B. F. SCHWEIER,

NO. 8.

No Good-night Kisa

A three-year maid, of buby charms, Epitome of bliss, At close of day to mother's arms Came for her good-night kiss.

"You were a naughty girl to-day, Who would not do the right; The little girl who can't obey I cannot kiss good-night!" The little mouth, it trembled so:

The bright eye held a tear; the said, "But you will kiss me, though In the morning, mama, dear? "Yes, in the morning, when you call."

Ah! childish griefs are deep! She turned her fair face to the wall And wept herself to sleep She woke not here: Death called her name

To wake in Heaven instead: And when at daws, the mother came She found her darling dead.

O mother-heart! thy wrong confessed, What is thine augush now? She clasped the dead face to her breast, Kassed lips and eyes and brow. O grieving heart! What can atone? Mothers, remember this: Send no child to sleep's land unknown Without a good-night kiss,

NOBODY'S SON.

1 es. Aobody's Son: You have known him in his prosperity, though you may not be aware of it; but of the struggles of his boyhood you know nothing. The bottle stands; pass it. Permit me to tell you his story, gentlemen.

A ragged lad, spare and grimy, he stood in a doorway almost too low to admit him, and inside there was written "poverty, hunger, and dirt." boy's eyes wandered in a hopeless manner from a slatternly woman crouching over the hearth, to the figure of a man lantern-visaged, hollow-eyed, who leaned against the doorpost beside him. "Well, my lad, dost hear?"

"Ay. But where am I to go to?" "Where thee likest. Come, out with thy fist; there's three bob, and I can ill spare it. Now, go thy ways; be honest and don't lie; but remember that we have done with thee for all evers." The lad took the money and turned away. In a few minutes he came back

"Give me a name," he said, looking up into the man's sallow face, "every log has a name." "But every brat picked up in the

gutter hasn't.' Suddenly the woman rose up from her crouching posture, and came for-

"I had a name once, so long ago that it's well nigh forgot Dunna send the lad away, John; I picked him up, and

he's growed to my heart's like, Dunna." "Bother!" returned her husband "Who's to fill his mouth and cover his back? Cut!-be off!-march!" "I've not got a friend in the world!" cried out the lad, as he trudged through

the muddy lanes which led from his old home "not one in the world." And the rain that pattered down from the housetops repeated it doggedly, "Not "I'm all in rags and dirt," he said

as he reached the broader streets and stared about him, and a peal of bells rung out and echoed it merrily, "Rags and dirt, rags and dirt!"

"Cut, be off, march!" repeated the "But where shall I march? Everybody's busy here, there's no room for me. What am I to do?" He passed a pastrycook's shop-tempting and rich -he was hungry, and his fingers wandered to the shillings in his pocket wistfully. All at once an idea came to him, and his eyes glistened.

One poor little marble table stood in a dim corner, but it did not seem to at tract any one much. "Now, my boy. What is it?"

"That un, and that un, and this un," said the lad, indicating with a singularly dirty finger the particular dainties he wished to stow away. "I say, you move off. Will you? I'll

teach you to finger things here, you dirty young rascal. March!" He held out his shillings despairingly

"Oh! that's another thing," said the man. "Come, say what you want, but keep your fingers off." "Give us one in," said the lad.

watching with his anxious eye every delicacy put into the little basket. The man looked at him and laughed but one more pitiful come up and look-

"Give him some," he said, angrily. "You know the price if he's going to

The young merchant left the shop with a sob still sticking in his throat, He tramped the streets and pushed his basket at the passers by, some gave him an angry look, some a poke with a stick or a sharp-pointed elbow. Two cakes he had sold realizing the sum of threehalfpence, when he sat himself down on the steps of St. Paul's Cathedral, and gradually as the sun grew hot and hotter, his head dropped lower and he

urchin darkened the door of the pastrycook's shop, where the one marble table stood still desolate in its corner.

"What, here again, my fine fellow? Come, off with you; march!" It was very odd. "March!" had been ringing in his ears all day, and here it came again. Was everybody going to tell im to march, and where on earth was he going to march to?

Great tear-marks covered his face, red and smudged with dirt, as he turned towards his former advocate.

and see if I can't do something." "I went an slep, and somebody's gone The woman put out her left hand, and prigged 'em." It seemed as if the where glittered in the rays of his lamp perpetual "march" were coming from the wedding-ring. Cautiously she put his mouth too, but the owner thereof it out and then covered it up again. changed his mind, and examined the face with its grimy tear-marks. "Who are you? What's your name?"

"Name, John." 'John what?" asked the man

Listen, then!" "M-m-march," stammered the lad The wick floats on its oil and grows looking round despondingly; for he had dim, but dawn is breaking for the hola misty sort of idea that it was a hanging matter to have no name, and that on John's arm, whose fading sense rewas the only one he could thing of, ceives his promise to care for the little "John March, where's your father?" one sleeping on quiet and unconscious

"Nowheres." "Your mother?"

