

## THE MOTHER OF A FAMILY.

### A HOUSEHOLD CANTATA.

Characters—Mother of the family, children, servants.

**SOLO—MOTHER OF THE FAMILY.**  
At length my work is over and done!  
It is true the morning is nearly gone,  
But still there's a half-hour left, I find,  
So now I'll sit down and improve my mind.

I'll write that letter I've owed so long,  
Set right those accounts that would

**RECIT.**—I'll sleep into *Scribner* and *Harper*, too!  
Oh! in this half-hour what won't I do?

**ARIAS—Sweet it is when the dishes are washed!**  
Sweet it is when the children are dressed,  
Pleasant the time when the stockings are

Hail! hail! the hour of noontide rest!  
Hail! hail! hail!

What though a bonnet be yet to trim,  
Feathers and fringe, for my Sunday best!

The red fire when the daylight's dim!  
Hail! the hour of noontide rest!

Hail! hail! hail!

To the hour of noontide rest!

**SEMI-CHORUS I.—CHILDREN.**  
Oh! please, momma, my jacket is torn!  
Oh! please, momma, my kitten is gone!  
Oh! please, momma, look where I will,  
My cap and mittens are missing still!

(*Da capo*.)

**DUET—COOK AND HOUSEMaid.**

Cook—Oh! I'm bound to the day to inform you  
That empty stands the flour-bin to-day,  
You haven't any fuel to warm you,  
And the neighbor's dog has stole the beef away.

Housemaid—Oh! sorrow and grief!

Cook—The beautiful beef!

Cook and Housemaid—Oh! powder and shot for  
the day to inform you  
Who stole the beautiful  
beautiful beef!

Housemaid—Alas! mom, here's your vase of  
The vase of it I cannot understand,  
You'll find no fingers carefuler  
than mine are,  
But here 't all to pieces in my hand!

**Cook—Oh! piteous case!**

Housemaid—The ill-tempered vase!

**Cook—Oh! piteous case!**

Cook and Housemaid—Oh! dagger and knife for  
the day to inform you  
Who stole the ill-tempered vase!

**SEMI-CHORUS II.—CHILDREN.**

Oh! please, momma, I've lost some cake!  
Oh! please, momma, my tea-cups are broken!  
Oh! please, momma, what shall I do?  
My doll's left leg is broken in two.

**TRIO AND CHORUS—MOTHER, COOK, HOUSEMaid  
AND CHILDREN.**

Mother—Sweet is the hour—  
Our sorrow and grief and grief!  
Mother—When the dishes are washed—  
Cook, s. v.—The beautiful beef!

Mother—Sweet is the hour—  
Housemaid, s. v.—Oh! piteous case!

Mother—Recounts the time—  
Children, s. v.—Oh! please, momma,  
Mother—When the stockings are darned—  
Children, s. v.—Oh! please, momma,  
Mother—Sweet is the hour—  
Children, s. v.—My doll's left leg  
Mother—Of noontide rest!  
Children, s. v.—Is broken in two.

ALL TOGETHER

Labor to please tends livelier zest.  
Away with the hour of noontide rest!  
For oh! it's a glorious thing to be  
The mother of a family,  
Of a family—  
—Portland Transcript.

## A LESSON FROM A WOLF CHASE.

Rube Wexford ought to have been a happy fellow. He was certainly considered the one on the day when Kate Wilde became his bride. He was the envy of every young man in the rude Western hamlet where the ceremony took place, and many were the good wishes showered on the heads of the newly-wedded pair for their future happiness and prosperity. Still there were those who not only insinuated, but boasted that the helpmate of her choice was unworthy the woman he had won. Kate's father and mother were particularly opposed to the match, and did all in their power to prevent it, but the girl, beside her unwavering love, possessed a determined will which, when once aroused, carried much before it. Rube Wexford was never accounted a strictly-temperate man. Indeed, there had been times before marriage when he was for days under the influence of liquor, and Kate had seen him in this state, and therefore knew fully the extent of his weakness. But the woman loved the man, and within herself resolved that his reclamation should be duty. That success must crown her efforts she little doubted.

Autumn drifted away, the crops had been gathered in, and all the indications pointed to an early and severe winter. Rube's sprees continued. No wind was too cold, no snow too deep to keep him from Washburn's, a not distant tavern. One evening in the latter part of December, he took down his leggings and gun from the pegs where they hung and was preparing to go out. Kate went to him and said:

"Rube, you must not leave me to-night. Give in to me this time and stay at home."

"I am only going for a jaunt," he replied, "I'll be back soon."

"No, you are going to Washburn's. To-night you will, you must gratify me. I am afraid to remain here alone."

"Afraid?" he answered. Such a thing as fear was almost unknown to Kate Wilde.

