MAY 14, 1898

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. FIDO'S LITTLE FRIEND.

Eugene Field.

One morning in May Fido sat on the front porch, and he was deep in thought. He was wondering whether the people who were moving into the uext house were as cross and unfeeling as the people who had just moved out. He hoped they were not, for the people who had just moved out had never treated Fido with that respect and kindness which Fido believed he was on all occasions entitled to.

The new comers must be nice folks, 'said Fido to himself, 'for their feather beds look big and comfortable, and their baskets are all ample and generous, - and see, there goes a bright gilt cage, and there is a plump yellow canary bird in it ! Oh, how glad Mrs. Tabby will be to see it,-she so dotes on dear little canary birds !

Mrs. Tabby was the old brindled cat, who was the mother of the four cunning little kittens in the hay mow. Fido had heard her remark very purringly only afew days ago that she longed for a can ary bird, just to amuse her little ones and give them correct musical ears. Honest old Fido ! There was no guile in his heart, and he never dreamed there was in all the wide world such a sin as hypecrisy. So when Fido saw the little canary bird in the cage he was glad for Mrs. Tabby's sake.

While Fide sat on the front porch and watched the people moving into the next house another pair of eyes peeped out of the old hollow maple over the way. This was the redbeaded woodpecker, who had a warm, cosey nest far down in the old hollow maple and in the nest there were four beauti ful eggs, of which the red headed wood was very proud. peck

'Good morning, Mr. Fido," called the red headed woodpecker from her high perch. "You are out bright and to day. And what do you think of our new neighbors" "Upon my word, I cannot tell," re-

plied Fido, wagging his tail cheerily, r I am not acquainted with them But I have been watching them closely and by to day noon I think I shall be on speaking terms with them, - pro vided, of course, they are not the cross, unkind people ourold neighbors were

"Oh, I do so hope there are no little boys in the family," sighed the red-headed woodpecker; and then she added, with much determination and a defiant toss of her beautiful head : "1 hate little boys !

Why so?" inquired Fido. "As for myself, I love little boys. I have always found them the pleasantest of companions. Why do you dislike them

"Because they are wicked," said the red headed woodpecker. "They climb trees and break up the nests we have worked so hard to build, and they steal away our lovely eggs-oh, I hate little boys

"Good little boys don't steal birds eggs," said Fido, "and I'm sure I never would play with a bad boy."

But the red-headed woodpecker in sisted that all little boys were wicked ; and, firm in this faith, she flew away to the linden over yonder, where, she had heard the thrush say, there lived The red a family of fat white grubs. headed woodpecker wanted her breakfast, and it would have been hard to find a more palatable morsel for her than a white fat grub.

As for Fido, he sat on the front perch and watched the people moving in. And as he watched them he thought of what the red headed woodpecker had said, and he wondered whether it could up in the night and put him out of be possible for little boys to be so cruel as to rob birds' nests. As he brooded doors. sad possibility, his train of thought was interrupted by the sound of a voice that fell pleasantly on his ears.

to say, "We shall be great friends, shall we not, little boy ?" "Me love oo," said the little boy ; "me wan' to tiss oo, 'ittle goggie !" And the little boy did kiss Fido— yes, right on Fido's cold nose; and Fido little to here the little boy kiss

Fido liked to have the little boy kies him, for it reminded him of another little boy who used to kiss him, but who was now so big that he was almos ashamed to play with Fido any more "Is oo sit, "itile goggie ?" little boy, opening his blue eyes to their utmost capacity and looking very piteous.

piteous. "Oo nose be so told, co mus be sit, 'ittle goggie !" Bat no, Fide was not sick, even though his nose was cold. Oh, no; he romped and played all that morning in the cool, green grass with the little boy; and the red-headed woodpecker, clinging to the bark on the hickory tree, laughed at their merry antics till her sides ached and her beautiful head turned fairly livid. Then, at last, the little boy's mamma ame out of the house and told him he had played long enough ; and neither red headed woodpecker nor Fido saw him again that day.

