

## OVERWORKED.

BY ELIA WHEELER.

Up with the birds in the early morning—  
The dewdrop glistens like a precious gem;  
Beautiful tints in the skies are dawning,  
But she's never a moment to look at them.  
The men are waiting their breakfast early;  
She must not linger, she must not wait;  
For words that are sharp and looks that are  
Early.

Are what the men give when the meals are  
late.  
Oh, glorious colors the clouds are turning,  
If she could but look over hills and trees;  
But here are the dishes, and here is the churn-  
ing—  
These things always must yield to these.  
The world is filled with the wine of beauty,  
If she could but pause and drink it in;  
But pleasure, she says, must wait for duty—  
Neglected work is committed sin.

The day grows hot, and her hands grow weary;  
Oh, for an hour to cool her head.  
Out with the birds and winds so cheery!  
But she must get dinner and make her bread.  
The busy men in the hay-fields working,  
If they saw her sitting with idle hand,  
Would call her lazy, and call it shirking,  
And she never could make them understand.

They do not know that the heart within her  
Hangs for beauty and things sublime,  
They only know that she waits their dinner,  
Plenty of it, and just "on time."  
And after the sweeping, and churning, and bak-  
ing—  
And dinner dishes are all put by,  
She sits and sews, though her head is aching,  
The time for supper and "chores" draws nigh.

Her boys at school must look like others,  
She says, as she jatches their frocks and hose,  
For the world is quick to censure mothers  
For the least neglect of their children's  
clothes.

Her husband comes from the field of labor,  
He gives no praise to his weary wife;  
She's done no more than has her neighbor;  
'Tis the lot of all in country life.

But after the strife and weary tussle  
With life is done, and she lies at rest,  
The nation's brain and heart and muscle—  
Her sons and daughters—shall call her blest.  
And I think the sweetest joy of heaven,  
The rarest bliss of eternal life,  
And the fairest crown of all will be given  
Unto the wayworn farmer's wife.

## THE TWO MRS. TUCKERS.

BY LOSE TERRY COOKE.

"You can make the fire while I put  
the boss out," said Amasa Tucker, as he  
opened the back door of a gray house,  
set on top of a treeless hill, tracked  
here and there with paths the geese  
had made in their daily journeys to the  
pond below, and only approached at the  
back by a lane to the great red  
barn, and a rickety board gate set  
between two posts of the rail fence.

This was wealthy Ann Tucker's  
home-coming. She had married  
Amasa that morning at her father's  
house in Stanton, a little village  
twenty miles away from Peet's Mills,  
the town within whose wide limits lay  
the Tucker farm, and had come home  
with him this early spring afternoon in  
the old wagon behind the bony horse  
that did duty for Amasa's family car-  
riage.

Mrs. Tucker was a tall, thin young  
woman, with a sad, reticent face, very  
silent and capable; these last traits had  
been her chief recommendation to her  
husband. There was no sentiment  
about the matter. Old Mrs. Tucker  
had died two weeks before this mar-  
riage, but Amasa was "fore-handed,"  
and knowing his mother could not live  
long had improved his opportunities  
and been "sparkin'" Wealthy Ann Minor  
all winter, in judicious provision for  
the coming event of his solitude.

He had thought the thing all over,  
and concluded that a wife was cheaper  
than a hired girl, and more permanent;  
so when he found this alert, firm-joint-  
ed, handy girl living at her uncle's,  
who was a widower on a great farm the  
other side of the village, Amasa made  
her acquaintance as soon as possible  
and proceeded to further intimacy.  
Wealthy liked better to work for her  
uncle than for a step-father with six  
secondary children, but she thought it  
would be better still to have a house of  
her own; so she agreed to marry  
Amasa Tucker, and this was the home-  
coming.

