

JUST AS THEY DID IN THE USED TO BE

THE mother gathered her children together,  
She told them close to her heart in glee;  
For the red sun had brought them rainy weather,  
And what they should do they never could see.

And they cried in a querulous tone, "Mamma,  
Now think back ever and ever so far,  
An' think if you ever had rainy days  
That troubled your plans and spoiled the plays,  
And what you did when they used to be."

The mother laughed, with a low soft laughter,  
She was "remembering," they could see,  
"I know you rogues what you are after,  
I'll tell you a tale that happened to me—  
Me and some little wee bits of girls  
With hair as yellow as shaving-curls  
When it rained for a day and a night and a day,  
And we thought it meant to keep on that way,  
And we were tired as tired could be."

"Up in the attic—in grandma's attic—  
There's a chest of drawers, or there used to be,  
Though we had many a charge emphatic  
Not to go near enough to see.  
But one rainy day we opened it wide,  
And strowed the contents on every side.  
We dressed ourselves in the queer old caps  
And brass-buttoned coats with long blue flaps—  
Yes—wait a minute—Papa wants me"

They waited and waited and waited and waited,  
"Forty hours, it seemed to me"  
Cried weary Kitty with eyes dilated,  
"Let's do it ourselves—I can find the key!"  
So they climbed the stair as still as a mouse,  
(You might have heard it all over the house,  
And they dressed themselves in trailing dresses,  
And powdered wigs and hempen tresses,  
"Just like they did in the Used-to-Be!"

The warning stair kept creaking and squeaking  
There was no time to turn and flee.  
"What is all this?" (It is grandma speaking.)  
"I'll take every one of you over my knee!"  
(As I regret to say that she did,  
All except Kitty, who went and hid,  
And when they went and told Mamma,  
She only said with a soft hu-ha!  
Just what my mother did to me!"

Wide Awake.

A BRAVE WOMAN.

A TRUE STORY.

EARLY a century ago, when West Virginia, thinly settled and cleared, was a favourite fighting ground of the Indian tribes, there lived near the Kanawha Falls a settler of Dutch extraction named Van Bibber, a man of some note and distinction in those early times. His homestead stood below the falls; and opposite to it, on the other side of the river, was an overhanging rock of immense size, jutting out about a hundred feet over the seething whirlpool, caused by the falls, and rising to nearly one hundred feet above the water. This rock was once the scene of a remarkable adventure, which exhibits what woman's love will give her courage to achieve for the defense and rescue of those to whom she is united in the tenderest bonds of affection.

Van Bibber was one day returning from an expedition into the dense forest on the opposite side of the river to his home, when he unfortunately crossed the path of a party of Indians returning from some distant fray, and dressed in the full glories of the warpath—paint, feathers and wampum. A moment more, and they were in hot pursuit after him; and the settler, though possessed of great agility, and being a swift runner, found himself unable to gain the bank of the river

before the flying steps of the savages had enabled them to double on him, cutting off all approach to the water. He was thus driven to the summit of the overhanging rock, where, by the aid of his rifle, he kept the enemy for a few moments at bay.

He stood up bravely in full view of the savages both above and below, who yelled with triumph at the prospect of his speedy capture. Across the river before him lay his home, and as he looked he saw his wife emerge from the house, startled by the noise, with her babe nestled in her arms. She stood as if petrified with terror and amazement; helpless, as he thought, to render assistance. Suddenly, borne upon the light breeze, came to his ear the clear tones of her voice, "Leap into the water and meet me!" And laying her babe on the grass she flew to the little landing, seized the oars and sprang into the skiff alone. Well for her that her arms were strong, and that so many of their hours had been passed on the sunny river, which flowed with hundreds of eddies in its rapid current past the wall of their humble home.

There is no indecision or weakness in the steady, firm stroke of the oars which bears her rapidly on her dangerous course. Her husband must be rescued, and there is no human arm but hers to save him. Nerved by love to double exertion, the brave woman steadily nears the middle of the river.

"Drop lower, wife."  
"Lower yet," and with the last words, Van Bibber sprang from the crag, and descended like an arrow into the water.

With every pulse beating wildly, the devoted wife rested on her oars to see him rise to the surface, while her frail canoe danced like a cork on the top of the "swirling waves. Ages seemed to pass in that awful suspense. Had the fall injured him? Had he struck the boulders which lay, as she well knew, in multitudes under the water, carried down from the falls above? Would he never rise? Her eyes tried in vain to penetrate the depths of the water; and, in an agony, she swept the canoe still further down the stream. A moment more, and his head rose suddenly near her, and all her mind was directed to helping him climb into the shelter of the canoe, amid the showers of arrows and shot that the baffled Indians poured upon their escaping foe.

No word was exchanged between them. Though her husband was rescued, they had not yet reached the shore; and the brave woman saw that, after the perilous leap and the sudden immersion into the ice-cold water, Van Bibber was more dead than alive. Everything depended on her strength being maintained till she could attain the bank; and with a heart that almost stood still with fear, the devoted wife bent once more to the oars with her whole powers of mind and body. God be thanked! she was successful. After their desperate adventure the exhausted husband and wife landed on the spot whence she had started on her perilous voyage, where the babe still lay, cowering and laughing, in the last rays of the afternoon sun.