She clasped her arms around his neck, whispered into his ear, her cheeks flushing brightly, then sank down into the rocker and cried as if her heart would break. Rube stood the gun in a corner, threw aside the leggings, and cried, too.

The next morning, when the winter sun beamed upon the cabin, the little log shelter held three souls, instead of two. A wee stranger had come in the night, a bright-eyed baby girl. Her weak cry seemed to move all the better part of the husband's nature, and his wife looked on with a new-born confidence in her face. After a week, when Kate was able to sit up, Rube went to relate the happy event to his grandparents. It was the first time he had visited them for some months. Very early in the morning he started, and when the afternoon shadows began to lengthen Kate looked up eagerly for his return. It was toward daybreak when he appeared, his hands and feet almost frozen, and his senses stupefied by liquor. The wife's new hopes were destined to be short-lived. Freshly-made promises marked the sorrow, but days went by only to see them unfulfilled. Now there was a new torture. Rube had forsaken Washburn's and made his visits to Pineville instead, where Kate's father and mother lived. It was almost more than the woman's nature could bear to know that her parents were the frequent witnesses of her husband's disgrace. This was a sort of thing which she could not and would not long brook.

Little Kate, the baby, was a month old to a day when Rube made prepare-

tions one morning for a trip to Pineville. Kate looked on silently for a few moments, and then said:

"Where are you going?"  
"Only to Pineville."  
"What for?"  
"To see about some powder and stuff."

"That is untrue. You are going to spend the day with worthless companions, and you will come back stupid with liquor. Rube, listen to me. I have stood all which it is possible for me to endure. I have prayed and entreated you to abandon a habit which has disgraced us both. My pleadings have brought nothing. I cannot and will not have our child grow up to know a father who is a drunkard. If you refuse to stay at home, I have said my last say. Go to Pineville if you insist on doing so, but if you are not here sober by sunset, I shall go with the baby to father's, and in this house I will never set foot again."

"That's all talk," Rube answered in a rough, joking and half serious fashion. "Why, it's fifteen miles to Pineville."

"No matter," was the firm rejoinder. "I will make the start if the child and I freeze to death on the way."

"Look out for wolves," Rube laughed again. "There has been half a dozen lately. It has been a hard winter for them, and they're almost starved."

"Wolves or no wolves," muttered Kate. "I'll go."

Rube hung about the house uneasily for an hour or so, then rigged himself out, leggings, buffalo coat, gun and all. Kate worked away and said never a word. He opened the door, and without looking back, remarked:

"I'll be here by sunset."

"See that you are," was the reply.

"If you come here later, the house will be empty."

The wife watched his form across the clearing and saw it disappear in the heavy timber which circled the cabin. She turned to her household duties, but had no heart for them. Well she knew Rube Wexford would break his last promise, as he had broken others before it. If so, he must abide by the result. She was determined.

The day went by at a snail's pace, and the afternoon seemed never ending. Kate fondled the baby, listened to her cry and cry, and fed her a dozen times. Then she prepared supper, and sunset came when it was completed. But it brought no Rube. Another hour and still he was absent. So the moments passed until the clock struck 10. The baby was fast asleep. Kate rose from a chair at the cradle's side, a look of firm determination on her face, and opening the cabin door, peered across the clearing. Not a soul was visible. She closed the door, went to the chest, and took from it a pair of old-fashioned skates whose steel runners gleamed in the fire-light. She laid them ready for use and proceeded to wrap herself as warmly as possible. Then she bundled the baby in the same manner, lifted her tenderly in her arms, and with the skates slung over her shoulder, started across the clearing. After reaching the timber she left the beaten path and made for the river. It was coated heavily with ice, and the strong winds had blown it almost free from snow, leaving a nearly naked surface. Kate laid the baby down for a few moments while she fastened on her skates. Then she lifted her baby once more and started for Pineville, fifteen miles away. The moon shone brightly, she was a wonderfully rapid skater, and she knew not the slightest suspicion of fear.

Rube Wexford sat near the warm fire which was surrounded by a dozen men besides himself. He had been there for hours listening to anecdotes of hunters' lives, even adding to the general fund with some of his own experiences, but, though his companions coaxed and persuaded him, they could not prevail upon him to taste liquor. This was something so entirely new that many a laugh and joke was had at his expense. He answered all persuasions to imbibe in the same way, saying only, "Not to-day, boys; not to-day."

When sunset came he was still in his seat. He wanted to be home, he wanted to keep his promise, but he thought he would wait a while and start later, so as it would not look to Kate too much as if he were giving in. So thinking he went to a quiet corner by himself, and had not been there long before he fell asleep. It was 11 o'clock when he awoke with a start, and said hurriedly:

"What is it, Kate?"

A loud roar of laughter brought him to his senses, and a rough voice cried:

"Rube, guess you have been dreaming."

