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THE HOUSEHOLD PET.

BY REV. EDEN R. LATTA.

Well hath the poet said that Death, With his ghastly mien and his chilling breat With his icy hand and his heart of stone, Hath every season for his own. There's no escape from his poisoned dart; Twill pierce in its flight each throbbing heart E'en now the bow and the string are set, And the shaft is aimed at the Household Pet

She struggles now with the monster grim; Her cheeks grow pale and her eyes grow dim Her attenuate form is racked with pain, And efforts to save seem all in vain; They are in vain—she is going fast; Her form is chill—she has breathed her last Tis a solemn fate, but it must be met E'en-by the little Household Pet.

She is gone ! -we never shall see her more. In her childish sports, as oft before; No more shall look in her sparkling eye, No more shall list to her sweet bye-bye; The soul has gone to its rest afar, Perchance to dwell on some distant star; Of all she was, naught remaineth yet. But the dust of the little Household Pet.

She has gone from earth with its pain and care She is safe in a realm that is bright and fair; And 'tis cheering to us who linger here To know that her way to heaven was clear; But yet it is hard to give her up, And the hand is slow to take the cup, And hearts are bleeding, and eyes are wet, For the little, playful Household Pet

Adieu! aweet child! it is thine to go-And ours to remain a while below ; Ours to lament that thou art dead, And strew with flowers thy grassy bed; But while we grieve, 'twill be sweet to know That our Heavenly Father ordered so; And that, however deep may be our regret, It is well with the little Household Pet.

An elderly gentleman travelling in a stage coach was amused by a constant-fly of words between two ladies. One of them at last kindly inquired if their conversation did not make his head ache, when he answered with a great deal of naivete, "I've been married twenty-eight years."

Two Cherokee Indians had a fight over a bottle of whisky recently at Sulphur Springs, Arkansas, which resulted in the death of both. It is very likely that, had the saxages agreed peaceably to drink the stuff, both would have been killed, so that it is not altogether fair to attribute the killing to the fight.

I want to buy a sewing machine," said an old lady, having entered with a feller?" inquired the clerk. fellers about me."

A lady wrote some verses upon a window, intimating her design of never marrying. A gentleman wrote the following lines underneath;

The lady whose resolve these words betoken Wrote them on glass to show it may be brok-

"I say, landlord, that's a dirty towel for a man to wipe on !" Landlord with a look of amazement, replied: "Sixty or seventy of my boarders have wiped on that towel this morning, and you are the first to find fault."

What is the difference between a honeycomb and a honeymoon? A honeycomb consists of a number of "small cells," and a honeymoon consists of one "greet sell."

Mr. George Moore read a paper before the New York Historical Society, the other evening on "North American Rock Writing," &c. We are curious to know if he explained the mysterigas bignification of "S. T .- 1860-X."

Toads are the very best protection of cabbage against lice.

An Interesting Tale.

From All the Year Round. Stuck Fast.

About a year after my scaffold accident, I goes home one night, and Mrs. Burge-that's our nex' room neighborshows me something wrapped up in flannel, all pink and creasy, and very snuffly, as though it wanted its nose blowed; which couldn't be expected, for it hadn't got any to signify.

"Ain't it a little beauty?" she says. Well, I couldn't see as it was; but I didn't like to say so, for I knew my wife Polly had been rather reckoning on what she said we ought to have had more'n a year ago; so I didn't like to disappoint her, for I knew she lay listenin' in the nex' room.

Polly always said there never was such a baby as that one; and somehow it was taking to see how her face used to light up all over smiles when she thought I warn't looking; and I knew it was all on account of the little 'un. She never said she felt dull now; and when at home of a night I used to think how my mates would laugh to see me a handling the little thing that was allus being pushed into my face to kiss; when I'm blest if ever I seen such a voracious fun in my life; it would hang on to you nose, lip, anywheres—in a minute.

One day, when it was about nine months old, it was taken all of a sudden like with a fit. Polly screamed to me home with a bad hand. I run for him, and he soon come; and then there was of a shoe as I had in my pocket. a warm bath and medicine; but afterward, when I saw the little thing lying on Polly's, lap so still and quiet, and with

My hand warn't bad any more that cheer up my poor heart-broken lase. She did take on dreadful, night and day, till we buried it; and then she seemed the best. But she didn't know that I lently till the pillow was soaked with

We buried the little one on Sunday, ped on to a job that I didn't much relish for it was the re-bricking of a sewer that against the slimy wall. ran down one of the main streets, quite fifty feet underground.

