

Boys and Girls.

Too Little and Too Big.

Today I asked my mamma if I could whittle.

"Yes, I did."

"Oh, no, my little," said she, "you're too little."

So she did.

But Tom stepped so hard right on my toe.

I cried, I did.

She said, "Oh, you're too big a girl to cry out so."

That's what she did.

Why can't I cry if I'm little?

Or, if I'm big, why can't I whittle?

Andy Burns' Experience.

"No, I don't want any chores done," snapped Miss Blinn, as she slammed her front door with such a bang that the glass candlesticks which had stood for years on either side of the mantel in her parlor, almost toppled over. "That's the penalty I have to pay for living at the end of the street; every straggling old tramp that walks the road between Reading and Philadelphia stops here for something or other," complained the rather elderly lady as she hurriedly went back to her Saturday's baking. But the last caller at Miss Blinn's door was not a straggling old tramp, but a boy of some 14 years, whose slight figure and disconsolate face, haunted her thoughts as she resumed her morning work.

"I might have given him the bit of wood to split, that's out in the back yard, for if old Jerry don't come by Monday I shall have to do it myself. Why didn't I think of that, but—oh, dear, I have no time to be thinking of such things. Her feelings were somewhat softened with the passing thought that the morning was warm, and her work hard, and in the midst of it all to be called from the kitchen to the front door by a wandering boy wanting a chore or two to do, was to say the least, vexatious. The little weary-faced wayfarer had come up to the Reading turnpike and vainly sought work enough to gain him his dinner, and now heart and spirits sank within him, and going around to the well for a drink of water, he had sat down under the overhanging willows to rest. Miss Blinn's eyes perceived him, and she called from the doorway, "and I'll give you something to eat."

"Thank you, ma'am," said the boy, "I'm hungry. I had some dinner yesterday, but not much of anything since; and I thought if you'd let me work some I could get my dinner," he continued, as he caught a pitying glance in Miss Blinn's eye.

"What's your name, and where do you come from?" asked the lady rather abruptly, as she placed a generous supply of bread and milk before him.

"My name is Andy Burns, and my home is up near Port Croton, west of Reading."

"What is a slip of a boy like you doing away in these parts?" she further questioned.

"Miss Blinn opened wide her eyes as she said: "Do you think that was a nice thing to do?"

"I guess you'd think so, if you was me," said he, turning his head, showing a large bruise on the back of it. "My father struck me, and I just—"

"What had you done before he struck you?" interposed Miss Blinn.

"Why, you see, ever since ma died, last fall, he has took to drink, and he comes home late most every night, and drunk. He's a stone mason by trade, and used to be working all the time, but now there's ever so many days he don't work any, and Katy, she's my sister, she just has to hustle to get enough for us to eat. But she takes care of Mrs. Rood's baby every day, and so earns a little money. She's awful good, Katy is, she's kind on 19 years old, and she's good to me and her and pa. He's awful good to her, but he just hates me. He hit me on the head 'cause I didn't bring a big heaphen basket full of coal from the railroad tracks. I said I brought a big heaphen basket, and he said I didn't. I could find no more, and I just—"

"After Katy had gone to Mrs. Rood's house, you see if Katy had been home, he wouldn't have done it, and he wouldn't have hit me, and I just—"

"I wish I could see Katy," he said; "pa was always cross and ugly to me, but never to her, and I suppose she nusses him."

"Well, listen to this plan, Andy," said Miss Blinn. "Day after tomorrow I will let you go to your home early in the morning, and you may bring your sister back with you, and she can stay here a week."

The appointed day came, and late in the afternoon Andy and Katy appeared at the kitchen door.

"Here she is, Miss Blinn; she was awful glad to come when I told her how good you was to me; she said she thought I was dead, sure, when she didn't hear from me for such a long time."

Katy made a respectful courtesy, and seemed so gentle that she was installed at once in Miss Blinn's good favor, and by the end of the first week she was so pleased with Katy's neat and quick manner of doing things, and also her respectful demeanor, that she adopted the boy and girl. With the approach of cool days Miss Blinn's summer guests departed, and Miss Bratte, the school-teacher, was for the third time domiciled in Miss Blinn's front chamber. The five years that followed the advent of Andy and Katy Burns into their new home proved years of satisfaction, years during which their benefactress watched with increasing interest and pride the rapid advancement in school of her adopted children.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

penalty, she did much in a charitable way. The duties which had devolved upon Andy to do had by Monday morning been so satisfactorily performed that he had attained quite an eminence in Miss Blinn's opinion. That very morning, "Old Jerry," as he was familiarly called in the village, and who had been for years her faithful chore man, sent her word that he was "afraid the rheumatiz had got such a hold on him, he could be no longer any help to her, and she had better look for some one else."

"Now, Andy," said Miss Blinn to the boy, as he was having his breakfast, "so far, so good, old Jerry can't do any more work for me, and I'm inclined to try you, as long as you do well by me; and to encourage you, I'll give you a little pay each week, from the first of July, that will be next Monday."

"Oh, I'm so glad, Miss Blinn, I'll just do as well as ever I can. I know I can do all the work. I got along better with the milking this morning, didn't I?"

"However, I think it is my duty to learn a little more of your affairs at home," said Miss Blinn.

"It's all true," quickly spoke up Andy, "what I've told you. If you'd write to Mr. Small, he's the minister where we lived, and mother used to go to his church, he'd tell you all about us, for he lives right across the street from us."