"Ain't got none." "Whose son are you?"
"Nobody's,"

"Where did you get that money?" "It was given me by them as picked me up a little 'un and can't keep me no

longer: indeed it was," speech, and when the questioner put a has broken. Shut up the eyes tenderly fresh basket of estables into the dirty lay her back gently to rest in her rags, hand held out to receive it, they came and take the sleeping child from her faster than ever, for the lad know what to say he was so glad. He was told that he must come back and

spite of the bells that clamored out,
"rags and dirt, rags and dirt," he was
getting on. Out of the pocket of his
ragged jacket peered a ragged spelling
book; at corners of streets, on steps, at
crossings he studied it. He was not
the book of the pastrycook's, a loving heart inside its plain case, a true and steadfast friend. Oh! there are good hearts
to this friend. Oh! there are good hearts
to the pastrycook's and the pastrycook's are the pastrycook's and the pastrycook's are good hearts
to the bells that clamored out,
"rags and dirt, rags and dirt," he was
getting on. Out of the pocket of his
ragged jacket peered a ragged spelling
book; at corners of streets, on steps, at
the pastrycook's and this friend and take counsel.

A trusty counsellor that green one
of the pastrycook's, a loving heart inside its plain case, a true and steadfast friend. Oh! there are good hearts
to the pastrycook's are good hearts
to the pastrycook's and the pastrycook's are good hearts
to the pastryc

crossings, he studied it. He was get-in this world of ours that men call so bad, staunch hearts and kindly, ready to sorrow for another's grief, ready to For a while we will leave John March | lend a helping hand to the fallen. With this friend's help, a home was

with his basket and the ragged books found for the child, and burial for its mother; with his help John's hands were strengthened and his will confirmed to care for the orphan as a sister, with his help, efforts were made to prime of his life sits, dressing-gowned unsuccessful.

in his cheerless lodging. We will go

back a little and enter a very different scene; light and warmth meet us, com-

fort and luxury have made their abode

here, in this room where a man in the

and slippered, before his desk. But no

pleasant thoughts are passing through his mind, and it is with her he is angry

Why, to him she is a child still, a mere

infant, how dare she t ink of such

"When, after all these years of care,"

near to my beart, hoping for it, yearn-

ing after it, this beardless rake comes

to say calmly, 'Take it, with my bles-

sing! When I have listened to the

voices of my mills, and thought how

pleasantly they sang, hoping always-

she bids me give them up, and what

they have brought me, for this spend-

thrift suitor to make ducks and drakes

of. Never, never never. Listen to me,

no more; you never take so much as his

There came a faint cry from the pale

girls lips as she stood there a moment

uncertain. Bending before him till

her hair touched the hand wandering

so restlessly amongst the papers, she

strove to take it in her own and plead

with him; but he drew it back coldly

let me see him once more to say good-

bye."
"Still for him!" called out the mill-

am nothing; this is gratitude and duty.

So he turns to his desk again, know-

about his daughter, that the voice of

I say to you see him no more.

to have no one to love!

eyes! Think of it now!

her, get anything?"

Can't you trust me?"

years old.

woman.

than death "

while her mother dies.

and ledgers, think of it!

Think of it, now, oh, man of mills

"But," says John in a startled whis-

A faint light comes into the glazing

eyes and a movement to the blue lips.

No more, John, the light is come,dawn

"Seek out a mill owner, named-

cause he liked to think of those

twisted wick of paper floating on oil in

beds and accommodations for ten lodg-

ers; but he had portioned off his own

paying double for it; and keeping it to

Sitting there however to-night over

"There is plenty of misery here,"

curl that was straying across it.

"Once more," sobbed the girl; "only

and understand. You see this man

name up in your lips.

and hastily.

We let the years pass on, while the ragged books give place to better ones. secondhand, but good and clean; while things as falling in love and marriage? the lodging is changed, and John March How dare she suffer the young spendhas passed, with his friend's help, from thrift vagabond to speak to him on the an errand boy to a clerk in a merchant's office. But John was restless -a bad sign, said his friend. Not so. He had goes on the father, his tone deepening, a wish to go amongst the manufacturers; he had heard of "Wanted a clerk," late, with the happiness of my child in a mill-owner's counting-house; and his friend, knowing his meaning shook his head in compassion for a hopeless forward to demand my purse, and I am

He got the clerkship, however and then his little sister was taken from the cheap schools where she had been hitherto, and placed in a higher one. John's wants were few, and little suficed for them. His first interview with his new master was not in the counting-house, but in his own drawing room, a gorgeous place, where luxury and riches stared at him as an intruder and asked what he wanted there. And the great chief of the firm, a white-haired man, morose and gloomy, questioned him, and read his reference and testionials. Such a cloud hung about the man, such a heavy, oppressive air there was in the rich hangings, and the massive splendor of the pictures and mirrors, that a weight passed from the clerk's heart as he left the room and reathed the fresh air outside.

