

# BOYS AND GIRLS

## The Sea Wind.

Speed through the closing gates of the day,  
Winnow me through with thy keen clean  
breath,

Wind with the tang of the sea!  
Find me and fold me; have thy way  
And take thy will of me!

Use my soul as you used the sky—  
Gray sky of this sullen day!  
Clear its doubt as you sped its wrack  
Of storm cloud bringing its splendor back,  
Giving it gold for gray!

Bring me word of the moving ships,  
Halyards and straining spars;  
Come to me clean from the sea's wide breast  
While the last lights die in the yellow west  
Under the first white stars!

Batter the closed doors of my heart  
And set my spirit free!

For I stifle here in this crowded place  
Sick for the tenantless fields of space,

Wind with the tang of the sea!  
—Arthur Ketchum, in the 'Atlantic.'

## Mother and Son.

Among the truly remarkable feats performed by the post-office employees, in the way of deciphering addresses and discovering the persons to whom letters are addressed, the following incident, which took place in New York, some time ago, is one of the most interesting. A letter was received at the general office, addressed simply, 'My Mother, New York, America.' The chirography was somewhat difficult, but even with this finally mastered and the deciphering of its Irish postmark, the fact that there was more than one mother in Manhattan with a son in Ireland made the post-office people despair of ever discovering the rightful owner.

A day or two after the receipt of this mysterious missive a cheery-looking Irishwoman elbowed her way to the general inquiry window. 'Ye haven't a letter from me b'y, have ye?' she queried, eagerly.

As most of the employees on that floor had had a laugh over the address of the letter 'my mother,' the thought of it returned to the mind of the inquiry clerk at mention of 'me b'y.' It was quite possible that such a questioner might be the mother of such a writer.

The home of the 'b'y' was found to be the same as the postmark on the letter, and after a few more precautionary inquiries, the missive was handed over to 'my mother,' on condition that she open it on the spot and verify her claim. This was done, and 'my mother' was actually identified among the three million and a half recipients of mail matter in the great city.—'Youth's Companion.'

## Postal Curiosities.

Mr. Charles Field, formerly attached to the Secret Service Department of the United States Post-Office, in an address to the Massachusetts Club, once gave a few specimens of the superscriptions with which the 'blind reader' of the Boston office is daily annoyed and amused:

Augusta—Aagosta, Eghost, Ougustia.  
Annisquam—Annie Squam, Hannisquam, Hannasquam.  
Boston—Bos. Town, Bawston, Bloston, Bosting.  
Billerica—Billurikee, Biluke, Belleri Ka.  
Brighton—Bryngton, Brithon, Britint.

Cambridge—Hambreach, Keim Bridge, Kambrrels, Campriche.

Connecticut — Connetuequette, Canatikette, Kenickticut.

Dorchester—Dodchester, Dart Shester, Dester, Docther.

Gloucester—Goschester, Glue Cester, Gloucehrst, Klashyastor.

Holyoke—Hole Yoke, Holiocack, Holy ho Yoke, Houlock, Holiout.

Ipswich—Eapetchuich, Ab Suitch, I. P. Suich, Whipsuich.

Jamaica Plain—Jimmy Capilane.

Newburyport—New Beary Pourte.

Quincy—Guenza.

San Francisco—Can Fran Syska.

United States—New Night Steats.

Woonsocket—Wind Saw Kett.—Exchange.

## Helped.

(Sally Campbell, in 'Wellspring.')

(In Two Parts.)

### PART I.

Richard Macon was going to college!

The news stated one Saturday morning in the store, promptly crossed the road to the blacksmith's shop, spread through the length and breadth of the village, and by the time the farmers had received their weekly newspaper from the post-office and their wives had bargained over their chickens and eggs, it might count on being carried at least four miles in every direction.

'To think of Luth Macon's boy getting ahead of all the rest!' said Mrs. Peter Emmett, as she stood at the gate with her apron over her head, discussing the matter with Mrs. Charlton, her nearest neighbor. 'Peter and I have been ready ever since our Lew put off dresses to give him the best learning there was. We'd have worked our fingers to the bone and gone without almost anything and not complained—we'd have been glad to do it, to have him educated with the highest. But he'll not take an education. Lew just will not.'

