

Our Young Folks.

TOM.

Oh, but it was cold! freezing, biting, bitter cold! and dark too; for the feeble gas lights, leaping and flaming as the gale whistled by, hardly brightened the gloom a dozen paces around them. The wind tore through the streets as if it had gone mad; whirling before it dust and snow, and every movable thing it could lay its clutching hands upon. A poor old battered kite, that some time last autumn had lodged far up in the tallest tree in the neighborhood, and had there rested peacefully ever since, believing its labors at an end, was snatched dragged from its nest, and driven unpitifully before the blast. Some feeble efforts it had made to dodge into corners, lurking behind steps and diving into areas; but not a bit of it! Down would swoop the wind, and off it would go again.

At last, driven round one of a long row of barrels, that stood like wretched sentinels along the sidewalk's edge, it flew into the very arms of a small boy, who, seated on the curbstone, crouched down in a barrel's somewhat questionable shelter. Such a very small boy! He looked like nothing in the world but a little heap of rags; and the rags were very thin and the small boy was very cold. His nose, his ears, his hands, his poor bare feet were blue. He was almost too cold to shiver, certainly too cold to notice the unfortunate kite, which, as its enemy the wind approached with a roar, seemed to cower close to him, as if begging his protection. Round both sides of the barrel at once came the wind, shook hands right through poor little Tom, and howling with delight, rushed off with its miserable victim.

"Tom"—that was all the name he had. Who he was or where he came from no one knew, except perhaps the wretched old woman with whom he lived: which meant that she let him sleep upon a pile of rags on the floor of her miserable room, and sometimes gave him a crust, oftener a blow. When she was drunk—and that was the greater part of the time—Tom took to the streets; and to-night she was very drunk. The boy was perhaps some six years old; but as he cowered down on the cold flagstones, with his worn, pinched face and drooping head, he might have been sixty.

A carriage came rattling through the icy street, and stopped close by him. "The door was pushed open, and two children half tumbled out, and, leaving the door awing, rushed up the steps. Tom watched them stupidly, heard the quick, sharp ring of the bell, caught a glimpse of something that looked very nice and warm, and then it was dark again. He turned his eyes towards the carriage, expecting it to drive off again; but it still stood there. The coachman sat upon the box like a furry monument. One of the horses struck the stones sharply with his iron hoof, and cast an inquiring glance round, but the monument sat unmoved.

Tom's heavy eyes looked through the open door into the carriage. Dark as it was, he could see that it was lined with something thick and warm. He raised his head and glanced around him. If he were inside there the wind could not touch him. Oh, if he only could get away from it one minute! He would slip out again the moment the housedoor was opened. Unbending his stiff little body, he crept nearer, hesitated a moment, and as the wind came round the corner with a roar, slipped swiftly and noiselessly into the carriage. In the further corner of the seat he curled himself into a little round heap, and lay, with beating heart, listening to the wind as it swept by.

It was very quiet in his nest, and the soft velvet was much warmer than the cold flagstones, and he was very tired and very cold, and in half a minute he was fast asleep. He did not know when at last the housedoor opened, and a lady, gathering her cloak closely around her, came down the steps—did not know even when the suddenly animated monument descended from its pedestal and stood solemnly by the open door until the lady had stepped inside. But when it shut with a slam, and the coachman returning to the box drove rapidly away, the boy's eyes opened and fixed their frightened gaze upon the lady's face. Preoccupied with her thoughts, she had not noticed the queer bundle in the dark corner. But now, her attention attracted by some slight movement on his part, she turned her eyes slowly towards him, and then, with a suppressed cry of surprise and alarm, laid her hand

upon the door. The rattle of the wheels and the roar of the wind prevented its reaching the ears of the coachman; and Tom, rapidly unwinding himself, and cowering down in the bottom of the carriage, said, with a frightened sob—

"I didn't mean no harm. Oh, I was awful cold. Please, just open the door, and I'll jump out."

The lady, with her hand still on the door, demanded:

"How did you get here?"

"The door was open, and I clum in," he answered. "It was awful cold."

The lady took her hand from the door. "Come nearer," she said. "Let me see your face."

Tom drew his ragged sleeve across his eyes, and glanced up at her with a scared look over his shoulder. They had turned into a brilliantly lighted street, and she could see that the tangled yellow hair was soft and fine, and that the big, frightened eyes that raised themselves to hers were not a pickpocket's eyes. With a sudden impulse she laid her gloved hand lightly on the yellow head. "Where do you live?" she asked:

Something in the voice and touch gave him courage.

