

When Old Jack Died.
When Old Jack died we stayed from school they said
At home we needn't go that day and none of us ate any breakfast—only one.
And that was papa—and his eyes were red when he came round where we were, by the shed.
Where Jack was lying, half-way in the sun and half-way in the shade. When we begun to cry out loud, pa turned and dropped his head.
And went away; and mamma she went back into the kitchen. Then for a long while, all to ourselves like, we stood there and cried.
We thought so many good things of Old Jack. And funny things—although we didn't smile. We couldn't only cry when Old Jack died.
When Old Jack died it seemed a human friend
Had suddenly gone from us; that some face that we had loved to follow and embrace from babyhood no more would condescend to smile on us forever. We might bend with tearful eyes above him, interlace our chubby fingers o'er him, romp and race, plead with him, call and coax—away, we might send.
The old halloo up for him, whistle, hist (if sobs had let us), or, as wildly vain, snapped thumbs, called "Speak," and he had not replied.
We might have gone down on our knees and kissed.
The teased ears, and yet they must remain deaf, motionless, we knew, when Old Jack died.
When Old Jack died, it seemed to us some way
That all the other dogs in town were pained with our bereavement, and some that were chained.
Even unspilled their collars on that day
To visit Jack in state, as though to pay
A last sad tribute there; while neighbors craned
Their heads above the high board fence, and
To stich "Poor dog!" remembering how they had cuffed him when alive, perchance because
For love of them he leaped to lick their hands.
Now that he could not, were they satisfied?
We children thought that, as we crossed his paws
And o'er his grave, lay down the bottom-lands
Write, "Our First Love Lies Here," when Old Jack died.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

THE SISTERS

CHAPTER I. A DISTANT VIEW.

On the second of January, in the year 1880, three newly orphaned sisters, finding themselves left to their own devices, with an income of exactly one hundred pounds a year apiece, sat down to consult together as to the use they should make of their independence.

The place where they sat was a grassy cliff overlooking a wide bay of the Southern Ocean—a lonely spot, whence no sign of human life was visible, except in the sail of a little fishing boat far away. The low sun, that blazed at the back of their heads, and threw their shadows and the shadow of every blade of grass into relief, touched that distant sail and made it shine like bridal satin; while a certain island rock, the home of seabirds, blushed like a rose in the same necromantic light. As they sat they could hear the waves breaking and seething on the sands and stones beneath them, but could only see the level plain of blue and purple water stretching from the toes of their boots to the indistinct horizon. That particular Friday was a terribly hot day for the colony, as weather records testify, but in this favored spot it had been merely a little too warm for comfort, and the sea-breeze coming up fresher and stronger as the sun went down, it was the perfection of an Australian summer evening at the hour of which I am writing.

"What I want," said Patty King (Patty was the middle one), "is to make a dash—a straight-out plunge into the world, Elizabeth—no shilly-shallying and dawdling about, frittering our money away before we begin. Suppose we go to London—we shall have enough to cover our travelling expenses, and our income to start fair with—surely we could live anywhere on three hundred a year, in the greatest comfort—and take rooms near the British Museum?—or in South Kensington—or suppose we go to one of those intellectual German towns, and study music and the languages? What do you think, Nell? I am sure we could do it easily if we tried."

"Oh," said Ellen, the youngest of the trio, "I don't care so long as we go somewhere and do something."
"What do you think, Elizabeth?" pursued the enterprising Patty, alert and earnest. "Life is short, and there is so much for us to see and learn—all these years and years we have been out of it so utterly! Oh, I wonder how we have borne it! How have we borne it—to hear about things and never to know or do them, like other people! Let us get into the thick of it at once, and recover lost time. Once in Europe, everything would be to our hand—everything would be possible. What do you think?"
"My dear," said Elizabeth, with characteristic caution, "I think we are too young and ignorant to go so far afield just yet."

