Grows the great deed, though none Shout to behold it done! To the brave deed done by night Heaven testifies in the light!

Stealthy and swift as a dream, Crowding the breast of the stream, In their paint and plumes of war And their war-canoes four-score

They are threading the Oolastook Where his cradling hills o'erlook. The branchy thickets hide them; The unstartled waters guide them.

Comes night to the quiet hills Where the Madawaska spills,-To his slumbering huts no warning, Nor mirth of another morning!

No more shall the children wake As the dawns through the hut-door break; But the dogs, a trembling pack, With wistful eyes steal back.

And, to pilot the noiseless foe Through the perilous passes, go Two women who could not die,-Whom the knife in the dark passed by.

Where the shoaling waters froth, Churned thick like devil's broth,-Where the rocky shark-jaw waits, Never a bark that grates!

And the tearless captives' skill Contents them. Onward still! And the low-voiced captives tell The tidings that cheer them well: How a clear stream leads them down

Well-nigh to Medoctec town, Ere to the great Falls' thunder The long wall yawns asunder.

The clear stream glimmers before them; The faint night falters o'er them; Lashed lightly bark to bark, They glide the windless dark.

Late grows the night. No fear While the skillful captives steer! Sleeps the tired warrior, sleeps The chief; and the river creeps.

In the town of the Melicete The unjarred peace is sweet, Green grows the corn and great, And the hunt is fortunate.

This many a heedless year The Mohawks come not near. The lodge-gate stands unbarred;

No mother shricks from a dream Of blood on the threshold stream,-But the thought of those mute guides Is where the sleeper bides!

Gets forth those caverned walls No roar from the giant Falls, Whose mountainous foam treads under The abyss of awful thunder.

But-the river's sudden speed! How the ghost-gray shores recede! And the tearless pilots hear A muttering voice creep near.

A tremor! The blanched waves leap. The warriors start from sleep. Faints in the sudden blare The cry of their swift despair,

And the captives' death-chant shrills. But afar, remote from ills, Quiet under the quiet skies. The Melicete village lies. -Charles G. D. Roberts, in The Century for June.

A LITTLE BROWN WITCH.

She was an indescribably lean, little brown creature, with elf locks hanging around her preternaturally old face, where the eyes, all "alive and awake, looked out of their places," bright as those of Browning's gypsy witch-

"As if she could double and quadruple
At pleasure the play of either pupil."

The tan of all the sun in the sky, and all the sheen of the sea was on her skin; and a melancholy like that of the Sphinx seemed to have turned the face to stone. She sat in a little hut by the shore, whose door was open; and she had a little dead child across her knees.

Of course we looked in, and then we

"You poor child!" I said. "Tell me what is this? What does it mean? How terrible for you to be here all alone. Is there nobody-

"That's just it," she said, in a low, hollow tone, as if talking to herself, "no-

I kneeled down beside her, and looked at the little dead three-year-old baby-just our Effie's age—putting my arm around the elder one as I did so. "You can kiss her if you want to," said

the child, with a sort of gasp. "She was so sweet."

I didn't want to, but I kissed her, and then I kissed the little mother holding the dead baby on her knee. She looked at me again a moment with those fevered eyes, and then she leaned forward and rested her head on my shoulder.

"There's nobody to kiss me," she said faintly, "since the day the wave tumbled over father and he never came up. And the baby had fever, and he'd gone up to town for some medicine, and I was looking out for him, and I saw him and the wave. stormed. The sun couldn't shine if it teacher's giving her a reprimand before the her flowers; what a bit of vital hearth-fire would. There's been nobody here. other children; and with that she became, she had become. And there's been nothing to eat. And -"

HOW THE MOHAWKS SET OUT FOR myself. "He has sent my husband and me. You shall go home with us." And I took the poor baby and laid it on the bed, pained her. It was no use to tell her that unawares. pack our lunch basket and light the spirit and she would take another. And she lamp-for Ralph and I had strolled down the beach for an old-time picnic by ourthe baby," she said, holding it off a moment. I sat beside her, and in a little while made her drink some more. And she absorbed it at the pores, although she Of then, as she seemed falling asleep, I went listened, to be sure, pretty intelligently in to the door, where Ralph waited, for a the corner of the hearth, when Ralph read whispered consultation about the baby.

