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Towanda, Pa., January 6, 1881.

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Judge Jessup having resumed the practice of the law in Northern Pennsylvania, will attend to any legal business entrusted to him in Bradford county. Persons wishing to consult him, can call on H. Streeter, Esq., Towanda, Pa., when an appointment can be made.

HENRY STREETER,
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TOWANDA, PA. Feb 27, '79

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Special attention given to
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Will be at his office on Saturdays of each month over Turner & Worden's Drug Store, Towanda, Pa.
Towanda, June 20, 1878.

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Rooms of business, a few doors north of Post-Office. All kinds of Gas Fitting, Repairing Pumps of all kinds and all kinds of Gearing promptly attended to. All wanting work in his line should give him a call. Dec. 4, 1878.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
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CAPITAL PAID IN $125,000
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This Bank offers unusual facilities for the transaction of a general banking business.
N. N. BETTS, Cashier.
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HENRY HOUSE,
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FIRST WARD, TOWANDA, PA.
Good accommodations. Terms to suit the times. Large Stable attached.
W. M. HENRY, PROPRIETOR.

A FEW COPIES OF THE ROAD LAWS can be had at this Office.

DRUNK IN THE STREET.

"Drunk, your worship," the officer said,
"Drunk in the street, sir!" She raised her head—
A lingering trace of the golden grace
Still softened the lines of her woe-worn face.
Unkempt and tangled her rich brown hair,
Yet with all the furrows and stains of care—
The years of anguish and sin and despair—
The child of the city was passing fair.

The ripe red mouth, with lips compressed—
The rise and fall of the heaving breast—
The nervous fingers so taper and small,
Crumpled the fringe of the tattered shawl
As she stood in her place at the officer's call,
She seemed good and fair, she seemed tender and sweet,
This fallen woman found drunk in the street.

Does the hand that once smoothed the ripple and wave
Of that tangled hair lie still in the grave?
Is that mother who pressed those red lips to her own,
Deaf to the pain of their smothered moan?
Has the voice that chimed to the lisping prayer
No accent of hope for the lost one there,
Bearing her burden of sin and despair.

Drunk in the street!—in the gutter found—
From a passionate longing to crush and drown
The soul of the woman she might have been—
To fling off the weight of a fearful dream,
And awake again in the homestead hard by,
And wooded mountains that touched the sky;
To linger awhile on the path to school
And catch in the depth of the limpid pool,
Under the willow shade, green and cool,
A dimpled face and a laughing eye,
And the pleasant words of the passer-by.

Ye men, with sisters and mothers and wives,
Have ye no care for these women's lives?
Must they starve for the comfort ye never speak?
Must they ever be erring and sinful and weak—
Staggering onward with weary feet,
Stained in the gutters and drunk in the street?

—Good Templar.

SOLID CHUNKS OF WISDOM.

Brother Snowflake here has asked me to make a few remarks,
An' I ain't a-goin' to tell you anything but what I know:
De million eggs I don't know would fill a thousan' arks—
But for fifty years an' ober, I hab hoed a weedy row.
So I think dat it is comp'ten to tell de young men here
How to amble in a manly way, de thorny path ob life—
If you can't afford to buy champagne, just be content wid beer:
Don't imagine 'cause you's twenty-one dat you should hab a wife.
Don't neber say: "I wish for dis—I wish for dat an' t'other,"
But git right up, wid iron heart, an' *work* fur it, my frien's:
For wishin' never fetched a pleasure to me—or brother:
A wisher's always borrowin'—a wisher neber ken's.
If you would put a fine harness on a spavined, worn-out nag,
Would de nag go roun' de race-course wid de speed of Goldsmith Maid?
Don't neber call anoder nation's honored flag a rag—
Don't neber be in a faro bank—when de coppers make a raid.
If you wish to be talked about one hundred years from now,
Pray do not try to kill a man who neber did you harm:
If you wish, when you is dead, a wreath ob laurel on your brow,
Do not try to run de Government as a farmer runs a farm.
If you's born wid homely features, you'll take 'em to de grave—
I is speakin' now of children ob de North as well as South:
But we men hab dis advantage ov'er de white an' dusky slave—
A silken moustache often covers a wery wicked mouth.
Don't think a man is brainless, 'cause he hasn't much to say—
Remember dat 'de shallow brook, while de deep, are still.'
Don't think de bough is bravest who soun's de loudest bay—
If you'd reach de top roun' permanent, be sure an' say: "I will."