"We are all over 21," replied Patty quickly, "and though we have lived the lives of hermits, we are not more stupid than other people. We can speak French and German, and we are quite sharp enough to know when we are being cheated. We should travel in perfect safety, finding our way as we went along. And we do know something of those places—of Melbourne we know nothing."
"We should never get to the places mother knew—the sort of life we have heard of. And Mr. Brion and Paul are with us here—they will tell us all we want to know. No, Patty, we must not be reckless. We might go to Europe by-and-by, but for the present let Melbourne content us. It will be as much of the world as we shall want to begin with, and we ought to get some experience before we spend our money—the little capital we have to spend."
"You don't call 235 pounds a little, do you?" interposed Eleanor. This was the price that a well-to-do storekeeper in the neighboring township had offered them for the little house which had been their home since she was born, and to her it seemed a fortune.

"Well, dear, we don't quite know yet whether it is little or much, for, you see, we don't know what it costs to live as other people do. We must not be reckless, Patty—we must take care of what we have, for we have only ourselves in the wide world to depend on, and this is all our fortune. I should think no girls were ever so utterly without belongings as we are now," she

added, with a little break in her gentle voice.

The parents of these three girls had been a mysterious couple, about whose circumstances and antecedents people knew just as much as they liked to conjecture, and no more. Mr. King had been on the diggings in the old days—that much was a fact, to which he had himself been known to testify; but where and what he had been before, and why he had lived like a pelican in the wilderness ever since, nobody knew, though everybody was at liberty to guess. Years and years ago, he came to this lone coast—a region of hopeless sand and scrub, which no squatter or free selector with a grain of sense would look at—and here on a bleak headland he built his rude house, piece by piece, in great part with his own hands, and fenced his little paddock, and made his little garden; and here he had lived till the other day, a morose recluse, who shunned his neighbors as they shunned him, and never was known to have either business or pleasure, or commerce of any kind with his fellow-men. It was supposed that he had made some money at the diggings, for he took up no land (there was none fit to take up, indeed, within a dozen miles of him), and he kept no stock—except a few cows and pigs for the larder; and at the same time there was never any sign of actual poverty in his little establishment, simple and humble as it was. And it was also supposed—nay, it was confidently believed—that he was not, so to speak, "all there." No man who was not "touched" would conduct himself with such preposterous eccentricity as that which had marked his long career in their midst—the neighbors argued, not without a show of reason. But the greatest mystery in connection with Mr. King was Mrs. King. He was obviously a gentleman, in the conventional sense of the word, but she was, in every sense, the most beautiful and accomplished lady that ever was seen, according to the judgment of those who knew her—the woman who had nursed her in her confinements, and washed and scrubbed for her, and the tradesmen of the town to whom she had gone in her little buggy for occasional stores, and the doctor and the parson, and the children whom she had brought up in such a wonderful manner to be copies (though it was thought, poor ones) of herself. And yet she had borne to live all the best years of her life, at once a captive and an exile, on that desolate seashore—and had loved that harsh and melancholy man with the most faithful and entire devotion—and had suffered her solitudes and privations, the lack of everything to which she must have been once accustomed, and the fret and trouble of her husband's bitter moods—without a murmur that anybody had ever heard.

Both of them were gone now from the cottage on the cliff where they had lived so long together. The idolized mother had been dead for several years, and the harsh, and therefore not much loved nor much mourned, father had lain but a few weeks in his grave beside her; and they had left their children, as Elizabeth described it, more utterly without belongings than ever girls were before. It was a curious position altogether. As far as they knew, they had no relations, and they had never had a friend. Not one of them had left their home for a night since Eleanor was born, and not one invited guest had slept there during the whole of that period. They had never been to school, nor had any governess but their mother, nor had any experience of life and the ways of the world save what they gained in their association with her, and from the books that she and their father selected for them. According to all precedent, they ought to have been dull and rustic and stupid (it was supposed that they were, because they dressed themselves so badly), but they were only simple and truthful in an extraordinary degree. They had no idea what was the "correct thing" in costume or manners, and they knew little or nothing of the value of money; but they were well and widely read, and highly accomplished in all the household arts, from playing the piano to making bread and butter, and as full of spiritual and intellectual aspirations as the most advanced amongst us.

CHAPTER II. A LONELY EYRIE.