But it needed all John's hopeful spirit to make light work of this. The owner, bitterly, "Pleading for him-I very business seeme I to have no life in it; the counting house labored under a loud, the books, the stools, the windows themselves looked dead; nothing was alive but the mice, and even they ing not that trial and temptation are seemed to scamper about more softly when the bead himself entered.

her lover is in her ear, pleading with her, urging her to fly with him. John worked on steadily in the cloud ow and then going to see his little How can she listen? Oh, but she sister in her school; and the mill-owner loves him, she loves him! and it so hard cold eye marked out his habits with ap to think of never seeing him again, proval. He rose; he dropped the word never hearing his voice. It is so hard clerk for manager. He talked a little with his chief and with others; he was And he tells her that when they are bservant and thoughtful, taking note narried they will come back, and be so of things which would seem to have no submissive that he cannot fall to forinterest for him. give. The old tale, the old music, and

It was strange how, looking from Think of it now, old man, sitting and grew up till it presented itself to around you. Yes, you are right; it him as a tangible fact, that his search was ended here, his aim attained. So grows late, bedtime; but there is no gentle good night for you, no kiss for strong was this conviction, that if his you to-night, but that sorrowful one principal had suddenly said to his ear which trembled on the hand which the words to verify it, he would have holds the watch-key. Oh, put it to your lips for the memory of that kiss, as natural and words of course. And for those pleading tears, for the wistful sitting there, working out his idea. while his angers were busy, no wonder filled his mind when there fluttered In his old lodging, retained perhaps down before him, from leaves so little from the force of habit, perhaps bemusty, and the delicate lines traced on days of struggle and failure, hope and

it faint with age. fear, John March sat with his lamp-a "We only beg for forgiveness. If you would but believe this, my dear father I ask nothing more; I love you so much a cracked teacup—and his books. This lodging is a room, with five so-called feel so deeply how wrong I have been. .ly take off the heavy consciousness of your displeasure-only say you for-

particular corner with tattered sheets, himself, study and sleeping-room in been growing within him, verified. Then John March left the countingouse; house roofs lowered down abou worn history-for the spelling-book had been superceded long ago-John March him, grey in the evening light; men and woman talked, and he heard them, and grew restless. In the bed nearest his it seemed as if in all the great world corner there was a moaning sound, coming at intervals, feeble and despairnone had so hard a thing to do as he ing. John couldn't stand this; he

drew aside his curtain and looked out. It was ten years now since the hol-Scantily clothed, but yet in remnants low-eyed woman lay quietly back in her rags to rest in the cheerless lodging, of a richer time, pale, hollow-eyed, there sat a woman, who looked at him even and Sohn March went again to see his as he looked at her, but there was only little sister. He stood with her on the hearth, her hand in his and her head misery in her eye,
John came out from his retreat.
"Was she ill?" She shook her head
drearily, "Could he do anything for on his shoulder; for she called him brother, and knew no better. He drew back his hand and put away the stray curl that fell across her cheek, as it had done that night ten years ago. said John, "but yours seems a bad case.

"Emmy, little one," "You are old enough, now, to leave school." She nodded, gravely, but did not speak. "I must take you home."

The woman turned her large eyes up-on him wistfully. "Here is my sickness," she said, turning down the cor "Where is that?" ner of a ragged cloak of fine cloth which she had taken from her own shoulders. "I have something to tell Under it, gathered close to her heart, Emmy. lay a sleeping child some six or seven smiling a little at his grave seriousness. But he raised her head from his shoul-John touched the warm, rosy cheek

der, still gravely looking into the fire. compassionately, and put off a brown "Emmy, I am not your brother." "It is all over with me," said the She drew back from him then in earnest, pale and red by turns, half "I am dying-but this is worse oping he jested with her. "I am but a poor lad," said John,

"It is true," said John. 'What are you, then?" strangely touched by the soft tones and "Nothing. I am no relation to you. gentle speech so new to him, "but I "No relation! Nothing! Oh! John." am honest, indeed. Tell me about it, Tears gathered slowly in her eyes as she looked at him; they rolled down her cheeks and fell silently. Still look-

the wedding-ring. Cautiously she put ing away from her, he put out his hand but Emmy did not move.
"No relation—nothing! And "It is the only thing I have left; I couldn't pawn that. Yes, I will tell have been so good—all I have in the you all, for I am dying. I have known world. I cannot bear it." "You do care for me, then?" that long; but to-night it is near-near.

"Care for you!" she reptied. "Oh! I do, I do. Ought not I to care for you low eyed woman whose head falls back my brother? Let me call you my "Call me your friend," said John

holding out his hand, and clasping fast the little one placed in it. "But I want my brother," said Emmy. per, "the name, the name, how am I

He passed his hand over the brown head gently; he bent down and kissed her forehead tenderly as a brother might do.

"Come, then, Emmy," said he. "Where?" she inquired,
"You must trust ma," said John "Your brother still, if you will have it so. I am going to take you home, and on the way you shall hear all I have to

was told that he must come back and pay his debts when the basket was empty, which he promised, with a curious mixture of sobs and chuckles.

