

LAST NOT-REST NOT.

BY GOETHE.

Without haste! without rest!
Bear the motto to thy breast!
Bear it with thee as a spell;
Storm or sunshine, guard it well!
Heed not flowers that round thee bloom,
Bear it onward to the tomb!

Haste not!—let no thoughtless deed
Mark for'er the spirit's speed;
Ponder well and know the right;
Onward, then, with all thy might;
Haste not—years can ne'er be wonne;
For one reckless action done!

Rest not! Life is sweeping by.
Do and dare before you die;
Someday mortality and sublime
Leave behind to come again;
Glorious 'tis to live to say
When these forms have passed away!

Haste not! rest not! calmly wait,
Moeekly bear the strain of fate;
Duty is the Polar guide;
Do the right, whate'er betide!
Haste not—rest not!—conflicts past,
God shall crown thy work at last!

"KEPT TILL CALLED FOR."

BY MRS. W. J. HAYS.

I.

"It's all well enough for your highty-tighty rich folk to keep Christmas. Where's the use in our a-doin' it? I ain't had a square meal in a month, an' I'd rather have baked beans than plum-puddin' any day. Shake the ashes out o' that old rusty pot, Doll, an' pick out what ye can fur the fire. Lor! how the wind howls, an' the old roof cracks! Listen! what's that noise?"

Was it the surf beating on the rocks, or a hungry demon howling through the storm?

"I don't hear nuthin', Pop."

"But I do. Hark! there it is again!"

The boy flung a handful of half-burned coals on the fire, and then flattened his nose on the window-pane in the effort to hear what his father's keeper had caught.

"Tain't no use, Doll; these here coals ain't no good. I'll go out an' git some drift-wood."

"It's all wet and won't burn." Doll had lugged the coals all the way from the village ash heap on account of the storm, and in hopes of having a little cheerful warmth.

"So you won't keep Christmas, Pop?" he asked, again returning to the subject they had been discussing.

"Keep it?—no. There's that noise again. I'm goin' out. Jist you stay here, an' hold on to things, or mebbe we'll be drowned out afore mornin'."

Doll held the door as his father plunged into the darkness, or the wind would have prevented its being shut again.

Wrapping himself in an old pea-jacket much too big for him, Doll sat down to await his father's return. It was after this fashion that his thoughts ran:

"Me an' father's lived all alone here as long as I can remember. We ain't had much to eat an' drink an' wear, an' I ain't had no schoolin'. Clams is about all we've got, an' if it warn't fur clams we might as well be drowned, an' done with it."

Then he drew from his pocket a crumpled half-sheet of an illustrated paper, and gazed longingly at the picture of a Christmas dinner party on it. Around a bountiful table were the chubby faces of well-fed children, looking with delight at an immense plum-pudding. Sprigs of holly and wreaths of evergreen, with the usual branch of mistletoe, decked the page. Besides this there was the old story in the corners—the three Wise Men on their camels in the desert, the bright star above guiding them, the old inn at Bethlehem, the manger, and the Blessed Babe.

What did it all mean? In vain he spelled out a word or two. He could not understand it.

Meantime the wind rattled at the latch, and howled down the chimney, and shrieked through every loop-hole. Doll was getting sleepy, and the fire was almost out. Why didn't Pop come back? Should he go to bed, or would he wait? Fatigue soon settled the question, for he fell asleep in the rocking-chair.

Waking late in the night, he found that the wind had died down, and the storm was over.

Where was Pop? He must find out, for he and Pop were all in all to each other. Opening the door, he crept out.

He had not gone far when he saw something queer. Under a jutting rock a big bundle seemed to be lying, all twisted up with ropes and sea-weed and broken timbers.

Doll looked and looked; then he went nearer, then a little nearer still, and at last he touched the bundle cautiously. As he did so, something cried. What was it? and who was it that hugged something so tight? Surely not—yes, it was—Pop!

II.

Doll's curiosity and fear were about equal. He knelt down and put his hand on Pop's cold face; he tried to get at his heart, but as he did so there was that cry again, and he jumped back in a fright.

How glad he was to see a little flitter of Pop's necktie, and a tiny little hand pulling at it, and Pop's eyes unclosed and shut again, and his old waist-coat give a great heave!

"Pop! Pop!" cried Doll, bursting into tears, "please wake up—please do." And then Pop really did try to speak, but his voice was very low and faint.

"Take this home first, Doll," he said; and he put the strange object he was hugging into Doll's arms. "Take it home and put it in your bed; be very careful; and then come back and help me."

Doll did as he was bidden. The queer little thing struggled, and struck him with its tiny fist, and kicked against his breast with all its small strength, but he did not let go; and, after putting it on his cot, and tucking it up carefully, he hastened back to his father. Pop was badly hurt, but with Doll's help crawled home and got to bed, meanwhile giving the boy directions what to do.