She opened the door into a dingy  
room with an open fireplace at one  
end, a window on the north and one on  
the south side, small, paneled with  
green and imperfect glass, and letting  
in but just enough light to work by.  
One corner, to the north, was peti-  
tioned off to make a pantry, and a door  
by the fireplace led out into the wood-  
shed. The front of the house con-  
tained two rooms. One opened into  
the kitchen and was a bed room, fur-  
nished sparsely enough; the other was  
a parlor, with high-backed rush-bot-  
tomed chairs against the wall, a round  
table in the middle, a fireplace with  
brass andirons, and fire-irons, a family  
Bible on the table, and a "mourning  
piece" painted in ground hair on the  
mantel. Green paper shades and  
white cotton curtains, a rag carpet  
fresh as it came from the loom—if its  
dinginess could ever be called fresh—  
and a straight-backed sofa covered with  
green and yellow glazed chintz, made  
as dreary an apartment as could well be  
imagined. Wealthy shut the door be-  
hind her quickly, and went to the shed  
for material to make her fire. It was  
almost sundown and she was hungry;  
but she found only the scantiest supply  
of wood, and a few dry chips of kind-  
ling. However she did her best, and  
she had brought some provisions from  
home, so that she managed to lay out  
a decent supper on the rickety table, by  
the time Amasa came stamping in from  
the barn.

He looked disapprovingly at the pie,  
the biscuit, the shaved beef, and the  
jelly set before him.

"I hope ye ain't a waster, Wealthy,"  
he growled. "There's vittles enough  
for a township, and the ain't but two  
of us."

"Well, our folks sent 'em over, and  
you no need to eat 'em," she answered,  
cheerily.

"I ain't goin' to; don't you break into  
that jelly, set it by; sometimes or nuther  
somebody may be a comin', and you'll  
want of it."

Wealthy said no more; they made a  
supper of biscuit and beef, for the pie  
also was ordered "set by."

She was used to economy, but not to  
stinginess, and she excused this ex-  
treme thrift in her husband more easily,  
for the reason that she had always been  
poor, and she knew very well that he  
was not rich, to say the least. But it  
was only the beginning.

Hard as Wealthy had worked at her  
uncle's, here she found harder burdens;  
she had to draw and fetch all the water  
she used from an old-fashioned well,  
with a heavy sweep, picturesque to see,

but wearisome to use; wood was scarce,  
for though enough grew on the hun-  
dred acres that Amasa owned, he  
grudged its use.

"I sha'n't cut down more than is  
really needful," he said, when she urged  
him to fetch her a load; "wood's allers  
a growin' when ye don't cut it, and a  
makin' for lumber; and lumber is better  
to sell, at sight, than cord wood. Ye  
must git along somehow with brush;  
mother used ter burn next to nothin'."

She did not remind him that his  
mother was bent double with rheuma-  
tism, and died of the fifth attack of  
pneumonia. Wealthy never wasted  
words.

Then there were eight cows to milk,  
the milk to strain, set, skim, churn or  
make into cheese, and nothing but the  
simplest utensils to do with. A cloth  
held over the edge of the pail served  
for a strainer; the pails themselves  
were heavy wood, the pans old and  
some of them leaky, the holes stopped  
with bits of rag, often to be renewed;  
the milk room was in the shed, built  
against the chimney that it might not  
freeze there in the winter, only aired  
by one small slatted window; the churn  
was an old wooden one with a dasher,  
and even the "spaddle" with which she  
worked her butter was whittled out of  
a maple knot by Amasa himself, and was  
heavy and rough.

Then belonged to her the feeding of  
the pigs—gaunt, lean animals with  
sharp snouts, ridgy backs, long legs  
and thin flanks, deepset eyes, that  
gleamed with malice and never-satisfied  
hunger. Wealthy grew almost afraid of  
them when they clambered up on the  
rails of the pen in their fury for food,  
and flapped their pointed ears at her,  
squealing and fighting for the scant fare  
she had brought. For Amasa underfed  
and overworked everything that be-  
longed to him.