> can row out there in a boat—the boat came she liked. "You've taken a little hussy ashore, you know. Baby would like that that you don't know anything about into She said then, quickly, "She your hearts to break them." might, you know, she might sink and find not think of any such burial as she proanything more about the children and their father, than that they had come there, and lived some months in that lonesome hut, ture home with us.

"For what else is there to do?" I said. "I don't know as there is anything," said Ralph dubiously. "And the little wretch Juliet suggests."

"No-it would not do. Don't you see the child is full of a certain sort of refinement and of strange idealities? Didn't you see her rocking Effie in the twilight? Effie takes the place in some fashion of that | she watched outside the kitchen door of the baby of hers. She sings the sweet old English ballads that I can't imagine where she picked up. And did you notice how careful she was to make up the little parcel to take with her? What do you suppose there was in it? Something she called her mother's wedding lines. And a little bundle of letters, and an old photograph of her father, and a ring, just a plain gold one, that his father gave him when a boy, and that he used for her mother's wedding ring -and the mother died, poor young thingand they were so poor he sold everything else, but he wouldn't sell that. She said all this as she was putting up the parcel. I haven't asked to see anything in it.'

"That is right. Respect her reserve. And by-and-by she may forget the thing. I hope so, if we keep her. And it looks as though it were meant we should."

"Well, if ever there were two young fools who ought to have guardians appointed!" cried aunt Juliet, coming over later. "Of course you can always find a leading of Providence where you want it. But I hope you are going to keep her in the kitchen and make her of some use."

"You don't mean to send me away!" cried a voice from behind us, and Ninathat was the name her father called her, her mother's pet name-stood there, tiptoeing, her great eyes glowing and darkening, her hands wringing one another. "You can't mean to send me away when you've brought me here, when I've got nobody else but you, when I love you so!" And the tears that her great despair and neighborhood to death had not called forth, splashed over now in large drops. "You know," she said, "that I will take care of Effie, and run Rose's errands, and sew with Jane all day long, and I will teach Effie her letters, and I can wipe dishes, and pick over berries, and I can dust, and feed the cats, and put ice on your headaches, and air the newspaper-

"For goodness sake, hold your tongue, child," cried aunt Juliet. "I should think make yourself useful, and stay in the kitchen, and earn your living. And I excome across!

But Nina had no idea of staying in the she was, and I soon found that she considelder daughter.

For a while Nina was very quiet; sometimes she cried a little by herself, but quite gently, over a doll she played with; sometimes she came and stood by me, hanging an arm around my neck, for a long while; sometimes she sat in the big window and from some dream of Lance. And Lance crooned her old ballads to Ralph, for whom she had developed an extravagant devotion. "He is lovely, isn't he?" said she. "Oh, if of some sort." I could only do something for him! If it would do him any good to walk right over me, I would lie down under his feet-indeed I would."

"That is very strong language," said I "I can't see how that would do him any good, and it would hurt you."

for him except to be hurt!" abate somewhat; for Nine went to school, dream that dream was over. But I was and the new interest and excitement there not at all myself; Nina did not sadden diverted her, till she began to hate her les- to any extent, nor for any length of time, sons and defy her teacher, and presently and before we could account for it ourselves, beg to stay at home. And when Ralph told her she was his little girl, and must have an education suitable for his little girl, she declared she was nothing of the sort, but was his little servant. Aunt Juliet had said so, and she needed and would have no

education at all. Of course this pause ended by the as you may say, uproarious. She after that But while this peacefulness was develop-"And what are you going to do?" I in- was more likely to be found wading in the ing at home, there was trouble brooding "There's nothing to eat," she replied in dull tone. "There hasn't been these two dull tone."

It is that she had not seen the doctor call for little all our married years.

Of course I did what I could to hold up "There's nothing to eat," she replied in a dull tone. "There hasn't been these two days. What else shall I do? And I'm—
I'm glad of it. It's the only way I can have my dear people again!" she said, with a little dry sob. "And of course God meant that I should, or he would have sent something. I couldn't leave the baby."