—John E. McConn.

Bewitched in Mid-Ocean.

I.

'Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed.'

Old superstitions, like old religions, take a great deal of killing. About no four-footed creature have religious beliefs or superstitions clung more tenaciously than about the cat, from the feline deity of Egypt, and the gaunt grimalkin of the witches, to the tame tabby of our fireside. It is difficult, however, to believe that, in this quarter of the nineteenth century and among sane Englishmen, pussy should ever be an object of fear and foreboding. Yet hear the story of my friend, the captain of the Seamew, recently come into port after an unusually stormy and strange passage from Baltimore:

We had a capital run for several days. After dropping down the river, we gave her sheet across the cold belt of water that lies along the coast, and out we 'swished' into the Stream and away along it.

'Jack,' says I to my mate, who has sailed with me in the Seamew a many years, 'home in thirty days. Eh?'

'Humph,' said Jack, 'maybe.' Jack was a Scotchman, an' I cautious about an opinion.'

Well, on March 14 (I have reason to remember the date) a little after 12 o'clock, in latitude 41° north and longitude 53° west (I had just taken our bearings and remember 'em), I was sweeping round with my glass careless like when I sighted a ship on our starboard bow. I had a good look; she was a barque, and was flying signals of distress. I called Jack.

'Jack,' said I when he had looked, 'what do you think? We must bear down on her, I suppose?'

'Humph,' said Jack. 'Ay, I suppose.'

We shortened sail and bore down. We came within hail, but nobody answered from the barque. Presently, though, a boat was launched and pulled toward us; but their pulling was weak and 'slippy.'

Then a man stood up in the middle of the boat, tugged his coat off and waved it, and sang out, 'Ahoy! Ahoy!' in a half cracked kind of voice. This was odd, and I tramped up and down, impatient to hear what they wanted.

'We are starving!' That's what the captain that stood up in the middle said. 'We are starving,' says he. 'The Lily of Plymouth, outward bound for Baltimore.'

We got 'em up the side. I took the master into the cabin, and sent the men for'ard. Lord! to see that man drink and eat! With a delirious eagerness, as you might say, and yet afraid to eat too fast or too much. He knew he must keep in his awful appetite, and still it would keep a breaking from him. He told us their story in scraps between: They had been provisioned for three months, and that was their 125th day out! The weather they had experienced had been most peculiar; not stormy, but playful and perverse-like; sometimes blowing this way, sometimes that, often not blowing at all. Near eleven weeks had gone by before they sighted Cape Henry, and when they did, down came a furious, sprawling nor'wester, and drove 'em out to sea again. And so they had beaten about in adverse winds, of course, ever since. Their last drop of water and their last scrap of biscuit went five days ago. Then they came to cooking their boots, and sucking the oil from the lamps—even from the binnacle.

'We ate my dog last!' And the poor fellow burst into tears. 'As sure as fate,' said he, looking oddly at me, 'we have been bewitched.'

'Bewitched!' said I. 'What, now—what makes you think of such a thing?'

'Ah, well,' said he, 'I don't know. But, we'll see.'

After that he was in a hurry to return to his ship. We filled their boat and a boat of our own with all the provisions we thought we could spare (and there were thirteen of 'em, an awkward number to feed). Jack went with our boat, and when he came back, says he to me:

'That skipper's not a bad sort, tho' he be a Cardiff man. He's sent ye this keg o' spirits—and it's maybe as well out o' their way now—and, what d'ye think? four bottles o' champagne in the basket here! They had thought o' saving them for land sight, but he's sent them to you.'