Then there were hens to look after—the  
old-fashioned barn-door "creepers,"  
who wanted food, too, and yet catered  
for themselves in great measure, and  
made free with barn and woodshed for  
waste of their own quarters, and were  
decimated every season by hawks, owls,  
skunks, weasels and foxes, to say noth-  
ing of the little chickens on which  
crows and cats worked their will if they  
dared to stray beyond the ruinous old  
coop contrived for them by Amasa's in-  
ventive genius out of sticks and stones.

Add to all this the cooking, washing,  
baking and sewing, the insufficient sup-  
ply of pork, potatoes and tough pies,  
the "billed dinners" whose strength lay  
in the vegetables rather than the small  
square of fat pork cooked with them,  
of which Amasa invariably took the  
lion's share; these accumulating and  
never ceasing labors all wore day by  
day on the vitality of Mrs. Tucker, and  
when these were added an annual  
baby, life became a terror and a burden  
to the poor woman.

But what did Amasa care? He too  
worked "from sun to sun."

He farmed in the hard old fashion,  
with rude implements and no knowl-  
edge, but—  
"My father done it afore me, so I am  
agin' to do it now, no use talkin'." One  
by one the wailing pny children  
were laid away in the little yard on top  
of the sandhill, where the old Tuckers  
and their half-dozen infants lay already;  
rough inclosure, full of mulleins, bur-  
docks and thistles, overrun with low  
blackberry vines and surrounded by a  
rail fence. It had been much handier  
for the Tuckers to have a grave-yard  
close by than to travel five miles to the  
Mills with every funeral; and they were  
driven by public opinion in regard to  
monuments; they all lay there like the  
hearts that perish, with but one slant  
gray stone to tell where the first occu-  
pant left his tired bones. Two children  
of Wealthy's survived. Amasa and Lu-  
rana, the oldest and youngest of seven.

Amasa, a considerate, intelligent boy,  
who thought much and said little, and  
Lurana, or "Lury" as her name was  
generally given, a mischievous, self-  
willed little imp, the delight and tor-  
ment of her little worn-out mother.

Young Amasa was a boy quite beyond  
his father's understanding; as soon as  
he was old enough he began to help his  
mother in every way he could devise.  
and when his term at the village school  
was over, to his father's great disgust,  
he trapped squirrels and gathered nuts  
enough to earn him money and sub-  
scribe for an agricultural paper, which  
he studied every week till its contents  
were thoroughly stored in his head.  
Then began that "noble discontent"  
which the philosophers praise.

The elder man had no peace in his  
old-world ways; the sloppy waste of  
the barnyard was an eyecore to this  
"book-learned feller," as his father de-  
rively called him. And the ashes of  
the wood fire were saved and sheltered  
like precious dust, instead of being  
thrown in a big heap to edify the wan-  
dering hens. The desolate garden was  
plowed, fertilized and set in order at  
last, and the great ragged orchard  
manured, the apple trees thinned and  
trimmed, and ashes sown thick over the  
old mussy sod. Now these things were  
not done in a day or a year, but as the  
boy grew older and more able to cope  
with his father's self-conceit more was  
done annually, not without much oppo-  
sition and many hard words, but still  
done.

Then came a heavy blow. Lurana, a  
girl of 15, fresh and pretty as a wild  
rose, and tired of the pinching econ-  
omy, the monotonous work, and grind-  
ing life of the farm, ran away with a  
tin peddler and broke her mother's  
heart; not in the physical sense that  
hearts are sometimes broken, but the  
weary woman's soul was set on this  
bright, winsome child, and her life lost  
all its scant savor when the bright face  
and clear young voice left her forever.

"I don't blame her none, Amasy," she  
sobbed out to her boy, now a stout fel-  
low of 22, raging at his sister's folly.  
"I can't feel to blame her. I know  
'tis more'n a girl can bear to live this  
way. I've hed to, but it's been dread-  
ful hard—dreadful hard. I've wished  
more'n once I could ha' laid down along  
with the little babies out there on the  
hill, so's to rest a spell; but there was  
you and Lury wanted me, and so my  
time hadn't come."