"Yes," he replied, foolishly; "I thought my wife was calling me."

He glanced at the clock and said:

"Boys, I must go."

"Have something before you leave,"

was the general cry.

"No; no; not to-night."

Then he was gone. His conscience smote him as he trudged through the snow. It would be after 2 o'clock when he reached home. One thing consoled him somewhat—he was sober. But would Kate be in the cabin when he returned? Of course, she must be. Nothing short of madness could tempt her to keep the rash vow she made in the morning. So thought Rube. This was because he was incapable of estimating the great suffering which he had caused his wife.

On he went until through the stillness of the night was borne to his ears the sound of falling waters. It proceeded from a spot which marked the half-way between Pineville and his own home, and was caused by the river tumbling down a deep descent of fifteen or twenty feet of rugged rocks. His road at this point lay close to the river bank, and soon he was in full view of the cascade. As he passed it he noticed, with a sort of shudder, how cold and dark the water looked as it tumbled down. For thirty feet above the falls there was no ice. It broke off abruptly and the current rushed from beneath with terrible velocity. Beyond, in the moonlight, glistened an unbroken surface of clear ice for fully half a mile before there was a bend in the river's bank. The sight was an old one to Rube, and he paid little heed to it, but stalked on silently, still thinking of Kate and wondering if the cabin would be tenantless. Suddenly he stood stock

still and listened. Many an ear would have heard nothing but the sound of rushing waters. Rube's acute and practiced hearing detected something more, and he felt instinctively for his ammunition and looked to the priming of his rifle. Then from a distance the sound came again—a peculiar cry, followed by another and another, until they ended in a chorus of unearthly yells. Rube muttered to himself one word—wolves—and strained his eyes in the direction of the curve to the river's edge. The cry proceeded from that direction and grew louder every instant. Before he could decide on a plan of action there shot out from the bend in the river what looked to him like a woman carrying a bundle and skating for dear life. She strained every nerve, but never once cried out. Next came a wolf, followed rapidly by others, which swelled the pack to a dozen, all ravenous, yelping, snarling and gaining closely on their prey. Rube raised his rifle, fired and began to load as he had never loaded before. The cry came nearer and nearer. Great God! the wolves were upon the woman! It seemed as if no earthly hope could save her, when, quick as an arrow from the bow, she swerved to one side, the maddened brutes slid forward on their hind legs, and she had gained a few steps. Again she flew onward, and again she tried the ruse of swerving aside, the man on the bank in the meantime firing rapidly, and picking off wolf after wolf. A fresh danger arose. The woman evidently did not see the abrupt break in the falls, and the dark, swift current which lay beyond. Perhaps she was too frightened to hear the rushing waters. On she went, making straight for the falls, the wolves almost on her heels, and the man's voice crying in terrified accents, as he dropped on his knees in the snow:

"Kate! Kate! My God save her!"

The woman was on the brink of the ice, when she made a sudden sweep to one side. Nearly the entire pack, unable to check their mad flight, plunged into the water, which carried them swiftly over the rocks, and Kate Wexford was flying toward the river bank, where she fell helpless in the snow, her baby in her arms, while Rube's rifle frightened the remainder of her pursuers away. It was some time before she could answer her husband's voice. When strength enabled her to do so she arose feebly in the snow, her resolution to go to her father as strong as ever, but Rube took her hand, knelt down and said:

"Kate, bear me for the last time. As God is my judge, I shall never again taste liquor. This night has taught me a lesson which I cannot forget."

Kate believed him and accepted his promise. Then they started for Pineville, Rube carrying the baby and more than half carrying his wife. When they arrived there Kate told her parents she had been dying to show them the baby, and, taking advantage of the moonlight night, had made the journey on skates.

Rube kept his vow, the roses bloomed again on Kate's cheeks, and to-day a happy family of boys and girls feel no touch of shame as they look up with pride to their father.

### The Camel.

The expression of his soft, dreamy, heavy eye tells its own tale of meek submission and patient endurance ever since traveling began in the deserts.

The camel appears to be wholly passive—without doubt or fear, emotions or opinions of any kind—to be in all things a willing slave to destiny. He has none of the dash and brilliancy of the horse; that looking about with erect neck, fiery eye, cocked ears, and inflated nostrils; that readiness to dash along a racecourse, follow the hounds across country, or charge the enemy; none of that decision of will and self-conscious pride, which demand, as a right, to be stroked, patted, pampered, by lords and ladies.