John March did come back, holding who had never lost sight of him, nor like the must come where the mill-owner softened. He had to consider about his stock of money in the hands of that first benefactor in the pastrycook's shop, who had never lost sight of him, nor old hand clasping his brow, while the In the room where the mill-owner

the money in his hand and grinning. He replemished his basket; he came again, day after day; he brought a larger basket and a cleaner face; he was getting on. In spite of the rain which pattered down 'no friend, not one' in spite of the bells that cleaner down one for the person of the bells that cleaner down one for the person him him he had to think other rests on his desk. Yau may see the first of the present, but better overhanging brows, in the hard lines about the mouth, in the stiff chair, the straight uncrossed legs and slippered come what may they should meet again.

There was a time when a touch one for the present, but better overhanging brows, in the hard lines about the mouth, in the stiff chair, the straight uncrossed legs and slippered feet.

There was a time when a touch on his hand, 'tears, a loving kiss, had no power to move him. He feels them now—they burn him, they worry him. was gone.

owner, looking to the last on the treas- oy a lavish display of his wealth, got ure he left, John March, the manager his name in the papers. Historians disagreed in regard to the manner in He strikes the hand in his angry selfreproach or his pride. He hears the sob, the pleading voice-he hears the rustle of her dress as she moves away, and he turns to watch the door open and shut after her. Where is she?
There was a time when letters came

to him one after another, tear-blistered blotted. What had he done with them? How cold the room is-how dull the light! How heavily the cloud gathers find out the mill-owner, but they were down about him!-how his money rises no before him!-how the spectre and bonds dance and flutter before his eves, and heaps of vellow sovereigns mock him! So heavy is the cloud this evening, that he hears sounds faintly through it-approaching footsteps which pause at the door-footsteps which enter-a voice which speaks to bim, stirring the mist but faintly.

John March, the manager, is there before him. Away all the spectres!— business. How cold the room is! how duil and hard his eye, as he turns to his manager!

"I have asked to speak to you unusual hour," began John-and the great man waved his hand as an acknowledgment of the crime, and a gracious pardon for it-" at an unusual hour, for my business is unusual. I have that to tell which may interest Will you hear me?"

A little raising to the heavy evelid. a little dilating of the leaden nostril, and the great man bows his assent, and points to a chair. No. John will stand. "Years ago," he says, "when I was obscure and penniless, when I had in the world only hope and courage, when I had for louging a wretched room, where night after night others, obscure and penniless too, stretched themselves on the floor to rest as they could, and where often a brother or a

sister crawled in only to die"-(here there was a slight change of position in the leaden man, and a gesture of imcontinued watching him, "a woman, faint and worn, old in looks but young in years, rags to cover her, despair to nourish her. From her finger she held it out.

what I could ??

Another impatient gesture and smothered ejaculation. tune to time upon the mill-owner in his that even at that mad bour, with her and speechless, and one-half of him is his neighbor or personal friend, so that commerce in Great Britain sent agents dead atmosphere, and working on in lover's voice in her ear, pleading, the dead.

> would have held her back." He paused for the leaden man start ed to his feet, trembling, with the cloud about him still. "Give me my daughter," said he.

"I would give you-" continued "Silence! Give me my daughter," repeated the old man in his shaky voice "A Mightier has claimed her. On her rag bed, in the desolate room," said akin to it, a scrap of paper yellow and him, "a stranger's hand supported her at last. On my arm her head fell back when there was no more breath, nor vearning after pardon. Hear me vet (for the old man had sunk upon his chair again, and was motioning him away.) "Under the cloak, taken from and dreads to ask, His name, his great her own poor shoulders, covered up, warm and healthy, there was something

else-a child, a daughter." "Give her to me!" exclaimed the old man. "How dare you all these years teep it from me? How dare you-"A moment more," Interrupted John looking at the fire, and it was curious that the leaden man's eyes took the same direction. All these years I have been seeking you. The child knew her, sir, as my sister; I left her at a school, a good one, at for her; she loves me as her brother, she---"

"Give her to me!" repeated the old "Hear me but another moment," said John. "I want no thanks for what I have done. I am not rich, I am obscure and nameless; but I will make a name. I will toil for wealth and win it. Oh listen to me; and think of your own youth-think what we have been to each other, my heart is

bound up in her." He bent his head low, looking away from the glance that met his; for in it there was scorn, and anger, and defiance. Still they stood there posite each other, listening to the footsteps which sounded now outsidelistening to the low knock and the gentle voice-listening to the turn of

the lock, the opening door, the rustling There seemed to stand then before the old man's eyes the same light form and wistful face he had been dream-ing of, the same earnest glance, but

filled with a wondering light as it fell upon them both.
"I had a daughter once," said the mill-owner, putting out his hand over the fair head, "but she forgot her duty and has been forgotten in her turn. This child has come to make amends for her mother's disobedience. I bid

her welcome." He let his hand sink down upon the brown head; he drew her towards him. and put his lips upon her forhead. And all the while he was thinking of his great name and his riches, and wishing