"He has sent something!" I said, crying "He has sent something!" I said, crying "There's nothing to eat," she replied in Effic—of whom she was passionately fond, and into whom she had confidentially told me she was sure the soul of the little dead baby must have gone—which sight brought her down so incontinently as to bring a multitude of bruises and scratches with her. Neither entreaty nor force could bring her to leave the room after that till Effic was pronounced to be out of danger.

she had not seen the doctor call for little fond, and into whom she was passionately fond, and into whom she had confidentially told me she was sure the soul of the little dead baby must have gone—which sight brought her down so incontinently as to bring a multitude of bruises and scratches with her. Neither entreaty nor force could bring her to leave the room after that till Effic was pronounced to be out of danger.

It was of no use to tell her that she pained us by her conduct, it was we who aloud evenings.

"No, no," she said quickly, all alert "It's just as I said," declared aunt Julagain, "baby can be buried where her father was, in the middle of a wave. We connection, took the liberty of saying what

Nina was still, at fifteen years, a little, her father's arms-he loved her so." How lean, brown thing, with owl's eyes, and as wizened and old and preternatural she farouche and shy as anything of the woods, looked, as she was saying this in her thin when Lance came home. Lance was Ralph's and feeble voice! But of course we could brother, and had been away at the naval school, and then sailed round the world, posed, and the baby had a little funeral and had not been at our home these six that outraged none of the proprieties. And she heard him darkness is this?" And she heard him. And nothing could bring her into the same room with him during the whole time of his stay. But by-and-by she hung over the balustrade to listen to his voice, or she hung out of sight of any but the sea-gulls, when we went away, which was in a couple of over the balcony to see him on the lawn days, we took the little, lean, brown crea- all if he were not looking-or she flashed like a fire-fly from window to window to watch him if he strolled around the river path and behind the fringe of birch and beech with Flora Denny, our pretty relies on us so that I don't suppose we can put her off into any institution, as aunt she muttered. "I always did hate a white girl!" she muttered. "I like dark people," she said, "like you and me. We are alive!"

Once or twice during Lance's stay, Nina went into the kitchen, and with a strong hand compelled old Rose, the cook, to show her how to prepare certain dishes, and then lunch-room, to learn of their reception, which was tolerably favorable. "I always knew I could do it if I wanted to," she said. And then she might have been observed bent over work in hidden corners till she had finished a little purse of steel beads. "Here!" she cried over the banister, the morning Lance was going away. "You take this! There's a lucky penny in it." He looked up and saw her bending there-the strangest lady, so serious, and dark and witch-like, that ever sent knight on his devoir. "I will take it," he said, "if you will come

down and give it to me.' And step by step she came down, as if he drew her forward and some unwilling power held her back, and laid the little brown leaf of a hand in his. And then Lance drew her a little nearer, and bending from his lordly height to kiss me good-by, turned and bent and gravely kissed her too.

In another instant she had broken away and had raced out into the orchard and hidden herself in the long grass; and when she came in, some hours afterward, she announced that she was never going to wash the spot upon her face that Lance had for all the trouble I had had with her from

"That girl is a fool," said aunt Juliet, who had dropped in. I don't know whether the fact that her foot caught in a croquet wicket and threw her down, on her way to the gate afterward had anything to do with had already begun to economize in the her remark or not.

Shortly after this, Nina said, "You know I always said anybody could do anything if they only wanted to do it. I wanted to cook those things; and you know what he said about them. I wanted to make a outgrown them, and I marvelled a little to purse, and there wasn't a knot in the silk. hear and think it was my bit of wild fire Now I want to learn French and music, tamed. and all that white thing Flora Denny knows. And you'll see." And she did.

Not all at once, of course, did we see the desired proficiency, but she had a natural aptitude for music and art. And presently a strange quietude seemed to have fallen on the house; and now, instead of a little she went by machinery. Of course you'll brown imp, there was a slender, dark, young girl, whose angles were turning into curves, on whose olive cheeks a ruddy tint pect," she said warningly to me, "that was blossoming, whose lips were a bow she'll eat you out of house and home. The knot of scarlet, and whose eyes—there idea of taking in every beggar's brat you never were such eyes out of a gypsy's head! The swift capriciousness of movement had become a sort of flashing grace; indifference kitchen. On the contrary, wherever I was to dress had changed to a wondrous taste for the picturesque, and carelessness for the ered herself on the footing of a little or feelings of others had vanished before her old intense tenderness for one and all of us. "She has been going through the

chrysalis stage," said Ralph. "And what a gorgeous butterfly she is going to be!" "She is not going to be a gorgeous but-terfly at all," said I. "All this has resulted will marry her white enemy there, of course, and she will sadden into a little brown moth

"Nonsense," said Ralph. "Lance only opened her eyes. Every girl, every boy, has to have half a dozen chances before the real one comes along. Don't you remember 'Romeo's Rosalind?' Yes, Lance will marry Flora, and much joy go with them. But our Nina shall do better.

