

## Poetry.

## STOP AND THINK.

Why this headlong race through life!  
Why this vain and eager strife!  
Will you think that you should lose,  
Will it help to regret it?  
And if you chance to win,  
Must you not die and forget it?  
Stop and think!  
In the race of fashion, lady,  
Why so fast? Be cool; be steady.  
Think your body is but dust;  
Why strain every nerve to deck it?  
Think! and then, if shine you must,  
Shine in virtue; you'll not lack it.  
Stop and think!  
Stop and think!  
Friend, to sadness anger moved,  
Let your sadness be reproved.  
Find your friend has wronged you; then  
Pour not oil on fire; repress it.  
Each sarcastic word. Perchance  
You have wounded him. Confess it.  
Stop and think!  
Stop and think!  
Money-getting man, remember,  
Life is but a dying ember.  
All the gold of banks and mines  
Will not purchase peace eternal;  
All 't' estates and bonds on earth  
Can not bring you life eternal.  
Stop and think!

## The Fireside.

## KATIE BRADY.

A SILK DRESS, OR AN EDUCATION?  
BY W. WATERHOUSE.

"Well, Katie, how much money have you made to-day?" said Mr. Benson to a bright little girl with glossy ringlets, who had just come into his store with the proceeds of the papers she had been selling for him through the streets of Boston.

"I think about five dollars, sir," returned the girl, as she drew the money in small pieces from the pockets of her faded calico dress. "Please count it over, sir."

Katie Brady was then about ten years old, although the hard times which she had seen made her appear much older. Her father by his intemperance had reduced his family to abject poverty; and her mother, falling sick, was obliged to send her "darling Katie," as she always called her, out to sell the daily papers through the city. As Katie was good-looking, keen and conscientious, she soon found many constant customers for the *Traveler* and the *Traveller*, who were always glad to see her smiling face and drop the money into her tiny hand. Some of them had heard of the destitute condition of her family, and so from that were led to bestow on her their patronage, and sometimes to decline receiving any change for the ten-cent piece which they passed to her for a paper.

Thus Katie, though sometimes annoyed and pestered by the newboys, who held that she was interfering on their own legitimate business, usually returned to Mr. Benson, who supplied her with the papers, an acceptable account of her day's labor. Her own share of the receipts she faithfully carried home to her poor mother, and then often spent a portion of the night in watching by her bedside. Few people know the number or the sorrows of the sick and destitute, even in the rich and generous city of Boston; few people know, and sad enough to say, some do not care to know, how many families are supported even in sickness by just one slender pair of very little delicate hands.

As soon as the sunbeams stole into the sick-room and the scanty meal of bread and milk was taken, little Katie, kissing the pale brow of her poor mother, and trying on her weather-beaten hat with the shroud of an old blue ribbon, ran to Mr. Benson's for the morning papers, and with the package on her slender arm, went crying in a sweet, clear tone from street to street, "Advertiser, Journal, sir!" and there was something in her bright eye that seemed to say, "Heaven will bless you, sir, if you take the paper."

By her activity the Brady family was kept alive, and the mother supplied with medicines during her long illness. But Katie was growing fast; and such a home was not a very good place to learn to read and write and cipher. How was she ever to find time to go to school, even for a common education?

Well, this is what I am going to tell you, and you will see by it that whatever there is a will there is a way provided. It so happened one night that a very fearful accident occurred upon a railroad leading out of Boston, and in the morning all the city was eager for an account of it. Katie was among the first to circulate the papers, and never did her little feet speed on more swiftly, as from street to street she cried: "Great railroad accident! Collision on the railroad!" and never did she find so many people calling out to her: "Give us the *Advertiser*, *Journal*!" The loss of life was dreadful, but some good always comes with every evil. Many times during that sad morning Katie was obliged to renew her bundle, and when her hard day's work was done she went to Mr. Benson's store with the largest sum of money her little pockets had ever held.

"How much to-day, my little gypsy?" said her employer as she came running up with her hands full to his counter.

"More than ever, I think, sir; for everybody wanted to know about the accident," she replied, her eyes sparkling at the thought of her success; "please reckon it up, sir."

