



CATS AT THE REFUGE.

## A SUMMER HOME FOR PETS.

In 1874 a number of ladies, most of whom were members of the Woman's Branch of the Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, banded together for the institution of the City Refuge for Lost and Suffering Animals. Of this new organization Miss Elizabeth Morris was the originator. Its first beginnings were small. Quarters were obtained at 420 South Tenth street, where only a cellar and a small garret room, the latter for boarding quarters, were made use of, but the first year's work definitely demonstrated the practical value of their efforts and showed that a crying demand—or a mewling and yelping one—was being supplied, as no less than 860 cats and dogs were cared for. With each succeeding season the number was increased, and after four years of growth the Refuge was removed to roomier quarters at 1242 Lombard street, where, in 1888, the 'Morris Refuge Association for Homeless Suffering Animals' was organized and named in honor of its founder, and in the following year was incorporated under the laws of the State as a charitable institution.

The objects of the association are to protect homeless or straying cats, dogs or other small animals from starvation and from the sportive, ubiquitous and thoughtless small boy or, more rarely, the brutal adult; to board pet animals during the temporary sojourn of their owners away from town, and to give shelter to unclaimed animals or put them out of their misery.

The Refuge has remained at its Lombard street headquarters since the incorporation of the association, with ample accommodations for its inmates. These consist of a good-sized yard with a cemented bottom, surrounded top and bottom by wire netting, in which cats brought to be boarded are kept. About three sides of this enclosure are three rows of sloping shelves, peopled on the sunny sides by well-groomed comfortable-looking cats, and naturally there are never more nor drowsier cats in the yard than in the dog days, when cats, like oysters, are out of season. From the yard upward to a room in the second story of the Refuge there leads a chute, through which they may seek protection in inclement weather. There are also pens for temporary guests, and at the rear of the building is a large oven for suffocation.

The association also possesses a branch known as the 'Temporary Home for Dogs,' at 923 South Eleventh street. Here dogs are boarded and well cared for in a large yard in which are a quantity of spacious kennels. There is also a run. Strayed or homeless dogs, if deemed of sufficient value, are also detained here for two weeks on the expectation that some one may find a warm spot in his or her heart for one among them and take it, gratis, to a good home, for no dogs are ever sold from the home, but may be obtained at any time if a good home and kind treat-

ment are promised. If at the fortnight's end no owner, past or prospective, has appeared and no one cares to prolong poor doggy's life by paying for its keep, at the rate of fifty cents per week, its quietus is made, not 'with a bare bodkin,' but with the fumes of burning charcoal or by the inhalation of chloroform, methods both most merciful.

Any one humane enough to pity the treatment of a strayed or homeless dog at the tender mercies of the dog-catchers doomed to misery and an untimely end in the city pound, may save it unnecessary wretchedness, possibly prolong its days, and certainly insure it an easy death, if death be needful, by taking it to the Refuge and giving it into the hands of Superintendent John C. West, or those of Agent Hyland Reed, of the Temporary Home, at 923 South Eleventh street, by notifying them by postal card of his whereabouts. Families shutting up house for a season to leave the city are often in a quandary as to what to do with Puss or Carlo in the interim. Carlo, if he is a dog of breeding, is provided for, but too often Puss or Tom, through the popular error that all cats are crafty and can shift for themselves, is turned out of doors to become an Ishmaelite.

Animals are conveyed to the Refuge either in the covered waggon of the institution or in baskets, each of which contains three compartments.

Superfluous animals are taken to the kiln in the rear of the Refuge—a rectangular structure of oven-like interior, into which carbon dioxide is introduced by means of a stove-pipe from a small stove in which charcoal is burned. Chloroform is used for destroying the larger animals, beneath inverted tubes. No fee is charged for chloroforming an animal at the owner's home, or, in case of rabbies, shooting it, or for removing it alive to the Refuge or Home. Last year 150 barrels of charcoal and ninety-six pounds of chloroform were required to relieve the suffering and to suppress the surplus canine and feline population of the city dealt with at the Refuge. By these means 21,768 cats, dogs and smaller creatures were quietly done to death out of the total of 21,973.—Topics.

## A GRADUATE OF THE DISTRICT SCHOOL.

BY ANNIE A. PRESTON.

'Where did you graduate?' asked a young college man of a new acquaintance, who had been asking intelligent questions regarding the curriculum of his alma mater.

'At the little brick schoolhouse, in the Bald Mountain district, where I was born.'

'Excuse me; but you seemed so conversant with the classics, as well as with modern languages, that I of course supposed you to be a college man.'

'I have been in business since I was a

mere boy. I graduated in Greenleaf's 'Arithmetic,' and was tolerably thorough in the other so-called 'common branches,' at the district school, and our minister, who was one of the town committee, got me a place with his brother, who was in the shoe business in the nearest city.

'The minister was a good, fatherly-sort of man, a real pastor; and appreciating how strange his lambkin would feel in his new pasture, he went with me, and stayed a few days until I became used to the place. He was one of the sort of ministers who do their preaching in the pulpit, and outside enter with ready sympathy into the individual lives of their flocks.

During our journey on the steam-cars he dropped into my mind a good many ideas regarding the value of time. He took a newspaper, showed me the pettiness of the trivial daily happenings that it chronicled, and taught me to take in the telegraph news and the editorial page, by which I could keep up with the times by the expenditure of a very few minutes each morning.