"Amasy, you're a man grown now,  
and if you should get married, and I  
suppose you will, men folks seem to  
think it's needful, whether or no, do  
kinder make it easy for her, poor  
cretur! Don't grind her down to skin

and bone, like me, dear; ta'n't just  
right, I'm sure on't, never to make more  
of a woman than of she was a horned  
critter; don't do it."

"Mother, I never will," answered the  
son, as energetically and solemnly as if  
he were taking his oath.

But Wealthy was nearer to her rest  
than she knew; the enemy that lurks  
in dirt, neglect, poor food, constant  
drudgery, and the want of every whole-  
some and pleasurable excitement to  
mind or body, and when least expected  
swoops down and does its fatal errand  
in the isolated farmhouse no less than  
in the crowded city slums, the scourge  
of New England, typhoid fever, broke  
out in the Tucker homestead.

Wealthy turned away from her  
weekly baking one Saturday morning  
just as the last pie was set on the pan-  
try shelf, and fainted on the kitchen  
floor, where Amasa the younger found  
her an hour after, muttering, delirious  
and cold.

What he could do then, or the village  
doctor, or an old woman who called  
herself a nurse, was all useless; but the  
best skill of any kind would have been  
equally futile; she was never conscious  
again for a week, then her eyes seemed  
to see what was about her once more,  
she looked up at her boy, laid her wan  
cheek on her hand, smiled—and died.

Hardly had her wasted shape been  
put away under the mulleins and hard  
hack when her husband came in from  
the hayfield smitten with the same  
plague; he was harder to conquer;  
three weeks of alternate burning, sink-  
ing, raving and chills ended at last in  
the gray and grim repose of death for  
him, and another Amasa Tucker reigned  
alone on the old house on the hill.

It is not to be supposed that in all  
these years Amasa the younger had been  
blind to the charms of the other sex;  
he had not "been with" every girl who  
went to school with him, or whom he  
met at singing school or spelling  
matches, or who smiled at him from  
her Sunday bonnet, as he manfully  
"held up his end" in the village choir.

He had been faithful always to the  
shy, delicate, dark-eyed little girl who  
was his school sweetheart, and now it  
was to Mary Peet he hastened to ask  
her to share his life and home. He had  
intended to take a farm on shares the  
next summer, and work his way slowly  
upward to a place of his own; now he  
had this 100-acre farm, and to his great  
surprise, he found \$3,000 laid up in the  
bank at Peet's Mills, the slow savings  
of his father's fifty years. He began at  
once to set his house in order; he  
longed to build a new one, but Mary's  
advice restrained him, so he did his  
best with this; the cellar he cleaned  
and whitewashed with his own hands;  
cleaned its one begrimed window and  
set two more, so that it was sweet and  
light; the house was scrubbed from one  
end to the other; a bonfire made of the  
old dirty comfortables and quilts, the  
kitchen repainted a soft yellow, and  
with clear large glass set in place of  
the dingy old sashes; the woodhouse  
was filled with dry wood and good  
store of pine cones and chopped brush  
and kindling. A new milk-room was  
built but a little way from the back  
door, over a tiny brook that ran down  
the hill north of the house, and under  
the slatted floor kept up a cool draught  
of fresh air, a covered passage connected  
it with the kitchen, and a door into the  
old milk-room made of that a con-  
venient pantry; while the removal of  
the old one from the kitchen corner  
gave to that apartment more room, air,  
and light. A new stove, with a set  
boiler, filled up the hearth of the old  
fireplace, but further improvements  
Amasa left for Mary.

