

Choosing a Kitten.

There were five and they found them in the hay—  
Five little kittens stowed away  
So snug and warm  
And far from harm  
That had it not been for the children's play,  
They'd have lived in secret to this day.  
Jack put the yellow one in his hat;  
The black one nimble, the white one fat.  
He claimed beside,  
Then Teddy cried:  
"I speak for this!" and "I speak for that!"  
(None left, you see for the poor old cat!)  
Old pussy had thought herself so wise,  
But what can you hide from the children's eyes?  
"So beautiful!" said  
The breathless Ted.  
"There all asleep, and all of a size!"  
And they bore to the house the wondrous prize.  
Did mamma smile? Ah no! she frowned;  
And the rest of the children gathered round;  
And Teddy heard  
The dreadful word:  
"This very fortunate they were found—  
Keep one; but the others must be drowned!"  
Then each would choose! So down they sat,  
'Twas this one first, and then 'twas that:  
Each making choice  
With an eager voice,  
Of the white or the gray, the slim or the fat—  
Just which he chanced to be looking at.  
Ted said at last: "We can't spare none!"  
(His grammar was poor, but his tactics won.)  
"We'll hide them away  
Again in the hay!"  
Put two in your hat and run, Jack, run!  
We'll save them all!" And it was done.

"A Flat."

A COLLEGE STORY.

Arthur Hoyt looked at himself in the glass seriously, and without self-love or self-prejudice. He saw there a frank, good-natured face, a pair of blue eyes, and a mass of curly brown hair. As far as he could judge, there was nothing particularly out of the way with his countenance.

"Say, Dick," he began, to his room-mate, who was puzzling over a page of Xenophon, "I've been taking account of stock, and I don't see anything unpardonably wrong about my features. They are not angular enough to be called sharp, nor level enough to be justly styled flat; so I can't exactly see the suitability of the expression which has somehow come to be my college cognomen."

"Don't be a fool!" growled Dick, without looking up from his book.

"I have always been a great stickler for the fitness of things, eternal and temporal," continued Arthur; "and if to be 'A flat' is really applicable as a correct description of the impression my personal appearance makes on my companions, all right! I'd as soon respond to that name as any other; but if it's not mine, then, old fellow, it's got to be stopped."

"If you'd rob hen-roosts, and steal the house-keeper's preserves, and lay traps to trip up old men and women, and raise Cain generally, you'd be the most popular fellow in college," said Dick, with a disdainful grimace, still with his eyes fixed on his book. "They let me alone, you see, because I don't care a hang for 'em, and because they know I'm as poor as poverty, and as dull as a hard-shell clam. You get ahead of 'em in class. I am always in the rear. You have money to subscribe to everything there is going, and you refuse to spend it in riotous living. I haven't any money, and therefore I'm of no consequence. Whoever says that there isn't compensation for anything don't know what they are talking about."

"You're a patient old soldier," said Arthur, with a merry laugh, "and I wish I had some of your philosophy! But, the fact is, every time I am called 'A flat,' I feel the fight tingling all over me. I am afraid that some time my fists will become unmanageable."

"I guess not!" Dick replied. "You'd only get yourself in a worse muddle, besides having something to be sorry for all the days of your life, perhaps! But there's the bell, and I'm all out of the bolt-ropes, as usual."

"There's a row in camp!" said Arthur's right-hand neighbor, as the young men took their seats in class. "Some of the boys scared old Mrs. Allen into a fit last night, and they say it's a 'liner.' Nobody thinks she'll pull through. One of the fellows dressed up in white, and rode the old woman's cow clear into the kitchen. They let out the pig, and stoned the house, and broke her windows, and goodness knows what they didn't do. There won't be any show for the boys that cut up those capers."

"Well, there oughtn't to be!" said Arthur, indignantly.

Just then the Greek Professor entered the class-room, and after surveying the

students a moment, said, with great seriousness:

"I am requested by the President to say to Arthur Hoyt and Richard Denham that they are to repair at once to the library, where the Faculty wait to see them."

"All right, sir," responded Arthur, pleasantly. Conscious integrity made him bold. Dick arose slowly, and walked out in his usual dogged manner.

"Say, 'A flat,' you're in for it!" said one of the class, in a low tone, as the young man passed him. "Your time has come now 'A flat!'" said another. "Maybe you won't be so high and mighty now you're found out at last!"

"What do you suppose it is?" Dick inquired, as he came up with Arthur.

"Some contemptible trick of the boys," said Arthur; "but we shall soon know. Brace up, old fellow, for here we are."