'You are going into business,' he said, 'and your cousin Frank goes to school to fit him for college. Now, if you choose, you may at forty be as scholarly a man as he is.

'When I looked puzzled and incredulous, he took a small volume of miscellaneous essays from his pocket.

'You are fond of reading,' he went on. 'Now, instead of spending your precious odd moments of time over gossipy newspapers and trashy novels, master the contents of this book. If you want books for reference or for further study, you will find them in my brother's library; you are to board in his family.'

I took the volume and put it in my pocket with a feeling of mingled curiosity and dismay; but that very night, as we were going out home by the train, I peeped into it, and after that—I may say ever since that evening, for I have, all these years, boarded outside the city, and gone back and forth by train—I spent the time of transit in study.

'That little book was suggestive. It led me to study the Bible, or to keep up my study begun in infancy at home, at the Sunday school, and in the district school, for each morning's session was begun with a general exercise of prayer, praise, and reading of the New Testament, in which the teacher catechised us as thoroughly as in our geography.

'It was a long time before I mastered the little volume so that I understood every allusion but when I had arrived at that point, I had acquired a love for study and a knowledge of the fact that nothing is small or of little importance. The seed is at the root of the ripened harvest, and those garnered moments were my seed-time of study.

'I have told this story a great many times to a great many young people. I like to buy suggestive books and to give them away. I do it as interest paid for the little volume of essays, and in memory of my dear old pastor, who never outlived his love for the young or his interest in their advancement.

'Once in a while I see the seed taking root and bearing fruit. I have a young friend who is pastor of a church in a manufacturing district, where there are a great many young working people, most of whom are only graduates of the district school, but by being taught the value of time and of making the most of opportunities they are making marvellous spiritual and mental growth.

'He has organized a reading-club and a library as auxiliary to the society of Christian Endeavor, and has regular classes in English literature, history, civil government, and physical geography. The younger members are studying the town in which they live; its geometrical form, its geographical position, its area, its government, its politics, its resources. They are making a cabinet of everything to be found in the township, vegetable, animal, and mineral, and classifying the specimens intelligently.

'I am free to say that there is not a resident of that town who is not astonished at the extent and variety of that collection, and the work is by no means done yet; and what greatly enhances its value in my eyes is that it is entirely the product of odd minutes.'

'According to your theory,' said the college man, who had been an interested listener, 'any one with a thorough common-school education for a basis, and with a realization of the value of odd minutes, may attain to almost anything in the way of education.'

'Nothing is more true; yet I do not by any means belittle the advantages of a university course, but I do say: Make the most of the common school; magnify the work of the teachers of the common school; put none but the best into that position, and impress them with the fact that they have under their care, from day to day, the future men and women that are to hold this country as a Christian nation.'—Golden Rule.

## A LITTLE SERMONIZER.

Dick and Mary were looking for shells by wading out beyond the reefs.

But to-day they had found something besides shells; a gray and white bird with a long curved beak lay on the sand, dead, with a hole in its head. Dick looked at the feathered body curiously, Mary pitifully.

'Mary,' said the boy, suddenly, 'when you die you're going to look just like that. How does anybody know there's any more of us than of a bird—any soul, I mean?'

'What a curious boy you are!' exclaimed Mary, with a little shiver, 'how do I know?'

But Dick picked up the dead bird, and carried it and question to his Sabbath school teacher, who happened to be coming towards them on the sand.

How did she know there was any more of him than of a bird?

'Dick,' said Miss Effie, 'suppose you had been shot, and were lying on the sand, and this bird had passed over you, would it have stopped to pity you?'

'I suppose not,' said the boy.

'Would it have wondered who shot you, and whether you had gone to heaven?'

'No, not likely.'

'Well, then, little boy, you find something in you that can love and hate and be sorry and wonder and ask questions, that the bird had not. That's the part of you that God has another home for when this body-home dies.'

Dick and Mary buried the bird in the sand, but the lady's words lived on in little Dick's mind.—Statesman.

## A MAD DOG.

On the main street of a certain town a citizen tied a mad dog with a long tether. Many of the passersby were bitten; some were dying. The citizens in consultation said: 'We must found a hospital, and fit it out with the most approved apparatus for the cure of hydrophobia.' So the hospital was built and kept full. A plain man suggested, 'Why build a hospital; better kill the dog!'

'Kill the dog!' exclaimed one of the taxpayers, 'don't you know, sir, that that man pays well to keep that dog there?'

Now the dog is liquor and the town is America.

## SAVE YOUR PENNIES AND YOURSELVES.

BY MRS. S. L. OBERHOLTZER.

Save your pennies, boys, you'll need them  
In your business bye-and-bye  
You'll be glad the smoke's beneath you  
When you climb life's ladder high.

Money grows; and, if you've got it,  
Why just plant it in a bank.  
When you find how it increases  
Friendly counsels you will thank.

With the mossy growth of interest  
You can do some generous things;  
And the good deeds will uplift you  
Till your souls are touched with wings.

Reach for naught that makes you poorer.  
Shun the wily cigarette;  
And tobacco's train that follows  
You'll rejoice you never met.

There are highways broad to evil  
Through the din of drink and smoke;  
But keep straight along the clear road,  
Do not deem it brag or joke.

To do aught that might defile you,  
Count your gains of strength each day,  
Knowing only in God's sunshine  
You can make life's travel pay.

—Union Signal.