

The International Band.

What Freddie said to his Brothers in the Kitchen

Mamma's got a headache pain,
And had to go to bed again;
And papa's gone into the town
To bring Aunt Aretina down
And Mary's gone after doctors stuff
As if poor mamma hadn't enough!
And we must be the best of boys
And never make a bit of noise;
And we will be just terrible good,
I promised Mary that we would;
So come on boys and lend a hand,
And we will play at German band;
I know 'twon't hurt dear mamma's head,
Cause you can't hear nuffin' when you're in bed.

Now Ted you take the big tin pan,
And bang it hard as ever you can;
And Jack will take the shovel and tongs,
And beat the time to all our songs.
The dinner horn will just suit me,
And how I'll blow it you shall see;
And I will be the leader too,
And strike the table one-and-two.
Now we are ready to begin,
Ted here's a spoon to strike the tin.
Now, tootle-too! and a bim, bim bang!
And a two-who-who! and a rum, bum clang!
And a ching-a-ling! and with foot and hand
Hoory! for the American German band.

What Freddie said to his poor, pale mamma
who stood in the doorway in despair.

"Why mamma, we didn't never know
Our music could have hurt you so!
We fought—you know you said so—
Zat you can't hear nuffin' when you're in bed.
And we was bein' the bestest boys—
And nobody calls music noise!"

—OLIVE HARPER in *Sunny Hour*.

A STORY OF PIRATES.

I had run away to see on a vessel bound from Liverpool to Shanghai, and had left her on arrival. I found that the captain of the Silver Crown, one of the company's traders, was an old friend of my father's, and so it came about that I took service in the company under him, with the rating of cabin boy. The schooner carried a dozen muskets, a lot of boarding pikes and half a dozen cutlasses as an armament, but everything was boxed up and stored away, if not forgotten. Capt. Wharton had been in the service for six years and had never met with any trouble.

When we got away it was with orders for the Philippine islands, among which the company had many resident agents who collected products. Our course was to the southwest, to pass between Formosa and the Loo Choo Islands, and we had made the run thus far without incident when one day about noon a junk rigged native craft, which doubtless came from some port in Formosa, intercepted us to the eastward of that island. We were about thirty miles off shore when she hailed us. She claimed to be short of water, owing to an accident; but this, as we afterward came to know, was only an excuse. When she learned that we were bound to the Philippines she had three passengers to transfer. They were three natives of Formosa, who were going down there to found a colony, and would pay literally for a passage by the schooner.

I am only giving you the gist of what was urged in excuse. We lay to for a couple of hours, and I heard only a part of what was said. It did not seem to strike Capt. Wharton or Mate William as queer or suspicious, and after bagging over terms for a while the three natives were transferred to our decks and the vessels separated. Then I had time to look the strangers over, and I was not long in concluding that I did not wish for an intimate acquaintance. They were a tough looking trio, and the cook had scarcely set eyes on them before he declared that we had made a great mistake in taking them aboard. We had no accommodations for them aft, and as the schooner was in ballast they had agreed to occupy the hold.

I took an early opportunity of communicating my suspicions to the captain, but he laughed at me in a good natured way. I tried the mate, but he saw nothing to arouse distrust. It was singular, however, that every man of the crew outside of the two officers was satisfied that there was something wrong with the trio. While their excuse was reasonable enough, the looks and actions of the men were suspicious, and it was plain to all that they were sailors. They let us all severely alone except the captain and cook, and I called it to mind afterward that while one interested the former the other two were occupied with the latter. I could "chin-chin" a bit and the cook could speak a little English, and so we managed to understand each other pretty well. Three days after the men came aboard "Slop-Slop," as we called the cook, assured me with very serious face that the strangers were evil minded men, who had planned to capture the schooner. They had asked him to join them, and he had refused. I posted off to the captain with this news, and he greeted it with contempt.