Mrs. Charlton assented tacitly, with her eyes on the ground. She knew Lew.

'So it will be Luth Macon's son who can rise to the top,' said Mrs. Emmett, 'whilst ours will be a plain workingman all his days.'

She was a good woman, but there was a touch of bitterness in her tone. Only her own mother heart could have told how sorely she had striven against the giving up of dreams which she had first dreamed over the cradle of her only son.

'I wonder,' said Mrs. Charlton, breaking the pause between them, 'if Richard can get on at college. How did he ever learn enough to go to college?'

'That's it! How did he? He stopped school two or three years ago before any of the other boys; he's had everything in the house to do, that is, that's been done; and he must have earned just about all that's been earned. It beats me where the books could have come in.'

'Luth Macon,' said Mrs. Charlton, thoughtfully, 'has been clear down at the bottom of the hill since ever anyone in this neighborhood first clapped eyes on him. But, do you know, sometimes I get to doubting if he always belonged so low down as he is now. You don't suppose,' she spoke as though apologizing for the folly of the question, 'you don't suppose that Richard's father could have been the one to teach him, do you?'

'No, I don't. He isn't out of the tavern long enough, nor,' added Mrs. Emmett, grimly, 'if he was, his brain wouldn't be steady enough to

teach the primer to a child. No, if I was you I wouldn't pick on Luth Macon to work miracles.'

She broke off to await, smiling, the approach of a tall, slim, fresh-colored lad of sixteen, whose clothes were of a fashionable make, whose hands were in his pockets, and whose air was that of infinite leisure.

'Well, Lew,' said Mrs. Emmett, 'what do you think of Richard?'

'Great news, isn't it?' said Lew. 'He is the worst persons for keeping things to himself! Why couldn't he have given us a hint of what was coming, instead of going off like this without a word to anybody?'

Lew's mother looked at him in some little surprise. She was vaguely aware of an emotion on his part which she did not understand.

'When Richard went to school with you,' asked Mrs. Charlton, 'did he mostly know his lessons?'

'He knew when he was asked questions. He never offered to say anything just because he could, just for advertisement, as almost any other fellow is in a hurry to do. Unless the question was put straight at him he kept still. Two or three times, after the teachers had coaxed anybody to speak and had fumed at us all for being dolts, they asked Richard, by some kind of an accident. He answered. He would have done it oftener if they had asked him. But none of the teachers ever seemed to understand Richard in that. Queer people, school-teachers!'

Mrs. Emmett sighed. Too well she knew that Lew's heart went not with his instructors.

'Richard was always such a quiet boy,' said Mrs. Charlton, 'that nobody took much notice of him, one way or the other. But maybe it wasn't dulness; maybe there's been more in him than we thought for.'

'Maybe so,' said Lew.

Again his mother recognized a strange quality in his speech. She cast a sharp glance at him and then turned up the brick walk toward the house. Lew followed her. Mrs. Charlton went home.

'How Peter and Laura Emmett,' she remarked to herself on the way, 'ever had such a son as they have is a good bit bigger miracle than it would be for Luth Macon to have learned college learning somewheres back before he was what he is now! Why, they are both excellent! As the old parson here used to say, they are "salt." And Lew is worthless. There isn't any more to him (that's good) than there is to a dandelion that's headed. It is certainly surprising!'

Mrs. Charlton shut the gate behind her with a click. She was disturbed. Laura Emmett and she had gone to school together.

'It isn't as if Lew wasn't bright. If it was the Lord's plain will that he shouldn't know, that would be one thing. Laura and Peter could bend to it then better than most folks. But it's hard for just them in particular to have a boy that can learn quicker than any boy round when he choses, and that's as trifling as Lew is. Well, I'm still hoping for him to turn out a good boy, yet.'

But Mrs. Charlton had shaken her head before she remembered what she was doing.

Lew Emmett, following his mother to the house, had gone straight on upstairs to his own room. Now he was sitting by the window, staring out among the branches of the horse-chestnut tree. There was a cloud in his