Arter two years in London I'd seen some change, but this was my first visit the slimy, muddy bricks against my to the bowels of the earth. I'd worked on drains down in the country, but not in such a concern as this; why a lifeguard might have walked down it easy; so that there was plenty of room to work. But then, mind you, it ain't pleasant work; there you go, down ladder rectly. after ladder, past gas-pipes and waterpipes, and down and down, till you get to the stage stretched across the part that you are at work on, with the daylight so high up, as seen through boards and scaffolds, and ladders, that it's no use to you who are working by the light of flaring gas. There in front of you is and heard close by me a light splash in a shop. "Do you wish for a machine the dark, black arch; and there behind you is another; while under your feet Sakes, no; I don't want any of your the foul rushing water hurries along, sending up a smell as turns your silver be in swarms around me, half wrung watch, and every sixpence and shilling from me as a cry of fear and agony, I you have in your pocket, black as the yelled outwater that swirls bubbling along. Every word you speak sounds hollow and echoing, while it goes whispering and rumbling along the dark arch till you hurry-hurry" of the water, I could hear think it has gone, when all at once you her little splashes, and a scuffling by me hear it again quite plain in a way as would make you jump as much as when half a brick or a bit o' hard mortar dropped into the water.

But talk about jumping, nothing made me jump more than a bit of soil, or a stone, was loosened up above, and came ratiling down. Tve seen more than one chap change color; and I know it's been fear; and it was only by setting my from the thought that suppose the earth teeth hard and elenching my fists that I caved in, where should we be? No kept from shricking. However, I was doubt the first crush in would do it, and soon better, and ready to laugh at my there be an end of workmen and foreman: but there seemed nothing werry awful in the idea o' being buried alive.

Big as the opening was, when I went to work it made me shudder ; there was the earth, thrown out; there was the rope at the side ; there was the bearding round; there it was for all the would like a big grave, same as I'd stood by on a little scale the day before; and feel-

seemed as though I was going down into my own, never to come up any more. Werry stupid and foolish ideas, says

you—far-fetched ideas. Werry likely, here in these dark recesses. but that's what I thought; and there are times when men has werry strange ideas; and I'l tell you for a fact that semething struck me when I went down that hole that I shouldn't come up it again; and I didn't, neither. Why the werry feel of the cold, damp place, made you think o' being buried, and when a few bits of earth came and rattled down upon the stage above my head, as soon as the first start was over, it seemed to me so like rattling o' the earth but a few hours before upon a little coffin, that something fell with a pat upon my bright trowel, which, if it had been left, would have been a spot o' rust.

Nothing like work puts a fellow to rights; and I soon found that I was feeling better, and the strokes o' my-trowel went ringing away down the sewer as, I out the bricks in half; and after a bit I almost felt inclined to whistle; but I didn't, for I kept on thinking o' that solitary face at home—the face that always brightened up when I went back, and had made such a man of me as I felt I was, for it was enough to make any man vain to be thought so much of. And then I thought how dull she'd be, and how fond she'd be o' looking at the drawer where all the little things were kept; and then I-well, I ain't ashamed to run for the doctor; for it happened of it, if I am a great hulking fellow-I that I was on the club that week, and at | took care that nobody saw what I was doing, while I had a look at a little bit

I didn't go home to dinner, for it was too far off; so I had my snack and then went to it again directly along with two a dull film forming over its eyes, I felt more, for we was on the same piece. that something was coming, though I | We had some beer sent down to us, and dared not tell her; and about twelve at it we went till it was time to leave o'clock the little thing suddenly started off; and I must say as I was glad of it, stared wildly an instant, and then it was and didn't much envy the fresh gang half-choked in the black water. But it coming on to work all night, though it might just as well been night with us. week; for it took all my time to try and I was last down, and had just put my foot on the first round of the ladder, when I heard something falling as it hit to take quite a change, and begged of directly after what seemed to be a brick nearly two hours in the sewer, I made me to forgive what she called her selfish- caught me on the head, and, before I up my mind to follow the stream to its ness, and wiped her eyes once for all, as knew where I was, I was off the little month in the Thames, where, if the tide she said, and talked about all being for platform, splash down in the cold rushing water that took me off and away to the wharf or bank. lay awake of a night, feeling her cry si- yards upon yards before I got my head above it; and then I was so confused again, and had been carried ever so far and on the Monday morning I was clap- before, half-drowned, I gained my legs and leaned, panting and blinded, up