"I will make her my helress," he

But she turned to John hastily, and sought to bring them together,
"My brother is here, too," she said wistfully. "For that man," said her grand-

father, "for the nameless man, the ob-

scure clerk, who has dared to presume

on his services to insult me, let him

"Oh! no, no!" cried out the girl,

name his price for what he has done.

starting away from the hand which held her. "John, oh, dear John for-give him. John don't leave me. It was good to see how she clung to him, and he put his arm about her tenderly; how he comforted her and called her his best beloved, his treasure, there before the old man, who had no power to prevent it; how he told her they

Gone to seek out fresh work, alone

missing the charge he had liked to think of at her school; dreaming now and then of something to be done for her, and rousing up to the remembrance that there was no longer any one dependant upon him, no longer any one to work for.

lous infirmity about his speech, and his grip. the great man, bearing a wide-known and industrious son that one of the to over 30,000,000 pounds sterling per

wrapped in his great name. He brought her to accept, to whom he offered her and vigorous grip, laid by a neat sum to carry it on to Bokhara and Tash-pompously as one who had a right to for a reigny day, and when he closed do it; but Emmy laid her head upon his labors with a funeral in the year 568 ties to her troops, England loaned the before her a husband, whom he willed do it; but Emmy laid her head upon his labors with a funeral in the year 568 ties to her troops, England loaned the her hands, and said quietly that she B. C. he left Crossus in very comfortwould die first.

He takes out his watch and winds it; he glances at the fire, and murmurs and Emmy goes up to him, and puts her lips to his cheek, mechanically, with the customary good night.

He sits there awhile musing. All is still and secure about him; but who over 11s head, or how soon they shall burst down upon him and overwhelm patience)-"there came to this place of him? All the while he sits there they John, are darkening; all the while he lays unonsclous in his bed they are covering the sky as they do in Jane before a thunderstorm. A little bit of blue remains, faint and lessening; when that the adjoining counties. For a time he they must have railroad connection with

over the earth. A great blow has stricken the millowner; shortly, those who look down the list of bankrupts of the list of bankrupts over the earth of the ener foreign and murdered and plundered and confistations dealing with England. It is in the Oriental world, however, will see the wall beautiful to the ener foreign and murdered and plundered and confistations dealing with England. It is in the Oriental world, however, will see the wall beautiful to the ener foreign and murdered and plundered and confistations dealing with England. "She had come from Italy, working ber way back as she could, for her so proud of, give him a word of sur- wealth of a neighbor or personal friend is eager to connect his capital with the husband was dead. She told me how prise and compassion, and pass on about he did not get up any sort of stock Chinese frontier by rail, and has promthe marriage was a stolen one; how she their own affairs. And if you go into company or other high-toned scheme ised to build this road if the Indian govleft her father's house stealthily by the great man's bedroom, you will see and invite his neighbor and personal enument will build a road through Burnight, how she repented, and wished to that there is no more blue sky for him. tell him so; how she wished to tell him Stretched on his bed he lies, helpless He just went after the wealth, killed frontier. The leading chambers of

for a little one who watches at his bed- wealth home with him. This plan houn have returned home with enthusside. She thinks now that she could saved a great deal of talk and the lastic endorsements of the scheme. love him ir he would let her, even yet, she is so sorry for him. When senses come back partially and he tries to speak, with strangs contortions, her arm pillows his head, her hands minister to his wants, and when he looks at | well fixed for a time, but yet too poor | to China over 3,000 miles of telegraphs, her with his hard eyes so earnestly, with such a painful meaning, she strives to comfort him, and bids him rest and would allow him to spend some weeks and is paying the way for railroad John, looking upon the luxuries around get better, and all will yet be well. "She is his own child, she will never leave him."

But it is not that, oh, not that which troubles him as he sinks back with a groan of pain and anger. His lips will not frame the question which he longs name, and his riches—was it all a dream or did some one tell him that the new manager had ruined him, ruined him utterly?

Draw aside the curtain, he is speaking; he whispers something. "But what a look there is in his face, as the doctor bends over him. "Doctor! that villain!-vengeance!"

How fast the watch ticks; how the doctor's eye keeps on the patient; and how that look changes, and shadows come upon the face. How the hand clasps and unclasps, stretching out af-ter something which it cannot reach. Another whisper, but, oh! the look n the unclosed eyes now. "Doctor, doctor, what is it, what is

oming? I feel it upon me-heavy, like the clamping of a strong box. Bring her to me. Oh, Emmy! I forgive him; Once Emmy is suffered to bend down and kiss him. On her knees she clings

to his hand, and her tears fall upon it to keep in sight of Crossus. thick and fast, and she kisses it. Lookmistake-so powerful is it, so withering, so solemn-she falters out trembl-In whispers he follows her, catching

for utterance, fixing his eyes upon her, as though safety lay in that, And then the doctor puts her away gent-ly and closes the door. The Great House is dead, and the

world says a few words over its ashes shameful way. and forgets it. But, who was to comfort little Emmy, left alone there with the dreary weight upon her in the darkened house?-little Emmy, so grieved for the old man who was asleep quietly in the churchyard?

