

THE BAD BOY.

"Well, you don't look very kittyish this morning," said the grocery man to the bad boy, as he stood up behind the stove to get warm, and looked as though life was not one continued picnic, as heretofore. "What's the matter with you? Your father has not been tampering with you with a boot, has he?"

"No, sir," said the boy, as he brightened up. "Pa and me are good friends now. He says he has discovered that my heart is in the right place, and that I am going to amount to something, and he has forgiven every foolish thing I ever did to him, and says for me to come to him any time when I want advice or when I want money to do good with. Why, when pa found I had pawned my watch to get money to buy medicine for the old woman, he went and redeemed it, and offered to whip the pawnbroker for charging me too much for the money. Oh, pa is a darling now. He went to the funeral with us."

"What funeral," said the grocery man, with a look of surprise. "You crazy? I haven't heard of any funeral at your house. Don't you come no joke on me."

"Oh, there is no joke about it," said the boy. "You see, the little apple girl's grandma lost her grip on this earth soon after she got the medicine and the doctor died. I was down there and it was the solemnest scene I ever witnessed. I looked around and saw that somebody had got to act, and I braced up and told the girl I was all wool, a yard wide, and for her to just let me run things. She was going to the poor master and have the city bury the old lady, but I couldn't bear to see that little girl play solitaire as mourner and ride in an express wagon with the remains, and not have any minister, and go to the pauper burying-ground, where they don't say grace over the coffin, but two shovelers smoke black pipes and shovel the earth in too quick, and talk Bohemian all the time. It didn't seem right for a poor little girl that never committed a crime, except to be poor and sell wormy apples, to have no style about her grandma's funeral, so I told her to brace up and wipe her eyes on one of my handkerchiefs and wait for Henney. Well, sir, I didn't know that I had so much gall. You have got to be put in a tight place before you know the kind of baled hay there is in you. I rushed out and found a motherly old lady that used to do our washing and give me bread and butter with brown sugar on it when I went after the clothes. I knew a woman that would give a bad boy bread and butter with brown sugar on it, and cut the slices thick, had a warm heart, and I got her to go down the alley, and stay with the little girl, and be a sort of mother to her for a couple of days. Then I got my bicycle and took it down to the pawn shop and got \$20 on it, and with that money in my pocket, I felt as though I owned a brewery, and I went to a feller that runs an excursion hearse, and told him I wanted a hearse and one good carriage, at 2 o'clock sharp, and the mourners would be ready. He thought I was fooling, but I showed my roll of bills and that settled him. He would have turned out six horses for me, when he see I had the wealth to put up. I went down and told the little girl how I had arranged things, and she said she wasn't fixed for no such turn out as that. She hadn't any clothes, and the toes of one foot were all out of the shoe, and the heel was off the other one, so she walked sort of *italic* like, I told her not to borrow any trouble, and I would rig her out so she would do credit to a regular avenue funeral, with plumes on the hearse, and I went home and hunted through the closets and got a lot of clothes we wore years ago, when my little brother died, and a pair of her shoes, and a long veil, and everything complete. I was going to jump over the back fence with the bundle when pa got sight of me and called me back. I felt guilty, and didn't want to explain, and pa opened the bundle and when he saw the mourning clothes that he had not seen before since we buried our little baby, great tears came to pa's eyes, and he broke down and wept like a child, and it made me weep some, too. Then pa wanted to know what it all meant, why I was stealing them clothes out the back way, and I told him all, how I had pawned things to see that little girl through her trouble, and had taken the black clothes 'cause I thought pa would go back on it, and tell me to let people run their own funerals. I expected pa would thumb me, but he said he would go his bottom dollar on me, and, do you know, the old daisy went with me to the house, and patted the little girl on the head, and said for her to keep a stiff upper lip, and when the funeral came off pa and three other old duffers that are pa's chums, they acted as bearers. I had tried a couple of ministers to get them to go along and say grace, but I guess they couldn't see any money or glory in it, for they turned me away with a soft answer, and I had about closed a contract with a sort of amateur preacher that goes around to country schoolhouses preaching for his board, but pa he kicked on that, and said we should have the best there was, and he sent word to our minister that he had got use for him, and he was on deck, and did his duty just as well as though a millionaire was dead. Well, I rode with the little girl as assistant mourner, and tried to keep her from crying, but when we passed the House of Correction, where her father is working out a sentence for being drunk and disorderly, she broke down, and I told her I would be her father and mother and grandmother, and the whole family, and she put her hand on mine and said how good I was, and that broke me up, and I had to beller. I don't want to be called good. If people will keep on considering me bad, and let me do what good I want to on the sly, it is all right. But when she put that little hand on mine, and it was so clean and plump, something went all over me, like when you step on a carpet-tack, or hit your funny bone against a gas-bracket, and I felt as though I would stay by that girl till she got big enough to wear long dresses. Everything passed off splen-

did, and, as a pauper funeral passed us on the road, the driver smoking a clay pipe, and the coffin jumping around, I couldn't help noticing the difference, and I was proud that I pawned my bicycle, and got up a funeral that no person need be ashamed of, and when I arranged with the washwoman to take the girl home with her and be her mother till I could make different arrangements. I felt what a great responsibility rests on a family boy, and when I dismissed the hearse and carriages, and went home, and pa took me in his arms and said he wouldn't take \$1,000,000 for me, and that this day's experience had shown him that I was worth my weight in solid gold, and that he had stopped at the pawn-shop and got my watch and bicycle, I never felt so happy in my life. Say, don't you think there is a heap of solid comfort in doing something kind of unexpected, or to make other people happy, or didn't you ever try it?"