But the next morning the little boy toddled down to the fence corner, bright and early, and called, "Gog-gie! goggie! goggie!" so loudly, that Fido heard him in the wood shed, where he was holding a morning chat with Mrs. Tabby. Fido hastened to answer the call; the way he spun out of the wood shed and down the gravel walk and around the corner of the

house was a marvel. "Mamma says oo dot f'eas, 'ittle goggie," said the little boy. " Has oo dot f'eas?

Fido looked crestfallen, for could Fido have spoken he would have confessed that he indeed was afflicted with fleas-not with very many fleas, but just enough to interrupt his slumbers and his meditations at the most inop portune moments. And the little boy guileless impeachment set Fido to feel ing creepy-crawly all of a sudden, and without any further ado Fido turned deftly in his tracks, twisted his head back toward his tail, and by means of several well directed bites and plunges gave the malicious Bedouins thereabouts located timely warning to be-have themselves. The little boy thought this performance very funny, he laughed heartily. But Fide and looked crestfallen.

Oh, what play and happiness they had that day ; how the green grass kissed their feet, and how the smell of Rised their feet, and how the spring-time clover came with the spring-time breezes from the meadow yonder! The red headed woodpecker heard them at play, and she clambered out of the hollow maple and dodged hither and their area if ohe too charad their and thither as if she, too, shared their merriment. Yes, and the yellow thistlebird, whose nest was in the blooming lilac-bush, came and perched in the pear-tree and sang a little song about the dear little eggs in her cun ning home. And there was a flower in the fence corner-a sweet, modes flower that no human eyes but the little boy's had ever seen-and she sang a little song, too, a song about the kind old mother earth and the sunbeams, the gentle rain bees. Why, rain pretty the droning bees. and the little boy had never known any thing half so beautiful, and Fido, -he too, was delighted beyond all telling If the whole truth must be told, Fide had such on exciting and bewildering comp that day that when night came and he lay asleep on the kitchen floor he dreamed he was tumbling in the green grass with the little boy, and he ssed and barked and whined so in his sleep that the hired man had to get

Down in the pasture at the end of the

were, and of what good, noble birds CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN they were going to be when they grew up. The yellow bird, too, had four uzzy little babies in her nest in the lilac bush, and every now and then she came to sing to the little boy and Fido of her darlings. Then, when the little boy and Fido were tired with the boy would sit in the rowen near blay, they would sit in the rowen near be fence corner and hear the flower cell a story the dew had brought fresh from the stars the night before. They thoroughly detested by maaly men, and properly so, than the utterly con-temptible habit of doing mean, base from the stars the night before. all loved each other,-the little boy, things covertly and under cover of Fido, the old woodchuck, the red-hypocritical smiles and professions headed woodpecker, the yellow-bird, and the flower,--yes, all through the days of spring and all through the times to denounce in the most solemn ummer time they loved each other in and emphatic manner the divine ab their own honest, sweet, simple way. horrence of sneaking, hypocritical But one morning Fido sat on the pharisaical methods. He could toler But one morning Fido sat on the pharisaical methods. He could toler front porch and wondered why the ate the sinner who did not attempt to little boy had not come to the fence justify his actions and who did not pre corner and called to him. The sun tend to be what he was not. Ther was high, the men had been long gone are several notable instances where He to the harvest fields, and the heat of showed them special merey, but He the early autumn day had driven the birds to the thickest foliage of the trees. Fido could not understand why the little boy did not come; he felt, oh so lonesome, and he yearned for the sources of the little work of a duplicity of the sneak the sources of the sources of the sources of the sources of the the sources of the sources of the sources of the sources of the the source of the sources of the sources of the sources of the sources of the the source of the sources of the sourc oh ! so lonesome, and he yearned for the sound of a little voice calling Goggie, goggie, goggie."