We were getting well down toward the northernmost island of the group, when something happened which should have opened the captain's eyes. The leader of the three borrowed the glasses and went up to the cross-trees of the mainmast and took a long look around. We saw the sailor in his every move, and he had not been down an hour when a native craft came creeping up from the south, bows on to us. She had a free wind, while we had been beating down all the forenoon. We were at this time forty or fifty miles to the northward of the group with a beautiful afternoon and a smooth sea. Half an hour after the native craft had been sighted, one of the natives and the captain retired to the cabin. Five minutes later the native showed his head above the deck and called to the mate, who had just come on watch. He disappeared down the companion-way, and at the same time I entered the

forecastle to look for something wanted. I was down there about five minutes. I heard no particular row on deck, but when I reappeared I was struck dumb by the spectacle. One of the natives was at the wheel, and was bringing the schooner to the wind to leeward. The decapitated bodies of the two Americans and the cook were lying amidships, while the two Swedes were at the foremast cross-trees. Not a shout had been raised nor a cry uttered. The work had been done with terrible rapidity and in silence.

As I reached the deck one of the natives came forward with a bloody creese in his hand and called me "good boy" and said I should not be hurt. He left me sitting on the windlass so scared and weak that I could not stand, and then assisted his companions to lower the sails. When this had been accomplished they called to the Swedes to come down. The poor fellows began crying and lamenting and refused to descend. The natives picked up the bodies from the deck and tossed them overboard, and then descended to the cabin and brought up the bodies of captain and mate and served them the same way. Both had been killed by the one native who enticed them down. About the time the last body was hung over the rail the native craft drew alongside. She had thirty men on board, all of whom seemed to know our three passengers and their plans. There was great rejoicing over the capture of the schooner, and for a quarter of an hour no one paid me any attention. Then there was a hot discussion, a part of the gang seemed anxious for my life, but the result was that I was conducted to the cook's gallery and given to understand that I was to do the cooking. Although our cook was a Chinese they did not spare him. What saved me was my youth, or they might have planned to cut my throat after I had served their turn.

When my fate had been settled the Swedes were again ordered down. One of them descended, begging and pleading, but he was cut down the moment his feet touched the deck. The other refused to come down, and half a dozen natives ran up the foremast shrouds with knives in their hands. Before they could reach him the sailor made his way hand over hand along the tangle of the mainmast, but others ascended, and there was no longer any hope for him. The poor fellow made the best defense possible, but they cut and hacked him until he lost his hold and fell to the deck. His body was thrown overboard, and the cabin and deck were cleansed of blood stains and about sundown the schooner, with twenty-five men, was headed for the Philippines. The rest of the gang, numbering seven or eight, followed with the native craft. I boiled a large quantity of meat and got the best supper possible, and was glad to find that no one gave me any attention.

We had a brisk wind all night and during the next forenoon, and at about 2 o'clock we reached an anchorage on the east side of the main island and within a quarter of a mile of the beach. The native craft passed us and entered the mouth of a river. From what I could gather she was going to bring out men and cannon to the schooner. A hunt was made through the schooner for gun carriages, and the discovery of the small arms seemed to put the fellows in good humor. There was about \$2,500 in gold aboard in the cabin and this was counted out and divided pro rata, or in some other satisfactory manner as we lay at anchor. Then I was ordered to draw a pauldron of wine from a cask in a sort of lazaretto or store room reached from the galley. The cook might have known of the presence of the wine there, but I did not. I had never looked into the place. There was a tin pail holding about ten quarts in the galley, and this I filled and carried to the main hatch, with several glasses, and everybody proceeded to help himself. Now that we were at anchor all discipline had ceased, and one man was as good as another. They were prowling all over the schooner and perfectly at home.

The wine must have tickled their palates mightily, for a second pauldron was soon demanded. It was while I was drawing it that I noticed the barrel had no bung in it, and I wondered why the wine had not soured. I retired to the galley as soon as I had filled the second order, and for half an hour there was a good deal of loud talk and laughter. All of a sudden, while I was reflecting on the situation, and perhaps crying a bit in my sorrow and anxiety, it struck me that things were wonderfully quiet. I looked out of the galley to see half a dozen figures lying on the deck, and later on, when I had summoned courage to walk the length of the schooner, I found every man apparently sound asleep. Their breathing was labored, but I supposed this was the result of too much drink. The night had come down dark and gusty, with the wind directly off shore, and as the sleepers continued to lie quiet some strange ideas came to me. I was tempted to take one of their knives and begin killing, but I doubted my nerve. The yawl was at the davits, and I planned to lower it and let the breeze carry me out to sea.