We looked in the basket of champagne at once. The bottles lay sloped in, with their heads out. Underneath was a little packing-straw, and underneath that—oh, Jack's face and language when he saw it!—a tabby, a brinded cat, lying curled up asleep.

'Oh!' cried Jack. Oh, the sly, ungrateful devil! This is your Welshman, your Taffy! This is what he thought he was bewitched wi'! And has been afraid to make away wi' it! So he sends the witchcraft here! The coward he is! But we'll play Jonah's trick, and chance the whale.'

So he seized the cat and swung out his arm to toss it overboard; when my little Maggie, that sailed with me this voyage, and that scarce understood his words, but understood his action, caught his wrist and cried:

'Oh, no, please, Jack! Give it to me!'

Now Jack was very fond of her, so he arrested his act at her bidding at once; but he said, 'It's bewitched, though, Maggie lass. If I don't believe in that sort o' thing, there's them here that do,' with a glance at the men for'ard.

'Ay, sir, there be,' said Dick Sandys, an old seaman who had been standing by all the while helping to haul up the boat by the davit line, and keeping, as I had observed, a sidelong eye on the basket. 'There's them aboard this here Seamew, and I don't say as what I ain't one on 'em myself, as 'll straight off begin to think the rare luck of this here present v'yage is gone. But they'll dread worser luck, sir, if 'ye throw overboard a brinded cat as has been carried aboard across water.'

'Is that so?' asked Jack.

'Yes,' said I, in a low voice. 'I've heard that before. But,' said I aloud, and looking at Dick, and trying to work off my uneasiness in a joke, 'how can you have a "sea" or any other "mew" without a cat?'

'This cat,' said Jack, 'scarcely looks as if she would mew again. Just look at her—skin and bone.'

My little Maggie had waked her up with stroking, and the wretched creature tried to stand and to walk, rubbing against Maggie's leg. But she fell over again and again. Jack caught the animal up, and sniffed her breath, while she gave him an averted look, which to me seemed almost human.

'S'help me!' cried Jack. 'If they haven't made her drunk, so that she should come here quiet! Did ye ever see a cat like her?'

When Maggie carried the cat into the cabin, I tramped up and down the deck, more uneasy than I cared to let myself know. It was not (as I told Jack) that I was a believer in the superstitions about cats which many sailors still encourage, but because I knew what desperate work it would be, if anything should happen, to keep in hand a crew that had given themselves up.

It was getting on in the afternoon, and I was still tramping to and fro, when that cat rushed on deck, with Maggie after it. It jumped up on the bulworks, and, looking and poking its nose over the water, meawed. It leaped back to the deck, and ran along toward the fo'c'sle and round the caboose, and stopped and meawed again. It ran back toward me, and looked round and meawed a third time; and its mewing was loud and distressful, as if it wanted to be let out or let in. Maggie followed, calling 'Puss, puss! poor pussy!' And there was I, and Jack, and farther off all the crew looking on and wondering at the creature's movements and cries. There were peculiar one-sided glances and head shakes, I saw, exchanged by the men. To discourage any notion there might be that I also felt concerned, I turned to walk up and down as before, having first lit my pipe. What did that cat do but trot off at my heels, looking up and meawing with a kind of bitter greediness, as if I were the cat's-meat man!'

'Catch it, Maggie,' I said, 'and give it something to eat.'

'I've given it something, father,' said Maggie, 'and it won't eat it. But maybe it will now;' and she managed to seize and carry it off.

Now, standing still, I noticed that the smoke of my pipe, instead of being blown away, was curling slowly about my head, rising a little and forming a bit of cloud and then melting away straight up. I did not like these signs. There was a change working round in the weather; of which, let me tell you, the glass had given no warning.