"I should want it to hurt me!" she exclaimed passionately. "I can't do anything in quietly with a letter in her hand and told us in her gentle-voiced way, of an engage-But after a season this feeling seemed to ment to Lance; and if Nina had had a she was brighter and sweeter, and even gayer about the house, than any household fairy. "Yiu had better call me your Brownie," she said, when I began to perceive from how many little tasks she saved me, how much she looked out for Ralph's comfort, how absorbed she was in Effie. How she beautified the house with her pencil and

"Nina is no burden," said I. "She is a blessing. She is an angel we entertained

while the other child looked at me with half-bewildered eyes. I proceeded to unpack our lunch basket and light the spirit and she would take another. And she got to live!" said aunt Juliet. "And you've could be brought to see no use in book got to find the means. And I don't see learning, or demure behavior, or in any how you're going to do it without starving

> Of course I gave Rose the option of going to aunt Juliet. "No, I thank you, ma'am, said Rose. "I wouldn't live with your aunt Juliet, ma'am, not if she had the only mansion there was in heaven."

> "I always told you I was your little maid," said Nina. "And now I will either go out to work some way, or stay and do your work here. I can't do too much for you. I can't do too much for him. Do you know, once I thought, for just a little while, that Lance was the only man in the world! Lance isn't a shadow beside him! There isn't such a soul alive as his, and you were made for him! Oh, if I only were good for something now!"

"We will all work together," I said, thinking it best to disregard her enthusiasm lest it became hysterical. "The laundress and the second girl have gone, and it's just as well; for we shouldn't have room for them in our new lodgings"-and then it was I who was hysterical, for I broke down crying; the thought of leaving my dear nome being more, just then, than I could bear. The appraisers had been there that day going over everything, and it had all seemed such an intrusion and profanation that it had been too much for me, and I wondered, when an apparently accidental bucketful of water was dashed from an upper-story window, as they were going away, giving them a thorough wetting, if it had not been too much for somebody else and the old spirit might not be again taking

"It made something flash fire inside of me like sparks," said Nina, "to see those men turning over our dear things. Oh, why can't I do something to earn some money in a lump! If there were only a millionaire for me to marry. I might marry him, you know—I'm very pretty.
I'd marry him, you know, in a minute
if I could," she said, "and give his money all to you. If I had aunt Juliet's money, do you suppose I'd let them take your cook? Do you suppose I'd let them take your house? No! If I had a quarter of the bonds she has packed away in that safety deposit box of her's, I'd make life so gay for you all that you'd think you'd died and gone to heaven! And he should never have a care again! And have Effie grow up without an education; heavens! I'm so glad I learned something at last-she can have all that now! She could have everything, the darling, if I had it, and you and he should have rest! I lie awake nights and picture how I'd spend a fortune If I had it, and spend it all on you."

Well, I felt such love more than repaid me the hour when I found her in the little fishing hut on the shore; and I told her so, and we had a very enjoyable cry together. I was sitting that night rocking myself discontentedly by the low firelight, for we matter of lamps, when Ralph came in from outdoors, and sat down opposite. Nina was on a sofa behind the screen, with Effie lying back in her arms, telling stories in a low voice to the child, who had not yet

Ralph sat looking in the fire, and occasionally throwing on a handful of cones and watching the swift, fragrant blaze they next week," he said. "I've been over to look at that little flat. I suppose it will do. It isn't the place for you -

"Oh, anywhere is the place for me," I said, "that you can manage to put me in!" "Four rooms in the heart of the town," he said bitterly. "No views from my window but one of squalid backyards; no river, no great hemlock trees, no pine cones to burn on open fires-just the barest getting along until we can do better-if we

"Well," I said, "it might be worse. We can be very happy, if we are only well and

have each other. "Yes," he said, "yes. But it is hard to leave all we have worked for these dozen years, all that is dear to us; hard, too, to have slipped by so nearly as I have done to a vast fortune—as that would have been but for-if it had not been-if I had only seen-but there, the more one thinks the worse it grows. The world is all alike. Somebody else is slipping tolerably near a fortune with less likelihood of getting it, by what I heard in the office today. of those English fortunes falling due to some unfindable heir."