I held to this idea for a few minutes, and then surrendered it for another. I would swim ashore and hide in the forest. I had to abandon that scheme as

well, for I saw at a glance that the tide was running out strong. I was wondering if I should not start a fire in the fore-cabin or cabin when I discovered that the craft was under way. She had her light anchor out and had been tugging heavily under tide and gust. The chain had ground off against some sharp edged rock or the pin had slipped from a shackle. It was probably the latter case, as I heard a splash as of the end of the chain falling from the hawse hole. She drove off stern first and then, as she began to swing about, I stepped softly back to the wheel, put it over to get her off, and then extinguished the two lanterns on deck and the lamp in the cabin. I am not boasting of my nerve in stepping over the sleepers to do this work or of my sagacity in getting the idea. I was working like one in a dream and could hardly have identified myself.

What occurred between the time I put out the lights and daylight next morning I never can clearly remember. The schooner took care of herself for any effort of mine, and I think I went into the galley and crept behind the stove. At last I crawled out of that contracted space soon after daylight, in response to a call. I supposed I was called to "prepare breakfast for the pirates, but I was no sooner out of the galley than I saw a large ship hove to a quarter of a mile away, while on her bows, with five men in it, was alongside of the schooner. I must have looked and acted like a stupid, for as a couple of men came over the rail one of them gave me a hearty shaking and growled out:

"You idiot, can't you get your mouth open?"

There were twenty-five men lying on the decks and in the cabin sound asleep. No! Dead! Every one of them dead and cold, and I the only living thing aboard. It took some time to explain matters and get at all the particulars, but with what I could tell them and what they could see it finally became plain to all. That barrel of wine had been dosed with some deadly drug. The cook must have done it previous to the attack, or the bung had been left out by another and some poisonous reptile had crept in to die. No one could tell for certain, but the drinkers were all dead, and all had died in sleep. The ship was English, and the schooner was over thirty miles off the land. One of her majesty's men-of-war, assisted by a civil functionary, attempted an investigation, but nothing came of it. Our crew had been slaughtered and the schooner captured, but she had recaptured herself and brought off twenty-five corpses. Not a living man could ever be found among the islands who would acknowledge that he had ever seen the schooner, much less participated in her capture.

A KLEPTOMANIAC'S RUSE.

How She Got a Valuable Ring at the Price Set by Herself.

"See that old lady at the other end of the store? Well, she is one of the most confirmed kleptomaniacs in New York. It is hardly possible that you would believe me if I were to tell you her name. She belongs to one of the best families in Brooklyn and is well known in this city. Every one connected with this store is cognizant of her failing and acts accordingly. Notwithstanding our precautions, however, a few months ago she managed to deceive us in a very ingenious way. She had been here several times and appeared to take a great fancy to a valuable diamond and ruby ring. One day she asked my employer what its price was and he told her that it was the best he had in the store and was worth \$300. She laughed and offered him \$250 for it, and on this being refused said: 'Well, will you let me have it at that price if I can steal it?' 'Certainly,' he replied, and nothing more was thought about the matter.

"Several times after that she came here and had the proprietor take out the tray and exhibit the ring, on each occasion renewing her previous offer.

"About two months ago the old lady showed a ring to my employer and asked what he thought it was worth. After examining the article critically he said that it was worth about \$250. 'I have several,' he continued, 'much better than that which I will sell for that price.'

"At this the old lady gave a cunning little laugh, and proceeded to count out \$250 from her pocketbook. Something in the kleptomaniac's manner aroused his suspicions and hastening to the case he discovered that the \$300 ring was missing. During one of her visits the old lady had managed to abstract it from the tray and insert it in its place one of very small value. To say that my employer was angry when he discovered how he had been duped but feebly expresses his emotions. He was furious, and when he was reminded of his promise to sell the ornament for \$250 if the lady managed to steal it, he kept his word, but begged that the story should not be told to any of his friends."