A different home-coming from his  
mother's she had indeed, on just such a  
spring day as Wealthy came there.  
The kitchen shone clean and bright, a  
bowl of pink arbutus blossoms made its  
atmosphere freshly sweet and the fire  
was laid ready for her to light, the  
shining teakettle filled, and the pantry  
held such stores as Amasa's masculine  
knowledge of household wants could  
suggest; flour, butter, eggs, sugar, all  
were in abundance, and no feast of  
royalty ever gave more pleasure to its  
most honored guest than the hot biscuit  
Mary made and baked for their supper,  
the stewed dried apples, the rich old  
cheese and the fragrant tea gave  
Amasa this happy evening. Next day  
they took their wedding trip to Peet's  
Mills in the new and sensible farm  
wagon Amasa had just bought, with a  
strong, spirited horse to draw it.

"I want you should look around,  
Mary," he had said the night before,  
"and see what is needed here. I expect  
most everything is wanting, and we  
can't lay out for finery. But first of all  
get what'll make your work easy. Your  
weddin' present will come along to-  
morrow; to-day we'll buy necessities."

Mrs. Peet had not sent her only girl  
empty-handed to the new house. A  
good mattress, two pairs of blankets,  
fresh, light comfortable, and some  
cheap, neat, white spreads; a set of  
gay crockery, a clock, and a roll of  
bright ingrain carpeting had all come  
to the farmhouse soon after the bride's  
arrival; her ample supply of sheets and  
pillow cases, strong towels and a few  
tablecloths had been sent the day be-  
fore, so this sort of thing was not need-  
ed; but there was a new churn bought,  
and altogether new furnishings for the  
dairy, several modern inventions to  
make the work of a woman easier, a set  
of chairs, a table, and an easy lounge  
for the parlor, some cretonne covered  
with apple blossoms and white thorn  
clusters, and pails, brooms and tinware  
that would have made Wealthy a happy  
woman, crowded the over-full wagon  
before they turned homeward.

The old house began to smile and  
blossom under this new dispensation,  
and the new mistress smiled too.

Amasa milked the cows for her, and  
lifted the heavy pails of milk to strain  
into the bright new pans; he filled the  
woodbox by the stove twice a day, put  
a patent pump into the old well, and  
as it stood above the house, ran a pipe  
down into a sink set in the woodshed,  
and so put an end to the drawing and  
carrying of water.

The fat, round, placid pigs that now  
enjoyed themselves in the new pen he  
took care of himself.

"Ta'n't work for women folks," he  
said. "You've got enough to do, Mary;  
there's the garden you'll have an eye  
on, and the chickens, if you're a mind  
to; I'm going to build a hen-house and

a yard to it right off, that'll be good  
enough for you as well as the chickens,  
and I want you to promise if any time  
the work gets a mite hefty and worries  
you, you'll speak right out. I can af-  
ford to have everything else worn out  
rather than my wife."

Really, it paid. It does pay, my  
masculine friends, to give any woman a  
kindly word now and then. If you had  
done it oftener, or your father had in  
the past, the rights of women never  
would have angered or bored you as  
they do now, or unsexed, and made  
strident and clamorous that half of crea-  
tion which is and always was un-  
reasonable enough to have hungry  
hearts. Try it and see.

Amasa was wise above his generation.  
He had seen his mother suffer, and  
learned a lesson. Mary never pined  
for kindly appreciation of her work,  
or lacked help in it. When she had a door  
cut through into the parlor, the stiff  
chairs and sofa banished, the flowery  
carpet put down, and the new furniture  
put in place, with her wedding present  
—an easy stuffed rocker—drawn up  
to the table, on which lay two  
weekly papers and *Harper's Magazine*,  
she had still sense enough to make  
this hitherto sacred apartment into a  
real sitting-room, where every evening  
she and Amasa rested, read or talked  
over the day's doings; and when the  
first fat, rosy baby came, and Mary was  
about again, it added another pleasure  
to have the old cradle beside them all  
the evening with its sleeping treasure.

