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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

NUMBER 11.

VOLUME LII.

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BOSTON, THURSDAY, MARCH 13, 1879.

No. 41 TEMPLE PLACE.

For the Companion.

THE HOSTLER'S STORY.

By J. T. Trowbridge.

What amused us most at the Lake House last summer was the performance of a bear in the back yard.

He was fastened to a pole by a chain, which gave him a range of a dozen or fifteen feet. It was not very safe for visitors to come within that circle, unless they were prepared for rough handling.

He had a way of suddenly catching you to his bosom, and picking your pockets of peanuts and candy,—if you carried any about you,—in a manner which took your breath away. He stood up to his work on his hind legs in a quite human fashion, and used paw and tongue with amazing skill and vivacity. He was friendly, and didn't mean any harm, but he was a rude play-fellow.

I shall never forget the ludicrous adventure of a dandified New-Yorker who came out into the yard to feed bruin on seed-cakes, and did not feed him fast enough.

He had approached a trifle too near, when all at once the bear whipped an arm about him, took him to his embrace, and "went through" his pockets in a hurry.

The terrified face of the struggling and screaming fop, and the good-natured, business-like expression of the fumbling and munching beast, offered the funniest sort of contrast.

The one-eyed hostler, who was the bear's especial guardian, lounged leisurely to the spot. "Keep still, and he won't hurt ye," he said, turning his quid. "That's one of his tricks. Throw out what you've got, and he'll leave ye."

The dandy made haste to help bruin to the last of the seed-cakes, and escaped without injury, but in a ridiculous plight,—his hat smashed, his necktie and linen ruffled, and his watch dangling; but his fright was the most laughable part of all.

The one-eyed hostler made a motion to the beast, who immediately climbed the pole, and looked at us from the cross-piece at the top.

"A bear," said the one-eyed hostler, turning his quid again, "is the best-hearted, knowin'est critter that goes on all-fours. I'm speakin' of our native black bear, you understand. The brown bear aint half so respectable, and the grizzly is one of the ugliest brutes in creation. Come down here, Pomp!"

Pomp slipped down the pole and advanced towards the one-eyed hostler, walking on his hind legs and rattling his chain.

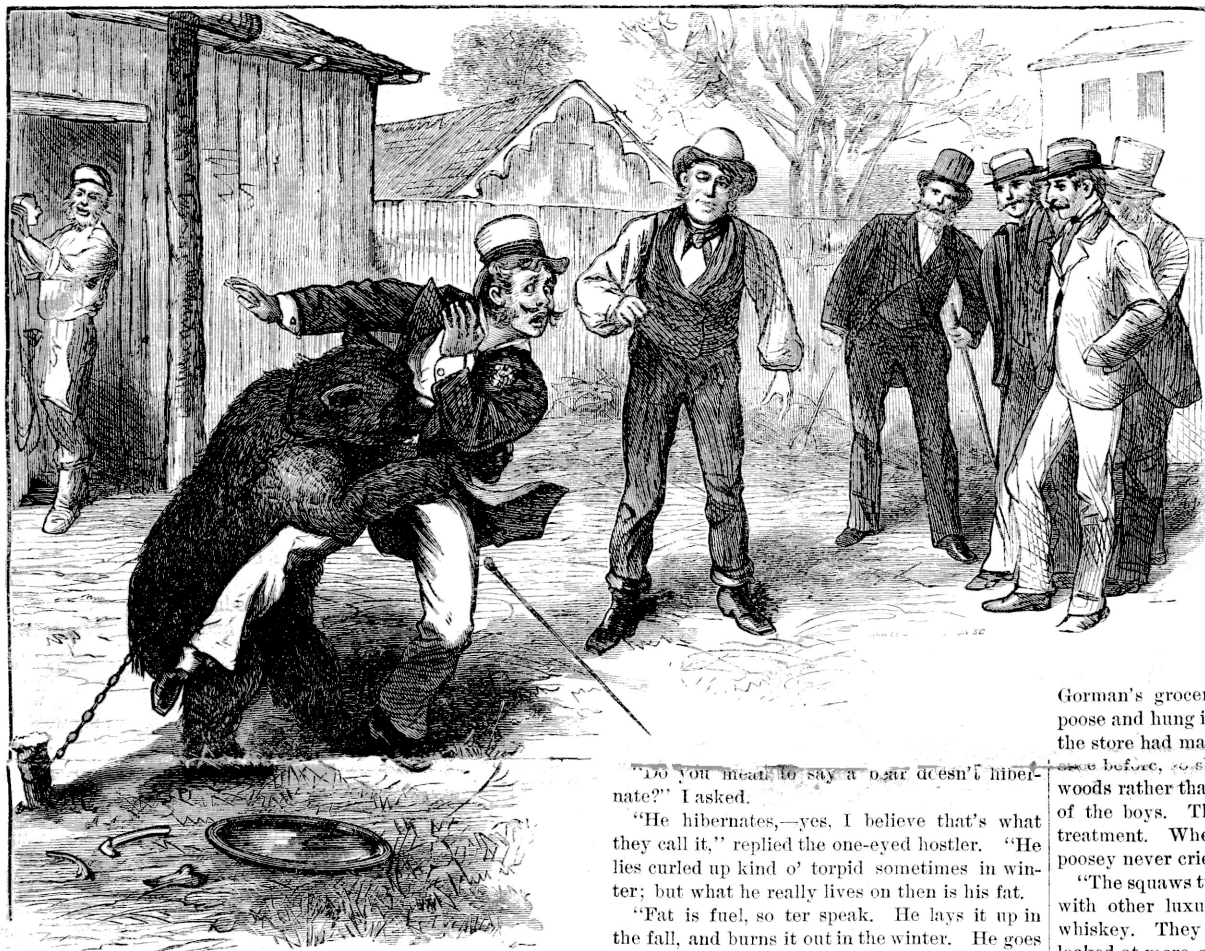
"Playful as a kitten!" said the one-eyed hostler, fondly. "I'll show ye."

