

AT OUR HOUSE.

There are many clever children
Now living in this town.
Whose wondrous skill and sayings wise
Have won a wide renown:
But the little folks at our house
We know exceed the rest—
They are surely much the brightest,
The cutest and the best.

There's Master Jack, just five years old,
Whose pictures may be seen
On puppies, pugs and dogs and colts,
In your house and room.
These works of art are nicely hung
Upon the walls with pride—
For talent great at our house
May not its splendor hide.

His landscapes give one new ideas
Of chaos wild, but gay,
And his ships upon a bright red sea
Make a wonderful display;
But the quadrupeds are our delight—
In legions bold they rush,
Wild, daring and belligerent,
From his inspired brush.

The birds he draws with such a dash
Give the fancy much to do;
They're not the grave, domestic fowls
That we're accustomed to;
A portrait of his grandmamma
Is a notable success—
All know it by the spectacles
And the dots upon the dress.

You ought to see him at his work,
Stretched out upon the floor.
The paper, crayons and the paints
Strewed all the carpet o'er!
But at our house we're not annoyed
By this litter round our feet;
We're patient with eccentric ways,
When talent true we meet.

Then there's Willie—he's another
In his specialty as great—
A painted master-piece will be
At no far distant date.
Why, he whistles Annie Rooney,
And he beats upon the drum,
Till with harmony we're almost deaf
And with admiration dumb.

But we've noticed since the peerless child
Came forward in this way,
Our neighbors do not often call,
Nor have so long to stay;
Yet he sings for them his prettiest songs,
And sings them loud and high—
We're afraid that it is jealousy
That makes them now so shy.

We boast, too, of an architect
And a rising engineer;
The other two—two little girls—
Are not so bright, we fear;
They're lovely, though, and good and sweet,
And all well understood—
That they'll be the nicest ladies seen
All this noble land.

Well, the boys may not be, after all,
So remarkable when grown;
But we'll be satisfied if as true,
Hard-working men they're known,
And glad we'll be at our house
To remember that we gave
A helping hand to childhood's aims
And childhood's efforts brave.

—Carrie C. Day, in *Golden Days*.



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CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

"That's so," assented Warner, with a mournful inflection, as if he were reluctantly admitting a proposition which he had found to be all too true. "The political field pays better; for, what if they do pitch into you, the opposition press, I mean, you draw your ducats regularly so long as you're in office, and the less you do to deserve it, the better your chances are of being appreciated by the public. Office-holding is a soft business, if a man isn't a fanatic on duty and knows how to look out for number one; and I guess we can trust you for that, North."

"Oh, yes; that has always been a very important figure with me, and I daresay it will continue to be. And why should it not, pray? A man is the natural guardian of his own interests, and if he neglects them they are apt to suffer; no one else will look out for them. But, on the other hand, there's an almost universal impulse to help the man that helps himself!"

"Provided he doesn't 'help himself' at the dear public's expense," suggested Warner, dryly; a bon mot at which both he and North laughed indulgently, and the latter added:

"But, even then, my dear Warner, you should recollect that there are usually rogues enough in authority to connive at his escape, unless they happen to be so deeply concerned in his transactions that their only way to save themselves is to sacrifice him and make him 'the huge scapegoat of the race'."

"Now you've hit it!" declared Warner, turning sharply to North. "Wild horses couldn't drag the admission from Clipper, but I've always believed—and said it, too, all in the family—that this was about the size of that outcry against Damon. Why he should have been hounded out of office by a set of rogues, who had probably been fleecing the taxpayers ever since they went into politics, I don't see. It's on the principle, I suppose, of punishing the starving wretch that steals a loaf of bread and letting the shrewd scoundrel that swindles whole communities go scot-free! Of course, there's no reasonable doubt that Damon was crooked, but who imagines that he was any worse than Brown or Jones, for instance? He was unfortunate enough to get found out; they were shrewd enough not to. That's the way I figure it out."

Warner spoke with considerable warmth, and as if he were certain of North's sympathy.

