

#### THE LOST CHILD.

BY MRS. NAPOLEON B. MORANG.

**Lost! Lost!** in the bewildering throng,  
Balked by the human current, surging strong;  
Amid the savag's roar its voice is drowned,  
No ear has caught the feeble, plaintive sound;  
"Mamma! mamma!" it calls, then glances shy,  
Betraying dread of every passer-by.

Its eyes are tear-blind, and its feet  
Are, O, so weary, wandering the street;  
"Mamma! mamma!" it calls, and calls again,  
Adding each time a keener note of pain;  
It runs, then pauses, overwhelmed with fears,  
For only strangers cross its mist of tears.

The traces of a mother's care  
Still linger in the curled and sunny hair;  
The playing children tempt it not to stop,  
Though in its hand is clutched a striped top,  
And as it hurries through the alien town,  
One little stocking slips unheeded down.

At last the faint appeal is heard,  
And sleeping hearts of sympathy are stirred;  
Some bend to ask its name—it's mother's  
name—  
On all the world it seems to have no claim.  
It stares at every one in blank amaze,  
While o'er its face a tangled ringlet strays.

Arrested on its errant course,  
The very tears are scared back to their source;  
One chubby hand is lifted to its brow,  
Its head droops like a broken flower now;  
To ask, suggest, or coax, alike are vain,  
No hint of home or mother can they gain.

But suddenly from out the crowd  
A presence dawns, like sunshine from a cloud,  
A sob of gladness heaves the little breast!  
Bystanders need no more, they know the rest.  
"Mamma! mamma!" it shouts with ringing joy,  
And to her heart the mother clasps her boy.  
NEW YORK CITY.

#### THEY TOOK HIM IN.

**T**he overtaken by night in the loneliest part of East Tennessee is to the traveler a condition to be lamented, writes Opie P. Read, in the *Chicago Times*. The road is rough and the deep valleys have gathered a darkness so dense that they seem the very bottomless pits of blackness. A ray of yellowish light, trembling its way through the gloom, comes down from a hill where dogs are barking. The traveler is gladdened and, riding up to a log cabin, shouts: "Halloa!" Some one opens the door.

"I would like to stay over night with you. I am cold, hungry, and tired, and don't believe I can go another step."

"Wall, we kain't take in no pusson, caze we an't got no place for a pusson ter sleep; but ef you'll go right down



HE AGREED TO TAKE HIM IN.

yan ter Jim Mason's he'll keep you in the finest sorta shape. Lives right down thar at the foot of the hill."

The traveler turns away disappointed, of course, but he has placed a wreath of faith upon Jim Mason who lives "right down thar," and onward he goes through the darkness. His horse stumbles, and sometimes he has to stop and feel his way. Mile after mile is passed, it seems, but no beam of light comes trembling out to meet him. He curses the man who has lied to him, and in his anger he thinks of finding his way back and choking the scoundrel, when suddenly a light down the valley warms his heart. He rides up to a cabin. "Halloa!" Door is opened; man pokes his head out.

"Jim Mason live here?"

"What do you want with him?"

"I want to stay all night."

"Oh, 'lowed mebbe yer wanted ter snatch him up befo' the Gran' Jury. Yes, I live here."

"Well, I was told away back yonder. I don't know how far, that you would accommodate me for the night."

"Red-headed feller was it that told you?" he asked, still standing with his head poked out.

"I don't know; it was too dark to see."

"Wall, if it was a red-headed feller it was my son-in-law, an' I reckon he's the biggest liar in East Tennessee."

"I don't know who it was, but the question is, can I stay?"

"Question's mighty easy answered. You kain't."

"But, my dear sir, I can not go any further."

"Bleeged to you for callin' me a dear sar, but I reckon you'll hafter go furder. Sam Mayhew lives right down thar, an' I think he'd be glad to take you. Jest tell Sam that you air from Texas an' know his folks that went out thar three years ago. Tell him you knowd Alf, and Tobe, and the rest of 'em. My brother Pete went out thar with them. Community lost a good man when Pete left, I tell you. Tall, rawboned feller that could lift one side of a steer."

