

## The Little Salesman.

BY LILLIAN GRAY.

"The trains are going to pass here instead of down to Turner's, mamma."

"I want to know. Who told you so, Charlie?"

"I heard the ticket man say so; he said the down train would likely lie here ten minutes."

"Yes; they used to pass here a long time ago, I remember. Oh, well, we don't travel, so it don't make any difference to us. I often wish we could."

"We will, mamma, when I'm a big man; and I'll buy you the nicest clothes there is, too."

"You dear boy. I'll be glad if you can do for yourself first. It makes me feel sad that you can't have all you need now."

"Don't, mamma; I have lots; but I was thinking. You know in the papers Aunt Nora sent was a story about a boy sellin' harvest apples to the folks in the trains that stopped by his house, and he made a heap of money. Couldn't I do that, now?"

"Why, I suppose you could, if you had apples."

"I could buy 'em to sell again, you know."

"So you might, only there would not be very much profit, I'm afraid. If we had some grown on our own place, it would be a good plan."

"I wish we had. Can I have another cruller? They're splendid. Say, though, wouldn't the train folks like them better'n apples?"

"I think it likely; most every one praises my crullers that eats them; and travelers are always lunching on something, I've heard."

"It would be an awful trouble for you to make a basketful, wouldn't it, mamma?"

"Some, of course; but if it was a way to help make a living, I'd be glad to do it. I surely ought not to grudge my work when I've got such a willing little man to go out and sell them."

"Oh, I'll be proud to do it. I'll be on hand the minute the cars stop, and when they're gone won't you laugh to see me come down across the lot with an empty basket and money fignin' in my pocket? I guess so!"

"I think I will. It will be more profit than selling things you have to buy yourself. When does the change take place, dear?"

"To-morrow, 'cause it's the first of the month; it's the ten-fifty train and the four o'clock one, so Mr. Lawrence said, that'll run on the switch; and can I begin right away?"

"Yes, if I get some more sugar and lard to-night, and get at the cakes in good season."

Charlie could hardly eat or sleep that night for thinking of his business venture, and the next morning he did all he could to help his mother, and no more anxious watcher ever hovered around a kettle of frying crullers than he, and his mother gave him one of the first done to sample.

"You never made any so good before, mamma."

Fortunately, they had a new market-basket, and Mrs. Graham lined it with nice paper, and spread a spotless napkin over the delicious cakes, and Charlie, with his clothes well brushed and neat as to face and hair and hands, started on his road to fortune. He was not afraid, and yet his heart thumped much harder than usual as he stood behind the car-track waiting for the train to slow up.

"Please, can I go on the cars to sell these?"

The conductor swung himself carelessly to the ground, saying: "All right, little man. Let's see; doughnuts, hey? Well, no doubt you'll find customers; but don't loiter; we only lay by till the up-train comes."

Charlie turned the napkin back and presented his basket to a man by the door.

"Hallo! fried cakes; where'd ye get 'em?"

"Mamma just made 'em."

"Ma makes 'em an' you sell 'em? Well, now, that's business. I thought I smelled something good; it must 'a' been these a-fryin'. Here, I'll take five, anyhow."

By this time two children across the aisle were frantic in their entreaties, and the mother took half a dozen, and a lady in the next seat took a couple, and some one beckoned on the other side, and a young man far in the front sang out: "Hey, youngster, save some of them goodies for this part of the universe!"

Charlie had no time for the other car, for a whistle signaled the coming of the up-train, and then his basket had only three cakes in it. How his feet ran down the common to his mother's little brown cottage, and how his tongue stammered in his eagerness to tell it all in one breath; but the coins spread out on the table were eloquent witnesses to his success.

"You precious boy!" said his delighted mother. "I was real down-hearted yesterday with our many needs

and little cash, and wondering if it would not be wise to move away to some large place to find work."

"But you wouldn't need to now, mamma, for the people were crazy to get the cakes. Can you have some more for the afternoon train?"

"To be sure I can. I'll go at them right after dinner; but next week you can only go to the second train on account of school; that is till Saturday."

"Oh, mamma, that'll be losing half!"

"But, dear, you musn't lose your studies in school, and after the novelty has worn off one train a day will fill your ambition."

Just before four o'clock Charlie was at his post, rather less flurried than before.