"I thought the things were all frauds," said I. "The great fortunes in the Bank of England belonging to people over

there. "Oh, they are, very likely," said Ralph, absently. "This wasn't one of that sort. This is the case of an absent heir-the son of a man named Strachan-Reginald Strachan-a man of great wealth in London, an old East Indian merchant, whose son married some young singer or other, and ran away with her-one Rowena-Rowena Dysart. They have been traced to this country, and it is known that a child was born and named for her mother, who died presently. And all further trace of him is lost. The case has just been sent to our office by the English solicitors. If he is dead there is a fortune of some hundreds of thousands of pounds belonging to that child, Rowena Strachan-

Suddenly there seemed to be an earthquake in the room, the screen went over when men addicted to the cigarette habit night to regretfully remember what I might was more nkely to be found wading in the ling at nome, there was trouble brooding quake in the found, and Nina, still grasping Effie, had learned to smoke these ladies' cigar-have said to confound him. "I'm sitting here till I die, too. 'T won't rang, or swinging in the topmost bough of way, the creditors were cruel, and disaster had sprung forward and s'ood between us, be long, you see," she said faintly, looking a tree, or walking around the eaves of the was impending. And one day it came. her eyes ablaze, the color flushing her be long, you see," she said faintly, looking up and leaning back in her chair again. "I'm so little, it won't take so long to starve as it does sometimes. I don't feel so bad, you know, because I shall see them so soon, now."

"Starve!" I cried. "My dear child! Strachan, as you said; it's called Strawn, you know. And Nina was her pet name. And that child is the mistress of a fortune of hundreds of thousands of pounds, and they're yours! All yours! Why, that's just as plain as day!" she said, without regard to grammar. "That's me!"—

Harriet Prescott Spofford in Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.

LODGE-ROOM ECHOES.

Loyal Orange Association.

At a meeting of the Grand Lodge of B. A. in Toronto, recently, a list of resolutions was approved of, ordered to be printed and distributed to the British American selves—and to heat some milk and water, which I made her drink. "It's too late for the baby," she said, holding it off a mother. I don't know how she managed to the baby, "she said, holding it off a mother dead of the without starting and stripping yourselves. Surely you can't and stripping yourselves. Surely you can't lodges. The question of the establishment afford to keep a cook now; and I'll take the did not see fit to render. The years were soon a long struggle with the baby," she said, holding it off a mother dead of the without starting and stripping yourselves. Surely you can't lodges. The question of the establishment afford to keep a cook now; and I'll take the lodges was gone into carefully, and a report was prepared to be sent to and a report was prepared to be sent to the grand lodge at Winnipeg.

Preparations are being made for a great demonstration at Westville, N. S., on the 12th prox. Delegates are expected from New Brunswick and P. E. Island. An important feature of the celebration will be the laying of the corner stone of a large hall. Westville lodge is 100 strong.

Orangemen throughout Canada will celebrate the bi-centenary of the landing of William, Prince of Orange, and the tercentenary of the destruction of the Spanish Armada, on July 12. An official programme of places for holding demonstrations, resolutions to be offered, etc., will be published by the committees of the grand lodges appointed for that purpose.

Independent Order of Odd Fellows. They have a mistaken idea of Oddfellowship who look on it as a purely private society-one whose concerns are of no interest to any but the members themselvesand whose operations affect only those who are connected with it. On the contrary, its influences extend far beyond its immediate bounds; and it maintains an extended relationship to the community at large. It has just claims to the countenance and support of all who are interested in the welfare of the human race, not only on account of the benefits conferred upon those who have united with it, but on account of the advantages the State derives from it .-Dominion Oddfellow.