"I was the traveler, and I stand up my chance. No casuistry could stand up against such inducements to tell a lie—yea, so great a necessity of it. I would deceive him."

"My dear sir. I am from Texas, sure

enough, and I do know his people, though, of course, not intimately."

"Know Alf?"

"Yes."

"An' Tobe?"

"I do."

"Look here, you mont know my



"I WANT MY FEELINS' TECHED."

brother Pete, that lives out there in Calhoon County."

"I am acquainted with him. Out there he is known as Long Pete."

"Wall, I declar, stranger, you air gettin' interestin'."

"Shall I get down and come in?"

"Yes, but wait a minit. Now you air a truthful man, air you?"

"I have always been regarded as such."

"Ah, bah, an' I don't like ter doubt you, but that's just one thing, an' only one, that looks a little suspicious."

"Tell me what it is, and I will endeavor to explain."

"Wush you would explain. You see, I an't got no brother Pete an' never did have none. I'm Pete myself. Knowd you was a rascal soon as I heard you speak. Good-night."

He shut the door and I turned away. My horse stumbled, so rough was the way, and at one time fell to his knees. It must have been twelve o'clock when I saw another light. When I yelled a man opened the door.

"Who's that?"

Another lie might be successful. I would take a desperate chance.

"I am a preacher," I answered, "cold, hungry, tired, and lost in this awful night of darkness. Can you take me in?"

"What sort of a preacher?"

"Methodist."

"Wall, I reckon he ken," a woman's voice answered. "Jest get right down an' come in, an' Dick, you take the brother's hoss. Bless my life; the idea of a preacher bein' lost sich a night as this. Walk right in, brother."

They had been to bed, but a great log-fire burned in the immense fireplace. The man took my horse and the woman busied herself with putting her house in order, and, during the time, deplored the hardships to which I had been subjected. The man, a comical old fellow with dead-grass whiskers, soon returned and shook hands with me time and again.

"Mighty glad ter see you, brother. Haven't been a preacher at my house for a powerful long time. Powerful glad ter see you. Stranger come along in the arly part of the night an' wanted to stay with us, an' although we've got a first-rate bed up-stairs I sent him on down ter Sam Mason's, 'cause I 'lowed suthin' mout happen. Powerful glad ter see you."

He leaned over, and, placing his hand on my knee, gazed affectionately into my face.

"Dick," exclaimed his wife, "don't eat the brother up, fur mussy sake."

"No, Puss," he rejoined, "I love you too well ter deprive you of that air pleasure. Brother, what is yo' name?"

"Sanderson," I answered.

"Wall, I am powerful glad to see you. Puss, slip out thar an' snatch the feathers offn the Dominecker hen and cook her fur Brother Sanderson. Wake up Sim an' tell him thar's er preacher in the house. Wush you could a met my daughter Polly, but she married Nat Buckley last week. As good a worker at the mourner's bench as you ever seed. Drawed the Pettygast boys



THE ESCAPE.

in when nobody else could teach 'em. I'm powerful glad ter see you. What sort of a hoss air you ridin'?"

"A pretty fair animal."

"Wall, I reckon we ken strike up a trade tomorrow before church time."

"Before church time?"

"Yis; the meetin'house is right down thar in the holler; so you didn't miss it so mighty fur after all. Don't pay no 'tention to that noise. It's only the Dominecker hen a squawlin'. Better squawl, too, fur when that wife of mine spreads the palms of her hands out on a hen, why the hen's life ends pretty soon afterwards, if not right thar."

Mighty good thing they sent you, fur our regular preacher is sick an' kain't

fill the pulpit, an' the folks don't know it, but I reckon you hear of it an' come to take his place. Wall, I'll git up arly an' build a fire in the meetin' house, an' my boy ken ride all aroun' an' tell the folks that have hear of Brother Rice's sickness that Brother Sanderson will preach. Powerful glad to see you. Why, brother, I hope you an't sick, air you?"