He took a wooden bar from a clothes-horse near by, and made a lunge with it at Pomp's breast.

No pugilist or fencing-master could have parried a blow more neatly. Then the one-eyed hostler began to thrust and strike with the bar as if in downright earnest.

"Rather savage play," I remarked. And a friend by my side, who never misses a chance to make a pun, added,—

"Yes, a decided act of bar-bear-ity."



THE HOSTLER'S STORY.

"Oh, he likes it!" said the one-eyed hostler. "Ye can't hit him."

And indeed it was so. No matter how or where the blow was aimed, a movement of Pomp's paw, quick as a flash of lightning, knocked it aside, and he stood good-humoredly waiting for more.

"Once in a while," said the one-eyed hostler, resting from the exercise and leaning on the bar, while Pomp retired to his pole, "there's a bear of this species that's vicious and blood-thirsty. Generally, you let them alone and they'll let you alone. They won't run from you maybe, but they won't go out of their way to pick a quarrel. They don't swagger round with a chip on their shoulder lookin' for some fool to knock it off."

"Will they eat you?" some one inquired; for there was a ring of spectators around the performers by this time.

"As likely as not, if they are sharp-set, and you lay yourself out to be eaten; but it aint their habit to go for human flesh. — Roots, nuts, berries, bugs, and any small game they can pick up, satisfies their humble appetite as a general thing."

"But they're amazin' fond of honey, and there's no end of stingin' they won't stand for the fun of robbin' a bee-nest. They're omnivorous as a hog."

The spectators smiled, while some one remarked,—

"You mean omnivorous."

The hostler winked his one eye knowingly, and replied,—

"I mean omnivorous," with a still stronger accent on the wrong syllable. "I found the word in a book, and it means eatin' or devourin' all sorts. That's what a bear does. He likes everything, and a good deal of it. He can't live on suckin' his paws all winter, neither. That's a foolish notion."

"Do you mean to say a bear doesn't hibernate?" I asked.

"He hibernates,—yes, I believe that's what they call it," replied the one-eyed hostler. "He lies curled up kind o' torpid sometimes in winter; but what he really lives on then is his fat."

"Fat is fuel, so ter speak. He lays it up in the fall, and burns it out in the winter. He goes into his cold-weather quarters plump, and comes out lean; but it's only in very cold weather that he keeps so quiet. In mild, open winters he's out foragin' around, and when there comes a warm spell in the toughest winter, you may see him. He likes to walk out and see what's goin' on, anyhow."

The one-eyed hostler leaned against the pole, stroked Pomp's fur affectionately, and continued somewhat in this style:

"Bears are partic'larly fond of fat, juicy pigs, and once give 'em a taste of human flesh,—why, I shouldn't want my children to be playin' in the woods within a good many miles of their den!"

"Which reminds me of Old Two Claws, as they used to call him, a bear that plagued the folks over in Ridgetown, where I was brought up,—wal, as much as forty year ago."

"He got his name from the peculiar shape of his foot, and he got that from trilling with a gun-trap. You know what that is,—a loaded gun set in such a way that a bear or any game that's curious about it, must come up to it the way it p'int; a bait is hung before the muzzle, and a string runs from that to the trigger."

"He was a cunning fellow, and he put out an investigatin' paw at the piece of pork before trying his jaws on it; so instead of gettin' a bullet in the head, he merely had a bit of his paw shot away. There were but two claws left on that foot, as his bloody tracks showed."

"He got off; but this experience seemed to have soured his disposition. He owed a spite to the settlement."

"One night a great row was heard in my uncle's pig-pen. He and the boys rushed out with pitchforks, a gun and a lantern. They knew what the trouble was, or soon found out."

"A huge black bear had broken down the side of the pen; he had seized a fat porker, and was actually lugging him off in his arms! The pig was kicking and squealing, but the bear had him fast. He did not seem at all inclined to give up his prey, even when attacked. He looked sullen and ugly; but a few jabs from a pitchfork, and

a shot in the shoulder, convinced him that he was making a mistake.