"Of course there is," said the grocery man, as he passed the boy a glass of cider. "I remember once I gave a poor woman a mackerel, and the look of gratitude she gave me, as she asked me to trust her for half a peck of potatoes. I suppose you will be marrying that apple peddler, won't you?"

"Well, I hadn't thought of that," said the boy, as he looked red in the face, "but if it would make her feel as contented as it did for me to fix her up for the funeral, and go along with her, I would marry her quicker than scat, when we get big enough. But I must go and see the undertaker. He stuck me for \$2 extra on the driver's wearing a new suit, but I guess I can stand it," and the boy went out whistling. As he passed out the door without taking any fruit the grocery man said to a man who was shaving off some plug tobacco to smoke, "That boy is going to turn out all right, if he doesn't have any pull back." —Peck's Sun.

Dark Stables.

Any person who has felt the pain and inconvenience of coming suddenly from a dark room into the full blaze of day, will easily conceive the necessity of lighting a stable in a proper manner. This is too often neglected in confined stables, and the consequences are most distressing to a humane observer. The poor horse, led suddenly out to his work, shows his pain by unmistakable expressions, stumbles, and runs against anything that may happen to be near, until the eye has in some degree accommodated itself to the new circumstances under which it is now placed. Nor is this all. By a continuance of this change, from darkness to sudden daylight, the eye becomes seriously injured. The retina, or sensible nerve, becomes dull and more or less useless; the horse's sight is injured; he starts and shies at objects which he sees imperfectly; and many a rider who has received a dangerous injury has had to thank his inattention to this simple cause, rather than any vicious habit of the animal, to which it has been attributed.

Blindness is almost certain to be caused by inattention to the above caution; but even blindness itself is less dangerous to the rider than imperfect sight. In the first case, the horse is forced to trust entirely to the bridle; but, in the latter, objects only half distinguished terrify and startle, though they would, under ordinary circumstances, be passed without notice.

Another source of injury to the eye is the vapor which is constantly arising from a hot, foul stable. Every intelligent reader must have felt the cough and watery eyes which are caused to himself by going into such a place. What, then, must be the operation of the same causes on animals shut up for many hours at a stretch and exposed to their full activity? The eyes are inflamed by the ammoniacal vapors that are exhaled; the throat is irritated, cough is produced, and blindness, with cough or asthma, are the inevitable consequences of this neglect.

Red Tape.

A young son of the Duke of Argyle wished to marry an untitled lady, and I don't unnatural asked his father's consent to that step.

The Duke replied that, personally, he had no objection to the match; but, in view of the fact that his eldest son (the Marquis of Lorne) had espoused a daughter of the Queen, he thought it right to take Her Majesty's pleasure on the subject before expressing his formal approval.

Her Majesty, thus appealed to, observed that since the death of the Prince Consort she had been in the habit of consulting the Duke of Saxe-Coburg on all family affairs.

The matter was therefore referred to Duke Ernest, who replied that since the unification of Germany he had made it a rule to ask for the Emperor's opinion on all important questions.

The case now came before the Kaiser, who decided that, as a constitutional sovereign, he was bound to ascertain the views of the Prime Minister.

Happily for the now anxious pair of lovers, the Iron Chancellor had no wish to consult anybody, and decided that his marriage might take place.

House-Building in England.

How many years (*Land* asks) must elapse before the entire surface of this country shall be covered with houses? Forty years ago we built 40,000 houses per annum in Great Britain; now we build more than 80,000. During the last eighty years we have erected 2,250,000 houses, which are "estimated to be worth double the amount of the national debt." It would be interesting to inquire how many of these dwellings will be in existence or in habitable condition at the end of another forty years? The great bulk of the new houses built in England are in the suburbs of London, although, as the metropolis is at present more extensively overbuilt than it has been for several years, the number will no doubt be considerably reduced during the next year or two. London houses, it is notorious, are taken all round, the worst built in this island. It is probable enough, therefore, that quite one-half of the dwellings which are built in Great Britain, every year, will not be in existence half a century after their completion.

Faith cures are becoming popular to manipulators of the exchange department.

MARY CHURCHILL.

The Long-Lost St. Louis Girl Discovered in an Insane Asylum in Indianapolis.

She Consents to Pay Her Family a Short Visit.