A few words sufficed to put the visitors in possession of all they wanted to know. After a few preliminary remarks, such as having been led to expect better things from the young men before him, the President produced a large silk handkerchief with "Arthur Hoyt" plainly marked in one corner.

"Does this belong to you, Hoyt?" the President inquired.

"It does, sir," replied Arthur, pleasantly.

"And is this yours?" the gentleman asked of Dick, presenting a crooked stick, or cane, which the young man was accustomed to carry on long walks.

"That's mine, sir," said Dick.

"And here is a cuff with 'A. Hoyt' marked on it," the President continued, "torn from the wrist probably in the pleasant excitement of frightening an innocent old woman into a fit. I shall be compelled to hold your property, sirs, until such time as the law of the college, or the law of the State, shall be passed upon you. Mrs. Allen is not expected to live."

"I am very sorry, sir," said Arthur, respectfully; "and I am sure Dick is, too; but what sort of justice is this that takes our guilt so entirely for granted? Your evidence is entirely circumstantial, sir, and I wish to say here that I was never on Mrs. Allen's premises in my life, and I am quite sure Denham never was."

"I never was," said Dick, with characteristic doggedness, "and I never expect to be."

"What would you say, Hoyt, if I mere to tell you that one of the Professors saw you there last night?" inquired the President.

"I should say, sir," Arthur responded, quickly, "that the Professor was greatly mistaken; but if you were to tell me that one of the students saw me there, I should say that student lied."

There was a straightforwardness in the attitude of these suspected young men that was irresistible, still everything was against them. The old woman had testified that morning that she had heard the names of Hoyt and Denham pronounced more than once the night before. The conspiracy was well arranged, nothing, so far as known, having been left out in its calculation. Arthur was in his room alone all the previous evening, but as he thought it over, there was no one to testify to this fact. Dick had taken one of his long walks into the country, returning at ten o'clock. There was no way of proving this, either, for Dick had not spoken to a soul, and there was literally no way by which he could prove an alibi. Nothing more could be said at present, and Arthur and his chum withdrew and passed slowly along to their room, as the Professor had ordered. On their way they met several of the students, who, it was plain to be seen, were waiting for them to leave the library.

"You can't most always tell a flat from a sharp," said one of the number, a young man who had been particularly offensive in his manner to Arthur. "We have all been mistaken in your character, my boy. I take notice that when these goody-good fellows do take it into their soft pates to cut up, they generally beat the rest of us all hollow in the meanness of their efforts."

Arthur's face was scarlet, and his hands worked nervously. He was full of desire to knock this fellow down, and, under the exasperating circumstances, it was hardly to be wondered at; but the young man had been trained in a different school, so he valiantly turned on his heel and left his enemy without a word. "Valiantly" is the proper term to describe Arthur Hoyt's behaviour in this crisis. It would have taken physical strength only—and Arthur had plenty of that—to have flogged Steve Cary, the young man who had just publicly insulted him, but it required real valor to turn away without either word or blow. That afternoon the tidings of the death of

Mrs. Allen threw the college into terrible excitement. Officers were promptly on hand, and Arthur and Dick were subjected to the most rigid scrutiny. The coroner's jury would convene the next morning, and until then, at any rate, the two young men were prisoners. The detective who had charge of them was a good-natured fellow, and after asking all sorts of questions, relevant and irrelevant, as it seemed to his companions, he finally said, with a chuckle:

"They may be pretty smart up here in this college, but they've got the wrong pigs by the ears this time. Say, boys, come out for a walk! I can keep an eye on you just as well out doors as in the house, and maybe it'll chirp you up a bit."

So out they went, the detective asking all sorts of questions, it seemed to his companions for no other purpose than to make conversation. As they drew near the lake, a large and very deep sheet of water, Arthur saw that Cary was out in his—Arthur's—tiny, shallow shell of a boat.

"He'll have to be more careful, or he'll upset, as sure as fate!" said Arthur, more to himself than to those about him.

"'Twould be a pity to have him drown now!" growled Dick. "Great heavens! there he goes!"

Arthur, who had been watching the boat and its occupant, threw off his coat and boots, and, before the detective could lay a hand on him, he had plunged into the water, and was making with all his might for the drowning man. Cary could not swim, and when Arthur reached him he had come to the surface the second time. It required almost superhuman strength to bring him in, but the brave swimmer succeeded, and for a moment Arthur lay panting and exhausted beside the inanimate form he had snatched from the water. A half an hour later, the unconscious young man was borne to the college. Arthur forgetting that he was a prisoner, did all in his power towards his enemy's restoration. As they removed his coat, a large Russia-leather pocket-book dropped to the floor, and this Arthur took into his own possession.