Mr. Benson took the bundle of scrip, and having laid the fire, ten and twenty-five cent pieces by themselves in separate papers, and added them together, said:

"Fifteen dollars and forty-five cents, my little newboy. Wouldn't you like such an accident every day?"

"No, sir; not for all the money you could give. What if my poor mother had been among the number killed? No, Mr. Benson, never!"

"Right, my little girl," he answered, "I only said it to try you. You have Heaven to reward you from calamities; but by the over-ruling of the One above good comes often from an evil. You can do better, even without an accident to aid you. I desire to have you try one day to do your very best, and I will set the mark and prize for you."

"What is it?" said the little new-girl, her eyes fixed anxiously on Mr. Benson's face.

"It is a great day's work," he answered her, "and a reward that I know will please you. As you have done so well with the dailies, I am going to give you the magazines, when they come out this month, and when you bring me in one hundred dollars for your day's sale I promise to give you the best silk dress I can buy in Boston."

"The best silk dress in Boston?" she repeated, and her little heart, with all manner, began to flutter, for she had never until that moment known: for what child, rich or poor, was ever found in different to such a promise?

She answered Mr. Benson only by that significant sentence, "I will try, sir!" and then taking her part of her day's earnings, hurried home, as fast as her little feet could carry her, with the money for her mother, to whom she made known the liberal offer of her kind employer.

"It is easy enough, dear mother, to make fifteen dollars the day after an accident," said she, "but a hundred is a good many times fifteen. How can I ever do it without another accident? But I

shall try, mother, and I have heard you say that 'Try' was never beaten.

"God forbid, my darling Katie," rejoined Mrs. Brady, "that we should ever have another collision on the railroad; but you see how the magazines, you say, and I think with them that you can do it."

"I will do my best," said Katie, creeping into bed beside her mother; but not, though she had traveled many a mile that day, to slumber, for that new silk dress still fluttered through her busy fancy, and then she had to lay her plans for the accomplishment of her purpose, so that the hum of the great city had all died away to silence long ere sleep took possession of her busy brain.

It was late when she arose next morning, but her course was taken. "I shall not wait," said she to herself, "for another accident, which I hope may never come, but for *Harper's Magazine*. I can never sell a hundred dollars worth myself, so I will get a boy to help me. I will go to my old customers and see if they will take the monthly."

That day she sold as usual her papers, and then engaged John Gray, an ex-newboy, to help her when she wanted him. She also borrowed an old wheelbarrow and lent several of her customers to remember her in a new line of business.

On the following day *Harper's Magazine* for September, with its attractive illustrations came to Boston.

"Here they are, my little new-boy," Mr. Benson said to Katie as she came in; "you are to sell them at thirty-eight cents each, and you'll have to bestir yourself to make your hundred dollars; but I believe, Katie, you can do it."

"I shall try," replied the resolute girl, "not so much for the silk dress, Mr. Benson, as for the sake of pleasing you and my dear mother."

She then, with a step meaning business, went to find John Gray, who soon appeared with his wheelbarrow at Mr. Benson's store. He aided them in loading it, and off they went together, the little mistress and her servant, into Franklin street—she to call with a magazine in her hand on her old customers, and he to trundle the heavy load. Since the days of his illustrious namesake that really had not been visited by such a determined literary peddler. Katie drew from store to store with such celerity that the ex-newboy with his barrow could hardly keep sight of her, and finally, becoming weary of his burden, he left it suddenly in the street and said to her:

"Pretty business, Katie, a boy like me to be bossed by you. I shall not stand it," and so her help gave out just when his services were most needed.

"Go and goodluck to you," cried Katie, as he ran around the corner, "I can manage this thing without you!" so entering between and taking the file, she trundled the barrow along herself, and actually sold the more for it; for people seeing such a novelty as a little miss wheeled a heavy load of books, came up to learn the cause of it; and thus were led (for the world is always ready to help those who help themselves) to buy the magazine.

Thus driving on from store to store and street to street she soon exhausted her supply, and returned to Mr. Benson's for another lot which though her little arms and feet were aching, she by her untiring perseverance finally disposed of. Entering then a store on Washington street she had her money counted and consolidated, and to her glad surprise the sum total was one hundred and two dollars and seventeen cents! She had the will, the way was opened, and the prize was won.