Doll must go over to Granny Crane's and get the cent's worth of milk which she always let them have when they could afford the luxury, and he was to warm a few spoonfuls and feed the baby. And he wasn't to say a word about it. It was a rule among the rude people of the shore to say little about the wrecks in their

vicinity; there was no life-saving station there, and they wanted none—for reasons of their own.

So Doll got the milk, and after he had made the fire burn took the little creature on his lap and tried to feed it. He wished it had been a kitten, for then it could have fed itself; but it winked its great blue eyes at him, and spluttered and choked until he was scared out of his wits. It wakened his father, who was now groaning with pain, and to quiet it Doll thought of a way of feeding entirely original with himself—he dipped the end of a towel in the milk, and the child sucked it.

It was slow work, but he succeeded, and Doll had the happiness of seeing the hungry little creature satisfied. Then he fondled and caressed it, just as he would have done a kitten, and its warm breath was sweet as it snuggled against his rosy cheeks. All day long this was repeated, and at night he built a big fire, and drew his bed beside it, keeping the child still in his arms.

The next day he warmed water and tried to bathe it; but, between the soap-suds and the kicking and screaming, he was glad to wrap it up again in one of his own coarse but clean garments, and quiet its cries.

Still Doll was supremely happy in his new possession. He had often wished for brothers and sisters, but this was much better; it was all his own, and he took the tiny fist in his grasp with fatherly fondness, only one thing marring his joy, and that was Pop.

Pop Pop was very ill; all day long he moaned and moaned, and refused food; nothing but a little clam juice passed his lips; and Doll began to think something must be done. What the something should be he did not know, but he would try just as he had done for the baby.

When he went over to Granny Crane's for his next pennyworth of milk he asked her for some boneset, and she gave him a big bunch of the herb. This he steeped in hot water, and gave his father to drink. Pop certainly did get better after he had swallowed a big pitcherful; but there seemed to be something the matter with his legs, and Doll did not dare to touch them; so there was nothing to do but travel off five miles away, and ask Dr. Perkins to come over. It would have been too great a trial for Doll to leave the baby, so he didn't do it; he just bundled it up in an old piece of bed-quilt, and started on his journey. Fortunately he did not have to go the whole way, for he met the Doctor on the road.

The gig was going slowly, and when Doll stopped it stopped, for the Doctor's horse knew when to do this quite as well as his master.

"So something's the matter with Pop, eh?" said the Doctor. "Well, I'll come down that way before I go home. What have you got there—clams?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I was in hopes you had some—they're wanting them at home."

"I'll bring 'em sure, Doctor—soon as you take a look at Pop," answered Doll, in a great hurry to get off, and scudding away as fast as his legs could carry him.

"That was an odd sort of a bundle he carried," thought the Doctor, as he tickled his horse with his whip.

He still thought it odd when he was gently but firmly handling Pop's poor bruised body, finding one leg broken, and the other one almost as badly hurt.

Doll was crouching over his bundle in the most remote corner of the room, unaware that the Doctor's keen eye was watching him. He thought the Doctor wouldn't find out what it was, but his little charge was hungry, and he could not prevent its crying.

"Hello, Doll! that's a queer kind of a kitten," said the Doctor.

"Tain't no cat," said Doll, indignantly.

"What under the sun is it, then?"

There was no use in trying to conceal it any longer.

"It's a baby, that's what it is, an' it's mine; ain't it, Pop?" said Doll, holding his treasure closely, but still proud to show the little fair head, and fists like crumpled rose leaves.

"A baby! Good gracious! Where did you get that, Doll?"

"I didn't find it—Pop did; but I'm going to keep it till it's called for."

"It'll be a long while 'fore that's done," said Pop, feebly. "It was the only one I could save—all the rest went down. There were three men an' a woman, an' I might have saved her but for the baby. She couldn't hold on long enough, though, an' the wind was orful."

"Ah! I heard there was a schooner ashore the other night."

"That was it."

"I must make inquiries. And this child—poor little thing! 'twill have to go to the county house."

"No, it shan't," sobbed Doll. "Pop says I may keep it. It's his find, an' nobody wants it. I say, Doc, I'll bring you clams every day if you'll let it alone with me."

"Nonsense, child! How can you bring up a baby?"

"I can, an' I will," said Doll, proud and defiant.

The Doctor laughed, and turned toward his patient, who, laying his hand on his arm, said softly, "Let him be, Doc; it's Christmas, ye know, an' I ain't got nuthin' else ter give him."

III.

Years passed, and it was Christmas Eve again and there was a storm beating on the coast, and rearing its angry waves high upon the shore; again the old rafters shook, and the shutters rattled, and the door seemed about to burst open; but it did not, for in place of the rusty latch was a good strong bolt, and within was light and cheer and comfort. A bright fire of driftwood leaped in clear flames, the floor was covered with rag carpet, and all about the chimney, and over the windows, and half burrying the dresser, with its row of shining platters, were boughs and branches of spicy cedar.

In the big easy chair, in the warmest corner of the room sat an old man, with a mass of seine twine beside him, netting; opposite him a young man and a boy were playing checkers; while a young woman with a pleasant face was moving about to the tune she was humming, alternately arranging the supper

table and giving a stir to the pudding spluttering in the pot.