"He dropped the pig, and got away before my uncle could load up for another shot. The next morning they examined his tracks. It was Old Two Claws."

"But what sp'ilt him for being a quiet neighbor was something that happened about a year after that."

"There was a roving family of Indians encamped near the settlement, hunting, fishing, and making moccasins and baskets, which they traded with the whites."

"One afternoon the Red-Sky-of-the-Morning, wife of the Water-Snake-with-the-Long-Tail, came over to the settlement with some of their truck for sale. She had a pappoose on her back strapped on a board; another squaw travelled with her, carrying an empty jug."

"Almost within sight of Gorman's grocery, Red-Sky took off her pappoose and hung it on a tree. The fellows around the store had made fun of it when she was there once before, so she preferred to hang it in the woods rather than expose it to the coarse jokes of the boys. The little thing was used to such treatment. Whether carried or hung up, pappoose never cried."

"The squaws traded off this truck, and bought, with other luxuries of civilization, a gallon of whiskey. They drank out of the jug, and then looked at more goods. Then they drank again, and from being shy and silent, as at first, they giggled and chatted like a couple of silly white girls. They spent a good deal more time and money at Gorman's than they would if it hadn't been for the whiskey, but finally they started to go back through the woods."

"They went chattering and giggling to the tree where the pappoose had been left. Then suddenly their noise stopped. There was no pappoose there!"

"This discovery sobered them. They thought at first the fellows around the store had played them a trick by taking it away; but by-and-by the Red-Sky-of-the-Morning set up a shriek."

"She had found the board not far off, but no pappoose strapped to it, only something that told the story of what had happened."

"There were bear tracks around the spot. One of the prints showed only two claws."

"The Red-Sky-of-the-Morning went back to the camp with the news; the other squaw followed with the jug."

"When the Water-Snake-with-the-Long-Tail heard that his pappoose had been eaten by a bear, he felt, I suppose, very much as any white father would have felt under the circumstances. He vowed vengeance against Old Two Claws, but consoled himself with a drink of the fire-water before starting on the hunt."

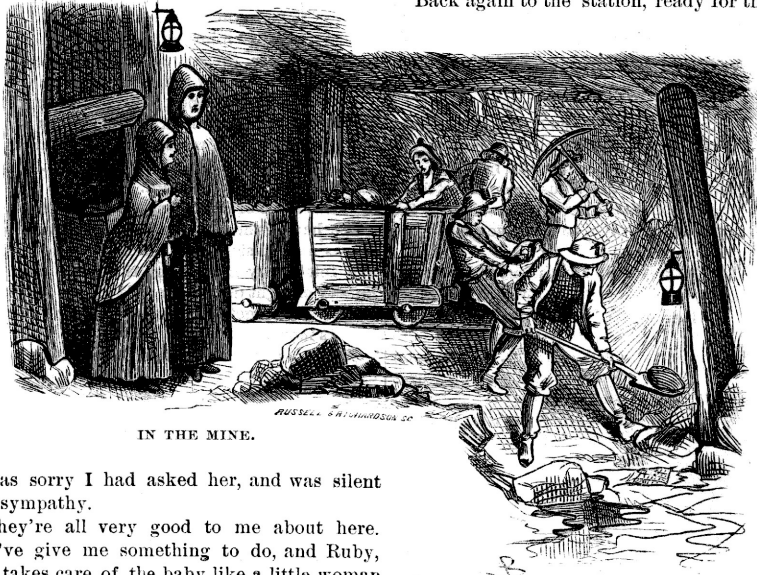
"The braves with him followed his example. It wasn't in Indian nature to start until they had emptied the jug, so it happened that Old Two Claws got off again. Tipsy braves can't follow a trail worth a cent."

"Not very long after that a woman in a neighboring settlement heard her children scream one day in the woods near the house. She rushed out, and saw a bear actually lugging off her youngest."

"She was a sickly, feeble sort of woman, but such a sight was enough to give her the strength and courage of a man. She ran and caught up an axe. Luckily she had a big dog. They two went at the bear."

"Was it an accident in the mines?" I ventured to ask.

"Oh, no, miss, it was a cruel murder; he was killed by them Molly Maguires!" and her lips trembled, and the tears started to her eyes.



IN THE MINE.

I was sorry I had asked her, and was silent from sympathy.

"They're all very good to me about here. They've give me something to do, and Ruby, here, takes care of the baby like a little woman while I'm in the mine at work."

"Why, what can you possibly do?"

"Oh, a good many little odd jobs,—throwing the lumps out of the passages, and doing whatever comes to hand,—helping to load sometimes. I'm very glad to get it.

"They talk of raising me some money to buy a bit shanty," she added. "I can pick up a little to do, perhaps, then, that'll keep me out of the mine. It don't seem to be a woman's place, somehow. Not but what they're all very respectful and kind."