"Then we will say Melbourne to begin with. Not for a permanence, but until we have gained a little more experience," said Patty, with something of regret and reluctance in her voice. By this time the sun had set and drawn off all the glow and color from sea and shore. The island rock was an enchanted castle no longer, and the sails of the fishing-boats had ceased to shine. The girls had been discussing their schemes for a couple of hours, and had come to several conclusions.

"I think so, Patty. It would be unwise to hurry ourselves in making our choice of a home. We will go to Melbourne and look about us. Paul Brion is there. He will see after lodgings for us and put us in the way of things generally. That will be a great advantage. And then the Exhibition will be coming—it would be a pity to miss that. And we shall feel more as if we belonged to the people here than elsewhere, don't you think? They are more likely to be kind to our ignorance and help us."

"Oh, we don't want any one to help us."
"Someone must teach us what we don't know, directly or indirectly—and we are not above being taught."
"But," insisted Patty, "there is no reason why we should be beholden to anybody. Paul Brion may look for some lodgings for us, if he likes—just a place to sleep in for a night or two—and tell us where we can find a house—that's all we shall want to ask of him or of anybody. We will have a house of our own, won't we?—so as not to be overlooked or interfered with."

"Oh, of course!" said Eleanor promptly. "A landlady on the premises is not to be thought of for a moment. Whatever we do, we don't want to be interfered with, Elizabeth."
"Sam Dunn is out late," said Eleanor, pointing to a dark dot far away, that was a glittering sail a little while ago.
"It is a good night for fishing," said Patty.

And then they turned their faces landward, and set forth on their road home. A pretty and pathetic picture they made as they sat round that table, with the dim light of one kerosene lamp on the strikingly fair faces alone in the little house that was no longer theirs, and in the wide world, but so full of faith and hope in the unknown future—discussing ways and

means for getting their furniture to Melbourne.

CHAPTER III.

PREPARATIONS FOR FLIGHT.

Melbourne people, when they go to bed, chain up their doors carefully, and bar all their windows, lest the casual burglar should molest them. Bush people, no more afraid of the night than of the day, are often quite unable to tell you whether there is such a thing as an effective lock upon the premises. So our girls, in their lonely dwelling on the cliff, slept in perfect peace and security, with the wind from the sea blowing over their faces through the open door-windows at the foot of their little beds. Dan Tucker, the terrier walker softly to and fro over their thresholds at intervals in the course of the night, and kept away any stray kitten that had not yet learned its proper place; that was all the watch and ward that he or they considered necessary. At five o'clock in the morning, Elizabeth King, who had a little slip of a room to herself, just wide enough to allow the leaves of the French window at the end of it to be held back, when open, by buttons attached to the side walls, stirred in her sleep, stretched herself, yawned, and then springing up into a sitting posture, propped herself on the pillows to see the new day begin.

When the little leaves were done and the big ones put in the oven, Eleanor fetched a towel, donned a broad hat, and, passing out at the front of the house, ran lightly down the steep track on the face of the cliff to their bath-house on the beach—a little closet of rough slabs built in the rock above high water; whence she presently emerged in a scanty flannel garment, with her slender white limbs bare, and flung herself like a mermaid into the sea. There were sharks in that bay sometimes, and there were devil fish too (Sam Dunn had spread one out, star-wise, on a big boulder close by, and it lay there still with its horrible arms dangling from its hideous bag of a body, to be a warning to these venturous young ladies, who, he fully expected would be "et up" some day like little flies by a spider); but they found their safety in the perfect transparency of the water, coming in from the great pure ocean to the unsullied rocks, and kept a wary watch for danger. While Eleanor was disporting herself, Patty joined her, and after Patty, Elizabeth; and one by one they came up, glowing and dripping, like—no, I won't be tempted to make that familiar classical comparison—like nothing better than themselves for artistic purposes. As Elizabeth, who was the last to leave the water, walked up the short flight of steps to her little dressing closet, straight and stately, with her full throat and bust and her nobly shaped limbs, she was the very model that sculptors dream of and hunt for (as many more might be, if brought up as she had been), but seldom are fortunate enough to find. In her gown, and leather belt, her beauty of figure, of course, was not so obvious; the raiment of civilization, however simple, levelled it from the standard of Greek art to that of conventional comparison with other dressed-up women—by which, it must be confessed, she suffered.