We had been having a clear sky and a fresh breeze; the breeze fell slack, our sails flapped, and 'bilged,' like as if in disgust, and the most curious dimness and thickness came down around the ship. I am too old a sailor to make a note of every odd change in the look of the sea or sky, but that was the oddest change I ever saw in mid-ocean. I have read a deal of poetry at sea, and I used to write home pieces to Maggie's mother, when she was alive, God bless her! and so I have always by me a sort of taste and eye for what you would call 'poetic effects.' Well, the effect that day as the nor'west breeze fell dead, and the sun began to go down, I shall never forget. It became very cold, and a mysterious-looking haze gathered about the ship in a circle that got always narrower and narrower, till we had not a hundred feet of clear view all round. The sea lost its briskness and ripple; it took on a dull, steely, oily look, and glided and slid about, as if it were the back of a monstrous snake. We seemed at the bottom of a pit of darkness and deviltry; and the bottom we rested on was the fathomless Atlantic! All around us the encroaching haze, and rising behind and above it a dense, dark wall of cloud, touched, in the west, at its lofty broken edges with the dim glory of the setting sun, and showing a little space of pale, pure blue above, and in the east and south appearing like an inaccessible gray cliff. From the depths of this cliff seemed to come by and by faint labored sighs, which gradually became wilder and prolonged themselves into wails of distress and pain. We shortened sail at once down to the lower top-sails.

Between 9 and 10 I tucked my little Maggie safe into her berth, and turned in myself, though I knew it would be only for a little while. That cat I did not see anywhere about.

I was waked suddenly by my head being bumped against the side of my berth. There was a loud report, like the going off of twenty muskets; I felt a sudden spasm as of choking; I caught at my berth and sprang to my feet. You have never been in a hurricane, I dare say? Well, when it first swoops down, it seems to shut you and the ship up with too much breath. In another minute I was on deck; the report had been the noise of a sheet blown to pieces. Jack was roaring through the trumpet, the men were shortening sail—you could just hear the sharp creak of ropes and pulleys through the wind—and that wretched cat was hid somewhere about, meawing its very worst. It was two in the morning; hurricane from the northeast with bitter rain, and we lay-to with the lee clew of the lower maintop-sail. All on till dawn and through the day it blew and shrieked its loudest. Two men were at the wheel to keep her head up, but I knew that for all that we were driving rapidly back on our track. The drift in the air was so dense that we could not see five yards beyond the ship; and by 5 o'clock it was dark. About 6 o'clock a great sea struck our bows, carried away our head, and let a rush of water like a mill-race over our decks. We recoiled a great distance, and settled heavily in the trough of the sea. But we rose again with a shudder.

On the second day, after daylight, the hurricane abated, though it still blew a stiff gale. But we were able to slacken something of the grim tenacity of our vigilance, and to look at each other again. I liked not the looks I met. We had passed with comparatively little damage through a terrible danger; and that would have been enough, you would have thought, to lead the sailors to think that both weather and ship were under altogether different and better guidance than the witchery of a tabby cat. Yet they looked sullen and hopeless, and I could see from the way they eyed the creature, and drew off from it and its dismal mewings, that they were still bound by a dread of what it might bring upon them. I must confess that I myself disliked the cat, though it seemed moved to wander up and down the deck and into the cabin, and to lament as it did more by some kind of distress than from spite. Maggie was the only one who took any notice of it; and she fed it and followed it about with an unwearied devotion to which the creature did not at all respond.

Next day, though the gale continued to abate, our plight was little improved. The Seamew carried herself heavily, though we could not discover she was making water. The wind was still northeast, against which she not only made no head, but kept losing way. I was, therefore, not surprised when Jack came to me in the cabin and said:

'There's something going on for'ard—no end o' talk and tobacco-juice.' We went on deck.

'Look at them,' continued Jack, 'there by the chains. See how they shove their shoulders into each other. When a sailor does that, and pulls his own ear as Dick Sandys is doing, there's something up And they half look this way. Ah, here they come.'

There were three of them, headed by Dick Sandys, shyly shouldering their way aft. Dick came pretty straight, pulling at his ear, with his eyes cast down, but with his round, ruddy face shining steadily forward; his comrades lurched about, looking from side to side, and touching things as they passed.

'Well, Dick,' said I, 'you want to speak to me, I suppose, you and your mates?'