Returning to Mr. Benson's with her empty wheelbarrow, she approached his desk, with a radiant smile, and laid a new one hundred dollar bill on the counter, and he, looking at her with a smile, said: "Ah! my little money-maker, you have caught me," said the astonished dealer. "I did not think that you would win the prize."

Mr. Benson did, indeed, regret that he had made his little employee such a promise; for he saw that a silk dress would ill become her and the miserable home of her sick mother, who then was suffering for the absolute wants of life. He was a man, however, who kept his word, and so when Katie returned to the store the next morning, he took her quietly by the hand, and said:

"Now, Katie, I have been thinking this matter over, and it seems to me that a silk dress would not be of any great use to you at present; yet I desire to keep my word with you. I will buy the dress it you wish, as I have said; but can you not find something that you would prefer to it? Now, please consider."

Katie's idea of things was limited. She thought of this and that; but hardly knew how to answer him. She knew that she had failed to sell the magazines more to please others than herself. She bit her fingers, looked at her old faded dress, and then at Mr. Benson.

"Yes, sir," she said, at length; yet hardly knowing what she said, "there is one thing I should like better than a new silk dress."

"Tell me what it is, and you shall have it."

"An education, sir!"

"An education, Katie! Yes, my girl," said he, with emphasis, "you deserve it, and you shall have it."

Mr. Benson was not rich; what he had was in his business; yet where there is a will, as we have seen, there is a way. He at once drew up a paper subscription towards the education of the little new-girl. He set down a liberal sum himself, and then presenting it to some of Katie's patrons who had seen her with the wheelbarrow, and had noticed her vivacity, he in less than a single day collected enough money, not only to pay Katie's necessary expenses for tuition and books at school, but to provide a sum which was placed to her credit with Mr. Benson, and from which she was permitted, with his approval, to draw when the newspaper and magazine business was uncommoally dull. Besides this she had a serviceable suit of clothing, which was ever so much better than any silk dress could have been.

A WOMAN'S FARMING.—We live about five miles from Haverhill, Pa., and have a market for butter, eggs, poultry, and vegetables equal, if not superior, to New York city. As I said before, we have but about one hundred acres of land, not the best, but about the average in this section. I sold off the farm last year \$1,200 worth of produce and marketing. I did not keep any account of what I raised, only what I sold. My expenses and taxes were about \$600, leaving me a balance of about \$600. This was a very large pay, it is true, but I do not think I shall run the machine to please a few heads. I sold of wheat \$300, and of corn \$100; four heads of cobs at average of \$50 per head; I raised the same amount this year, or started to raise them, which means the same; five veal calves for \$8 per head; one fat hog for \$25; 700 pounds of butter for \$200; 450 dozen of eggs at nearly \$100; about \$35 worth of chickens in the market; thirty turkeys and geese at \$50; the other \$250 I received for wool, potatoes, apples, cider, feathers, and different things sold to the market when the butter and eggs were sent. I paid \$300 for two hired men and boarded them; I paid another \$100 for extra hands in harvest, and boarded them also; I also paid \$50 in taxes, and \$50 blacksmith bill for shoeing horses, mending broken plows and other implements, (using no oxen.) My grocery bill averaged me \$2 per week; my dry goods bill was very light the present year. I had no help in the house at all except what my mother did, (she being sixty years old) and I did all the cooking for all the men, and attended to all the poultry, besides doing all the going to market, one of the men going along generally to drive the horses. I will let you know as I show as clean and neat a house as anyone in the State, (I do not mean to be understood as a fine one, but in good order.) I have all the conveniences of fuel and water very near at hand, which, by the way, is half of

woman's work. I think I have done very well. I never expect to be a John J. Astor in wealth, but if I have the women in the United States been educated in the school that I have, there would not be the misery that there is among my sex. The majority of girls in these days are taught to make ruffles, instead of butter and bread, and to drive their brothers and husbands to the grogshop, or perhaps worse places, with their silly nonsense; or being too refined entirely to make an honest dollar by honest work. I have driven the horses many a day on the reaper or mower to supply the place of a lacking hand in a busy time, while my mother did the cooking for all. I did the milking in the evening, and in the morning before I began the day's work. This is no fancy sketch, but a true tale, and I only wish we had a few women that look upon farmers, farmers' wives, and daughters with contempt.—*Elye Gray, Hill-Top Pa.*

THE ROAD IS LONG AND ROUGH, YOU SEE, FAR stretching o'er the prairie;  
And if his father went—why, I  
Must stay and mind the dairy,  
Perhaps an idle tear I dropped  
To see him mount the billy,  
And go alone to bleed the banns  
Of our dear boy, our WILLY!