There I stood for at least ten minutes I should suppose, shuddering and horrified, with the thick darkness all around, hands, the cold, rushing water beneath me, and my mind in that confused state that for a few minutes longer I didn't know what I was going to do next, and wanted to persuade myself that it was all a dream, and I should wake up di-

All at once, though, I gave a jump, and instead o' being cold with the water dripping from me, I turned all hot and burning, and then again cold and shuddery, for I had felt something crawling on my shoulder, and then close against my bare neck, when I gave the jump, the water-a splash which echoed through the hollow place, while, half to frighten the beasts that I fancied must

"" Rats " Rats they were ; for above the hollow wash-wash, hurry-hurry, wash-wash, along the sides o' the brick work.

You may laugh at people's hair standing on end but I know that there was then a creeping, tingling sensation in the roots o' mine, as though sand was trickling amongst it; a cloud seemed to some over my mind, and for a few moments I believe I was mad-mad with self as I recollected that I could only be a little way from the spot where the men worked; so I began to wade along with the water here about up to my middle. A lat once I stopped, and thought about where I was at work.

Which way did the walls run your on throbbed with the thoughts. If I went the wrong way I should be lost-lost in

into the foul, black stream, to be devour- been left, and I felt that I was wedged ed by the rats, or else to be choked by in stack fast ! the foul gases that must be lurking down

Again the horror of thick darkness came upon me-I shricked out wildly, and the cry went echoing through the sewer, sounding hollow and wild, till it faded away. But once more I got the better of it, and persuaded myself that I had only cried aloud to scare the rate. What would I not have given for a stout stick as a defence against attack as I groped my way on, seeding convinced that I should be right if I crawled down stream, when a little reflection would the right way, for I must have been borne down by the water. But I could not refever, and now and then my teeth chattered as though I had the ague.

I groped on for quite a quarter of an hour, when the horrid thought came npon me that I was going wrong, and again I tried to lean up against the wall which seemed to cause my feet to slip from under me. I felt no cold, for the perspiration dropped from me, as I frantically turned back and tried to retrace my steps, guiding myself by running a hand against the wall where every now and then it entered the mouth of a small drain, when, so sure as it did, there was a scuffile and rush, and more than once I touched the cold slippery body of a rat-a touch that made me start back as

though shot.
On I went, and on, and still no scaffold. and no gleam of gaslight. Thought after thought gave fresh horror to my sitnation, as now I felt certain that in my frantic haste I had taken some wrong turn, or entered a branch of the main place; and, at last, completely bewildered, I rushed headlong on, stumbling and falling twice over, so that: I was had its good effect; for it put a stop to my wild struggles, which must soon have ended in my falling insensible into what was certain death. The water cooled my head, and now, feeling completely and jarred the boards up'ards; and then lost, knowing that I must have been was down, I could get from the mud

So once more I struggled on, following the stream slowly for what seemed and half-stunged that I let it go under to be hours, till at last, raising my hand I found I could not touch the roof, and by that I knew that I was in a larger calf?" sewer, and therefore not very far from the mouth. But here there was a new terror creeping upon me, so to speak, for from my waist the water now touched my chest; and soon after my arm-pits; when I stopped, not daring to trust myself to swim, perhaps a mile, when I felt that weak I could not have gone a hundred yards.

I know in my disappointment I gave a howl like a wild beast, and turned again to have a hard fight to breast the rushing water, which nearly took me off my legs. But the fear of death lent me help and 1 got on and on again till I felt myself in a turning, which I soon knew was a smaller sewer, and from thence I reached another, where I had to stoop; but the water was shallower, not above my knees, and at last much less deep than that

Here I knelt down to rest, and the position brought something else from my heart; and, after a while, still stooping, I went on, till, having passed dozens upon dozens of drains, I determined to creep up one, and I did.