'Ay, ay, sir; if you will kindly give us a word. Me and them, sir'—jerking his thumb over his shoulder—'come as a deppytation from the fo'c'sle. We ain't got no notion o' dictating to the capting, but we want to put ye in possession, sir, of what we're a-thinking about. Eh, mates?'

'Ay, ay.'

'We see how it's a-going to be: This here v'yage 'll never come to no good end. The Seamew 'll never agin get into no harbor; and some day one of them big steamers 'll run across her all a-rotting, wi' not a sign o' life aboard but a cursed striped cat in the rigging. It's bound to live somehow;—eh, mates? Well, sir, we ain't a-blamin' nobody. It's our luck, and the damned trick o' that Lily. That's bound to be our luck wi' that there cat aboard; but it's not to be expected as how we'll take it meek and mild. Well, ye see, sir, they say "worser luck if ye throw her overboard." Jest so. But this is what we were a-thinking: Suppose we set her adrift in an old tub.'

This dark suggestion he conveyed in a low voice, with his hand to the side of his mouth, after a glance round to make sure the cat was not within hearing. Then he looked at me with a steady wistful eye; his mates fidgeted and looked over the ship's sides, as though they felt half ashamed of the plot to which they had given their adherence.

I considered a moment. I had, of ccurse, no real belief that getting rid of the cat thus would give us a fair wind; yet still it was worth trying; it involved only the sacrifice of the cat, and if it did not change the wind, it would at least change the looks of my crew. But what would little Maggie say? However, I turned at once to Dick.

'You can try it,' said I. 'I give you full leave—though, mark you, I don't believe in the nonsense. But get hold of it without my little girl seeing you.'

'Ay, ay, sir.'

II.

Ah, it was a bad night. The wind whistled in ropes and cords, and spars and rigging creaked wearily. The broken water every now and then came swash on our bulwarks, and swirling and hissing over us. Ah, my hearties, believe me it's better ashore than at sea! The cat was got and put into the tub, and over she went into the darkness and the rush and hiss of the mighty waters with a dreadful meaw, that made our flesh creep.

I was glad I did not see the men's faces. I felt—I don't know what. Then I went aft a step or two till I was close to the wheel and looking astern. I had stood maybe a minute or more, when, lo and behold! I saw just where the glimmer of the binnacle light fell on the bulwarks, the head and the staring eyes of that cat! I dashed forward just on the impulse. It was clambering on board again.

'Down, you brute!' I cried, pushing at it. God! how it clawed into the wood! 'Down, you wretch! you devil!'

It meawed terribly and held on with every claw, but—yes, yes! with furious, half-terrified hands—I tore it away and flung it out. I had not noticed that the men had come about me.

'Ah! save and deliver us, sir!' said Dick at my elbow. 'You've done for us now! Lord knows what'll happen!'

In the feeble light I saw his and his companions' faces staring on me with a ghastly terror. I felt now like a fool and a criminal. Dick had barely done speaking, and I had just turned around, when a little white figure appeared. It was my little Maggie.

'Father,' she whispered, 'where are you? I heard my pussy meaw and I can't find her. Where is she? Have you seen my pussy, father?'

'Your father has thrown her into the sea, missy,' said one of the men. 'And what'll come o't, God knows.'

How exasperated I was with that man! 'You'd better go for'd, you men,' was all I said, however. But, before any of us had time to stir, the crest of a wave, like a great white flying mane, flung itself over and drenched us. I caught Maggie in my arms all dripping, and carried her below. She said nothing, but looked at me in a way that cut me to the heart; her gaze was frightened and half turned away. I had no word to say for myself. I changed her nightgown and put her back in her berth. She shivered and snuggled down with her head under the bed-clothes. After a little she peeped out and said to me:

'When you are some day angry with me, will you maybe throw me into the sea?'

I could not bear it. 'Oh, Maggie, my child, my darling!' I cried, taking her in my arms; 'don't talk and look like that. The cat was a bad cat, and brought us ill-luck and bad weather.'

'I thought,' said Maggie simply, 'it was God that made the weather.' I was silent. After a pause she cried: 'I want my pussy back, father. Get me it back. It was not bad, and I liked it.'