Can I tell in words what a sense of  
peace and cheer pervaded that house-  
hold, in spite of some failures and  
troubles? If the rye did blast one  
year, the two best cows die another; if  
a weasel once invaded the new and won-  
derful hen-house and slaughtered the  
best dozen of Plymouth Rocks; if  
sweeping storms wet the great crop of  
hay on the big meadow, or an ox broke  
a leg in a post-hole, still there was home  
to come back to, and a sensible, cheer-  
ful woman to look on the bright side of  
things when Amasa was discouraged.

But on the whole, things prospered;  
and as Amasa heard the sweet laughter  
of his happy children, and met the  
calm smile of his wife, he could not but  
look back at his mother's harassed and  
sad experience, and give a heartfelt  
sigh to the difference between the two  
Mrs. Tuckers, unaware how much of it  
was due to his own sense of justice and  
affection.

There are two morals to this simple  
sketch, my friends: One is, the great  
use and necessity of being good to your  
wives.

Accept which you like or need most.  
In the language of the ancient Romans:  
"You pays your money and you takes  
your choice."

### Booth's Confederates.

Dr. Samuel A. Mudd was the most  
prominent of the four. He was the one  
who set Booth's leg and furnished what  
was believed to be false information to  
throw Booth's pursuers off the trail.  
Samuel B. Arnold, a wagon-maker,  
provided certain vehicles that were to  
be used in carrying out the plot. Ed-  
ward Spangler, a stage carpenter, bored  
a hole in the box occupied by President  
Lincoln, through which Booth could  
observe the President's position.  
Michael O'Laughlin was the youngest  
of the four, being a mere boy. His ex-  
act connection with the conspiracy does  
not appear, but from certain very con-  
spicuous circumstances he was convicted  
of complicity. They were all sen-  
tenced June 30, 1865, to imprisonment  
at Dry Tortugas, Mudd and Arnold for  
life, and Spangler and O'Laughlin for  
six years. O'Laughlin was made ill by  
the fright and excitement of his arrest  
and trial, and never rallied. He died  
at Fort Jefferson, Fla., in September,  
1867, two years and three months after  
being convicted. On Feb. 13, 1869,  
the President issued an order that his  
remains be delivered to his mother, and  
they were brought North and interred.  
Just before his retirement President  
Johnson pardoned the rest, Dr. Mudd  
on the 8th of February, 1869, and  
Arnold and Spangler on the 1st of  
March, 1869. President Johnson, in  
his proclamation of pardon, sets forth  
the reasons why it was granted. While  
at Dry Tortugas that part of Florida  
was visited by the scourge of yellow  
fever. Dr. Mudd was a successful  
physician. He had had long experi-  
ence in treating the disease and had  
been very successful all through the  
plague; he was most untiring and effi-  
cient in his efforts to relieve the victims  
of the disease. The post medical offi-  
cer was stricken and died. Dr. Mudd  
immediately took charge of the hospi-  
tal and served faithfully until the  
plague had abated. Arnold and Spang-  
ler served faithfully as nurses. They  
worked night and day, and, strangely  
enough, none of them took the fever.  
Their conduct during the epidemic was  
considered as a good and sufficient rea-  
son for their pardon. Dr. Mudd re-  
turned to his home near Surratsville,  
where he resumed his practice, and  
died a year or two ago. Arnold and  
Spangler disappeared and have never  
been heard from since.—*Exchange.*

### Artificial Oysters in Paris.

Artificial oysters are now manufac-  
tured in large quantities by several  
oyster factories recently established in  
the neighborhood of Bordeaux. This  
new product, the making of which is  
kept a secret from the uninitiated,  
imitates the real oyster very perfectly  
in point of appearance, and the main  
difficulty of the business, the fixing of  
the spiduous product to the oyster  
shell, upon which it takes the place  
vacated by its prototype, is said to have  
recently been got over with perfect  
success. It is urged that all who eat  
the real oysters should carry away and  
destroy their shells, thus preventing  
them from being vressed into the  
service of this new alimentary fraud.  
To imitate oyster shells would be too  
costly a process, and if all the shells of  
the favorite bivalves could be kept out  
of reach of the oyster-makers the dis-  
honest trade would receive its death  
blow. But as that is an unattainable  
result, it is to be feared that lovers of  
oysters have an uncomfortable prospect  
before them.—*Montreal Herald.*

