

FRIDAY.

BY FRANCES.

CHAPTER I.

He was not exactly a pretty little boy; his eyes were his chief beauty, with a wistful look in them that his friends called doggy; his face was very childish, but lacking in a child's rosy chubbiness, and his delicately-marked brows gave him a certain refinement. With that there was a fragile appearance, and he was so thin and slight that Friday's tiny sticks of legs were a very passable joke in the schoolroom, invested with all the sober respectability of age. He was a gentle, unoffending, little fellow, giving nobody much trouble, and always able to amuse himself. The worst thing that could be laid to his charge was that he had "ways." Not that Mrs. Hammond wondered at that, though she said it gave her the fidgets. But what else could she look for in a child whose mother died when he was born? She maintained as an indisputable fact that children who lose their mothers at their birth are never seen to smile, and for my part I would not lightly question a woman of Mrs. Hammond's age and experience. But Friday did smile sometimes, only it was an odd, gentle smile of his own, and I think he never laughed.

And in addition to the above-mentioned misfortune, Mrs. Hammond held against all-comers that a child born on Friday is not like other children. Friday had been used to hearing the rhyme all the days of his short life—

"Monday's child is fair of face;
Tuesday's child is full of grace;
Wednesday's child is loving and giving;
Thursday's child works hard for his living;
Friday's child is full of woe;
Saturday's child has far to go;
But he that is born on the Sabbath day
Is happy, and blithe, and good and gay."

It could not be said that Friday was full of woe, for if she could have forgotten his ways, Mrs. Hammond said that there never was a happier-natured child, but certain it was and must remain that the proverbial Friday ill-luck marked him out. Surely there never was any one so unfortunate as Friday! The history of his settled ill-luck would fill a volume, and then we should not have space to relate how many times he fell down-stairs from the top to the bottom, because it was almost as common a thing as walking up-stairs. I am not sure that it was not easier of the two, but naturally less agreeable, as attended with being picked up from the fluffy mat in a breathless condition, and alternately admonished with extreme severity, and be-plastered with vinegar and brown paper. Friday was always reproached for falling down-stairs, as if he had done it solely for his own vicious amusement; but seeing that he always hurt himself exceedingly, the world might have accepted his repeated word of honor that he couldn't help it.

But in this direction Friday's achievements rose to genius. If there were no stairs, he made a point of falling backwards as he sat at table, in company with his tall chair and basin of bread and milk; and when asleep, and out of harm's way, as might reasonably have been supposed, he fell out of bed. And all this was clear ill-luck, because he was a peculiarly quiet and gentle little boy. The account of his sisters was always the same. "He was just walking along and he fell down." He didn't tumble of himself, really. He can't help it, with being so unlucky.

But his own fault or no, outraged elders must have a relief for their feelings when they discover that no one is killed, and as falling down-stairs is rightly considered a crime in every well-conducted household, Friday was always reprimanded and put in the corner, where he cooled down, much bumped about the head and crushed in spirit.

It was not only in this respect, it was the same in everything; as his sisters remarked with a kind of complacent resignation, "Friday was the unluckiest boy that ever was." They chose birthday puddings and ate them gloriously. Friday's birthday came, he chose, his selection was approved and word dispatched to the kitchen; just before dinner-time cook would discover that she was "out" of the most necessary ingredient for that special pudding, and at the last moment send up a wholesome and

cheerless rice. Some one trod on a toy—"Look, it is Friday's." Friday saved a penny for many a day to buy a chip boat to sail in his bath, and setting out at length to make his purchase, he reached the shop with a hole in his pocket. The hens came into the garden and pecked up all the seeds in the bed at the end.

"And whose is the bed at the end?"

"Oh, Friday's."

"Dear me! Did he cry?"

"No—no, not exactly. We said it was because he was so unlucky, and he said he supposed so."

Sometimes there were delightful pick-nicky ride-and-tye walks with the aid of Tim, the donkey, and these were high festivals, long looked forward to. And when the day came, Master Friday was not very well; he must stay at home. And so at home Master Friday would stay, and, from a strong prevailing sense of duty, valorously say he didn't mind, and wink and wink until he could see without that uncomfortable dimness of sight to which one may be subject at times, and then watch the cavalcade depart, kneeling on the window-seat, and gallantly holding to his little piteous smile. That was supposing that his throat were not too sore, or his cough not too bad, or his head not too aching to sit up, in which cases even the sorry comfort of the window-seat was impossible and he spent the afternoon in the sequestered calm of bed. For Master Friday was often not very well, his persistent ill-luck leading him to prove the truth of the family saying, that if he possibly could be ill he was. So the Doctor was quite an old friend of his.