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

The red-headed woodpecker could not explain it, nor could the yellow-bird. Fido trotted leisurely down to the fence corner and asked the flower if she had seen the little boy that morning. But no, the flower had not laid eyes on the little boy, and she could only shake her head doubtfully when Fido asked her what it all meant. At last in desperation Fido braced himself for an heroic solution of the as loudly as ever he and mystery, could, he barked three times, -- in the hope, you know, that the little boy would hear his call and come. But the little boy did not come.

Then Fido trotted sadly down the lane to the pasture to talk with the old woodchuck about this strange thing. The old woodchuck saw him coming and ambled out to meet him.

But where is our little boy ?' asked the old woodchuck.

pened

"I do not know," said Fido, "I waited for him and called him again and again, but he never came." Ah, those were sorry days for the little boy's friends, and sorriest for

Fido. Poor, honest Fido, how lone-some he was and how he moped about How each sudden sound, how each tootfall, startled him ! How he sat all those days upon the front door stoop, with his eves fixed on the fence-corner and his rough brown ears cocked up as if he expected each mement to see two chubby arms stretched out toward him and to hear a baby voice calling Goggie, goggie, goggie."

Once only they saw him-Fido, the flower, and the others. It was one day when Fido had called louder than usual. They saw a little figure in a night dress come to an upper window and lean his arms out. They saw the little boy, and, oh ! how pale and ill he looked. But his yellow hair was as glorious as ever, and the dimples came back with the smile that lighted his thin little face when he saw Fido ; and he leaned on the window casement and waved his baby hands feebly, and cried, "Goggie ! goggie !" till Fido saw the boy's mother come and take him from the window.

One morning Fido came to the fence corner-how very lonely that spot seemed now-and he talked with the lower and the woodpecker; and the ellow-bird came, too, and they alked of the little boy. And at that very moment the old woodchuck reared his heary head by the hele in the pasture, and he looked this way and that and wondered why the little boy never came any more.

"Suppose," said Fido to the yellow-

Don't be mean, or resort to under hand practices in your dealings with others. The young man who fails to absolutely impossible for them unless they repented and mended their ways Similarly, all men of good moral prin ciples and high character have an in stinctive hatred for the wretched spirit which plots in the dark and carries out nefarious designs under the cloak o virtue and innocence. Therefore the

young man who neglects to uproot from his nature, the last vestige of this noxious inheritance bequeathed us by the devil in the Garden of Eden, insures to himself the contempt of high minded fellow-beings and an almost certain future of eternal misery. Judas Iscariot is the prototype of the mean and deceitful men of all subsequent times. He professed reverence and respect for Oar Saviour in the presence of the divine Master, but had recourse to a base, underhand trick in betraying Him to His to the unspeakable traitor enemies. and his act is held in utter abhorrence even by those who are consciously or unconsciously his imitators. There is no name in history so absolute universally execrated as that of Judas.

No term in any language expresses or suggests anything lower, viler and more hateful than this name. Yet every person who betrays his friend or neighbor, by secretly injuring him, by word or deed, shares the ignominy which attaches to the conduct of the arch traitor. It is Judas-like to con-spire against the happiness and good repute of your neighbor either through sense of envy or vindictiveness And such conspiracy operates common ly along the lines of secret defamation and underhand acts of injury of the source of which the victim is ignorant. It is just here that the unutterable baseness of this sort of thing comes in. The person who is attacked in th dark cannot identify his assailant, and is unable to defend himself and vindicate his cause as he would, if confronted by his enemy in the daylight For this reason Catholic faith and charity command and exhort us to shun this, the most reprehensible of ioral misconduct. The injury flicted upon one by secret detraction ine times out of ten cannot be re aired by the hand that is responsible. is like freeing to the winds the seeds germs of a fatal contagion. Once he thing is done it passes beyond the ower of the doer to recall it or avert e frightful consequences of h's

It is not necessary to expatiate on he wherefore of the contempt which onest, wholesome minds entertain for he vile and cowardly methods of the traducer. The reason is so that avoid The reason is so obvious,

amnable deed.