In the room where the cloud had been so heavy where the desk still stood in its wonted position; where the footseat, the little one rose up to meet and welcome him whom she called brother. But he asked for a dearer title. Gentlemen, my happiness, and grati-

tude for it, are yet too fresh to speak of. As a prosperous merchant you know me. Some amongst you, young the girl had been a son to enter into men, still struggling perhaps and find-partnership with him. men, still struggling perhaps and find-ing up-hill work, I have heard speak despairingly of success, hopelessly of said; "she shall take my name, and we their own efforts, harshly and bitterly will look about for one fit to be her against their fellow men, as though they bore a universal grudge which I have told this story, if haply it may

carry encouragement to any heart that is faint in its work. This is not a bad world; there are in it good men and true, kind and friendly spirits, ready to help a falling brother. I like to think so. I have found it so. Gentlemen. my wife, Emmy, has not long left the table; allow me to present

ragged cake vender-Nobody's Son. "A CIGAR" remarked old Topco', "is like an advertisement: the less t costs, the more puffing it wants." APROPOS of the encore flend, it will be just like him, when the last trump shall sound to demand a repetition. is getting letters from any other feller.

CROSUS OF LYDIA.

Ancient Millionaire.

Crossus was a King of Lydia, who, which he laid the foundation of his fortune, but it is known beyond dispute of the Dutch and British traders for that he did not lay it filling a long felt about 700 miles along the direct route want with an eight page morning paper Crossus had a father, which did not surprise him when he heard of it, whose bonds were registered in the name of dence of the substantial progress of

Alvattes. Alvattes was a frugal old When one fixed idea takes possession king who never taxed his people more impulse that is now moving civilized of a man it is strange how it grows and than eighty-four cents on the dollar of nations to penetrate new fields of comhardens, and becomes the moving printers of the assessor's valuation. He took his ciple of his life. All the changes that son Crossus into partnership in the have taken place, since John March reigning business, which was paying the manager left him, have but thick-very well in those days, and as first ened the mist that hangs between the assist King Crossus was quite a success mill-owner and his kind. "All these from the start, Alyattes was getting weary months, years," thinks the little old and gouty and tired, so he turned one who watches him samplings sor, the work pretty much over to Crossus. one who watches him, sometimes sor- the work pretty much over to Cræsus, per cent, to apply on the interest ac rowfully, "have but made him harder as well as older."

His white head is whiter; there is a interest in his income and held on to a and have paid a good interest since the stoop in his shoulder, there is a quern-dollar with a beautiful and impressive day they were opened. Gen. Strachey, It was during this partnership roads, estimates that the benefits accruwalk is unsteady and weak. But if It was during this partnership roads, estimates that the benefits accru-ever he was the potent head of the firm between Alyattes and his promising from her railways to India amount

name, he is now more so.

In her seat at the fireside, silent and unguarded moment that "Lydia had a England's iron route from the Arabian humorists of the day remarked in an annum. meditative. Emmy has no thought now pair of Kings that generally took the sea to Afghanistan has reached the fuel. meditative, Emmy has no thought now pair of Kings that generally took the of loving him or making him love her; pot." The humorist died next mornonce she tried, but all his heart was ing by request at 9.30 o'clock.

Quetta plateau through the Bolan pass.

—During the month of October twentonce she tried, but all his heart was ing by request at 9.30 o'clock.

ever, that when Crossus looked over the completed. dreaded death as long as he lived.

thrown on the county, and fetched the

loss of sleep.

When Croesus had gathered in about the need of railroads and telegraphs He believed, however, that his wealth little nine-mile railroad near Tientsin, at a Florida health resort, if he could schemes that, it is believed, will in the get half rates on account of the profes- course of time reach a large develop-

that Cyrus was running an opposition business in his line over at Media, and he decided, on the impulse of the Asia Minor, the Euphrates valley, and noment, to go over to Media and see Persia.

He found Cy at home. Cy was glad to see him, too, and did all be could to give Crossus a lively and impressive reception. While the interchange of greetings was going on between this says: The American bark Idaho, Cap-fine pair of Kings, Crossus suddenly re-tain Richardson, six days from New membered that he had come away with- York, bound to Cienfuegos with ; out his umbrella, and as there were indications of a storm, he started back toward Lydia as fast as he could travel.

Richardson reports that she sailed from out of work. Cyrus came right after him. Cyrus New York on Wednesday, Jan. 6th. was a social sort of King and didn't On Friday, the 8th, a heavy gale arose, want Crossus to go away mad, He was which increased during that night and

extreme haste.

while he was resting in Lydia he decided While this was being ing at him there; seeing the shadow on his face; seeing that which none can to play a joke of Crossus by burning him at a stake, but at the last moment he changed his mind and had his hired were rescued, man read four hundred and thirty pages of the Congressioeal Record of the country to Crœsus. Strange to say, and to the great surprise of Cyrus. Crœsus survived. But he was never afterwards Cyrus trifled with his feelings in such a

> Cyrus, who was now running the government, liked Crossus so well after became well acquainted with him that he made him Assistant Secretary of State. Cyrus took care of the Treasury and attended to paying out all moneys himself.

