

THE DEAD STUDENT.

BY WILL CARLETON.

It doesn't seem—now does it, Jack?—as if poor Brown were dead? Twice only, I know at noon he had to take his bed. The day before he played first base, and ran McLean and down the line. And then, to slip away so sly—'twas not at all like Brown.

The story seems too big to take. 'Most any one will find it. It's sometimes hard to get a man well laid out in his mind.

And Brown was just afeer with life. 'Twouldn't seem me, I know.

He gave a whoop, and see the man go rushing past here now.

Poor Brown! he's lying in his room, as white as a sheet. I called upon him, as it were an hour or two ago.

Rushing into Brown's room seemed absurd.

We haven't spoken back and forth for something like a week.

He didn't put together square a single night or day.

However, went, he soon contrived to find another way.

He ran against me in my loves; we picked a dozen bones.

About that girl you used to like—the one that married Jones.

He worked against in the class, before my very eyes.

He opened up and scooped me square out of the Junior prize.

In the next class we came to strictly business below.

And from the eye he left undimmed I viewed his brother.

In fact, I came at last to feel—and own it with dismay.

That life would be worth living for, if Brown were out the way.

But when I heard that he had, my feelings tacked; and then

I would have given half my life to get his back again.

I called upon him, as it were, an hour or two ago. The room was neat beyond excuse—the woman made it so.

Be sure to have no hand in that, and naught about it knew.

To see the order lying round had made him very nervous.

A sweet bouquet of girlish flowers smiled in the face of death.

Straight through the open window came the mournful fragrance.

Close by, a canary bird, with glossy, yellow throat.

Skipped dreamily from perch to perch, and never sang a note.

With hair unusually combed, sat poor McFarland near.

Alternately persing Greek, and wrestling with a homely little girl of six, for some old kindness' sake.

Was sounding in the corner there as, if her heart would break.

The hand was worn and wretched-like, almost as if they had been clawing their titles to my view.

His red sun were in their place, and high, when all might 'eave.

Gleam—je! tly the boating-cup he won last year from me.

I took the white cold hands in mine—and Brown and I were friends.

A BRAVE BOY.

BY C. S. SLEIGHT.

"Speaking of courage," said my friend, Tom Barton, as we met one day after a long separation, "reminds me of an incident that happened at the doctor's school the first winter after you left."

"It was during the Christmas holidays, and all of the boys had gone home, except two brothers, named Fred and Albert Cobb, and myself. They were obliged to stay during the vacation because their parents were spending the season in Florida, and I—well, as you know, my home was at a distance, and we were poor, so I remained at school."

"The brothers were very unlike, both in appearance and character. Fred, the elder of the two, was a large, muscular, ruddy-faced boy, not much in love with books, but fond of sports, and a decided disposition, and had a great deal of tact."

"He was very quiet and slender. He was very fond of honesty and truth, and such detestation of meanness and wrong, that we boys had dubbed him the 'Parson.'

"It was the Saturday night between Christmas and New Year's. We three boys were hugging the stove in our room, adjusting the doctor's study. Doctor was studying to write a sermon for the following day, as he had to preach at Miltown."

"He could hear his pen scratch over the paper during the lull in our conversation. Occasionally that 'sheen' of his would come through the parlour door; but somehow his 'sheens' seemed to lose their ominous character during holidays."

"The subject of our conversation was a robbery that had been perpetrated at 'Squire Little's store the previous night."

"Robberies, you know, were unusual occurrences in the little village of Acme. Of course this one was a topic for abundance of talk."

"Wherever we had been that day we had found some groups of men and boys talking about robberies in general, and this in particular."

"It was natural that in the evening we boys should discuss the same subject, and each of us offered various speculations as to who the robber was, where he had gone, and whether he would be captured."

"Then we told stories of all the daring burglaries of which we had overheard or read, and finally descended such as had happened in our houses."

"In the descriptions of our personal experiences Fred gave a glowing account of an incident that had occurred in his father's family. One night he said the coachman thought he saw a man prowling in the chicken-yard. He fired a pistol at him, and had summoned the other servants to go in pursuit of the thief. He told us that the brave men, armed with lanterns, poker and blunderbusses, had reached the chicken-yard, and there found traces of blood, which they followed up for a few yards, and found, lying in the last throes of death, the victim of the coachman's prowess—a fine black Spanish rooster!"

"At length said I, 'What would you do if you should hear a burglar some night trying to enter your house?'

"Fred straightened himself, and squared his shoulders. 'I wouldn't hesitate a moment to shoot him,' said he, valiantly. 'I tell you, it would be a good burglar that could get away from me.'

"'Go on,' said the doctor, with a smile.

"As I wuz a-sayin', sur, I dived forth the bottle, eh! What was in it?" asked the doctor, suspiciously, in an unprecedented manner beginning the cross-examination before the was concluded.

"'At Smit's,' repeated Pat, 'az'mindin' not to disturb ye by comin' in la're, sure I just climbed up to the hall winder, as I wuz half trough, an' wuz takin' somethin' from me pocket—'

"'A fist bottle,' interposed Al.

"'A fist bottle, eh! What was in it?' asked the doctor, suspiciously, in an unprecedented manner beginning the cross-examination before the was concluded.

"'Only a wee drap of medicine, sur,' said Pat. 'Me cousin was scared I had the influenzys, an' gave it to me for it.'