into whose ear he pours the current of uncharitable commentary grows distrustful, knowing perfectly well that as he is now the depository of these cynical confidences, he will in turn become the object of them. In their heart, whatever may be their externa attitude towards members of this class all men have a natural repugnance for the spirit which actuates them On the other hand, the individual w big enough and broad enough to r gard the prosperity of others without envy, who would scorn to injure fellow-being for the sake of gratifying a personal grudge, who has a word for everybody regardless of the popular verdict, who could not descena the cowardice of gibbeting the mis fortunes or misdeeds of the hapless fo the amusement of the reprobation o the uncharitable, and whose methods and thought and speech are alway frank, open, straightforward, is one who by common consent holds th nighest position in private and publi estimation. It is to him that in case of trouble or difficulty the stricket heart or afflicted spirit turns for solac and sympathy. It is at such times that true worth is practically appraised and the result is an unerring pro nonncement of human judgment be tween what is best and what is worst

n degenerate humanity. Be polite before God, as you would before man.

Ireland is said to be the home of centenarians, many of whom are to be found in various parts of the country. There are three persons named whose united ages aggregate three hundred and thirty six years, namely Mrs. Armstrong of Spanish Point, aged one hundred and seventeen years, Margaret Halloran of Birri U Mrs. Union, one hundred and fourteen, and Mrs Margaret Toohy of the same town one hundred and five years.

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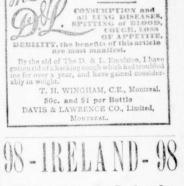
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"Goggie, goggie, goggie !" said the voice. "Tum here, 'ittle goggie --tum here, goggie, goggie, goggie !" the voice.

Fido looked whence the voice seemed to come, and he saw a tiny figure on the other side of the fence, -a cunning baby figure in the yard that belonged to the house where the new neighbors were moving in. A second glance as-sured Fido that the calling stranger was a little boy not more than three years old, wearing a pretty dress, and a broad hat that crowned his yellow hair and shaded his big blue eyes and dimpled face. The sight was a pleasing one, and Fido vibrated his tail, very cautiously, however, for Fido was not quite certain that the little boy meant his greating for him, and Fido's

sad experience with the old neighbors had made him warv about scraping acquaintances too hastily. "Tum, 'ittle goggie !" persisted the pratting stranger, and, as if to en-courage Fido, the little boy stretched

his chubby arms through the fence and waved them entreatingly. Fido was convinced now; so he got

up, and with many cordial gestures of his hospitable tail, trotted down the steps and over the lawn to the corner of the fence where the little stranger

was. "Me love co," said the little stranger, patting Fido's honest brown

back; " me love oo, "ltle goggie." Fido knew that, for there were caresses in every stroke of the dimpled hands. Fido loved the little boy, too -yes, all at once he loved the little boy ; and he licked the dimpled hands, and gave three short, quick barks, and wagged his tail hysterically. So then and there began the friendship of Fido and the little boy. Presently Fido crawled under the

fence into the next yard, and then the

anelived an old woodchuck. Last year the freshet had driven him from his childhood's home in the cornfield by the brock, and now he resided in a snug hole in the pasture. During their rambles one day, Fido and his

little boy friend had come to the pas ture, and found the old woodchuck sitting upright at the entrance to his

"Oh, I'm not going to hurt you, old Mr. Woodchuck," said Fido. "I have too much respect for your gray hairs.

"Thank you," replied the wood chuck, sarcastically, "but I'm not afraid of any bench legged fyse that ever walked. It was only last week that I whipped Deacon Skinner's yellow mastiff, and I calc'late I can trounce you, you ridiculous little brown cur !"

