

A Farmer Who Robbed His Boy.

Last spring a farmer found in his flock a lamb which the mother would not own. He gave it to his son, a boy fifteen years old, who saved it and raised it. The boy called it his all summer, all the family called it his, and it was his. But this fall, when his father sold the other lambs, he let this one go with them, and taking the pay for it, tucked it into his big wallet and carried it off to pay taxes or put it in the bank. Now this farmer did not intend to do anything wrong. Least of all did he intend to wrong his boy. Probably he did not give the matter much thought anyway; and if he did he considered the boy's ownership of the lamb a sort of pleasant fiction, or reasoned that the boy, having all his needs supplied out of the family purse, did not need the pay for the lamb, and it was better to put it into the common fund. But for all that, taking the lamb and selling it in that way, and pocketing the proceeds, was stealing. No, it was robbery; and as between this boy and his father, one of the meanest robberies that could be perpetrated. Not only this, but by robbing the boy of that two dollars the farmer did more to make the boy discontented and drive him away from home than he can undo with ten times that amount. A boy is a little man, and if he has got any of the gather and grip to him when he grows up, he begins at an early age to feel that desire to own something and add to the property subject to his ownership, which is at once the incentive to effective work and the motive which reconciles men to their condition. No matter how well the boy's wants are provided for from a fund which is common to the family, he takes no particular interest in adding to that fund because he does not feel that it is his, and he tires of labor and thought, the proceeds of which he must share with several others; but give him a piece of property of his own, to manage as he pleases, to keep or sell or change, and let him feel that his ownership is secure and that his loss or gain depends upon his own endeavors, and he will work cheerfully and contentedly.

How He Would Do It.

Young Bummelhans has just been discharged by his employer, Old T. opercent. The facts are as follows: Bummelhans had just returned from a trip over the State. His trip had been very satisfactory to himself, perhaps, but not to his employer. He had spent a great deal of money in buggy rides and one thing or another, and had taken very few orders. When Bummelhans called to see the old man the latter was mad. He said: "I don't believe you makes any effort to sell goods. Ven I vash a drummer I always sold goods to de merchants no matter ven dey don't vant any. I made de acquaintance von everypody."

"How did you manage to sell goods when you were a drummer?"

"I vill show you all about dat. Schoost you sits down in chairs. You pees a country merchant I plays now de drummer."

"All right," says Bummelhans, "I'll be a country merchant, and I'll show you how they do."

Bummelhans pretended to be writing at his desk, and old Twopercent came up from one side, bowing and scraping.

"Goot morning. Can't I sell you some goots?"

"Who are you?" says Bummelhans, looking up.

"I travels for de Galveston firm of Twopercent."

"You do, do you? So you travel for that infernal old thief, do you? Take that!" and to impress upon his employer the difficulties of drumming up a trade, Bummelhans kicked the old man four or five times, pushed him up in a corner and choked him for a while, and then told the old gentleman, who was speechless with bona fide rage, "If you ever come in here again I'll not leave a whole bone in your carcass."

A DOG CRAZED WITH GRIEF.—The Providence Journal tells of a family in Providence, R. I., who about a year ago, moved to Kansas, leaving behind them an old dog named Dash, who had been brought up in the family from his birth. After his owners left, he grew moping and despondent. He would run down the road to meet an approaching team as though he thought he should find his old friends, and then return dejected. When spoken to he gave a mute appealing glance. His brain seemed soon to be affected, and it was deemed best to kill him to end his sorrow. The affection and constancy of animals often teach valuable lessons.

Mrs. Lofty and I.

Mrs. Lofty keeps a carriage,
So do I;
She has dapple grays to draw it,
None have I;
She's no prouder with her coachman
Than am I,
With my blue-eyed, laughing baby,
Trundling by.
I hide the face lest she should see
The cherub boy and envy me.

Her fine husband has white fingers,
Mine has not;
He could give his bride a palace,
Mine a cot;
Her's comes home beneath the starlight,
Ne'er caresses she;
Mine comes in the purple twilight,
Kisses me;
And pray's that He who turns life's sands
Will hold His loved ones in His hands.

Mrs. Lofty has her jewels,
So have I;
She wears hers upon her bosom,
Inside I;
She will leave hers at death's portal
By and by;
I shall bear my treasure with me
When I die;
For I have love and she has gold—
She counts her wealth, mine can't be told.

She has those who love her station,
None have I;
But I've one true heart beside me—
Glad am I.
I'd not change it for a kingdom,
No, not I;
God will weigh us in His balance
By and by,
And then the difference He'll define
'Twixt Mrs. Lofty's wealth and mine.
—Authorship claimed by several.

Charcoal and its Uses.