Two or three neighbours, who had been gathered by the report of the rifles, pulled the canoe to the sands, and helped to lift Van Bibber to his feet. He could not walk, so they laid

him on the greensward by his babe, and falling down by his side in her utter exhaustion and thankfulness, the over-excited nerves of the woman found vent in a wild and uncontrolled fit of weeping.

"Just what any other woman would have done," says some young reader, with a little air of surprise and disdain.

Exactly so, my dear. But then, you see, another woman might have cried at the wrong time—before instead of after the event narrated in my story, and then Van Bibber would never have been rescued from his deadly peril, and the baby might never have lived to be a grandfather and have related the story as I have told it to you.

And if you ever go there, they will show you the jutting crag, which is called Van Bibber's Rock to this day.

SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

IN the memoirs of the veteran litterateur, S. C. Hall, recently published, the early chapters are devoted to sketches of the "good old times" in England as he knew them in his youth. The tinder-box and the tallow-candle were household gods; extinguishers for the use of the link-boys who lighted pedestrians home at night were fastened to the house railings; the oil lamps in the streets only made the darkness visible, and such men as Scott were making public speeches against gas-lighting. The King's lieges travelled in mail-coaches, under the protection of armed guards, and a pace of four miles an hour was not considered slow. Envelopes were not. Postage cost anywhere from a shilling to half-a-crown, but then every one begged franks or smuggled his letters by carriers and friends. Newspapers cost sevenpence each, but there was not much profit on them even at that price, since the tax on every paper was fourpence, with no deduction for copies unsold or returned, and the duty on advertisements was three shillings and sixpence each. The only use known for India rubber was the erasure of pencil marks, no one had yet been so visionary as to advertise ice for sale, elections were literally "fought out" by bands of hired roughs, slavery had but recently been abolished, prize-fighting was a national institution, and dog-fighting, cock-fighting, and bull-baiting were not yet illegal pastimes. Passing Old Bailey in 1810 young Hall saw sixteen men and a woman hanging on the same gallows, and no wonder, for there were two hundred and twenty three capital offences on the statute book, and some ninety culprits were hanged annually, some in chains, to feed the crows and fester slowly away. The pillory and the stocks were still in vogue, vagrant men and women were whipped "through the town" at the cart's tail, and the ducking stool for scolds had not gone out of fashion. Debtors rotted in prison, while criminals could buy every luxury except liberty. Men of all ranks swore, even in the presence of ladies, and intemperance was scarcely less prevalent than profanity. Smuggling was carried on on a gigantic scale, and gentlemen of rank and station thought it no degradation, much less a crime, to engage in it. The hatred of France was at its worst, and Mr. Hall's earliest lesson from his father was, "Be a good boy, love your mother and hate the French."

Mr. Hall's brother was an officer in his father's regiment, wore the uniform, and drew pay at eight, no discredit attaching to such an appointment, which was one of the Colonel's perquisites, and the familiar story of the major "gettin' for his parrot hin the nursery" is capped by one of a baby commissioned before its birth, and as it turned out a girl, given a boy's name to save the appointment. The prosgang roamed the streets at night, often under the command of boy midshipmen, to steal men for the navy, or even raided hamlets remote from the shore. Privateers swarmed the seas on enterprises not materially differing from piracy. Altogether, the civilization of the first quarter of the century left much to be desired.

A GOOD PLAN.

TWO boys were going down the street of a little village one hot, dusty day. "I'm very dry," said one of them, as he wiped the sweat from his face, "and I'm tired too. Ain't you, Robert?" "Yes, I am," answered Robert. "Let us stop somewhere and rest and get a drink." "I am favourable to that plan," said the other lad. "Here's a cool looking place; let's go in." The place he referred to was a saloon. On the windows were painted in gilt letters, "Liquors and cigars. Come in." "No," said Robert, shaking his head, "I won't go in there. Let's go on farther." "But why not stop here?" asked the other lad. "The place looks pleasant—more so than the other place I can see." "Yes, it looks pleasant enough," said Robert; "but it's a saloon. They sell liquor there." "What of that?" asked the other. "We're not obliged to drink any of it if we go in, are we?" "Well, no," answered Robert; "but I don't like getting into the habit of lounging about such places. There seems to be something about them that fascinates a fellow. I've watched the men who go in there, I've heard them talk about it. They say they know they ought not to hang about the saloons, but if they stop to-day, to-morrow they want to go again, and something seems to draw them there in spite of their judgment. They don't visit a saloon very often before they get to smoking and drinking and playing cards, and the first they know they are neglecting their business for the pleasure they find in this kind of life. It's down, down all the way, and from what I've seen of this drink business it seems to me it's just as it is with us when we take a run down hill—we get to going faster and faster, and we can't stop till we reach the bottom; it seems as if we were obliged to keep on going when we get fairly under motion. It's just so with most men who get into the habit of drinking; when they get started they can't stop till they get to the bottom. I don't want to get started; I don't want to put myself in the way of being tempted to start. I think best to keep out of the saloon. As long as I keep away I'm safe." "You're right," said the other. "I didn't think of that. I don't want to be a drunkard any more than you do, and I'll shake hands in keeping out of the starting place of drunkards if you will." And they shook hands on this good resolution, and I hope they will always adhere to it.—*Temperance Banner.*