"Are there other women there?"

"Not many in this mine. Over on the hill where the men struck once or twice, there's a woman, and some of 'em do men's work; but a woman had better be home if she's got a home."

The sentiment found an echo in my heart as I looked on the pale, sorrowful face, so commonplace, yet so interesting, from its very sadness.

Down in the Mines.

"Wouldn't you like to go in?" she asked. "Ladies do, sometimes."

She placed the child in the arms of the girl,—a quiet little thing, and I followed her into the side of the hill, already thickly covered with working men, with the star of light burning on their foreheads, so faint and blue in the sunshine, so bright in the darkness.

I shall never forget the sensations of that hour. In and on, with a sense of continually descending; on each side, the great glistening black walls of anthracite; here and there small streams of water trickling down; now and then a dull thud of pick; a muffled, low roar, ringing in one's ears wherever there was a passage in which people were at work.

There were great hollows that looked like caves on one hand, and precipitous banks on the other; little bursts of sound, coming upon one suddenly, of miners talking or laughing below the mule tracks; patient mules, laboring on in the darkness; patient or impatient men, toiling from morning till night; even women denied the fair sunshine of the outer world.

Here were carts being loaded. Here were men making great fissures in the coal; the air was filled with a shimmering dust, oddly gleaming in places as the light struck it. It filled the nostrils and the throat, and I wondered how the miners dared open their mouths to talk.

"You can't think how bright it all seems outside, after I get through," said the young woman, whose name, I learned, was Matilda Vernon. "Sometimes I think it's almost worth while to be shut up, things look so different. You live in two worlds like."

I had a terrible sensation of dread in going out,—more palpably felt than when I entered. What if these horrible jagged masses should fall on or in front of me, obstructing my path! I could see myself flying before me, and my breath grew so short that it was something like agony as I toiled up and up, led by a miner so bulky that he almost filled the passage at times.

I could have shouted for joy when at last I

saw the faint far glimmer of the beautiful glad light,—the light of the blessed sun. I could not wonder that the miners asked for the boon of the eight hours law. It certainly seems long enough, and too long, to be imprisoned in the bowels of the earth.

Back again to the station, ready for the jour-

ney West,—I could hardly believe that it was not yet ten o'clock in the morning.

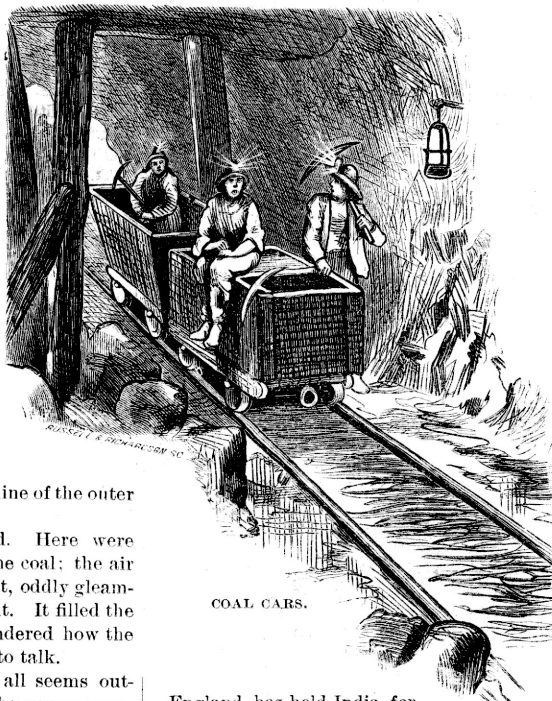
GARRY MOSS.

ENGLAND AND HER COLONIES.

England's pride in her colonies and dependencies has some serious drawbacks. To have planted her flags in every quarter of the globe, to be able to say that she is the mistress of an empire "upon which the sun never sets," to have ports in every sea, and fortresses on every continent, are surely things of which the little islands of Britain may well be proud.

But this glory and power are expensive, and the cause of not only many anxieties and perplexities, but of frequent wars, costly in men and money. Many of the English colonies, in lands far distant from the seat of empire, are still feeble, and still need the aid of the mother country; besides, England is almost constantly acquiring and settling new colonies, which must be defended.

Australia, Canada, and a few of her colonies have now grown large enough to take care of themselves. They ask for little or no aid, either in soldiers or money, from the Queen. This is not the case, however, with a majority of her dependencies.



COAL CARS.

England has held India for more than a century; and that great oriental empire has been throughout a source of enormous cost and trouble to her. It is still so, as may be seen by the fact that England has risked war with Russia, and is even now at war with Afghanistan, in order to protect India. This object, indeed, is at the bottom of the English share in the Eastern Question, and her alliance with the Sultan of Turkey.

Another dependency which has been very expensive, and very difficult to maintain, has been that of what is called the Cape Colony. This

colony is situated at the extreme southern end of the continent of Africa, ending at the Cape of Good Hope. It was first established by the English, early in the present century, having before been settled by Dutch emigrants. In 1833, the Dutch possessions which still remained there were finally ceded to England; since which year, the latter country has exercised complete rule over the region.