A week of days is passed since then,  
Each longer than the other,  
And I not there—his mother!  
So strange, when he, a toddling thing,  
Got all my care so freely;  
Well, care and kisses wait to day  
For WILLY's wife and WILLY.

What's that you say? 'That I've not seen,  
And so I may not love her!  
Not love his love? Why, troops of girls  
Might lift their heads above her.  
Ay, all the girls might fairer be  
In bloom or rose and lily;  
But dearer than the best to me  
Would be the wife of WILLY.

'Tis he's the young 'un. 'T were well, perhaps,  
He'd waited just a little;  
A lover's knot too early tied  
May prove, alas! but brittle.  
And yet folks' offer make mistakes  
In thinking young folks silly.  
Yet what's the use to question now  
She's wife of my boy WILLY!

O, ay, be sure, some other might  
Have timed with gold his pocket;  
But I have seen full many a stick  
Come down from costly rocket.  
And yet—I hinted to the boy  
His own short purse; and still he  
But scorned the hint. Well, love's enough  
To weld the wife of WILLY.

To WILLY, let me tell you now,  
Is not the one to foster  
In doing what an honest man  
Has promised at the altar;  
'Twill be no fault of idle ways  
If later times prove chilly;  
No need, I wis, for aught but love  
With this young wife of WILLY!

And that a wife brings love, I'm sure  
Should make a mother kindly;  
The mother, if she's wise at all,  
Will see at the milk pail;  
For smooth the rills as we may  
Life's path will yet be hilly;  
There's many a flint to prick the foot  
Of even the wife of WILLY.

So keep your doubts, no longer just  
Because I am anxious waiting  
To clasp my darling to my breast  
And bless their early mating.  
I spoke full loud to stay the match;  
But now my finger stilly  
Is placed upon my lip—since she  
Is mine, the wife of WILLY.

She's WILLY's wife, and so she's mine,  
Mine own dear, darling daughter;  
If they're one flesh, they're but one blood,  
And 'blood is more than water.'  
Then hold your peace about the charms  
Of straw or of barley;  
I tell you, friend, she's best of all,  
This wife of my boy WILLY.

Lo! here they are, the blessed pair!  
My precious boy, my tower—  
And with him one to crown his days;  
Look! who could help but love her!  
Come, father, shut the kitchen door,  
The winds without blow shrilly,  
But what care we, beside the fire,  
With WILLY's wife and WILLY!

The bread is white upon the board,  
The kettle bravely simmers,  
The red flame dances up the wall  
Where shining pewter shimmers;  
The neighbors come and greetings bring  
In welcome, "will he, will he!"  
O happy day that lights the home  
With WILLY's wife and WILLY!

By Mary B. Dodge.

QUEEN OF Puddings.—1. Soak a pint of bread crumbs in boiling milk, add the yolks of four eggs, well beaten, and season to taste; bake in a pie-dish; when cold, spread jam over the top, and over that the whites of four eggs, beaten to a stiff froth, put two tablespoonsful of white sugar; put into the oven, and bake to a very light brown; flavor with essence of vanilla or lemon.

2.—Cut stale bread into slices, butter them, and lay them in a pie-dish; sprinkle them with a little brown sugar and a few currants. Repeat this until the dish is quite full; then pour on the bread boiled milk mixed with one beat-up egg, until the liquid is soaked; bake in a pie-dish. You can make a still plainer bread-pudding of odds and ends, when too stale to use otherwise, by soaking them in skin milk, then beating the bread to a pap, adding a few currants, and a little brown sugar, and boiling in a cloth. Or another very palatable and economical pudding may be made as follows:—Boil the pieces of bread, crust and crumb together, until so soft that it can be beaten up with a fork; add a little chopped suet, some skin milk, and a few spoonfuls of molasses; put it into a pie-dish, and bake it brown. 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