The poor camel bends his neck, and with a halter round his long nose, and several hundred weight on his back, passes patiently along from the Nile to the Euphrates. Where on earth, or rather on sea, can we find a ship so adapted for such a voyage as his over those boundless oceans of desert sand? Is the camel thirsty—he has recourse to his gutta-percha cistern, which holds as much water as will last a week, or, as some say, ten days, if necessary. Is he hungry—give him a few handfuls of dried beans, it is enough; chopped straw is a luxury. He will gladly crunch with his sharp grinders the prickly thorns and shrubs in his path, to which hard Scotch thistles are as soft as down. And when all fails, the poor fellow will absorb his own fat hump. If the land storm blows with furnace heat, he will close his small nostrils, pack up his ears, and then his long, defleshed legs will stride after his swan-like neck through suffocating dust; and, having done his duty, he will mumble his guttural, and leave, perhaps, his bleached skeleton to be a land-mark in the waste for the guidance of future travelers.—*Harper's Young People*.

### In a Business Way.

"Mr. Smith, will you endorse my note of \$20?"

"Why, I should expect to have to if it is for me."

"Certainly—certainly."

"And so I might as well lend you \$20."

"Exactly, you are quite correct."

"And I shouldn't expect you ever to pay it."

"Of course not; of course not."

"Then why didn't you ask me direct to give you \$20?"

"Because, sir, I do business in a business way. I never borrow money from a man who will endorse for me, and I make all calculations on the indorsee paying the note. It's the same thing in the end, but we arrive at it in a business way. I believe in making the horse draw the cart. You can't give me \$20, sir, but if you will have the kindness to endorse a note for that amount, I will see that you are \$20 out of pocket."

"Is that gentleman a friend of yours?" asked a newly-introduced lady of another at a reception. "Oh, no, he's my husband," was the innocent reply.—*Merchant Traveler*.

We have been there ourselves. We

## PEOPLE YOU KNOW.

And Sometimes Wish You Didn't—Male and Female Cranks of a Mild Order.

(From the Chicago Herald.)

The man who apologizes—what a bore! Thinks an apology settles all accounts with his fellows. Carelessly steps on a friend's tender toes. Apologizes and steps on them again. Walks along crowded streets swinging his cane against people and apologizing right and left. Turns to apologize to a man behind and runs into a woman in front. More apologizing. Thinks he is very polite. Never stops to consider that if he were, the necessity for apology would be removed. Would that he might bow himself off of the Government pier or choke on his tiresome "Beeg pardon, sir."

The woman who apologizes. Fishing for compliments. Dressed in her newest and best she apologizes for her appearance. At table apologizes for her poor biscuits. Oh, for somebody strong enough to reply. "Well, I have eaten better," just to see her fly in a rage and deny it. She will live a long time. Heaven does not wish for her.

The man who cannot wait. Makes everybody nervous. In the barber shop walks up and down in a fidgety manner if he has to wait for a moment for a barber. After he is shaved stands at the door half an hour wondering where he will go to kill time. At the bridge loses his patience and looks cross at everybody. Finally gets across and waits ten minutes to tell a friend how he dislikes to wait two. At the railway crossing says it is just his infernal luck to have to wait for a long train to pass. Sometimes runs to get across ahead of the train, and, being across, stops to see the train go by. Sometime he may not run fast enough to get clear across. Great is hope.

The man who looks back to swear at a truckman who nearly runs into his buggy. Truckman drives right along about his business. Man keeps swearing and looking back at him. Will not a fire engine please come down street or to ready for shipping, when one morning in came one of the boys, and says he:

"Something has broke down the worm fence and battered up about an acre of the vines in the clearin'."

We'd just cleared about ten acres of woodland the past winter, and melons were doing amazingly well in that field. So you may know the old man was mad when he heard of this. Him and I went down to see what was up, and we may not run fast enough to get clear across. Great is hope.

Woman who prims. Disgustingly neat. Everything in its place—except the woman. She has a dust rag in her hand and is in everybody's way. Makes you get up and let her dust the chair you have sat on for an hour. Looks completely disgusted at your dusty boots. Never opens doors or shutters, lest sunshine get in and fade the carpet. Keeps windows hermetically sealed to shut out dust. Life, though short, is also too long in certain cases.

Man who wraps \$10 bill outside a roll of \$1's.

Harmless, though.

Man who talks to himself on the street. Not always crazy, not always. Chicago is plentifully supplied with them. Sometimes he talks because his mind is so engrossed in business for gets where he is. Sometimes he talks to make people believe he has a mind and that it is engrossed. He would like to be deemed a much-absorbed man. If the lake would only absorb him.

The woman who washes on Monday cannot think of doing her washing on any other day. Postpones her husband's funeral until Tuesday because Monday is wash-day. Must have breakfast at 6 to get the dishes out of the way early, and give the day to the regular order. Maybe this woman will fall into a wash-tub some Monday morning before anybody is up to help her out. While there's life there's hope.

The man who cannot tell a lie. How stupid! Can't tell a lie to entertain a friend. Stick to the truth, no matter how stale and uninteresting it may be. Doesn't know that the right to