But the original Cape Colony has been gradually extended in the march of time. Adjoining tribes and districts have been gradually added. As the barbarous Caffres, a name given to all the South Africans on the borders of the colony, have become troublesome, their countries have been conquered and annexed.

The Dutch settlers, moreover (who are called "Boers"), are dissatisfied with English rule, and have withdrawn into the interior, and there formed little governments of their own. But the English have, in one or two cases, followed them up, and have absorbed them also.

Now the English are having trouble with a fierce and warlike Caffre tribe on the East coast, just north of Natal, called the Zulus. The despot of this tribe, Catewayo, has long been preparing to attack the colony by raising and drilling an army of no less than forty thousand men.

Recently, Catewayo had a dispute with Sir Bartle Frere, the English Governor, about the boundary between Zululand and Natal. The Governor at last yielded, but demanded that Catewayo should disband his army. This the barbaric king would not do; and the English troops entered his territory under Lord Chelmsford, whose first encounter with the brave and savage Zulus resulted in a bloody and overwhelming disaster to the English.

There is little doubt, however, that sooner or later the English must overcome Catewayo. The natural result of this would be the annexation of Zululand to the Cape Colony. Thus its dimensions are ever increasing.

CLOUDS AND SHADOWS.

The clouds, which rise with thunder, slake
Our thirsty souls with rain;
The blow most dreaded falls to break
From off our limbs a chain;
And wrongs of man to man but make
The love of God more plain:
As through the shadowy lens of even
The eye looks farthest into heaven,
On gleams of star and depths of blue
The glaring sunshine never knew!

WHITTIER.

HOW THE CANADIAN PARLIAMENT IS OPENED.

Compared with the annual convening of the American Congress, the opening of the Dominion Parliament is an imposing event. This year additional interest has been given it for Canadians, because over it not only presided a new and popular Governor-General, and a new ministry, but the Princess Louise, wife of the Governor-General, and daughter of Queen Victoria.

In Canada an American observer is struck by the close connection between political and social affairs; a union that is probably caused by the fact, that "society" is there formed by men, while in the United States it is almost, if not wholly, formed by women.

A lady in the United States, as a rule, makes her social position. If she has the qualities of a society leader, she becomes one, independent of her husband's position, unless that should be exceptionally bad.

In Canada the conditions are reversed. A young girl, when she marries, accepts the place and station in society which her husband has always occupied. Social circles are graded entirely upon an official basis. A woman may have lived a life of retirement and obscurity until the day her husband is appointed or elected to some high office, when she at once comes prominently forward, and has an acknowledged place in fashionable society.

But we are wandering from our subject. For several weeks the Canadian Senate Chamber had been undergoing thorough renovation. The dais upon which has always stood one chair, known as "the throne," because there the representative of royalty presides over this Chamber, has been enlarged. Because the wife of the Marquis of Lorne is a member of the royal family, two chairs were placed upon it, and on state occasions the Princess Louise is to sit beside her husband.

The Senate Chamber at the opening presented a brilliant appearance. The floor had been given up to the ladies, who were in full evening dress. At the hour appointed the doors behind the throne were opened to admit the suite from Rideau Hall. The ladies were still dressed in deep mourning for the Princess Alice, but the gentlemen were in full court dress. A few minutes later the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise entered, and—every one else standing—seated themselves.

The Marquis, owing to his fair hair and florid

complexion, is very youthful in appearance; but he carries his honors with real dignity.

The Princess, like the ladies of her household, was dressed in black satin, with low neck and short sleeves, and wore magnificent diamonds in her hair, around her throat, and studding the bosom of her dress.

Almost immediately after they had taken their places the Speaker of the Senate approached the throne, and after bowing very low, waited to know the wishes of the new Governor-General.

The Marquis expressed his readiness to receive the members of the House of Commons, and formally open the first session of the fourth Parliament. Accordingly the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod was sent, and soon a knocking was heard at the door of the Senate Chamber, and the Governor was informed that the members waited without.

The door was opened, and headed by their newly-elected Speaker, Dr. Blanchet, they advanced to the bar of the Senate. Then, after salutations had been exchanged between the Governor and his Parliament, Dr. Blanchet announced that he had been chosen by his brother members as their Speaker for the present Parliament, and as such was prepared to receive instructions from the throne, and know the pleasure of the Governor.

This short address was first delivered in English, and afterwards in French, and the reply was also given in both languages.

This reply, or "Speech of the Throne," as it is called, is in character similar to the "President's Message," only very much shorter. It is a review of the leading events of the time which has elapsed since Parliament last assembled, and an outline of the work which the present session is expected to accomplish. Although given by the Governor-General, it is in reality but the expression of his ministry.

The entire ceremony of opening Parliament occupies about half an hour, and by four o'clock the Senate Chamber was empty.

