

## Kittie and I.

Over the lawn romped Kittie and I,—  
Kittie with eyes of velvety sheen,  
With her pearly teeth and her winsome ways,  
The prettiest ever seen:  
There was none like her, in the wide, wide world,—  
Kittie, my love, my queen!

But Kittie's a matron now, my boy,  
And I am a bachelor lone;  
For she run away with Tom, you know,  
And the days and nights have flown  
Since I saw her last in the moon light place,—  
Kittie, my pearl, my own!

How did it happen? Don't ask me how:  
It is useless, mind you, to tease;  
And I couldn't tell you the reason why  
If you beg me on your knees;  
But I was a wilful, wayward boy,  
And Kittie—a pure maltese!

## Thurlow Weed's First Shilling.

My father was a hard-working man, with a kind heart, and an earnest desire to do the best he could for his children. He was withal a strictly honest man. But he was doomed to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, in its most literal sense. He was bred a farmer, but in 1799 removed from Cairo to Catskill, and became a carman. But everything went wrong with him. Constant and hard labor failed to better his condition. If at times he succeeded in getting a little ahead, those for whom he worked would fail to pay him, or his horse would get lame, or fall sick, or back off the dock into the river. This, however, was the misfortune rather than the fault of my parents; for they were always struggling to promote the welfare of their children. They were very anxious that I should enjoy the advantages of education. I cannot ascertain how much schooling I got at Catskill, probably less than a year, certainly less than a year and a-half, and this when I was not more than five or six years old.

I felt the necessity, at an early age, of trying to do something for my own support.

My first employment, when about eight years old, was in blowing a blacksmith's bellows for a Mr. Reeves, who gave me six cents per day, which contributed so much towards the support of the family. I stood on a box to reach the handle of the bellows. My next service was in the capacity of boy of all work, at a tavern in the village of Jefferson, two miles from Catskill, kept by a Captain Baker, who had, I remember, made a great mistake in exchanging the command of a ship for a tavern. After the sheriff took possession of Captain Baker's wrecked hotel, I got a situation as cabin boy on board the sloop Ranger, Captain Grant. This gratified a desire I had to see the city of New York. I was then (1806) in my ninth year. I remember, as if it were but yesterday, after carrying the small hair trunk of a passenger from Coenties Slip to Broad street, finding myself in possession of the first shilling that I could call my own. I remember, too, how joyfully I purchased with that shilling three two-penny cakes, and three oranges for my brother and sister, how carefully I watched them on the passage back, and how much happiness they conferred.—From the "Autobiography of Thurlow Weed."

## A Knowing Boot-black.

A boot-black, who had strayed away from his native city, was on his return, having a seat with a benevolent old man. Of course Shiner put up the window as soon as he sat down. The wind blew in at the rate of forty miles an hour, and the old man presently said:

"Why do you keep the window up?"

"Don't I want some way to jump out if the cars fall into the river?" replied the boy.

Then he stuck his head and shoulders out, and the old man asked:

"Boy, why do you lean out of the window so far?"

"Don't I want to see if there are any cattle on the track?" replied Shiner.

"Let me tell you a story," continued the man, as he hauled the boy in. "There was once a boy thirteen years old, named Henry."

"Didn't they call him Hank?" enquired the boy.

"There was a boy named Henry. One day he took a journey by rail to a city about twenty miles from his home."

"Didn't beat the conductor out of his fare, did he?"

"This boy had been warned," continued the old man, "not to throw up the window. An open window is dangerous on account of the draughts, and many a person has been blinded by the flying sparks and cinders."

"But he shoved up the window, didn't he?"

"Yes. He thought he knew more than anyone else, and up it went. Not satisfied with that he put his head and shoulders out."

"Bound to see the country, wasn't he?"

"The train sped onward," sighed the old man, "and by and-by it came to a signal-post. The boy was leaning out, and all of a sud—"

"Hold on, old man!" interrupted Shiner, as he wheeled around. "I know what you are going to say. You are going to say that the boy struck his chin, and knocked about three feet of the top off, and tore up a-half a mile of track, and was put in State Prison for life; but I want you to understand that I'm no sunfish! I'm going to look out of this window all I want to, and if this railroad company don't haul in its posts, they must look out for splinters!"

## Forgot a Parcel.

Of all the ills to which flesh is heir, forgetfulness is the one that furnishes the greatest number of laughable episodes; and while many of them are very annoying, the mirthful feature that is their almost invariable companion affords a certain degree of compensation.

Near one of our Atlantic seaports there resides an old whaling captain commonly known as Uncle Gurdon. To keep from getting rusty, he made his home on the river bank, where he could keep a boat, and fish or paddle about as he liked. The place was about five miles from the city, and, as occasion required, Uncle Gurdon and his wife would journey townward for the purpose of shopping. Reaching the city, the horse and wagon would be left at the water trough on the Parade, and each would go in different directions, carrying their bundles to this common receptacle, the first through waiting for the other. On one of these shopping excursions Uncle Gurdon made several trips to the wagon, finding each time that additions had been made to the store of bundles—a sign that his wife was busy. Having completed his purchases, he unhitched his horse, and the ferryboat having arrived, climbed into the wagon and drove on board. While crossing the river one of his acquaintances stepped up and asked how was he getting on.

"Well, I'm getting on nicely, but I'm bothered just now."

"Why is anything going wrong?"

"No, nothing special; but I came down to do some shopping, and I've forgot a parcel I was to get," and the old gentleman scratched his head in a perplexed manner.

"Well, I wouldn't worry. You will think of it next time" said the neighbor; and the boat having reached the landing, Uncle Gurdon drove ashore, and went on towards home.

When nearly half-way there he was met by another friend, who stopped to have a chat.

"How do you do to-day, Uncle Gurdon?" he asked.

"Oh, nicely, nicely; though I'm a bit worried just now."

"Worried? What about?"

"Well, you see, I've been to town shopping, and there's a parcel of some kind I've forgotten. I can't think what it is, and it bothers me."

"Oh, never mind it! You will recollect what it is before you go again. By the way, Uncle Gurdon, how is your wife?"

"Jerusalem!" cried Uncle Gurdon, slapping his knee with great energy. "It's my wife that I've forgotten! She went to town with me to do some shopping, and I was to wait for her."

And Uncle Gurdon turned around, and went back to the ferry for the parcel that he had left behind.—Harper.