS' AND YOUNG MEN'S CLOTHING.

Owing to the present dull season, FENNO, the well-known Clothier of Washington and Beach Streets, is receiving from his New York House a large stock of Clothing for young men, boys and youth, which he is selling at much less than the cost of making. You can actually buy a whole suit for a boy for \$5, and from this price upward. One thing is sure—the goods are exactly as they are represented, and all marked in plain figures, with no deviation from fixed prices, which are low enough to suit all.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Terms Free. Address GEO. STENSON & CO., Portland, Me. 16

20 FANCY CALLING CARDS in different tints, with 25 cents. J. MINKLER & CO., Nassau, N. Y. 29-2t

WANTED, Picture Agents, everywhere, Male and Female. 15,000 retained by one. WHITELEY & CO., Norwich, Conn. 30-1t

YOUR NAME nicely printed on 20 fancy tinted calling cards for life and stamp. Address NOVELTY WORKS, Clintonville, Conn. 30-1t

100 SAMPLES *Decalcomanie Pictures* mailed free for 25 cts. J. W. RUSSELL & CO., Medford, Mass. Boys and Girls wanted to act as agents. 24-1t

BEAUTY'S Greatest Charm. Clean, sound, white teeth. Use Thurston's Ivory Pearl Tooth Powder. Druggists sell it. F. C. WELLS & CO., New York. 30-1t

MONEY made rapidly with Stencil and Key Check Outfits. Catalogues, samples and full particulars FREE. Every family needs it. Address V. S. AGENT EXCHANGE, 292 1/2 Washington St., Boston, Mass. 30-1t

\$50 PER WEEK to agents canvassing for the handsome Visiting and Business Address Cards in the world. 180 daily samples sent free. Address 28-82 MANLEY, 316 Washington St., Boston, Mass. 30-1t

\$72 PER WEEK selling Chang Chang. Polishes \$72 linen equal to a Chinaman. Send 25 cents for samples of Glass, Marble and Snowflake Cards, 15 for 25 cts.; Mixed Cards, 25 for 20 cts. Outfit, 10 cts. 30-1t J. B. HUSTED, Nassau, Rens. Co., N. Y.

30 VISITING CARDS for 20 cts.; Chromo or Glass Cards, 15 for 30 cts.; Marble or Snowflake Cards, 15 for 25 cts.; Mixed Cards, 25 for 20 cts. Outfit, 10 cts. 30-1t J. B. HUSTED, Nassau, Rens. Co., N. Y.

A PREVENTIVE. Children that soil the Bedding can be cured. One bottle of "Constitution Water" will do it. Dose 15 to 40 drops. For sale by all Druggists. 30cwt4t

50 FINELY PRINTED Bristol visiting cards sent post paid for 25 cts. Send stamp (not postal card) for samples of Glass, Marble and Snowflake Cards, 15 for 25 cts.; Mixed Cards, 25 for 20 cts. Outfit, 10 cts. 30-1t J. B. HUSTED, Nassau, Rens. Co., N. Y.

THE LARGEST per cent. to Agents ever offered. GRAND opportunity for boys and girls to make money. Send three-cent stamp for circular, or 25 cents for an Agent's complete outfit. 30-1t S. N. CORTELL, Box 648, Brockton, Mass.

AGENTS WANTED for the CENTENAL GAZETTE of the United States, showing the gigantic results of the first one Hundred Years of the Great Republic the world ever saw. Agents make \$100 to \$300 per month. Send for circular. ZIEGLER & MCCURDY, Philadelphia, Pa., or Springfield, Mass. 28-4t

BRADFORD ACADEMY, Bradford, Mass. The next year opens Sept. 1, 1874. There will be a limited number of vacancies. Early application is desirable. Apply for circular and Prospectus to Miss A. L. JOHNSON, Principal, or to J. D. KINGSBURY, Secretary. Bradford, Mass., May 12, 1874. 26-6t

A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY!—To all who are willing to engage in a first-class paying business without capital. **Inducements superior** to any ever offered to Agents, Ladies or Gents, Country Stores and Fancy Goods Dealers. Get near of a brilliant chance to make money. Send stamp for circular to MILLER BROTHERS, P. O. Box 4774, New York city. 28cwtly

ORNAMENTAL SCROLL CARDS

Designed by a leading penman and executed in the highest style of the art.—representing (1) Bird and Feathers, (2) Bird in Nest, (3) Swan, and put up in packages of assorted designs and four colors, we offer at the following unprecedented prices: 25 Cards.....25 cents. 500 Cards.....\$3 50 100 ".....45 " 1000 ".....5 00 500 ".....1 00 " 5000 ".....25 00 In each design is a space for name. Twenty-five cards with name, 50c; 50 cards with name, 75 cents. Export penmen and others can realize a handsome profit in using our goods. Cash to accompany all orders. WILSON & CO., Card Printers, 30-2t 224 Washington Street, Boston.

GIRLS, don't you want a real Photo (a gem) for your album? Enclose 10 cents and a 3-cent stamp to WILLIAM ESTES, Winchester, Ill.