Disposition, intellect and genius come pretty much by nature; but character is an achievement—the one practical achievement possible to us for ourselves and our children; and all real advance in family or individual is along the lines of character.

HONOR YOUR MOTHER.

An Irreparable Loss.

There is one loss for which the world yields no substitute. A man may lose a fortune and recover it. He may lose his good name and retrieve it; he may lose a child and still have other sons and daughters to call him father. He may lose a sister and other sisters shall be left to perpetuate the tie; or a brother, and still retain a fraternal hand-grasp within his own to make the world a cheerier place to tarry in; but if a man loses his mother, though he live to round out his four score span of life, no other lips can truly call him son, and upon no other can he genuinely bestow the sacred name of mother. It is the one title which, like the moon in the evening sky, outshines all lesser lights.

What is there in all God's tender gifts to humankind that can outrank a mother's love? What is there in all the tender sounds of earth, from the earliest stir of the half-awakened birds to the crooning of the drowsy winds among the flowers, or the lapse of waves upon a summer shore, that is so sweet as the song a young mother sings above her baby? What is there so steadfast as her constant care, when the baby, grown to be a rollicking boy, a thousand times a day puts his precious life in danger? What is there so enduring as her patience, when he tries it and stretches its utmost links as heedlessly as he plays with his dandelion chain? What is there so watchful as her eye, when sickness quickens his pulse and his cheek flames high with deadly fever? What depths of artifice are sounded in her gentle breast, when the stern father locks her boy out as he returns late at night from some youthful escapade, and feigning sleep, she waits until the burly form at her side is held in slumber's unwilling arms, then lightly descends the stairs and turns the key that the erring one may find admittance? And think you, when that boy comes in, slips noiselessly up the stairway to his room, he need be ashamed if he stops to noiselessly kiss the panels of the bedroom door behind which his good angel lingers?

All the way through a man's life, be it consumed like a beautiful fabric in the flame of unholy passion, or held aloft like St. George's banner, undefiled in the battle of life, his mother stands by him, and yearns over him and prays for him to the last. If he is successful she is proud; if he is often cast down she is pitiful; if he is wicked she forgives him; if he is weak she upholds him; if he dies young she idealizes him and her hopes are buried in his grave; indeed, she never ceases to dream of what her darling might have been. Others may love him, but their love approaches her's only as the glow-worm's light approaches the effulgence of the moon; others may be proud of him, but she always sits in the front row with those who applaud and catches the splendor of his achievements before it is more to other eyes than a light reflected from afar, or the noise of wings that tarry in their coming. She anticipates his triumphs and ante-dates his victories. There is an "I told you so," in her proud eyes long before men had in the verdict of their praise, and all of his achievements are but fulfillment of the prophecies of her loving dreams.

And when she dies, when the fluttering breath has expended itself in the last kiss, when the soft old hands have loosened their clasp, never before removed since his helpless baby days; when the patient, yearning eyes have withdrawn their gaze to look their last on God, what loss can overtake a man's life like this? The dove that brooded above the household nest and kept each little one in the shadow of her wings, has winged her flight to heaven.

The everlasting love that no unfaith, nor sin, nor ingratitude could chill nor destroy has vanished like the sun from out the sky, leaving only a few faint stars and a wan and chilly moon to fill its place.

Oh, tender-souled and boundless-hearted priestess of man's earthly home; we drink to thee to-night in tears that we have ever failed in reverence and love, and pledge ourselves hereafter through the years of our tarrying here below to be more fond, more yielding and more demonstrative in our dealings with the sweet, the dear, the blessed old mother.

Habits and Motives.