The mystery surrounding the disappearance of Mary Churchill has at length been solved by the discovery and complete identification of the girl in Indianapolis. The circumstances of the girl's disappearance are, briefly, as follows: On the evening of Aug. 19 last Mr. and Mrs. James O. Churchill returned from a drive to their home at 2737 Morgan street, St. Louis, to discover their daughter Mary missing. A careful search revealed the fact that she had taken only the clothing worn at the time, and no money other than the few dollars her purse contained. Detectives were immediately employed. Circulars were sent to all police headquarters and detective agencies abroad. Dramatic agents and newspaper men made the search made for the missing girl in every city in the country. Churchill was a wealthy merchant and spared no expense to discover the whereabouts of his child, but to no purpose. She was but 16 years old, had been reared in luxury, and there was no reason which could suggest itself to the minds of her friends why she should have left her home, and the gravest apprehensions were entertained for her safety. It was supposed that the girl had been murdered in New York, and the police were dispatched to the scene of the tragedy only to find that the victim was not the missing girl. Similar reports were run down with like results in all parts of the country. One day, not long ago, Col. Churchill received a letter from his daughter dated at Indianapolis, indicating that she was at the time in that city and in good hands, but would immediately leave, and that search for her would be useless. Detectives were immediately sent to Indianapolis.

The attention of Superintendent Fletcher, of the State Hospital for the Insane, was attracted to a description of the missing girl in a city paper, and he was struck with the remarkable closeness with which it answered the appearance of a domestic at the asylum. The girl came to the asylum about the 1st of September and asked for employment. She was told that there was none to be had for her about the hospital, which she had been in for years, and she was directed to the office of the superintendent. Superintendent Fletcher was taken with the girl's appearance and actions that he made a place for her in the ironing department of the hospital where she has since been employed. When she presented herself at the hospital she had with her a copy of the life of Marie Antoinette, and pursued such a course of reading, preferring classical works, books on Greek and Roman history, and the like. The Superintendent was convinced that the girl was connected with the girl who had been missing, and allowed her every privilege. She gave her name as Jennie Lockwood.

When permitted to practice at the piano she played the most difficult classical music, and her conduct in every particular was such as to strengthen the suspicion of the Superintendent that Jennie Lockwood, the ironing girl, was the possessor of a superior education and the petted child of wealthy parents. The girl was soon discovered to be the same as the girl who had been missing. Col. Churchill went to Indianapolis and met his daughter at the Spencer house, the meeting being a most affecting one. She was received by her mother with the greatest tenderness, and with the same fondness as though she had been found in the arms of her own mother. Her last words in leaving the city were to Dr. Fletcher, whom she adored to keep her place for her, for she would return. She assigned no reasons for her actions, but says she can earn her own living, and proposes to do so.

BURIED ALIVE.

The Terrible Discovery Made at Steubenville, Ohio.—A Young Lady's Horrible Fate.

A dispatch from Steubenville, Ohio, says: Recently the Catholic burial-ground in this city, not being large enough for its purpose, was abandoned. New grounds were purchased, and interments are now made in the latter, west of the city. Yesterday Fathers Hartney and Hartley, the pastors of the church there, with others, went to the cemetery for the purpose of removing the body of one Father Duffy, who had been buried about eighteen years. One of the party had been a pall-bearer of the deceased. He thought he knew the right grave, and said the remains were in a metallic casket. When the grave was opened a metallic casket was found rusty with age, but upon opening it the remains brought to view were not those of a male person, but of a young girl. The body was identified by anyone present, but was shown to be in a remarkable state of preservation, although, no doubt, is entombed of its having been there for years. The eyes of the corpse were open and were of a bluish color, while the hair was light brown and curling. The shroud exhibited evidence of time's ravages, hanging in shreds. But the most remarkable discovery was the position of the right arm of the sleeping which, instead of lying across the breast, was drawn across the side, the hand resting on the left side of the face. The conclusion formed by those present was that she had been buried alive, having been in a trance at the time of her interment. No one present knew who she was. Father Hartney, in a card this evening, says he knew nothing of the horrible discovery which was so freely talked about on the streets this morning.

PERSONAL.

The Princess of Wales is becoming deaf. The best aurist doctors are unable to suggest a remedy.

A recent work of Mr. Bret Harte is now being published in a Russian translation as feuilleton in the St. Petersburg *Gazette*.

The health of Herbert Spencer is improving. He has resumed work, and nearly completed the third volume of his work on sociology.

Zola's works have never been translated in England, consequently there is a large demand arising for the American editions of them.

An official high up in the railway world wrote to Charles Wyndham for his autograph. The comedian sent back this epigraph: "Railways in their way are autocrats. They teach every man to know his own station and to stop there."

MADAME WADDINGTON, wife of the French Minister in London, is the daughter of the late Charles King, President of Columbia college, and granddaughter of Rufus King, one of the framers of the constitution of the United States and afterward American Minister at London.

GEN. ROBERT E. LEE is to have a statue in New Orleans. The main piece of the statue—the upper part of the torso from the neck to the waist—was cast in New York. The bronze that formed the casting weighed about 1,200 pounds. The total weight of the statue will be about 4,000 pounds.

THE Queen has given a strong proof that she holds Prince Albert Victor in the highest favor by investing him with the ribbon and insignia of the Order of the Garter while he is yet a minor; for it is rare indeed to hear of a knight of this "most ancient, noble and honorable order" who is not of full age.

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