It was with blank dismay that North perceived to what definite suspicions against persons quite unknown to him he was supposed to have committed himself by his innocently abstract remark. He hastened to take refuge behind a convenient breastwork of caution.

"Now see here, Warner," he said with an air of speaking in the most sacred confidence, "it will never do to say this, you know, and really, I did not wish you to understand me quite as you did. I don't consider it expedient to make any definite charges against anyone, whatever my private opinion may be."

"Oh, of course; no use to bring it up now; but if we get Halleck in there he'll sift the whole business. That's what I told Clipper all along, as an argument for opposing Halleck's nomi-

nation; but he said: 'We've got to give them the treasurer, or it will cost us the other offices, like enough.' And so it would, I suppose. If we had made a split on Halleck it would have done the business for you, for they were determined to get one of their men in, either for treasurer or attorney, and Clipper said: 'So long as we elect the city attorney, I'll risk Halleck's investigations!'

North, quite bewildered by Warner's relations and equally uncertain to what sentiments he ought to commit Ollie, contrived here to give the conversation a turn from local to national politics; on which safe ground they continued until the end of their walk. Then, as they paused at the hotel steps, Warner suddenly reverted to personal affairs.

"Well, then," he said, "there's an understanding, is there, North, that you are to leave all the details of the canvass, for the remaining two weeks, to Clipper and me, just the same as if you were not here?"

"Absolutely in your hands," returned North, with emphasis. "You see I couldn't do better. I don't see how I could," he added abstractedly.

"No, nor I. It will have a better look, you know, if you appear to be indifferent. Wymer, now, is just crazy over the election. He talks about it day and night, walking and sleeping, drunk and sober: it's literally his idea. First one he ever had, so of course he wants to make the most of it. I think you've shown good sense, North, in keeping yourself so thoroughly out of the canvass. Trust all to Clipper and me! We've put too many elections through to fail on this one. You can hold yourself in readiness, you know, to address a meeting when your constituents clamor for a few words of wisdom from you, or when your presence will help on the enthusiasm; but you needn't soil your kid gloves."

"Very well," said North, with a laughing wave of farewell; "I'm in the hands of my friends, and the abject slave of duty. If I'm elected, I'll not resign!"

CHAPTER VII.

Dro. E.—Oh villain thou hast stolen both mine office and my name!

—Comedy of Errors.

Until a late hour that night North was absorbed in the anxious contemplation of the task that he had assumed and the difficulties that would inevitably attend its accomplishment. When he arose the next morning and reviewed the situation by the merciless light of day, it was with a sense of calm daring and with resolution hardened to flint.

He purposely went down late to breakfast in order to avoid the crowd in the dining-room. Having breakfasted in solitary state, he exchanged a few remarks with Col. Dayton, glanced over a morning paper and then strolled out of the hotel, intending to arrange definitely his plans for the day.

"I wonder how my fair client is this morning?" ran his thoughts, as he started down the street with no particular destination in view. "I shall have anything but welcome tidings for her when I see her again. How shall I conduct this affair? Very delicate! However, as I am happily proof against sentimentality, I think I can handle it. I wonder if Noll has really allowed himself to become seriously interested in her? The major must be a queer fellow, or possibly one of the 'poor dear's' peculiarities may be that he objects to that sort of thing! Well, I shall certainly keep on the safe side, whatever my brother may have done."

Indolently absorbed in his own reflections, North responded from time to time to the cordial greetings that he was constantly receiving. He presently was struck by the fact that of the many friendly faces that he saw not one of them was familiar.

"I must not forget the few individuals whose names I have already learned," he said to himself gravely. "Let me see now, who are they? There's Col. Dayton, to begin with; I shall see him so constantly that there is no danger of my forgetting him. Then Warner, my electioneering friend; his image is likewise indelibly graven upon my memory. By the bye, I must look out for Clipper—Col. Clipper, as I heard some one call him this morning. I shall probably meet him somewhere, and never know it unless some fortunate chance enlightens me. One of Noll's most intimate political associates, too, no doubt. Extremely awkward not to know him! Then there is Wee, that pattern of amiability. I cordially dislike that fellow, but I should like to know who he is, and how far his acquaintance and connection with Noll extend. Wymer, Jack Wymer, my political opponent—h'm! Can that be all? Oh, Mrs. Maynard,

you are, Warner?" were the salutations that were exchanged as the two gentlemen cordially clasped hands.