In all moral progress there are two distinct elements, *habits and motives*. While these require simultaneous training and exercise, they lie on different lines, and need to be discriminated in any system of training or self-discipline. Much confusion and wasted labor sometimes result from not keeping this clearly in mind. It is one thing to induce a person to do a certain thing; it is quite another to get him to desire to do it from some noble motive. There is no question about the latter being far the more excellent and permanent thing to effect, but it is also far more difficult, and many persons, finding their influence in this respect unavailing, discontinue all effort in despair. Recognizing the truth that the merit of an action depends upon the motive which prompts it, they think that, until worthy motives are excited, actions are of little or no consequence. But this is a hasty conclusion. It altogether overlooks the

power of habit. Good character largely depends upon the constant repetition of good actions until they become habitual, and whatever innocent means are necessary to secure this should be used. The best should have the preference, of course, if they can be made effective; but it is useless to continue to press unavailable motives, to which there is no response in the heart of the one to be influenced.

For example, the child who does not love his brother, or his companion, cannot be induced to make sacrifices to him from that motive. To appeal to it, when it does not exist, is absurd. True, the feeling of love itself should be cultivated, but that is another part of training, and requires a different method. Meantime, much as we may regret his deficiency, shall we allow him to indulge himself at the expense of another? Certainly not. By some other motive, which *does* affect him, by influence as gentle as may be, to be effectual, he should be accustomed to acts of self-denial, of kindness, of courtesy, until they become so habitual as to be almost instinctive. In the same way habits of industry, attention, regularity, order, obedience should be formed long before the child can understand their import, or know why they should be practiced. Gradually he will come to see their value, and will continue to observe them from other and better motives, but which could at first have had no effect. Just as we teach him to walk or to read, simply by causing him to make the appropriate effort repeatedly, until it becomes easy and natural, so good moral habits must be formed by the same process, if the character is ever to acquire stability and strength. By all means let the motive presented be as exalted as the child is able to receive. Indeed, the task of discovering these and employing them wisely may well tax the powers of every parent and teacher, and it will be greatly aided by abstaining from presenting those which touch no responsive chord.

The same principle must govern all successful efforts to help our fellow-men to better modes of life. It might be supposed that the gradual elevation of motives would keep pace with the gradual maturing of mind and body, and it doubtless would if good habits were always instilled, but this is not the case. Men are governed by all sorts of motives, from the lowest and most selfish to the highest and purest. And we advise and admonish, warn and expostulate, solicit and entreat, without producing any effect, because we only present inoperative motives. In all other matters we study cause and effect, but in dealing with human nature we strive to produce results from inadequate causes. The wise reformer or philanthropist will appeal to the best motive which can obtain a response, but he will not waste his time and powers by urging those that are utterly inoperative. There are many who say, "I know I ought to do such and such things, but I cannot," and what they mean is that the influence of their conscience is not strong enough to overcome some other and lower prompting. And we shall not help them by reproaching them and continuing to urge a motive to which they do not respond. If they are not yet sufficiently morally advanced to yield to this influence, another must be presented which will be available. It may be public opinion, or the esteem of a friend, or the happiness of a family, or the fear of disgrace, or even the penalty of the law. There are cases where even physical force is better than no influence; where the victim of intemperance, for instance, unable to resist the fatal craving, has been permanently restored to self-respect by a restraint that has gradually diminished his baneful appetite and enabled him to complete its conquest for himself.

Habits are less easily acquired in mature life than in youth, but even then their formation is not impossible if we can only find the right motive; it may not always be the best in itself, but the best that has power at the time and for that individual. New strength can often be gained by changing the surroundings, the companions, the influences, and bringing to bear others of a different and better type. What cannot be done by direct volition can often be accomplished by indirect means. No incentives that can secure continual right-doing should be despised, for it is only as the life and character become possible. On the other hand, we should regard lower motives as the steps of a ladder by which we mount to some eminence, each one of which, useful and necessary in its turn, is gladly left for the one above it.—*Public Ledger*.

An Object Lesson.

"Don't write there," said one to a lad who was scratching with a diamond pin on a pane of glass in the window of a hotel.

"Why not?"

"Because you can't rub it out."