THE USE OF TOBACCO.

A good deal of excitement was produced lately in an Ohio village, when an old and reverend deacon in the church, a model in good words and works, was attacked with what appeared to be delirium tremens. The attack was renewed again and again, and finally the deacon died.

The disease really was, as stated by the physicians, similar to *mania-a-potu*, but had been produced by the excessive use of tobacco, which had slowly but thoroughly penetrated his nervous system.

The superintendent of the Pennsylvania Insane Hospital, in his last annual report, states that he has carefully tabulated for many years the causes of insanity in his patients, and finds intemperance the highest on the list. First, intemperance in the use of liquor, secondly, of tobacco, and thirdly, of opium and chloral.

"The earlier in life," he says, "that boys begin to use tobacco, the more strongly marked are its effects upon the nerves and brain."

"Statistics obtained from European schools show that lads whose standing had been good in their classes before they began to smoke or chew, were invariably found, after they became addicted to either habit, to fall below the school average."

If young men would at least refrain from the use of tobacco until after the age of twenty-five, they would probably never acquire the habit of using it; or, if they did, it would not gain so secure or deadly a hold upon them, because their constitutions would be better able to resist it.

There is no temptation to young girls in tobacco, but the use of narcotics, anodynes, "drops" and chloral, to which many women are becoming addicted, is even more perilous to body and mind.

IN PRISON.

Charles Langheimer, a white-haired old German, of seventy years of age, presented himself, a few weeks ago, at the door of the Eastern Penitentiary, in Pennsylvania, and asked to be given a cell in charity, and allowed to end his days there.

This Langheimer has a singular history. He was a convict in this prison when Charles Dickens visited it during his first visit to this country.

The rule of the institution is solitary confinement. The genial novelist's heart was so wrung with pity for the poor creatures he saw there condemned to years of absolute silence and loneliness, that he protested vehemently against the system in his "American Notes." He took the case of this wretched German as his text. Probably thousands of kind eyes, all over the world, have filled with tears at the story of Langheimer.

The authorities of the prison and the defenders of the system, however, tell with great gusto the sequel of the story. It seems that Langheimer, as soon as he was released for one offence, committed another, and has been brought back again and again, until forty years of his life have been passed within these walls. Finally, not being under any charge, he voluntarily came back and begged for admission.

An impartial observer would be apt to think that Dickens was right, and that the system cannot be the best one that fits a man to commit more crimes,



For the Companion.

THE WOMAN IN THE MOON.

I've often heard of the man in the moon;
And his profile often have seen
In the almanac, drawn on the side of a lune,
Just so—with a smile serene.



But I guessed the secret the other night,
As the clouds were clearing away;
And what do you think was the wondrous sight
Which the mystery did betray?



I fancied I saw in the crescent, half hid,
Fair Luna herself reclining;
Not a man in the moon, but a woman instead,
From the sky was brightly shining.

For the Companion.

"CHUBBY WUBBY."

She had such an honest, hearty, round little face, with two brown eyes, a dot of a nose, and such chubby, hard, red cheeks that Aunt Gussie named her "Chubby Wubby" as soon as she saw her.

Her real name was Fanny, although mamma called her "Blossom," sometimes, and papa declared she was his little "Boy," while grandma had a whole host of pet names beside.

Aunt Gussie thought "Chubby Wubby" seemed to suit her the best of all, she was so round and plump and rosy.

Miss Chubby was cross one day, and among other things, she took it into her head that she wouldn't be called by any of her pet names. When mamma said to her, "Blossom, come and get your hat on," she shrugged her shoulders; and she answered, "Agh!" when Aunt Gussie made a rush at her for half-a-dozen kisses when she came in off the lawn, with such tempting cheeks that it was impossible not to want to bite them.

When Aunt Gussie said, "Come here, quick, you sweet little Chubby Wubby!" Fanny just kicked out one of her bare, plump little knees, and cried, "Pig!"

Now that was a very dreadful thing for her to call her auntie, for Fanny thought pigs were very horrid sort of beasts, and it was the worst name she knew, and beside, she said it in a naughty, wicked tone.

"O Chubby," cried Aunt Gussie, laughing, "we haven't got any pigs in here, and we don't want any colts either, and if you are going to kick that way, we shall have to put you out in the stable."

Chubby didn't feel a bit like laughing at this, but said again, very loudly, "Pig, Pig, Pig!"

Mamma heard her from the other room then, and she called out, "Come in here to me, Fanny; I want to look at your tongue." Fanny kicked up her heels and ran in to her mamma, and stuck out her little coral-tinted tongue. "Wha' fo', mamma?" she asked, thinking perhaps some little sweet pellets might follow.

"I wanted to see the naughty spot on it," answered mamma. "I heard it call auntie a name just now, and I wanted to tell you if I ever heard it call any one that again, I should put something on the spot to cure the naughtiness."

Little Fanny shut her lips very tight then, only opening them to say very earnestly, "Never no more, mamma."