In 1819 the order had five members to start with in America. Now the report of the grand secretary of the Sovereign Grand lodge for the year 1887 shows 8,556 subordinate lodges, besides the encampments and Rebekah degree lodges with a membership of 530,310, and increase over the preceding year of 12,990 members. During the year 1886 these 530,310 members paid for relief alone \$2,227,324.50, an increase over the preceding year of \$46,422.57. The total revenue from these 8,556 lodges was \$5,-659,772.37, an increase over the last year of \$35,083.60.

LOVELY WOMAN.

"Let me see your tongue, madam, please," said the doctor, and he added, facetiously, as the request was complied with: "It is not necessary to expose the entire length of it."

The indignant patient drew in her tongue and gave the thoughtless young physician a piece of it .- Chicago Tribune.

Rosa Bonheur does not always wear male attire, as the popular idea has it. She is seen on the streets of Paris dressed quite as the average well-to-do matron of France is accustomed to dress, distinguished only by the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor pinned at her breast. When she is at work, however, she does wear trousers and a broad-brimmed hat.

The latest victim to stage fever is a grand-daughter of Jacob Thompson, Secretary of the Southern Confederacy, a married woman who deserted her husband for the stage recently, and who is said to made. "I suppose we shall have to go have a fortune of \$750,000. Unfortunately the money is in trust, and as her aunt refuses to recognize her, the actress will be compelled to shift for herself. She ran away to get married, and now prefers the stage to her husband.

Fair amateur photographers in a certain city not a thousand miles from Pittsburg have various ways of making their work ornamental. The pictures which they take in their homes, or conservatories, are mounted in odd fashions. One girl showed a white satin fan on which she had photographed a group of friends whispering to each other. She had a fire screen with artistically arranged groups clustered about the fireplace. Another group was a merry party assembled on the lawn. This scene might be looked at by anybody, but in her chamber she had pictures that were destined for her own eyes alone, or, at most, for those of her intimate friends. Around the mirror was a circle of finely-mounted photographs of her girl friends in their prettiest robes de nuit. Pittsburg Bulletin.

The proprietor of a large cigar store showed me recently some very dainty gold paper cigarette boxes, exquisitely embossed in figures, and let me smoke one of the perfumed darlings inclosed therein. They are literally delicious scented cigarettes, perfumed with rose carnation or heliotrope, mported especially for ladies' use, from Paris, of course, which supports numerous great establishments where eigarettes are manufactured for fashionable women exclusively. The most expensive kind, according to the New York dealer, unites the fragrance of delicate flowers with a soupconof opium. When I asked if fashionable women really bought them, and if women of another class were not his best customers, he laughed and replied that wellknown ladies were devoted to them and persisted in their use, careless of ruining their teeth and contracting the opium hapit. He declared that they were harmless, though the presence of the Chinese drug proves the contrary, and that it would be a great victory for the nose

"SINCE CLEOPATRA DIED."

"Since Cleopatra died!" Long years are past,
In Antony's fancy, since the deed was done.
Love counts its epochs, not from sun to sun,
But by the heart-throb. Mercilessly fast
Time has swept onward since she looked her last
On life, a queen. For him the sands have run
Whole ages through their glass, and kings have

won
And lost their empires o'er earth's surface vast
Since Cleopatra died. Ah! Love and Pain
Make their own measure of all things that be.
No clock's slow ticking marks their deathless

strain; The life they own is not the life we see; Love's single moment is eternity;
Eternity, a thought in Shakspeare's brain.

-Thomas Wentworth Higginson, in the Century for SOME DAY.

We Shall Do Lots of Good Things, Then-If the Time Ever Comes.

'Lives there a man with soul so dead' who never indulged in dreams about his

own particular "some day." Some day he is going to take a new deal and be a right good fellow. He is going to quit drinking between meals and perjuring his immortal soul on cloves! He is going to join the church and get ready to pass in his checks when the grim old conductor, Death, calls them up for the last station. He is going to be amiable to his wife and family, commencing early Monday morning and keeping it right up until the next Sunday after midnight. He is going to stop telling lies and quit card-playing, and learn to give the devil the direct cut at whatever cross-roads he meets him.