"Where are you bound for, North?" was Warner's first inquiry.

"To the office," returned North, unblushingly.

"You are? Going crab-fashion, eh?" And Warner laughed gleefully at this palpable hit, for North, without knowing it at all, had been sauntering in the opposite direction from Market square, with every step putting a greater distance between himself and that aristocratic portion of "down-town."

"Oh, I wasn't going there directly, you know," he responded negligently, without deigning even to smile at Warner's suggestion. "However, if you are going that way yourself, I will walk with you as far as the office. Anything new this morning?" he added in a confidential tone as they started together, Warner unconsciously taking the lead.

"Nothing much, I guess. Heard about the row on High street? No? Why, it's all over town! You see, Rochester and Bingham got disputing with old Wymer last night, and they came to blows until they could be separated. They were all a little 'under the influence,' you know; just enough to make them quarrelsome. It was a regular knock-down affair which some hundred or more voting citizens, chiefly of the lower classes (besides your humble servant, who represented the aristocracy, you know), happened to witness. The workingmen must have been highly edified by seeing their friends and champions making Kilkenny cats of themselves."

North shrugged his fastidious shoulders, and with the tips of his gloved fingers daintily stroked his sweeping mustache.

"By Jove, Warner!" he finally ejaculated, "it's enough to disgust one forever with politics!"

"Oh, I don't know," returned Warner, in cheerful dissent. "I confess I should rather have it happen just as it did than to have any of our men concerned in it, when it can be arranged that way just as well as not; but how about Clipper's knock-down encounter with Duncastle last spring?"

"I repeat your question," said North, temporizing; "how about it? Was the affair especially creditable?"

"Creditable? It just made Clipper solid with all the best men in the city!" cried Warner, excitedly. "He settled the worst scallawag in town so effectually that he didn't dare to show his face at the polls, and the consequence was we had a decent, quiet, orderly election. I tell you, there are now and then crises in political affairs when heroic measures are necessary, and it's fortunate at such times to have a man like Clipper—one cast in the heroic mold—on hand to meet the emergency."

"That 'Wymer meeting,' then," suggested North, reverting to the nearer

consciousness that I may thus display will no doubt be easily referred to the approaching election."

It was rather a grim smile that North's face wore as he reached this conclusion. He did not even attempt to deceive himself by the persistently flippant tone of his reflections; he was perfectly well aware that it was assumed as a slight relief from the sharp anxiety and suspense that he had been enduring from the moment when the suspicion of his brother's complicity in the Dunkirk will forgery first entered his mind.

It was the habit of Allan North's life to treat even the most serious phases of his experience with a cynical levity that would have shocked anyone who was accustomed to estimating sober realities at their true value and treating them accordingly. Thus far it was the best philosophy that he had learned, and he clung to it as fondly as a child clings to a painted toy. Fortunately, such a state of mind is neither fatal nor permanent. In the consummate maturity of heart and mind there is little room or toleration for the frivolities of adolescence. With the first inspiration of vigorous perfected mental growth that tickled him to the bone.

"By the way"—North's soliloquy brought him to a sudden halt on a corner—"I wonder where Market square is? It occurs to me that it would be a wise, natural and praiseworthy proceeding, a delicate and perhaps not wholly undeserved compliment to my partner, for me to call at our office for a few moments. Of course I'll not undertake to do anything there, and I'll not venture to stay very long, either, for fear some of Noll's innumerable clients should appear upon the scene and involve me in embarrassing complications; still, for the sake of appearances and my own peace of mind—that office and partner will be a haunting terror until I have boldly faced them—I think I would better go, and at once."

This point settled, his next quandary was, how should he find Market square without—expedient not to be thought of—actually inquiring of the way?