The Doctor who came to Friday's house was a young man with a cool, firm hand, and a quiet face, and a very kind heart. Perhaps he was interested in the gentle, quaint little boy with his patience, and his obedience, and his other "ways"; and Mrs. Hammond declared that the long conversations that were carried on between the two were enough to make any one cry, if one had not laughed, and if one had not been too entirely puzzled to do either.

CHAPTER II.

Friday and George and the twin-sisters lived at grandmother's house, in the country. Friday did not remember either father or mother. George could recollect being brought to grandmother's home, but no memory younger than his carried so far; and having been used to it always, they did not think it especially dull. It was rather a quiet house, because grandmother never left her room now, the ruling power being Mrs. Hammond, who had been mother's nurse when she was a little girl, and was growing old as grandmother's housekeeper.

So circumstances made Friday rather a lonely little boy. There was George, but he was ten years the elder; and Kitty and Nelly were also older, and so sufficient to each other that they were not much to anybody else as companions. Friday did not do many lessons himself; he did not exactly know why, because he did not mind doing them, but they said he needn't. Mrs. Hammond said she liked to see him play, and Miss Daly, who came every morning to Kitty and Nelly, let him creep out of the schoolroom whenever he liked. His reading was the only accomplishment Friday felt he possessed. His choice lay in the direction of large, solid, ancient books, mainly in mouldy leather bindings, and always of travel; romance and reality being one at his age, and sober earnest. He could read the greater part of the words, and when a long one barred the path, he happily skipped it and went on. For we all know that it is not necessary to children's happiness that they should to the full understand what they read. Perhaps it was in part Friday's own doing that he was solitary; it was one of his ways to find odd amusements for himself, and to trouble no one. But, nevertheless, he had three chief friends. Of course the Doctor did not come every day, and so in the meanwhile Friday solaced himself with the society of his two other comrades, Crusoe and Zachary.

Of these, the first was the nearer and dearer, because Friday could enjoy his company all day long, and have him to sleep on his feet at night, when Mrs. Hammond would wink at it; and Zachary was only available at certain hours,

and would decidedly not have been comfortable on the feet. Crusoe was a puppy, a curly black puppy, with a perpetual grin and a woolly back—and Friday's very own. From this had risen "Friday" as a form of address, for you cannot suppose that Friday had no proper Christian name. But when the Doctor gave him the puppy, he had recourse to his favorite books, and presently announced that doggie, being dark in the face, he must be called Man Friday.

"Because," added he, with grave satisfaction, "that makes me Robinson Crusoe."

To which George instantly returned—

"He's Crusoe, and you're Man Friday, because you are Friday's child."

Friday did not much like the exchange, but he could not but see the propriety of George's amendment, and accepted it, feeling that he could only blame himself for being a Friday's child. However, Crusoe was a great consolation to him. This dark hero had been so accustomed from his birth to being carried about wherever Friday went that he had become reconciled to it, and now thought it natural to a young puppy to be tenderly picked up by the waist and borne away in the drooping attitude of the Order of the Golden Fleece. He went everywhere and saw life under this condition. He liked Friday's bed exceedingly, not so much so the last week's Times Mrs. Hammond spread for him when she found him there. He was not very partial to being held under the tablecloth on Friday's rather scanty knee, but if it led to secret spoonfuls of milk out of his basin, it was to be tolerated. And breakfast over, Friday hugged him to his heart, and bore him away to the schoolroom, or the garden, or it might be even the corner for falling down-stairs. This secluded retreat was Crusoe's deepest abhorrence, owing to its excessive flatness, and all the time he spent there was employed in remonstrating licks of Friday's face. Friday did not actually like the operation, but afraid of hurting Crusoe's feelings, felt obliged to allow him a certain percentage of licks.

As a friend, Zachary was of a different order, being at least a human being, if only an under-gardener. He had a wooden leg—an awkward appendage to a gardener one would suppose, but Zachary was an independent old man; and, indeed, use is second nature. Friday's friendship with him began in a fascinated watching of this leg, and reverent musings on its functions and capabilities; and by degrees growing more familiar with its owner, he was enabled to ask a few questions, very gently and politely, as: What was it made of? Could it be taken off at night? Could you kneel down in it to say your prayers? Did you always have it? If so, what was it like when you were a little boy? If not, when did you have it, and why?