Having assumed this raiment, she followed her sisters up the cliff path to the house; and there she found them talking volubly with Mrs. Dunn, who had brought them, with Sam's best respects, a freshly caught snapper for their breakfast. Mrs. Dunn was their nearest neighbor, their only help in domestic emergencies, and of late days their devoted and confidential friend. Sam, her husband, had for some years been a ministering angel in the back yard, a purveyor of firewood and mutton, a killer of pigs, and so on; and he also had taken the orphan girls under his protection, so far as he could, since they had been "left."

"Look at this!" cried Eleanor, holding it up—it took both hands to hold it, for it weighed about a dozen pounds; "did you ever see such a fish, Elizabeth! Breakfast indeed! Yes, we'll have it for dinner to-day and to-morrow too, and for dinner and tea and supper. Oh, how stupid Sam is! Why didn't he send it to market? Why didn't he take it down to the steamer? He's not a man of business a bit, Mrs. Dunn—he'll never make his fortune this way. Get the pan for me Patty, and set the fat boiling. We'll fry a bit this very minute, and you shall stay and help eat it, Mrs. Dunn."

CHAPTER IV. DEPARTURE.

They decided to sell their furniture—with the exception of the piano and the bureau, and sundry treasures that could be stowed away in the latter capacious receptacle; and, on being made acquainted with the fact, the obliging Mr. Hawkins offered to take it as it stood for a lump sum of £50, and his offer was gratefully accepted.

And so they began to pack up. And the fuss and confusion of that occupation—which becomes so irksome when the charm of novelty is past—was full of enjoyment for them all.

"We shall certainly want some clothes," said Eleanor, surveying their united stock of available wearing apparel on Elizabeth's bedroom floor. "I propose that we appropriate—say £5—no, that might not be enough; say £10—from the furniture money to settle ourselves up each with a nice costume—dress, jacket and bonnet complete—so that we may look like other people when we get to Melbourne."
"We'll get there first," said Patty, "and see what is worn and the price of things. Our black prints are very nice for everyday, and we can wear our brown homespuns as soon as we get away from Mrs. Dunn. She said it was disrespectful to poor father's memory to put on anything but black when she saw you in your blue gingham, Nelly. Poor old soul! one would think we were a set of superstitious heathen pagans. I wonder where she got all those queer ideas from!"

And so, at last, all their preparations were made and the day came when, with unexpected regrets and fears, they walked out of the old house which had been their only home into the wild world, where they were utter strangers. Sam Dunn came with his wood-cart to carry their luggage to the steamer (the conveyance they had selected, in preference to coach and railway, because it was cheaper, and they were more familiar with it); and then they shut up doors and windows, sobbing as they went from room to room; stood on the veranda in front of the sea to solemnly kiss each other, and walked quietly down to the township, hand-in-hand, and with the terrier at their heels, to have tea

with Mr. Brion and his old housekeeper before they went on board.

CHAPTER V.

ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

Late in the evening, when the sea was lit up with a young moon, Mr. Brion, having given them a great deal of serious advice concerning their money and other business affairs, escorted our three girls to the little jetty where the steamer that called in once a week lay at her moorings, ready to start for Melbourne and intermediate ports at 5 o'clock next morning. The old lawyer was a spare, grave, gentlemanly-looking old man, and as such a gentleman as he looked, with the kindest heart in the world when you could get at it—a man who was esteemed and respected, to use the language of the local paper, by all his fellow-townsmen, whether friends or foes. They Anglified his name in speaking of it, and they wrote it "Bryan" far more often than not, though nothing enraged him more than to have his precious vowels tampered with; but they liked him so much that they never cast it up to him that he was a Frenchman.

This good old man, chivalrous as any paladin, in his shy and secret way, always anxious to hide his generous emotions, as the traditional Frenchman is anxious to display them, had done a father's part by our young orphans since their own father had left them so strangely desolate. Sam Dunn had compassed them with sweet observances, as we have seen; but Sam was powerless to unravel the web of difficulties, legal and otherwise, in which Mr. Brion had done all this and a great deal more that nobody knew of, to protect the girls and their interests at a critical juncture, and to give them a fair and clear start on their own account. And in the process of thus serving them he had become very much attached to them in his old-fashioned, recent way; and he did not at all like having to let them go away alone in this lonely-looking night.