The little boy did not hear this adinage. When he corrections badinage. When he saw the wood-chuck solemnly perched at the en-trance to his hole he was simply de-When he saw the wood-

lighted. "Oh, see !" cried the little boy, stretching out his fat arms and running toward the woodchuck,— "oh, see, — nuzzer "ittle goggie! Tom here, "ittle goggie,—me love oo!" But the old woodchuck was a shy creature, and not knowing what guile the little boy's cordial greeting might mask, the old woodchuck discreetly disappeared in his hole, much to the little boy's amazement.

Nevertheless, the old woodchuck, the little boy, and Fido became friends in time, and almost every day they visited together in the pasture. The old woodchuck—hoary and scarred veteran that he was—had wonderful stories to tell,-stories of marvellous adventures, of narrow escapes, of battles with cruel dogs, and of thrill-

ing experiences that were altogether new to his wondering listeners. Meanwhile the red-headed woodpecklittle boy sat down on the grass, and er's eggs in the hollow maple had Fido put his forepaws in the little boy's hatched, and the proud mother hid hatched, and the proud mother had lap and cocked up his ears and looked great tales to tell of her baby birds, — up into the little boy's face, as much as of how beautiful and knowing they

bird-"suppose you fly to the window way up there and see what the little boy is doing. Sing him one of your Sing him one of your pretty songs, and tell him we are lone ome without him ; that we are waiting for him in the old fence corner.

Then the yellow-bird did as Fido sked-she flew to the window where they had once seen the little boy, and alighting upon the sill, she peered into the room. In another moment is was back on the bush at Fido's side In another moment she

" He is asleep," said the yellow-bird. " Asleep !" cried Fido.

"Yes," said the yellow-bird, "he is fast asleep. I think he must be dreaming a beautiful dream, for I could see a smile on his face, and his little hands were folded on his bosom. There were flowers all about him, and but for their sweet voices the chamber would have been verv still.'

"Come, let us wake him," said Fido: "let us all call to him at once. Then perhaps he will hear us and awaken and answer; perhaps he will come." So they all called in chorus-Fido

and the other honest friends. They called so loudly that the still air of that autumn morning was strangely startled, and the old woodchuck in the pasture way off yonder cheard the echoes and wondered.

"I dttle boy! little boy !" they called. "why are you sleeping? Why are

volusieeping, little boy?" Call on, dear voices! but the boy will never hear. The dimpled hands that caressed you are indeed folded upon his breast ; the lips that kissed your honest faces are sealed ; the baby voice that sang your playtime songs with you is hushed, and all about him is the fragrance and the beauty of flowers. Call on, O honest friends but he shall never hear your calling for, as if he were weary of the love and play and sunshine that were all he knew of earth, our darling is asleep forever.

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full realization of the utter vileness f the impulse which prompted him to mploy such a weapon. Addiction to his malign practice argues not only noral obliquity, but intellectual nar-cowness also. The broad minded, owness also. oble, generous person would instinct vely recoil from an act repulsive to every attribute of virtue and kinduess.

As a consequence, the abomination is rarely found to flourish among those who occupy foremost places in the ranks of the useful and successful This fact offers another cogent ves. eason, if any is needed, to influence oung men against falling into the vil and unpardonable habit of acting n a base, underhand way in their ealings with others. It not only leads nevitably to exposure, and prov he contempt of people whose good ppinion is worth having, but it doesn't ay in any sense of the word, in the ong run. Whatever possible material dvantage or unjust personal gratification may be derived from an act of this kind, is necessarily short-lived and there is a certain forfeiture of self respect which more than offsets the temporary triumph of vindictiveness. A casual study of the characters about him and the circumstances affecting them for better or worse, will

value of these observations and their application. Who is the person that enjoys the steem and good opinion of the largest and staunchest circle of desirable friends? It is not assuredly, the man or woman, who is constantly whisper-ing into willing or unwilling ears acidulous criticisms of the real or imaginary defects of common acquaintances; whose chief topic of conversa-tion has to do with the foibles and shortcomings of absent members of his own circle ; who never can find anything to commend in the conduct of other people, and who never misses a chance to throw the searchlight of depreciation on the mistakes and errors of the unfortunate. Even the person

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