"You had better change your clothes at once, Hoyt," a kind voice said, after all had been done. Arthur turned, and saw the President.

"All right, sir," said the young man, presenting Cary's pocket-book. "I was afraid this would fall into improper hands, sir. It seems very full of papers."

"I hope I haven't wronged you," said the President, with considerable feeling.

"Rather hope that you have, sir," said Arthur, with a smile; "if you have wronged us, then we are innocent, you know; but, whatever the result, I shall always feel that you have acted according to your best judgment."

That evening, as Arthur, Dick and the detective sat in their room, waiting for they knew not what, a knock on the door was followed by the entrance of the President.

"Officer," he said, with trembling voice, "you can go to the parlor if you please. These young men are not guilty, therefore they require no guard."

"I knew that afore," said the detective, as he hastily left the room.

"The pocket-book you gave me, Arthur," the President began, "has solved the mystery. There was but one student engaged in the miserable affair, and he has passed to his account," he continued, reverently. "He was joined by some young men from the city—what young men we shall probably never find out. I should have been more careful, boys," and now the tears rolled down the good man's face. "I have cleared your name before the whole college, and that is all I can do. Even with poor Cary dead up stairs, your friends and your enemies joined in a hearty cheer of good will when I told them what I thought necessary."

Somewhat it came to pass from that day till the day Arthur Hoyt left college he was never again called "A flat."—Eleanor Art, in Christian Union.

Married without Shoes.

About twenty years ago, a young fellow named Johnson, in the wilds of the Cheat Mountains, in West Virginia, made up his mind to be married.

"But you have not a penny," remonstrated his friends.

"I have two hands. A man was given two hands, one to scratch for himself, the other for his wife," he said.

On the day of the wedding Johnson appeared in a whole coat and trousers, but barefooted.

"This is hardly decent," said the clergyman. "I will lend you a pair of shoes."

"No," said Johnson. "When I can buy shoes I will wear them—not before."

And he stood up to be married without any thought of his feet.

The same sturdy directness showed itself in his future course. What he had not money to pay for he did without. He hired himself to a farmer for a year's work. With the money he saved he bought a couple of acres of timber-land and a pair of sheep, built himself a hut, and went to work on his ground.

His sheep increased; as time flew by he bought more; then he sold off the cheaper kinds and invested in Southdown and French Merino. His neighbors tried by turns raising cattle, horses, or gave their attention to experimental farming.

Johnson, having once found out that sheep raising in his district brought a handsome profit, stuck to it. He had that shrewdness in seeing the best way, and that dogged persistence in following it, which are the elements of success.

Stock buyers from the Eastern market found that Johnson's fleeces were the finest and his mutton the sweetest on the Cheat. He never allowed their reputation to fail—the end of which course is that the man who married bare-footed is now worth a fine property.

The story is an absolutely true one, and may point a moral for hordes of stout, able-bodied men.

Smiles.

A bright little three-year-old, while her mother was trying to get her to sleep, became interested in some outside noise. She was told that it was caused by a cricket, when she sagely observed, "Mamma, I think he ought to be oiled."

A very honest old Dutch judge in Schoharie County listened for several hours to the arguments of counsel, and then said: "Dis case has been ferry ably argued on both sides, and dere have been some ferry nice points of law brought up. I shall dake dree days to consider those points, but I shall eventually decide for de plaintiff."

A friend, who had some unexpected visitors, was "bothered" about not having enough cake for tea. She concluded she would not buy any more, and told the two little children, Willie and Russel, not to ask for cake, but do without their share. When, at the table, Willie was a little "pouty" and did not want to eat anything, Russel, seeing him, said, in the hearing of the whole company: "What's the matter, Willie? Did mother tell you not to ask for cake, too?"

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TENDERS will be received by this Department at Ottawa, up to the 25th August next, for the construction of a Dwelling House at the Fog Alarm Station, Letete Passage, Charlotte County, New Brunswick.

Plans and Specifications can be seen, and Forms of Tender procured by intending Contractors, at this Department here, at the Agency of this Department, St. John, and at the Office of the Collector of Customs, Rev. G. M. W. Carey, A.M., St. John.

Tenders to be addressed to the undersigned, and marked on the outside "Tender for Letete Dwelling."

WM. SMITH, Deputy Minister of Marine, Department of Marine, Ottawa, 26th July, 1879.

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