This time the stately conductor himself took a couple, and there was no lack of eager customers; but one gentleman said: "Haven't you any sandwiches, boy? I don't eat cake, but I'd give five cents for a ham sandwich just this minute." And another said: "I would, too; however, these cakes are fine. Is this a regular business, sonny? because I am of this train every afternoon, and shall reckon on such a treat as this."

Charlie had time to go through both cars, and bounded home with an empty basket, a lot of change, and several newspapers which had been given him, to his great delight.

He told his mother about the request for sandwiches, and she said she had been thinking the same thing and would make some.

So when Charlie came from school Monday he found his basket all ready, one end filled with crullers and the other with sandwiches; and in a short space of time he came back with basket empty and a little over a dollar in his jacket-pocket. And wasn't he a proud and happy boy? To be sure, his mother had the hardest part to do, but it was labor that she did not dislike, and which could be done in quiet in her own home, and she was very thankful for the chance.

Of course Charlie was envied and imitated after a fashion. Some of the boys took to going through the trains with apples, cracked nuts and popcorn; but after all it did not hurt our little salesman, for none of the boys' mothers would consent to make anything, because Mrs. Graham was a poor widow and her boy a brave little helper.

"Wasn't it a piece of prime good luck that the trains took to passing here, mamma?" said Charlie, after some weeks had gone by.

"Yes, my dear; but perhaps we had better call it a special providence."—Christian Intelligencer.

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## Gwine Bank Home.

As we wait in the depot at Nashville for the train, some one began crying, and an excitement was raised among the passengers. A brief investigation proved that it was an old colored man who was giving way to his grief. Three or four people remarked on the strangeness of it, but for some time no one said anything to him. Then a depot policeman came forward and took him by the arm, and shook him roughly and said:

"See here, old man, you want to quit that! You are drunk; if you make any more disturbance I'll lock you up!"

"Deed and I hain't drunk," replied the old man, as he removed his tear-stained handkerchief. "I've lost my ticket an' money, an' dat's whut's the matter."

"Bosh! You never had any money to lose! You dry up or away you go!"

"What's the matter yere?" queried a man as he came forward.

The old man recognized the dialect of the Southerner in an instant, and repressing his emotion with a great effort he answered:

"Say, Mas'r Jack, I've been robbed!"

"My name is White."

"Well, then, Mas'r White, somebody has done robbed me of my ticket an' money."

"Where were you going?"

"Gwine down into Kentuck, whar I was bo'n an' raised."

"Where's that?"

"Nigh to Bowlin' Green, sah, an' when the war dun sot me free I cum up this way. Hain't been home, sence, sah."

"You had a ticket?"

"Yes, sah, an' ober \$30 in cash. Bin savin' up fur ten y'ars, sah."

"What do you want to go back for?"

"To see de hills an' de fields, de tobacco an' the co'n. Mas'r Preston an' de good old missus. Why, Mas'r White, I've dun bin praying for it fo' twenty years. Sometimes

de longin' has come till I couldn't hardly hold myself."

"It's too bad."

"De old woman is buried down dar, Mas'r White—de ole woman an' free chillen. I kin 'member the spot same as if I seed it yisterday. You go out half-way to de fast tobacker house, an' den you turn to de left an' go down to de branch whar de women used to wash. Dar's fo' trees on de odder bank, an' right under 'em is whar dey is all buried. I kin see it! I kin lead you right to de spot!"

"What will you do when you get there?" asked the stranger.

"Go up to de big house an' ax Mas'r Preston to let me lib out all the rest of my days right dar. I've ole an' all alone, an' I want to be nigh my head. Sorter company fur me when my heart aches."

"Where were you robbed?"

"Out doab's, dar, I reckon in de crowd. See! De pocket is all cut out. I've dreamed an' pondered—I've had dis journey in my mind fur y'ars, an' now I've dun bin robbed an' can't go!"

He fell to crying and the policeman came forward in an officious manner.

"Stand back, sir!" commanded the stranger. "Now, gentlemen, you have heard the story. I'm going to help the old man back to die on the old plantation and be buried alongside his dead."

"So am I!" called twenty men in chorus, and within five minutes we had raised enough to buy him a ticket and leave \$50 to spare. And when he realized his good luck, the old snow-haired black fell upon his knees in the crowd and prayed:

"Lord, I've been a believer in you all my days, 'an now I dun axes you to watch ober dese yere white folks dat has believed in me and helped me to go back to de ole home."