I must have looked bad at that moment; indeed my hair must have begun to rise on the top of my head. Preach—I couldn't have said six words. Would it do to undeceive the old fellow? No. He was comical in some respects, but his eyes said "Don't you fool with me."

The woman entered: "Fur pity sake, Dick, air you still trying ter eat the brother up? A pusson would think that you never hurt nobody in your life, you air so lovin', but Sam Bettis wouldn't think so."

"Wall, he told me a lie, Puss, an' I won't stand that frum nobody. I don't mind a man cheatin' me outen a dime once in a while, but it won't do fur a pusson ter lie ter me about nothin' a tall."

"Come on, brother, an' eat a bite," said the woman.

I had been exceedingly hungry, but my appetite was gone. The life of the Dominecker hen might have been spared.

"I expect a powerful sermon from you terrorrer, brother," my affectionate host remarked. "We an't had our feelin's stirred up in some time an' we want 'em stirred. Jest want you ter pile doctrine up on that pulpit till you'd think it was a fodder-stack. That's the only way to please our folks."

We returned to the sitting-room. Something had to be done.

"Now, brother," said the host, "jest step right up thar and go to bed, fur you'll need a little sleep."

"Thank you, but let me go out and see about my horse."

"Oh, no; I've fixed him all right."

"But I'd rather look after him again."

"Wall, I'll go out and see to him. You just must sleep, fur we want a powerful sermon terrorrer. Take off yo' shoes right down here by the fire."

"No, I'll take them off up-stairs."

The room above was reached by means of a ladder. I bade them good-night and climbed up. My intention was to escape before daylight. I could not help but groan when I glanced about the room. There was no window and I could not escape through the room below. "I must make a hole through the roof," I mused.

Would they never stop talking? At last they were quiet. The clapboards must have been held down with spikes. It was awful work, but at last I succeeded in making an opening large enough. To get out on the roof was an easy matter, but how was I to get down? I crawled to one corner and in trying to climb down slipped and fell off. I fell on a dog. It must have killed him, for nothing far removed from the grave could have sounded such a note of despair. The old man did not awake. I roamed round and round trying to find the stable. Found it at last. Went into the wrong stall and was kicked by a colt.

I mounted and rode away. My horse was so tired, notwithstanding his food and rest, that he traveled with difficulty; but I urged him on. Daylight came and then I cursed myself. I had left my horse, a magnificent animal, and had taken an old stiff-jointed, knock-kneed thing that would not have brought \$10 on the public square of a village. Should I go back? Oh, no. I rode or stumbled on until the old plug gave out, and then I walked and carried my saddle.

#### A Narrow View of the Case.

"I always laugh," relates an old resident, "when I remember an experience I had when a boy. I lived in the country, and one day myself and another boy had occasion to go to town. He owed me fifty cents and was to pay me when we reached town, where he intended to get change for \$1. In going to town we had to cross a creek. It was early in winter and the ice was strong enough to hold me, but he was a great deal heavier, and in following me he broke through. He at once began to yell and scramble for dear life. The water was quite deep and he was in considerable danger."

"By Jove," I exclaimed, as I puffed and panted after my exertion, "it was a pretty tough job getting you out of that creek."

"Yes, gol darn it," he replied, "and you wouldn't have done it if I hadn't owed you fifty cents."—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

#### Oysters of Portly Size.

The biggest edible oysters in the world are found at Port Lincoln, in South Australia. They are as large as a dinner-plate, and the same shape. They are sometimes more than a foot across the shell, and the oyster fits his shell so well he does not leave much margin. It is a new sensation, when a friend asks you to lunch at Adelaide to have one oyster set before you fried in butter or eggs and bread-crums. But it is a very pleasant sensation, for the flavor and delicacy of the Port Lincoln mammoths are proverbial in that land of luxuries.—*Pittsburg Dispatch*.

M. Mosso, of Turin, has found that the fresh blood of fishes acts as a powerful poison when injected into the circulation of mammals. The venomous property exists in the serum, is destroyed by the putrefying process, by heating to some 1,200 degrees Fahrenheit, by alkalies, and by mineral and organic acids, except carbonic acid.