GENEROSITY wrong placed becometh  
a vice; a princely mind will undo a  
private family.—*Fuller.*

## THE BAD BOY.

"Whew!" said the grocery man, as the  
bad boy came in and backed up against  
the stove, when a strong smell of horse  
filled the air and counteracted the  
smell of decayed eggs, "you haven't  
gone to work in the livery stable again,  
have you?"

"No, but it is about the same. I am  
taking care of pa's trotter, and it is  
more work than running a whole livery  
stable, 'cause you have to rub a trotter  
about all the time, in one place or an-  
other, and blanket him, and bed him  
down, and treat him like a baby," said  
the bad boy, as he took a leather trot-  
ting boot out of his coat pocket, and sat  
down by the stove to punch a hole in  
the strap.

"Well, by gum, that beats me," said  
the groceryman, as he put on his spec-  
tacles and looked at the boy, and held  
his nose as the horse fumes came fresh  
from the stove. "Only two weeks ago  
your father failed, and now he keeps a  
trotter, and he is a member of the  
church, too, in good standing, and  
prays regularly. I s'wore, I have lost  
confidence in everybody."

"O, you don't have to worry about  
pa," said the boy, as he buckled the  
trotting boot around his own ankle, and  
kicked his ankle together to see if it  
would hurt if he interfered. "Pa knows  
his business. Times were never so good  
in our family as they have been since  
pa failed, unless it was that time when  
pa was selling stock in the silver mine."

Why, pa is full of fun at home, and ma,  
she laffs, and pa gets her anything she  
wants. He bought her a diamond lace  
pin last week with four big diamonds  
as big as hazel nuts. But ma isn't go-  
ing to wear it here at home, where peo-  
ple think pa is busted, but she is going  
to wait till they go off traveling and  
paralyze people at the hotels. But I  
s'pose pa has more fun with the trotter  
than you can shake a stick at. He paid  
a terrible price for the horse, 'cause he  
was learned to trot without pulling on  
the lines. Pa goes out on the road, and  
when anybody tries to pass him he lets  
the reins lay on the dashboard of the  
cutter loose, and pa sort of shuts his  
eyes as though he was sweetly sleeping,  
and the horse just paws the snow. If  
anybody comes along that belongs to  
our church, pa begins to sing a hymn  
like he was happy, and the trotter goes  
for all that is out. Some of 'em think  
pa's mind is affected by his failure, and  
that his head is weak, but they don't  
want to fool themselves much on pa. A  
man who can settle with his creditors  
for ten cents on the dollar, and stand  
them off for the ten cents, and put his  
money in bonds, don't need much sym-  
pathy."

"Well, I guess your pa will pull  
through. But what is this I hear about  
you and your chum hanging around the  
police court? I heard that you and  
him made up a purse to pay a fellow's  
fine, and save him from going to the  
house of correction. You fellows will  
get to mixing in with thieves, and the  
first thing you know, you will get  
pulled by the police, and saltpeper  
won't save you," and the grocery man  
looked wise, as though he had saved  
two boys from ruin by his sage re-  
marks.