P'raps you won't think it strange as I dream and groan in bed sometimes, when I tell you what followed.

I crawled on, and on, and on, in the hopes that the place I was in would lead under one of the street gratings, and I kept staring ahead in the hopes of catching a gleam of light, till at last the place seemed so tight that I dared go no farther, for fear of being fixed in . So I began to back very slowly, and then, feel it rather hard work, stopped for a rest.

It was quite dry here; but scuffling on in front, I kept hearing the rate I had driven before me; and now that I stopped and was quite still, half a dezen of them made a rush to get past me, and the little fight which followed even now for a farthing and received assent. gives me the horrors: Adbardly room to move; but I killed one by squeezing him when the others backed off, butnet till my face was bitten and running with proog.

Me head turned but and my temples for the place seemed to stiffe me; and I snewhas its equivalent; but we know of pushed myself back a little way, and nothing that is equal to a woman's curi then I was stopped, for the skirts of my losity.

ing a little bit low spirited, it almost this horrible darkness to sink, at last, jackets filed up what little space had

Now came the Borrors again worse than ever The hot blood seemed to rosh into my eyes; I felt half-suffocated; and, to add to my sufferings, a rat that felt itself as it were, penned up, fastened upon my lip. It was its last bite, bowever, for half-mad as I felt then, my teeth had closed in a moment upon the vicious beast, and it was dead.

I made one more struggle, but could not move, I was completely wedged in, and then I fainted.

It must have been some time before I come to myself; but when I did, the have told me that up stream must be first sound I heard was a regular tramp, tramp, of some one walking over my head, and I gave a long yell for help, flect, for my brain seemed in a state of when, to my great joy, the step halted, and I shricked again, and the sweetest sound I have ever heard in my life came back. "It was a voice shouting-

> .44Halloil? heard & "Stuck fast in the drain !" I showted with all the strength I had left; and then I swooned off once more, to wake up a week afterward out of a brain-fever sleep in a hospital.

It seems I had got within a few yards of a grating which was an end o' the drain, and the close quarters made the rats so fierce. The policeman had heard my sbrick, and had listened at the grating, and then got help; but he was only laughed at, for they could get no further answer out o' me. It was 'then about balf-past three on a summer's morning; and though the grate was got open, they were about to give it up, saying the policeman had been humbugged; when a comple o'sweeps came up, and the little un offered to go down back ards, and he did, and came out directly after, saying that he could feel a man's head with his toes.

That policeman has had many a glass at my expense since, and I hope he'll have many more; and when he tells me the story, which I like to hear-but atways take care it shall be when Polly's away-he says he knows I should have liked to seen how they tore up that drain in no time. To which there's always such an echo in my heart, that it comes quite natural to say-

"You're right, my boy!"

RATHER POINTED .- Mr. Reese, the well-known street preacher, was accosted by a would-be wag the other day, with the following question:

"Do you believe what the Bible says about the prodigal son and the fatted

"Certainly F do." "Well, sir, can you tell me whether

the calf that was killed was a male or familie?" "Yes, it was a female." "How do you know that?"

"Why, because," said Reese, looking

the chap in the face, "I see the male is

still aliva," A turkey burst its confinements while roasting and the stuffing escaped, to the terror of the Hibernian damsel left to watch it. who ran to call her mistress. "Malam." she screamed, "come down and see the turkey; 'tis brownin' nicely, but some of the consalements is bustin' out !" The "consalements" is

A wag in Detroit has been taking liberties with the reputation of the Pontiac Railroad. He was asked whether he knew of an accident on the road, and replied, "Never! But once a middleaged man left Pontiac for Detroit, and died of old age at Binghampton-half way."

A Western editor wishes to know whether the law recently enacted, against the carrying of deadly weapons, applies to doctors who carry pills in their pockets.___

A young widow who edits a paper iu a neighboring State says: "We do not look as well as usual to day on account of the non arrival of the males."

What is the difference between a wealthy toper and a skillful miner? One turns his gold into quarts, and the other turns his quartz into gold.

Mr. W. H. Weiseman, was recently married to Miss Farthing. He asked

Prentice rays of an editor "who smelt a fat." that if he did, and the rat smelt him, the poor rat had the worst

of the courses said and the said At last, Balf dead, I tried to back out "The last and that everything in na-