"With Sal," he answered, straightening up—"me and some other fellows. Sometimes we begs, sometimes we earns. When we get a haul it ain't so bad, but when we don't we catch it. She's drunk to-night and she drove us out."

She pushed the heavy hair back from his forehead. "Is she your mother?" the lady asked.

"No!" cried the boy, almost fiercely: and then added sullenly, "I ain't got none."

Slowly the gloved hand passed back and forth over the yellow hair. The lady's eyes were looking far away; the boy's face was like, so strangely like another face.

"Are you hungry?" she asked suddenly.

The wide open gray eyes would have answered her without the quick sob and low "Yes'm."

The carriage stopped, and the monument, again accomplishing a detour, opened the door, and stood staring in blank amazement.

"I am not going in, John," said his mistress. "Drive home again." And she added, smiling, "This little boy crept in out of the cold while the carriage was waiting. I am going to take him home. Drive back as quickly as possible."

As the bewildered coachman shut the door and returned to his perch, the boy made a spring forward.

"Lemme out!" he cried. "I don't want to go home. Lemme out."

"Not your home," said the lady, gently—"my home."

Tom stared at her in wonder, and too much overcome by the announcement to resist, let her lift him up on the seat beside her.

"My home," she repeated, "Where you can get very warm, and have a good dinner, and a long, long sleep on a soft bed. Will you like that?"

Tom drew a long, slow breath, but did not answer. It was too wonderful! He—one of Sal's boys—to go to the lady's house where the children lived whom he had seen going in that evening! He looked up suddenly. "We those children yours?" he asked. With a sudden movement she drew him very closely to her and then answered softly—

"No, not mine. I had a little boy once, like you, and he died."

When the carriage stopped again, Tom was fast asleep—so fast asleep that the still bewildered coachman carried him into the house and laid him on a bed without waking him. The next morning, when the boy's eyes opened, he lay looking about him hardly daring to speak or move. I don't believe he had ever heard anything about the fairies or he would certainly have thought himself in fairyland. Best of all, the lady of the night before was standing by the bed smiling at him, and smiling back, he held out his arms to her.

I wish you could have seen him a little later, when, arrayed in jacket and trousers that made him think with disdain of certain articles of the same description which he had but yesterday gazed at lovingly as they dangled before old Isaac's dingy second-hand shop, he sat before a little table at the sunny window, taking a short, a very short, preliminary view of a gigantic beefsteak, still indignantly sputtering to itself, a mountain of smoking potatoes, an imposing array of

snowy rolls and golden butter, and a pitcher of creamy milk. And I wish, too, that you could have seen the same table still later; for the table was about all that was left.

That was the first time I ever saw Tom. Since then I have seen him very often. And now I will tell you, only I am afraid you will hardly believe me, about the last time, and that was not very long ago.

I was riding along one of the prettiest country roads you ever saw, and when I came to a certain gate my horse, without waiting for a sign from me, turned in. As we drew near the house I caught sight of two figures standing among the flowers. One was a handsome old lady with white hair, the other a young man. She was armed with an immense pair of shears, and he held in his hand his hat filled to the brim with flowers. The sunlight, creeping down through the trees, fell full upon his close-cropped hair and yellow beard. As I drew in my horse and sat watching them, it all seemed to me like a fairy story. But it wasn't; for the tall handsome man looking down with such protecting tenderness upon the white-haired old lady was really Tom—poor, little, thin, cold, hungry Tom.—*Averie S. Francis, in Night and Day.*

Imitation Stained Glass.

Among the many uses of the printing press none is more novel than the production of imitation stained glass. Designs for any pattern desired are engraved on wood. The blocks of wood are placed on an old-fashioned hand-press, and then are inked with oil colors compounded with special reference to the use for which they are intended. Then a sheet of very thin hand-made porous paper is laid on, and a prolonged impression given, in order that the color may thoroughly permeate the paper. Each color is, of course, printed at a separate impression. Having completed the printing process the different pieces of paper which compose the design are soaked in warm water half an hour, taken out, the water sponged off and then coated on one side with a thin cement. A similar coat of cement is given the glass to which the paper is to be applied, and then the paper is laid on in place, and varnished over. The plain glass window becomes at once to all appearances, a window of stained glass. The effects of the lead lines, the irregular pieces of colored glass, the heads of saints and soldiers, the antique, or the modern Japanese designs are all to be had as brilliant in color as the genuine glass.