So in time Friday ranked Zachary with his dearest friends, Crusoe and the Doctor. He sat by him at his work, on an inverted flower-pot, and generally took out a huge tome, from which he read aloud his favorite passages for Zachary's edification. How much Zachary, a slow and simple-minded old man appreciated the entertainment does not appear; but by and by Friday made the exquisite discovery that he had an adventure story of his own! Zachary had been a sailor, and he wore his wooden leg because the original had been frost-bitten at some little distance, more or less from the North Pole. And so there fell on Friday the wild enchantment of the magic North, with its night two thousand hours long, and the grinding of its millstones of ice, and the thunder of the crashing bergs, and the battles in the pack, and the prowling wolves, and the gleaming of the northern lights, in which, as Greenlanders say, souls of the wicked dance tormented.

(To be Continued.)

CIGARETTES.

"Do you care to know how they are made? I think I can enlighten you. An Italian boy only eight years old was brought before a justice in New York city as a vagrant, or, in other words, a young tramp. But with what did the officer charge him? Only with picking up cigar-stumps from the streets and gutters. To prove this he showed the boy's basket, half full of stumps, water-soaked and covered with mud.

"What do you do with these?" asked his honor. What do you think was his answer? "I sell them to a man for ten cents a pound, to be used in making cigarettes." Not a particularly agreeable piece of information, is it, boys?

In our large cities there are a great many cigar-butt grubbers, as they are called. It certainly is not a pretty name, though very appropriate; for it is applied to boys and girls who scour the streets in search of half-burnt cigars and stumps, which are dried and then sold to be used in making cigarettes.

But this isn't all, nor even the worst of it. These cigarettes have been analyzed, and physicians and chemists were surprised to find how much opium is put into them. A tobacconist himself says that "the extent to which drugs are used in cigarettes is appalling." "Havana flavoring" for this same purpose is sold everywhere by the thousand barrels. This flavoring is made from the tonka-bean, which contains a deadly poison. The wrappers, warranted to be rice-paper, are sometimes made of common paper, and sometimes of filthy scrapings of rag-pickers bleached white with arsenic. What a cheat to be practised on people!

Think of it, boys; the next time you take up a cigarette, drop it—as you would a coal of fire. The latter would simply burn your fingers; but this burns up good health, good resolutions, good manners, good memories, good faculties, and often honesty and truthfulness as well.

A bright boy of thirteen came under the spell of cigarettes. He grew stupid and subject to nervous twitchings, till finally he was obliged to give up his studies. When asked why he didn't throw away his miserable cigarettes, the poor boy replied with tears, that he had often tried to do so, but could not.

Another boy of eleven was made crazy by cigarette smoking, and was taken to an insane asylum in Orange County, New York. He was regarded as a violent and dangerous maniac, exhibiting some of the symptoms peculiar to hydrophobia.

The white spots on the tongue and inside the cheeks, called smoker's patches, are thought by Sir Morell Mackenzie to be more common with users of cigarettes than with other smokers.

"Does cigarette smoking injure the lungs?" asked some one of a leading New York physician. For his answer, the doctor lighted a cigarette, and inhaling a mouthful of smoke, blew it through the corner of his handkerchief which he held tightly over his mouth. A dark brown stain was distinctly visible. "Just such a stain," said the doctor, "is left upon the lungs." If you ever smoke another cigarette, think of the stains you are making.

There is a disease called the cigarette eye, which is regarded as dangerous. A film comes over the eye, appearing and disappearing at intervals. And did you know that boys have been made blind by smoking cigarettes? How would you like to part with your sight, and never again behold the light of day or the faces of your friends?

Shall I give you two or three pictures? A writer greatly interested in young people (Josiah Leeds) described a pitiful spectacle which he saw—a pale, woe-begone boy, seemingly less than ten years old, standing at the entrance of an alley, without a hat, his dilapidated trousers very ragged at the knees, his hands in his pockets, shivering with cold, yet whiffing away at a cigarette.

Dr. Hammond says: "I saw in Washington a wretched looking child, scarcely five years old, smoking a cigarette and blowing the smoke from his nostrils. His pale, pinched face was twitching convulsively, his little shoulders were bent, and his whole appearance was that of an old man."—*Christian at Work.*

Oh, that they were wise, that they would consider their latter end!