"Well," replied mamma, "I hope you won't forget, for I shall not; now kiss auntie, and run out on the lawn and play until luncheon."

Then little Chubby Wubby went in and threw her arms around Aunt Gussie's neck, and all was forgiven.

Somewhat "never no more" happened to be a very short time, for not very long afterward, when Annie, her nurse, called, "Come, Fanny, bread and milk is all ready," she ran away off down by the brook and answered, "No, I don't wan' to tum."

"But mamma says you must come in right away," and Annie ran after her.

"Pig, Pig, Pig," again cried Fanny, in an angry tone.

Mamma heard her, and came to the door. "Pick her right up, Annie, and bring her to me. I am going to cure her of that habit directly," and so poor little naughty Chubby Wubby was borne into the house, kicking and screaming lustily.

"Stop your crying and put out your tongue," said mamma. "I'm going to put some pepper right on to the naughty spot, and burn out the name you have called auntie and Annie to-day."

"No, mamma, no, no, never no more," sobbed little Chubby Wubby, her eyes and round red cheeks all wet with tears.

"Well, if Aunt Gussie and Annie say so, I will let you off this time," said mamma, with the little pinch of pepper in her hand all ready.

"But remember, if I ever hear your tongue call any one 'Pig' again, I shall put the pepper on it and burn out the naughty spot."

Chubby Wubby sobbed over and over again, "Never no more, mamma," and Aunt Gussie and Annie were very glad to say they would not like to have their darling punished "this time," and Aunt Gussie whispered to little Fanny's mamma, "I feel half to blame myself, for I suppose she thinks if I call her a name, she may call me one," and after that day little Fanny never called anybody "Pig," and Aunt Gussie stopped calling Fanny "Chubby Wubby." G. DE B.

For the Companion.

LITTLE RUDOLPH.

"Guten morgen! Guten morgen!"
Sounded at my door,
Eager footsteps in the entry
Outside, and before
I could answer, on the threshold,
Happiest in the land,
Stood my little German neighbor,
Bowing, hat in hand!



But I scarcely knew my Rudolph.
What do you suppose
Changed him so? He laughed and shouted,
"Don't you see my clothes?
I'm a boy at last! And even
If my hair does curl,
Folks won't ever dare to call me
Any more, a girl,—

"Will they?" "No," I said, half sadly,
You're a big boy now!
"I shall miss my baby Rudolph."
Such a saucy bow
As he gave me! But his sweet face,
Brimming o'er with joy,
Made me glad we'd changed our baby
To a noisy boy. M. M.

* Good-morning.

For the Companion.

"PINKY."

Pinky was a white mouse that a friend of mine bought when it was very young, and so small that when it was more than two months old it would amuse itself by running back and forth through her finger ring, as she held it on the table like a hoop; and he seemed to like his plaything so well, that when he got too large to get through, his mistress let him wear it round his

neck as a collar. But soon he outgrew it, and then Pinky had to give up his little gold toy altogether, and made friends with a spool of cotton, which he would get out of the work-basket, stand up on the end and sit upon and then with his tiny paws unwind the cotton, twirling the spool round on the polished table, and so giving himself a ride, and looking very cunning perched up there.

Sometimes his mistress would hold a knitting needle over the table, and he would put his fore paws over it, and dance up and down the whole length of the needle until he was tired.

He had a little red cloak with a hood, and he would stand quite still to have it put on, and then scamper off to a little block house the children had, and would peep out of one of the windows, looking for all the world like a little "Red Riding Hood."

There is always danger in letting our playful pets play too much, and one day poor Pinky laid in his kind mistress' hand, seemed tired and sick, and the next day in her hand he died.

The moral of this true story is,—always let your pets, whether puppies, or kittens, or anything else, have plenty of time to rest and sleep. B. B.

For the Companion.

IN THE DARK.

I know it is dark, my darling,
And fearful the darkness seems;
But shut your eyes! in a moment
The night will be bright with dreams;
Or, better, you'll sleep so sound all night
It will seem but a moment till morning light.

There is only one kind of darkness
That need to trouble us, dear;
Only the night of temptation,
And then we must all of us fear.
Yet even then, if we are but brave,
There is ONE who is ever at hand to save.

We have only to ask Him to help us,
And He will keep us from harm;
Only to whisper, "Jesus!"—
His Name is a holy charm:
"Jesus, save me!" we need but say,
And the night of temptation will flee away.

How can He be always near us?
Near all of us, everywhere?
Ah! that is beyond our knowing;
But there is no bound to His care,
And dear as the whole big world in His sight,
Is the little child that He bids good-night.

HARRIET McEWEN KIMBALL.

For the Companion.

PATTY'S FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL.

Patty was only four years old, but she was just crazy to go to school. Her three older brothers and sisters all went, and why couldn't she? So, as much to quiet her teasing as anything, her mother fixed her off to school with the rest, one winter morning more than thirty years ago.