"Well, sir, if we hadn't happened  
down to the Police court that morning,  
that boy would have been ruined. The  
Judge had just said, \$5 fine, or ten  
days in the house of correction, and the  
policeman led the boy out, and as he  
passed me I thought his face was fami-  
lar, and as I knew the cop's sister, he  
let me go to the station and see the  
boy. He used to live where we did be-  
fore we came here, and his folks were  
rich then, but his father failed and his  
mother died, and the boy never learned  
to do anything, and he has been, for a  
year, walking around from town to  
town, eating when anybody offered him  
a meal, and going without when they  
didn't. 'Tother night he struck this  
town, and he was hungry and he didn't  
have ambition enough to even go and  
beg a piece of bread, and he stood lean-  
ing against an iron fence, ready to  
freeze, when a policeman took him in.  
The ambition was all chilled out of  
him, and he didn't make any de-  
fense at the charge of vagrancy,  
and was going to be sent up  
with thieves and drunks, when we  
happened to see him. I tell you,  
it don't make any difference how rich a  
boy's father is, every boy ought to learn  
to do some kind of work, because the  
time may come when he will have to  
work or starve. Well, he was tickled  
to see me, and cried some and said when  
he got out of jail he guessed he would  
go and drown himself, 'cause he wasn't  
no good, and he talked about his moth-  
er's dying, until it broke us all up, and  
then we paid his fine, and I took him  
up to our house and gave him some of  
my clothes, and we tried all the evening  
to think of some work he could do, but  
he never learned to do a thing when his  
pa was rich except to walk down town  
and back. I never see a boy so help-  
less. I happened to think that when  
we were little boys we used to go in his  
ma's kitchen on baking day, and they  
would give us some dough to mix, and  
I asked him if he remembered it, and  
he said he did. That was the only  
thing he could do. So I went down to  
the bakery and told the baker that I  
had a friend who didn't know anything  
on earth but to mix dough, and I want-  
ed to get a job for him. Well, sir, it  
happened that one of the bakers was  
off on a drunk, and the boss said to  
bring my friend in, and I told the boy,  
and impressed upon his mind that he  
must act as though he had been brought  
up on dough, and knew all about it,  
and I took him down there, and the  
baker gave him a job, and he caught on  
so well the baker is going to give him  
\$12 a week after next week. Oh, dear,  
but he could sling dough. Now this  
shows what a little thing will save a  
boy, but it was a narrow escape, and  
every boy should learn something.  
Seems singular, don't it, that the only  
thing that boy knew, by which he could  
earn a living, was something he learned  
when he was playing, in childhood, in  
his ma's kitchen. Say, I wish I was an  
actor, and could go around giving  
lectures, like Ingersoll and Beecher. I  
would talk to boys and girls entirely,  
and I would show them that they were  
the biggest fools on earth, to neglect to  
learn a trade."

"Yes, that is all right, but what do  
you know, by which you could earn a

living?" asked the grocery-man of the  
bad boy, thinking he had him.

"Me," said the boy, indignant at the  
idea that he didn't know anything; "I  
could do a dozen different things that I  
have learned. I could come into this  
grocery and double your business, by  
keeping it clean, giving full weight,  
treating everybody kindly, keeping  
good groceries instead of poor ones,  
and wearing a clean shirt and a smile  
instead of a dirty shirt and a frown, as  
you do. I could—"

"That will do, you can go," and the  
grocery man let the boy out and closed  
the grocery to go to dinner, while the  
boy went to the barn to feed his pa's  
trotter.—*Peck's Sun.*

### How Cigar Boxes Are Made.

Three different kinds of lumber are  
used in the manufacture of the boxes.  
Common boxes are made from bass-  
wood, brought in heavy boards from  
the northern part of the State. It is  
then recut, planed, grained and stained,  
in order to give it a cedar-like appear-  
ance. The best wood is red cedar,  
which is grown on the sunny southern  
slopes of Mexico, Cuba and Central  
America, where the vertical rays of the  
sun may penetrate its fiber and the  
heavy forests shelter it from the north-  
ern and western winds. This wood  
possesses the sharp, pungent odor which  
renders it particularly valuable for the  
packing of fine cigars.

The wood is purchased either from  
first hands in the South or from New  
York dealers. It is put in the requisite  
thicknesses, one-fifth of a car load al-  
ways being of the necessary thicknesses  
for ends. The strips of wood are run  
through a rip-saw and sawed in long