Not a Good Region for Settlers.

British navy finds a plea for Artic exploration in the Scriptural command to Admiral, however, would experience some difficulty in greatly multiplying the population of the globe in the regions immediately around the poles. Lieutenant Greely, who is to lecture before the Scotch Geographical Society recently, has, since his arrival in Engd, expressed grave doubts whether the North Pole will ever be reached, since he holds that the region there is covered with ice many hundreds of fee thick. It may be true, as Admiral Pym insists, that there is no Scrtptural war rant for exempting any latitude from the command delivered to Noah and his sons; but there can be no immediate hurry for executing it in any region like the one which embodies Lieute to you John March, the pauper, the Greely's idea of the pole.

"Is he? He is so much in love that he has become a letter-carrier so he can get to reading her lettters sooner. Besides, as letter-carrier he knows if she RAILROADS IN DISTANT LANDS.

Advent of the Locomotive Into Re

By the completion last November of the railroad from Cape Town to the South African diamond mines at Kimberley, steam cars have supplanted the toward the Zambesi. The advent of the locomotive into the very region where the spotted at \$200. Maffatt and Livingstone lived among benighted savages is not only an evi-South Africa, but also illustrates the impulse that is now moving civilized

worked in the right way ever died of the greatest authority on Indian rail

During his active career Alyattes by is advancing day and night. It is now close attention to business and his ready approaching Merv, and Russia expects able circumstances. It is said, how- railroad to Kimberley has just been

undertaker's bill and saw how much it From all corners of the world we are that it is chilly; he says it is bedtime, cost to bury a great man he was taken hearing of railroads projected, surveyed, with a severe chill and therefore or in course of building. In Venezuela, for instance, eight or nine different Immediately after the funeral of his lines of greater or less extent are under father Crossus opened business at the contract, surveys are in progress, grad-old stand in his own name. He ing and track laying are considerably knows how thick the clouds are getting thanked the public for past favors and advanced on two lines, and are soon to ventured to hope for a continuance of commence on others. Portugal has the same. He announced that there granted a concession for the railroad would be no change in the policy of the from Delagoa bay in east Africa to the administration, save that he might have to advance the tax rate. When busi Transvaal railroad which it is reported did a thriving business. He put him- the sea. To its railroads is largely due the gollen circlet rolled, and would be gone let him beware.

Another day, with its fresh load of self at the head of an army and the fact that South Africa now stands. it, so wasted were those fingers. I did | work for the workman, another dawn | pranced out into new fields and lobbed | tenth on the list of the chief foreign

he might not come to want and be to report upon the feasibility of this piect, and Messrs. Hallett and Color robbed man a great deal of worry and China the powerful viceroy, Li Hong membership of 20,000. Chang, has for some time been urging to have a first-class, high-toned funeral, manned by Chinese operators, and the ment in China. The railroad that is to But about this time Crossus heard connect the chief towns of Siberia is

Tremendous Seas.

A dispatch from Hamilton, Bermuda afraid he had hurt the feelings of his visitor in some way, and he desired to high and the vessel laboring heavily. overtake him and learn the cause of his On Saturday at about 4 P. M. a heavy extreme haste.

Cyrus followed Crossus all the way to main pinrail covering board and stripped Lydia, and when he had gone there he the star-board side from the forward liked the country and the climate so part of the main rigging to the after well that he decided to stay awhile and part of the after house, leaving the rest. He said he needed a great deal of whole star-board side of the ship open rest because he had to travel very fast and exposed to the sea. The crew were set to work to nail canvass from the Cyrus was a humorist in his way, and outside of the ship up over the deck. mate and one seaman were washed over-The same sea which washed them off carried away a part of the port rail. During the whole time the mps were manned and worked. On nday the 10th, the weather continued boisterous. The snip's position by obthe bright and joyous man he was before servation was latitude 34 29', longi- grown from 60,000 to 125,000 within tude 70° 38'. The sea was running very high, and the ship straining and leaking badly, At 9 A. M., while all hands were on deck fitting the topmast staysail sheets, a tremendous sea broke on board abaft the star-board fore-rig- credited mombers. Glasgow has 12,000 ging, carrying away everything it met | members, Edinburg 8,000, Manchester two boats off the house, cargo, der. 6,000 and Bolton 6,500. rick, gangway ladder, hencoop, binnacle, the galley and all its contents, with room occupied by the second mate and cook. The starboard bulwarks and paid out to members who were out of stanchions were smashed, and covering work. In the past five years it has paid boards split from abaft the fore rigging

to the poop. The cook was washed overboard, but managed to grasp the rail forward and was rescued with diffimultiply and replenish the earth. The culty. The deck load was jettisoned, as it was washing about in all direcctions, the main deck being full of water. As the weather moderated the wreck was cleared, and when the damage was ascertained the captain decided bear up for Bermuda, On Monday the weather moderated, and on Tuesday morning Gibbs Hill lighthouse was

> -Somebody has figured it out that the United States, if as densely populated as France, would contain a population

THERE is another effort to retire the

youngest to give him a "dressing,"
"I'll teach you what is what!" "No,
papa," replied the incorrigible, "you'll
teach me which is switch."