CARD PRINTER With 3 Alphabets of Type, \$1.00. (The Best.) *Decalcomanie Pictures*, 200 for 25 cents. Little Chromo, \$3 per hundred. *Scrap Pictures*, all prices. Embossed Frames, 75 cents per dozen. Boys and Girls can earn lots of money in their own village. J. JAY GOULD, Boston. 30

If you want to learn **TELEGRAPHING** and avoid imposition, send stamp to PENNA. TELEGRAPHIC SOCIETY, Waverly Heights, Pa., for circular, showing how it can be done AT HOME, at small cost. 29-13t

TYPE. Type put expressly for Amateur Printers by the New England Type Foundry, 105 Washington Street, Boston, Mass. Send stamp for specimen book. 22-13t

Beautiful inventions for marking Clothing and printing Cards, etc. One will do for a whole family. Movable Type. Profitable, amusing and instructive for the young. **Jet Printer \$1 Silver \$1 25.** with Ink, Type and neat Case, delivered by mail anywhere. 3 Alphabets extra free. Agents wanted. **Golding & Co.** 14 Kirby Street, Boston. 17-1t

ALL TIMES. We are selling at a great sacrifice, that pair of fine Oil Chromos, "Morning Kisses" and "Pleasant Dreams." Sent to any address, mounted and ready for framing on receipt of 35 cents. They are gems. Size 8x10. Worth \$1 50. Warranted fine Chromos. A. S. ANTHONY & CO., Publishers, New Bedford, Mass. 11-cwtly

W. B. SEARS, Insurance Agency,

North British & Mercantile Ins. Co.
Fireman's Fund Insurance Co.
Commerce Insurance Co.
Equitable Fire Insurance Co.
Fairfield Fire Ins. Co.
Hoffman Fire Insurance Co.
74 Devonshire St. BOSTON.

New Church Music Book,
FOR 1874-1875.

The Leader!!

By H. R. PALMER and L. O. EMERSON, the most successful Church Music Book makers of the day. Will be ready in August, and will contain the usual Singing School Course, and a large amount of new and choice music for Choirs, Conventual and Singing Classes, specimen Pages now ready, and will be mailed, post free, on application.

Price \$1 38, or \$12 00 per dozen.

The Emerson New Method FOR REED ORGANS.

By L. O. EMERSON and W. S. B. MATTHEWS. \$2 50. One of the Sevcst and very best of the New Methods.

GUIDE IN THE ART OF SINGING.

By Geo. L. Osgood. \$4 00.

New and very superior book for Voice Training.

Richter's Manual of Harmony.

Translated from the EIGHTH German edition, by J. C. D. PARKER. Price \$2 00.

Prepared expressly for the Leipzig Conservatory, and is a complete and reliable Grammar of Composition.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

CHAS. H. DITSON & CO.,
711 Broadway, N. Y.



A HAND STAMP, elegantly illustrated, ver-plated, Case of Type, of 31 alphabets. Bottle of Indelible Ink and Inkling Pad, all enclosed in a neat box, with full directions, and sent postpaid to any part of the United States on receipt of ONLY \$1.00. Don't lose this chance. Agents wanted. Send 2-cent stamp for terms, or \$1 00 for sample. Address H. C. NEWTON, Troy, N. H. 30-

A Great Offer to All!

Two large Splendid Engravings will be sent post paid by return mail, and also **THE HOME COMPANION**, an excellent family paper, for a year—all for 40 cents. Specimens 3 cents. AGENTS wanted everywhere. Address "HOME COMPANION," Troy, N. H. **READ! READ!** 12 Superior Golden Pens, a large elegant Card Photograph and a copy of *The Home Companion* all sent, postpaid, for only 25c. H. C. NEWTON, Troy, N. H. 30-

PRICE REDUCED.

On and after this date the price of our Celebrated Triumphant Printing Press will be reduced from Five to Four Dollars. Testimonials from all parts of the country. Send 3-cent stamp for circular to WILSON & CO., 224 Washington Street, Boston. Please give name of paper in which you saw this. 30-2t

DR. SWETT'S "ROOT BEER."

This healthy and pleasant drink is prepared from the best selected medicinal roots, barks and leaves, among which are Life of Man, Sarsaparilla, Wintergreen, etc. A good spring medicine. On draught at 107 Washington Street, 5c. per glass. Also, packages of the material to make five gallons for 25c. 30-1t

CGARDS

50 ADDRESS or VISITING Cards for 25 cents. Samples of 20 styles, including Snowflake, Marble and all colors of Bristol cards, for 10 cents. Agents wanted! 20 cents. Circulars free. ULLMAN & CO., 12 Winter Street, Boston, Mass. 22-

ENGLISH CHANNEL

RAGGED SOLES are never seen in ENGLISH CHANNEL Shoes. These shoes are all the rage. Ladies, ask your dealer for them. A dark line around the sole near the edge shows where the channel is cut. They cost no more, and wear longer.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

Sold by all dealers. **THE GREAT SENSATION.** "Puck and No Puck," the pair mounted ready to frame on receipt of \$1 00. "Awake and Asleep," mounted for 50 cents. "Smiles and Tears," same price. A Beautiful Bouquet of Flowers for 35 cents, or two for 60 cents. A Portfolio, containing \$16 worth of the best selling chromos, sent to agents and dealers on receipt of \$5. Send stamp for illustrated Circular. BOSTON FRAME AND CHROMO CO., 23 Washington Street, Boston, Mass. 25