Presently she called them all to the table, and took the pot from the fire. The boy gave a cry of delight as he saw the plums, and even the old man hobbled a little faster as the steam curled up about the savory mess.

"It's all own' to Dick that we keep Christmas; isn't it, Doll?" said the old man.

The child looked up curiously.

"Yes, Pop," said the young man, nodding; "it's all Dick's doin'."

"How is that?" asked the young woman, with a smile toward the child, who was holding up his plate for a good thick slice of pudding.

"Why, ye see, Doll an' me jest sort o' crawled along anyhow, till Dick come. We didn't care for nuttin' nor nobody, so long as we dug the clams an' kept the fire goin'; but when Dick come, it sort o' give us a start. I never saw nuthin' like Doll arter that; he nussed that boy like an old hen with its chicks, an' ef any one looked at Dick, it riled him an' ruffed up his feathers. He watched him night an' day; he learned to read, so he could mend Dick's clothes, an' he learned 'rithmetic, so's he could earn money to pay Granny Crane for doin' chores for Dick. I never saw nuthin' like it, an' atween Doll an' Dick, Pop's a happy old man."

The child had listened and eaten until he could not eat no more. He now pushed away his plate, and sprang into Doll's arms, while the young woman looked proudly at the fair head leaning its curls against her husband's shoulder. At this instant there came a loud rapping at the door, and she hurriedly rose to open it, for above the din of the storm came a familiar voice.

"Hello, there! let me in," it cried. "Merry Christmas to you all!"

The dogs were let loose. Loose? They were let fast. There was a cloud of sawdust, a muffled roar, and Grip had Tug by the throat.

Two dozen shouted "Bravo!"

One of the canaille recklessly threw his hat into the air, and exclaimed: "Long live the republic!"

He was seized upon and thrown down stairs.

The unfortunate man had committed two offenses. He had broken the peace of a dog fight, and had insulted the Democrats.

But still the dogs held on. Grip tugged at Tug. Tug gripped at Grip. The red blood dampened the sawdust and smoked aggressively.

CHAPTER IV.

"Do you believe in the devil, Chevalier?" asked Mike McCarthy of Mike Mulrooney.

"Yes. No. Sometimes."

"In a tempest?"

"No."

"In a dog fight?"

"Yes; in moments like this."

"Then only the devil can save Tug!"

Tug writhed in the cast-iron grip like a soul in despair. A soul! Strange thing! You would not have thought that a bulldog had one—a soul full of hatred, and that there was cumming in that smoking, bristling, steaming mass of dog flesh.

Neither would let go.

Suddenly a noise was heard at the door. Two Commissioners of Police entered with drawn clubs and clover on their breath.

The crowd fled terror-stricken before the majesty of the law.

CHAPTER V.

A pebble may stop a log; a tree branch may turn the avalanche, and the police can stop a dog fight.

The Pygmy had taken the Thunderbolt prisoner.

McCarthy approached the first officer.

"Sir, you have saved my dog's life."

The old man resumed his impassable attitude and did not reply.—*Pen and Press.*

No Daddyism.

In that West, to which Horace Greeley advised young men to go when they applied to him for counsel, there is little respect for a man's ancestors. Those self-reliant Westerners, each one of whom has been the architect of his own fortune, thoroughly believe in the proverb, "Every tub must stand upon its own bottom."

Doll said no more but opened the papers and read. Pop, too, got out his spectacles, and plodded through a line or two, but gave up in despair. Then they all waited, with only the crackling of the fire and the hissing of the tea-kettle breaking the silence.

At last Doll stopped reading while they all looked expectantly up at him. His face had a strange expression as he again took the fair-haired boy in his arms.

"Dick, he said, "to one of the oldest of Boston families; his blood is the bluest."

"My dear sir," interrupted the merchant, "that cock won't fight in this city; there's no daddyism in Chicago."

It was in a wittier strain that President Lincoln replied to a German who, during the war, applied to him for an officer's commission. The President was so pleased by the foreigner's address and intelligence, that he promised him a lieutenant's commission in a cavalry regiment. The applicant was profuse in his expressions of gratitude, and informed the President that he had conferred a favor upon a member of one of the oldest of the noble families of Germany.

"Oh, never mind that," said old Abe, with a characteristic smile. "You'll not find that to be an obstacle to your promotion if you behave yourself."—*Youth's Companion.*

Superstitions of Stage People.

"Actors are a superstitious set of people, are they not?"

"Yes, as a rule, I may say they are, though the better class are no more superstitious than members of other professions. There is a vast deal of superstition among the people of this world, if you were only aware of it. The actors are, in a sense, public characters, and all of their eccentricities are readily discerned, talked about, and magnified."

"You can't get an actor to commence anything on Friday, can you? George Knight told me that he would not present a new piece on that day, because, if he was not superstitious himself, his people would be influenced by their belief in the unlucky day, and would not be at their best."

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