Miss Dobbs, the teacher, was very strict and made the scholars learn well, but I'm afraid they did not love her as much as if she had been more gentle with them. But it was the fashion in those days for teachers to be severe, and whip the scholars whenever they needed it.

The school-room was a new place to little Patty's round eyes, and for the first hour she kept very still, looking about in wonder at all she saw and heard. She sat with her oldest sister, Anna, and felt very well pleased with everything.

By-and-by she wanted something else to do, and spoke up promptly, in her sharp little voice, "Anna, I want to see the pictures in your Dogathy!"

Of course all the scholars laughed. Miss Dobbs rapped on the desk sharply with her rule. "Silence!" The house became quiet. "You must not speak out loud in school again," she said, sternly, to Patty. "I shall punish you if you do."

Patty was very angry. "What right had Miss Dobbs to speak so to her?" she thought.

She began to be afraid of Miss Dobbs, but she was sure Anna would not let any harm come to her little sister. She slipped down quietly off the seat, and sat down on the floor under the big desk. There Miss Dobbs could not see her, and she could free her mind. So again her clear voice rang out, "Miss Dobbs is drefful cross, isn't she, Anna?"

The scholars laughed again, but Miss Dobbs walked quickly up to the desk, pulled out little Patty, and boxed her ears soundly. Then sitting her down hard on the seat, she left her with a stern "Now see if you can keep still!"

Patty was too scared to cry. She found Miss Dobbs was to be minded, and for the rest of the winter she went to school and was as good a little girl as you could wish to see. M. C. W. B.



Enigmas, Charades, Puzzles, &c.

1.
TRANSPPOSITION.
A WATER BIRD.

Though my nest you may find swinging high in the trees,
While I rock on my greenish-blue eggs in the breeze,
Yet I fish for a living, and love water more
Than land, though I'm careful to keep near the shore.
Transposed, I'm a river, you'll see at a glance,
In Switzerland starting, and running through France. B.

2.
HIEROGLYPHIC TRANSPPOSITIONS.

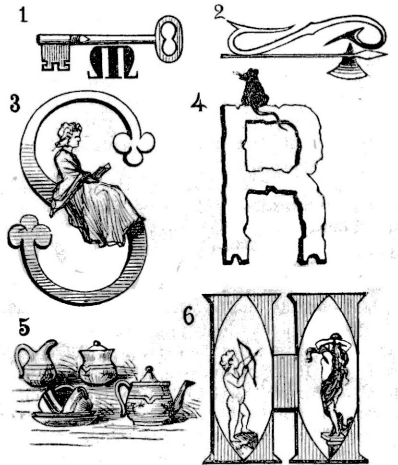
[Express exactly in the fewest words; then transpose your definition into a word or words equivalent to the definition given under the hieroglyphic.]

EXAMPLE:



A deed.

This symbol literally expressed is Cat on I. Transpose these letters, and you have action, which is equivalent to "A deed."



In the same way, find the answers to above symbols: 1, Is an animal. 2, A race. 3, Young ladies. 4, Immense. 5, Settled. 6, A fanatic. J. P. B.

3.

THE THREE BOYS.

[Fill blanks with words to rhyme with the termination of the first line.]

A two-letter boy, whose name was Ed,
And a three-letter boy, whose nickname was —,
Were joined by their four-letter brother, named —,
One boy was quite spunky—the hair on his —,
Was of a bright Auburn, in fact it was —,
And fat too, he was, by being well —,
Another had eyes dull and heavy as —,
And his nose was so broad that often 'twas —,
It nearly all over his visage was —,
The third boy was lazy; he walked with a —,
That made it appear that he had a great —,
Of working sufficient to pay for the —,
Which he ate, when he hadn't some meat in its —,
One cold winter day these boys got a —,
Which they found snug and dry out under a —,
And, like the bad boys of which you have —,
Without their parents' permission they —,
To the high coasting hill; soon downward they —,
But upset on the way, and one made his —,
In a deep drift of snow which wet every —,
Of his new suit of clothes. Another one —,
So much at the nose he thought himself —,
The third one, unhurt, the way homeward —,
Where for parents' forgiveness each one humbly —.
SCHELL.

4.

PREFIXES.

My first is a word which signifies advantage; prefix a letter and my second is the name of a river; prefix again, and my third is an excess; again, and my fourth is synonymous with one meaning of my third; once more, and my fifth is synonymous with a second meaning of my third. E. L. E.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. Handel. Haydn, melody, tenor, bass—MENDLSOHN BARTOLDY.

2. GOLD SMITH

ADDISON

FUE

PUCE

J. R. L. (James Russell Lowell.)

DANTE

INGLOW

ABNEY PARK

3. DARED

NEARS

DEAD

LAVED

DEEDS

Diagonals— D, an, red, earl, dread, save, Dec, D. D., s.

4. It is a serious (cereous) matter, and a wicked work brought to light.

He is making light of a serious (cereous) matter.

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