Charcoal laid flat while cold on a burn, causes the pain to abate immediately; by leaving it on for an hour the burn seems almost healed when the burn is superficial. And charcoal is valuable for many other purposes. Tainted meat, surrounded with it, is sweetened; strewn over heaps of decomposed pelts, or over dead animals, it prevents any unpleasant odor. Foul water is purified by it. It is a great disinfectant, and sweetens offensive air if placed in shallow trays around apartments. It is so very porous in its "minute interior," it absorbs and condenses gases most rapidly. One cubic inch of fresh charcoal will absorb nearly one hundred inches of gaseous ammonia. Charcoal forms an unrivaled poultice for malignant wounds and sores, often corroding away dead flesh, reducing it to one quarter in six hours. In cases of what we call proud flesh it is invaluable. It gives no disagreeable odor, corrodes no metal, hurts no texture, injures no color, is a simple and safe sweetener and disinfectant. A teaspoonful of charcoal, in half a glass of water, often relieves a sick headache; it absorbs the gasses and relieves the distended stomach pressing against the nerves, which extend from the stomach to the head. It often relieves constipation, pain, or heartburn.—[Ex.]

Some crusty, rusty, fusty, musty, dusty, gusty curmudgeon of a man gave the following toast at a celebration:—"Our fire engines—may they be like our old maids—ever ready, but never wanted!"

CASH INSTEAD OF CREDIT.—People who buy for cash always buy cheaper than those who buy on credit. They buy also more closely, and select more carefully. Purchases which are paid for when they are made are limited more exactly to the purchaser's wants. There is nothing like having to count the money out, when the article is bought, to make people economical. The amount of indebtedness incurred is not much considered when the pay-day is far off. Persons who do all their business on a cash basis know just where they stand and what they can afford. Real wants are few, and can be gratified for cash; at all events, they should be limited to what can be paid for in cash. How much of anxiety, how many sleepless hours, how many heartburnings, disappointments, and regrets would be avoided if this rule were always strictly adhered to.

Make Your Home Beautiful.

"Make your home beautiful—bring to it flowers;
Plant them around you to bud and to bloom;
Let them give light to your loneliest hours—
Let them bring light to enliven your gloom;
If you can do so, oh, make it an Eden
Of beauty and gladness almost divine;
T'will teach you to long for that home you are
needing.
The earth robed in beauty beyond this dark time."
[Selected.]

Valises That Look Alike.

If the trunk manufacturers do not quit making so many thousands of valises exactly alike somebody is going to get into some awful trouble about it some time, and some trunk maker will be sued for damages enough to build a court-house.

The other day an omnibus full of passengers drove up town from the Union depot. Side by side sat a commercial traveller, named William Macaby, and Mrs. Winnie C. Dumbleton. When the omnibus reached the Barret House the commercial missionary seized his valise and started out. The lady made a grab after him and he halted.

"I beg your pardon," she said, "but you have my valise."

"You are certainly mistaken, madam," the traveller said, courteously but firmly, "this is mine."

"No, sir," the lady replied. "It is mine. I know it among a thousand. You must not take it."

But the traveler persisted, and they came very near quarreling. Presently one of the passengers pointed to a twin valise in the omnibus, and asked: "Whose is that?"

"It isn't mine," said the traveller. "It is just like it, but this is mine."

"And it isn't mine," said the lady; "he has mine, and I'll have the law on him. It's a pity if a lady can't travel alone in this country without being robbed of her property in broad daylight."

Finally, the traveler said he would open the valise to prove his property. The lady objected at first, saying she did not want her valise opened in the presence of strangers. But as there was no other means of settling the dispute she at length consented. The traveller sprung the lock, opened the valise, and the curious crowd bent forward to see.

On the very top of everything lay a big flask, half full of whisky, a deck of cards, and one or two things nobody knows the name of.

"Madam," he said, "you are right. The valise is yours. I owe you a thousand apolo—"

But the lady had fainted, and the traveler relocked his valise with a quiet smile. Early in the afternoon a sign painter down town received a note in a feminine hand asking him to come to the Barret House to mark a leather valise in black letters a foot and a half long.—[Hawkeye.]

Intruding on Her Majesty.

On Wednesday evening, at Windsor, the Queen retired at 11 o'clock; we staid behind talking for half an hour. At midnight I set out to find my own apartment, and I lost myself in the galleries, saloons and corridors. At last I slowly open a door, taking it for mine, and I see a lady beginning to undress, attended by her maid. I shut the door as fast as I can, and begin again to search for my own room. I at last find some one who shows me the way. I go to bed. The next day at dinner, the queen said to me laughingly: "Do you know that you entered my room at midnight?" "How, ma'am; was it your Majesty's door that I half opened?" "Certainly." And she began laughing again, and so did I. I told her of my perplexity, which she had already guessed; and I asked whether if, like St. Simon or Sully, I should ever write my memoirs, she would allow me to mention that I had opened the Queen of England's door, in Windsor Castle, at midnight, while she was going to bed. She gave me permission and laughed heartily.—[Monsieur Guizot in Private Life.]

Never sit down and brood over trouble of any kind. If you are vexed with yourself or the world, this is no way to obtain satisfaction. Find yourself employment that will keep your mind active; and depend upon it, this will force out unwelcome thoughts.