"But Paul will be there to meet you," he said, for the twentieth time, laying his hand over Elizabeth's, which rested on his arm. "You may trust to Paul—as soon as the boat is telegraphed he will come to meet you—he will see to everything that is necessary—you will have no bother at all. And, my dear, remember what I say—let the boy advise you for a little while. Let him take care of you, and imagine it is I. You may trust him as absolutely as you trust me, and he will not presume upon your confidence, believe me. He is not like the young men of the country," added Paul's father, putting a little extra stiffness into his upright figure. "No, no—he is quite different."
"I think you have instructed us so fully, dear Mr. Brion, that we shall get along very well without having to trouble Mr. Paul," interposed Patty, in her clear, quick way, speaking from a little distance.

The steamer, with her lamps lit, was all in a clatter and bustle, taking in passengers and cargo. Sam Dunn was on board, having seen the boxes stowed away safely; and he came forward to say good-bye to his young ladies before driving his cart home.

"I'll miss ye," said the brawny fisherman, with savage tenderness; "and the missus'll miss ye. Darned if we shall know the place with you gone out of it. Many's the dark night the light o' your winders has been better'n the lighthouse to show me the way home."
He pointed to the great headland lying, it seemed now, so far, far off, ghostly as a cloud. And presently he went away; and they could hear him, as he drove back along the jetty, cursing his old horse—to which he was as much attached as if it had been a human friend—with blood-curdling ferocity.

Mr. Brion stayed with them until it seemed improper to stay any longer—until all the passengers that were to come on board had housed themselves for the night, and all the baggage had been snugly stowed away—and then bade them good-bye, with less outward emotion than Sam had displayed, but with almost as keen a pang.
"God bless you, my dears," said he, with paternal solemnity. "Take care of yourselves, and let Paul do what he can for you. I will send you your money every quarter, and you must keep accounts—keep accounts strictly. And ask Paul what you want to know. Then you will get along all right, please God."

They cheered themselves with the sandwiches and the gooseberry wine that Mr. Brion's housekeeper had put up for them, paid a visit to Dan, who was in charge of an amiable cook (whom the old lawyer had tipped handsomely), and then faced the dangers and difficulties of getting to the lower regions, they paused, their faces flushed up, and they looked at each other as if the scene before them was something unfit for the eyes of modest girls. They were shocked, as by some specific impropriety, at the noise and confusion, the rough jostling and the impure atmosphere, in the morsel of a ladies' cabin, from which the tiny slips of bunks prepared for them were divided only by a scanty curtain. This was their first contact with the world, so to speak, and they fled from it. To spend a night in that suffocating hole, with those loud women their fellow-passengers, was a too appalling prospect. So Elizabeth went to the captain, who knew their story, and admired their faces, and was inclined to be very kind to them, and asked his permission to occupy a retired corner of the deck. On his seeming to hesitate—they being desperately anxious not to give anybody any trouble—they assured him that the place above all others where they would like to make their bed was on the wedge-shaped platform in the bows, where they would be out of everybody's way.

"But, my dear young lady, there is no railing there," said the captain, laughing at the proposal as a joke.
"A good eight inches—ten inches," said Elizabeth. "Quite enough for anybody in the roughest sea."
"For a sailor perhaps, but not for young ladies who get giddy and frightened and seasick. Supposing you tumbled off in the dark and I found you gone when I came to look for you in the morning?"
"We tumbled off!" cried Eleanor. "We never tumbled off anything in our lives. We have lived on the cliffs like the goats and the gulls—nothing makes us giddy. And I don't think anything will make us seasick—or frightened either."