Oh, yes, indeed, my dear, there is no doubt about it, the "some days" hang for us all like ripening plums on the tree of life, and we mean to pluck the branches clean before we die. As for me, here are a few of my own fast mellowing "some

Some day I am going to earn ten dollars over and above grocery bills, and shoe bills, and coal bills, and I am going to join the Humane society, and make things lively for Chicago. I shall take my stand on the street corner and arrest every brute that overloads a horse, and every created man who abets him in doing so. The ablebodied people who crowd into a street-car and expect two half-dead rats of horses to drag them up a snowy grade, straining until their eyes hang out on their wretched cheeks and their sinews burst, shall be wheeled off to the Bridewell and made to put up and take down stove-pipe for a solid year.

Some day the cab-driver shall find himself without a whip; the dude shall be made to drive his nag without a head-check rein, and the half-grown boy who yanks his horse's bit so constantly as he drives through town shall find himself directly in front of a strong man's boot.

Some day the woman who knows no more about bringing up children than a cat knows about Beethoven shall find herself childless, and back in school to learn the rudiments of hygiene, physiology, and common sense. She who feeds a baby strong tea and coffee; she who lets a growing child sit up till midnight; she who take a two-year-old to the matinee and slaps it because it is afraid; she who puts French heels or laced corsets on her young daughter, and provides wine and high-seasoned food for her sons, shall go back and start from a protoplasm, to see if she can sprout a soul if God gives her another

Some day heaven's tardy justice shall overtake the "masher," and I'll be there to see! His soul, like a filthy rag, shall be cast into refuse, and all the bats, and crows, and carrion birds that inhabit his brain shall be let loose and fly away like a screaming brood of night before the dawn of day. What will be left of him then? Just what is left of a chicken when a cyclone strikes it, or of a buttercup when the prairie fires sweep over it.

Some day I shall attain sufficient moral courage to refuse to be "pumped" by wily Some day I shall cut my last wisdom tooth and sit with the wise on pedestals of

peace, from which my own folly shall overthrow me no more forever. Some day I shall know that it is heaven that grants women their intuitions, and it

is safe to be guided by them. Some day I shall understand why I hated 'Doctor Fell."

Some day I shall not only know enough to go in, but also to stay in, when it rains. Some day I shall give up trying to conjecture what the black specks are in oat-meal, and abandon the effort to eat what I hate, because it is healthful.

Some day I shall decide that it is not worth while to sow wheat on rocks, or try and draw water from dry wells. In other words, I shall give up trying to cultivate uninteresting people just to keep up a social

Some day I shall learn that honesty is vastly better than policy, and shall cast loose from conventionalities and conformities that fetter the soul.

Some day I shall find out that one true, and tried, and faithful friend, who tells the truth and does not flatter, is better than a whole palace-car full of sycophants and honey-tongued praisers, who ride at your expense, and make your vanity their treasurer and purse-carrier.

Some day I shall sing at the funeral of the woman who chews a tooth-pick on the public street.

Some day I shall dance upon the grave of the car-driver who is always dreaming of his best girl while I hopelessly signal him from the "upper crossing of an intersecting street, or the exact middle of a block not less than five hundred yards long.

Some day I shall find a comrade soul brave as my own to adopt the new dress reform, and wear "leglets," though on-looking men go mad with glee. Some day I shall develop my muscle

sufficiently to cope with the son of wrath who stole my silk umbrella yesterday while I was drinking "egg-shake" at a sodafountain stand. Some day I shall meet the gum-chewer

alone on a windy lea, and there will be only one of us left to buy tolu-sticks at two-fora-cent while the sad years of subsequent time roll by. Some day I shall go to the theater and

find that my press-tickets call for a seat where I can both see and hear, and when the fiend enters who always comes late, a special band of imps shall meet him and convey him straight to tophet. Some day I shall have an answer ready

for my adversary, and not wake up in the

Some day I shall be a little child again in purity, and candor, and truth, and find, perhaps, myself in heaven.-Amber in Chicago Horseman.

A Slight Misapprehension.

Miss Duquesne—"We're going for a tramp in the woods to-morrow. It is so nice; will you come along?"
Miss Wabash (of Chicago)—"Why, cert. But what has the poor tramp done?"-Pittsburg Bulletin.

Locomotive builder (on a railroad train) -"The engine has broken down. I have examined it, and if I only had the proper tools I could fix it in half an hour." Helpful Wife-"Here's a hairpin, dear."