'I wish, my dear,' I said, 'I could bring you it back.'

Was it a meaw I heard, and a scratching, or was it only the wind above, and the dash of the water at the port-hole? Maggie had heard it too; she sat up, and her eyes were fixed on the port-hole. With some difficulty I pulled it open, and in scrambled the cat!

I was never more delighted by the sight of any living thing than I was by the return of that poor, half-drowned cat Such a weight of guilt was lifted off me! I felt almost like a little boy again, there, with my little girl beside me. The to do Maggie and I made over the poor, outraged creature! I confess to you truly the tears came to my eyes. Maggie kissed it and cuddled it, all wet and shivering as it was, the brave little swimmer! I went to the cook and got some hot mess for it to eat, and prepared a snug little bed before the cabin stove, and poor grateful pussy licked my hand.

'Captain!' Captain!' I heard eagerly whispered from the top of the cabin steps. I should have been on deck, and I was turning to go—after a glance at Maggie, with a shawl about her sitting down by her recovered pussy—when the cook stumbled hurriedly down into the cabin, whispering in terror, 'They've got at the spirits, captain, and they're mad! They've knocked Dick down for standing up for you, and they're sure, as you threw the cat overboard, the only way to save the ship is to throw you after it! They're coming!'

And before another word could be said, or anything done, they were come. I suppose they at once suspected the cook of being informer; in a moment he was gagged and bound. I stood before them with what calmness I had; though I felt my cheek pale and my blood tingle to see all the desperate crew crowded in before me. They were not drunk; they were only primed to the Dutch-courage point: their faces were bloodshot and resolute.

'What is the meaning of this, my men?' I asked firmly. 'Mutiny?'

At the dreaded word they quailed a little; but Bill Bowser—he who had told Maggie I had drowned the cat, and who seemed the ringleader—made a step forward and said (he was an ugly slab of a man, with something like a squint, but he could speak to the point):

'No mutiny, captain, only self-preservation, the first law o' nature. That darned cat has been thrown overboard, and to save the ship and all the rest on us you must follow it, captain, 'cause you done it.'

I was about to speak, when Maggie, who looked very much surprised, but not in the least frightened, said (standing up in her sweet childish beauty, with the shawl slipping from her shoulders), 'Look, pussy was in the sea, but she's come back again;' and she showed them the cat in her arms.

They were dumbfoundered, and smitten with confusion. They stared at me, and at Maggie and the cat, and they shouldered toward the stair. Bill Bowser again made himself spokesman.

'I'm blest,' said he, 'but that cat has the devil in her, as sure as David! But look a-here, captain, we must just set her adrift again, and tie her in this time.'

'Now,' said I, 'I won't allow a hair of that cat to be touched again. And I advise all you men to clear out of this at once, or I shall take note of it and reckon it an attempt at mutiny.' Then I went aft a step or two till I was close to the wheel and looking astern. I had stood maybe a minute or more, when, lo and behold! I saw just where the glimmer of the binnacle light fell on the bulwarks, the head and the staring eyes of that cat! I dashed forward just on the impulse. It was clambering on board again.

'Down, you brute!' I cried, pushing at it. God! how it clawed into the wood! 'Down, you wretch! you devil!'

It meawed terribly and held on with every claw, but—yes, yes! with furious, half-terrified hands—I tore it away and flung it out. I had not noticed that the men had come about me.

'Ah! save and deliver us, sir!' said Dick at my elbow. 'You've done for us now! Lord knows what'll happen!'

In the feeble light I saw his and his companions' faces staring on me with a ghastly terror. I felt now like a fool and a criminal. Dick had barely done speaking, and I had just turned around, when a little white figure appeared. It was my little Maggie.

'Father,' she whispered, 'where are you? I heard my pussy meaw and I can't find her. Where is she? Have you seen my pussy, father?'

'Your father has thrown her into the sea, missy,' said one of the men. 'And what'll come o't, God knows.'