"Certainly not frightened," said Patty. He let them have their way—taking a great many (as they thought) perfectly unnecessary precautions in fixing up their

quarters in case of a rough sea—and himself carried out their old opossum rug and an armful of pillows to make their nest comfortable. So, in this quiet and breezy bed-chamber, roofed over by the moonlit sky, they lay down with much satisfaction in each other's arms, unwatched and unmolested, as they loved to be, save by the faithful Dan Tucker, who found his way to their feet in the course of the night. And the steamer left her moorings and worked out of the bay into the open ocean, puffing and clattering, and danced up and down over the long waves, and they knew nothing about it. In the fresh air, with the familiar voice of the sea around them, they slept soundly under the opossum rug until the sun was high.

(To be Continued)

At Last.

The sports of summer are always prolific of all kinds of physical injuries, and for the treatment of such, here is a most striking example. Mr. Jacob Etzensperger, 14 Sumner street, Cleveland, O., U. S. A., says: "I sprained my arm, clubbing chestnuts; could not lift it; suffered for years, but St. Jacob's Oil cured me." After many years he hit the right thing at last. The best thing first saves much.

A UNIQUE CALENDAR.

Every Day a Greeting from a Distant Friend Was Seen.

Some one the other day thought of this about a calendar. A daughter was to go away, to be gone a long time, on the other side of the earth. So the mother, thinking to bring her good cheer, bought a calendar. But the calendar this mother made could be duplicated by no one, for this is what she did. Below the date on each leaf there was a blank space. She therefore took the calendar apart, sending its 365 leaves to as many friends and relatives, asking each to write some sort of salutation on this blank space below the date. When these were returned they were bound together again, and the calendar was given to the daughter, who knew nothing of what had been done. She was made to promise, however, to tear off no leaf until the day had dawned when the leaf was due.

What a source of delight such a calendar would be to an exile from home can easily be imagined. Every day a different greeting from a different friend! Every day a new surprise, and never to know till the morrow what friend was to send a word of good cheer.

The one addition this mother might make on another calendar of its kind would be to ask each friend to keep a record of the date when the greeting, as it were, fell due; then to remember both greeting and date, so that when the exile read it in one of those far-away countries, she and her friends at home might, for a moment at least, stand consciously face to face.—Harper's Bazar.

Gilbert's Latest Burlesque.

W. S. Gilbert—who has been made a justice of the peace—no, no; of the peace, has produced at the Vaudeville theatre, London, his fun burlesque of *Hamlet*, under the title of "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern." The funniest part of it is that in which the young gentlemen, who are not titled young gentlemen, set by the queen, interfere with the soliloquizing propensities of the prince. The ruffians' rude remarks play havoc with the "To be or not to be" deliverance, and *Hamlet*, with patience exhausted, cries out:

It must be patent to the merest dunce That they cannot soliloquize at once.

Hamlet is described by the fair *Ophelia* as "idiotically sane with lucid intervals of lunacy." He discovers that the king has written a very bad five-act tragedy. For this horrible crime the majesty of Denmark is filled with remorse; yet *Hamlet* piles up the agony by engaging the players to play the tragedy before the assembled court. Of course, he wants to give advice to the players, but they belong to the profession, and don't require instruction from a raw amateur. In the end, young *Hamlet* is ordered to quit the palace and to find a shop at the Lyceum.—*Albany Press*.

Sunday Concerts.

Truax—What is there sacred about these Sunday evening concerts?
Blade—They are attended by a great collection.

The pickpocket is a living example of the truth that in order to succeed in life one should keep in touch with his fellow.
For age and want save while you may; no morning sun lasts all the day.

"August Flower"

"I inherit some tendency to Dyspepsia from my mother. I suffered two years in this way; consulted a number of doctors. They did me no good. I then used

Relieved in your August Flower and it was just two days when I felt great relief. I soon got so that I could sleep and eat, and I felt that I was well. That was three years ago, and I am still first-class." I am never

Two Days. Without a bottle, and if I feel constipated the least particle a dose or two of August Flower does the work. The beauty of the medicine is, that you can stop the use of it without any bad effects on the system.

Constipation While I was sick I felt everything it seemed to me a man could feel. I was of all men most miserable. I can say, in conclusion, that I believe August Flower will cure anyone of indigestion, if taken

Life of Misery with judgment. •A. M. Weed, 229 Bellefontaine St., Indianapolis, Ind. •