#### PREPARING FOR 1890.

#### A SECOND OKLAHOMA.

##### THE CHICAGO BALL CLUB GOES SOUTH FOR PRACTICE.

Anson Preach of His Colts—Prospects of the League for the Coming Season—President Spalding, of the Chicago Club, Interviewed.

[CHICAGO CORRESPONDENCE.]

A. C. Anson, the famous first baseman and Captain of the Chicago Base-Ball Club, started South with his new team, on Tuesday. They go direct to St. Augustine, Fla. When assembled there, the material Anson will have to work on will be as follows: Catchers, Nagle, Lauer, and Kittridge; pitchers, Hutchinson, Coughlin, Blair, Sullivan, and Inks; second baseman, Earle or Garvin; third baseman, Burns; short stop, Cooney; outfields, Wilmot, Carroll, and Lauer or Earle. The youngsters in charge of Anson were a stalwart-looking lot of athletes as they clustered about the old man in the Polk Street Station. Every one was trim enough to race for a crown. Cap'n Anson said he was satisfied with his colts, and everybody who saw the old man tramping around the station with his moss-agate eye rolling owlishly believed what he said. The Chicagoans will remain in Florida for about three weeks and then go to New Orleans and through Texas, fetching up at Hot Springs, where they will take their final practice prior to the opening of the League season. Capt. Anson is very confident that with the promising players he has got together and this preliminary practice in a warm climate he will present a team to the Chicago public that will put up just as good or better ball than has been done by the Chicagoans in the past.

President A. G. Spalding, of the Chicago Club, has returned from the recent league meeting in New York, and reports everything serene in the league camp. He says the present indications are that the circuit will continue as it now stands, and in preparing a schedule to present at the spring meeting he will work on this basis. The reasons given by Judge O'Brien for refusing to grant a temporary injunction against Ward, Mr. Spalding says, were no doubt good law, but the Judge's main reason for refusing to grant a temporary injunction will not apply, the Chicago President declares, when the case comes up for a final hearing.

"Will the Chicago Club commence legal proceedings against its refractory players?"

"Well, that is a matter that has not yet been decided. While it is contrary to the policy of the Chicago Club to have any men in its team who object to playing with it, yet there is a disposition to insist on its legal rights, and it firmly believes it has such legal rights under our present contracts with these men, and Judge O'Brien's opinion on the reserve clause fortifies us in that opinion. For the future guidance of the club and for the future good of professional base-ball, I should like to have definitely settled once for all what constitutes a base-ball contract. Aside from the effect it may have in preventing our old players from transferring their services to a rival organization, which they agreed not to do, I think this legal fight will be worth all it costs to determine wherein our present contract is defective, so we may make it in future not only good in base-ball law but in common law as well."

According to Judge O'Brien's decision the contracts we now hold with Pfeffer, Williamson, Ryan, and other deserting brotherhood players for 1890 are just as good and binding in law as the new contracts that we have signed with Anson, Hutchinson, and Burns. If the courts are going to hold these contracts under which we have worked the past two years invalid it is important that we know it at once, in order that we may in future be governed in our advances to players before the season commences."

"What was the general feeling in the East as to the probable success of the Players' League?"

"That would be difficult to answer. You might ask the same question relative to the world's fair. Read a New York paper and you would think there was no possible chance of the world's fair going anywhere but to New York, and Chicago papers are equally sure of its coming to this city. So it is relative to the base-ball war. The brotherhood partisans in the East continue to dish up the stereotyped arguments of 'Out for the stuff,' 'We are the people,' 'White slavery,' and similar 'convincing' arguments.

Tommy Burns, who covered third base for the Chicago League team with signal success for so many seasons, was interviewed the other day.

Referring to the base-ball situation, Burns says he is very well satisfied with the stand he took in favor of the League. The latter organization had demonstrated to the public that it was competent to conduct the national game in a