"'Go on,' said the doctor, with a smile.

"As I wuz a-sayin', sur, I dived forth the bottle, when there came was yell from Master Fred in the back part of the hall, an' says he, 'Och! murther! he's drin' his pistol!' an' then he run like—like—"

"'Me! I exclaimed, 'Very likely I'd cover my head with the bedclothes and leave him to carry off house and all if he could.'

"Fred was about to make another remark, but was prevented by the doctor, who appeared in the doorway. 'Well, boys,' said he, 'don't you think we've had enough talk about robberies for one evening? It is getting late now, and your continual talk has bothered me so that I have only written one page during the last hour, and on that page I have written four times the word "burglary" instead of "robbery."

"Holding him good-night we went up stairs, and were soon fast asleep."

"About midnight I awoke with the

consciousness of having been aroused by some unusual noise. Slightly raising my head, I listened, and heard a snapping sound at the back hall window.

"We three boys occupied the front room on the third floor, the same that you and Atkinson had at one time. It was a bright moonlight night. Glancing towards the Cobb's bed, I saw them both sitting up. The noise had aroused them also.

"There's some one trying to get in that hall window," said Al, in a whisper. "I'm going to see."

"Wait and listen awhile," urged Fred. "I'll call him up, we better stop him where he is."

"Let's call the doctor," said Fred.

"There isn't time for that. Don't you hear him unfastening the window-bolt? Come, hurry! I'm going to take the old musket; you take the bat."

"The gun isn't loaded," said Fred; and his voice actually trembled. Whether he was shivering from cold or fright, I don't know.

"It will scare him just the same," said Al again, taking down the safety fireman, who had come out into the hall, followed at a little distance by his brother, armed with the base-ball bat.

"I was never very brave, and therefore I took good care to keep as far behind Fred as he was behind his brother; in fact, to be more honest, I merely ventured as far as the door, and there peeped into the hall.

"A man's form was crawling through the window, but he seemed to be so occupied by keeping the sash up that he noticed us not. He threw one over the sill, he thrust his hand into his breast pocket and drew out a small, dark object.

"'Robbers! fire!' shrieked Fred. "He's another one!" and, darting into an opposite room, he crawled under the bed there.

"Move another inch and I'll fire!" cried he, pointing the musket at the man's breast.

"'Och! murther!' Master Al, don't be afraid of a whoopin' me! came a familiar voice in broad Hibernian accents.

"It was Pat, the doctors man.

"What is that you, Pat?" exclaimed Al, lowering the weapon.

"Sorra the day for me an' it wur," said the Irishman, as he carefully deposited on the floor the pistol Fred had seen him draw, which was simply a small, flat bottle. He then unfastened his other, more ponderous foot from the window-sill, shook himself as to ascertain whether he had a whole skin, and shut the window. Then he picked up the bottle, and carefully replaced it in his coat pocket.

"Meanwhile, Al had been quietly laughing, and I was still on the floor laughing and rubbing the bruises on my legs, which had been caused by Fred's collision.

"What's the meaning of this?" whispered Al. "How is it, Pat, that you come into the house in that way, and that I'm not to be seen?"

"Well, you see," said Pat, "I just wint the right to say me cousin, who is a-wokin' at the Smit's, an' not moidin' to disturb the docther an' his wife, sure didn't I put the long laddher forinst the winder, intindin' to take out that new pane of glass that was raycent tacked in, an' inter in nate an' quic' as ye please; but the lad was scared a bit. Where is he?"

"'Ay, it's Fred I maked,' said Pat.

"'How is thy this mornin' I maked myself by this window,' replied Al. "I led him to Fred's place of confinement. His feet and legs were in plain sight, for ochre-like, he seemed to have imagined that, if his head alone were covered, he was perfectly safe. Pat grasped him by the ankle, and despite of his kicking hauled him out."

"'Och! cried Fred, in a bitter terror, supposing it was the burglar who had caught him. 'don't kill me! don't kill me! My life is a-bidin' in the trunk in the opposite room!'

"'Do keep still, and don't make such a fool of yourself! It's only Pat,' said Al, with suppressed laughter, while Pat and I indulged in laughter that was far from suppressed.

"In the midst of this racket we heard a door open, below, and the doctor's voice called:

"'What is the matter up there?'

"'Nothing, sur,' replied Pat, with Irish drawl, only the lad's had got frightened as I was comin' to bed.'

"Tell them to be quiet, or I shall come up," said doctor.

"'D'y'e hear that, b'ys?' said Pat. "Get to bed now; ye'll tak' your death runnin' round in the cold without your clothes on.'

"I took the white cold hands in mine—and we were friends.

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FARM NOTES.

The cow which can manufacture the most food into the best milk is the best cow.

The Holstein cow is neither nervous nor excitable, and is esteemed for her easy keeping qualities.

Those who would enjoy beats in their perfection should keep up a succession of the Egyptian, to use while they are still young. Thinings of these and of the late crop make an excellent substitute for spinach.

All plants are benefited by having the ground stirred around them—there is no exception to the rule. The use of the hoe, or some similar implement, is generally the easiest mode of keeping the ground free from weeds or grass.

ASPARAGUS must be allowed time to grow its foliage and, prepare the nourishment for next year's crop. From not understanding this, many exhaust the soil, and when the crop is over, the plants are unable to grow again.

DR. R.