"Perhaps that's what I'll do," said the boy. The first of September came, and young Andy had continued in his place with satisfaction to Miss Blinn. He had promised her that with the beginning of school she would allow him to attend, and later on go to the High School at Reading. One morning while she was looking over the Reading Chronicle she came across the following notice:

"Any one knowing about the whereabouts of Andy Burns, aged about 14 years, please tell him that his father is dead, and to communicate with his distressed sister Katy at Port Croton, P.O."

"I expect that would be good news to Andy," thought Miss Blinn, and he set himself on reading it. "But before I tell him, I shall make immediate inquiries about it." And acting upon the former suggestion of Andy she wrote to the Rev. Mr. Small and received the following reply:

"Dear Miss Blinn—Your letter asking information relative to the Burns family is received, and I willingly tell you all that I know concerning them. The father, who had been for some time a hard drinker, was killed by a passing train, at the railroad crossing near his home one night about three weeks ago. The mother, who was a good Christian woman and a member of my church, died early last fall, leaving Katy, now in her 16th year, and Andy, who is, I should judge, about 14. They have fared hard since their mother's death, and I think, by nature, are good and honest children; the boy is truthful relative to the treatment from his father, and I rejoice that he has fallen in with some one who will show an interest in him."

"Katy is at present with us, and we find a willing, helpful girl, and I wish something better might be in the near future for her. I shall be glad to do further service to you, if such is desired. Very respectfully, REUBEN SMALL, Pastor Methodist Church, Port Croton, Pa."

Miss Blinn placed the letter in the envelope, showed her spectacles on top of her head, and looked at it with a lean back in her rocking chair, as was her custom when she had any serious thinking or planning to do. She rose in a few minutes, saying that she should have to go to bed, and came for her to do more good than she had yet done in her life. That evening when reading the letter to Andy he broke in at the sentence telling of his father's death with "I'm glad," but was immediately reminded by her of the letter, and she looked up at the conclusion of the letter Andy's eyes were filled with tears at the thought of his sister Katy, and all the trouble she had passed through.

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FIRST SEWING-MACHINE.

An English Patent More Than a Hundred Years Old.

Chambers' Journal says: A London cabinet-maker, called Thomas Saint, in or about 1790, took out a patent for sewing leather, or rather for "quilting, stitching and making shoes, boots, splatterdashes, clogs and other articles."

This patent, unfortunately, was taken out along with other inventions in connection with leather, and it was quite by accident that, some 80 years later, the specifications of it were discovered by one who had made for himself a name in connection with sewing machines. Even the Patent Office did not seem to have known of its existence, yet now it is clear enough that Thomas Saint's leather-sewing machine of 1790 was the first genuine sewing machine ever constructed, and that it was on what is now known as the chain stitch principle.

Rude as it was, it is declared by experts to have anticipated most of the successive inventions, not one of whom, however, could in all human probability have as much as heard of Saint's machine. This is not the least curious incident in the history of the sewing machine.

With the Poets.

At Sea.

'Tis the long blue head o' Garrison
From the sea,
Oh, we're sailin' past the Garrison
On the sea.
Now Glen Arliss lies behind,
Where the waters fall and wind
By the willow o' Glen Arliss by the sea.

ould Lurgan rises green
By the sea.
Aye, he's between the Glens
An' the sea.
Now we're past the darlin' caves
Where the breakin' summer waves
Wander in with their trouble from the sea.

But Cushendun lies nearer
To the sea,
An' thorn's ashore is dearer
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For the land that I am leavin'
Sure the heart I have is grievin'.
But the ship has set her sails for the sea.

Oh, what's this is deeper
Than the sea?
An' what's this is stronger
When the call is, "All for none,"
An' the answer, "All for one."
Then we be to sail away across the sea.

—Moira O'Neill in Littell's Living Age.

A Myth.

A floating, a-floating,
Across the sleeping sea,
All night I heard a singing bird
Upon the topmost tree.

"Oh, come you from the Isles of
Greece,
Or from the banks of Seine:
Or from some tree in forests far,
Which fringe the western main?"

"I come not off the old world,
Nor from off the new—
But I am one of the birds of God,
Which sing the whole night through."

Two.

I dreamed I saw two angels hand in
hand,
And very like they were and golden
fair.
One wore about his head a velvet
band;
A wreath crowned the other's
matted hair.

The one was fair and tall, and white
of brow;
A radiant spirit smile of wondrous
grace
Shed, like an inner altar-lamp, a glow
Upon his beautiful uplifted face.

The other's face, like marble-carved
Grief,
Had placid brows laid whitely o'er
with pain,
With lips that never knew a smile's
relief.

And eyes like violets long drenched
in rain.
Then spake the fair, sweet one, and
scarcely said:
"Between us—Life and Death—
choose thou thy lot.
By him thou lovest best thou shalt be
led;
Choose thou between us, soul, and
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I pondered long. "O Life," at last I
cried,
"Perchance, 'twere wiser Death to
choose; and yet
My soul with thee were better satisfied."

The angel's radiant face smiled swift
regret.
Within his brother's hand he placed
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"Thou didst mistake," he said, in
unmistakable
"And choosing Life, didst fail to
understand.
He with the thorns is Life, and I
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I have never had it fail to relieve the
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