"Will the stuff last?" was asked of a Broadway dealer.

"We have had it in all sorts of places, where it was subject to the action of frost, moisture, the direct rays of the sun, and artificial heat for five years. We warrant it for ten years, if the owner of the glass will varnish it as often as he would a piece of furniture."

"Suppose it gets dirty?"

"Use soap and water as you would on any other varnished surface. Its merits are only now becoming known because of a prejudice against imitations, and a fear among some people that the frost will ruin it. But within a year we have applied over 40,000 square feet of it. Our customers include the best Long Branch and Saratoga hotels, owners of new business blocks on Broadway, fashionable churches in New York and Brooklyn, and apartment houses. When the reporter of a Brooklyn paper wrote up one of the churches there as having magnificent new stained glass windows, when, in fact, the old six by nine glass in the old frames had been covered with our paper, we naturally hopped on the top rail of the fence, flapped our wings and crowed."

"How does the cost compare with genuine glass?"

"It costs about one-tenth as much. We put a large window in a country church for \$11. A real glass window opposite cost \$165. Members of the congregation have assured us that ours is more admired than the other. The cost of decorating a window is 75 cents a foot if we do the work. We will sell the designs, and the parties can put them on at less cost. Any one can do the work."

It is easier to stand up in a crowded horse-car without losing your balance, when you whirl around a corner, and to read a paper without missing the place, than for a young lady to appear calm at the moment when she gets a big blot on the letter she is just finishing.

A Mexican Post Office.

The post office on the opposite side of the same plaza is an institution of the most aggravating character, conducted strictly on Mexican *manana* principles. Although Monterey has now many foreign residents, there is not a clerk in the office who understands a word of any language but Spanish, or can read other than Mexican names. As the Spanish alphabet does not contain all the English letters (for instance it has now, its t's are f's and its l's are y's), the mistakes they perpetually make are enough to make an angel weep. Of course Mexican ladies never go to the postoffice, and if an "Americana" ventures to do so bold a thing—perhaps she will be waited upon, after having been severely stared at, and all the men about the premises are first served. There is no drop letter system and no city delivery. If you desire to communicate by letter with a person in the same town, no amount of persuasion or number of postage-stamps will induce the powers that be to put your missive into his box. While postage to the United States, Canada, and Europe is only 6 cents per half ounce, it is 25 cents to any part of Mexico, if only across the line from one state to another, and very particular they are in weighing to get another 25 cents if possible. Mexican postal-cards are 3 cents each, good for any part of the world except in Mexico, but may not be sent from one town to another within their own borders. In Monterey they will sometimes sell you one or two postage-stamps to carry away with you (if you look particularly honest), but never more than two; while in other Mexican postoffices they will not sell any,—why, heaven only knows, except that it is one of the many "rules of the government." The office is frequently closed four hours at a time, while the postmaster and all his clerks are enjoying a long siesta. As there is no outside box for depositing letters, even if one had stamps to put on them, I am afraid that this institution is responsible for considerable profanity, especially on the part of those who have been accustomed to better treatment in the "Estados Unidos del Norte," as they insist on calling our United States, in contradistinction to theirs *del sur*.—*Monterey Cor. Springfield Republican.*

How to Train a Boy.

The modern prejudice against corporal punishment does not seem to have penetrated to India. A magistrate of the cantonment of Secunderabad recently received the following petition from a parent: "I most humbly and respectfully beg to bring to your Honor's kind notice that my son, aged about 15 years, instead of going to school, joins bad company, goes to the tank to catch fish, and loses his time vainly wandering here and there. The schoolmaster warned him and flogged him several times; he never cares to. I request your Honor to permit me to have a chain for one of his legs, with a log of wood attached to the same, in order that he may feel ashamed, and leave his bad actions, for which act of grace he shall every pray."

Elder sister—Geraldine, why did you take so much trouble to snub that handsome, manly young fellow we just met? Geraldine—Oh, that's Harry Hardlines. He hasn't a cent to his name, and he's got a mother to support; and that sort of thing isn't good form, you know."

RODGER, MACLAY & CO.'S

"Lily White" Floating Soap,
"English Mottled,"
"Perfection,"
"Palace," and
"Queen's Own"

SOAP

For Purity, Durability, and Price stand Unrivalled.

Ask your Grocer for them and take no other. One trial will suffice to prove the economy of using a pure article.

RODGER, MACLAY & CO.,

Canada Soap and Oil Works, Toronto