There are other things we should not do for the same reason—because we cannot rub them out. This person is lonely, depressed in sorrow, and needs sympathy. Instead, a cold word, a heartless word is spoken. An impression is made which is more durable than that of a diamond on glass. Break the glass and that disappears. But this may last forever. Be careful what you write on the mind and heart of those you meet.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

We should be careful how we encourage luxuries.

Pride is never so offensive as when in chains.

A sealskin sacque does not always keep the heart warm.

When men are lonely they stoop to any companionship.

The darkest cloud often contains the most fruitful showers.

An open enemy is to be respected, a secret one to be suspected.

The pure worship of a pure heart is an inspiration and a song.

There may be loyalty without love, but never love without loyalty.

A golden key will often find the way to unlock many a secret drawer.

Fine manners are like personal beauty—a letter of credit everywhere.

A brain might as well be stuffed with sawdust as with unused knowledge.

Death is a sleepless messenger and life a wakeful handmaid of creation.

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.

"Doing as well as you know how" is all right if you always know how to do well.

It is often more difficult to obliterate traces of spilled ink than drops of spilled blood.

Those who are honest and earnest in their honesty have no need to proclaim the fact.

We always like those who admire us; we do not always like those whom we admire.

Truth may be defined as the shortest possible distance from one point to another.

Babylon in all its desolation is a sight not so awful as that of the human mind in ruins.

The happiness of love is in action; its test is what one is willing to do for others.

It is good for a man to love his enemies, if he can do so without injuring his friends.

Intellect has been called the starlight of the brain. Religion is the starlight of the soul.

Better to be despised for too anxious apprehension than ruined by too confident a security.

The poorest education that teaches self-control is better than the best that neglects it.

Absence is to love what fasting is to the body—a little stimulates it, but a long abstinence is fatal.

Nothing is so contagious as example; we are never either much good or much evil without imitators.

By our law, no good is to be left undone towards all; not the good of the tongue, the hand, the heart.

There are none that fall so unpitied as those that have raised themselves upon the spoils of the public.

God designs that a charitable intercourse should be maintained among men, mutually pleasant and beneficial.

If you enlist in the army, say a prayer; if you go to sea, say two; if you get married, say three.

Life is before you—not earthly life alone, but life, a thread running interminably through the warp of eternity.

Civilization has made justice one of the luxuries, for which we have to pay the highest price.

The tongue is really a very fast member of the body politic; he does all the talking, and two-thirds of the thinking.

A spirited race horse and a balky mule seldom work well together. Some folks take this for proof that the harness is a failure.

Very often the man who "boils with indignation" one day simmers with regret the next morning, especially if his wrath be put in cold type.

When you have found the master passion of a man, remember never to trust him where that passion is concerned.

If there is one thing upon this earth that mankind loves and admires more than another, it is a brave man—a man who dares look the devil in the face and tell him he is the devil.

The noblest characters are those who have steered the life-vessel through stormy seas. A bed of down never nurtured a greater soldier yet.

Nature seems to exist for the excellent. The world is upheld by the veracity of good men; they make the earth wholesome. We call our children and our lands by their names; their works and edifices are in our houses.

Health of mind consists in the perception of law. Its dignity consists in being under the law. Nothing seems to me so excellent as a belief in the laws. It communicates nobleness, and, as it were, an asylum in temples to the loyal soul.

The fireside is a seminary of infinite importance. It is important because it is universal, and because the education it bestows, being woven in the woof of childhood, give form and color to the whole texture of life.

Misfortune in nine times out of ten is simply another name for laziness or bad management, and it really isn't anything to your credit to be croaking all the time about misfortune.

It is not true that the people of this nation or of any other nation work too much. They may fret too much, or they may confine themselves too much to one eternal grind of the same kind of work, but works well and intelligently done kills nobody.

No man has a right to live selfishly or to perpetuate his selfishness in his will. The law recognizes the importance of the family life and provides for its stability, and the man who makes no provision for his family as culpable as he who, though abundantly capable, makes no provision beyond it. But the perpetuation of vast fortunes as family monuments is the vulgarity of selfishness.