NEWS IN BRIEF.

-New dinner plates are square.

-Bismark drinks beer out of a stone

-The Princess of Wales is said to be incuriably deaf. -Two of Longfellow's daughters are

studying in England. -The value of a male lion is \$2,000 and a female \$1,000.

-The striped hyena, is rated at \$500; -"Freddie Langtry," is the name of Boston Thomas cat.

-California has 1,000,000 inhabitants but only 900 churches. -There are nearly six thousand Am-

ericans residing in Paris, -It is said that Jay Gould's mortuary chapel will cost \$85,000,

-In some parts of Kentucky water is used for drinking purposes.

-The latest census gives 1500 squirrels in New York Central Park -Last year there were more deaths from the toy pistol than from cyclones. -It may be doubted if any man who

-This year's crop of Rio coffee is estimated at from 3,000,000 to 3,500,000

-Judea pitch, which is found floating on the Dead Sea, is an excellent

London. -There are more Roman Catholics in

New York city than in any other city in the world. -In the Argentine Republic 14,500 men are now employed in railroad con-

struction. -The late Governor Washburn of Wisconsin left each of his children a round million. -Mauch Chunk is pronounced Mock

Chunk, Tucson is Toos'n and Manitoba is Mannetobah. -A fine specimen of the royal Bengal tiger is worth \$2,500; the female is not so valuable.

-Pilgrimages began with the pilgrimage of the Empress Helena to Jerusalem in 326, -Twenty cotton mills in Alabama are paying an average of fifteen per

-Clasp or spring knives became common in England about 1650, coming originally from Flanders. -The Japanese game of checkers is so intricate that a month is often spent

annum in dividends.

in deciding one game. -A South American panther costs \$100 to \$200. A male is worth twice as much as a female -A man in Bethel, Conn., gave a

party on the 102 aniversary of his birth, and died the next day. -Forty-five thousand people were arrested in Paris last year. Six thousand

-The Agricultural Laborers' Union, organized by Joseph Arch, has a

-It is said that the original walls of London were built by Theodosius, the Roman governor, in 379, -An untrained elephant at the age

of 28 or 30 is worth \$10,000, and a per--Senator Dan. W. Voorhees wears three finger-rings on his left hand and

carries a silver snuff box. -A calculation made at the Postoffice Department shows only one registered

letter in every 13,000 is lost. -The most expensive drug now in the market is ergotinin; it costs \$3.85 a grain, or nearly \$1500 a pound.

-The Japanese are teaching about 2 .-000,000 children in their public schools on American and English systems. -The horse population of the United States is now over 11,000,000, or about one horse to every five human beings. -Seven great English trade unions

the defense, support and relief of men -Victor Hugo's play of "Cromwell," which, though published in 1827, has never yet been performed, is to be given for the first time this winter at the Odeon.

have spent in six years, \$10,000,000 for

-There are about 10,000 private cals plying for hire in the Paris streets, and the drivers include persons of every class of society, from unfrocked priests to broken-down cooks. -In England there are women's uni

ons of bookbinders, dressmakers, pow-

erloom weavers, tailors, upholsterers, besides a Women's Trade Council. They have a membership of about 3,000. -At Reddich, Germany, 14,000 persons are engaged in making needles, The total production of needles in the

world is 200,000,000 per week, or 10, 000,000,000 per year, -In England the great trades unions are increasing in membership. In five of them the number of members has

six years. Both their incomes and reserves have doubled. -The trades councils in England and Scotland are active and large. The London Council represents 14,864 ac-

-The Engineers' and Machinists' Union has a membership of 50,000. During the year 1879, \$750,000 were for the same purpose \$1,935,000. -E is much more used than any oth-

er letter. For every 1,000 Es used in speaking and writing there are 770 Is, 728 As, 704 Js, 680 Ss, 672 Os, 680 Ns, 949 Hs, 520 R's, while all the others are below 400, ending with 59 Qs, 46 Xs, and 32Zs. -- The returns of the census taken on January 1, 1883, which have just been

published, show that the Empire of Japan contained a population of 36,700,-100 made up of 18,598,998 males and 18,121,000 females. -The Romans made explatory sacrifices at the end of every term of five

census wvs taken 74 B. C. -The use of the phrase Brother Jonathan to describe an American is said to have come from Washington's rellance for advice on Jonathan Trumbull,

years, beginning at the term the last

first Governor of Connecticut. -On the ostrich farm near Anaheim Cal., ostrich chickens are being hatched at the rate of one a day. When they come out of the shell they are nearly the size of a balf-grown duck. They eat ravenously and grow very rapidly,

thieving trade dollar. If it stays another year, the American eagle will sell himself for a buzzard.

of 680,000,000.