How exasperated I was with that man! 'You'd better go for'd, you men,' was all I said, however. But, before any of us had time to stir, the crest of a wave, like a great white flying mane, flung itself over and drenched us. I caught Maggie in my arms all dripping, and carried her below. She said nothing, but looked at me in a way that cut me to the heart; her gaze was frightened and half turned away. I had no word to say for myself. I changed her nightgown and put her back in her berth. She shivered and snuggled down with her head under the bed-clothes. After a little she peeped out and said to me:

'When you are some day angry with me, will you maybe throw me into the sea?'

I could not bear it. 'Oh, Maggie, my child, my darling!' I cried, taking her in my arms; 'don't talk and look like that. The cat was a bad cat, and brought us ill-luck and bad weather.'

'I thought,' said Maggie simply, 'it was God that made the weather.' I was silent. After a pause she cried: 'I want my pussy back, father. Get me it back. It was not bad, and I liked it.'

'I wish, my dear,' I said, 'I could bring you it back.'

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And before another word could be said, or anything done, they were come. I suppose they at once suspected the cook of being informer; I particularly wanted to go aboard of her. I got the basket out in which pussy had come to us, replaced her as we had found her, and put the empty champagne bottles on top.

The crew of the Lily were dropping with fatigue when we went aboard, but, Lord! to see how the skipper and them about him woke up when they saw us. Astonishment is no word for it.

'Good God!' he exclaimed. 'And you are the Seamew!'

'And you are the Lily,' said I. 'That was a nice present you sent me. I have brought back the bottles and the basket;' and so saying, I uncovered pussy, who, to my amazement, jumped out at once and bounded off. I had only intended to show the skipper she was there. The poor man stared, his jaw dropped, and he sank down on a coil of rope, with his head in his hands, uttering a long, hopeless groan.

'Come, my friend, cheer up,' I said.

'We've almost nothing to eat,' said he; 'we've been at the pumps two days, and now that brute has come back! There's no use standing by them any more; our voyage comes to an end here, and down, down we go. We might as well have kept the beast; the old wretch's words have come true, and we finish in the middle, as she said.'

I doubted his mind was wandering. 'Come,' said I, 'bestir yourself and give orders. There's no use staying by the ship any longer; you must abandon her and come with me.'

'What! Leave the Lily? She's a good old ship, and she's my own; no, I'll go down with her and that cursed cat. Take off the crew, sir, however, and I'll thank you.'

I couldn't make up my mind to think him deranged, and yet—Just then the cat came bounding along the deck with something in her mouth, and all the hands paused and stared. She put it in the basket at my feet where she herself had lain, and again bounded away. It was a kitten! and alive! The skipper stared stupidly. Presently pussy returned with another.

'That's what's done it! cried the skipper with gathering fury; 'after I got rid of her, they were here, and I never knew it!' He rose in his rage, and, seizing a crowbar, would have smashed and all, but he was easily restrained and disarmed.

'Let me have them,' said I; 'my little girl will like them.'

'What!' he cried in something like an ecstasy of gladness. 'And you will take the mother, too? Then, becoming again despondent, 'but it's of no use now. I feel we are going down.'

Pussy had returned with her third kitten which was dead, and had begun to purr with delight and to rub herself round my leg, when he roused himself and ordered all hands to take to the boats. We stood by them in our own boat (with pussy and her brood in the basket on the stern-seat), waiting to give them a tow-line to our ship. When all the hands were in the boats, there was a pause. Was not the skipper coming? No. 'Cast off.' The Lily was settling down rapidly, and the crew cast off with little concern. The skipper's last act was to launch with a curse a broken pulley-block at the basket in our stern, as we rowed off. It just missed the boat, and slashed into the sea. The Lily went down before we reached the Seamew.

Next day we had a fair wind, and our crowded ship crowded all sail and went merrily racing, dipping and splashing for home. In our new, bright hopes of our voyage we all, I think, felt rather ashamed of our dreadful suspicions of pussy. At any rate, everyone showed the utmost tenderness and solicitude for her and her two kittens.

How had the kittens been kept alive on the Lily all that week? you ask. I don't know; but I have heard of a rat playing the part of mother under similar circumstances, and I am certain there were rats in the Lily.—*Belgravia.*

"Gwine Away."