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The distinguished traveller Miss Mary Kingsley recently lectured at Mansfield College, Oxford, upon the invitation of the Hibbert trustees. Her subject was African native law and its connection with the African form of religion. The late Sir A. B. Ellis, in his well-known book, Prof. Kohler, a pamphlet on negro law, and Mr. Saraban's Panti Customary Law, were the three trustworthy printed sources of information, but there was no printed collection of cases in pure negro law. Hence Miss Kingsley proposed, from her own detailed observation, to give a tentative account of these neglected systems. Common to them both was a general conception of religion as influencing every least act and concern of life, and a specific conviction that the native must be on working terms with the great world of spirits around him. Alike among pure negroes and pure Bantu Miss Kingsley discerned a recognized hierarchy of these spirits; in some districts more classes were distinguished than in others, but everywhere at least six orders were more or less clearly distinguishable. Among the pure negroes of the West Coast a system of so-called slavery is essential; the Bantu often follow an alternative practice of killing and eating prisoners and criminals. Bantu is more difficult than negro law, because of local variations in this and other particulars among Bantu tribes. An important institution, well developed among pure negroes, and also among slave-holding Bantu, is the House. Individual members of a House may be animate or inanimate, men, animals, or things. Dogs and canoes are, in the eye of the law, quite as capable as men of advancing the House or of embroiling it by their proceedings. A so-called King heads the House; he may be free or a slave. Often a slave-owned House will be the richest in a whole district. The law lays down (1) that the owner of a slave stands accountable for his slave's acts; (2) that the head of a House is responsible for damage done by members of the House, whether to fellow-members or to outsiders.—Evening Post.

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## Curious English Plurals.

We'll begin with box, and the plural is boxes, but the plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes. The one fowl is a goose, but two are called geese. Yet the plural of moose should never be meese. You may find a lone mouse, or a whole nest of mice. But the plural of house is houses, not hices. If the plural of man is always called men. Why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen? The cow in the plural may be cows or be kine. But a bow, if repeated, is never called bine; And the plural of vow is vows, never vine. If I speak of a foot and you show me your feet, And I give you a boot, would a pair be called beet? If one is a tooth, and a whole set are teeth, Why shouldn't the plural of booth be called beeth? If the singular's this and the plural is these, Should the plural of kiss ever be nicknamed keese? Then one may be that and three would be those, Yet hat in the plural would never be hose; And the plural of cat is cats and not cose. We speak of a brother, and also of brethren, But though we say mother, and never say methren. Then the masculine pronouns are he, his, him, But imagine the feminine she, she, and shim! So the English, I think, you all will agree, Is the funniest language you ever did see.

—Selected.

In the beautiful collegiate in have an interest spect and their ages of a liberal date that they their own. In accomplished students to fill From that time progressive educat developing the int has been simply agement of Prin training young In 1838 it forward in nomination. That year mar churches. Under tion grew steady instructors as Dr Chipman, its inf Under the subse educators as Dr. sisted by an enla institution has b centres of the Do after discharging ity for more than health to resign Thomas Trotter, vacant position w Maritime Baptist new duties under Acadia Semina lated to the Colle list of graduates, tual and moral w very great. These three inst and equipments direct control of a convention. The progress of each gatherings. Bapti tional institutions, made by the chur endowment toward place in the proce discussion of ques relating to these in v. FOR To lend assistan lands is regarded a Baptist commun churches this ques 1845, Rev. Richard was sent out as a with much success compelled him to filled in 1853 by R Breton, who was e sionary Union, wit itime Baptists be Union, and Miss George were sent f arrangement. But the dispositi independent forei in the convention to go to Burma and She visited the of mission aid societi her work. The inc commenced in 187 Rev. W. F. Arms Paulkner, Miss Ar chosen as missionar the work of evange carried on by the of a population of abo the proper sphere of Kimey, Bimilipata places. Many char have been made, bu Year by year the co to the matter of inc staff of missionaries The Foreign Mis N. B., where it hold G. O. Gates is the w ing the energetic represents the annu ber of active misio ing results are fr driven home some forth to fill their pl evangelisation. Central Bedque,