Still pausing on the street corner, he looked speculatively hither and thither. Suddenly his grave and puzzled countenance lighted up with relief.

"Ah, there is Warner; perhaps I can contrive to have him extricate me from this dilemma," thought he; and the next instant: "Hello, North!" "How

are you, Warner?" were the salutations that were exchanged as the two gentlemen cordially clasped hands.

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event, "was not a very brilliant success, I imagine."

"Success? It was a regular fizz! How could it be anything else with such a set to run it? A house divided against itself can't stand, particularly when it has such a shaky foundation. Seen Clipper this morning, North?"

"No," answered North, mentally qualifying the negative.

"I left him in the office finishing a stunning leader on 'Our Candidacy for City Attorney.' You'll see it in the Times to-day. It's a capital thing, and the best of it is, you might suppose that he meant every word of it."

"He represents me as a gentleman and a scholar, does he?" suggested North, with a laughing glance at Warner, while through his mind the thought flashed quickly:

"So Clipper is an editor—that's one fact learned!"

"Yes; or a—a what was that Roman fellow's name? Clipper knows it—ready to sling yourself into the abyss, you know, and save our municipal government! Ah! here's the office. Well, I'll see you later, North."

And with this safe prediction, and a hasty wave of his hand, Warner hurried on alone and was speedily swallowed up by distance and the crowd.

"Though lost to sight to memory!" quoted North, mentally, as the energetic figure vanished from his grateful view. "What should I have done but for his timely appearance? I might have been drifting aimlessly about the city, or else still stranded on that corner, afraid to launch away; certainly I should not have been anchored where I now am—at 3 and 5 Market square."

He glanced up with interest at the imposing brown stone front and the polished plate glass window on which he saw the firm name, "North & Westcott, Attorneys and Counselors at Law," emblazoned in gilt letters. Then, turning to the door, he entered the outer office, one of a handsome suite of chambers.

At the various desks were seated half a dozen clerks and students, some poring over huge volumes of law, others busily writing. They all glanced up as North entered and greeted him with a "Good morning, Mr. North!" in which the office and partner were blended; and he responded with gracious courtesy.

Then he inquired, addressing them all in a general way:

"Has Mr. Westcott come down yet?"

"Yes, sir; Mr. Westcott is in the private office," answered one of the clerks, with an involuntary jerk of his head toward the door of that room.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

REFORMED LIVES.

Instances of Criminals Who Have Put Aside Their Evil Ways.

I wish I had space to tell of men and women whom I have known who have been moved in prison by the religious appeal. I was stopped on the street the other day by a woman whom I had known years ago, a notorious shoplifter, says a writer in the Congregationalist. She has for years been living, in a quiet, unostentatious way, a sincere religious life, begun in prison under the influence of the officer who had charge of her—an earnest Christian woman. I knew a young man who has for six years been out in the world, who came to his senses in prison. He had been well brought up in a Christian family. He committed a petty burglary, sold the stolen goods and sent the proceeds to his mother to help her in a time of great distress. She never knew the motive of his crime. He began Christian work almost as soon as he was discharged and has continued it constantly, working at his trade all day and giving his evenings to work among the fallen. In one of our prisons a man of mature age, committed for an offense which was the outcome of a violent temper and a cruel disposition, had, one night, a sort of vision which led to a change as remarkable in its way as that which came to St. Paul. Men laughed at it when he told the story, but years of consistent Christian life, in which he has won the respect of the entire community in which he lives, attest the completeness of the revolution.

He Wandered.

A few years ago a Boston physician encountered a romance in his own family which excited his amusement, says the Mahogany Tree. An aged relative, a woman of eighty-eight, married a man a few years her junior. It was a love match. Dr. C. found much food for reflection in the romance. Some time afterward he met Dr. Holmes, and in course of a chat, as they walked down Beacon street, he related the incident to the autocar of the Breakfast Table. It amused him immensely. He chuckled over it in various tones of voice until he reached his own door. He bade Dr. C. good night and started up the steps. Suddenly he turned back and called: "Oh, by the way, doctor, one moment!" Dr. C.