'De Lake Sho' train and de one we is lookin' fur, boss, kase I'se going to send de ole woman to Toledo. Poo' ole soul! she's been cryin' all de mawnin' kase she's gwine away from me, an' to tell de truf, I can't keep de tear outer my own eyes long 'nuff to see 'cross de depot.'

It was an old, old, colored man, stoop-shouldered, trembling with old age. He was accompanied by his aged wife, who had on her Sunday best and carried a bundle in her hand. She was wiping her eyes with a handkerchief.

"Is your wife going away on a visit?"

"Bress you, no! We wouldn't be feelin' like chill'en if it war only a wisit. You see, sah, we's got so ole an' poo' dat we can't keep house, nor airn a libin' any mo'. We's felt it comin' on fur a long time past, but I neber s'pected de day would come when we'd have to separate.'

'Then she won't come back?'

'Dat's what ails us. You see, I'ze got a son here who will gib me a home, and she's got a darter down in Toledo who will take keer of her. She's gwine away dis mornin', an' I s'pect I'll neber sot eyes on her no mo'. 'Tain't fur down dar, but we's poo' an' ole, an' I'se gwine to kiss her fur de las' time. Hold up your face, Mary, till I kiss ye! You an' me has trabbled in de same path risin' of sixty y'ars, an' now when we am grown ole an' poo' an' waitin' fur de call, we has got to separate! Dar, Dar,' chile, don't take on, so! It's sumthin' we can't help, an' if you sob that way you'll brake de ole man right down. Dat's de train ober dar' an'—an'——'

He put his arm around her, and his tears fell on her cheek as he said:

'We slabed together, an', an' we has starved an' shibered an' met trouble wid de same speerit. Hush, chile,—it's all fur de best! Maybe de Lawd will bring us together agin. If—he doan' do it, you'll meet me dar in Heaben. We kin trust de' Lawd fur dat. If I git dar' fust, I'll wait for you right at de gate, an' if you am fust taken, I know you'll watch fur me.'

She kissed him and clung to him like a child, and it was only when the train was ready to go that he disengaged her arms, kissed her once more, and led her to the gate with the words:

'I'll be prayin' de Lawd to be good to ye, an' I'll fink of ye ebery hour in de day. Keep down your sobs, chile—we can't be chill'en no mo'. Here you good-bye—good bye.'

She went away sobbing like a child, and he passed out of the depot with tears in his eyes and a heart almost breaking with sorrow.

'I'll trust—I'll trust in de Lawd,' he whispered, as he went his way. 'Tell ye what, it's powerful on two ole folkses like us to be all broke up an' separated like dis, but we couldn't do better. Bress her dear soul! but de poo' body was nigh done fur wid grief when I turned away de las' time!'—*M. Quad.*

The Farmer's Hired Man.

'I'm kinder lookin' around the market for a hired man,' he exclaimed as he stopped at one of the stands and nibbled at an onion. 'I kinder need one, but yet I kinder hope I shan't be able to find him.'

'How's that?'

'Wall, there ain't no profit in a hired-man no more. No, sir, he's no good any longer.'

'What's the reason?'

'Oh, a dozen reasons. First and foremost, times have changed, and the hired man has changed with 'em. Ah! sir, it makes me sad when I think of the hired men we had before the war—great big fellers, with the strength of an ox and the vim of a locomotive. I didn't have to holler my lungs out to get one of 'em out of bed at 3 o'clock in the morning, and it was all I could do to coax 'em to go to bed at 10 o'clock at night. I'm afraid that we sha'n't never see no more hired men wuth keepin' around for their board.'

'That's sad.'

'It's sad, and more, too. Now, as I said, I want a hired man. I'm willing to pay $11 or $12 a month for a smart one. Some farmers want a man to work all day and all night, but that ain't me. I never asked one to get out of bed before 3 o'clock—never. I allus give my man three-quarters of an hour at noon, unless the hogs get out, or cattle break in, or a shower is coming